

MJM Moment Ministries Summer Blue Sheet 4 — July 31, 2013

WHEN I WAKE UP FROM MY NAP...

One of my healthier addictions is an early afternoon nap. I wake up in a sort of low metabolism stupor. Somehow my dream-filled mind is lucid. Thoughts tumble out.

For instance, today I woke up in my dad's old easy chair inside the main cabin. Summer places are full of cast off furniture too good to throw away but too outdated to keep at home. I most often wake up on the side bunk of the sailboat with a book dropped when I fell asleep.

This afternoon I located myself inside the cabin. Summer for us is mostly outside living. The cabin is for night-time comfort, escape from mosquitoes or bad weather and for storing our stuff. Do you know anyone who considers four months of living mostly outdoors the best months of their lives?

BACK TO LUCIDITY

A thought floated to the surface about our democracy. We'd like to sell democracy to the whole world, but does it work well here? Who would want to be appointed to a big position, whether it is pastor of a church or CEO of a business, or President of a country, where 45% of your constituency is devoted to preventing you from succeeding? You are prevented from hiring key people to your staff and most of the ideas for which you were chosen are obstructed. Besides that, the people most able to make the enterprise work withhold their fair share of financial support. In fact, more money would be spent to hinder your job than help it? Whoever is elected next from whichever party faces the same scenario. We want the whole world to have a system like this? Maybe when I wake up I'll feel better.

MY NAP-TIME BOOK

The book I went to sleep reading today was John Shelby Spong's "The Fourth Gospel: Tales of a Jewish Mystic." Spong is an outspoken, scholarly retired Episcopal Bishop. His book is an eye-opener, especially if the reader has not stayed current with biblical scholarship. Episcopalians have provided a number of leading theologians and scholars. It's a book I will definitely wake up to finish.

CHATTING WITH A PEARL POACHER

I came down our 100 step staircase to the beach where I saw a man beating something with a rock. "I'm curious about what you are doing." He glanced up from beating one of my defenseless oysters with a rock. I could see empty shells and cast off oysters on the beach. He said "I'm looking for pearls. Probably only a one in a million chance, but who knows?" I told him that I thought my oysters were a treasure I'd just as soon not see mashed on my beach. He apologized, claiming to be from Arizona where nobody eats oysters. Every day in the natural world brings a new surprise. I tried to apply Jesus' parable of the man seeking the pearl of great price, but couldn't make it work.

DOING WHAT COMES NEXT

As previously mentioned we will be driving to the far NE corner of Oregon this weekend to fulfill a promise to our friend, Don Whitney, to see his ashes properly distributed in the river he loved at the confluence of the Grand Ronde and Willowa Rivers. It's a unique and remote setting that we will reach by way of a private train. We'll probably have to tell about it later.

Summers are not all sunshine for everyone.

— For the Moment...

Art Morgan...from Puget Sound