

MM — Memorial Day 2014 — from Puget Sound

A Publication of Moment Ministries



Morgan's Moment...

I take a memory walk on our beach...
taking Forget-me-nots
every Memorial Day.
My walk is about a half mile...
pausing in front of certain places
thinking of old friends.
Seventeen are on my list today...
many whose ashes were poured out
from our sailboat.
I remember stories of our times...
thinking someone could
write a book.
Like the Gospels I thought...
that someone once said of Jesus—
we should remember his stories.
Unforgettable memories
gradually begin to be forgotten
as fewer care to hear.
I scatter those forget-me-nots
wondering whether anyone else
will remember when I'm gone.
I laugh at myself
a Minister of Moments...
wondering beyond right now.
I wear my star spangled sweater...
scattering blue star blossoms
into the wind and tide.

Art Morgan

MEMORIAL DAY

The photo above will be familiar to many readers of this page who have visited us at our Puget Sound place over the years.

We are looking south about ½ mile toward the ferry dock in the distance. The ferry goes to a small private island beyond.

The tide is low but still going out. There are some oysters on the beach but not as many as it might appear. (Alas)

This is the beach where I do my memory walk. I have been minister of the moment over many years to people who had property nearby. Weddings and memorial services plus a number of ash distribution events have been my privilege to share. I even did a baptism last summer.

We have walked this beach every summer from at least 1956. This property traces back to my grandparents Arthur and Anna, so most of our clan has had some connection here.

Those who have read my pages over the last half century will have heard me say that I formed my basic theology from life on this beach. I have irreverently told of my talking with the oysters and of asking them the unanswerable questions.

Oysters are like God. They don't speak in words or language. They don't write anything. They just do their thing to survive.

My thinking about life and death and immortality is filtered through my observation of the creatures and left over shells on the beach. We come and we live and we go.

I tell the oysters that there are big things going on in the universe that I realize they can't comprehend. Then I tell them that there are big things going on in the universe that I can't understand either.

I think about all these people whose spirit connection with the beach led them to have their fragment remains scattered here. I have grieved for them...still do...and miss their presence as I remember the old times. What can I do now except remember? So I take this walk on Memorial Day to spend a time with my friends.

NOTE: I always take a few minutes to read a small booklet I wrote called "8 Moments for Memory Days" You can find it on our web page. It always moistens my eyes.

Art Morgan, May 26, 2014

BOOK CORNER

"The Warmth of Other Suns" The Epic Story of America's Great Migration by Isabel Wilkerson.

I think our book club was stunned by this book because it deals with history going on around us of which we were essentially ignorant. They thought it should be required reading for U.S. history students.