

### *Morgan's Moment...*

**"People don't have time to answer  
email or voice messages...  
but they are right on top  
of text messages and Facebook."**

A depressing word for me to hear...  
as one forced by the times  
to write via the internet

Gone are the days when my pages  
graced people's refrigerators  
or were found on coffee tables  
and read by church secretaries.

I've tried reading my pages  
as email on my cell phone  
or even on my computer  
and hardly recognize them.

My own reading habits are infected  
by the digital pages  
urging my eyes and thoughts  
to what still remains to be read.

I find myself writing fewer thoughts...  
leaving moments of wonder  
unexpressed  
and feeling empty for it.

I first wrote "moments" 50 years ago...  
the church secretary allowed me  
only 33 lines in the church paper...  
a kind of twitter instead of blog.

Maybe she was preparing me  
for the modern era  
where people have more to read  
than writers would like to have read.

— Art Morgan

### **TURNER MEMORIAL LECTURES**

I have made it a point to keep up on  
biblical scholarship and theology. It only  
takes a few years to get left behind.

Often times I have wondered whether  
I was falling behind and at other times I  
have wondered whether they are just  
catching up to where I've been for a  
long time.

The experience reconnects me with  
colleagues and the discipline of thinking  
about things I pretty much don't worry  
about but are serious issues for  
contemporary clergy.

I'm just not sure that survival of the  
church is God's top priority.

### **ROAD REPORT**

We're in Yakima right now as usual this time of year. I meet old friends and colleagues and new young clergy born long after I last preached in a Christian church. Many are on this list and surprise me by recalling different reports in recent pages. Two even asked why they weren't receiving my mailings. I blame technology.

I'm gradually adjusting to the fact that the printed page is pretty much a thing of the past. The thirty or so who receive this by postage are a precious reminder of another era.

#### **The Road Report**

By popular request I report our leaving of Puget Sound country on September 24. Back to Corvallis...for 24 hours. Wash clothes, service the car, get two haircuts, check my hearing aids, have a small gathering of local Moment people and family...

On the road (after a 6:30 Starbucks date) to Medford (two great-grandchildren and their parents), with a 2<sup>nd</sup> visit with the two and their grandmother in Central Point...staying in Ashland and seeing "Into the Woods."

On the road to Bend, past Crater Lake, staying two nights with the Deschutes River splashing outside our window...

In past years we have filled days with visits to different people, but this year we decided to see the sights. Fewer freeways, more blue highways. And more rest.

Follow us along wonderful winding roads, with no 18 wheelers and very few of anything...beginning at historic **Shaniko** to **Fossil** where we met the town librarian and had a fresh chef's salad (I went to the kitchen to thank her)...then on to **Condon** where Jean posed with an ice cream cone. More narrow roads, numerous turns at 20 and 25 mph. Wonderful! Wish Paul could be along with his BMW convertible as in olden days...Arrived in Heppner, just in time for their big homecoming parade which we viewed and photographed and waved to from the library porch.

**We didn't expect to end up in the parade**, but as we left town we paused at a Sheriff's car to ask directions. He said, "Follow me," and pulled out at the end of the parade with lights flashing. We opened windows, waved at cheering children and took more pictures. First time we've ever been in a parade. On to a night in Pendleton.

**We stopped early in Milton-Freewater** at the Oregon border to check out a local museum. It didn't open for two hours so we walked the grounds. A lady appeared who had a key and opened the house and showed us around for a half hour. She had been curator for 30 years and dearly loved the place.

**More back roads into Waitsburg** where I once worked in the pea cannery and to **Dayton** for lunch. Jean's first taste of the soup caused her to say "I want to come back." Then on through Palouse country to **Washtucna** near where my dad was born. We wanted memorabilia but only got one photo with Washtucna on a sign. Night fell on us at **Ritzville**...on the freeway!

**Headed to Spokane** and a visit with Clara Fern Turner via **Cheney** where my dad went to high school. A night with Clara Fern, a lunch with my brother and wife in **E Wenatchee**, and here we are in **Yakima**. This report may require an Ore-Wash map!

— For the Moment, Art Morgan, October 7, 2014