

FROM THE EDGE

Just when things were starting to settle into a routine, everything changed. We were moving through Lent out of the wilderness and into Easter. Holy Week was on our minds and thoughts of resurrection began to creep in. It's a strange and wonderful feeling to prepare for sadness and loss and at the same time get ready for joyful celebrations. And stranger than anything we could have imagined, none of it happened. Some of us never moved out of the wilderness even when resurrection came.

We celebrate differently now but there is nothing to fear, for living on the edge between wilderness and resurrection is a routine that is familiar to us. It is part of life, sadness and joy are part of who we are, offering us beauty and lessons for living and dying, bringing us closer to the "normal" we seek, closer to the One we serve. It's part of life on the edge, part of who we are as servants and leaders, serving a mysterious and loving God. And we have the calling that strengthens us to do this.

And so, everything changed when the corona virus spread, but many things stayed the same. This past weekend we began COS Spring term, in spite of our physical separation. It was wonderful seeing so many of your faces, albeit on a computer screen. Of course, many of you are experts at online worship but as you saw, it is a learning curve for me, and slowly I am learning with the help and patient guidance of Grace Wallace. I am sure you too have discovered new technical skills, just as you are discovering more about your own abilities and who it is you can lean on for assistance. One thing is certain, we cannot do anything alone. Now more than ever we need each other and this is our new normal. This living on the edge will end, and we will find ourselves facing other wildernesses and yet unseen resurrections. This new normal is preparing us for whatever we face, and God will be with us through it all.

Keep heart, dear friends, this space we are in will pass, in its own time, and the work we do before, during, and after will continue to be holy work. Keep doing what you are doing and make space in your day for prayer, the lifeline that will see you through. Use scripture and devotion books, journaling and music, and use no words at all. Try different ways of praying in this forced retreat space that we are in, and continue to give God the glory. We'll come out of this stronger and humbler – one world together.

THROUGH FROZEN GROUND

The seed lies dormant
in frozen ground,
waiting for spring rains
to filter through with hope
waiting for the light,
waiting for warm winds and summer sun
to thaw the frigid earth.

Waiting,
lying dormant while other seeds begin to grow
and other soil is turned.
Still sleeping it waits
as new seeds are scattered.
Waiting always waiting,
as the rising sun and falling moon make their rounds.

Waiting,
the seed does not beg for growth
only waits for new life to awaken.
Rains come and winds blow
sun shines
and the seed senses something stirring.

Filled with desire for what lies ahead,
waiting gives way to a new day,
touched by light
growing among other seeds
dormant no longer
new life comes
through frozen ground.

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