

# Newsletter for June

Dear Friends in Christ:

Summer is not my thing.

I am trying to keep a good attitude.

I am trying to ignore how hot and sticky the weather is getting.

I am trying not to let the Sun's going down so late at night and rising so early in the morning interfere with my sleep pattern.

I understand that the tree and flower pollen will soon be gone and I will be sneezing to grass and ragweed pollen in a few short weeks.

The mosquito bites—they don't bother me. The flea bites around my ankles and the flies buzzing on the back porch—this too shall pass.

What really irks me is that sinking feeling that somehow, somewhere, someone is enjoying Summer. "How dare you, Sir? Have you no decency?"

As I write this, I am watching a robin take a bath in the backed up north gutter at LCE. It is on my list of things to take care of—get out the extension latter and clean out the downspout. Perhaps it can wait. Why should that robin be as unhappy about Summer as I am.

Right now the robin is speaking robinspeak and saying "Be joyful in the Lord all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness and come before his presence with a song"—Psalm 100. Most creatures offer up praise and thanks to God for his generosity and goodness. We have not learned their languages.

Without fully knowing it, the robin is enjoying and benefitting from the Providence of God. There is an English cognate of Providence that gives away its meaning—Provide. God provides all that we have and are. God creates solar systems by forces we barely understand. God creates elaborate food chains for creatures such as robins and skunks

and wasps and eagles. God makes the planet warm enough to keep water liquid most of the time, and cool enough that the water does not boil away.

Now that the robin has moved on, there is flock of seven sparrows playing and drinking and planning their next escapades as only sparrows can do on the edge of a 75 foot long birdbath that God has provided.

Ah, you say. “God did not build the gutter; contractors put up the gutter.” To which I reply, “Don’t you think that the God who could fine tune the universe for a 75 degree Sunny day in late May in the year of our Lord 2024 for the robin and the sparrows to appreciate, could also use the misguided and failed efforts of contractors trying catch and drain water off the roof and then make a birdbath?” Where do you think the pine needles and pine cones blocking the downspout came from? God.

Spend some time this Summer reflecting on the wonderful, loving, merciful, and compassionate Providence of God: “You open wide your hand and meet the needs of every living creature” —Psalm 145.

Maybe I will grab a book and let God do his providence thing with the birdbath a little longer. December, as I recall is a good month in which to clean gutters.

Yours in Christ,

John Shepherd McKenzie