

May 17, 2016

Dear Grace Church Family and Friends,

I worry... about work, our boys, money. The same things other people worry about, but I worry a lot. I guess I am like my mother who never seemed happy unless she was worrying about something.

Then, yesterday, I came across this poem by Mary Oliver:

*I worried a lot. Will the garden grow, will the rivers  
flow in the right direction, will the earth turn  
as it was taught, and if not how shall  
I correct it?*

*Was I right, was I wrong, will I be forgiven,  
can I do better?*

*Will I ever be able to sing, even the sparrows  
can do it and I am, well,  
hopeless.*

*Is my eyesight fading or am I just imagining it,  
am I going to get rheumatism,  
lockjaw, dementia?*

*Finally I saw that worrying had come to nothing.  
And gave it up. And took my old body  
and went out into the morning,  
and sang.*

When I read it, the poem reminded me of Jesus saying, "Do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink, or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing? Can any of you by worrying add a single hour to your span of life?"

So, tomorrow, I am not going to worry. Instead, I am going to take my old body out into the morning and sing, relishing the moment, embracing the day and thanking God for what I have.

Care to join me?

See you in church,  
*Andrew*