

Dear Friends,

Joel just called and told me that Nancy is putting together the Messenger, and do I have a pastor's page? I couldn't believe it...wasn't it just yesterday I wrote the one about the beautiful spring we were having? I used to shake my head when people told me that time moves faster the older you get. But I'm starting to believe there is something to that. The Fourth of July weekend is upon us, and before we know it, the kids will be going back to school. But they just got out! Sorry, Teachers!

Before I write any more, I want to offer an invitation. There is one place where time slows down for me, and that is my garden swing. So, if on any day that it is not too blazing hot, you would like to come and sit with me on my garden swing and just be silent or have a good talk and a lemonade, please call me. It is a healing place, where the garden Joel has created attracts birds and butterflies and good feelings. I would be happy to share it with you.

Everyone needs a place like the garden swing. Because life just plummets on in break neck speed. Even here at church. I think our yearly calendar encourages that – with the Summer Fair coming up on the 8th, and the Kirkin 'O the Tartans following that on the 16th, August seems to be about the only month without a major event, that is if you don't have a wedding or a memorial to attend to. This year, there is much preparation going on for the 200th Anniversary of the Sanctuary building built in 1818. So next year will be brimming with activity. All of it is good. But all of it can take you out of your center if you don't return to your version of the garden swing where you can just enjoy breathing in and out.

I do think that time slows down on my garden swing. It encourages dreaming, prayer, deepening friendships, and journal writing. It is while sitting on that swing that I first saw the



fox come out of the back woods and the black and white warbler land on the tree next to me. It is where Joel watches the cedar waxwings eat wild strawberries on our lawn and comes up with new ideas to please his winged friends. It is where I have mourned both my grandmother and my mother, and found comfort in its gentle rocking. Yes, we all need such a place.

So, on your mark...summer is here...go! And stop. And breathe. And fall in love with this earth once again as you slow down time and become present to its blessings.

Kate