

Friday, January 20, 2017

Sometimes I have insomnia. Instead of trying to sleep I'll stay awake. I'll read, work on the crossword puzzle, or like last night, let my mind wander back to my seminary days when I was working on my doctorate and serving as music director of a church. I remembered Edith, one of the church members who befriended me, as she had all of the church staff. We were her "project." She was retired and a widow. She had time and money to spend, and she was generous.

But she could also be amazingly matter-of-fact, even blunt. I remember when I forgot to write a thank you note to her for a wonderful evening. A week or so later I found a box of blank thank you notes in my office box. I got the hint.

This strong yet kind woman developed lung and breast cancers. After her mastectomy I visited her in the hospital. I was caught off-guard by her bluntness. Here was a woman in her early 80's telling me, "I miss my beautiful breast." She would live only a few weeks longer.

I wish Edith were here now to meet you and to experience worship at Calvary by the Sea Lutheran, and to hear this wonderful community of faith singing praises to God. I would want her to spend time with you and to let you share what you share best—your love.

I can hear you now. "Hui, Edith, come! Don't worry; you're not the only person with one breast. You're fine just the way you are. We have plenty room at the table. Here, try this. I think you'll like it!"

Thanks be to God!

Tom Poole