

Easter 3A RCL

Trinity, Bend

Acts 2:14a, 36—41

Ps. 116:1—3,10—17

1 Peter 1:17—23

Luke 24:13—35

Last evening, after I wrote a few personal things about Bill, I decided to mention some of them during the Forum Hour. The only thing I would like to share now, is I vested in his honor. This is the stole he borrowed from me when he came down from Spokane for a large diocesan event and forgot a stole. When I got a call from the Lear household asking if I had a stole Bill could borrow, I said, "Sure, which one do you want I only have 3." He thought the Jerusalem one would be nice.

We just heard the story of the walk to Emmaus, which was about 7 miles. Depending on how quickly you walked or how much talking you did, some folks would stop outside of Emmaus, to rest for the night. It was common to stop in a small village, not too far from Emmaus, Maybe one that was a wine making town with good employment, lots of people had friends or family members who lived there. Being true to Middle Eastern culture, someone would put you up for the night.

That is what Cleopas, and another disciple did, as expected, they invited the one who walked along side of them. The guy they were chatting with and learning from who had not heard the news of what happened in Jerusalem during the week-end but explained everything they needed to know from the Hebrew Scriptures.

As they were having dinner, they asked their guest to break bread and drink wine with them. It was at that time they had a real, **“A Ha moment.”** When they recognized Jesus, whom they had walked with for miles.

When I was in Seminary, I was gifted with a month at St. George's College in Jerusalem. I was there during May of 1984. This was one of the best places to study and experience some of the Holy Scripture I had studied for 2 years.

The last day of our adventure, where we had met people from Australia and the Greater Washington, DC area we walked part of the way to Emmaus. On one of the dustiest roads I have ever experienced, which made Central Oregon look like we have no dust. We talked and enjoyed each other's company, there were about 30 people to walk with. It was easy to move among the group and share stories.

We stopped at a large, pretty flat rock, away from tourists. It could easily be used as an altar. There we stood in a semi-circle. While the Eucharist was celebrated by one of the RC priests from Australia, our eyes were opened just like those who walked with Jesus on the Emmaus road.

Our eyes were opened to the real love of God. The love of God that empowers us to live in the world as loving Easter People. The love of God that teaches what it means to be part of a loving community.

Personally I believe that Life is like a circle, We have birth, death and resurrection times. That circle continues through-out our lives It happens over and over again. It is what keeps us growing and learning.

I would like to share a one story from my life.

My first priest job was in a large church, about 400 people on a Sunday, as the person in charge of all the Education from the birth of little children to age 105. Which means I had to work with a lot of people to work with.

Education was to become a priority in that place.

Sure I had a few extra things to do like pastoral care, weddings and funerals and baptisms. And design a family Eucharist once a month on Family Sunday, which was also Morning Prayer Sunday.

One day in June during my second year there, David, my boss, called me to his office and said, "You are not the typical curate (beginning priest right

out of seminary) you need a place of your own.” He went on to say, “I will pay you full time while you look for a job and my secretary will help you with your resume and letters as you apply for jobs. During this time you will also be working full time doing what you do what you do well.”

He continued if you don't have a job by Dec. 31. You will not be here but you will still get full pay.”

It was like going to a doctor who says, “You have cancer.” My mind heard all of the words but I had not processed them.

I was shocked & devastated. I was a person who had some type of job from the age of 15, (part-time at first, then I good teaching & administrative career who never lost a job) My ego was wounded.

I went down to my office on the first floor. Closed the door and called Dick, the lab director & my boyfriend at the time, crying saying “I've just been fired.” He listened to my sob story” then after I calmed down, said, “I'll see you after work.”

We talked and life moved on. I applied to many parishes, often sharing, with David, where I was applying, like schools in Florida and David would, reply “You’re better than that.”

One of the places I applied was in Churchville, MD. As my son, Mark and I were driving to FL to meet my mom for a vacation, we drove through Churchville, where we found a small church, with a gravel parking lot at the parish hall, and another lot up by the church, with a cemetery in between.

My 7th grade son from NJ, said, “We might live here?” It looked like nothing was there but farm fields. We continued driving south.

Well, much later around in early December, I interviewed with the folks at The Church of the Holy Trinity in Churchville. Around dinner time, the day. My boss, David was going to announce the plan to the Vestry, I got a phone call from Churchville. “We want you as our rector.”

I went to the meeting and met David and Diane, the senior Warden, near the entrance to the parish hall. Where I said, "I have 2 things to tell you. I'm going to be the rector of Holy Trinity, Churchville, MD." David was so excited he hugged me and said, "Yes, There is a God" then I continued, "I'm getting married". To which Diane in all her excitement announced, "I'll get the champagne."

You see **birth**, First priest job, which I loved and a wonderful boss, who taught me a lot, as well as, people who were loving and kind.

Death, Feeling like I was fired. A bird pushed out of the nest too soon and headed for death.

Resurrection, New job and a husband, Dick to whom I am still married.

As St. Peter said, in his letter , “You have genuine, mutual love, love one another deeply from the from the heart.” Jesus said it another way, “ Love God above everything else, and love your neighbor as yourself.” The call to live lovingly is what it means to be Easter People.

We are all in a learning curve at this time. We’re learning to stay home and watch movies, or read books, or knit or sew, make something out of wood, do puzzles, make creative meals, tutor our kids. Talk with friends we haven’t seen for a while on the phone. I can also share that there is good humor on the internet and some TV shows.

How to walk noticing more spring growth, or by looking out of the window, to see what new things are blooming. How to listen to the birds all during the day. How to make the world better. During Earth Week, some of us are celebrating the clean air in major cities. And the small things we can keep doing to make the world a better place.

We're also learning our weaknesses. Like how much I don't like being home all day. Or walk on a path and stay 6 ft. away from those I see and say hi or just smile.

The most important thing I think, is we are all learning our need for community. The people at Church, the people we exercise with, the friends we sometimes create crafts with. The friends you run with, the folks you go to dog parks with. Friends we share meals with. The people who work in grocery stores, hospitals and doctors' offices. The guys at the gas station.

I believe at the end of this stay at home time we will live and act like more loving people. I've noticed small things people are driving more politely. Smiling more when they are out. Oregonians are showing their true colors. Some of you have lived here much longer than I (we moved here in 2008) but you are the nice, polite individuals I have come to enjoy.

To me that is a sign that we are Easter People. People who know how to show love for one another. People we know and those we don't. We are the loving people of God.

I would like to close with a prayer by my friend, Bill Ellis, when He wrote this past Friday he was writing wisely, Wise words often become prayers.

“Loss is the theme here, personally, locally, nationally, internationally. Some of us, you in particular, feel it more deeply than others, but loss is what is going on, and we don’t know how long we will have to endure this sense of loss, which makes it even harder.

We also don’t know what life will look like after this is over, and that uncertainty is itself a contributor to the sense of loss. We have lost things (people) we valued very deeply, and we don’t know for sure that we will get them back.”

