



The Pastor's Ponderings

The Hope of Spring

It is something I used to do often; whenever I could. That is, sitting in the grass beneath a shady tree, picking whatever was blossoming, white daisies or clover or bright yellow dandelions or blue and purple violets and their little heart shaped leaves; sitting just for the pleasure of the sights and scents, and the dappled sunlight falling thru the branches above.

Sometimes I made daisy wreaths with my friends, or whichever nieces and nephews were with me that day. Other times I sang and summed my guitar, or just day-dreamed or read while leaning against a friendly tree. Or on especially warm days might lie on a blanket staring at the clouds as they floated by.

As an adult, I am afraid that I have gotten into the habit of staying on porches and vine covered patios, or on decks under the shade of colorful umbrellas and sun shades; reclining in a comfy cushioned chairs, with an icy drink, well removed from the dirty earth and the flowering plants, with their bugs and insects that used to fascinate, and now more often, annoy.

But, yesterday I realized I had a deep need to pick dandelions and violets to make cordial and jelly, and the ground ivy, dead-nettle and the delicate, sticky, cleavers that just came up last week to go with my dinner.

Why yesterday? Well because the lawn man will surely be coming by in the next few days, and the time of this much all blossoming at one time (so that I can pick to my heart's content without depriving the bees) doesn't last forever.

This year's spring has been thrilling! After such a long and trying year, to have a Super Spring with everything blooming so extravagantly has been a balm to my soul.

And so after worship, I found myself, still in my Sunday dress, sitting cross-legged on the ground, in the shade of the red leaf maple, chatting amiably to the neighbor dogs and cats and picking violets, dandelions, ground ivy, and cleavers.

I admit I felt every year of my age as I stood up from the ground an hour later, but how worthwhile was that bit of discomfort, for I had fresh steamed greens from my yard in my pasta with peas, and the dandelions and violets are steeping in the cupboard and extra greens are drying for teas.

I feel refreshed; reminded that God is surely alive and to be seen reflected in the beauty of God's creation; and just as Christ revealed himself to the Emmaus bound Disciples, in the breaking of the bread, so he reveals himself to us when we gather to worship, when we break bread, and in many other beautiful ways.

Christ is Risen!

He is Risen Indeed!

In his beauty and love,
I remain your

Pastor E



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The Intent for the April 18
Meditation/ Centering Prayer group is

Faith



Faith is the assurance of things
hoped for, the conviction
of things not seen.

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 Please sign up to serve in May.

 The **Worship committee** will meet on Tuesday, April 20, at 6:30pm in the sanctuary.

Serving on April 18

At the Table: Steve Piker (c, Jim Main (o)

Scripture Reader: Judy Cureton

Greeters/Ushers: Linda Green, Marge Janssen

Worship Captain: Lavetta Bratton

Worship Notes April 11

Attendance: 37

Offering: \$1942



 John & Deborah Browne, Luther Hunt, Mark Faith, Bill Cox, Joe Robb Blattner, Susan Spooler, Carol Gleason, Liz Meyer, Debbie Bradley, Dawn Knoderer, Kim Farrar Frank, George & Helen Amick, Pat Murray & Wally Allstun, Ed Sheridan & Nita Brackin, Martha D., Mary Hendrix, Wayne Piker, Kim Wells Schott, frontline workers, Felicia Fox, Henry S., Edna Ohmart, David H., Frank & Sue Batchelor, Troy & Wilma Dooley, Dorothy R., Calvin Wells, Linda Dillman, Ed Tilley, Alan Myers, Carla Jordan, Hugh White, Kara King, Jeneva Crampton, Jack McDonough, relatives & friends serving in the military, all who are hurting, lonely, and afraid.

Do you have someone to add to our prayer list? Please inform the church office or fill out a form found in the narthex.