



### *The Pastor's Ponderings*

*I Thank You God for Most This Amazing  
I thank You God for most this amazing day:  
For the leaping greenly spirits of trees and a blue true dream of sky;  
And for everything which is natural, which is infinite, which is yes  
(I who have died am alive again today and this is the sun's birthday;  
This is the birth day of life and of love and wings;  
And of the gay great happening illimitably earth)  
How should tasting touching hearing seeing breathing any  
—lifted from the no of all nothing—  
Human merely being doubt unimaginable You?  
(now the eyes of my eyes are opened) e e cummings*

I think about worship. A lot.

I guess you might expect that coming from a Pastor; and the daughter of a Pastor. Granddaughter of choir directors on one side and transcendental meditators and Universalists and Quakers on the other.

Some may say you need the trappings of a church to truly worship, but I have always found true worship in the cathedral of God's Creation.

Last night we had an amazing display of God's wonderful world of nature showing off it's power and beauty. Just about the time when I was going to have to haul buckets of water out from the kitchen to start watering my tomato garden, the rain came—in a deluge! With a lightning show way more extensive than any rock and roll concert ever was. Complete with nature's own thunder works!

It was bright as daylight at times, dark as molasses the next. Exciting for some of us. Terrifying for others. Particularly those of us with noise-sensitive beloveds—whether human or pet.

For folk with PTSD from wartime, I would imagine it could've been a night of terror; the booms and flashes calling to mind each hit taken or each shot aimed at others.

Or people with sound-sensitive animals like my Bonnie Jean. For her, each thunder storm or fireworks display brings to mind terrors I can only imagine. Where I might find wild stimulation and spiritual glory, she experiences repeated horrors; shaking and staring at me, eyes wide and expression begging me to make it stop.

How do I resolve the two? My love of the storm and her deep terror . . . Or my love of birdsong and tree chorus compared to another person's love of an organ masterpiece as a call to worship.

I think we make room for more; more styles of worship, all equally acceptable before and within the God who created us all.

Regarding my Bonnie's terror reaction to loud sounds and the way a person with severe PTSD interprets around-town fireworks displays—that seem to start earlier each year and continue for a week afterward—I suppose I would hope that folk would stop and think about it before they let them rip.

Same goes for our words—can we dedicate more thought before we let them fly? And can we honor the ways of others as much as we respect what is comfortable, familiar, or worshipful in our lives?

Jesus asked his listeners to consider the lilies of the field: how though they put no effort or mind into it, they express beauty and elegance as their mother tongue.

And what about the fun we get from the sounds of strings of firecrackers popping or tossing an m-80 into a trash dumpster? Is it as much fun when our neighbor suffers?

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(Pastor's Ponderings, continued from page 1)

Just something to think about this week as we celebrate our upcoming Independence Day in the US.

May each one of you be touched by the kindness and simple beauty of birdsong and field flowers.



*Your Pastor E*



**The Meditation/Centering Prayer intent for July 5 is**  
**HARMONY**  
Please join us in spirit at 2:30pm.

**BAREFOOT ON SUNDAY** will perform with the Jackson Municipal Band on Thursday, July 2, at 7pm. Bring a lawn chair or blanket & come to Jackson City Park (enter off Route D [Independence St.]) at the band shell & enjoy an evening of great music!



Join us on the ARCC parking lot on Saturday, July 4, for a "Safely-Distanced-Fireworks-Watching Party!" Come any time after 8pm! BYO chairs, snacks, drinks, masks, & ear-plugs if you need them, to enjoy fireworks and friends!



Ladies of Abbey Road Christian Church Food Committee—

The kindness you showed by preparing food for us brought a great deal of comfort during the time of Bill's death. Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness.

Thank you also for the time & effort it took to decorate the tables in a way that was so personable. The fishing arrangements were perfect in reflecting what he loved in life!

~ The Likens Family

**Office hours are Tuesday through Thursday, 9am-12pm; sometimes longer, as workload dictates. Call before coming after noon.**



John & Deborah Browne, Luther Hunt, Mark Faith, Bill Cox, Joe Robb Blattner, Debbie McCormick, Susan Spooler, Carol Gleason, Liz Meyer, Debbie Bradley, Dawn Knoderer, Kim Farrar Frank, George & Helen Amick, Iris Likens, Pat Murray & Wally Allstun, Ed Sheridan & Nita Brackin, Pauline Filla, Martha D., Mary Hendrix, Ken Bohnsack, Wayne Piker, Kim Wells Schott, frontline workers, Felicia Fox, Henry S., Gerry Thomason, 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 at the back of the sanctuary.**