Pastoral Letter | July 15, 2025

Dear friends,

Sunday's lectionary passage was from Luke 10:25-37, known familiarly as the Parable of the Good Samaritan. In the sermon I recalled the stories of those who have shown neighbor love to one another in the recent flooding in Texas and nearby. Such love reaches beyond politics, religion, race, or creed. People are helping people simply because they are in need. Such help happens in the moment of crisis and continues as new needs arrive in the days and weeks following. Recently, one of my friends shared a poem written by Megan Collins in the aftermath of Hurricane Harvey. I offer it to you for your own reflections and prayers this week.

And if we can't be the land
soft and dry beneath their feet,

let us be a bridge, let our bodies
be the planks they step across,

let our linked arms be stronger
than any cables could be.

And if we can't be a bridge,
let us be the air, let our breath

become theirs, let us fill them up
so their lungs don't hurt like hearts.

And if we can't be the air,
let us be the clouds, let our mouths

hold in the rain, let us swallow it down
until the soil knows thirst again.

And if we can't be the clouds,
let us be the light, let our veins

become wires, let us blaze
each bulb with our electric blood.

And if we can't be the light—
or clouds or air or bridge or land—

let us be the water itself. The flood.
Let us float them home on our backs,

then recede into pools, into puddles,
into dew dissolved by sun.

May God’s peace be with you all.
Love,
Mindy