In the Spirit

What a day. It feels like summer outside but I have pulled out my winter coats and gloves. After years of being in resistance and fury mode, I watched my country go to the polls and vote against the current regime in a big way. I am enough of an idealist and have high expectations of my fellow Americans that I wish we had voted at even higher margins, and sooner, and… but I interrupt that train of thought because joy is a gift and as Ecclesiastes wrote, or said, "There is a time to mourn and a time to dance." I'll take it, with gratitude. There is possibility in this moment, and we all have wish lists. Among my first hopes is that the reign of terror against immigrants will be stopped and the perpetrators brought to justice.

I have many more fond hopes and I know you do, too. I am really looking forward to seeing you on Sunday to share some of them.

Given my current part time position as a Night Cougher, I am sorry to say that I have no speaking voice but a raspy croak right now. I am taking vocal rest today and hope to keep talking to what is strictly necessary over the next couple of days. Please contact me via email if you want to check in about anything in the meanwhile.

Enjoy the beautiful autumn day and the power of the people.

In faith, hope and love,

Rev. Vicki