In the Spirit

My father and his brothers were Army veterans, and my father was always sorry that he was not old enough to join his brothers fighting in World War II. He had an injury from the Korean War that caused his jaw to click when he chewed, but he never explained how and where he got it. My dad and his big brothers loved a self-mythologizing tale, but they were all very quiet about their military service. I was helping my cousins look for something in my Uncle Dick's dresser drawers after his death and found two Purple Hearts nestled among his personal effects.

I am somberly aware that there are many Americans who carry the wounds of war and the sacrifice of military service with them so that most of us do not have to. It is easy enough to talk about peaceful and non-violent values, but we live in a world where humans are always in the midst of battle somewhere or other. Thank you for your service.

This weekend, I will be in New York seeing the new opera based on George Saunders' novel Lincoln In The Bardo, which is based during the Civil War and features some of the most imaginative and serious theological speculation I have ever seen in a work of American literature. It has many important things to say about Universalism versus Calvinism, and the work of grieving. I will report back, and in the meantime I hope you and the Rev. Chris Sillari will enjoy a Sunday service together. I was Chris' professor of worship and liturgy at Andover Newton when she was a seminarian and I am happy to welcome her to the pulpit.

In faith, hope and love,

Rev. Vicki