

A Message from Dani Reed, Consecration Sunday Committee Chair:

By Sunday, November 9th, 2025, approaching the end of what felt like both a marathon and a homecoming parade—the installation of our tenth rector and the celebration of St. Martin’s Day—I found myself standing to the side of the altar, watching you all come forward to put your Estimate of Giving Card into the basket. The choir’s final notes were still hanging in the rafters, and there was a charged quiet—a quiet that felt complete, not empty. One by one, and then all at once, you rose. Some of you came smiling, some deep in thought, some hand in hand. All of you came with an intention.

As Consecration Sunday Chair, I spent weeks thinking about logistics, messaging, and practical questions. Yet in that moment, none of those details mattered. What I saw was not numbers, budgets, or projections. I saw trust. I saw hope. I saw a community stepping forward together, each bringing not just a financial commitment, but a piece of themselves.

We received more than 90 pledge cards that day—about 11% more than last year. That is both encouraging and humbling. At a time when the world feels uncertain—economically, politically, spiritually—even choosing to remain present in a faith community is an act of courage. To pledge—to commit to the year ahead—is something even more profound. It is a declaration: We believe this community matters. We believe it is worth tending, nurturing, and growing.

I want to acknowledge that not everyone pledges, and that our gifts are never only financial. I have said many times—and I believe it even more deeply now—that the greatest gift we offer is our time and service. Love looks like choir rehearsals after long workdays, finding furniture for refugee families, mentorship offered quietly, and prayers spoken for one another in private. It is the way we show up for each other that defines us.

Yet, as I watched you come forward, I felt a shift within myself as well. My faith—and my understanding of what community means—has matured. Stewardship, I realized, is not about asking people to give. It is about telling the truth: that God meets us in relationship, that shared responsibility is sacred, and that generosity is a response to love, not an obligation.

The joy and pageantry of that weekend were real, even a little wild—and utterly holy. But the sight of you placing your cards in that basket was the quiet center of it all. It is a moment I will carry with me for a very long time.

-Dani