

## **The Road Less Traveled – October 26, 2018**

We are the midst of a four-week discussion of stewardship, exploring the commitment we make to bring our first and best gifts to the work of the church in building God's Kingdom. We are exploring how our prayers, presence, gifts, service and witness come together to create this holy space that we call Aledo UMC.

About a year ago I received a Facebook message from a wonderful mom in our congregation. She shared with me a poem she had found online, and without commenting on it, clearly thought it applied to stewardship. I could not agree more. And although I have shared this poem before, I think it is worth repeating

The poem was written by a woman named Bunmi Latidan. Her Facebook profile identifies her as an American mom living in Quebec, Canada. She is a regular blogger and the author of *Confessions of a Domestic Failure*, which was published in 2017. But it was her characterization of motherhood that really struck me. In a hand-written poem, posted on her Facebook page, Bunmi Latidan articulates perfectly what it means to be a steward.

*Motherhood isn't creation.  
I didn't choose your nose, hair or wild disposition.  
I didn't select what could make you cry or the colors you'd be drawn to.  
I didn't put the sparkle in your eyes or the bells in your laugh.  
I may have mixed the ingredients,  
But I didn't write the recipe.  
No, motherhood is not creation.  
It's the tending of a garden,  
Knees in the rocky mud,  
Sweat dripping into eyes under the hot but life-giving sun,  
A sprinkling of water,  
The endless picking of weeds,  
Guarding against hungry beasts,  
Joy as the first sprouts appear.  
There is no creation in motherhood,  
No ownership,  
Only stewardship,  
And a quiet but profound Faith  
That if cared for,  
The child will bloom.*

The church is God's gift to us. It is what the Apostle Paul called the physical manifestation of Christ to the world. We didn't create it. But it has been entrusted to us. There is no ownership, only stewardship, and a quiet, profound faith that if we care for it, something holy will bloom.

See you Sunday.