

Dear Friends,

As I return from time away, I am grateful to Jeannette Hodge for keeping in touch with the congregation through her informative and eloquent letters, and to George Law for providing pastoral care coverage on behalf of the Deacons.

I thank Kasha and Ann for their uplifting worship videos, and many thanks to our guest preachers: Karen Rettich, Grace Winakor and Larry Herrold, and Mike Enright. Their inspiring, outstanding videos from the past three Sundays are available on our church's YouTube channel. [Here is the link.](#)

Recently, our church member Norine Brown had a medical emergency and we are seeking to help Norine and her husband Josh and their two sons Evan and Alex by providing meals. Please hold the Browns in your prayers, [and you may use this link to find out more information.](#)

Last week, I wrote an email to a parishioner that was supposed to begin with the words "Good morning." However, I mistyped the word "morning" and the autocorrect feature rendered the word as "mooring."

In the midst of the recent destructive storm and subsequent power outages and inconveniences large and small – while still coping with the unabating pandemic – the words "Good mooring" had a certain resonance. Who hasn't felt **unmoored** in recent days, weeks, and months? Who hasn't needed **a good mooring** for their uprooted, unsettled, and uncertain lives?

Three years ago, Dr. Samuel Southard died at the age of 92. During his long and highly esteemed career, he was a pastor, chaplain, director of a hospice, ethicist, scholar in the field of the psychology of religion, and a seminary and medical school professor of pastoral care and counseling. He was also a prolific writer having published 27 books and over 100 articles.

In one of his books, *Theology & Therapy: The Wisdom of God in a Context of Friendship*, he includes a prayer that he offered with a church administrator from West Hollywood who was dying of AIDS in the 1980's. Dr. Southard calls it "One Pebble's Prayer."

Dear Jesus:

*I feel like a pebble on the beach, washed in and out by waves of
pain and relief
fatigue and rest
fitful sleep and alertness.*

*What am I supposed to do about this? I want to maintain some control of my life. I need
some anchor, some mooring. So much is breaking loose!*

*Let's plan together. I'll live with this sloshing back and forth if you'll keep some deep
ballast in me so I don't tip over. You be the anchor within that holds me fast to you.
Then I'll be upright even when I must flow in and out of consciousness, rock to-and-fro
with pain. You're the solid foundation that keeps me from panic when I lose a grip on
myself.*

*So this is where I am right now. My outer security is washing away, but my eternal
security is more reliable as I fix my heart and mind upon you. Amen.*

In all the circumstances of our lives, Dr. Southard's prayer reminds us to fix our heart and mind on Jesus. May we all find our anchor, our foundation, our stability, our security, and our mooring in Jesus Christ.

Good mooring,

Jane