

Polly's Pondering

In that day he will be your sure foundation, providing a rich store of salvation, wisdom, and knowledge. Isaiah 33:6

This last weekend in October provided a great opportunity for those, who attended the Women's Walk to Emmaus, to reexperience the grace of God in a new and profound way. We had three ladies from the church attending: B Bly, Meghan Moran, and Tina Ripley. We also had one of the members of our MomCo group, Christin, I hope you will talk to them about their experience and make plans to attend a walk if you have not already done so.

I have so enjoyed being an active part of the Emmaus weekends. If you haven't attended yourself, I highly encourage you to do so. If you have already attended, then I pray you will become active in serving in one of the many ways available to serve. You can serve on the outside team, in the kitchen, in the conference room, on the music team or by making agape gifts to be distributed on the walk. Our choice for clergy is much more limited. I have been privileged to serve as clergy on 15 walks since attending my walk. It has been a pleasure seeing others come to a deeper understanding of their faith. And I am not going to lie; it has been difficult to give up this means of service. So, as I found myself sitting on the rock bluff of our property in Missouri allowing myself time to grieve my mom's passing, I found I was also reflecting on this last Emmaus weekend. This spot deep in the Missouri woods has been in John's family for generations. So, it holds a special place in our hearts. I have sat on this same indent in the massive rock bluff many times since I began dating John at 19 years of age. It may have a bit more moss on it but it stays pretty constant. But everything around it has changed. The river is down. You can see rocks on the bottom that you knew were always there but there was a clarity to them now. The trees have grown taller. Some have fallen, roots and all. The undergrowth is thick making the familiar route down the cliff a bit more perilous, but oddly familiar at the same time. The old farmhouse kitchen where John's Mom washed laundry has fallen down and is no more than a pile of old worn-out wood.

Yes, change is all around me here and yet the same rock and solid foundation still holds me firmly. So, while this season of serving at Emmaus has come to an end, I know I am still standing firm on the same foundation of love, grace, and mercy. Just like the solid rock promised in Isaiah that holds me firm in my faith and assures me that no matter what changes I might experience in this life, I will always be held by Jesus Christ, who is our firm foundation, the fulfillment of the promise.

This Sunday we will honor the lives of those who have died over the last year and now have joined the great cloud of witnesses that look down from the heavenly place. Their passing creates changes in our lives. And none of us aren't particularly good at changes. So, my prayer for each one of us is that we will hold onto the promise in Isaiah and to Jesus Christ, who is the fulfillment of that promise and is therefore the solid rock of our faith. And when everything else around changes, he remains the same firm foundation that God intended for our salvation.