

*Art by Nadja*

***Weeping may tarry with the night, but joy comes in the morning.***

Psalm 30 assures us that joy comes in the morning. However, when I woke up on Sunday to ***still more rain***, I was not feeling joyful. For the past several weeks, I’ve been feeling fairly housebound—unless, that is, I’m putting on a pair of rainboots to go out and heave water off my flooded patio. Enough of this!

Honestly, I didn’t expect that many people to trudge through the rain to church on Sunday. But a good number of people did attend, and we were treated to gorgeous music, great fellowship, and plenty of evidence that we are doing good things in the community—whether through getting wet weather supplies to unhoused people or preparing to host Winter Nights. A warmly welcomed visitor said, “I looked at your website and I was pleased to see how much you are doing.”

Well.

I’m glad I climbed out of bed and came to church.

Next Sunday, I hope even more of you will be present when we have our annual meeting after the service. This is an excellent taking-stock moment: we’ll consider where we’ve been, where we are now, and where we are going. There are many creative, meaningful ways we can serve each other and the larger community, being the hands and eyes and heart of God.

Here’s what I’m thinking today about Psalm 30: Joy comes in the morning, yes, but not because all our challenges evaporate overnight. Joy comes because we are together, because we are refreshed in God’s love, and because we recognize, as Chris Mead often says, God is calling us to be the “best *us* that we can be.”

Joy and gratitude for all of you,

Elizabeth

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Please join us for a celebration of the life of Liz Simmonds on Sunday, January 29. The service will begin at 2:00 p.m. and will be followed by a reception in the fellowship hall.