

## **Message from the Rector**

Dear People of God,

Where is summer going? July is more than half-over! COVID-19 is showing no signs of letting up and summer has not felt like summer! However, no matter the season, it is important to give thanks to God for this day. Yesterday is history and tomorrow is a mystery and there is no better moment than the present and live it to the full. It is also important to remove the clutter from our lives and all the excess baggage which weighs us down.

I received the following “Letter of Resignation” from a friend and want to share it with you. It provides wonderful “food for thought” regarding the need to unclutter our lives and let go of the excess baggage we tend to carry around. I would also want to add this – begin every morning in prayer. Take even five minutes and connect your life in and with God. Especially at this time, bring to the Lord your fears, pains, hopes and dreams and let the Lord be your strength, joy and peace.

### **My Letter of Resignation**

I am hereby officially tendering my resignation as an adult, in order to accept the responsibilities of a 6 year old. The tax base is lower and I want to be six again.

I want to go to McDonald’s and think it’s the best place in the world to eat.

I want to sail sticks across a fresh mud puddle and make waves with rocks. I want to think M&Ms are better than money, because you can eat them. I want to play kickball during recess and stay up on Christmas Eve waiting to hear Santa and Rudolph on the roof.

I long for the days when life was simple. When all you knew were your colors, the addition tables and simple nursery rhymes, but it didn’t bother you, because you didn’t know what you didn’t know and you didn’t care. I want to go to school and have snack time, recess, gym and field trips.

I want to be happy, because I don't know what should make me upset. I want to think the world is fair and everyone in it is honest and good. I want to believe that anything is possible.

Sometime, while I was maturing, I learned too much. I learned of nuclear weapons, prejudice, starving and abused kids, lies, unhappy marriages, illness, pain and mortality.

I want to six again. I want to think that everyone, including myself, will live forever, because I don't know the concept of death. I want to be oblivious to the complexity of life and be overly excited by the little things again.

I want television to be something I watch for fun, not something used for escape from the things I should be doing. I want to live knowing the little things that I find exciting will always make me as happy as when I first learned them. I want to be six again.

I remember not seeing the world as a whole, but rather being aware of only the things that directly concerned me. I want to be naïve enough to think that if I'm happy, so is everyone else. I want to walk down the beach and think only of the sand beneath my feet and the possibility of finding that blue piece of sea glass I'm looking for.

I want to spend my afternoons climbing trees and riding my bike, letting the grown-ups worry about time, the dentist and how to find the money to fix the old car.

I want to wonder that I'll do when I grow up and what I'll be, who I'll be and not worry about what I'll do if this doesn't work. I want that time back.

I want to use it now as an escape, so that when my computer crashes, or I have a mountain of paperwork, or two depressed friends, or a fight with my spouse, or bittersweet memories of times gone by, or second thoughts about so many things, I can travel back and build a snowman, without thinking about anything except whether the snow sticks together and what I can possibly use for the snowman's mouth.

So here's my checkbook and my car-keys, my credit card bills and my 401K statements. I am officially resigning from adulthood.

This just happens to be one of those weeks that I would really, really like to be 6!  
And if you want to discuss this further, you'll have to catch me first, cause,

Tag! You're it!

Fr. Greg

### **Humor from the Rector**



“You know, Grandma. At my age,  
rolling out of bed in the morning is the easy part.  
Getting off the floor is a whole other story!”