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# From Pastor Jayneann's Pen

Pastor Jayneann McIntosh

May 2018

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**Ah, spring...** I sat on the front stoop and wrote a few haiku on Saturday. The sun was warm (and so was I); the snow was melting... it was lovely. The poems weren't all good, but I like the one about the dried morning glory vine still wrapped 'round the posts and its seeds with their promise of summer beauty.

One of the things I love about the changing seasons is that it reminds us of the hope we have through our faith. We trust that spring will follow winter. Some years, winter holds on longer than almost anyone wants it to but eventually the snow stops falling, the buds open, the ticks come out... (Okay, let's not think about that one.) Our lives have seasons as well. My cats are in their later adult years with slower interests and creeping ailments but now we've added a youngster who likes to chew on shoes and race around the house. Dagger and Shiva weren't sure what to make of Asriel when we first brought her home (they're named after gaming characters.) They were used to things as they were and weren't sure they wanted to change. There was a fair amount of growling and hissing those first few weeks. Dagger likes to play but not as much as this stranger. Shiva spent a lot of her time hiding out somewhere that only accommodated one. Asriel spent nights curled up by herself as the other two shared the basket.

Now, four months later, they're family. Any two of them might play together at any one time. They know which are their bowls and (generally) stick to them. As long as I don't crate all three of them together, all is good. Many of us have had similar generations in our homes, people, cats, dogs... We have similar experience at church, too, as generations with \ different ways and experience come together. Sometimes I have suspected that people are more

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stubborn than cats. Yet God definitely equips us to come together, accepting each other as we are. And at our best, we do this superbly.

This month is Mental Health Awareness Month, but these days every month has an “awareness” attached to it. Let’s be aware. Let’s be accepting. And let’s celebrate that we have such a diversity among us.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Suzanna".