



April 6, 2020

Last night one of my 7th grade friends that I have spoken about before Facetimed me, Cal is his name. I baptized him and when he was a very little boy at one of our VBS sessions something happened that brought him to tears. He was disconsolate, so I went to Panera and bought him a special cookie. We have been friends ever since.

Over the years he and his brother Leo have made me wonderful gifts that I treasure drawings and paintings, a stool and a few years ago they both decorated a chair for me that came from the old Noll cafeteria in the summer of 1962.

I am not in the habit of Facetiming 7th graders just for the record but these days allow for exceptions.

He showed me around his room and I took note of what I thought were paintings on the wall behind his left shoulder. He took me up close and I could see that they were actually pieces affixed to what I think was canvas, a yellow canvas, the pieces he explained had been a liquid poured into a mold and allowed to harden.

When arranged correctly they formed skeletal like images of three different dinosaurs which, of course, he knew the names of and all kinds of other information about them.

He also told me about his lizard and sent me pictures and just a few minutes ago he Facetimed me to show me the lizard and so I could watch it eat. It has an enormously long tongue and it snaps lizards out of his hand.

Right now we are isolated, so many of you from grandchildren, I don't have grandchildren but I am glad parents lend me their kids to love because we need not only to be loved but we need to love.

As these long days unfold with new ways of being in the world marked by fear of contamination, I want to remember the paths that I have crossed and be thankful for all of them.

Take a minute or two today and be silent for all of those now caught up in God's love who didn't have time to give thanks. You give thanks for them.