

A Word from Jawn

A couple of years ago I built a swing for Carol. I found two cedar trees growing side-by-side just off my workshop. It's a swing . . . what can I say. It's built with 4x4 cross members, heavy chains and has a comfy 2x12 seat. I even built in a '*creek-creeek-creeek*'. It's well built, even if I say so myself. How do I know? I can swing on it.

Yes, the swing might carry me, and might even thrill my Grandchildren when they come, but, we are all constantly reminded, that this swing is definitely Gramma's. And Carol uses it regularly all year round. The view from the swing is bush and rocks and trees and any birds and critters that happen along. Carol has mentioned a number of times just how much it reminds her of her childhood. A lot of hours were spent just swinging back-and-forth, letting the motion bring calm and imagination and peace. What a good memory.

We are living in a different kind of World these days. Not very calm. Not very peaceful. And our imaginations are more than a little disturbed. The '*creek-creeek-creeek*' of the 24-hour news cycle is not very conducive to restorative peace or gentle imaginations.

I wish I could invite all of you to come and have a turn on Carol's swing. Just for a little while. Just for a brief reprieve from the oppression of these days. Not possible, of course, what with the new norm of 'physical-distancing'. But it's my heart-felt wish.

I can't really think of an alternative except to suggest that, within our current social limits, purposefully find an inner place or memory or gentle activity where fear and anxiety can be set aside just for a moment. There is a lasting strength to be draw from such a simple interlude. It allows you to somewhat control how you choose to shape the moment in which you must live.

In Jesus' name . . . Peace to you.