

## Thoughts from the LAAMB

I changed my mediation that I had originally written because of this experience that I had this morning.

Early this morning I walked down the road which goes to the water treatment plant in Wiarton. Water even as a child has always been a special place for me to reflect and ponder on things. As I stopped near a place where I used to see fishermen beside their cars pulled off to the side of the road. They would stand beside their cars with their fishing rods somehow stuck into the ground.

As I looked out into the water from the side of the road. I thought of my brother's wife Sue who died a week ago. I thought of the many ways she took time to feed us when we visited them. She always made sure we had everything we needed for our accommodations. I still remember our conversations about her love for all of God's creation. She would talk to her plants, have conversations with butterflies and care extensively for the tea plants that she grew.

Sue was a dedicated Christian. I remember a conversation where she told us that when she died, she would come back as a butterfly, a bird, or some other creature of God's wonderful creation.

As I stood there, I started to cry, the tears streaming down my face as I said, thank you Sue for the gifts you gave Lore and I and our family. We will carry them with us on our journey....you will continue to be a part of our lives.

Then you won't believe what happened. A loon came up out of the water and I watched as it called. Its whole head shook and quivered as it called out. I stood there in disbelief wondering if this was actually happening. Tears still streaming down my face. In my mind the words came to my consciousness, I Love you! Sue. And then the loon dove into the water, came up much farther away and I watched as it continued down the lake.

I want to take this time to thank all of my parishioners from the Lutheran And Anglican Ministries of the Bruce Peninsula and my other friends. When I sent out an email letting you know of Sue's death, the response was overwhelming. Caring, loving, thoughts came streaming into my computer through emails. We received many beautiful cards with warm, loving supportive words, a plant, granola bars, money for my family, money for my brother and a beautiful song sung over the phone by one of our youngest parishioners, Liam. Lore and I were overjoyed to hear him sing...

Hakuna Matata!  
What a wonderful phrase  
Hakuna Matata!  
Ain't no passing craze  
It means no worries  
For the rest of your days

We thanked him and told him how special that was for us. There is something mystical, something very special about living in a community that cares....God's love becomes real through very loving people. Thank you for being there for Lore, my family and I. We love you!

Pastor Perry