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# Not Ordinary Church

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## Lament, Rant, and Affirmation of Faith

Allyson Sawtell, 11/19

We know what is happening. We know what it takes to bring healing to our earth.

In confession and grief we will enter into the shadows.

And with each other – in community – we will sit together, and the light *will* return.

It's all of one piece.

Doing needs to emerge from grieving.

And we – Church – need to figure out the “doing” together

And it will include a mighty wrestling with

- Denial
- Status Quo
- Business as Usual
- Government and Politics
- Capitalism
- Racism
- Identity
- Progress
- Privilege
- Runaway Individualism
- Religion
- Power over

Doing needs to emerge from grieving.

And we – Church – need to figure out the “doing” together

And it will include a mighty wrestling.

This is not your felt-board easy Bible stories church. This is not your nice liberal feel-good church. This is not your happy church with latest church growth fads in hand because, by God! we've got to maintain the institution! This is a snarling tiger defending her young, the future of all Creation whimpering in the den, our grandchildren of all species, as the predator closes in.

This is not your church of gentle candlelight,

reading graphic scripture of torture and execution and saying, “Oh, that poor man!”  
and leaving him there in the cold and quiet sanctuary.

This is a church on the front lines of extinction,

Standing with the glaciers, the pollinators, children in cages and future generations.

Or, at least, it had better be!

This is a witnessing women at the cross kind of church, hearts torn open with grief and loss, but who somehow manage to put one foot in front of the other, and eventually find themselves as witnesses to Resurrection.

*That's Church.*

*That's Beloved Community.*

Ragged, tear-stained, muddy, damn angry and persistent,  
and wrenchingly and wondrously in love with all Creation.

This is Church that won't give up.

So we sit in the shadow of this Holy Week, and feel it all.

Weeping, snarling, or simply in silence.

And then we get up and move on, because there's more work ahead of us.

The darkness can't hold us.

The tomb won't hold us.



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