

Not Ordinary Church

Not Ordinary Times

Allyson Sawtell, 9/14/15

These are not ordinary times

We hide from the “not”

We cling to the “ordinary” in our little boxes, calmly adjusting our blinders,
Shaking our heads at these times.

But a pit opens up in our stomach

The sense of something not right settles in our bones

A “yes, but...” sits uneasily in our souls and gnaws and nags
And a grief too heavy to bear chokes us like summer wildfire,
Hot and violent
Embers scorching all we know.

A suspicion grows in us that if we

Embrace the “yes, but”

And peer into the pit,

A way may be found.

Or a hope of a possibility of a way

May be found

And a hole might be burned through our little boxes of protection,

Releasing the toxic gases of denial and despair

Dissipating into the clear cold air

Transforming to hope and hard work.

These are not ordinary times.

Yet we wave--- it away,

(“Can’t happen to us...”

Sea levels won’t reach our mountaintop”)

And in ignorance, or desperation, or simple greed, we make the “over” the ordinary

Overfishing

Overcrowding

Overgrazing

Overconsuming

Overwhelming loss and devastation

But a pit opens up in our stomach.

Subterranean fear gnaws,

Chewing holes in our denial.

“Something is not right” echoes in our souls:

The cry of Creation

The voice of God.

“These are not ordinary times”
may be the path towards our resurrection.

So we bathe in courage, grasp for community
Leave the shelter of business-as-usual
And stare into the face of this unknown future.
We leave our little boxes and cast off our blinders
And the bright light of Creation’s pain nearly blinds us
And grief nearly chokes us.

But not quite.

Because when there’s enough of us stumbling around,
trying to make a way,
Sooner or later we’ll begin to connect,
And the power of that connection explodes in hope
And a different way can be made
And life can flourish in new and extraordinary ways.

Do you believe? Do you dare?



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