



Old Catholic Church of the Americas

www.facebook.com/#!/pages/Old-Catholic-Church-of-the-Americas/321729191282545?fref=ts

June 30, 2015

Volume III Issue 6

Fun with the Son—Mother Rachael Christian, OSB

Inside this
issue:

Fun with the Son	1
---------------------	---



In the hot summer days that fly by as the butterfly skims the flower and weed, and the grasses grow fast so my feet stay cool; I find fun in the Son. Appreciating His magnificent work in the green and brown foothills; drinking deep of the cool morning air that sings of rain at times and other times is carried along with light breezes that bring on their wings, His Laughter and love and I find these times more than I can find words to say, but fun is one that lightly dips into the river of love and walks with me along every trail and path I trod.

Days come and go and my thoughts wander through the green lawn and high weeds, my eyes searching leaf and blade and dusty stone for little creatures usually missed by my hurrying steps, and finding one, yes, a ladybug will do! I stop and watch its journey, (every creation of God has its own journey), and I wonder what it thinks when this human shade shadows its path. Undaunted by my searching eyes and daring touch to pick it from the leaf to hold it while it tickles my palm and fingers with

its antennae and feet, I wonder, if I am so large in this little creature's eyes, how little I am in the eyes of God who has made everything I see; and this is fun in the Son to me.

There was a time when even the sun would not stop me from working in the heat to make something right, pull a weed here, rake a pile of grass there, water and weed some more, and never taking time to really see what Fun the Son has made for my eyes to see, my ears to hear and my mouth to taste.

Those were heady days of youth and need, need to know that something or someone I was missing, but never reached out my hand to find. Then I grew into silence one day when I caught a waterfall, not made by man, but through cracks of winter stone and icy waters rushing to the dam above my head. I caught myself watching the flood of waters hitting the stones and exploding into mighty splashes of rainbows and sparkling tears of laughing angel dances and I stood transfixed for an hour. When the hour fled, there was the lightest scent of rose wafting around me, though no bush or flower was nearby. I soon learned that Fun in the Son, comes from not only Him, but with Mary, who when I was a young girl, heard me say, "I want Mary to be my Mother", and has never left my side; but, instead, watches me grow and fall, lifting me, carrying me to her Son, through her gentle touch, hidden in the beauty of God's glorious creation, day after day. And Fun in the Son is never the same for me. One day the clouds are gray and white

and the skies an amber hue, and I am lost in their beauty; the stars at night glisten with the hope of tomorrow, a dance of angels, caroling the announcing song of dawn near at hand, and healing words of another angel draw me close, while under the protection of a third, I come to stand before the Throne of Grace and God whispers in my ear, I love you, all is well with your soul today.

Every day I wake up I think of the morning through sometimes bleary and tired eyes, I see the colors shift and turn, I see the leaf bend in the heat and the flower fade in the scorching temperatures. I sense the change of winter to spring in the rapid flow of blood through my veins and sleep deep with the rains of spring and in them all, Fun in the Son is a delight that no one can take.

Jesus, Strong Tower and Altar of my Soul, come to me today and as I watch the sun fade into evening, and evening become day, LORD of all, come; fill me with your Joy, Gentleness, Self-Control, Peace, Understanding and Love. Make me into the creation you and God have made me as I am with you in heaven and will know again one day, I am told. Until then LORD, dear and fair Jesus, keep me safely under your gaze, guide me, discipline with your rod, my sins, and as the rain falls and brings refreshing, let me dance with the Son, in great Fun, and begin to live every day again, for you are Love and I long with all my heart to be as You are,

If you wish to have an article or news item included in OCCOA Newsletter, please contact Bishop Jim Morgan or Mr. Minott Gailard. This is just an attempt to share with each other and give us a chance to "promote" each other when someone does something good that we'd like to copy—or tries something that doesn't work—and we won't try that—bottom line, we'd just like to open communication channels—share lessons learned—share our blessings. Minott is at wmg937@aol.com. Please submit articles no later than the 15th of the month.



As you Celebrate our Nation's Birthday—Be Thankful, that in spite of our flaws, our country is still OUR country—and it's up to each of us to do our part to keep her great!!!



Happy 239th, America!!!