

The graphic features a central maroon diamond shape containing the text. This diamond is surrounded by several overlapping, thin gold-outlined polygons of various shapes. The background is white with scattered gold and pink speckles. There are also teal and pink geometric shapes (triangles, circles, squares) scattered around the central diamond. The text is centered within the diamond.

2022  
WOMEN'S  
RETREAT

*New Things*



March 11th & 12th

# Friday Schedule

- 6pm Registration & Time of Fellowship
- 7pm Worship
- 9pm Close

# Saturday Schedule

- 8am Coffee Hour & Registration
- 9am-11am Individual & Group Time
- 11am Group Activity
- 12pm Lunch\*
- 1pm-2:30pm Individual & Group Time
- 2:30pm-4pm Testimonies & Ministry Time

*Please enjoy the photo booth set up in the Great Room!*

*Don't forget to grab your goodie bag before leaving!*

\*Lunch will be held in the Gym and Great Room. Please take the boxed lunch that you ordered upon registration.

# Welcome...

*from Rev. Dr. Tracy L. Saletta*

Welcome! I am so glad that you've decided to be a part of our 2022 retreat! In 2020 we planned a retreat titled "There is Change in the Air..." Now is the Time to Arise and Come Away with Me" taken from Song of Solomon 2:1-13b. Little did we know how appropriate that was! The weekend in which it was planned was the same weekend that began the shutdown in our country due to COVID. There certainly was change in the air!

What was your story during that time? What came up? What has changed? What things need to be released? Here we are two years later, and we are still slowly returning to life as we knew it... maybe. Maybe it's not going to be exactly the same, maybe we've been changed. Maybe there are old patterns to be released and new ones to be embraced. Let's journey together! Let's listen and release and discover the new together!

This retreat is about glancing back in order to let go and move forward into the new. What are the new thing/s? What is God whispering? Let's dream and envision! We know that God is forever moving us into the new... what might that be for you?

We welcome you to the journey this weekend.

*2 Corinthians 5:17*

Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, they are a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new..

# Meditation #1

The Rearview Mirror  
by Dana Boyes

I once heard the journey of life compared to taking a long drive in a car. Sometimes you are driving on a smooth, freshly paved road... ahhh the sweet smell of tar and the sight of bright yellow painted lines... it's like driving on glass. Other times you are being tossed about by every bump along a gravel pathway. Whatever terrain you are traversing, you keep your eyes fixed on the road in front of you, gripping the steering wheel, blasting a mix of Whitney and Spice Girls and figuring out the best route you can to travel on.

As you drive, you also have your rearview mirror... it gives you a glimpse of what's behind you and a better and bigger perspective of the roadway. However, if your sole focus was always on the rearview mirror, you wouldn't be able to see what's ahead and you would surely crash the car.

So... are there things in your past (whether recent or long ago) that have kept your gaze for too long? Is there anything you need to leave behind and/or let go of in order to truly move forward and progress on your journey without hindrance? Sit with that for a minute... do you hear the Holy Spirit stirring anything within you?

The rearview mirror was never intended for lengthy fixations, but for brief glimpses... a reminder of where we've been. It's ok to periodically look back to remember... it's part of your testimony and your journey and it's ok... but don't stay there... don't let what's in the rearview mirror hold you back. Keep moving forward into all the new and amazing things that await on the adventurous road you are on...and keep blasting Whitney and Spice Girls...

# Meditation #2

by Janis Bady

Have you ever felt exhausted by the world's message that you can have it all? Everything you desire - fame, money, popularity, significance. We've all heard it again and again. Take this class, get that job, drive that car, align with these people. So we plan, pray and work - hard. We try to break free but find ourselves trapped in the same old feeling of longing. We set goals, then go back to the same habits again and again. We feel stuck, unsure and unfulfilled. God wants to turn our attention to the better plans He has for each of us. There is an invitation to come away to something higher and bigger. In God we have security and rest. We each hold a position of authority as his daughters. We carry purpose and significance in the kingdom. Our lives are like mirrors that reflect how amazing God is.

When we take our place with God, we are accepting the call on our lives to impact God's people with the uniqueness that is in each of us. Our words become a conduit for God's love. Our very presence creates a space where God can move. And in God's perfect way, those old longings are supplanted with fresh vision for our lives. He shifts our desire from things to people. That's where we find our significance and purpose. We find it all in Christ.

What message from the world is whispering (or screaming) in your ear?  
What habits are keeping you stuck? What longing has gone unfulfilled?  
I encourage you to turn your attention to the better plan God has for you.  
Watch God give you new vision, peace, confidence, energy and influence.

## Prayer:

God, thank you for making me new. I accept my place in you and give you permission to show me a new and better way. I will let go of my old habits and outdated thoughts. Thank you for quieting the noise of the world. As I seek your plans and purpose for my life, I am grateful that the new desires you place in my heart will come to pass. May I reflect your amazing love to your people. In Jesus' name. Amen.

# Meditation #3

by Gretchen Cole

"There is change in the air... Now is the time to arise and come away with me."  
Song of Solomon 2:13

Many of the endings of fall are sudden and dramatic. The first hard frost kills tender plants. Cinko trees drop their leaves all at once, all on the same day, all over town. Other endings occur more gradually. The oaks and some other trees will take all winter to lose their leaves. Birds migrate and small animals hibernate unseen, until one day you realize how much more quiet and still your yard is. But not all endings are sad—the frost that did in your garden also killed many pests such as mosquitos and ticks. Fallen leaves expose the beautiful structure of tree branches and allow more sunlight to reach us just when we need it. All these endings call us into a period of rest, of dormancy, of transition.

In Israel, winter runs from about November to March and consists of lots of cold rain, sometimes very heavy, just as we often have in late fall and even in winter. What an unpleasant time of year! There is not much to be said for it, especially if there is no snow. And yet... there is something necessary about the winter months. Cold weather kills bugs and insects. The shedding of old, damaged leaves makes room for new, healthier ones. The period of cold weather is what will signal some of our favorite spring flowers to bloom again. We might be anxious to start new activities, but a period of cold and dark can be beneficial and prepare the way for healthier growth.

And certainly the time for new growth will arrive, with some obvious cues and some subtle ones. Winter aconite and crocus show their colors first, and then one day, you look up and realize the formerly brown treeline is coloring up, not just with the lime green of baby leaves, but with the pinks and whites of fragrant blossoms that will soon turn into good apples, cherries and pears.

The squirrels and overwintering birds were active every temperate day of the winter, but now they are joined by woodchucks, catbirds, red-wing blackbirds, and those charming songsters, spring peeper frogs. Like Solomon, we also hear the voice of the dove signaling that warm weather is coming and it's safe to start a new venture.

When we see and hear and smell and feel that change is in the air, whether it's an ending, a beginning, or the seeming "nothing happening" in between, how do we respond? Will we arise and seek the Lord, trusting His love, in every season? As the hymn says, "Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest... join with all nature in manifold witness to Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love."



# Meditation #4

New Things  
by Sophia A. Foutres

Does anyone else shutter when they hear the word change? I do.

Often times, things are the way they are because we have worked really hard to get them that way and honestly, to keep them that way. Change is that five letter "curse" word, that can make us want to do anything but say bye to those old things.

What are your old things? Who is the old you?

I think it's so difficult to change and become excited about the new things because often those old things served a purpose, provided some sort of benefit to us, so when the invitation comes, it can feel a little suspicious. Why would I let go of this habit, person, place or mindset when for so long it has helped me survive? We wouldn't hold on to these old ways, if they weren't serving us in some way.

*How are your old things serving you?*

Imagine all the fear, shame, regret, stress, burdens, and troubles of life that have worn you down. . . what if there was a new way that was still filled with the reality of life but a different way that brought life instead of dread?

Where in your life are you merely surviving, eating the same ol' processed junk, that is making you full, but never satisfied? Where has exhaustion become the norm and stress the vehicle to keep carrying it? Do you want something different, but are terrified of the naked unknown that comes from surrendering it? Are you tired of faking it until you make it? I get it, I am too. Truly, it is a nice verse that we like to quote but in reality it is a fierce call to authenticity.

It takes a lot of courage to look yourself in the eye and say yes to a truer, more authentic, version of yourself. It takes a lot of strength to make peace with yourself and admit that the old once served you and now it's only keeping you small. It takes faith to believe that yes God made me good and let's live like it.

Let's be honest, embracing the new things is like we are naked, having abandoned our mirage of safety, security and survival and we have no GPS. In the midst of it all, I believe God whispers before you face the world, face me, find me, rest in me. The "In Christ" is key here, as I believe it invites us, before we face the day, to face the one who breathed it into existence because new skin is fragile, it tears easily, it burns in direct light of someone else's opinion of us, it will one day be more secure and ready for the next season, or really, maybe just the next second.

I hear an invitation. . . I hear a preparation. . . I hear the tender care of our loving God whispering to the deep places of our hearts. . .

*Come on my love, get up from your life of crouching and playing small...and before you face the world, come to me...*

Because what if the "new way" is not merely a romanticized lure or salvation pitch, but the greatest invitation in the world. . . to not just survive, but to come be alive!

*What do you need to see become new in your life?  
What do you need to let go of?*

So run, as if your life depended on it, because it does, run to the One who has always seen you, always known you, and always loved you, just as you are. The good, bad, beautiful, ugly, the old you and the new you, there is a Love that loves you right here, in all your humanness. Run to the One who will prepare you for all the wild wonders that await you in this new season and dare to expect them. Run to the One who will prepare you for the all trials that will mark you but won't kill you. Run, run to the One who will give you courage to rise up out hiding as new life bursts within you and overflows to the world around you.

So say yes, let it all go and rest in this Love that will not only bring new things, but will bring you back to life.

What are you waiting for? Live!

# Meditation #5

by Andrea Moore

The door creaks open and a stray band of watery sunlight crawls across the dusty, but not dirty, floor. You stretch out stiff, long-dormant muscles with a stifled groan and great yawn. What time is it? The sun seems to be setting and rising simultaneously somehow and when you peek out the window it's as if the whole of the outside is holding its breath. Your curiosity draws you to the slightly ajar door and, tugging on a pair of sturdy and perfectly worn shoes, you slip through.

You pause on the other side to take in the door, noticing the feel and look and smell of the barrier that stood between you and what lies beyond.

After a moment you close the door behind you and... What? There's a wind kicking up and laced through the air you smell the sweet fragrance of decay and growth. Flowers blooming amidst a field of fallen leaves, or wet earth peaking through melted snow. There's something else too - something you can't quite name, but it's so familiar and it tugs on your heart solidly enough to pull you a few steps down the walk. What happens next?

# Meditation #6

by Ally Rose

It is a  
**choice**  
to be open or closed to the work that God is trying to do in our lives.

He's always moving, but He will never force us to do anything.

It's always your choice to say, "Yes, I am open to what you're doing in my life, to what you desire to change, to the opportunities that you have for me."

Or you can say  
**no**  
and stay where you are.

To be honest, sometimes this is the more comfortable place to stay because we know it and because it feels so safe.

But know there's more for us, for you.

And when you trust the one who's asking you to change or move, because you know you are covered in his love and that all the plans He has for you are good, it makes it that much easier to be open to what's on the way.

## Questions for reflection:

What whispers of "the new" have you heard God calling you to, individually, in your family, or in your community?

Are you open to what God is trying to do in your life? If not, what gets in the way to you being open? How can you begin to surrender this to God?

# Meditation #7

by Sandi Chadwick

I am seven, sleeping on the floorboards of a forest green, 1971 Pontiac Catalina, affectionately known by my father as "the great green pig" because it guzzled gas the way a camel chugs water before a journey through the desert. My small body is snuggled between the passenger seat and back seat, legs draped haphazardly over the "hump". I often sleep my way through road trips to help alleviate motion sickness. It will be a few more years before we realize I need glasses - which help -- a little. At least then I no longer mistake a field of hay bales for a very lethargic herd of sheep - a family joke which will last much, much longer than I hoped.

The ride is mostly uneventful. Content with the strange nest I have built for myself - I have relinquished the entire back seat to my younger brother. Lulled to sleep by the constant vibration and hum of the wheels beneath me, I dream of cotton candy, marionettes, and seashells that hold the deep echoes of the ocean within.

There is no need for an atlas on this trip. No red pens or highlighters - my father knows the way; knows all the best places to stop for gas or for his favorite treat - a pecan log roll. To the average person these "treats" taste like recycled Peeps, rolled in a cardboard coating vaguely reminiscent of nuts, but to my Dad - this is a slice of food heaven. The ride seems to take hours. How many times does my brother's voice cut through the radio static . . . "Are we there yet?" Five minutes is a decade when you're young. On we ride to the faint strains of classical music, punctuated by the jingle and clang of change as my Dad tosses coins into the open mouth of the toll booth dragons - bright yellow - waiting to be fed- so we can travel safely on this magical motor path called "Turnpike".

Eventually the moment comes. My Dad rolls down his window, cranking the handle like it's an old-time jack-in-the-box.

The wind no longer kept at bay by the glass, rushes in and starts to make its way down to the floor where it waltzes across my eyelashes, tousles my hair and caresses my cheeks with motherly strokes. The air is thicker here. It holds weight, leaving damp, heavy kisses on my forehead and in the gully at the base of my throat where my laughter lives. I feel the air first, but it is the smell which pulls me up from deepest slumber.

I smell salt.

Instantly I am flooded with anticipation. We are so near. My mouth is already covered in a lipstick of brine, and when I lick them, I can taste the whole of the ocean in my mouth.

Yes, there's a definite change in the air. . . a shift. . . we have left behind cookie cutter suburbia and have arrived at the edge of a brand new adventure! Change is not so scary for seven-year-old girls who are too excited about waves, shells, sandcastles and seagulls, and possible mermaids, to worry about what may lie ahead. They trust the one who brought them there. They trust implicitly in provision, even in this place that feels so far from home. They aren't exactly sure where they are, they can't read a map or drive a car, but they aren't fearful. They are, instead, full of eager wonder.

My Dad parks the car, no small feat given its resemblance to a miniature aircraft carrier. I am fully awake now. What I could only sense, I now see - a vast ocean spread before me, stretched from the sand to the sun. An ancient voice calls to me -the Love that speaks stillness to wind and waves, that creates earth, sky and galaxies is speaking: "My little one, it's time to get up. Let's go! I have something new to show you!"

"Yes! Yes! Wait for me! I'm coming! Just let me get my yellow shovel and bucket so we can dig a hole together to the other side of the world, or maybe make muffins out of sand, or jump the waves, or pretend we're dolphins, or sing to the mermaids. . . . Whatever we do, please hold my hand, just in case, so I don't get lost along the way because I've never been here before!"

# Meditation #8

## LET GO & LET GOD

by Tracy Clark

The difference between these two conjoined phrases simply comes down to one letter. It is holding the presence of the D, the Divine, in our hearts that gives us the freedom to release. But surrender seems like weakness in a culture where protection, being right, having knowledge, holding the truth, and fixing problems is how to win. We need to choose the path of love, especially love of self.

What if the real reason we are afraid to let go is that letting go removes our ego, control and, our sense of protection? As a woman, we have needed our ego to keep us safe. Generation after generation we learned to protect our bodies and our spirits every step of the way. We even learned how to dress, behave and act to prevent others from being "tempted". In addition, the divine feminine energy we carry has not been elevated, appreciated, or honored in our society. The role we play as nurturer, life-giver, compassionate healer, emotional guide has not been given a place of reference as it did in ancient cultures that were more connected to the Earth.

While our ego has protected us, one of the results is we find ourselves isolated and disconnected, especially from other women. Putting on an appearance and image keeps us from being judged and condemned from the same people who understand our journey and can be advocates along the way. This deep need inside ourselves that longs for adventure is real. We know taking risks is living our life - physically and emotionally. We yearn for deep connection with others. We want to be heard. We desperately want someone to look into our eyes, reach to our soul and say, "I see you." We need to let go to be free. We need to open our hearts to receive.

We have to be willing to take the deep dive into the murky water of the unknown. The journey is about being willing to embark on transformation. Jesus' path to the cross was the ultimate example. It may not be easy but there is glory on the other side. Our souls are ready.

Let us hold the paradox of these phrases as one, instead of divided parts. It is not meant to be linear and mutually exclusive, rather profoundly intertwined. God is alpha and omega, beginning and end. Let God. Let Go. Let God. In a Divine flow, we don't have to follow step A to get to step B. And with that, our ego doesn't have to disappear for our soul to thrive. We need to hold the both/and at the essence of our being. Our ego needs to let go of the fight and join the dance. The music is playing and God's almighty hand is reaching out for us to join. Let's go.

### Reflection Questions:

1. Where are you with trusting God? What is blocking you from deeper relationship?
2. What is your ego still holding on to that needs to be released and healed?
3. What is your definition of self? Who are you?
4. How can you embrace the dance of ego and soul to find more peace?
5. Feel the divine feminine energy of the room. Who around you needs to be seen?

# Meditation #9

by Sandra Anderson

It comes sometimes without warning.

One day you walk outside to the blistering cold.

Hands shivering, wind blasting against your face, sun barely shining through the whiteness of the sky.

Leaves from the trees have died and withered away. No sign of spring, no sign of life.

The fall leaves have turned into vague memories of color that once filled our journey with hope and warmth.

Nothing left but coldness. The cold that makes you want to stay inside and hide within the walls of warmth by the fireplace.

The snow that makes you wonder if going outside is worth risking it all.

The winter can be so cruel, so cold, so lonely, so still.

One day I walk outside and there it is.

Suddenly the weather is not so bad.

Suddenly the fear of walking outside expecting the wind to sting my face with pain and resistance turns into something so unexpected.

Suddenly, I feel quite alright. The weather is not what I thought it would be. It's actually quite welcoming.

The perfect place to be. Not too cold, not too hot, but a season of a perfect peace.

Can you feel it? He is breathing newness all around you! One minute you're in the coldest season of history, and now you can feel the sun on your face as if this is a sudden mystery.

Let's leave these cold memories behind. Lay down these burdens that we have carried with us this season.

Lay down your gloves of shame, your coats of hurt and heartache, your scarves of defeat and pain.

Let us remember who kept us warm in this blistering season. Although the world around us was cold and harsh.

Let us remember the place where the fire was lit, blankets and warm drinks awaited us.

Come, let us go, to a deeper place. A place where seasons change and lives can be rearranged. . . a place where new life is budding all around!

Let the sun beat against our face again, as we find joy again. Let the wind that once stung our faces, bring a cool wind of refreshment.

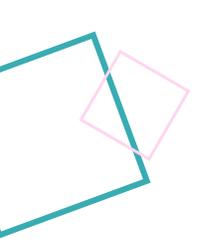
The snow has melted, and a new day has come.

Flowers bloom, trees grow green, and the birds begin to sing. Oh what joy it is on the other side. Let us go deep.

Let us find the place where we see the Holy of Holies. Let us get deeply rooted in our source.

For new life is here, and we must have our soil ready for the watering, the planting, the growing.

Let us soak up the SON our source of energy!



# Meditation #10

by Erica Brisbin

Sitting at my desk, I can see out the window. It is early February, and the view is quite gray. Bare gray branches, gray frost-kissed grass, and even the gray mist of fog hanging in the air this morning. But as my gaze lingers, I see tiny yellow buds poking out of this cold earth. They peek out from under the carpet of Autumn's leaves and up toward the winter sun.

Above these yellow blooms, I see the branches are not actually bare, but are bearing red buds at the tips of their outstretched arms. More life.

But isn't it winter? Isn't winter the season of death and waiting?

I have been taught to view winter as a season solely to be survived. But for some plants, like the Winter Aconite in my yard, winter is its time to thrive. For Winter Aconite, this is the season of growth and new beginnings. I am challenged by this small yellow bloom blanketing my yard. I am opening myself up to the reality that sometimes new growth comes in Winter.

Sometimes the change isn't physical, it's just a whisper on the wind. Something that you know is coming but can't see it yet. Or it might be that when you actually look at the dreary brown, you can suddenly see the buds forming and pushing through. What you thought was static and dead has been working on new things unseen until now. Sometimes we are ready for the new thing sooner than expected. We think we know when the season changes and what each season will bring. Amazing things become visible when we allow our eyes to see what God is doing and not just look for what we have come to expect.

We aren't alone. God knows the moment of change, and He comes offering His hand. He doesn't come to us with judgment saying, "Get up, can't you see it is time?" Rather, He comes with an invitation, "I see new opportunities in your life. Come with me, and let's explore it."

I've never been one who accepts change easily. Change is hard, even if you know it's good change. But I find comfort in knowing I'm not expected to face it on my own.

Take a moment. Quiet yourself. Take a breath. Settle in.

Imagine a winter scene in your mind. Then, imagine bundling up and going out into it for a walk with God. As you walk through this winter scene, look for signs of life together. What do you see? What do you feel? What do you hear? Perhaps it is something you smell or taste? Be open for whatever signs of life you may discover with God.

Now imagine both of you returning home, back into the warmth, unbundling, grabbing a cup of each of your favorite warm beverages and sitting in your favorite spots. Share what you saw (or didn't see). Tell him what you felt or heard. Ask Him what caught His attention on your walk. What did He see or hear?

# Meditation #11

YES  
by Joni Miller

Any time there is an invitation or a call, a decision to stay or move forward... it demands an answer... but there's always a choice. Will I stay and remain planted in the safety of the status-quo of my uninterrupted life, secure yet unchanged, or will I take that first step towards "the new"...towards Jesus as He calls to me... and say, YES?

From the moment I stood by my husband's bedside and watched him take his last breath, I knew I had that choice...

I could crawl into a corner like a wadded up piece of paper, never leave the house... never risk or get involved because it was too painful to even consider...

I could stay angry, fearful, hopeless, full of despair (which was all there waiting for me too... every day) and continue eating and drinking obsessively until I felt nothing (full disclosure... I did do this at times)

I could look at my life and consider its worth... or what felt like worthlessness...

I could go inward into the "dark night of the soul" until I self-destructed. There were days where this was so appealing and just felt right! When just the thought of living, breathing or making the smallest of decisions about anything was overwhelming. This was the hardest.

I could run. escape. leave.

Or...

I could look into the face of God... peer into His eyes and get it all out! I could ask all the "why" questions that my burned-up soul couldn't comprehend. Cry, weep, rant, curse, scream, sulk, and barely move... ask even more questions, ("really God! This was the best plan you could come up with??")

but then finally... quietly... with barely a whisper in my heart... say, yes.

Don't get me wrong. This wasn't a pious, preachy, yahoo yes... this was a just the basic, bare minimum, skin-of-your-teeth kinda yes.

I felt like I took back the power from "mother-earth"-the planet that steals joy, peace, hope... and eventually life. I took back the choice made by "Mother Eve" when she decided to eat that damn apple and send our world spinning into chaos, sin... and death.

I said yes...

Yes, to God... to believe that He still was God and not some Ogre in the heavens who wanted to inflict pain on me and my family...

Yes... to believing that He did not give my husband cancer or give anyone cancer or like cancer or agree with any part of cancer and that His heart was grieving alongside of mine for the all the pain that was inflicted by this horrific disease.

Yes... to believing I could take one...very, very small step... forward... towards Him... then fall back... try again... fall back... and do it again... and again... and He was still there waiting with open arms

Yes... to receiving help from the Almighty to...

Just breathe...

Just get out of bed

Just walk...just eat... just be... just show up

Yes... to believing in God's love for me and my kids even tho it didn't feel like love or feel like anything in the moment...yes to faith that it would come... the feeling... the knowing that His love was still there... that He was still there.

Yes... to worship, which ended up being (and still is) my salvation.

Thankfully, as I've continued on in this journey of faith, the invitation is still there... to take the first step towards the unknown... the unseen... to grab onto the hand of God and move into HIS HOLY SPHERE, surrounded by His Presence... a first step into THE NEW...

He's always there waiting...

*And I say, Yes*

# Meditation #12

by Terri Witmyer

Corinthians 5:17,18 "All that is related to the old order has vanished. Behold, everything is fresh and new. And God has made all things new..."

Ephesians 1:10 "...when God makes all things new..."

Revelation 21:5 "I am making all things new"

New means change. And for we humans, change is not generally easy. Some like it, some hate it, some are ambivalent toward it. But regardless of our feelings, change always requires from us an adjustment, a re-orientation, a rebalancing. And that's difficult, and is a process that takes some time and work to learn new ways - inner work within our thoughts and priorities and self-understanding, outer work in our actions and our ways of relating to others.

Change brings with it opportunity for growth and learning, and that can be a joy. The experience of growth, stretching and extending our abilities, perspectives, skills, and understanding - this is the joy of being alive. It's akin to the joy expressed by the new plants in the springtime as they burst through the crust of the soil and raise their green-leafed heads toward the sky, waving and dancing with the sun in the warming day. I remind myself of this joy as I contemplate a season of new things, of change and the growth it will require. I may feel daunted, but I can also find joy in the new discoveries. I can choose to laugh as the unexpected surprises me again. I can choose to trust the unfolding constant love of the One who promises to make all things new, and let go of my clutching impulse to cling only to what I already understand. It's ok to be a beginner again. That's how we grow. And new growth means new fruit. What will it taste like? Who will it nourish? God knows. And I, and we: we will discover it as we grow.

# Notes / Thoughts

Our future...  
is our past  
made new



Loving God & Loving Others Fearlessly

