

Putting Your Shoes on the Wrong Feet



Shirley Gangstad
Synod Vice President

Greetings!

A four year old boy was learning to dress himself. He had put his left shoe on his right foot and his right shoe on his left foot. When his mother noticed, she chuckled and said, "You've got your shoes on the wrong feet."

The boy replied, "But these are the only feet I've got!"

Often life seems to hand us situations and circumstances where we do the very best we are able and still end up with our "shoes on the wrong feet." Often things don't work out as we had hoped or planned. Perhaps we feel we are not making the best use of our gifts or talents – or perhaps we are, but people just aren't recognizing our good work. Sometimes we begin to "should" on ourselves – berate ourselves that we should have done this or shouldn't have done that.

I've lived long enough to be able to recognize that those things I wish I had done back then, I simply wasn't ready to do. Perhaps I had other things I had to learn first or perhaps I needed to have deeper faith than I had at the time or perhaps my gifts were needed elsewhere than where I really wanted to use them. I've also become totally familiar with – though not totally patient with – the concept of "in God's time."

Oprah Winfrey often quotes Maya Angelou, who says, "When you know better, then you'll do better." I still occasionally get my "shoes on the wrong feet," but when I do, I find I am more able to laugh at myself and my predicament, more able to forgive myself and get on with things, more able to accept that I wasn't in control anyway so why am I surprised things didn't go my way. That's part of both knowing better and doing better. Praise God for the gifts of acceptance, patience and learning.

Blessings in Christ!

Shirley

Pastoral Visits are Cherished

By Pastor Audree Catalano
Synod Minister

In early May I began having severe pain emanating from my knee and encompassing my entire leg. Besides the nagging pain, one of the most difficult side effects was being unable to sleep. In August I had orthoscopic surgery for a "lateral release" of tissue on the side of my kneecap and began a long (in my view) recovery process – one which will continue for quite a while.

This experience has not only tested my patience, but has taught me many things, some trivial and some significant. I learned that a walker makes one feel much more secure than crutches. I discovered that while normally I seldom am at a loss for words, during this time of pain, I had no desire to converse or

even to see people. I found I had no interest in pursuing hobbies such as reading or crocheting, nor could I focus on anything for more than a few minutes.

My pastors called a couple of times. I had no desire to see them – but soon discovered I longed to celebrate the Eucharist, and then welcomed the opportunity of a pastoral visit. While I had known that my colleagues, friends, and the sisters at Assisi had been praying for me, this pastoral visit made those prayers real to me and brought consoling hope and promise of recovery.

While in the parish, I knew pastoral visits were important, necessary, and appreciated. Now I know why. When the pastor comes to visit, the pastor brings along the entire community of faith – a tremendous source of grace, solace, and support. What an opportunity for the pastor and the patient as each are able to give and to receive!

Thank you for your prayers and concern.

PEACE✠ and blessings!

Pastor Audree

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