



I learned a long time ago that if you start planning and organizing for Holy Week a month in advance, you'll have all the hard work completed the week before Holy Week. This means that all of the bulletins and supplies for Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, the Easter Vigil, and the Easter Day services are ready to go by the time you actually get to Holy Week. Being prepared for these events is also necessary for the health and sanity of clergy, office staff, and altar guild members.

This week feels as if Holy Week has arrived again, but without all of the advanced preparation. Monica and I have been working on bulletins and service details for four funerals – two this Friday and Saturday, one in early June, and one in mid-July. JoAnn Pearson has also been involved as she is organizing the various receptions associated with those funerals. Added to all of this is the preparation for the Vestry meeting next week, working on details for the Spring Spree, preparing the usual Sunday bulletins, a Meals for the Soul cooking day, and Monica trying to accomplish all this before she leaves on vacation soon, and, well . . . it feels worse than Holy Week.

As Wednesday Words go, this isn't as much of a spiritual reflection/meditation as it is a place to yell into the void.

Sometimes, though, you just need that. Sometimes you just need a good primal yell that serves no other purpose than to act as the safety relief valve on a pressure cooker.

So this is me, just your average small-town priest going,  
“AAAACCCCKKK.”

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I need to thank JoAnn for all her work, Monica for everything she does, and everyone else who pitches in and helps make this place go in all kinds of circumstances.

Yes . . . I'm fine. We're fine. We're all fine.

Blessings,

Todd+

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