



Third Sunday in Lent

the good news is... together, the impossible is possible

Surely, This Must Be It

Everyone has a job. I wash the potatoes, filling the sink with slivers of potato peel. You brine the turkey, hovering by the oven all afternoon. Someone sets the table, taking care to fill a vase with asters and marigolds, sprigs of holly and shoots of evergreen. We play music while we prepare. “*What The World Needs Now is Love*”¹ comes on. We can’t get it out of our heads. We whistle along to Dionne all afternoon. And eventually, the doorbell rings.

You’ve invited the neighbors, the grad student who sits on the second row at church, the widower in the choir. We add seats to the table. We go around the room and share one thing we’re grateful for. Eyes well as we create a laundry list of beauty. The kids get squirmy, but we’re grateful for that too.

And then we eat! We scoop whipped potatoes and crisp green beans with fresh garlic. We pass the bread basket, leaving crumbs all over the table. They are tiny reminders of communion in our midst. And at the end of the night, when we walk our guests to the car and carry sleeping children to their car seats, our neighbors say, *What a holy moment it all was*. Surely this must be what heaven feels like. Surely we *can* create it together.

¹ “What the World Needs Now is Love,” lyrics by Hal David, music by Burt Bacharach (Imperial Records, 1965). Dionne Warwick recorded the song in 1966 on her album, *Here Where There Is Love*.