

## A Seed is Planted

Life begins with a seed, a garden begins with a seed, even the mightiest tree begins with a seed. The Sequoias in California began as a seedling when Christ was born. The Olive trees in the garden outside of Jerusalem were growing there when Christ went to pray prior to his arrest. Growing up we always had a garden and sometimes vegetables would come up from the previous year. Their seeds had fallen and lived through the winter to bloom again. Before my brother passed away, he had brought home Shasta Daisies to plant. They came back every Spring and bloomed again. He also planted two Oak trees that grew to be huge but then had to be taken down as they became diseased. I could not watch those mighty trees disappearing. It was like losing him all over again.

Many years ago, a seed was planted in my life. I was in High School and there was an announcement that Federal's in Ferndale needed Christmas workers. I worked baby-sitting but wrapping packages in a store over Christmas sounded like a good deal, but I was only 15. The announcement said 16 or 15 with working papers. I told my mother that I needed my birth certificate. She brought out a big box and went through it. There was a simple white envelope with my name on it. I asked about it and she said it was a baptism certificate. I opened it and found that I had been baptized in a small Methodist Church in Royal Oak. I did not know this. I had been wanting to go to church but didn't know where to go. I thought "I'm a Methodist." Immediately I felt like there was a place where I belonged. 15 years previous I had been baptized in a Methodist Church. A seed had been planted. That Spring I put on the best I had to wear and went alone to the Methodist Church. I was welcomed as if they had been waiting for me. I was 15 and am now 89 and that seed began a life of learning about God and Jesus and being a Christian. It was a road that I continue to walk on. Within a few weeks my mother who had been raised going to a Methodist church and my brother and Sister-in-law were going also and their two children, my Father who I didn't realize had been raised Methodist also went. They all went to church until their deaths. Years later my Father would show me my Great Grandfathers grave at a small Methodist church in Allenton, the town he had been raised in until his mother's death. Seeds were planted in young lives and those people eventually returned to find their roots. I pray that I have planted seeds in others that they have seen a loving, forgiving God through my eyes. May the seeds that you plant come to fruition and grow to bring others to a loving God who waits.

Jeremiah 29:11 For I know the plans I have for you, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call on me and come and pray to me, and I will listen to you. You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart.

Dear Lord, thank you for the seeds that were planted in my life and brought to fruition by you. Thank you for our church and the people in it. Those that carry each other's burdens. Be with those who hunger, and thirst may they be fed through our efforts. Be with those who seek you may they find you here in this place. Our world needs you Lord, help us to be a kind and loving place where people find you among us. Be with Pastor Don and Laura as they get ready for the changes in their lives. Be with Laura's parents Larry and Mary as they undergo change as well. Be with those in our midst who seek you in their lives, may they see a kind and loving God through our eyes. Be with our staff and leaders, bless their work and their caring hearts. Be with Pastor Albert as he prepares for his move to our church. Be with our country, may we be the people we were meant to be. In the most holy name of Jesus, we pray. Amen

Grace Epperson

