

Someone recently shared her life story with me, one filled with twists and turns, endings and beginnings, joys and sorrows, and lots of growth and transformation towards authenticity and wholeness.

I said to her, what an interesting life. It reminds me of one of my favorite poems—about a mysterious string that guides you through life. I sent her the poem, and I'm sharing it with you now.

### *The Way It Is*

There's a thread you follow. It goes among  
things that change. But it doesn't change.  
People wonder about what you are pursuing.  
You have to explain about the thread.  
But it is hard for others to see.  
While you hold it you can't get lost.  
Tragedies happen; people get hurt  
or die; and you suffer and get old.  
Nothing you do can stop time's unfolding.  
You don't ever let go of the thread.

—William Stafford

I hope you have a thread. I do.  
Maybe you're asking, what is the thread? I am.  
I don't know if other people wonder, but I wonder, what am I pursuing?  
I try to explain the thread to myself, but it's hard for me to see.  
But I don't ever let go of the thread.

I don't know where we're all headed. There are so many contingencies, so many players, so many possible scenarios, so many possible outcomes. I see disagreement and conflict, cooperation and collaboration. I hear talk of restoring the previous way of life, and talk of changing to a better way of life.

Who knows?

I'm rooting for changing to a better way of life through cooperation and collaboration, and I'll throw my efforts in that direction, because there's a thread I follow, and I don't ever let go of the thread.

I hope you have a thread.

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