

Those who study such things told us this day would come—it's not if, they said, but *when*. And I presumed the *when* would strike a different time, a future time, not my lifetime. It would disrupt other people's lives, not mine.

And thank God for that! Who wants to live through a global pandemic?

But the *when* is *now*, in my life. I'm now living through something none of us want. And frankly, it sucks.

Sure, I'd love to pack our church on Easter Sunday, put flowers on our cross, and eat asparagus stalks with spicy mustard and whipped cream on berries. I'd love to stop getting links to toilet paper jokes in my e-mail (but keep sending them for now). I'd love to see my friends who've lost their jobs go back to work, and my daughter go back to school to teach her fourth graders. I'd love to go to the gym, grab those bars, and push as hard as I can, and spend a few hours in my favorite place drinking beer and eating pizza.

But the virus doesn't give a damn about what I want. It's got its own agenda, its own schedule. It's here now, on its terms, and it's strong. It's disrupting my life, just the way those who study such things told us it would.

I used to thank God I didn't live in a global pandemic. Now that I live in one, I have to thank God for other things. I'm thankful for my wife and daughter, and that both appear to be safe at this moment, and in good spirits. I'm thankful all three of us still have our jobs. I'm thankful for us, the church, and the ways we're sticking together as a church. I'm thankful for the medical professionals, and all their support staff, and the scientists, and the people behind the cash registers and stocking the shelves and delivering food. I'm thankful for sources of information I can trust. My dog and my cat. The birds I feed several times a day in my yard. My stationary bike. Each breath. My life.

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