

The virus has exposed the lie that Donald Trump's economy was the greatest and most beautiful economy ever. If that was true, why were so many Americans living on the edge of a precipice—one week away from no income and no savings. Millions were hanging by a thread, and those threads were cut. How strong and tightly-knit will the safety net's threads be? How many more tents will we see under bridges?

The virus has also exposed the inadequate metrics by which we determine whether our economy is strong or weak, healthy or unhealthy, humane or inhumane. Bullish stock markets, strong corporate earnings, and low unemployment rates don't tell the whole story. Life on the precipice and death from despair are also part of the story.

The virus has also exposed my privilege. I'm confident that if I keep doing what I'm doing—sheltering in place and working at home—I'll make it through this wave of the virus. But I know there are lots of people one paycheck away from no income and no savings who're leaving home every day to work, and placing themselves at far greater risk than me of not making it through.

These economic issues are just a few of the concerns I'm ruminating over lately. It seems I have more concerns than joys these days, but that's my nature even in the best of times. With that said, I value my joys much more these days. Because they're more precious, I notice them more readily, things like a phone call from my daughter, some good sleep at night, a good workout in the garage, a tasty pepper on my salad, a bit of sunshine on my basil, someone waving to me while I walk my dog, an e-mail from you sharing a joy or sending your love, Chad Smith's drumming on *Give It Away*, news that some curves are flattening, projections that the numbers may not be as high as we feared, and all the time and effort you're putting into keeping our church together, strong, and joyful. Thank you, you're all a source of joy for me.

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