

A Presbee on Sunday Morning

(This message was presented to the congregation on May 3, 2026, as part of the Presbee Worship Service)

A typical Sunday morning at church starts with my arrival through the front door. I look up the stairs and I see Ron Davidson with bulletins in hand. Lois is talking to Janis, and Joe is anxiously waiting to ring the bell. I feel the warmth of our church family and the sense of peace that being at our church brings.

I walk through the doors into the church hall, and I see Linda busy getting the coffee ready and Alice rushing around organizing and fixing everything so things can run smoothly. The choir is gathering, and I cannot help but smile because I get some time today with these people. Martha comes downstairs after getting things read in the sanctuary and takes her place with the choir. Practice soon begins as the congregation files in.

The bells ring in the church tower and we know Joe is hard at work. After practice, the choir takes their place in the loft. I look out and I see a group of people that mean so much to me and I remember some members of our congregation who have passed, and I am blessed by their memory.

Glenn, who has been busy making everyone feel welcome takes his seat beside Lois. Pastor Carol, who has been making the rounds works her way up to the altar, and there is the buzz of people talking. Even before Spencer plays the prelude, the joy and serenity of this place is everywhere. Pastor Carol leads us in another enlightening service with a message and music. Our mission is to create a place where everyone feels God's love, and I wish everyone could feel the love in our church.

After the service we head down to the church hall where we see the host organizing today's refreshments. I smile when I see Terry walk by Jim, because I know there will be a wise crack involved about recent events. The food is now ready and the men who have been busy discussing issues of the day start moving into the line for food.

Everyone is now seated with their refreshments, and you can hear conversation and laughter, and we realize our church family is an important part of our worship.

Slowly, people leave, clean up is done, and the choir returns to the sanctuary for practice. But the peace of the day remains. I want to end this by saying for us all, I LOVE MY CHURCH!