

Our Dust

Psalm 103, verses 1, 10-14

My Mom was a great storyteller. Growing up in Oklahoma in the 1930s, she loved her friends at home and in her neighborhood. One of her best friends lived on her street and happened to be Native American. Also living in the neighborhood was “Chief”, an elderly Native American man, who always welcomed neighborhood children to hear his stories.



The Trail of Tears that runs near where I live, was important to my Mom. She loved history, especially local history. She died in August. As I sort through her belongings I find books, pamphlets and papers about this incredibly horrific part of our history.

I was blessed by parents who not only talked about justice, they chose to live it. My parents crashed picket lines to get me into a de-segregated school when many Nashvillians tried to block access to public schools in defiance of court ordered desegregation.

My parents wouldn't have called themselves activists, but in their sphere of influence they spoke - - - and enacted - - - right relationship (righteousness) and justice.

May each of us have the courage to push against the status quo, to work for radical justice and outrageous peace.

May our Lord forgive us in our failings, and the very dust of the earth remind us of who we are. And Whose we are.

- Rev. Melisa Derseweh, Andrew Price UMC, TN Conference



Everyone is Invited to Attend the

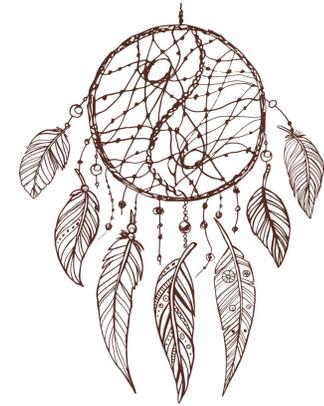
Act of Repentance

Hosted by Bishop Bill McAlilly and the TN and Memphis Conference
November 12 at 2 p.m. with guest speaker, Ray Buckley

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