

## CRIBB<S> NOTE – April 18, 2009

I am a city person familiar with the sounds, smells and rhythms of the constant stream of human activities. Sirens blare and break silence in the wee hours of night. City lights cast a glare across darkened skies and shield twinkling sparkles of distant stars. Locked doors and gated communities provide illusory security against the imagined advance of shadowed figures lurking in our minds.

I am a city person who expects water to flow uninterrupted from my kitchen faucet. I flip a switch to turn power on and off at my will. Grocery store shelves provide options to sate my appetite. Dining out is more sport and recreational fare than nutritional mandate. The diversity of voices, faces, and cultural collisions define my identity as a resident in an urban setting. Convenience and effortless accommodations are available at my disposal.

I dismiss many adventures because insufficient time will not allow me to indulge. In every direction there is distraction, attraction, or mere collection of fascinating objects that potentially possess the power of consumption. Without much thought I can engage whatever desire that seeps into my sphere. I am a city person.

Without conscience I can easily slip into danger zones of callous pursuit: chase the mundane or become captivated by popular trends. My soul is at risk whenever the alluring scent of sin presents itself and I sniff its aromatic temptation. I am a city person.

Some years ago I left the exciting tempo of the city in exchange for the serenity of the countryside. The celestial array of midnight diamonds caught my eye and pulled me toward the open expanse of lighted darkness. Looking up I saw the creative presence of quiet wonder. The glint of firebugs dancing airily above the earth echoed the symphonic rubbing of crickets and nocturnal creatures in their environment. The outsider from the city was not an intruder; rather, I was inducted into the spectacular display of life in infinite motion.

It took leaving the city to realize my dependency on every living thing is not optional. Microscopic organisms provide essential elements to sustain the ecological balance required for life to exist. Being city wise does not guarantee the wisdom needed to preserve and protect our human capacity to prevail as stewards of God's pre-Edenic intentionality.

In the early dawn of Creation, everything formed by Divine Imagination and Proclamation was good. A complete kit for our sustainability was handed to human beings for our care and welfare.

In the countryside, a city person experiences the fragility of the eco-system and observes its resilience against a tide of assaults and abuses. Our single, most important requirement is to listen, learn and love.

I am a city person who ventured into the country where I received lessons on life and returned with an excitement about joining the ancient movement to turn us toward God. It calls us to pay attention to the minute details of critters that flit beside and near us. All things begin with love for life and each other. God loves us freely and continually. Love makes us aware that the city and the country are compatible and interdependent so we can have food, water, and life.

-Pastor Art Cribbs