

GATHERING OF THE GALS

What started as a customary “good morning” greeting from our deck to the neighbour’s, ended up as a gathering of friends around the neighbour’s breakfast table. It was unplanned and an unmitigated success.

In terms of neighbours, we’ve got the best. Whether it’s next door, across the street, or down the block a few houses in either direction, we get along. The celebration of births or the sadness of deaths have become part of the warp and woof of this “neighbourhood fabric”; following the progress of the various children, teens and young adults provides the colour and pattern woven into the stuff of life here on Maple Avenue. It was against that background that four of us gals found ourselves sharing tea, conversation and for three of them, a Saturday morning feast of toast, bacon and eggs. (Sadly, I’d just eaten my customary bowl of whole grain cereal – I would have loved to have indulged!)

What I found most satisfying, though, was the easy conversation and camaraderie amongst us. Our hostess’ mother was fifteen years my senior; our hostess and another friend, about twenty years younger than me. There was something comforting about being in the middle of that nearly forty-year spread as we shared our everyday lives. The aroma and appearance of the feast didn’t hurt, either!

For all its benefits, one negative side effect of “cyberspace fellowship” is the temptation to allow it to replace the old-fashioned concepts of hospitality and getting-together. That half hour “gathering of the gals” set the tone for my entire day.

“And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart...”
(Acts 2: 46)

“Church” is more than occupying a pew or even doing good deeds – it’s sharing hearts and homes.