

by Marguerite Sheehan

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(Submitted March 7, 2020) I am feeding the neighborhood this year. Attending as many of our church's free community meals as is possible. Joining with others who are starting to reach out to meet Covid19 when it shows up. And as always, feeding the birds, the squirrels, an occasional rabbit and maybe even a nighttime opossum.

I am feeding myself with healthy foods and prayer; starting with a daily read from a Lenten devotional, For The Beauty of the Earth, by Leah D. Shade. I am feeding on the slide into spring and the view from my bay window where I see returning birds and squirrels who are fattening up on birdseed and nuts. Folks walking the street with their dogs. And houses, some of them closed up tight as people hunker down in

fear of being infected by an unseen and fast-moving virus.

For me, feeding means looking, reaching, and standing out. Now.

-- *Marguerite Sheehan is a United Church of Christ pastor serving a village church in rural Massachusetts who describes herself as "a gay woman, a writer and blogger, a stepmother and grandmother, and a community presence."*

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