

## Part 1 Preparing for Grace

Once upon a time, well actually it was in the spring of 1990, I had an especially wonderful week-end and I'd like to tell you about it. My friend, Sallie, Rector of Grace Episcopal Church, invited me to Astoria, Oregon to her church. She invited me to give a "Quiet Day" (Day of Recollection) on Saturday and then to preach at both the services of Holy Eucharist on Sunday.

Sallie extended this invitation in the fall of 1989 and, although honored, I was initially unsure about whether to accept. I was in my fourth year in the seminary and already had a ten day trip scheduled in October with the Archdiocese to visit Medjugorje, Rome, and Assisi. All this while being a fairly normal family person with a husband and teenage son.

Looking back after all these years, I am so glad my husband encouraged me to accept the invitation. That week-end at Grace became one of my most cherished memories. It also led to my being invited to give the Day of Recollection on Forgiveness and Healing in several churches in California.

At that time, I had never given a Day of Recollection and wondered what to do. I put together some material and headed, without an appointment,

to the Jesuit Retreat House in Los Altos. The Jesuits, by that time, were getting used to me.

My very first retreat there had been a silent retreat in Lent, 1981. The director of that retreat was Rev. John Mossi, S.J. So, I chugged up the hill to St. Robert's to see Fr. Mossi. At that time, he was surrounded by many boxes as he was preparing to take another assignment, I believe at Gonzaga.

Although I was definitely an interruption in his day, Fr. Mossi was graciousness personified. He sat down and carefully looked over my material. Very gently, he said, "This is a LOT of material. Cut it in half." And so I did. Actually, I cut it half again and then it was just right.

## Part 2 The Week-end at Grace (March 16-18, 1990)

On that Friday in March, my husband put me on the plane for Oregon and Sallie picked me up at the airport. Sallie with her arm in a sling!

Sallie had suffered a broken arm and it was amazing how she still shepherded her flock at Grace and extended such hospitality to me. I still remember Sallie, arm in sling, coming upstairs in the rectory to bring me a hot cup of coffee on Saturday morning!

Friday was there too. Sallie's Dog Friday. So devoted to Sallie and she to him.

The Day of Recollection went well and then it was time to get ready for Sunday. A parishoner, Beatrice Bergey, brought us a delicious dinner. Shrimp curry!

The parishioners at Grace could not have been more kind and gracious to me. I still remember their hospitality.