

Katie Langston:

You're listening to an extra shot episode on the Project Zion podcast. A shorter episode that lets you get your Project Zion fix in between are fooling episodes. It might be shorter time wise, but hopefully not in content. So regardless of the temperature at which you prefer your caffeine, sit back and enjoy this extra shot.

Linda Booth:

Welcome, my friend to Coffee Connect. My name is Linda Booth, and I love to pay attention to God all around me, and I love to tell the stories of God's interaction with folks. And so if you just gather close, I'm gonna tell you a story about sacramental living. Actually, I'm going to tell several stories. Many years ago, a woman named Sharon Robertson from the Olathe congregation that's in Kansas gave me and several others little purple ceramic toothbrush pins to wear. She challenged us to pray when we brushed her teeth. I place my ceramic toothbrush next to my bathroom sink and prayed each morning and evening when I brushed my teeth. After several household moves, I've lost that little purple toothbrush, but I continue to pray when I brush my teeth. This simple hygienic action is sacramental as I intentionally pray and focus on God. With tooth brush in hand, I stand on a holy spot connected with God. My Aunt Esther once told me about a time when she felt disconnected from God and unworthy of God's love and presence. And one morning, as she stood in the shower and water flowed over her body, she experienced the washing away of those thoughts and behaviors that separated her from God and others in a daily shower. I believe we can experience a sacramental moment with God. I walk with two dogs every morning and sometimes in the afternoon and always in the evening before bedtime and I walk. Luke, who's named after my favorite gospel of Luke and Gabriel, who is named after the Angel who came to tell Mary of the amazing news about the birth of a child, would be called Jesus when I walked those dogs. It becomes a sacramental journey for me when I consciously pray for and pay attention to our neighbors. As I walked by the name homes of neighbors. I know and I don't know, I pray for each of them. Sometimes I pick up their newspapers and place them on their porches, giving a blessing on their homes and lives. I stop and visit with friends and strangers. I meet learning their names and building relationships. Walking our neighborhood is a sacramental journey for me, and as I walk those steps with those two dogs tugging me and pulling me along, I know that I am on Ah, Holy sacred journey. When I stop what I'm doing long enough to look for God, God always shows up in the small things in the big things, in the walking along, the journey of the trail and when people share those moments when God shows up in their lives, I'm inspired to continue to pay attention to God all around me. Several years ago, a woman who worked in the auditorium called me one morning to ask if I would provide the sacrament of the laying on of hands for her. Over the lunch hour, I ask whom she wanted to assist and her reply. Waas, I don't care, just asked someone. I said I would. But the morning got away from me, and as the lunch hour came around, I hadn't called anyone. I walked around the Council of 12 Apostle sweet and all my colleagues were on ministry. Trips are out for lunch. I sat at my desk and I prayed for guidance on who to ask. Ah, woman who worked in the first presidency. Sweet came to mind. I didn't know if she was an elder, but I called her anyway, and she agreed to meet us and participate. As

we prepared for this sacrament, I asked the woman, Connie about her needs and what she wanted us to focus on in our prayers. And she said everything was going wrong. In her life. She was the primary caregiver for her aging parents, which was causing her emotional stress. Several major appliances needed repairs, which was causing financial stress. And she said, the stress is so bad that I've developed a skin condition that makes me feel like answer biting me. The doctor's given me some cream, but it doesn't seem to work, and I'm desperate for relief. The woman who agreed to assist gave a tender prayer, and then I prayed for our friend. The gentle spirit was there when the prayer was completed, Connie said. When my life get back, gets back to normal, I'm going to praise God. The woman who had assisted told us she needed to share a personal experience. She said that when she was a teenager, she sank into a deep depression because her parents were afraid she would harm herself. They admitted her to a hospital psychiatric ward. She was angry with her parents, angry with God, angry with everyone. Early one morning in the hospital, she said, she woke up because she thought she heard a voice saying, Praised me for all things I had nothing to praise God about, she said. But that day and every day there, after she found herself praising God for the smallest of things for the sun, shining through her hospital window for the nurse who cared for her for the food brought to her on a tray, she said that as she praise God for each and every thing, the darkness in her heart began to go away, and slowly she was healed. Don't wait to praise God until everything is good in your life, she cautioned us. Praise God now in the midst of your stress, because you'll gradually become aware that God is with you. I have taken what that woman said Toe, Heart. And on my better days, I try to praise God for all kinds of things. For the woman who helps me at the grocery store for the sunshine that's on my face for the gentle snow as it blankets my yard in the trees in our yard. And you know what? On those days, when I'm looking for God and praising God, those are good, really good days. So, my friends, I hope you continue to check out coffee connect. But I especially hope that you praise God for everything, no matter what.

Josh Mangelson:

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