Cancer and theology

By Carol Howard Merritt

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Our family is moving. As we pack up our stuff, making sure that each item is securely packaged, I'm also shifting things inside myself. My husband is going to start a new church. For the first time in fourteen years, I will not be a pastor serving a particular congregation.

As I sorted through this transition, my daughter asked why I loved being a pastor so much. I thought about my job and a list of duties ran through my head. It was not the business meetings, volunteer arm-twisting, or endless emails that made me satisfied at the end of a long day. I enjoyed preaching and teaching, but when I imagined what I loved, the first thing that came mind was... (read more at Jake Bouma's blog).