

## Dancing with the elephant

By [Joanna Harader](#)

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In one of my Mennonite Facebook groups recently, someone asked who would be the first to blog about the “elephant in the room.”

That elephant would be the [recent licensing](#) toward ordination of my friend and colleague Theda Good. Theda is called by God and gifted by the Spirit to serve a church and the Church through pastoral ministry. And she is married to an incredibly loving and supportive woman named Dawn.

Some people are afraid this elephant will smash into our nice glass-front curio cabinets, breaking the pretty china we’ve held onto all these years. The stuff we pack and unpack and dust (or not), but never actually use. And it’s true that elephants and fragile glassware are not the best of roommates.

Some people are sure that the entire structure is in danger. I’ve read comments about what a good college try we’ve given this whole Mennonite USA denomination thing—too bad it hasn’t worked out. People are ready to clear out of the house in anticipation of the elephant barreling through a load-bearing wall.

Some people, to be honest about it, are hoping that the most extremely elephant-phobic housemates will just cut their losses and move across the street to an elephant-free house. Well, at least a house where the elephants are better hidden.

But what I want to do is put that elephant in a party dress and dance around the room with her. I want to step and twirl and leap in rhythm to the music of the Spirit. I want to fill up my dance card with anyone and everyone who is willing to stay in the room—or even the house. We’ll dance together, leading and following and trying to make our steps match the ever-changing tempos of the music.

I don’t even care if all the moves are right or if my toes get a little bruised. I just want to dance.

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