

Forest Gump says, “ Momma says life is like a box of chocolates, you never know what you’re gonna get.”

That’s a bit how I felt when I came into the office that first day back in ’08. I had met lots of people including all the ministers and Glenna, but going to the office the real work began. What was ahead? Especially with Glenna, how would that day in and day out working relationship actually work? I was different than Maurice, I bugged the heck out of Cynthia, the music director, and I was suspected of being a Baptist. But the heart of that office was Glenna, so how was that going to work?

Sounds silly now, laughable even to have had such thoughts and I found out by the end of week one, we were all in good hands. In Glenna was a person of discretion, keeping what needed to be kept with no need to be reminded. In Glenna was a person of determination, she worked longer than she was paid for to get the job done, especially at Christmas and Easter. I also discovered a person filled with great ideas. Time after time I would express some desire for a ministry, a better way to communicate, a hope that one day we could do this or that. Time after time Glenna came back after thinking and praying about it with the solution. What I often hoped could be done “someday” often took Glenna only one day to figure out.

But the best thing about working with Glenna was not work. It was playfulness and prayerfulness. She could take a joke and zing right back. We talked about hurting folks, family needs and all manner of life problems always knowing that they would be prayed over.

Because of Glenna I think any of us who worked up there much felt going to the office was as easy as putting on a favorite shirt. It was just right. There really is no hierarchy in the office, just a bunch of men and women working together for the glory of Jesus, and if we forgot that, there was Glenna, working with a stubborn computer, a jammed copier, a late-running pastor, and everybody wanting a piece of the calendar, reminding us in work and deed why we were there.

In Revelation, a message is given to write to the angel of the seven churches of Asia Minor. Who were those angels? Most commentators say it is the pastors of the churches. Most pastors know better and so do I. At White Bluff Chapel, the angel has been Glenna Bodeker.

God Bless and enjoy your retirement.

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