



Shared Stickiness

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The Wisconsin State Fair has come and gone. If you want your food on a stick, you'll need to stab it yourself, until next summer. I'm researching where I can buy mint-flavored milk because that was actually very tasty. "It's a Wisconsin thing," I encouraged my husband. "You have to try it."

But, it's the cream puffs that make the memories. Chris Halverson, our Presbytery Office Manager and Associate Stated Clerk, gave me the low-down on eating cream puffs. I could bite directly into one – with the risk that everything squishes out the sides – or twist the pastry with finesse to open up the goodness onto two halves.



I saw both attempts at the fair. A young woman tackled it intact but had to eat along all the edges as the creamy goodness pushed outward. A mother gave her young boys a half each. The youngest was soon covered with cream filling from nose to chin and ear to ear. The joy was palpable.



Even though the line stretched across the pavilion, people chatted amiably with strangers, as they all waited for their annual taste of the goodness. It was a moment of unity, when we didn't bother with political affiliations, the urban-rural divide, or long-standing rivalries. We found joy together and let it run down over us in heaping globs of

cream filling. This shared stickiness reminded me of Psalm 133 (NRSV):

How very good and pleasant it is
when kindred live together in unity!
It is like the precious oil on the head,
running down upon the beard,
on the beard of Aaron,
running down over the collar of his robes.
It is like the dew of Hermon,
which falls on the mountains of Zion.
For there the Lord ordained his blessing,
life forevermore.

May our shared joy as followers of Christ run down over us, from head to toe and ear to ear! In unity, may we taste and see the goodness of the Lord!