



Resting Up

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Wisconsin, you're exhausting me. You started innocently enough with a couple Strawberry Fests in June. Then, by the time of Summerfest, you'd kicked it into high gear. My husband and I took in Bastille Day, an international refugee fest, the Lakefront Arts Festival, the Whitefish Bay Art Fest, and German Fest. We also decided to branch out from the more traditional festivals to attend Armenia Fest and Filipino Fest this summer. With true FOMO¹ angst, we'd add one summer event to the calendar, knowing that we had to exclude three others.

Of course, you hear the voice of privilege in my complaints. My vocation, income, and skin color allow me easy access to recreation. My complaints are superficial compared to what is daily survival for many.

With that said, I'm exhausted from all the fun, and the State Fair hasn't even begun! Chris Halverson and I usually check in on Monday mornings about how the weekend went. This Monday, I revealed that I took two naps over the weekend.

It's not just me. My grandson is taking longer naps than usual. A colleague mentioned that her mother wondered what others would think about her if they knew she was sleeping so much – she's 86. Yesterday my husband fell asleep on the porch waiting for me to get home, while the dog slept on the couch in the living room. They were apparently so deep in sleep that a red squirrel sneaked past my husband on the porch and came into the living room through the open back door. It only darted back outside when I surprised it by coming in through the garage. My dog woke up, yawned, and looked at me as if to ask, "Did I miss anything?"

I feel like a bear foraging for summer fun, knowing that I'll be able to hibernate over the long winter. But, I have to admit, Wisconsin, I just don't have your stamina yet.

So, we remind ourselves of the importance – the commanded observance – of Sabbath. Sometimes I think of Sabbath as "not work." I'm learning it also needs to be "not play." Sabbath, pure and simple, requires rest. In Leviticus 16, we read of the preparations and sacrifice for the Day of Atonement, ending with "It is a sabbath of complete rest to you, and you shall deny yourselves; it is a statute forever." (Lev. 16:31 NRSV). Though I am loathe to mimic the animal sacrifices spelled out in this chapter, I have begun to appreciate the idea of "complete rest." When I am at rest, others can rest, too. When I'm playing, it usually means others are required to work to support my recreation.

I pray you will make time for the rest you need. I'll try to do so, too.

Now, I need to stop writing at this point. I've got to get in a quick nap before the Food Truck Fest in Grafton!

¹ Fear Of Missing Out