



Theme artwork by
LaCount Anderson

Lent at Lakeside:
My Heart as Sanctuary
My Life as Prayer
Devotion for Tuesday,
March 13, 2018

Where I'm From
By Terry Martin

I am from the country - the "North Country" - Adirondack Park.

I am the daughter of a dairyman and a nurse;
two hard-working, strict but loving people.

Dad was Methodist, Mom Catholic.

I was raised Catholic.

Dad was of Scottish and English heritage.

Mom was first generation Italian.

Their love for each other outweighed religious or family objections.

We kids were raised Christian, that was what mattered.

We were present in the Catholic church every Sunday
but visited "Dad's" church too.

I am the oldest of 4; 3 girls and finally my brother!

We all had our chores.

We girls could unload 300 bales of hay onto the elevator fast enough to
overwhelm the guys in the haymow!

I grew up drinking rich unpasteurized milk (and didn't like anything else).

We rode the tractor, or the wagon, or the truck, or caught grasshoppers in the
granary bin.

I am from long country bike rides with friends,
sleeping out under the stars in the front yard
I am from hay rides and pajama parties and playing hide and seek.
I am from skating on the frozen pond,
snowmobiling through the woods,
maple taffy on packed snow.

I am from a small school where I could play basketball then cheer for the boys
game right after.
I am from school band, concerts, "record hops," and plays.

We visited Mom at the hospital where she worked the night shift as the hospital
supervisor sometimes when we were out late - friends too.
I worked every vacation in the hospital as an aide.
I was always comfortable in a hospital, thanks to Mom.
I've been privileged to care for people as a nurse, then a nurse anesthetist.

My father imparted to me the love for the land.
Growing up in the country I felt surrounded
and embraced by the beauty around me.
I sang uninhibited to God on my walks through the fields.
I talked to God in the valley by the creek.
God blessed me.

Psalm 19:1-4

The heavens tell out the glory of God,
the vault of heaven reveals his handiwork.
One day speaks to another,
night with night shares its knowledge,
and this without speech or language
or sound of any voice.
Their music goes out through all the earth,
their words reach to the end of the world.

Native American Prayer

Now talking God
With your feet I walk
I walk with your limbs
I carry forth your body
For me your mind thinks
Your voice speaks for me
Beauty is before me
And beauty is behind me
Above and below me hovers the beautiful
I am surrounded by it
I am immersed in it
In my youth I am aware of it
And in old age I shall walk quietly
The beautiful trail.