

# Missing Leaning

Maybe it's the season. Maybe it's because I've grown old. But on two occasions today, both in church, I realized I miss leaning. During early service, as we were singing the last hymn, the couple in front of me leaned until their shoulders touched. A gesture of love. Of tenderness. They probably were not even aware they had done it. Ordinarily I might not have even noticed. But today I did. And I missed having someone to lean toward. Someone to share the moment. Again this afternoon, in worship here where I live, as the pianist was playing Christmas music at the end of the service, a couple in the front row looked at each, smiled and leaned toward each other. Their shoulders touched. Love at Christmastime. Leaning and sharing.

I lean on my cane. I lean on my walker. I lean on Judy's arm when we walk. Intentional and conscious. I lean on handrails in the hall and in the shower. Leaning to keep from falling. Not the same as leaning and sharing. As celebrating joy.

There's an old hymn I learned in country churches back when I was a child: Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms, I'm leaning on the everlasting arms. Leaning on Jesus...A safe place to lean at Christmas or any time.

Blessed Christmas,  
Tess Todd, 12/18/2022