**Commissioning for Susie’s Sabbatical**

Deacon: On the seventh day God rested and celebrated all of creation. God surveyed all that God had made and said, "It is good."

**All: Susie, we work together in ministry here in Westminster West, and have much to celebrate. We celebrate your encouragement, direction, and leadership in our work together as God's people in this place. Of this ministry together we say with confidence, "It is good."**

Deacon: We send you now on this Sabbatical journey confident that God will bless your every step, refresh your spirit, renew your mind, strengthen your body, and return you to us empowered for our continued work of ministry here, and in the world.

**All: We will miss you, even as we faithfully carry out with joy and hope the ministry to which we are called. As you attend to your Sabbatical, please know that our thoughts and prayers will be with you, that we support you in every way, and that we look forward with joy to your return.**

Susie: I, too, look forward to that day when I will return and share in our ministry together. I will miss you as well, and I will pray for you whenever you come to mind. Thank you for creating this opportunity for a time of Sabbath rest in my ministry.

*Sabbath poem by Wendell Berry*

Deacon: Go, now, with our blessing, and with the blessing of God.

**All: Amen.**

*Sabbath Poem*

I go among trees and sit still.

All my stirring becomes quiet

around me like circles on water.

My tasks lie in their places

where I left them, asleep like cattle.

Then what is afraid of me comes

and lives a while in my sight.

What it fears in me leaves me,

and the fear of me leaves it.

It sings, and I hear its song.

Then what I am afraid of comes.

I live for a while in its sight.

What I fear in it leaves it,

and the fear of it leaves me.

It sings, and I hear its song.

After days of labor,

mute in my consternations,

I hear my song at last,

and I sing it. As we sing,

the day turns, the trees move.

*~ Wendell Berry*