



Rev. Dr. Daris S. Bultena, Pastor
Minister of Word and Sacrament

September 11, 2009

Failleth Never

Dear Readers,

It is the anniversary of the September 11th attack on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. I, like all Americans, remember that day clearly. I was born after John Kennedy's assassination. When people talk about always remembering where they were when JFK died—I did not really understand that until 9/11/2001. I will always remember being in the main corridor of our church watching the towers fall on the television that is used in our day care center.

I do remember that morning so clearly, it was a beautiful day. On my short trip from my home to the church the radio was on and it was about 10 minutes before 9 o'clock. They were doing the morning news and announced that something had just hit one of the towers of the World Trade Center. I arrived right at the same time as Dorothy and said, "We need to turn on the television."

We went to the office of our day care director where she always had a television on in the morning. As we stood there, we saw the second plane come in and hit the second tower. It was then that we wheeled the television cart into the main corridor, finagled a bent coat hanger as an antenna, and sat stunned and mesmerized by the morning's events. I shall always remember sitting there, and to this day I can conjure up those emotions and deep memories as if they were only 8 minutes ago rather than 8 years.

Those are not the only memories I have of that day. I also remember 8PM. I remember 8PM because we had passed the word that afternoon that we were going to gather at the church at 8PM and pray, sing, and be together. We did come together in the sanctuary that evening. Together we were quiet, we were tearful, and we were one. We were one in the Spirit; we were one as patriots.





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Yes, eight years have passed since we gathered at 8PM and Miss Bev played our Allen organ while we sang those words of Psalm 23 to the ancient Irish melody: "The King of love my Shepherd is, whose goodness faileth never; I nothing lack if I am his, and he is mine forever. ... And so through all the length of days thy goodness faileth never; Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise within thy house forever."

No matter what had happened that day, there was for us this abiding trust in the Good Shepherd "whose goodness faileth never." That goodness of the Good Shepherd endures. It is our constant on the days that towers fall and each time any of us falters. It "faileth never!" The Lord's name be praised!

Blessings,
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