

## Easter Best

The light of Easter shines on a simpler landscape this year.

Like you, I am more defined than ever by the domestic church, my home. It helps to have an A-list partner who suffers little from lack of beauticians: Annette's silver hair is just longer, pulled back, and she can clip nails and toes as good as anyone.

Her strength comes from home. Though she is genius at troubleshooting for the ministry, she draws life from domestic stuff and gives it away to many lives.



She serves our kids by caring for grandkids. Note to self: if you want to love your grown kids well, care for theirs. In one brief morning last week, she led her toddler troop in planting individual gardens, creating Easter bunny ornaments (featuring their faces at center), and whipping up Rice-Krispy eggs, many colored.

Prior to quarantine, Annette learned how to make Easter baskets—three spanking new ones for three grandkids that demanded to be filled. Knowing she had time on her hands prior to Easter Sunday, she devised, sowed and stuffed three lanky ragdoll bunnies and proceeded to produce more Easter candy than Hershey did. I thought she was making a handful of sugary blobs; instead she turned out 6 dozen assorted fine chocolates, with the speed of Lucy and Ethel on the assembly line only glitch-free.

Annette turned Rosie the Riveter by rallying pieces of fabric and fashioning face masks. Whenever I couldn't see Annette, I would just listen for the whir of her sewing machine. She would emerge

hours later from downstairs bearing a bunch of masks for family and friends like an array of pelts she had just skinned.

In our domestic church, Annette does what she does best. Easter best.