

"You used to sing to me"

By [Diane Roth](#)

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So, I've only been at my church for a couple of months, not long enough to accomplish anything big or great. That's what I keep telling myself, anyway. I keep having to remind myself that I have only been here a couple of months. I am just getting to know people. It's too early (for example) to convert Texas or even the greater Conroe area.

Mostly I have been doing the ordinary things of ministry: listening, meeting people, leading worship, writing and preaching sermons. I have been going to the council meetings and giving my reports and I am in the process of putting together a series of house meetings for the fall, where we can get to know each other, the congregation and me. We can find out our hopes and dreams and fears, and start to get glimmers of what we will do together.

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But on Sunday, a little girl came up to me after the second service. I got to know her just a little over the summer, but hadn't seen her for a few weeks. She and her dad and her little sister were standing around, and she said to me, "You used to sing to me, but now I go to a different school."

She and her sister have been part of our congregation's pre-school. She graduated, which I suppose means she is in the first grade now. During the summer, when she saw me on Wednesday at chapel, she would say, "I saw you in church on Sunday!" On Sunday, she would say, "I saw you at school on Wednesday!"

But this time she said, "You used to sing to me."

It sounded odd, I'll confess. Partly it was because, as I said, I've only been here a couple of months. It's hard to imagine that I 'used to' do anything. I don't have a history here yet. But I have a history with this little girl, already. I used to sing to her.

This little phrase made me consider my vocation. It is clear that this little girl considers me to be her pastor, although she might not know that is what I am called. How did she describe this calling? What did I do that made me her pastor?

I sang to her.

I didn't know that was what I was doing, really. I was there with the children, praying and telling the Bible stories and, yes, singing, too. We were just singing songs. But she thought I was singing them to her.

It is the way it always is. It is not just the body of Christ, it is the body of Christ, given for you, put into your hands. It is the blood of Christ, for you. It is the song of God's love, sung into your ear, into your heart.

I've only been here a couple of months, not long enough to accomplish anything big or great. But long enough to sing.

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