From the Bridge Executive Presbyter

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Once Upon a Time…

…there was a Bridge Executive Presbyter who came to serve a presbytery in the warm and sprawling land of Central Florida.

She did not come with fanfare. She came with a calendar, a Book of Order with tabs and highlights, a desire to support and encourage presbytery leaders, and a love of coffee, chocolate, and wine – not necessarily in that order.

Her assignment was never meant to be forever. She was a bridge, after all — and bridges are not meant to be lived on. They are meant to be crossed.

And so, for a short season, she showed up. She sat in meetings online and in the presbytery office. She talked and laughed with presbytery staff. She listened to leaders who were weary and unsure about how to be most effective in leading the presbytery forward. She met with pastors who were excited about what God was doing in their ministry and pastors that were sensing God's call to another ministry. She led worship and talked with a congregation that was grieving the departure of their pastor and reassured them that they were not alone.

She asked LOTS of questions. She made a few phone calls that seemed to make a difference. She offered some resources to assist committees with their work. And she prayed.

And then, as bridges do, she made way for what came next. She organized documents the Lead Transformation Presbyter will need. She wrote notes on committees and the work she had observed. She noted some things that might need attention soon and she wrote a note of encouragement for the new presbyter, because she understands what it's like to be in that chair.

Some might say her time was too short, but if she hears you say that, she'll just smile and say, *"That's what bridges are for. You don't stay on a bridge. You keep walking."*

And so she did.

The End.