

Dear friend,

April 2, 2019

Spring has finally arrived - well sort of. It certainly looks like spring outside and our allergies are most assuredly confirming this, but the temperature seems to be defiantly going it's own way. Yesterday afternoon I decided to go sit on the porch and work on some blog posts. I made a big glass of iced tea, grabbed my computer, and headed out - only to turn right back around and head back in so fast the door didn't even close behind me!

I'm hoping this weekend will bring us some warmer weather so we can enjoy the sunshine without a window between us.

I shared one of my favorite recipes today, Mandarin Orange Cake. A lot of folks call it Pig Picking cake. It was actually the second recipe I ever shared back in 2008 when I started Southern Plate, but the photos were in desperate need of updating and the post itself benefited from some editing so I created an entirely new post that was more befitting such an awesome cake. I shared it in my Fellowship group and on my Facebook page and some very kind friends there are sharing and commenting so it's doing really well and I'm thrilled.

Bible study is going really well. Ricky and I have our study that we do together and with our fellowship group on Saturdays and then there is the study in my fellowship group on Facebook, where we are reading through the entire Bible in a year. We are currently in Psalms, which (being honest here) feels like a respite after making it through Job.

The group is close to ten thousand right now but membership is closed until we finish reading the Bible on this cycle and start the new one in October.

As we move into the New Testament in the coming months I didn't want to contribute to the desire to read only the NT, while ignoring foundational scriptures, so I decided to close it to ensure that folks moving forward had studied with us. The last 1/4 of the book is completely out of context without an understanding of the first 3/4. My frustration with that terrible habit primarily lies with myself in this regard, as I did just that for the vast majority of my life. I ignored the Father's Words and took the (well meaning) advice to "Just start in John".

When we began in the beginning, reading it for ourselves, everything changed. Seriously, everything. In the entirety of our lives, not a single speck of space escaped being blessed by that one action. Beginning in the beginning.

My hope and goal, and the goal that the Father has made clear is the purpose of the group, is to get as many people as possible reading the Word of God for themselves, firsthand. May His will and wisdom, not ours, prevail in our lives.

We took the RV out for the first time two weeks ago. Ricky and I were confident that we would love it but I think there was still some fear that this might not be as enjoyable as we'd hoped. We were both thrilled to find that we are RV people through and through!

Of course, Ricky is far more social than I. He would take the dogs out for a walk first thing in the morning and easily be gone an hour or more, coming back to tell me the names of our neighbors, where they were from, and relay whatever stories they'd shared with one another.

It always felt a bit awkward stepping outside, knowing Ricky had met half the campground and through no real effort of my own I had become the "mysterious wife who keeps to herself".

More than once I stepped out to see an expectant face looking my way, no doubt wondering if it was Ricky. I'd wave and smile to show them that I was a fitting counterpart to my popular husband, despite not having made the rounds with him.

By the last day of our trip, I'd fallen into rhythm and found myself stepping out of my internet induced solitude bubble to chat with people about dogs, kids, and everyone's impending trek home. When we got home, I even went so far as to order a little personalized flag for our future campsites that says "Happy Camping, Y'all! Ricky and Christy Jordan Huntsville, Alabama." Ricky was flat out shocked.

As I type this, I have a little warm puppy in my lap. Our Bella has brought us such joy, as do all of our little fur babies. The sun is shining into the room through the window directly behind me, the girls are finishing up their school for the day, and Brady just texted me a photo of something he saw in the dorm cafeteria that he wants me to make him when he visits next.

I am blessed with a full life and I thank the Father for that.

I hope your week is going as well as mine.
Gratefully,

Christy
Ph. 1 P. 12

