

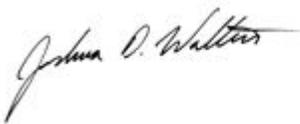
# A letter from Josh

Dear Friends,

It is hard to believe that we have been away from Pittsford for a whole month. It seems like we have only just moved; but as new routines have begun to take root, in a way, it also seems like a lifetime ago. A funny story: on the first day in our new house, our living room was a virtual forest of boxes, stacked four feet high and surrounded by cellophane-wrapped furniture. The only locate-able items in our house were our suitcases and *sometimes* each other and Dewey--but only after some hollering or whistling. On day two, it was time to start opening boxes. At random I opened one (labeled, frustratingly, "Miscellaneous"); and on the top of that box, carefully wrapped, was my now cherished painting of Christ Church by Rusty Likely. And I thought, that is how Christ Church was every day of my life in Pittsford: right there, lovingly cared for and in turn *providing* loving care in the chaotic, messy forest of life; a safe, constant harbor and comfort in all of life's circumstances.

There is so much for which I am thankful from my time among you; the laughs, the support and encouragement, my incredible staff who functioned one part family and one part workforce, and in the end, the overwhelming grace and kindnesses by which we said goodbye. I cannot thank you enough for your overwhelming generosity in the presentation of my purse. I felt the same Christ-like embrace from day 1 to day 2,555. I am humbled by your kindness and your love. Thank you.

I wish you all every blessing and know that you are in very good hands, and that the ministry of Christ and his Church in Pittsford will go on to wonderful things. I remain,  
Your friend and brother in Christ,



The Rev. Joshua D. Walters