

*⁶I planted,
Apollos watered,
but God gave the growth.
⁷So neither the one who plants
nor the one who waters is anything,
but only God who gives the growth.
⁸The one who plants and the one who waters
have a common purpose,
⁹For we are God's servants,
working together; ...
~I Corinthians 3: 6-9*

Dear People of the Northern Great Lakes Synod,
At the risk of getting too personal, I share with you that my mother joined the Saints Triumphant on February 11. As the deadline for this article is February 12, I cannot help but approach this task with thoughts of my mother at the forefront.

In this year, as together we as a synod consider what it means to be a Seed Sower and what it means to plant, and as I make plans with my siblings to celebrate the life of my mother, I can think of no better example of one who planted seeds and one who witnessed the yield of seeds planted by others long ago.

My mother was born in India in July 1932, the daughter of missionaries. She, along with her four siblings, was brought up in the faith. She was taught the love of Jesus, the value of compassion, and the expectation of sharing the love of God in a way that makes a difference.

The seeds of faith planted in her bore fruit as she became a nurse, the wife of a seminary professor, the mother of five children, and a generous giver of time, talents, and treasure. She sang in choirs, kissed scraped knees, worked church funerals and became a matriarch of her community of faith. She was a parish nurse at Luther Seminary and her church library was named after her in honor of the hours invested

in cataloging, arranging, and gathering literature.

I could go on. But of course, it is the rare mother that doesn't inspire the accolades of her children. My mother was no exception. But in this season of Seed Sowers, I am grateful for the seeds of faith, and the example of generosity, that my mother gave me and all who knew her.

She not only planted seeds but enjoyed the fruit of seeds planted by others. She witnessed the seeds planted by missionaries when years later, she returned to India to visit the church and seminary founded by my grandfather and others. She saw how many pastors, native to India, had graduated from that seminary and students that are attending. We give thanks for the churches that were planted and the people who came to know Jesus through their efforts.

And now? I invite you to consider what seeds of faith you are planting. Whether you are working to pass on the faith to the next generation, or enjoying the fruit of seeds planted long ago, I invite you to intentionally plant seeds for future faith, future ministry. This can happen in many ways:

- Support a ministry effort with your financial gift.
- Share your story of faith with a loved one.
- Share your story of faith with a stranger, doubts and all.
- Volunteer
- Remember THE Church or Your church in your will.
- Work on your own discipleship. Take a class, go to church, invite a friend.

In this time of great change, I am grateful for the seeds of faith planted long ago, and the seeds of faith planted now which will bear fruit in the future. We are part of a great cycle of life, this

shape of the Christian life that involves dying and rising, Good Friday and Easter, death and resurrection, planting and harvesting.

The spirit of my mother lives on in those who remember her, and the Spirit of the Living Christ lives as only the son of God can - to call, enlighten and sanctify those who gather and are sent in his name, to plant seeds that someone else will water, and someone else will harvest.

I give thanks for the blessing of my mother, and for all who have planted seeds of faith.

Yours in Christ,

Bishop Katherine Finegan