

Skootie showed up in my office, a cane in one hand,

a lovely hand-written note in the other to welcome me.

It was my first day at St. Anne's in 2009.

I had lived next door to his cousin in Columbus, [and he is here today]

and with his lovely sense of southern hospitality Skootie came calling

and set the face and personality

for my knowing of St. Anne's ~ as a Community of Caring

and of Skootie Dimon

~ a pillar of this church ~

But my deeper knowing has been in prayer and

healing oil

and the sacrament of Unction.

I'm not sure exactly how many times I've administered last rites

~ I've lost track ~

but I think it was a bunch!

I'm wondering if it was his testament to me

his demonstration to all of us

to the power of healing.

It was as if he would get up from the bed and say "See? I told you it works!"

Skootie ~ knew ~ the power of healing

~ because Skootie was a healer ~

going to the far reaches of foreign lands in mission

and his work with "them bones";

people seeking him out in the alcoves of churches and cathedrals

for a consult with the good doctor and beloved friend;

and his own poured out soul as ministry of healing for the depressed.

I know about his lab coat and his brilliant mind,

but I see Skoot in the garb of the Aaronic Priest of Exodus and Leviticus.

The high priest with the heavy breastplate fashioned of 12 stones

four rows of three

embroiaded

and strung together with gold rings and braids

each stone across the breast

a precious stone

like a signet

the names inscribed for all the 12 tribes of Israel.

That is how Skootie, to his dying day,

shuffled his way to the healing rail

bent at the shoulders like he was wearing the breastplate of the great high priest,

glorious and radiant and bejeweled

and weighing more than he

because **your** names were on it.

He brought all the people of God to the Mercy Seat

~ Sunday after Sunday ~

He stood before God's throne to say your names.

Healing oil on his head and the cross of his baptism on his brow

~ standing in ~

**He** was bringing, **you**.

"Standing in"

~ for all or any who suffer

~for all the people of Saint Anne's

~ for any in the world who suffer with depression

~ prayers for renewal

rebirth

and the healing of resurrection

~ and joy and

blessing.

Skootie was relentless

    because Skootie knew.

Skootie knew what we don't really know ~

    because he kept an ancient company with a secret companion

    his partner in godly play

        his comrade in arms

~ down ~

    in the valley of dry bones.

Skootie kept an ongoing, muttering conversation with Ezekiel.

The two of them

    sifting, sorting, sawing,

        rooting around

    in a valley of dry bones.

Suddenly startled out of their hunt,

    by

    a voice.

God asking

“O Mortal ~ Can these bones live?”

I imagine Skootie wide-eyed when Ezekiel elbowed him in the ribs

    “Answer him.” “No, You answer him.”

And Ezekiel squeaked out “Weeell, mmm, I don't know. Only you know, O God.”

The two of them down in the middle of the valley

    and it was full of bones

        and they were very dry.

And God says ~

    Tell them about the breath.

    Tell the bones

About the breath.

And Ezekiel

tells the bones about the breath

and Now ~ tell the breath ~

“Come from the Four Winds O Breath that these may live.”

And right there in front of Skootie and All The Bones

God moves out over the valley with his breath

~ the Holy Wind of Creation ~ now ~ for a New Creation ~

and a Resurrection!

God hovering.

Bones rattling and shaking at the nearness of God and God’s stretching out

the heat of his breath

hot breath with moisture,

God in the 4 Winds

Calling life out of dust and dry bone!

***This*** is Resurrection!

This is Resurrection and today ~ it is Skootie’s turn!

The Holy Breath

that goes out over the

valley of dry bones

and gathers me

and you

and finds all our missing parts

femur and phalanges

skull

jawbone

ribcage and Hip

like Skootie in the O.R., God reconnecting and fashioning us again

and then

~ the breath ~

coming from the Four Winds

Skootie knew, about the Breath.

Wind ~ that becomes a Voice

Breath ~ with vowel sounds

and

consonants

Words ~ that call into being

and say our names.

And today's Name

on the Four Winds

the breath and voice

with a "K" sound

and a double "O"

an affectionate pet name for Resurrection

his name: "Skootie"

on God's lips.

God's voice

in the song of the flute and

the wind in a pipe

the swell of the great organ

is the wind from God

sweeping over the earth

the 3-fold Alleluias and

our song at the grave

with voice and vowel sound

because today is ***his day***

~ Skootie's Resurrection ~

God's New Creation!

Skootie spent his life

telling the bones

about the breath.

Skootie worked Resurrection

on *this* side of the grave

bone and sinew and flesh and skin

and the Breath of God

and he is dancing a jig now,

on the *other* side of the grave.

We jiggle the ash of his cremains into a linen duffle

as a gesture *now*

of ***our*** knowing

that the

Four Winds of God's breath are blowing ~

and them bones. . .

Gonna 'rise Again!