Reflection for Monday,

February 13, 2023

[[](https://www.google.com/imgres?imgurl=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.balancedforlifeyoga.com%2Fuploads%2F3%2F9%2F5%2F8%2F39588653%2F8942897_orig.jpg&imgrefurl=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.balancedforlifeyoga.com%2Fblog%2Fwhat-does-frustration-feel-like&tbnid=Q2vY3AtIfhrv5M&vet=12ahUKEwjDwOnCuZH9AhUFBkQIHWupDd4QMyhFegUIARCMAQ..i&docid=LV-zczMGwGhsQM&w=424&h=283&q=frustration&client=firefox-b-1-d&ved=2ahUKEwjDwOnCuZH9AhUFBkQIHWupDd4QMyhFegUIARCMAQ)](https://www.google.com/imgres?imgurl=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.balancedforlifeyoga.com%2Fuploads%2F3%2F9%2F5%2F8%2F39588653%2F8942897_orig.jpg&imgrefurl=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.balancedforlifeyoga.com%2Fblog%2Fwhat-does-frustration-feel-like&tbnid=Q2vY3AtIfhrv5M&vet=12ahUKEwjDwOnCuZH9AhUFBkQIHWupDd4QMyhFegUIARCMAQ..i&docid=LV-zczMGwGhsQM&w=424&h=283&q=frustration&client=firefox-b-1-d&ved=2ahUKEwjDwOnCuZH9AhUFBkQIHWupDd4QMyhFegUIARCMAQ)

This week began with my receiving a letter from the State of Colorado saying that they were going to put a lien on my assets unless I paid them $3,600 *immediately*. I had been trying for several months to persuade them that I no longer live in Colorado and therefore do not have an obligation to pay state taxes. Only after more than an hour of being bounced from one person to the next did they unearth my documents and, yes, actually agree that *they* owed *me* money. I’ll let you know if a check ever arrives.

A few days later, I was thrown into the UPS vortex, trying to find an actual human being who could help me sort out a delivery problem. Three phone calls and six people later, I think it might, maybe, be resolved.

I also spent time this week trying to finish filing my insurance claim for the flood in our storage unit. How do you make a convincing claim with photos of sodden, mold-rotted clothing that can’t clearly be identified as clothing?

And then there’s Friday, when I went to the DMV. The clerks there were bracingly mean. One clerk shouted at us that she wasn’t about to answer our questions: if we were that stupid, it was on us. When I got to the third of four stations, the clerk asked me what I was there for.

“I want to get Real ID and all I have right now is a regular driver’s license.”

“You don’t need Real ID,” he said.

“Yes, I do. I am going to travel and I need it for that.”

“Well, you don’t, but that’s your problem if you want to waste perfectly good money on something you don’t need.”

Whew. That was some kind of fun.

Heading into a new week, I am thinking about Valentine’s Day, but not in a romantic sense. How do we offer civic love? What does love look like when there’s a frazzled tax agent involved or a grumpy DMV employee? We’ve all gone through a lot over the past few years—what with politics, pandemic, and environment. Somehow, I believe, we’ve got to keep generating and sharing love. Sometimes we just forget that our steadfast resource, God, is always at hand. But Paul’s admonition that now we see through a glass darkly and some day we will see face to face is a good reminder. The passage reminds us that we will know fully even as we are fully known. I’m just thinking that we do finally see face to face, we’ll be looking right into the eyes of UPS delivery people, DMV employees, insurance adjusters, and tax collectors. On that day, they, and we, will see clearly. We will see the love of God looking us in the eyes.

In faith,

Elizabeth