



September 23, 2021
A Note from Julie Johnson

Dear Friends,

“Take delight in the Lord,
and the Lord will give you the desires of your heart.”
~Psalm 37:4

I was first introduced to the idea of drinking coffee by a good friend during an intense study session when I was a sophomore at Bowling Green State University.

My friend Cori was a seasoned coffee drinker and knew her way around the flavored creamers in the coffee shop we frequented. She had a knack for mixing the various flavors and the creamers so the consistency, taste, and heat of the coffee were just right.

At her urging I ordered my first cup.

Initially, what to put in my coffee was the most important question — Irish Cream creamer, French Vanilla creamer, hazelnut syrup — the possibilities were endless, and I was hooked!

In a couple of years, I graduated away from flavoring my coffee to preferring plain black, hot coffee with half and half, no frills and no extras.

I also discovered that more exciting than what I put in my coffee was what I put my coffee IN.

Talk about “taking delight” — I became enamored and obsessed with coffee mugs!

Coffee mugs were like the clothing for my coffee.





Every time I drank a cup, I carefully chose the exact mug for my mood, the season, and the tasks I needed to accomplish. I started collecting mugs from restaurants, truck stops, flea markets, department stores, garage sales... anywhere I could find them.

Every mug seemed to tell a story.

I had a habit of finding and picking up mugs everywhere I went.

I got them as gifts.

I used them as decoration, changed them out for every holiday, used them to organize office supplies, and tried to convince anyone who would listen how amazing they were.

My favorite mugs were the ones with the “just right” rim with the “just right” thickness. I looked for the ones that had the “just right” weight in my hand, the ideal size of the handle, and interesting messages.

My quest became like a mission to find the perfect mug.

My collection and my zest for the hunt continued until “my” cabinet got much smaller and it was time to share my space with sippy cups and Dora the Explorer melamine plates.

I still gather mugs, just not as often and with a much more discerning eye. I have rules now.

Any potential new member of my collection has to cost no more than \$5. It has to fit just perfectly in my hand, have an encouraging message, and keep the coffee hot through a one-page devotional and seven minutes of quiet.

My stash of mugs is much smaller now, and the most recent addition cost a mere \$3.99 at TJ MAXX. Its inside is purple (my favorite color) and it has one word on the outside: **HOPE.**

HOPE for tomorrow.

HOPE that the sun will shine on a new day.

HOPE that God is faithful and that what’s on the news is not the end of the story.

HOPE that God sees me and knows the desires of my heart.



HOPE that the best is yet to come.

I can't think of anything more encouraging!

Julie



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