176. ALL SAINTS DAY - MONDAY - NOVEMBER 2, 2026

Good morning, Grace Harbor – it's Dan. Happy Monday!

Just a quick note for the grown-ups: this week we'll be reflecting on All Saints Day, which was this last Sunday. We're going to acknowledge loss and grief, which is an important conversation to have. I've done my best to frame it appropriately for all ages, but if you'd like to preview it first, please do.

Well, I hope you had fun and got some great candy over the weekend. Here in Grace Harbor, we were *busy*!

It started off with the Farmer's Market Saturday morning, and then a lot of families did their Halloween trick-or-treating just as it was getting dark, so they could wrap up and head down to the Village Green for the Harvest Bonfire.

It was *awesome*. It's such a simple event, but it's always a blast. I think the fire made from logs donated by families across town, the live music, the cider, and s'mores – with expertly whittled s'mores sticks, of course – it really creates the perfect environment for hanging out and connecting with your neighbors.

It's a good thing we got an extra hour of sleep thanks to the time change Sunday morning because we were *definitely* out past *all* of our bedtimes.

Then on Sunday morning, we had a special celebration at

church where we remembered those we love who have died. That's because November 1 is the holiday known as All Saints Day.

At our church, we read the names of those in our congregation who have died in the last year, and then we invite anyone to say out loud the name of the people they're missing. After each name, we ring a bell to honor their memory.

That's how we do it, but there are lots of ways people choose to remember their loved ones on this day. Some people light candles, some tell stories, and some might leave an empty chair at the dinner table.

On Saturday morning, when I was picking up our church's communion bread from Brie at the Farmer's Market, I learned of a new tradition I'd never heard of before.

You see, she had a really pretty arrangement of chrysanthemums on her table, and I said, "Those look nice! You don't normally have flowers, right? Or am I just now noticing?"

"No," she replied. "Those are special for the market today."

"Oh, wow. Do you mind if I ask about the special occasion?" I asked.

"Not at all," she said. "As I know *you* know, Sunday is All Saints Day, and they're in honor of my grandmother.

Mamie, we called her. That's French for Granny. That side of my family is French. All Saints Day is kind of a big deal in France, and chrysanthemums are a traditional part of how you honor those who have died."

"I didn't know that!" I said. "I'm glad I asked. I'm sure she'd love them."

Brie laughed and said, "Haha, she probably wouldn't have even noticed the flowers. She'd have been too busy inspecting all the pastries and breads. She's actually the one who got me into baking when I was young."

"I didn't know that either," I replied.

Brie continued, "When I was growing up, she lived with us for a few years. I used to love spending Sunday afternoons after church with her in the kitchen baking bread for the week or making something tasty for dessert."

That got me thinking about watching college football with my dad when I was growing up. We would cheer on our favorite team, and he'd teach me the rules and tell me why something was a good or bad play. I *still* love watching college football, but now I'm the one pointing things out and answering questions with my own kids.

I wonder if you have something – and someone – similar in your life. Who taught you to do something you love? Go ahead and share about them now, and if you need more time, feel free to pause the podcast. I'll be right here when you get back.

[PAUSE]

Some of you may have mentioned someone who's still alive, like I did with my dad. In fact, one of my favorite memories is of a time when he and my mom were in town during a game, and we had 3 generations cheering together.

But some of you may be like Brie and her grandmother, and the person you named is no longer with us. Thank you for sharing about them. God knows and loves every person we named. I too have people I'm missing that I honored on All Saints Day.

Sometimes, when you hear the term "saint," it means someone who lived an extraordinary life, who maybe was involved with a miracle, or who seemed extra close to God.

But in my church tradition – and in quite a few, actually – we can also use that term for *anyone* who loved Jesus and tried to live like he called us to live. You don't have to be perfect – no one's perfect! And you don't have to be famous. You see, everyday, ordinary people – they're saints too, and we honor them.

Ok, let's close in prayer. If you want to, you can close your eyes and fold your hands.

Dear God, we thank you for all the saints who are no longer with us – especially those we knew and loved. They've had an impact on us, maybe even teaching us

something that we now love. We ask that you would comfort all of us who are missing someone special and help us to live lives that honor you and them. Amen.

Ok, Grace Harbor, have a great Monday, and I'll catch you tomorrow.

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