

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

LOCAL Life asked **Will Robinson** to share his thoughts on what it means to be local. Robinson is the senior pastor/head of staff at First Presbyterian Church of Hilton Head Island and is the author of *Metaphor, Morality, and the Spirit in Romans 8:1-17*. LOCAL Life welcomes letters to the editor and comments to our website. Write to info@wearelocallife.com.

What makes it local

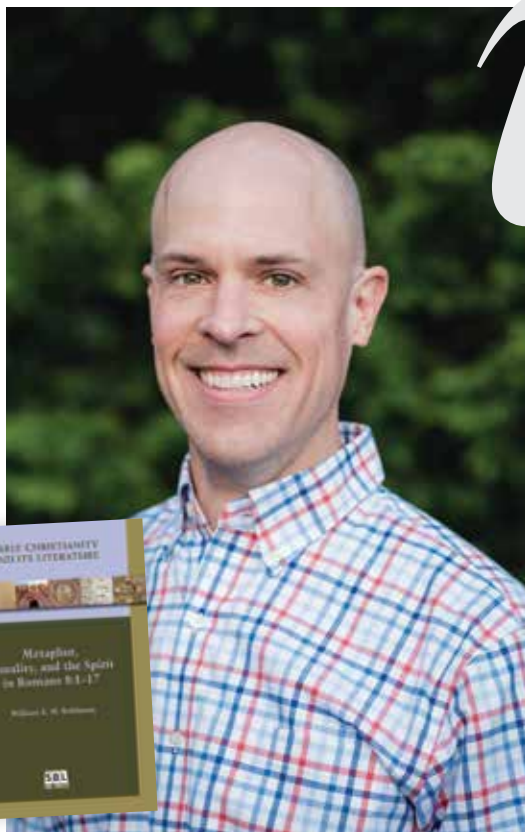


adjective. lo-cal | lō-kəl

1: characterized by or relating to position in space: having a definite spatial form or location **2:** of, relating to, or characteristic of a particular place: not general or widespread: of, relating to, or applicable to part of a whole **3:** primarily serving the needs of a particular limited district of a public conveyance: making all the stops on a route

We're very good here in paradise

BY WILL ROBINSON



LOCAL SINCE 2019 Will Robinson is senior pastor/head of staff at First Presbyterian Church of Hilton Head Island and is the author of *Metaphor, Morality, and the Spirit in Romans 8:1-17*.

"Why not?" With those words, my family's journey to Hilton Head and the Lowcountry began in June 2019. My wife and I uttered them (with a shoulder shrug) when asked about my willingness to explore a possible call to serve as the senior pastor/head of staff at First Presbyterian Church (FPC) here. We'd never stepped foot on the island, but some of our most enjoyable and memorable family vacations were on the beaches and marshes of Emerald Isle in North Carolina. Also, at the outset of one of my early interviews with the search committee, I asked how they were, and a committee member excitedly exclaimed, "We're very good here in paradise!"

I've echoed similar words often in my nearly three years of living on the island. I marvel daily at the unique and exquisite flora and fauna: zipping hummingbirds pausing at bottle-brush blossoms, a great egret strutting slowly through a bed of pine straw, Spanish moss swaying lazily in a breeze, the gloriously unusual roseate spoonbill, fuzzy-legged orb weavers seemingly suspended in midair, a great blue heron — wings splayed — sunning itself on the bank of a lagoon, the brilliant blue of an eastern bluebird, yellow butterflies flitting to and fro, pelicans diving for dinner in the ocean, dolphins swimming gracefully by the shore, omnipresent palm

trees that say "home" and those fearsome, prehistoric-looking alligators. Binoculars magnify my marvel, and bird and other books help me identify what I see.

When other family and friends visit us — and they like to visit us because of where we live — I may as well be a member of the local chamber of commerce. I give an excited "show and tell" of the creatures we encounter as well as the island's and the Lowcountry's special sites, history and, of course, people. God called us to serve the people of FPC and this community first and foremost, and I'm impressed by them — their fascinating stories and life experiences, their rock-solid commitment to serving others and bettering our community and their ocean-deep love of where we live. I've also enjoyed meeting people of Gullah-Geechee heritage and learning about their unique history and culture. And I'm grateful for the essential workers and others who serve us and the legion of visitors who flock here like shorebirds each year.

A Gullah proverb says: "If you don't know where you're going, you should know where you come from." I want to know more about this special place where I now "come from" (I now call home) and to share it with others — near and far. *LL*