

JUNE
2022

CHURCH @ HOME

staying connected with God,
each other, and ourselves



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MESSAGES FROM
REV NICK & VI

ASK THE LEAF

A PRAYER FOR PENTECOST

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AND WON'T LAST LONG

- MAP, OBEDIENCE AND
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FOOTHILLS EXCURSION
SEVEN

RDLUC MEMORIES

HUMOUR

hello church

I hope this finds you doing well and knowing that you, just as you are and with no ifs, ands, or buts, are loved and enough. If you're like me, you may not be knowing that last part but that doesn't mean it's not true! You, yes you, are loved and enough, just as you are. Let's both take a sec to know that and let it go to work.

As I write this, June has just arrived and it's pretty beautiful to see what's happening outside. It's another reminder of a truth that's baked into our universe: life will always begin again. Just as the trees blossom and the world shifts from brown and dead to green and alive, we can too because the truth is life will always begin again.

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If there's anything we can hold on to right now, it's that truth. Whether we need to hear it for ourselves, our families, our church, or just our world in general, that's a truth we can put some stock in. We can find a lot of hope and resolve there. Despite whatever it is you're rumbling with, I invite you to lean on that truth with me. Let's trust it together. Let's hold onto the hope that, just as the world is outside our windows, new life is also rising up in and around us too.

As always, this is meant to help you practice that hope. It's full of things to ground and guide us and remind us that God is here, with us and for us. So as you read it, may it offer you a connection to your community, may it encourage you to keep on living and moving forward, and may it bring you into some new life, however that looks for you.

So my friends, know that you are loved and missed and may grace and peace be with you.

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SUMMER GREETINGS EVERYONE!

It has been sometime since we published this magazine and it is a great pleasure to be able to do so once again. We have needed to take the time to reflect and discern what and how we can best serve you going forward with the resources we have available, now that life is opening up post-pandemic.

It has been both exciting and wondrous to watch the progression of nature's renewal and growth, from the early violets (my namesake!) sheltering in the shade, to the vibrant sunflowers, standing tall and bright, faces pointed to the sun. The common characteristic of nature is its remarkable resilience, which we pray will continue in these concerning times.

We ourselves are called to be resilient, aren't we, to learn to adapt to the changes and ongoing challenges around us and which we each face in our lives.

As usual, we are grateful to all those who have contributed to this magazine and all the items in the care packages. Charlee MacLean, our newest staff member, will be formatting and producing the magazine., thank you Charlee. We hope you will take part in this conversation by submitting articles, poems or anything you wish to share, including your feedback. Let us know if there is anything you need.

I would like to share with you a reading that touched me by Thich Nhat Hanh "Peace is Every Step: The Path of Mindfulness in Everyday Life" which was recently submitted by Cathy Schlosser:

I asked the leaf....

Blessings of Resilience, Healing and Deep Peace,

Vi




. . . continued



I asked the leaf....

I asked the leaf whether it was frightened because it was autumn and the other leaves were falling. The leaf told me, "No. During the whole spring and summer I was completely alive. I worked hard to help nourish the tree, and now much of me is in the tree. I am not limited by this form. I am also the whole tree, and when I go back to the soil, I will continue to nourish the tree. So I don't worry at all. As I leave this branch and float to the ground, I will wave to the tree and tell her, 'I will see you again very soon.'"

That day there was a wind blowing and, after a while, I saw the leaf leave the branch and float down to the soil, dancing joyfully, because as it floated it saw itself already there in the tree. It was so happy. I bowed my head, knowing that I have a lot to learn from the leaf.



A Prayer for Pentecost

Spirit! Power and Passion of my being,
press upon my heart your profound love.
Move through the fragments of my days;
enable me to sense your fiery Presence
consecrating my most insignificant moments.

Spirit! Source of Vision, Perceptive Guide,
permeate the moments of my choices
when falsehood and truth both call to me.
Turn me toward the way of goodness,
so that I will always lean toward your love.

Spirit! Blessing for the heart grown weary,
encircle me with your loving energy,
empower me with your active gentleness.
Deepen within me a faith in your dynamism
which strengthens the weak and the tired.

Spirit! Breath of Life, Touch of Mystery,
you are the ribbon of inner connection,
uniting me with the groaning of all creation.
Because of you, my life gathers into a
oneness.
Keep me attentive to this interdependence.
Fill my being with constant compassion
and a deep hope that knows no bounds.

Spirit! Dwelling Place, Sanctuary of Silence,
you are the home for which I deeply yearn.
You are the resting place for which I long.
I find both comfort and challenge in you.
Grant that I may keep my whole self open
to the transforming power of your indwelling,
that I may ever know the blessings
of your tremendous companionship.



by Joyce Rupp

"YOUR LIFE IS HOPELESS AND WON'T LAST LONG" - NADIA BOLZ WEBER

We know that the whole creation has been groaning in labor pains until now; and not only the creation, but we ourselves, who have the first fruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly while we wait for adoption, the redemption of our bodies.

For in hope we were saved.

Now hope that is seen is not hope. For who hopes for what is seen?

But if we hope for what we do not see, we wait for it with patience.

*Likewise the Spirit helps us in our weakness; for we do not know how to pray as we ought, but that very Spirit intercedes with sighs too deep for words - **Romans 8***

A couple months back, my seatmate on an airplane asked why I was traveling.

I said that I was a speaker –

"Oh", he said, "Motivational?"

"Not particularly" I answered and went back to my magazine.

Here's an example of why I answered that way:

I thought that today, to celebrate Pentecost,

I'd preach a little inspirational sermon titled:

'Your Life is Hopeless and Won't Last Long.'

Now, before you judge me for being such a cynical GenXer –

you should know that when I say your life is hopeless and won't last long

I am simply honouring a vow I made at my ordination:

among the things the Bishop asks us as clergy to do and teach and uphold, is the promise that we will not offer our people illusory hope.

So here we go:

your life is hopeless and wont last long: a sermon about birth and death.

"YOUR LIFE IS HOPELESS AND WON'T LAST LONG" - NADIA BOLZ WEBER

I love, I mean, I adore the passage we just heard from Paul's letter to the church in Rome.

Specifically I love that he speaks of the groaning of women in labour and of the spirit interceding in our weakness with sighs too deep for words.

One reason I love the phrase so much is that I suspect that those sighs too deep for words are not unlike the sounds we hear sometimes in this room when our prayers are being read aloud.

Like just last week when there was a prayer read that asked for God to be with a 15 year old girl who was having a baby this week.

I audibly reacted to that prayer.

I actually made a sound that felt involuntary.

I thought of my own teenaged daughter and how hopeless it would feel were she to be a mother instead of a Sophomore right now.

My own projections about what the story of a pregnant 15 year old meant were instantaneous –

so much so that I almost missed the other sentiment that accompanied the prayer.

It was a request that God make the event of the birth of this child a glorious one full of unseen blessing.

A request that God's story unfold around this child having a child.

This is where hope in what is unseen differs from simple optimism.

To be optimistic is to be convinced that everything will be just fine with her and her child.

To have hope

is to know that even in the inevitable struggles and hardness of life, that the story of God and God's people runs deeper than the current plot points we see in front of us.

Before the disciples met Jesus they all probably felt they knew how their story was going to unfold,
based on what they saw, they were powerless to be anything but
a fisherman as was the case with Peter,
or a tax collector in the case of Matthew
or a woman of both means and demons as was the case with Mary Magdalen.

Then that story changed when Jesus walked by and said follow me.

And then based on the new data,
the current plot points in front of them maybe they again were convinced the
story meant something specific –
that Jesus would restore the kingdom of Israel.

But when their beloved teacher was arrested they must have felt powerless
once again.

When he was flogged and hung to die and laid in a tomb
they had to have thought that was the end.
Because death seems to be a pretty definitive plot point in any story.

But the story kept changing on them.
No matter what data they had in front of them
based on what their lives looked like in that moment,
something stronger, deeper and more beautiful was moving among them,
sweeping them up into God's story.

Don't get me wrong, their grief was real...
just not as real as resurrection.

It's so easy to see the tragedies and endings and hardship and diagnosis all
around us as the end of the story – but,
not unlike those who mourned as Jesus was laid in his tomb,
we are terrible story enders –
putting – as some would say –
a period where God places a comma.

God is still writing, still sighing, still loving us and all that is into redemption.

This makes us an odd people, you know.
I mean Christians,
people who believe in God the Father, Christ the son and the Holy Spirit –
we are a people for whom the story isn't ever finished.

A people for whom there is always more.

Within our suffering, there is always more,
when we think our lives are hopeless there is always more,
when the plot points of our lives don't end up the way we planned, there is
always more,
when we feel powerless there is always more.

Why?

Because after the humiliation and suffering of the cross – there was more –
after he was laid in a tomb there was more –
and after there was Pentecost
flames on people's heads and speaking in other languages
there was more.

We as Christians base our hope not on our own power,
not on the Dow Jones,
not on how awesome our lives look,
not on our own righteousness,
but on the God of an empty tomb.

That story of birth and death and resurrection and ascension and the spirit is
still being told.

Dave Lose mentioned this before...

our sacred text starts with Genesis, the beginning –
and ends with Revelation, the ending,
and in the middle is the acts of the apostles which is unfinished –
that is us –
we are in the middle of this story that is still being written and
that is where our hope lays.

And to be clear, when I say that after Pentecost there was more,
in all fairness you should know that doesn't mean a happily ever after ending

. Happily ever after is optimism gone astray.

So you should know,

in the story of Acts, after they received The Spirit...

things didn't work out great for them.

There were imprisonments and shipwrecks and persecution –

I mean nothing that sounds like a charmed life –

nothing that any sane person would HOPE for.

And yet they had something– which ran deep.

They had hope.

These early disciples did not judge their lives and their relationship with God
according to how awesome things looked in the moment.

They knew that no matter what, the story wasn't finished.

That's real faith and real hope.

And when it's real it always looks a little bit crazy.

I learned a couple days ago of the impending death of Phyllis Tickle,

a woman of deep faith, who taught so many to pray,

who wrote so beautifully of the Christian faith and who,

even as she faces death,

does so with great hope, not optimism –

Optimism would look like

her thinking that radiation treatment will reverse stage 4 cancer.

Hope, on the other hand,

hope means she is someone who knows there is more.

She knows that death does not mean her story is finished.

No, my friend Phyllis is not afraid of death

for she is already pulled way too deeply into the arms of her loving savior to
bother with wishful thinking.

Perhaps it is in these moments,
the moments facing a 15 year old girl and an 80 year old woman this week

- these moments of birth and death are when we are closest to God's story
- in these moments when a first or last breath is taken, our smaller stories fall away
- I mean, when our mom is dying the fact that we resent our brother because he owes us money doesn't matter
- when the groans of a laboring mother turn into the cries of a new-born,

doesn't all the BS in our lives just seem to matter less?

For so much that we experience as definitive is really temporary.

Our health, our relationships, our wealth

- all of even the so-called good things in life don't last ...
- but nor does the sorrow or suffering.

Those plot points in our smaller stories don't last,
but what remains is this thing that the Holy Spirit revealed to those in that room 2,000 years ago and continues to reveal to us today:
our hope does not rest in the plot points of our lives,
in the things we see,
in the things that's don't last.

We hope in what is not seen:

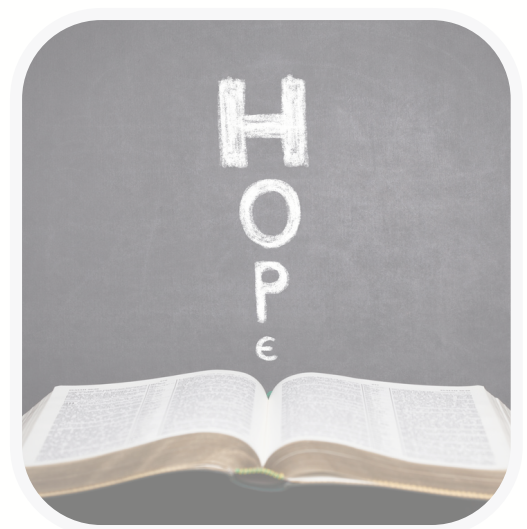
the eternal never ending love of the God from who we came and to whom we return.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

First breath to last and beyond.

That is anything but illusory hope.

Amen.



MAPS, OBEDIENCE, & WHERE WE GO FROM HERE - A SERMON BY REV. NICK

So for some reason this week, I went down a wormhole about maps.

Yeah, maps.

I know, my life is super cool.

Now I'm not sure what started the first google search.

I think it's because Dawn and I were talking about how in our lifetime how we interact with maps has changed so much.

As a kid the only maps I cared about were treasure maps.

But then as we got older and got driver's licenses and had freedom to get around places, maps became those things you'd have in your car.

They were these huge overly complicated pieces of origami that took way too much effort to fold back up, let alone use while driving (and we think phones aren't safe to use while driving!).

And then the internet happened and MapQuest became a thing. Remember that one?

Instead of that huge map we had to use our finger to follow as we drove, we could print out step by step instructions.

And now today,

we've got maps on our phones or they are literally a part of our car.

In our almost 40 years, that's a huge change.

And so we were talking about that and then that led me to googling it and holy smokes, maps are fascinating.

And not just because of how important they are to our human history, and not just because some of them are beautiful works of art, but also because they tell us a lot about how we've viewed and understood the world:

There's this whole thing about how the maps we had at school were drawn up using the Mercator Projection which basically helped people draw a 2D version of the world.

But here's the thing:
the maps that Projection helped create,
Like all the maps we've interacted with,
Like the maps of the world we're all thinking about right now,
They're wrong.

What people realized is that the Projection made certain parts of the world waaay bigger or waaay smaller than they actually are.

And most of those big ones? Northern hemisphere and dominantly white.
And all those small ones? Southern hemisphere and dominantly non-white.

Not only does this literally force us to reimagine our world,
but more importantly,
it forces us to reckon with how those maps have contributed to racism and global inequality.
Yeah, super fascinating stuff.

But as I did that deep dive, here's what I realized:

**maps don't just tell us HOW to get places,
they tell us we CAN get to places.**

That's the real beauty and power of them.
They don't just tell us how to get places,
they tell us we can get places.
There's an important difference isn't there?
What maps really do is help us to trust we can get to places we want to go.

Maps help us trust that not only do these places EXIST,
but that there is a way there,
that it's possible to go from here to there.
And of course, when we talk about maps this way,
we're not just talking about the maps we had in our car and on our phones.

We're also talking about the stuff we do in here.
We're talking about faith and spirituality,
we're talking about our practices and our tradition,
we're talking about what Jesus is all about.

Cause when we talk about those things,
despite what so many churches and people have said,
despite what we might even be in here looking for,
it's not about finding concrete answers,
it's not about certitude,
it's not about being right,
it's not about coming to a thing like this every week.
That's not what all of this is.
That's missing the point of it all.

What all of this is is a map.

It's a way to understand our world -
the one inside and around us - and see what's a part of it,
it's a way to help us navigate it all,
to help us go from here to here to here to here
and find what makes for meaningful existence,
to do the things that lead to wholeness,
to find what we need to create a life and world that hums with reverence.

This is what Peter Rollins is getting at when he says:
"Faith, at its best, is about orienting yourself in the world in a new way,
not having a certain view of the world."

Yeah ... and seeing our faith that way changes how we engage with it,
doesn't it?

It's less about our heads, and more about our hearts.
It's less about directions, and more about direction.
It's all about movement,
about transformation,
about the journey.

This also applies to how we see the stories in the Bible.

They can be maps too.

Take Easter Weekend.

Take that arc of Good Friday, Holy Saturday, and Easter Sunday.

Yes it's a story about Jesus' last few days,

but it's also a map.

It's showing us that in order to discover new life,

you have to go through death.

To get there, you have to go through suffering.

You can't avoid it.

There's only one way there.

You have to spend some time there before you can rise up and experience something new.

And just like the other maps,

these stories not only show us the way to a deep and meaningful life,

they're this profound and really beautiful reminder that we can find it,

that it is possible, that we can go from here to there.

Everything we do here, our whole tradition, it's all a map,

it's all a way of helping grow,

heal,

and be transformed.

And once we begin to see it that way, everything shifts and opens up.

So as we read these stories,

especially as we enter into the season of Easter,

I want to invite you to hold these stories this way -

to see them as maps, as way-points, as places we're invited to travel to,

as something that can help us figure out:

Now that we've experienced Easter,

now that we've got these truths of hope and resurrection animating us,

what's next?

Where do we go?

What's next on this journey?

Cause that's the other thing about seeing this all as a map, isn't it?
It reminds us that a life of faith,
a life caught up in Spirit,
a life of being fully human,
it's always forward-moving.
While we can stop and rest,
while we can be still awhile somewhere,
we can't stop.
We can't call it quits.
As soon as we think we've arrived and can stop,
that's when we begin to get lost.

So seeing it all as a map, our question is gonna be:
now that we've arrived at Easter, where do we go from here?

And now there are all kinds of stories we could use to answer that,
but this week we get one from the Book of Acts,
this book that picks up on what happens with the disciples after they
experience the resurrection.

And the story begins by telling us that the disciples have been out there
letting those Easter truths animate them and living out what Jesus taught:
they are out talking about things that truly matter,
making sure people have enough to eat and wear,
bringing in people who have been pushed out and marginalized,
calling out injustices and advocating for change,
creating real and diverse community, and that?

That's making the people in charge really really upset.
They don't like it. It's threatening to them.
It's challenging their power and control.
It's undoing everything they know.
It's changing the world as they know it.
And because of that, they haul all the disciples into court,
they basically send out a SWAT team to secretly arrest them.

And they bring the disciples in and threaten them,
saying that if they don't stop,
if they don't go back to the way they were,
if they don't fall in line,
they'll be thrown in jail.

And to that very real threat we're told that Peter,
speaking for the rest of them, said:
"We must obey God, not human authority."
and then they leave and keep on doing what they were doing.

And that's the story we get.
So approaching it like a map, what does it tell us?
What's the next stop?
Where do we go from here?
And I think we hear it when Peter speaks up.
I think we find that next stop when he says:
"We must obey God, not human authority."

And now let's pull over here for a sec because if you're like me,
this line is probably making you feel all kinds of things.
And not good things.
We're gonna feel some resistance here.
And I think we feel some resistance to this because when it comes to how we
talk and think about God,
when it comes to how we relate to the Divine,
we don't really like the word "obedience."
It doesn't feel right.
It rubs us the wrong way.

And that's good to feel that.
We need to pay attention to it.
But here's the thing we need to remember while we read these stories:
what we get in them is a snapshot of people in a very specific time
and a very specific place talking and thinking about God and how the universe
works.

So what we get, of course, is their own ideas,
words and language that worked for them.
But the thing is, these stories took place 2000 years ago.
They are really freaking old.
They are as far removed from us as we are from the year 4022.

Right? Yeah, take that in.

These are ancient ancient stories so there's going to be some imagery,
language, and even teachings that just don't work for us.
There's going to be some resistance to it because we've evolved:
we don't think about God that way anymore,
we don't see it like that anymore,
our consciousness has expanded,
we've had the benefit of 2000 more years of thinking, learning, feeling, and
growing.

And one word that brings a lot of push back is that word "obedience."
And I think we don't like it,
I think we feel that resistance, because on some level we intuit it that it can't
be about obedience to God,
it can't be about mandated and enforced faith,
because we know that God is a God of Love,
and the thing about love is love can't be mandated and enforced.
Love ceases to be love when it's mandated.
Love doesn't work that way.

Richard Rohr talks about this resistance we're feeling when he says that:
"When it comes to actual soul work,
most attempts at policing and conforming are largely useless.
Mere obedience is far too often a detour around actual love.
Obedience is usually about cleaning up.
Love is about waking up."

So it's totally okay to feel that resistance.
We're actually onto something there.

But instead of dismissing it as outdated and primitive,
we first need to ask a question:

What is Peter trying to say when he says: "we must obey God, not human authority."

What is the truth here?

How do we need to hear what he's saying today?

And what he's trying to say, and this is our map here,
this is the way-point on the map here,
is that when it comes to following Jesus,
when it comes to letting those truths animate us,
when it comes to being connected to God and being truly and fully human,

it's about becoming people who are shaped first and foremost by love.

It's about becoming people who let love guide them.

It's about becoming people who let love go to work in them and through them.

It's about becoming people who let love be their ultimate authority.

Are you with me?

What we get here is the reminder that if Easter is about anything it's about
how love is alive,

how love is the way of the universe,

how love is where we find our life,

and our job, the whole trust of our faith and spirituality,

is letting that love, and not anything else -

not our own desires and wants,

not the expectations of others,

not what's normal and popular,

not tradition and what's always been done,

not greed and power and status,

not comfort or familiarity,

not fear and shame,

not any other authority,

but letting that love be the thing that guides and shapes us and orients us in the world.

Yeah ... that's the truth underneath what Peter is saying here.

That's where this map invites us to go.

That's the next step after Easter.

That's where we go from here:

we become people who let love and nothing else shape and guide everything we are and everything we do.

Which is a big deal, right?

That's kind of scary when you stop long enough to think about it.

That's not easy. That's hard.

And not just because that means constant work and constant struggle, but because that's going to come with a cost.

We know that comes with a consequence.

And we see that here in this story.

Because the disciples went and did that,

they are getting challenged here,

they are getting threatened, they are being othered.

They are getting some push back cause when it comes to letting love shape and guide us,

it's not all puppy dogs and rainbows.

There's a cost and consequence that comes with letting love guide us.

Whether we're talking about our interiors or our exteriors

there will be a cost and consequence when we let love move in us and through us.

And we know this, right? We've experienced this ourselves,

This story is our story:

we know that loving ourselves means healing and growth,

we know it means putting up boundaries,

we know it means standing up for yourself,

we know it means moving beyond shame and fear.

We know that loving others means empathy and consideration,
we know it means seeing them and listening to them,
we know it means making space for them.

We know that loving the world around us means learning and growing,
it means curiosity and humility,
it means challenging corrupt and broken systems,
it means pushing back against racist and sexist ideas,
it means being intentional about how we spend our money and our time.

We know all of that love comes with a cost.
We know there's a consequence to that love:
it takes a lot of work,
it takes a lot of time,
sometimes it means the end of relationships,
sometimes it means putting up hard boundaries,
it means being uncomfortable,
it means change,
it'll come with a lot of pushback.

Right?

Anyone ever experienced that before?
Anyone ever, when choosing love, experienced pushback?
Yeah, that'll happen.
That comes with it.
That's what happens whenever we choose to love.
That's why love sometimes doesn't feel very loving.

Which is why, if you're like me, you don't do it, right?
Which is why we feel like we suck at it so we give up.
It's too hard. It's too intense.
The change is too overwhelming.
The cost is too much.
And so we choose comfort and convenience over conviction.

We choose to let other things be the authority in our lives.
We choose to stay where we are because that place up there?
No way we can do that!
No way we can get there!

Right?

Yeah. I've done that. We've all done that.

To truly and actually live out this Easter truth can feel like something we can't do,

that's something only the people in these stories can do.

That's for the super heroes of faith, not me.

That's for the younger people, not me.

That's for those with time, not me.

Right? Yeah, we're gonna feel that.

That's all a part of it.

But here's where we remember what these stories are: they're maps.

They are not just stories of where we COULD go, but where we CAN go.

They are a map of what's possible.

They show us where we can go from here.

So, as we take in this story about where this Easter truth will take us,

as we see that the place we go from here is letting love shape us,

let's sit with that reminder that it's possible.

That despite the fear and anxiety,

that despite our age or lack of time,

that despite the cost and consequence,

that this is something we can do.

That we don't need to stay where we are.

We can actually move ahead and experience something more than this.

We can get to that place where love does shape us.

That grudge you're carrying around?

You don't need to live like that.

You can put it down.

Those wounds you want to heal?
It's possible. You don't need to stay there.

That injustice you want to help change?
It's possible. It doesn't need to be like that.

That boundary you need to put up with someone?
It's possible. You can experience something new.

It'll be hard.

It'll suck.

It'll take time.

But it is possible. You can get there.

You can get to a place where love shapes you.

Its not too late. It's never too late.

The whole point of all we do here,

the whole reason for grace,

is that it is possible to experience that shift and movement.

So may you see that others have gone before you,

may you see that it is possible,

and that is where love calls us to go,

that's where we find life.

amen



Foothills Excursion Seven: Searching for Spring on Coal Mine Road

Spring has been slow to arrive in the Alberta foothills this year. I set out on an excursion in late May to see if I could find it.



Coal Mine Road is close to my home in the Priddis area and a thirty-minute drive northwest of Millarville General Store. I find the intersection a few kilometres west of Priddis on Highway 22 on the way to Bragg Creek.

First stop is a beaver dam with a reflective pond at the side of the road. A peaceful sight as the sun slowly warms the sky.



I found evidence online of a coal mine operated near Priddis by Michael Connacher from 1921 to 1924, as well as the O.V. Coal Mine in the 1940s. If you are a history buff with more information, kindly fill in the blanks!

No telling what this structure might have been at one time. Today it leans tiredly at the entrance to Coal Mine Road. Perhaps it too was weary of winter.

Coal Mine Road is charmingly curvaceous and dramatically steep. This back country road is definitely fun to drive!



Lonely pines stand guard against a blustery spring sky waiting for a few breaks in the clouds.



Aha! The aspens along the road are doing their best to leaf out. Soon they will greet us in all their glory.



I am always careful not to trespass while on my excursions.

I hope it is permitted to hunt for good shots (photos, that is!) along this road.





Weathered fence posts attest to the ranching history in this part of the world.



If one takes the time to look, it is easy to see wildlife along Coal Mine Road. Be assured that the wild animals always see you first. This white-tailed deer seems alarmed at my presence despite the distance between us

And if I had any doubt remaining, the mountain bluebird of happiness kindly appeared to assure me that, yes, spring has arrived in the Alberta foothills.



Until next time,
Katherine

RDLUC MEMORIES



Jim Towers
February 27, 1926 - May 22, 2022

Jim and his wife, Bea were long-time members and active participants of our RDLUC family.

After Bea passed away, Jim moved into the Providence Care Centre due to continued ill health. He bore his many physical discomforts with stoicism and good humour.

He was known for his colourful personality, his forthright demeanor and dry humour, with a twinkle in his eye and mischievous smile, riding along in his electric wheelchair, often delighting in exploring Fishcreek Park. He did not let his physical limitations hold him back, but forged ahead, a free spirit in life, just as he was when he arrived in Canada from England as a young man.

He was very caring and dedicated to supporting the church over many years, attending church services whenever his health would permit. He will be missed by many.



It was always a treat and joy to visit Jim or see him at the church. I know I wasn't the only one who looked forward to a laugh and ribbing, always in good fun.

His generosity, curiosity, and sense of humor will be missed.

continued...

Jim Towers
February 27, 1926 - May 22, 2022



Jim and Morris always had a good relationship while Jim was able to attend services at RDLUC. They participated in lots of joking and kibbitzing. When Jim moved to Providence very near Fish Creek Park, we both kept in touch on the phone and with visits in the lovely open bistro. Jim called regularly and shared many of his early life stories with Morris.

What Jim loved so much was to be outside in his electric wheel chair traveling through Fish Creek Park. It gave him the freedom he relished. He always said that he was not afraid to be out there in the middle of the park with little access to help. He recounted several times when he would get stranded and always found the help he needed. One time a couple fellows pushed his very heavy chair, with no power, up the big hill. On another occasion he phoned 911 and the paramedics drove into the park and helped him out. He chuckled remembering those times.

We live on the edge of Fish Creek Park and on many occasions, we would see him riding by. He would have travelled down a very big hill and up another one to get to our home. Often he stopped so we could visit. Other times he would let us know that he had been in the area and noticed that the car was not home. To get back to Providence, where he lived, he would have to ride those hills the other direction. Jim was tremendously courageous.

We miss having Jim in our lives and know that for so long he was a very dedicated supporter of RDLUC.

Our thanks to Vi Sharpe, Rev. Nick and Anne Welsh for the memory submissions

YOUR SMILE FOR THE DAY

A sweet grandmother telephoned St. Joseph's Hospital. She timidly asked, "Is it possible to speak to someone who can tell me how a patient is doing?"

The operator said, "I'll be glad to help, dear. What's the name and room number of the patient?"

The grandmother in her weak, tremulous voice said, Norma Findlay, Room 302."

The operator replied, "Let me put you on hold while I check with the nurse's station for that room." After a few minutes, the operator returned to the phone and said, "I have good news. Her nurse just told me that Norma is doing well. Her blood pressure is fine; her blood work just came back normal and her physician, Dr. Cohen, has scheduled her to be discharged tomorrow."

The grandmother said, "Thank you. That's wonderful. I was so worried. God bless you for the good news."

The operator replied, "You're more than welcome. Is Norma your daughter?"

The grandmother said, "No, I'm Norma Findlay in Room 302. No one tells me anything."

This morning I saw a neighbour talking to her cat.
It was obvious she thought her cat understood her.
I came into my house, told my dog — we laughed a lot.

Brain cells, hair cells and skin cells - they all die constantly, but freaking fat cells seem to have eternal life...

I wish I could drop my body off at the gym & pick it up when it is ready.

YOUR SMILE FOR THE DAY



Wife: Did I get fat during quarantine?

Husband: You weren't really skinny to begin with!

Time of Death: 11:00 pm

Cause: Covid

My husband can't activate our Amazon Echo, because he keeps forgetting its name, Alexa.

"Just think of the car Lexus and add an a at either end," I suggested. The next time he wanted to use our new toy, he looked a bit puzzled. Then he remembered what I'd said and confidently called out, "Acura!"

When my 85-year-old father was in the hospital, his doctor, trying to determine Dad's mental state, asked, "What gets you up in the morning?" My father shrugged. "Probably the same thing as everyone. I have to go to the bathroom."

WE ARE RED DEER LAKE UNITED CHURCH



We are an inclusive and affirming community of faith – people of all ages, perspectives, and stories, who gather to connect with God, each other, and ourselves, and find in Jesus a new way of being human and alive in the world.

**you're welcome, wanted,
and accepted. join us on
the journey.**

Red Deer Lake United Church
96187 Spruce Meadows Green SW
Foothills, AB T1S 2R9

e: office@reddeerlakeuc.com
p: 403-256-3181
w: reddeerlakeuc.com

 @RedDeerLakeUC

 red deer lake united church

 reddeerlakeuc

our staff & ministry team:

minister

Rev. Nick Coates
nick@reddeerlakeuc.com

congregational care counsellor

Vi Sharpe
ccare@reddeerlakeuc.com

children's ministry coordinator

Mandi Stapleton
kids@reddeerlakeuc.com

administrative manager

Angie Johnston
office@reddeerlakeuc.com

communications administrator

Charlee Mac
info@reddeerlakeuc.com

custodian

Bill Holman

CHURCH OFFICE HOURS:

Monday - Thursday
9am - 3pm

Do you have a story to share? A memory? A poem? A photograph? We would love to publish it in the next issue of this magazine.

Please call us at **(403) 256-3181** or send your submission to **info@reddeerlakeuc.com**

**The next submission deadline is
Aug 05, 2022.**