

A photograph of several cattails in a pond. The cattails are green with brown, fuzzy heads. The water is dark blue and reflects the sky and clouds. The sky is a deep blue with some white clouds. The overall scene is peaceful and natural.

JUNE 2021

# CHURCH @ HOME

staying connected with God,  
each other, and ourselves

## INSIDE:

MESSAGE  
FROM VI

SERMONS  
FROM REV. NICK  
& OTHERS

SUBMISSIONS FROM  
OUR COMMUNITY

PASSAGES

WALKING  
WITH GRIEF

## Summer Greetings Dear Friends!

Doesn't it feel good to say that!

We are at the time of the longest day of the year, the flowers and trees are blooming and there are hopeful signs that we could be approaching a relief from strict lockdown towards physical connections and gatherings once again. This is something we are all looking forward to very much.

I have been reminded many times about the significance and power of HOPE throughout this pandemic.

Much has happened in our lives this past year and a half, hasn't it! We have talked before about the many losses this pandemic has brought into our lives and the importance to recognise and grieve those losses. Currently, many of you in our church family are grieving either loss of health or the death of Dear Ones . . . family members or friends.

*. . . continued*

*. . . continued from Page One*

We want you to know we are with each of you in your grief and are connected by love, caring and support for you and for one another. Know that we are here for you and please let us know how we can support you through these very tender times of grief.

The process of grief can be a lonely journey as it is uniquely individual. Therefore, this month we have included some thoughts about walking with grief and will continue to do so in future editions. If you have some ideas about grieving that you have found helpful on your journey, or some questions you would like answered, please feel free to share them with us.

One of the great things about being part of this loving, caring community at RDLUC is that we get to witness and experience God's light and love in action, in both small and larger ways!

You have experienced this through the care packages, meals and creations which are so lovingly made for you. There is also a team in Congregational Care who are busily creating shawls and quilts on our behalf. These gifts are well-loved and treasured by those who receive them.

Recently I was given a gift of a handmade butterfly created by Joyce Conley from that team (see next page), as a gift of HOPE (there's that word again!) that we will soon be gathering in some form once again. Thank you, Joyce. Each of us need to hold onto HOPE.

Thank you to all the many volunteers, staff and contributors who continue to make this magazine and the care packages possible.

Warmest blessings of peace, hope and love,

Vi





---

# BLESSED BE THE DIRT

## REV. MELANIE KIRK-MCLEAN

### Scripture Reading: Romans 5:1-5

How many of you have heard of or watched the Discovery Channel show *Dirty Jobs*?

The host, Mike Rowe, spent each episode taking on a new, disgusting, you-never-even-thought-of-doing-that “dirty job” each week. Here are some of them: collecting bat guano, worm dung farmer, roadkill cleaner, sewer inspector, chimney sweeper, owl vomit collector, Mackinac Island horse manure and garbage remover, exotic bug breeder, and horse castrating to name a few.

The show was a hit that ran for seven seasons and appealed to everyone. The people who do all these dreadfully dirty jobs for a living always seem pleased to show off their skills and introduce Rowe to the filthiness unique to their profession. Kids love *Dirty Jobs* because kids love to get dirty. And parents like to watch *Dirty Jobs* for two reasons. First, you can threaten your kids with, “If you don’t do your homework you will end up doing that!” Second, even if you DO have a dirty job, the TV versions always look worse. It is heartening to believe that no matter how bad your job is, someone has one that is even worse!

There is one thing common to every dirty job: your hands will show it. Dirt, soot, muck, leftovers of all sorts work their way into the cuticles and delve deep into knuckle ridges. Life leaves marks on hands, ones that are hard to erase.

On days like this, when we have baptisms, I spend a lot of time thinking about hands. First of all, I always make sure my own are clean and neat, so I don’t get any of the cute baptism outfits dirty, and so that when Joyce, who usually photographs the event, gets close up, I don’t look a mess. But more than that, I think about the honour it is to use my hands to baptize these young lives with a reminder of God’s unending love for them. And then I think about all the hands that will touch the life of this beautiful young child of God. Quite frankly, it gets me choked up every time!

Which got me thinking, we don't often see or think about Jesus's hands do we? And if we do, they are usually clean and pristine, aren't they? They never have any marks of grime, dirt or blemishes. When you think about it, it seems unlikely that Jesus's hands could have been mark-less. After all, he apprenticed with Joseph as a carpenter, a job that is hard on hands. During his mission activities, Jesus spent a lot of time on boats, fishing with the disciples for supper and for souls. Ever get a good, hard rope burn before? Burns hurt and burns leave marks. A working man in the first century, like a working man now, would have calluses, scars, many a blackened nail waiting to fall off, not to mention dents and divots from a host of old injuries.

I really think we need to start thinking of Jesus having hands like the ones that we would see on an episode of *Dirty Jobs*, because Jesus did the dirtiest job in the history of humanity. Paul gives us the dirt about this dirt in today's epistle text: "While we still were sinners Christ died for us," and, "While we were enemies, we were reconciled to God through the death of his Son." The whole story of Jesus's life, what we call The Incarnation in the church, is that God got down and dirty with us, sending Jesus to stand down the dirtiness of our broken world, to embrace us in our brokenness, to heal us and bring us closer to God.

There is an old saying: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Today's reading from Romans tells us that we need to forget it! The story of the Gospel is the exact opposite. The one who was most godly walked into the toxic waste site that was separating humanity from God's love, and then risked everything to guide us back to God.

And Paul's words to the Romans remind us of the depth, breadth and height of this love shown in Jesus. It was not just for those who led good lives, not for the righteous and perfect. But for all people, period. Jesus's heart was so full of love that he dug his hands deep into the darkest, dirtiest recesses of the human spirit without flinching. And those dirty hands were what brought forth a miracle—a reconciled, redeemed, re-created relationship between God and the world.

Look at your hands this morning—when is the last time they got dirty with the work of the Gospel?

What kind of life do your hands reflect?

Are you holding the world at arm's length, reaching for a spiritual “wet wipe” after every less-than-perfect encounter?

Or are you willing to let the needs of others stain your hands, break your nails, scar your palms? Are you reaching out to the untouched?

Because that is how we truly become followers of Jesus. By embracing those who he would embrace, by dirtying our hands with the work of God's kingdom on Earth. Hands tell the story of one's life. I want to share this story that I read in another sermon this week:

“Grandma, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. She didn't move, just sat with her head down staring at her hands. When I sat down beside her she didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if she was okay. Finally, not really wanting to disturb her but wanting to check on her at the same time, I asked her if she was okay. She raised her head, looked at me and smiled. “Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking,” she said in a clear strong voice.

“I didn't mean to disturb you, Grandma, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were okay,” I explained to her.

“Have you ever looked at your hands?” she asked. “I mean really looked at your hands?”

I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point she was making.

Grandma smiled and related this story: “Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These



hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak, have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life.

They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child, my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They dried the tears of my children and caressed the love of my life.

“They wiped my tears when my husband went off to war. They have been dirty, scraped, and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold our newborn daughter. Decorated with my wedding band, they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They wrote the letters home and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse.

“They have held children, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn’t understand. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken,

dried and raw. And to this day when not much of anything else of me works real well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life.

“But more importantly, it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ.”

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my Grandma's hands and led her home. When my hands are hurt or sore or when I stroke the face of my children and husband, I think of Grandma. I know she has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God.

I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel God's hands upon my face.”

We need to be getting our hands dirty for the sake of God's world. We need to be getting our hands dirty to share Jesus's message of a love that can change the world. We need to be getting our hands dirty by being part of the Spirit work here and now!

Life is a dirty job. And only God could do it. And God sent us Jesus so that we too could learn how to do that dirty job. So that our hands and our lives could be changed by it. In a world where people clench their fists, open your hands this week. And get 'em dirty.

Amen.



*Blessed be the works of your hands, O Holy One.  
Blessed be these hands that have touched life.  
Blessed be these hands that have nurtured creativity.  
Blessed be these hands that have held pain.  
Blessed be these hands that have embraced with passion.  
Blessed be these hands that have tended gardens.  
Blessed be these hands that have closed in anger.  
Blessed be these hands that have planted new seeds.  
Blessed be the hands that have harvested new seeds.  
Blessed be these hands that have cleaned, washed, mopped, scrubbed.  
Blessed be the hands that have become knotty with age.  
Blessed be these hands that are wrinkled and scarred from doing justice.  
Blessed be these hands that have reached out and been received.  
Blessed be these hands that hold the promise of the future.  
Blessed be these hands that get dirty for your work in the world.  
Blessed be the works of your hands and our hands, O Holy One.*



*photo: Katherine Matiko  
location: RDLUC Chapel*

---

## ANOTHER GREAT SERMON

### FROM REV. MELANIE KIRK-MCLEAN

#### **Scripture Reading: Luke 14:25-33**

Not surprisingly, I have had children's books on my mind lately. For those who missed the announcement, Scott and I are expecting our first child in February. As we have begun to prepare, I have found myself thinking back fondly to story times with my parents as a child, and beginning to imagine them with our little one. In particular, one of my favorites has come to mind often. You might be familiar with it: *The Runaway Bunny*. It is a short one, so I want to share it with you today.

*Once there was a little bunny who wanted to run away.*

*So he said to his mother, "I am running away."*

*"If you run away," said his mother, "I will run after you.*

*For you are my little bunny."*

*"If you run after me," said the little bunny,*

*"I will become a fish in a trout stream and I will swim away from you."*

*"If you become a fish in a trout stream," said his mother,*

*"I will become a fisherman and I will fish for you."*

*"If you become a fisherman," said the little bunny,*

*"I will become a rock on the mountain, high above you."*

*"If you become a rock on the mountain high above me,"*

*said his mother, "I will become a mountain climber,*

*and I will climb to where you are."*

*"If you become a mountain climber,"*

*said the little bunny, "I will be a crocus in a hidden garden."*



*“If you become a crocus in a hidden garden,”  
said his mother, “I will be a gardener. And I will find you.”*

*“If you are a gardener and find me,”  
said the little bunny, “I will be a bird and fly away from you.”*

*“If you become a bird and fly away from me,”  
said his mother, “I will be a tree that you come home to.”*

*“If you become a tree,” said the little bunny,  
“I will become a little sailboat, and I will sail away from you.”*

*“If you become a sailboat and sail away from me,”  
said his mother, “I will become the wind and blow you where I want you to go.”*

*“If you become the wind and blow me,” said the little bunny,  
“I will join a circus and fly away on a flying trapeze.”*

*“If you go flying on a flying trapeze,” said his mother,  
“I will be a tightrope walker, and I will walk across the air to you.”*

*“If you become a tightrope walker and walk across the air,”  
said the bunny, “I will become a little boy and run into a house.”*

*“If you become a little boy and run into a house,”  
said the mother bunny, “I will become your mother  
and catch you in my arms and hug you.”*

*“Shucks,” said the bunny, “I might just as well  
stay where I am and be your little bunny.”*

*And so he did.*

*“Have a carrot,” said the mother bunny.*

Anyone else hear a connection to the Psalm reading we shared together today? Oh good, not just me! I couldn't get the resonance between the two out of my head. We often say we want to feel God close but sometimes we are the little bunny who just wants to run away. Because the kind of all-encompassing love that God offers can be scary, can't it?

It is the kind of love that demands vulnerability. It is the kind of love that you can't hide your shortcomings in. It is the kind of love that can feel hard to be worthy of or impossible to be able to give in response. When faced with a love like that, sometimes we balk. We say things like:

My mistakes have been so awful that there is no way to repair the damage; or,  
My illness is so serious, and the prognosis so dismal, that I ought to save everybody lots of trouble and expense and just pull away from them; or,  
Everything I attempt fails; I am just a jinxed person; or,  
I am not useful or needed by anyone; I am just good for nothing.

And so we begin to see ourselves through our perceived shortcomings rather than how God sees us: as beautiful creations worthy of being loved. And once we are in that headspace, it becomes daunting to think that God could remotely love us in that state. We forget that is the kind of love that only the potter can give. And God desires to love us in that way.

On Friday night, we discovered a new show that premiered last year called *God Friendd Me* which speaks so much to this Runaway Bunny impulse that we sometimes have. The premise of the show is that an atheist's life is turned upside down when God friends him on Facebook. Before he knows it, God is sending him friend suggestions, and bringing people into his life.

Miles, who is a minister's son, spends so much time and energy trying to ignore and push away God, first after his mother's tragic death and then when God decides they should be friends. And yet God is subtly persistent; nudging, encouraging, showing up in unexpected places—not unlike Mama Bunny or the God

that the Psalmist describes. In the first episode, Miles fluctuates between denial and legitimate worry and fear about this God person and their presence in his life. Thankfully, God connects Miles to a journalist named Cara who helps him move into a space of wondering and openness about a God who deeply desires to be in relationship with us in all things.

In many ways, Miles (and our Runaway Bunny) captures well the fearful aspect that the Psalmist names at the beginning of the Psalm. Even in its praise, there is a daunting element being lifted up. We are "fearfully" made in God's image. No wonder we get a little bunny-ish from time to time. What does fearfully made mean? Here is where I want to give you a little Hebrew lesson: In verse 14, fearfully is derived from the verbal root *yara'*. Unfortunately, in today's culture, the idea of fear is usually connected with the basic human instincts to run, defend, or retaliate. Yet *yara'* encompasses a larger meaning of awe, reverent respect, and honour. It appears in the Hebrew Bible as a synonym for "love" (*'ahab*, Deuteronomy 10:12); "cling to" (*dabaq*, Deuteronomy 10:20); and "serve" (*'abad*, Deuteronomy 6:13; Joshua 24:14). At its root, the word denotes obedience to the divine will. Thus, a better translation of the word in verse 4 might be "reverently."

God is our Creator and it is our Creator who loves us and claims us to be worthy of unconditional, endless love. And we are invited to reverently receive and share that love.

Preacher Bill Bouknight shares a story that drives it home for me.

"Sometimes people in great distress come to pastors. Though we do not always have precise solutions for their dilemmas, we certainly can provide a safe and confidential place to share troubles, and we can connect them with our loving, all-wise, all-powerful God.

"Often these folks coming to my office feel lower than a whale's belly. Faced with such pessimism and depression, I sometimes ask, gently but clearly,

“Who gave you the right to evaluate yourself?” They look at me as if I had spoken in an unknown tongue. Then I explain. “Only your Maker has a right to make a final evaluation of you. You are not your own maker. I know who your Maker is. (They are) God Almighty. Let’s consider what God has to say about you.”

In order to make my point, I sometimes take out my wallet. If it’s a lucky day for me, I have a \$20 bill. I say to my friend (let’s suppose his name is Jack), “Jack, if I were to give this bill to you, would you find it useful?” “Oh, yes,” Jack replies. Then I take the bill and scrunch it up in a knot and then ask, “Would you still like to have it?” “Yes,” Jack replies. Then I drop the bill on the floor and stamp on it several times. “Would you still like to have it?” I ask. Without hesitation, Jack replies, “Yes.”

Then I explain. “You have answered yes because you know that the maker of this bill, the government, will stand behind this bill even if it is filthy or roughed up or stomped on.” How much more can we imagine our God loves us, even when life roughs us up. Like the Runaway Bunny, there is nowhere and nothing that can separate us from God's love.”

Let's let the message luxuriate over us today. May we let it sink into our hearts and then transform how we move and live in the world.

Amen

---

# BALLOON JESUS & WOOING WITNESSES

REV. NICK

So there is this really ancient story out there . . .

You can find it in the Bible, in two places actually, both of them in the New Testament, one in the book called Luke and one in the book called Acts. But here's the thing: even though they are the same story, they are different stories.

Weird, right?

That's something that actually happens more than we might think in the Bible. But it's not even the weirdest part of all this. The weirdest part is that those two different stories were written by the same dude. The same person wrote it twice, just differently each time.

Yeah . . . I'm just gonna let you chew on that one. We're not even going to get into that. You're welcome!

The story is about what we in the church world ever so creatively call "The Ascension." It's about how after telling the disciples that they are to be witnesses about what he showed and taught them, Jesus left them all and he ascended: he went up into the heavens,

he floated away like a balloon, he went up into the place where people thought God lived, and we're told the disciples stood there watching for God knows how long, and how an Angel eventually came and yelled, "What are you doing?!"

And that's the story.

And to be honest, I've never really cared much for the story. It's full of wonder and awe and stuff but it's never been compelling. I've never really understood what it tells us about being human and alive in the world. And a lot of that, I think, has to do with the whole floating away bit. Like really? He just floats away? That's his grand exit? It's just so lazy to me. Such a bad ending. And just as I'm about to move on to another story, the voice of one of my teachers kicks in and I can hear her asking: "Sure, but what's it mean?"



Which *is* the question, right?

When it comes to these stories, what we're paying attention to is what it means and not just what it says. It's in the meaning that we can find something about being human and alive in this world, we can find out what it says to us today. And to find the meaning of it all, to get in on what it can offer us today, we need to look at the details, we need to look at the *direction* Jesus is going.

Cause where's he going?

UP.

And what's UP?

**HEAVEN.**

To a first century middle eastern Jew, UP was where God lived, that place of wholeness, peace, love; Jesus was going UP to be with God.

And who's Jesus?

**He's THE HUMAN ONE.**

He was wholly and fully human. He was the one who embodied and experienced the heights and depths of humanity. He's the one who shows us what it looks like to be human.

Now we can say what we want about that idea that Heaven is UP there (which is what's called a three-tiered universe, that there's up there, here, and down there—most of us don't see the universe that way anymore) and we could argue that Jesus is other things than The Human One (he's Divine, He's the Christ, he's a teacher, friend, and guide) and all that's true and good and all, but roll with me here. Roll with me because I think those two details can help us see the point, the truth, and the meaning this story is trying to offer us.

So with those two details in mind . . . what's going on here?

Jesus is going up . . .

the human one is going up to heaven . . .

**the human and the divine are coming together.**

What the story of the Ascension is getting at isn't simply that Jesus and God are coming back together. It's about something way bigger and deeper than that. It's about a truth about the nature of us and the world we're in. A truth about our universe. This truth that can and should shape everything:

**That what we thought was separate is together. What we thought were two are actually one. There is no up and there is no down. It's all one. It's all together.**

Everything is holy.

And let's just let that one sink in for a sec . . .

**there is no up and there is no down.**

**it's all one.**

**it's all together.**

**everything is holy.**

I mean, if THAT isn't an everything-changing truth, I don't know what is. Cause think about . . .

if there is no separation, if it's all one, if all of us and all of this is holy

as in good, as in full of value, dignity, and beauty,

as in meant to be,

as in belonging,

as in sacred,

as in loved

then how we view ourselves, each other, and the world around us shifts. And not only that, but the whole point of existence shifts.

Cause how many of us look in the mirror and see something less than holy?

Something less than? Something bad? Shameful?

How often have we used or othered someone? How have we seen other people as less than, as not belonging?

How often do we see the earth as expendable, as a commodity, as something not sacred?

How many of us have looked at the world around us, seen the brokenness, corruption, injustice, seen how it doesn't work for everyone, and shrugged it off saying, "Oh, well, it's human so of course it'll be broken."

I have. All the time. I think a lot of us do. And it's okay to admit it, there's no shame in that.

It comes out of this other truth we're given. This truth says there IS a separation. That there is a division. That it's NOT all one. That it's not all holy and sacred. And so, the wisdom goes: divide away! Exploit away! Put yourself first! None of it is sacred!

Right?

That's how we end up with people who put their wants before people's rights. That's how we end up with racist systems. That's how we end up with structures and institutions that don't work. That's how we end up with a climate crisis. It all rises out of that truth that it's all separate. That some people don't matter. That we don't count. That some things aren't holy.

Yeah . . .

This is why what we believe matters. This is why we talk about the wisdom and truth of our tradition. This is why we look for the truth underneath the truth. It matters. It shapes everything.

And if we let this truth of the Ascension in, if we let it shape everything, if we see everything and everyone as one and belonging, if we see it all as holy and sacred, then suddenly how we view ourselves changes, how we view others changes, how we exist changes.

No longer is it about keeping things apart . . . it's about bringing things together.  
No longer is it about building fences . . . it's about building tables.  
No longer can it be about tolerating and sustaining what's broken and corrupt . . .  
it's about fixing, healing, and repairing.

It's about reclaiming it all as good, sacred, and holy; about bringing back in all  
that's been kicked out; about holding accountable what's hurt; about righting  
wrongs; it's about restructuring and reordering everything until our world catches  
up with that truth:

it's all holy.

it all belongs.

it's all beautiful, good, and just.

Yeah . . .

That's the work. That's the job. It's all about letting that truth shape us and our  
world.

Which of course brings us to a huge question that this story raises:

### **Why'd Jesus leave then?**

Cause how much easier would it be if Jesus just went around and fixed it all? Even  
though it didn't work out the last time, if God literally showed up and was like, "It's  
gotta be this way," I want to think that we'd be all "fine! but just because it's you  
asking Jesus."

Right?

### **So why'd he leave? Why is it up to us? Why are we the ones who need to make sure that we're all one and that everything in our world hums with holiness?**

It's a good question. If we're going to believe in a God who's legit invested in our  
lives and world, if we're going to say God is Love, it's a question we have to ask:  
Why leave? Why take off?

I like where one of my colleagues, Kevin Makins, takes this. He says it's because love wouldn't and couldn't have it any other way.

See for Jesus to stick around, for him to stay and make that world happen? It'd just be yet another person using their power to force people to do things, to force a certain world to take shape, but the thing is . . .

for everything to be one, for everything to belong, for that kind of life and world to happen, it can never happen that way because love doesn't work like that.

Legit love,

Divine Love,

it can't be coercive.

it can't be forced.

it can't threaten.

it can't be done that way.

Kevin wonders if Jesus left because he knew that the only way for that world to happen was to let love do it's thing

slowly,

intentionally,

cooperatively,

invitationally,

graciously,

subversively,

the way love can only do.

Ya with me?

As hard as it is and as much as we'd love to have it the other way, it needed to be like that.

The only way to a world shaped by that truth is for us to make it happen in and through love.

Which of course leads to another question:

How?

What does that love look like?

If we can't use our power, what do we use?

And we find that answer right here in the story itself. Jesus gives us this answer:

**we become witnesses**

And while for us our minds go to our legal system, in Jesus's day, to those disciples, it would have meant something pretty different: it meant to be a storyteller. It meant to be a sharer of our experiences, our truths, our hearts, and our ideas. It meant to tell our stories.

And if I've learned anything about being a storyteller, it's that storytelling is one of the most powerful things out there. It may even be the most powerful thing.

And if you've heard a good story, if you've heard someone vulnerably share with you, you know what happens . . . you get wooed into something new. Your truth changes. Your reality shifts. You can no longer see things the same way. You've been wooed into a new way of seeing and being in the world.

To be a witness is to be someone who woos people into a new kind of world with their stories. Who changes the world just by being themselves, just by sharing who they are with others, trusting that in that act of witness, in that story telling, is a profound act of love that changes everything.

So the question it all leaves us with is this:

What's your story? How can you be a witness? How can you woo someone into a new life and world?

Amen



## **CYNICISM, A SPIRITUAL DISEASE**

### **REV. NICK**

So we're almost at the end of Lent, this season where we hold on to the truth at the very heart of our faith and spirituality: that to be here and to be human is glorious; that to be human is a wonderful thing; and that this world is a marvellous place.

And because Lent's about that, we've been intentionally taking time out to move towards and create the kind of life and world we believe we were always meant to have: a life that's not free from pain and suffering, but a life full of beauty, identity, meaning, and purpose, and this world that hums with reverence, a world where everyone has a place and everyone has enough.

As a community, we're doing that in a couple of different ways, one of which is exploring what we're calling "spiritual diseases"—these things that pull us away and even stop us from creating and sustaining that life and world.

We've looked at a bunch so far and today we're looking at a disease that I've been rumbling with for awhile now, and one I'd bet a lot of us do throughout our lives, not only because we're all human and therefore all get wounded from time to time and this one always rises up when we get wounded, but also because of the domestic and global political climate we're living in.

So, my friends, today we'll be looking at the spiritual disease of cynicism.

And to do that we'll look at my mom's cell phone and then we'll talk about mountains.

So the big news in my family back home is that my mom got a cell phone. Which is a big deal.

Mom's not a techie. She'll never be a techie. She knows how to work the computer and as far as she's concerned, that's enough. Which explains why she didn't go out to buy a new smartphone but instead is using one she found somewhere in the house.

Which is an important detail—it's an old phone, one my brothers or I used to have—that's why she likes it. It's nothing fancy or smart, just a phone to use for emergencies.

And it is a flip phone—remember those?—another important detail.

But nevertheless, she still couldn't figure it out—classic Judy. So she took it to Brooklyn when she visited my brother to figure it all out, and she was telling him how it'd ring, how she'd press a button on the side, how it'd stop ringing, how she'd hold it up to her ear, and how nothing would happen.

Weird, my brother thought. So he called it and watched as Mom picked up her *flip* phone, pressed the volume button on the side, held it up to her ear, *unopened*, and said: "See?! It doesn't work!"



Faith . . . get ready for a killer segway here . . . is a lot like my mom's cell phone.

One of the fundamental dispositions of our faith and spirituality is openness.

**It needs to be open for it to work.**

Which is why the Franciscan teacher Richard Rohr says stuff like: “Faith is more how to believe than what to believe.” Faith is this less "believing that ... ” and more the very act of believing;

it’s that disposition, orientation, this posture of openness to Something Bigger Than Ourselves.

And we say that because the God we believe in, this Spirit, Source, Energy, whatever word you want to use for that Ultimate Reality, that Something Bigger Than Ourselves, is a God who is with us and for us, is a God who is holding it all together and moving it all forward, is a God we can experience:

it’s a God that,  
as mysterious as it is,  
actually does speak to us,  
actually does guide us,  
actually is present,  
actually is moving it all forward,  
actually is something we can be connected to and caught up in.

And we can see this in the stories of our tradition, in these stories of how God speaks in the silence and the noise, or how God appears in and speaks through strangers; we can see it in how the Psalmist proclaims, ‘Taste and see how God is good!’ or in how the ancient rabbis would talk about how God is like our breath, this animating force in which we live, move, and have our being.

The fundamental disposition of our faith and spirituality is one of being open. And that openness isn’t just towards God, it’s an openness that permeates our entire being,

that shapes not just how we see and experience the Divine, but also how we see and experience ourselves, others, and the world around us.

It's an openness towards ourselves and the willingness to believe that we can grow, forgive, change, and do amazing things. It's this openness towards others and the willingness to believe that they can grow, forgive, change, and do amazing things. And it's this openness towards the world and the willingness to believe that all of this is going somewhere—that tomorrow doesn't have to be like today.

To have faith, to be on this journey of becoming more and more human, is to move, step by step, towards being open to saying 'yes' to a life and world beyond what we experience.

Are you with me?

And maybe we need to remember that disposition and posture our spirituality calls us to because all too often our lived reality and world, this lived reality of being hurt and wounded,

this lived reality of bumping up against the same walls and ceilings, this world of brokenness and violence, this world of fake news and alternative facts, are ones where the only logical disposition, the only sane response to all of it, is one of cynicism.

Anyone know what I'm talking about?

**To be a cynic is to have a fundamental disposition of mistrust.**

Whether it's out of woundedness or arrogance or something else altogether, it's this self-imposed blindness, this posture that shuts ourselves down and closes ourselves off.

And just like how a posture of openness shapes how we see ourselves, each other, and the world around us, so does cynicism:

it closes us off to the idea that there's Something Bigger Than Ourselves out there;

it closes us off to the idea that we can grow, forgive, change and do amazing things;

it closes us off to the idea that other people can do the same;

and it closes us off to the idea that this world is going somewhere, that it is possible to have a tomorrow that's different from today.

**To be a cynic is to give in to the destructive resignation of saying 'no' to anything other than what we already know and already see.**

And really, let's be honest, who could blame us for being cynical?

We've all been burned. We've all been abandoned. We've all felt betrayed by our leaders, our government, and the media. Who *wouldn't* be cynical?! If you're like me, it's a disposition and posture that seems not only logical, but pretty smart.

But here's the thing:

There's this story in the Bible . . .

Jesus and his disciples are out doing their thing and they're teaching people how to be human and alive in this world and helping people reconnect with God, themselves, and each other.

And we're told how a man comes to Jesus carrying his son who is suffering from seizures,

and he's telling Jesus how he's terrified his son will fall in a fire or drown, how he already went to the disciples but they weren't able to heal him, and so he asks Jesus to heal his son so he can live safely and fully.

So Jesus, having compassion on the man and the boy, picks up the son and heals him.

After everyone leaves the disciples come up to Jesus and ask why they couldn't heal the boy themselves, and Jesus says:

‘Because you didn’t have enough faith. If you had faith, even if it was just the size of a poppy seed, you’d be able to take that mountain out there and throw it into the sea.’

I think this is, among many things, a story about faith—about a faith that is open. It’s about how the father had a faith that was open to the idea that his son didn’t have to live like that; and it’s about how the disciples, despite the fact they couldn’t do it, were open to the idea they had a power within them.

And while those would be awesome things to explore and play around with, I think Jesus is making a far bigger point here, one that transcends and includes those, and it has to do with that mountain he’s talking about.

This story we’re talking about takes place on a mountainside, we think either Mount Tabor or Mount Hermon, it doesn’t really matter, what does matter is what you could see from it: off in the distance you could see a very particular mountain, the one Jesus is pointing to, a mountain that everybody in his day would know and recognize, a mountain that was hugely significant in their world and lives:

the mountain of King Herod.

King Herod was the king of the area, appointed by the Roman Empire, whose job it was to keep the peace, which meant to kill anyone who said or did anything remotely rebellious, and sustain the empire’s control.

And wanting to do just that, wanting to show off his power and glorify himself and the Roman Empire, Herod literally built a mountain.

He called it, and this may be the best part, ‘Herodium.’

It's this ridiculous place. It had a 650-seat theatre and a pool you could ride boats (boats!) around in. It had seven-story tall towers all around it. And it was crazy huge—at 758 meters, it was the highest peak in the area; you could literally see it from the other hills and mountains in the area, just like the one that Jesus and his friends were standing on.

While we may marvel at it, for the people at the time, that mountain had a very different sense of awe. For them it was a very ominous and powerful symbol of the their lived reality and world:

of a life and world under the boot of empire,  
this empire that kept peace through violence,  
that offered fake news and alternative facts to support its narrative,  
that wounded and divided,  
and that oppressed people by making them cynical,  
by making them live under the shadow of that mountain,  
convincing them that the way of Rome was the way of the world,  
so don't even hope for or trust in anything else,  
*for this is the way your life and world will be.*

And it's *this* mountain that Jesus *specifically* points to and says that if we have enough faith, we could *throw it into the sea*.

//

One of the reasons we turn back to these ancient Bible stories again and again is not because they just happened, but because they happen. Welcome back to these stories because these stories are *our* stories.

We too live under the shadows of a mountain, don't we?

Whatever it is—capitalism, materialism, corruption, greed, forgiveness, nationalism, debt, addiction, false narratives, resentment—these are the things that have oppressed us and beaten us down, that have taken away our hope, closed us up, and made us cynical, that occupy our horizons, blocking any view of anything new and different; these are the things that say to us:

*this is the way your life and world will be.*

Anyone know what we're talking about?

I'm sure we all do.

We know the kind of life and world of living underneath the shadows of our mountains, we all know the cynicism that comes from that, this cynicism that makes us say 'no' to the possibility that it could be different.

//

But here's the good news this story is offering us:

**we don't need to live like that.**

Jesus here is reminding us of a subversive and powerful truth, one that cynicism can eclipse and close us off to:

***that mountain can be thrown into the sea.***

As painful and haunting as those things are, they do not last. They do not have the final word. They don't because there is Something Bigger than those things, a Truth that is deeper than those things, a life and a world beyond those things.

And that Something, that truth, that life and world is God's, a life and world Jesus called 'the Kingdom,' this life and world out of the shadows and into the light, a life and world where we can be who we truly are and live as we are truly meant to live.

The only trick?

We need the faith to be open to it. We need to be open enough to believe it. To embrace it. To live as though that mountain can be thrown into the sea and a new life and world can be had.

This is why faith is such an audacious, imaginative, ludicrous, and ridiculous thing. Which is to say why it's so radical and revolutionary; it's a way of life beyond cynicism and giving in to what is, and a way of life that says 'yes' to the impossible: a way of life that says 'yes' to the idea that God is moving, that we can grow and become something more than we are, that people can change and forgiveness can happen, and that the world can get better.

So, my friends . . .  
may we have a faith that is open, a faith that allows us to see beyond  
the mountains, and may we have the courageous faith to say 'yes' to  
the life and world God is opening up for us.  
Amen.





## **BOB'S ROCKING IT!**

I have always enjoyed creating things. I would often get ideas at the various Christmas craft sales that Cheryl and I go to around the city. Often, I would get an idea, for example a small wooden Christmas angel ornament, go home and make several, sometimes painting names on them, and I would give them as gifts to family members and friends. One year I painted loons on small boards. I find a lot of peace while I paint. For me, it is very relaxing. This was a welcome contrast to my career with the Calgary Police Service.

One Christmas about 25 years ago, I was delighted when Cheryl gave me a gift certificate for art lessons at the Father Lacombe Centre. I chose tole painting classes. Tole painting is folk art. The word tole comes from the French, meaning lacquered or enameled metal-ware, often gilded. It also means a table or board. It originated in Wales in the 1660s. Scandinavian tole painting is very attractive, and Cheryl, being very proud of her Norwegian heritage, was thrilled when I started doing this style of painting. Using acrylic paint as the medium, I painted tole on a



step-stool, a tea-serving tray, a plant stand, Christmas ornaments and another small stool.

I also took watercolour classes at Swinton's. That was an experience!! The class was on painting a landscape. Now here is the kicker . . . I am color blind, in particular with browns and greens. Pretty hard for me to paint a landscape using those colors!! The instructor for that class was less than happy with my work!!!

So, I decided to head in a different direction. I took lessons to learn how to paint various flowers. For these I use acrylic paint on canvases. I am very proud to say that I have sold many of my flower paintings.

I started painting on rocks. I like to go down to the river and get rocks because they have been tumbled in the river water, so they are smooth and easier to paint on. I started choosing large rocks (10 or 12 inches high and wide) to paint life-size cats. They turned out to be a very popular selling item. I have had many special requests from people to paint "their cat."

When COVID-19 started, I began painting small rocks. On them I would paint a butterfly, toadstool, flower, gnome, etc. and sometimes add a word like "smile", "hope", "prayers", "friend", "hugs" etc. Cheryl and I started going for daily walks around the city. In addition to our favorite Fish Creek Provincial Park and other nearby parks, we started exploring city parks we had not been to before. We also took a weekly day trip to various places around the province. On our walks we would leave behind half a dozen of my rocks. We would place them on a tree stump, a branch, amongst other rocks, at the base of a tree, on a bridge railing and other interesting locations, in the hopes that someone would find them and take them home with them. When we return to that park, I am always so happy to discover they have been found.

By the summer of 2020, I had painted approximately 1,000 rocks to leave on our walks. One day Vi Sharpe from Red Deer Lake United Church asked me if I would paint some small rocks for the monthly care packages the church hands out. I was thrilled. So far, I have done about 150 for the church, as well as a couple hundred book marks. Another day we had taken a day trip out to PaSu Farms north of Calgary. I had one of my rocks in my pocket and after chatting I gave it to the manager of the boutique there. She was thrilled with it and wondered if I would sell rocks out of her store. So I have been doing that for the past year . . . usually with a theme such as Easter, Mother's Day, Christmas and so on.

Cheryl enjoys painting with watercolours, and so she and I belong to an art club in Okotoks. We have been members for several years. We enjoy the friendships we have made there and have had fun during the various sales we have had. Because of COVID-19 we have not been able to attend for the past year, but we look forward to joining them once it is safe to do so.

In the meantime, I am content to keep painting my little rocks!

***Bob Boyko***



## APACHE TRADITION

Treat yourselves and each other with respect,  
and remind yourselves often of what brought you together.

Give the highest priority to the tenderness, gentleness,  
and kindness that your connection deserves.

When frustration, hardships, and fear assail your relationship,  
as they threaten all relationships at one time or another,  
remember to focus on what is right between you,  
not what seems wrong.

In this way, you can ride out the storms  
when clouds hide the face of the sun in your lives,  
remembering that even if you lose sight of it,  
the sun is still there.

Blessings of Wisdom

Love Ann Brown

# A REFLECTION ON MOTHER'S DAY

BY JEN KIT LIN HUNG

TO MAKE JOY

TO GIVE JOY

TO RECEIVE JOY

TO MAKE A JOYFUL LIFE

IS MY LIFE PURPOSE

Since all the residents in my mother's Senior Home have been vaccinated twice, I was invited to help celebrate Mother's Day with them in person. That is indeed a wonderful and joyful experience, because since the start of the pandemic there has been no visitation permitted to the building.

Seeing their shocked and smiling faces when they opened up their doors, I was "over the moon." I felt I was the lucky one to be chosen to deliver flowers and bring some joy to them.

Then I received other assignments to help celebrate the residents' May birthdays and arrange walks with them. I felt lucky again. My second thought: that this wasn't just luck, it must be the Holy Spirit working in me. I was in awe that I got the Almighty's attention!

*... continued*



## **Jen Hung's Mother's Day Costume and Breathtaking Hat**

All the flowers were picked by Jen from her Mom's collection and sewn into the hat by her Mom, "as she could not stand to see my unskilled fingers!"

During the first quarter of the pandemic, I had been invited to make phone calls to some of the residents that I have known from my volunteer colouring classes, prior to the lockdown. I was so happy to accept it; it's my honour to keep communicating with them during such a difficult time.

When I was typing this article, I received a call from the building's management that made me fall into deep thought. "Jen, you're the connector to God, would you do something for me . . ." Did God talk to me again? It's beyond my belief that I got His/Her attention again.

Ever since my first prayer about the coronavirus, I have found myself developing a strong faith that I and my Mother's centre will be protected . . . they will be alright. I can feel my Christian faith growing steadily throughout this pandemic. I feel like I am witnessing a miracle around me and it doesn't go away.

One day when I was driving home after visiting my Mom, all of a sudden a realization came to me. It is my Mom and the residents who have helped me to survive this pandemic! They have given me a purposeful life; they have led me to remain optimistic and strong. After each visit and phone call, I would start to plan for the next one. I have discovered that I myself need to be happy to relay happiness to others. When I give happiness, I receive happiness. Therefore, I need to stay focused on happiness to get my work done perfectly.

At this very moment, I have a strong sense that my life has been so rewarding whenever I surrender to the Holy Spirit. The pandemic has given me space and time to seriously start reading the Bible. On August 3, 2020, I was reading Romans 12:2: "Don't copy the behaviour and customs of this world, but let God transform you into a new person." That's the day I surrendered myself to the transformation. And I also keep reminding myself of this verse, Colossians 3:23: "Whatever you do, work it with all your heart as working for the Lord, not for men." This has transformed my life!

# TIPS FOR REPURPOSING PLASTIC

On Earth Day, many of you had conversations around reducing plastics and how we can become better stewards and reduce our footprint on this planet. Thanks for sending us your tips on how we can repurpose plastic containers and bags.

Our thanks to Jen Hung and Joyce Duncan for their creative ideas.

- I stuff all the plastic packages that can't be recycled into a cushion cover to make my own unique "cushion of kindness."
- I wash all the plastic bags from my grocery shopping and reuse them in my next shopping.
- I collect buttons and can sort colours into the different containers. I also use the containers to store food as well.

Please let us know more about your creative re-purposing!



---

# *passages*

---



**DAVID BOONE**

**November 1, 1939 – Sheffield, England**

**May 21, 2021 – Calgary, Alberta**

David, beloved husband of Margaret Boone (nee Harrison) of Calgary, passed away on Friday May 21, 2021 at the age of 81 years.

David, Margaret, Catherine and Stephen emigrated from Sheffield to Calgary in April 1981. David and Margaret joined the congregation at Midlands United Church in 1981 and later joined Red Deer Lake United Church where they have made many lifelong friends.

David's favorite hobby was making stained glass. He made windows which are in Red Deer Lake United Church and many family members and friends have a piece of his work hanging in their homes.

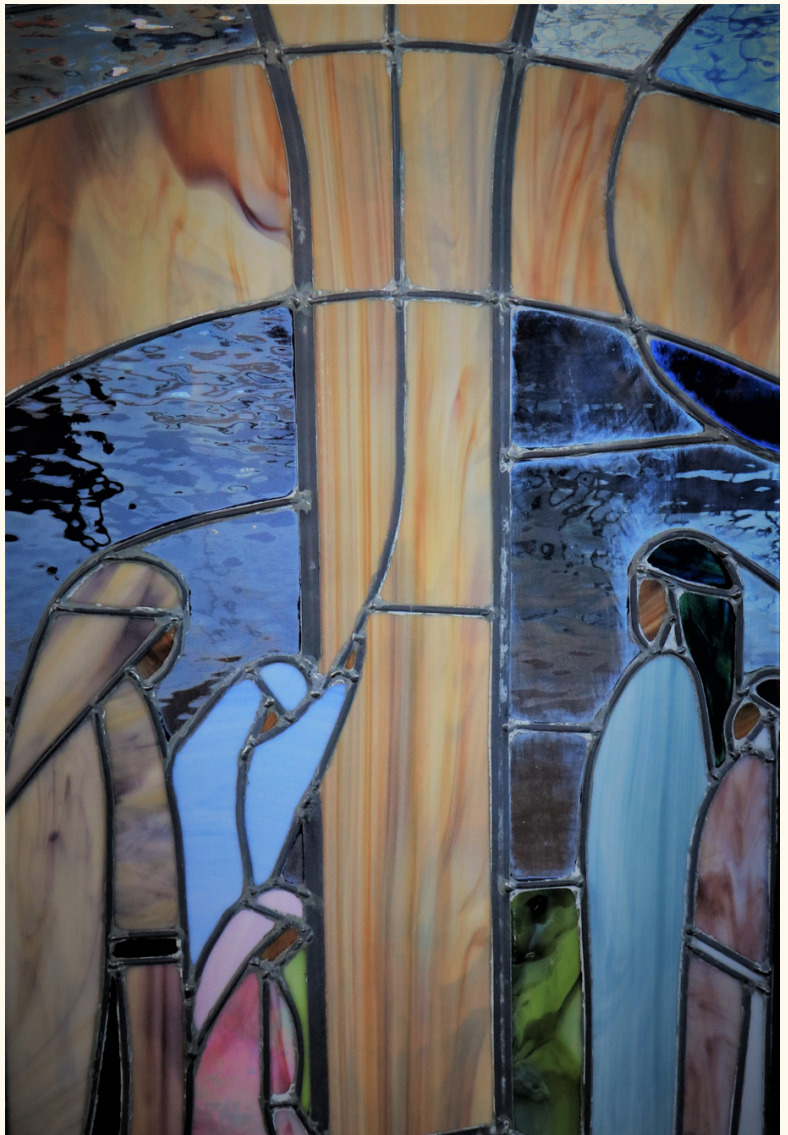
Besides Margaret he is survived by his daughter Catherine and her husband Martyn, son Stephen and his wife Leanna; grandsons Michael, Tyler and Thomas and great-grandson Aidan.

David is predeceased by his father John, mother Ivy and sister Margaret.

The family would like to thank the nurses and staff at Swan Evergreen for the special attention Dave received.

A private funeral service was held on Tuesday, June 1, 2021. For those who were unable to view live, a recording of the service has been posted on the McInnes & Holloway website: [mhfh.com](http://mhfh.com).

If friends so desire, memorial tributes may be made directly to the Canadian Cancer Society, 200 – 325 Manning Rd. N.E., Calgary, AB T2E 2P5 Telephone: (403) 205-3966, email [donorservices@cancer.ab.ca](mailto:donorservices@cancer.ab.ca) or the Alzheimer Society of Alberta and the Northwest Territories, Administrative Office, 10531 Kingsway Avenue, Edmonton AB T5H 4K1. Tel: (1-866) 950-5465, [www.alzheimer.ab.ca](http://www.alzheimer.ab.ca).





---

# WALKING WITH GRIEF

BY VI SHARPE

As our RDLUC family is mourning the loss of loved ones and close friends, I thought it would be important for us to join with you, to share together about the process of grieving during this very sad time for you and for many of us as your church family.

Grieving is a profound journey and it's important for you to know you are not alone, our hearts are with you in your sad loss. Thomas Moore writes, "We need to acknowledge that this experience of grief and mourning is part of the soul's life," yet it can be a very painful part of our life's journey.

I have included some general thoughts about the process of grief which I have learned over the course of many years as a grief counsellor. This is a general introduction, as I hope we can start a conversation about grieving, for grief has many faces and every day it can be a different one! I invite you to let me know how it is for you and to share what you find helpful in your grief or accompanying someone in their grief.

The death of a loved one can leave us feeling disorientated, as if the mat has been taken out from under our feet; "like a ship without a rudder," as someone once described it to me. It can leave us feeling foggy-headed, confused, anxious and displaced, amongst the gambit of other feelings such as deep sadness, even shock or perhaps anger for some. The hole in our hearts left by the loss can physically hurt a lot.

This is particularly true of sudden death or loss, which is very traumatic, but it can also be true when death has been expected after a long illness. A friend whose husband died after suffering from a debilitating disease for many years was shocked at the news that her husband had died, as she had adapted to being his primary caregiver and dedicated to being by his side. In other words, we should never make assumptions

... *GRIEF HURTS!*

The generalized patterns of the grieving process have been written about in many books available today. The basic truth is that, just as every loved one holds a unique place in our hearts, so does their loss and our accompanying process of grieving. There is no one single, set formula; this grief is uniquely yours and can differ amongst family members, which can be perplexing too. This is also true for the grief that accompanies ill-health and loss of well-being.

As every part of your being is affected by your loss—physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually—it is very important to be patient and take time to be extra caring with yourself. How and what you feel at any given time can change on a dime and, over time, even in the space of part of one single day!

Grieving is exhausting, it's hard work, so rest whenever you need to and give yourself permission to accept the support and help being offered, something many of us find difficult to do. The process of grieving is a normal response to the loss of a loved one and as you wrestle with it and make the adjustments in your life, the hole in your heart will eventually become less painful with your healing, and you will find meaning in your life once again.



Upon the loss of her husband a friend told me:

*“At his death there was such a hole in my heart.*

*For so many years it felt jagged and rough and it hurt.*

*Now it is more gentle, soft and comforting, but it is still there.”*

Many folks wish for a magic formula, a fixed length of time to feel like themselves once again, and adapt to their “new normal.” Alas, I wish I could tell you otherwise, but it differs for everyone according to your own individual circumstances. What some find helpful, others may not so much.

The *KEY* to grieving well is about *honouring* our loved ones, and what they mean and always will mean to us.

It’s about *honouring* and respecting our own feelings of vulnerability, of sadness in our grief. It’s about unapologetically doing the things that bring you comfort and solace and “finding your tribe” to help you do that, surrounding yourself by those who “get it” and will not try to offer platitudes and well-meaning, often confusing advice!

It’s about arriving at the understanding that the love we hold in our hearts for our loved ones will never die, that their love and loving presence will equally always be with us even though their physical presence is no longer. That a loving God is holding us (it’s okay to be mad with God too!) and that a loving church family is doing the same as you embark on your healing journey. That’s a whole lotta love right there!

Al Pollock, whose beloved wife Joyce died recently, sent this well-known quote which he finds very helpful (and painfully true) for me to share with you, thanks Al:

*“Death ends a life, but it does not end a relationship, which struggles on in the survivor’s mind toward some resolution . . .” - Robert Anderson*

John O’Donohue, an Irish priest and poet wrote this poem about grief:

## FOR GRIEF

When you lose someone you love,  
Your life becomes strange,  
The ground beneath you gets fragile,  
Your thoughts make your eyes unsure;  
And some dead echo drags your voice down  
Where words have no confidence.  
Your heart has grown heavy with loss;  
And though this loss has wounded others too,  
No one knows what has been taken from you  
When the silence of absence deepens.

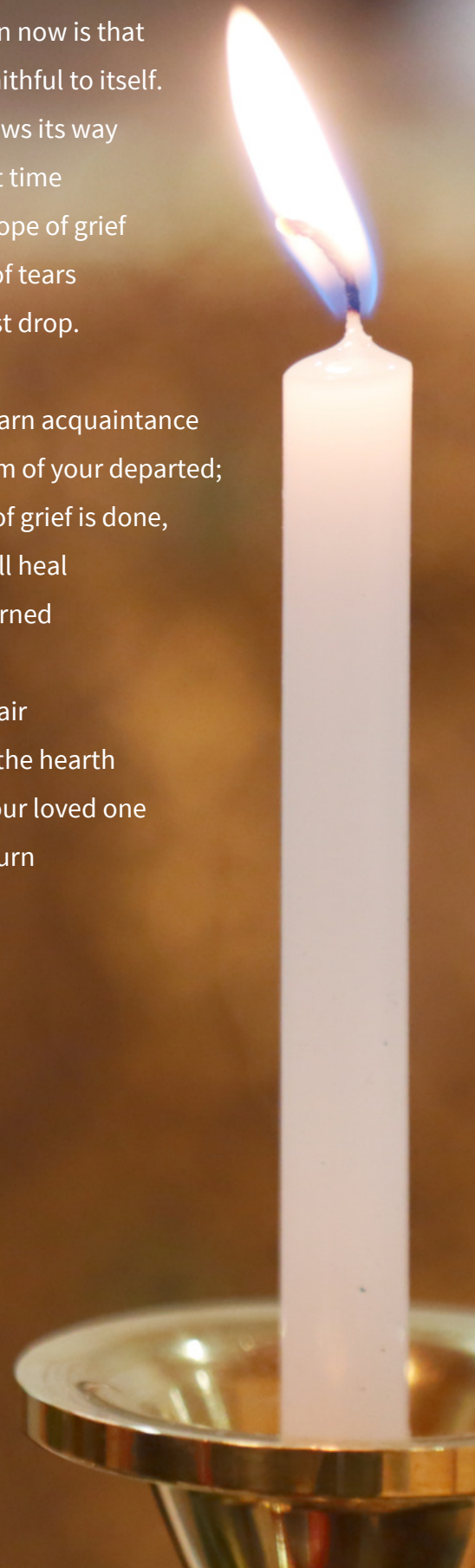
Flickers of guilt kindle regret  
For all that was left unsaid or undone.

There are days when you wake up happy;  
Again inside the fullness of life,  
Until the moment breaks  
And you are thrown back  
Onto the black tide of loss.

Days when you have your heart back,  
You are able to function well  
Until in the middle of work or encounter,  
Suddenly with no warning,  
You are ambushed by grief.

It becomes hard to trust yourself.  
All you can depend on now is that  
Sorrow will remain faithful to itself.  
More than you, it knows its way  
And will find the right time  
To pull and pull the rope of grief  
Until that coiled hill of tears  
Has reduced to its last drop.

Gradually, you will learn acquaintance  
With the invisible form of your departed;  
And, when the work of grief is done,  
The wound of loss will heal  
And you will have learned  
To wean your eyes  
From that gap in the air  
And be able to enter the hearth  
In your soul where your loved one  
Has awaited your return  
All the time.



The scriptures, such as *Psalms 23*, can bring deep solace to those in grief.

*The Lord is my shepherd;*

*I shall not want.*

*He makes me to lie down in green pastures;*

*He leads me beside the still waters.*

*He restores my soul;*

*He leads me in the paths of righteousness*

*For His name's sake.*

*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,*

*I will fear no evil;*

*For You are with me;*

*Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.*

*You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;*

*You anoint my head with oil;*

*My cup runs over.*

*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me*

*All the days of my life;*

*And I will dwell in the house of the Lord*

*Forever.*

For those who are supporting someone in deep grief, your greatest gift is to be a loving, listening presence. You cannot fix grief! Treat this as a sacred time, as the poem below beautifully describes:

Slip off your needs  
and set them by the door.

Enter barefoot  
this darkened chapel

hollowed by loss  
hallowed by sorrow

its gray stone walls  
and floor.

You, congregation  
of one

are here to listen  
not to sing.

Kneel in the back pew.  
Make no sound,

let the candles  
speak.

*Patricia McKernon Runkle*

Blessings of peace and healing  
as you walk with grief, Vi

# PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

## DO YOU HAVE A STORY TO SHARE?

A memory? A poem?  
A photograph? A pandemic story?  
We would love to publish it  
in the next issue of this magazine.

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

The next submission deadline is July 12, 2021.

# 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.

## our staff & ministry team:

### minister

Rev. Nick Coates  
nick@reddeerlakeuc.com

### congregational care counsellor

Vi Sharpe  
ccare@reddeerlakeuc.com

### music director

Antonina Cox  
music@reddeerlakeuc.com

### children's ministry coordinator

Mandi Stapleton  
kids@reddeerlakeuc.com

### administrative manager

Angie Johnston  
office@reddeerlakeuc.com

### communications & marketing

#### administrator

Katherine Matiko  
info@reddeerlakeuc.com


### custodian


Bill Holman


## CHURCH OFFICE HOURS:

Monday - Thursday  
9am - 3pm

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