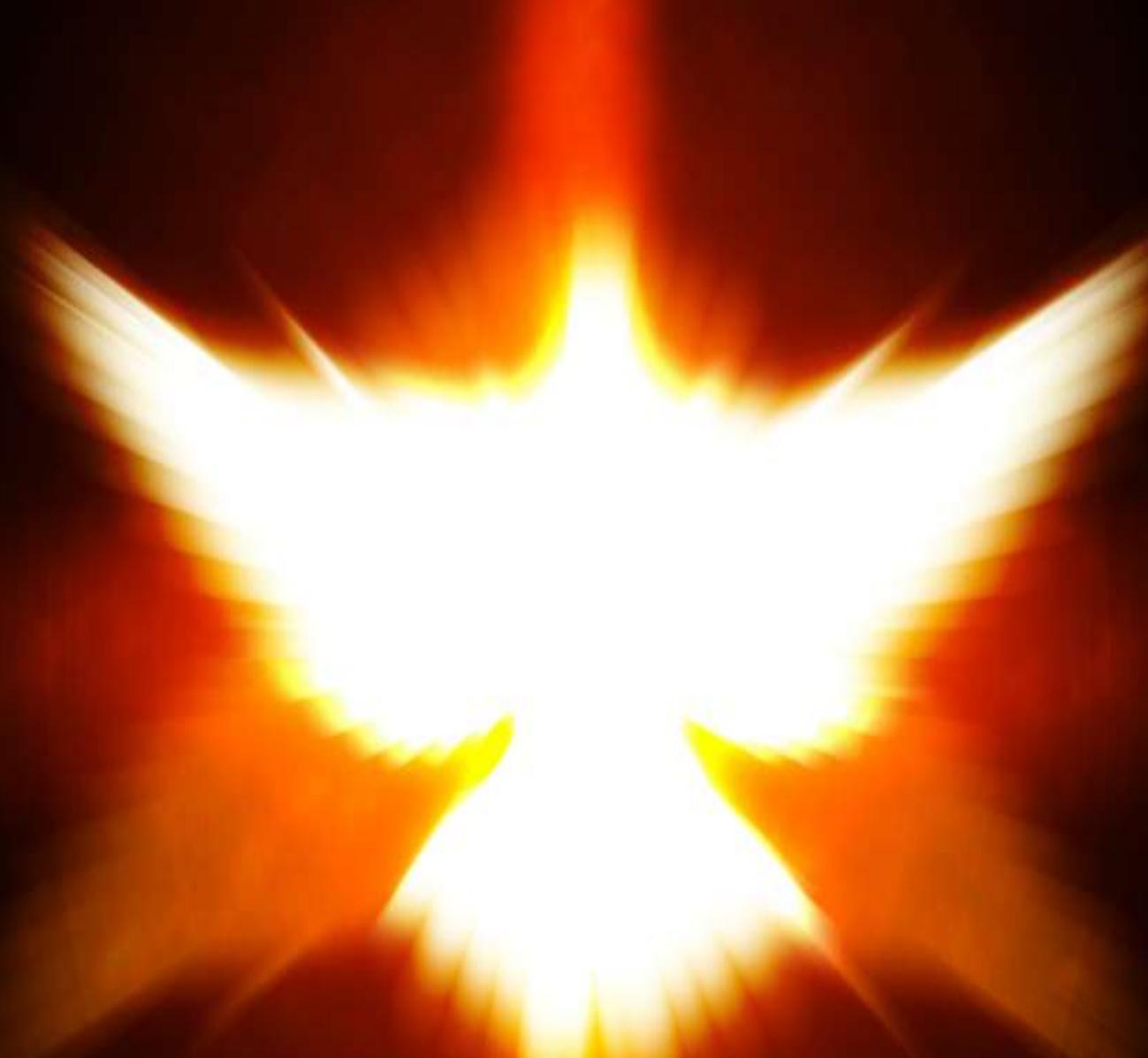




The Parish Window

2019



Pentecost



CHRIST CHURCH SCARBOROUGH VILLAGE

Quarterly Newsletter

PONDERINGS FROM PASTOR PAM



What a delight to experience! I watched the wonder of a small child trying his very first piece of chewing gum. His eyes got wide and filled with wonder at the thought of trying this new thing. He looked to his mom as if to say, "can I?" His mom nodded and cautioned, "don't swallow it, just chew", as the flavourful chewy-bit was placed in his mouth. The on looking adults watched and wondered, "Will he find the peppermint taste spicy?" We were all collectively pleased when the boy smiled and continued to chew. It was as if he had discovered a new friend.

Can you remember experiencing your first piece of chewing gum? I know that I certainly can't. It was so long ago and chewing gum has now become a bit blasé, uneventful. It made me think how easy it is to lose a sense of wonder about the world. I am so happy to have caught a

glimpse of glee from this young boy's experience.

Part of summer is having wonder-filled moments. Perhaps through nature. Or a good book. Or a visit. Or a new insight from God. Or a renewed connection with the Word-made-flesh, Jesus, the wonderful Counsellor. Enjoy!

I wish you a wonder-full summer!

Pastor Pam

"Smell the sea and feel the sky, Let your soul and spirit fly." Van Morrison

Pentecost

When was the last time that we heard the wind of your Spirit roar through this place?

When was the last time your fire lit up this room? When was the last time we took you at your word and met together in expectation of your Spirit filling this place, and these lives with your Glory and Power?

Lord, you challenge us with Pentecost.

Do we believe that this was a once in eternity experience, never to be repeated?

That the Holy Spirit was poured out on your followers for a single purpose, and ended His work at that instant? If so, then maybe that is why the Church seems so powerless in this age, helpless when faced with the needs both spiritual and physical, that we see in the world.

Lord, as we meet together, and celebrate once again the memory of that first Pentecost, may it be for us as it was then a moment of empowerment, an awareness of your Glory in this dark world, a life-changing experience.

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"Smell the sea and feel the sky, Let your soul and spirit fly." Van Morrison

Pentecost

Amidst the Noise

We live in a noisy world.

Whether the media is throwing sensationalized news our way, or we feel weighed down by societal expectations, or we're drawn into temptations like materialism and jealousy, our minds are filled with "noise". This noise is fuelled by our insecurities, and more often than not, the loudest noise of all can be our inner critic, who doesn't shy away from telling us just how pathetic we feel. With this whirlwind of noise in our minds, it can become increasingly difficult to hear God's voice amidst it all.

There was a time in Elijah's life when he too was surrounded by a whirlwind of noise...literally! In 1 Kings 19, God tells Elijah to stand before him on the mountain. First, Elijah experiences a windstorm, mighty and sweeping, with gusts so strong that rocks fall loose. Yet God is not there. Next comes an earthquake, cracking fissures deep into the earth's surface, yet God is not there. Then comes a fire, blazing hot, yet even then, God is not there. It is only after the fire that God is present, not in a show of might and power, but in the "sound of a gentle whisper" (1 Kings 19:12 NLT).

How beautiful is it that our all-powerful God, who can call upon

the winds and the earth and fire, is present in the gentlest of whispers? It makes me wonder how many times God has tried to speak to me but I've drowned out his gentle whisper with my noise, where I've ignored a "gut feeling" or chased after selfish motives instead of letting God guide me.

Any time is a good time to turn down our "noise" a few notches and take the time to listen to God's voice.

Ritika Luther



A WORD FROM FR. ROY

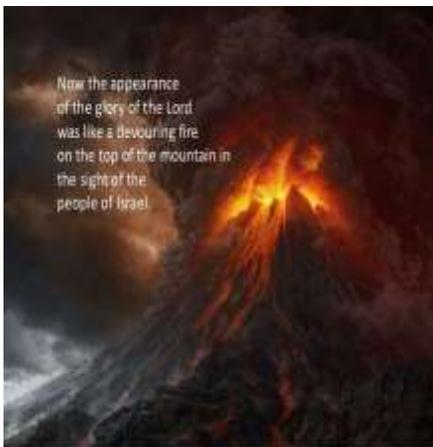
There's an old legend about a Sioux Holy man named Black Elk. When he was nine years old, he received a vision in which the Heavenly Spirits lifted him high on the top of a mountain in the clouds, where he could see the whole world.

When they returned him to the earth, he was afraid to tell people what had happened to him. 'I knew that nobody would believe me,' he said. Even when he was older and became a revered holy man, he would say, when pressed, 'a great deal more was shown to me that I can never reveal.'

Luke's Gospel tells us that three of the disciples –Peter, James, and John– experienced a similar event on top of a mountain. It's a story we find hard to understand – magical, mystical, shrouded in mystery, imagery, signs and symbols. Jesus was there, transfigured, Moses and Elijah, twin peaks of Hebrew spiritual experience appeared with Him, the promised Messiah. Seeing Jesus, Moses, and Elijah talking together was too much for the impetuous Peter. He assumed that the day of the Messiah had come and wanted to celebrate, but God spoke out of a cloud telling the disciples to listen to Jesus, who told them to be silent about what they had seen.

Now from the mountain top Jesus and the disciples had to go down to the valley of real life, where there were people to be healed and stories to be told. They had only been given a glimpse of the future that was to be.

If you were given an out-of-the-world vision like Black Elk and Peter, would you talk about it? If you did, would people believe you or say you have a scrambled head? Few of us will likely have such an experience, but as followers of Jesus, we too are given a glimpse of the future kingdom when Jesus is Lord. His future is peace, so we work today for peace in a war-ravaged world. His future is justice, so we work today to stifle oppression and build true freedom. His future is love so we can share today the love he gives and we give each other. We don't have to be silent about peace, justice, or love. With guidance and power from the Holy Spirit we can do something to increase our glimpse of His Kingdom and show it to our world through our words and our actions. Isn't that a mountain top experience?



Now the appearance of the glory of the Lord was like a devouring fire on the top of the mountain in the sight of the people of Israel.

SELF COMPASSION:

FORGIVING AND FORGIVEN

In the Lord 's Prayer we pray: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Are we saying if we don't forgive, we are not forgiven? Are we going to be carrying guilt around continually? Are we able to forgive ourselves and others for something said, done, or thought in the past?

Can we perhaps change all that has happened in the past that burdens us now? DON'T THINK SO. We can always say sorry to others that we have hurt or offended in some way, how much more can we do the same for ourselves? How much trust do we put in our Lord who died for us, that He did take our transgressions with Him on that cross? Do we not believe Him when He said I am with you always? How much more are we going to hurt ourselves? We often say to others, 'It's okay', but to ourselves? Not so much? We will just carry that burden.

We are also taught to love our neighbours as ourselves, so if we do not love ourselves how much can we in turn love our neighbours?

We may not have the where withal to show that this God can help us to find our way, with His guidance, to forgive all that happened to us, through us, or because of us, and help others forgive us the same.

We can all feel His loving embrace and it helps us to love ourselves as He has loved us enabling us to pass His love onto others.

May we feel His grace, and be forever filled with it. We need to find His peace, ease, and be content with each other, ourselves and with our God.

1. Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side;

Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;

Leave to thy God to order and provide;

In every change He faithful will remain.

Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly, Friend

Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

2. Be still, my soul; thy God doth undertake

To guide the future as He has the past.

Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;

All now mysterious shall be bright at last.

Be still, my soul; the waves and winds still know

His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Jeanette Khan



TWENTY YEARS A DEACON: REFLECTIONS ON A JOURNEY

Deacon Canon Jacquie Bouthéon

On Trinity Sunday the congregation at Christ Church helped me to mark the twentieth anniversary of my ordination to the Sacred Order of Deacons. In 1999 I was one of three deacons ordained by Bishop Michael Bedford-Jones. The other two were older and one has since died; the other is retired from active ministry.

The idea of diaconal ordination and ministry actually began in about 1994, some ten years after I had joined Christ Church, but that attempt almost immediately faltered on a diocesan moratorium on all ordinations. I continued my work at the Cana Place long-term care facility, run at that time by the Sisters of St. John the Divine, of whose order I was by then a Lay Associate. With their guidance I began to see where my ministry strengths were: among seniors, bolstered by the fact that I had grown up with three of my four grandparents and other elderly family members.

The practical aspects of the journey included education: I already had university degrees from Waterloo, but there were gaps, which I was able to fill through Thorneloe (Laurentian University). I also needed some

courses in the areas of my ministry, which I also obtained through Laurentian.

Spiritually I was being stretched as well, learning to take time for prayer, meditation and Bible study, all in a deeper and more intensive way than had been my habit. I learned that you cannot give to others when your own bucket is dry! Obvious, one might say, but it isn't necessarily that obvious to some of us who have never thought about it. Coming to consider ordination relatively late in life (I was 53 at ordination), it took quite a bit of wrangling with my ingrained habits (or lack of them)! But the continuing support of Christ Church and of the Sisters of St. John the Divine helped me to navigate this new path. I had family support as well, from my husband Adrien, our uncle John (a priest) and others. At the ordination service itself, my godmother's brother and his wife were also there from Brampton.

I just said it was a "new path", yet when I think back I realize the seed and the roots were planted long before. Growing up in a small village in England in the difficult years immediately after the war, I was taught that it was absolutely normal – and even obligatory – to share what we had with those who had nothing, to help those who needed assistance and generally to be (without naming it as such) quite "diaconal" in our way of living in and with the community. As an example, I have a strong memory

of my mother (assisted by we older children) going each evening to clean the local elementary school building, and each morning to open up, all so that the custodian, who was sick, could still get a pay packet (this was way before pay-cheques and automatic deposits!). So maybe it wasn't really a new path, it just took an unexpected turn!

The Greek word DIAKONIA means to be a servant or to serve. And after all that is what Jesus himself came to do – to serve and not to be served – so how can we as his committed followers do anything less? There are so many people around us who are in need, and as a deacon I try to identify these needs and, in the words of the ordination service, to "interpret to the church the needs, hopes and concerns of the world". As an ordained deacon I can claim the right – and accept the responsibility – to do this within the faith community and beyond it.

I thank you all for your continued support and encouragement, without which it would be infinitely more difficult to live out my baptismal – and ordination – vows.



HAPPENINGS

BAPTISM



We welcome the newly baptized:

Kari Marie Fallow

Vayda Quinn Fallow

Tenley Cruise Deschamps

Jonathan Deschamps

Ashley Crawford

Jayda Angela Francois

Karma Leonora Young,

and uphold them, their parents
and godparents in prayer.



Remembering those who have
died:

Johanna Cadogan

Willem (Bill) Roth

The loved ones of

Diane and David Dean,

& of

Ken Pestill (Mother)

We give thanks for their lives and
witness among us. May they rest
in peace and rise in glory.

In our prayers this season of
Pentecost/Ordinary time, let us
remember:

the Anglican Church of Canada

our Parish Church CCSV

the sick and the shut-ins

all families who are grieving at this
time, esp. Ken and Karen Pestill
whose granddaughter, Hannah is
in the hospital.



If you or any of your loved ones
have celebrated a birthday or an
anniversary since the last issue of
the newsletter we extend...



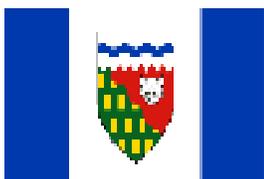
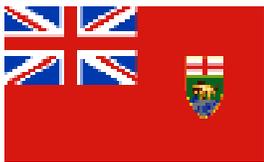
Our congratulations to and
prayers for Primate Elect

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Linda Nicholls

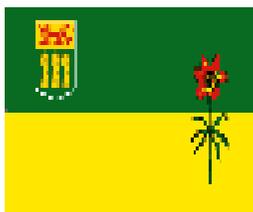
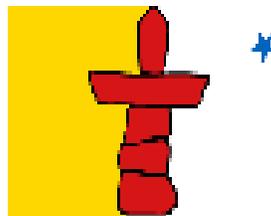
Bishop of Huron.



THE PARISH WINDOW



CAN YOU NAME
THESE CANADIAN
FLAGS?



A reward is waiting for the
first correct answer received
by the editor!

Congratulations to
the



2019 NBA
Champions!

JUST A THOUGHT...

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Please call the church office
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We all know the love chapter in the bible- 1 Corinthian 13. We know the command to love God first and our neighbours as ourselves and we all know the words of the Lord's Prayer. We are all made in His image and for different purposes.

So what makes loving so hard? Maybe because instead of making these words permeate our souls on a daily basis, like everything else we use them as they are 'words', and to justify our feelings and situations when needed often times reflecting the negative instead of the positive attributes of love.

Loving is not easy and we cannot achieve the ultimate love alone. There are varying reasons for this which could be just from our personalities, resolved or unresolved hurt. And honestly we all know that some of the latter comes from places that should be overflowing with love like even homes and yes, churches.

We cannot choose to not love someone because they are not talkers, or because we do not know their stories, they do not like to be hugged and so on, you get the point. But neither can we assume that they do not love us because of this. But let's be real, we are human and prone to err so we have to ask God to help us to love; those who hurt us, those hard to love, everyone, period.

I dare to say I think He would add some more to that list.

Love knows when to talk and when to be silent, just listening, saying a silent prayer.

Love is observant, corrects without criticism, thanks, affirms, compliments, understands, and respects views that are different.

Love is everywhere but I see this pure love in the twin (6 yrs. old) who, even though they both play hockey, encourages his brother by telling him the aspects of his game he needs to concentrate on so he can become the player he knows that he wants to and can be, and heads back to his Lego construction.

I see love in the customer Jane F. Knuth writes about in ***Thrift Store Saints: Meeting Jesus 25¢ at a time***, who was able to forgive her father because of her analysis of the forgiving love of Jesus on the cross. She said 'church people' got the forgiving theory wrong as Jesus was not speaking to those who were hurting him, but to his father by praying for them.

We are all being observed and assessed by one another but especially by those who are on the sideline waiting to jump in but looking for a glimpse of Christ's love in us. So may we pray: ***Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me, All his wonderful passion and purity, O thou Spirit divine, all my nature refine, Till the beauty of Jesus be seen in me.***

Thanks to all our contributors to this edition of the Parish Window

Have a safe and enjoyable summer.

Blessings,

Hyacinth

