

# The Wardens' Wire

FEBRUARY 25 – MARCH 9      ISSUE # 27

SUN. FEB. 25<sup>TH</sup>

10.30 AM      MORNING PRAYER  
MISSIONARY SUNDAY  
WELCOMING NORMA JEAN & BILL,

MON. FEB. 26 & MAR. 4

9.30 AM      CRAFT CIRCLE  
12.30 PM      FRIENDSHIP CIRCLE  
6.30 PM      HSC PRACTICE

WED. FEB 28 & MAR. 5

1.30 PM      BIBLE STUDY

THURS. FEB 29 & MAR. 6

5.00 PM      SOUP & BUNS  
7.00 PM      COMPLINE SERVICE

FRI. MAR. 1 & MAR 8

6-9 PM      AA PARK GROUP

SUN MAR. 3

10.30 AM      HOLY COMMUNION  
FOLLOWED BY ANNUAL GENERAL  
MEETING

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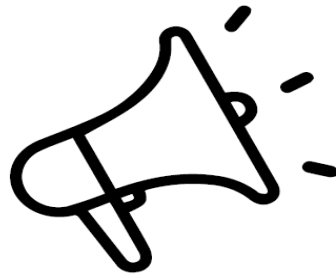
**During Lent the fun activities are curtailed somewhat, giving us time to remember the reason we are here, and thank God for his many blessings. Enjoy this season of meditation, and learning. Many of us grew up 'giving up' something during Lent ... what was your Lenten promise? Mine always fell apart pretty quickly, until I came up with 'be nicer to people' which I judged as do-able! Lent is so much more than "what should I give up"? think of it as 'what can I do to enrich my life, or the life of others', ' how can I make time for the really important things in life', the answer of course is through prayer ... Alison**

## LENT ....

*This little reminder sent to us from Father Robert aka Bob .... Source unknown!*

### WHAT WILL I DO THIS LENT ? ..(1990!)

- Mend a quarrel
  - Seek out a forgotten friend
  - Dismiss a suspicion
  - And replace it with trust
  - Write a letter of love
  - Share some treasure
  - Give a soft answer
  - Encourage youth
  - Manifest your loyalty in word and deed
  - Keep a promise
  - Find the time
  - Forego a grudge
  - Forgive an enemy
  - Listen
  - Apologize if you were wrong
  - Try to understand
  - Flout envy
  - Examine your demands on others
  - Think first of somebody else
  - Appreciate
  - Be kind, be gentle
  - Laugh a little, laugh a little more
  - Express your gratitude
  - Go to Church
  - Welcome a stranger
  - Speak your love, speak it again
  - Gladden the heart of a child
  - Speak your love yet one again... and
  - Share God's love with others
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My friend Marlies Redekop, whom many of you know, has introduced me to a lovely little book this Lent by the British poet and Anglican cleric Malcolm Guite. The book is called *The Word In The Wilderness -A Poem a Day for Lent and Easter*. (Canterbury Press, 2014.) We have decided to read it simultaneously and discuss it over lunch.

I'm taken with Guite's own poetry and the beautiful famous poems he has included from John Donne, George Herbert, Seamus Heaney, Coleridge, C.S. Lewis, Tennyson, G.M..Hopkins, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and a few others.

This section of the gospel especially calls to me. In Matthew 13: 44-46 we read that the kingdom of Heaven is compared to a "treasure hidden in a field".

Guite reminds us not to hurry past that field wherein lies "a pearl of great value." We must look for it, find it, savour it, take it as our own and cling to it. The gospel he tells us is "making room for something wonderful" and is meant to encourage us to clear out "the clutter".

He ends his message by quoting a snippet from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, *Aurora Leigh*, lines 61-63.

" Earth's crammed with Heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God;  
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes.."

This serves as a reminder that we, like Moses at the burning bush when God asked him to remove his sandals, are often standing on holy ground. Sometimes we are in such a hurry we don't take it in. Things of great spiritual value must be embraced and not passed by, unnoticed.

This seems to me a fully meaningful way to embrace the Lenten season

*Judy*

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You will notice fresh paint throughout the church in the next few weeks; thanks to a very generous donation for that specific purpose, our building is being freshened up.

*A favourite of Judy's*

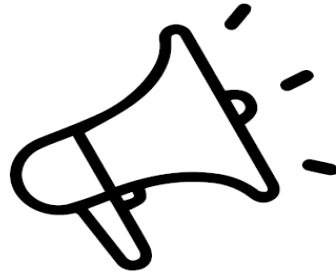
## To Keep a True Lent

By Robert Herrick (1591–1674)

IS this a fast—to keep  
The larder lean,  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep?  
Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?  
Is it to fast an hour,  
Or ragged to go,  
Or show  
A downcast look and sour?  
No! 'Tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soul.  
It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate;  
To circumcise thy life.  
To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin,—  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

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Thank you two thousand times ....- the Wardens Tea and the Pancake Day events were so very successful, we have come so far with our Refugee fund , more than 2/3<sup>rd</sup> of the way to our goal. Thank you to all who have been contributed. *Alison*



# The Wardens' Wire

**FLOWERS ON THE ALTAR** ... during the Lenten season the altar is bare. Leading up to Easter we focus on the Cross, on Easter Sunday all is a glorious array of colour and flowers. Please consider donating towards memorial flowers, not only at festive times, but throughout the year... is there someone who you are so happy to have known, whose kindness, energy, talent and pure goodness pops into your head from time to time, remember them with flowers on the altar. Alison

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## AFGHAN GIRLS SCHOOL PROJECT

*This poignant poem saying goodbye to the 6<sup>th</sup> grade girls who won't be permitted to attend school again. in Afghanistan* Translated from Farsi – Fahim & Anis

*I shall not hold you in my arms again, dear sister  
If I glimpse you, it won't be within these walls  
Come, my sister, I adore you, abandon school and notebook  
Yet, I find no alternative to this inevitable parting*

*Farewell, the time has come to get apart, my beloved sister*

*Such is our destiny, I discern no other path  
It's my last goodbye to my class, desk and chair,  
God, what is our transgression that clarity eludes me?*

*Teacher, you were my instructor in the art of love,  
may God be with you  
Recite that final lesson, for I won't lay eyes on you again*

*I desire no wealth of the world except that school  
But alas, I don't see his clean yard anymore*

*Why were we crafted as girls of the Afghan realm  
and land?*

*I perceive naught but suffering and oppression in  
this abode of sorrow*

*May God shatter the hands that seized our lessons  
and exercises  
The world blurs before my eyes, all I discern are  
embers*

*Allow me to kiss your visage in this parting  
embrace*

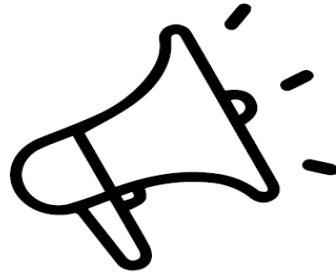
*God forbid, my dear, I will not see you again.*

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**DO YOU HAVE SOME STORIES, GOOD MEMORIES OF ST MARGET'S & ST GEORGE'S YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE ....** With the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of moving to 134 Emerson St. approaching, I am going to attempt to pull together these thoughts. There are so many stories of days gone by, Just write out your piece and I'll compile them over the next few months. Bea Myers and I will be going through photos, news articles etc to come up with an album to share, having fun along the way. **Alison**

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The Warden's Tea was great fun. Twenty-four people crammed into Dove Cottage for teas and treats. People from many corners of the globe came: Syria, VietNam, Sri Lanka, Afghanistan. And our sweet little Helen fell sound asleep on the heap of coats on the big bed and covered herself over with Amal's coat. Pam and Lisa kept the cups washed and the teapots filled and had fun together. The best part was having Marlene and Tom come to visit us on the front porch so we could come out and say hello and give them a little basket of sandwiches and treats that they took down the hill to Princess Point to enjoy. So sorry they couldn't join us inside but they devised a way to join in that was creative and fun. The theme was Lunar New Year and Jolie brought some of her treasured decorations from Vietnam. Why not? Mixing things up is better than not mixing things up! Thank you to everyone who came, made noise, laughed, ate,



# The Wardens' Wire

drank up the tea, made new friends and contributed to the refugee fund. You truly are the absolute best people. Judy

Thank you to Pam and Michael for yet another great movie – The Overcomer was another tear-jerker, seen by 30 people. Thank you to those who have contributed to the Social Committee Fund and which provides the pizza for this event.

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**On February 22<sup>nd</sup> a few of us attended the Extendicare Worship Service ... as usual a great way to spend a couple of hours, the 30 + residents of Extendicare just love having us join them. Thanks to Paul and William who take time from their busy schedules to bring the residents a worship service tailored just for them.**

**Circle the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month for the next visit to Extendicare, Jane will be so happy to see you!**

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## HONING IN ON HYMNS

### O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO

George Matheson 1842-1906

*O love that will not let me go  
I rest my weary soul in Thee  
I give Thee back the life I owe  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.*

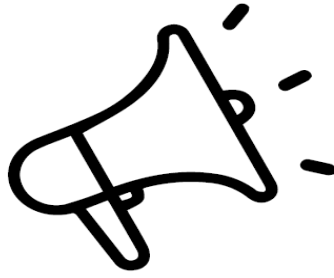
*O light that follow'st all my way  
I yield my flickering torch to Thee  
My heart restores its borrowed ray  
That in thy sunshine blaze it's day  
May brighter, fairer be.*

*O joy that sleekest me through pain  
I cannot close my heart to thee,  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
and feel the promise is not vain,  
That morn shall tearless be/*

*O cross that liftest up my head  
I dare not ask to fly from thee  
I lay in dusk life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red,  
Life that shall endless be .*

George Matheson was only a teenager when he learned that his poor eyesight was deteriorating further. His determination led to his graduating from Glasgow University at age 19 but as he pursued studies for Christian ministry he became totally blind. His sisters stood by him and learned Greek and Hebrew so as to help him with his studies and he pressed faithfully on. When his fiancée, unwilling to be married to a blind man broke off the engagement and returned the ring, his spirit was broken. He never married and the pain never totally left him. When his sister announced her engagement he consoled himself in thinking of God's love and on June 6, 1882 he wrote this beautiful hymn.

He became a powerful preacher, and his blindness did not hinder his sermons. He relied on a very effective memory. In 1885 Queen Victoria personally invited him to preach to her and was so impressed with his sermon she asked for it to be reprinted and distributed to many. However, he continued to live in a small village in Scotland and was often disheartened, preaching before a dismal crowd s. He continued to preach powerful sermons, knowing the scriptures from memory, and one day, surrounded by many empty chairs, he did not know there was a visitor from a large Edinburgh church in the congregation, St Bernard's was seeking a pastor. George Matheson was called to St Bernard's church in 1886 where he became one of Scotland's favourite preachers. "Make every occasion a great occasion" Matheson later said "you can never tell



# The Wardens' Wire

when somebody may be taking your measure for a larger place".

He died in 1906 in Edinburgh and his buried with his parents.

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