

The Parish Light

The Parish of the Northern Lights Newsletter – April 2017



The Victorious Jesus

*They cut the branches from the trees and strewed them in the way
Because they know the Lord and King would come along the way.*

*They sang hosannas to the King and praised His holy name -
Now even in this modern day, we, too, should do the same.*

*The Christ who came that palm-strewn way to enter in the gate,
Will enter in your heart today, so do not make Him wait.*

*That palm-strewn path of long ago is still a victory sign
That Christ still comes along the way - into your heart and mine.*

- Raymond Orner



Don't Judge a Book ...

First impressions are often misleading. When I was an intern, I travelled to meet the pastor who was to be my supervisor. I followed the directions to his house and when I arrived I found a hot and sweaty man in a holey T-shirt, too-big shorts, a beat-up old hat and paint-splattered shoes – no socks – wielding a paintbrush. THIS was the pastor with whom I would work? To my young eyes, he didn't look very pastor-like – or even like someone I would want to get to know. (He was probably having the same doubts about me.) Over that year, we became very close, and I saw in him the wisdom and experience that made him a great pastor. To his dying day, "Padre" was both mentor and friend.

God sent Samuel on a mission to find a replacement for King Saul among the sons of Jesse. Fearing for his life and unsure how to choose, Samuel leaned on God to direct the anointing. All of Jesse's sons passed by, but God rejected them all. Perplexed, Samuel asked after the youngest lad, a mere shepherd boy. When David was brought before Samuel, God's choice became clear, and David became king of Israel.

God, help me see people through your eyes rather than my own. Amen

.....Pamela Harrington, Deaconess,

St David's Anglican Lutheran Church, Orillia, Ontario





As a butterfly soared overhead, one caterpillar said to the other, "You'll never get me up in one of those things."

Yet for every caterpillar the time comes when the urge to eat and grow subsides and he instinctively begins to form a chrysalis around himself. The chrysalis hardens and you'd think for all the world that the caterpillar is dead.

But one spring morning the life inside the chrysalis begins to writhe, the top cracks open, and a beautifully-formed butterfly emerges. For hours it will stand stretching and drying its wings, moving them slowly up and down, up and down. And then, before you know it, the butterfly glides aloft, effortlessly riding the currents of the air, alighting on flower after gorgeous flower, as if to show off its vivid colors to the bright blossoms. .

Somehow, the miracle of the butterfly never loses its fascination for us. Perhaps because the butterfly is a living parable of the promise of resurrection.

On Easter morning the disciples saw Jesus' grave clothes lying on the cold slab still wrapped round and round the corpse. Only the corpse was gone, much like an empty chrysalis deserted by a butterfly who has left to soar free. "He is risen as He said," an angel told the incredulous disciples. Later that day he appeared to the disciples, and then, over the course of the next few weeks, to as many as five hundred people at one time. Even "Doubting Thomas" didn't doubt for long that Jesus was really risen from the dead.

A few weeks ago I lost a friend who had become dear to me. Where she had been so full of life, now her body lay still, composed ever-so-carefully by the morticians. I looked at her and thought about my own mortality. One day I too, like her, may fight a losing battle with pain, and die.

What do we Christians say in the face of death? There are many mysteries. But two things we know for sure. First, death is an enemy. Away with the sentimentality that vainly seeks to disguise death's insult! But second, and more important, Jesus' resurrection from the grave is God's proof to us that death is not the end. The empty tomb and Jesus' Spirit within us testify that Easter morning is God's triumph over death. And ultimately, Jesus promised, God will raise from the dead us who believe in His Son.

Why do Christians gather on Easter morning? To show off their fine clothes or give a ritual tip of the hat to religion? God forbid! Rather we gather to celebrate Jesus' victory over death itself. For since He is our Lord and Saviour, His victory is our victory. In celebrating His resurrection, we celebrate our own assurance of ultimate triumph over death

Join us this Easter as we celebrate Life! And if you look closely Easter morning, you might even see a butterfly alight on the lilies.

A recently ordained priest, Rev. Henry, was to hold his first ever graveside burial service at a pauper's cemetery for a destitute man with no family or friends.

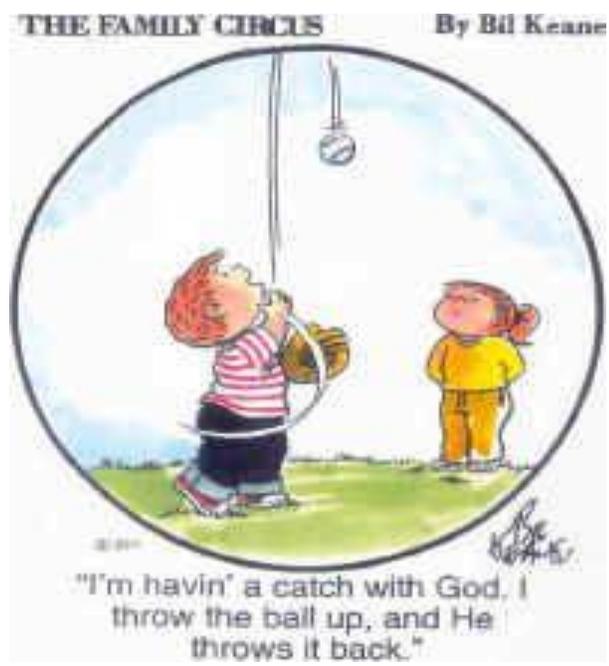
Rev. Henry, not knowing where the cemetery was, made several wrong turns and got lost.

He eventually arrived an hour late, the hearse was nowhere in sight, the spade was next to the open hole, and the workmen were sitting under a tree eating lunch.

Rev. Henry, being a reliable young priest went to the open grave and found the vault lid already in place. Feeling guilty because of his lateness, he preached an impassioned and lengthy service, sending the deceased to the great beyond in considerable style.

As the good preacher returned to his car, he overheard one of the workman say to the other, ' Do you know, fancy that, I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty five years and I ain't never seen anything like that.'

A Sunday School teacher asked, "And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?"
One bright little girl said, "Because people are sleeping."



One Easter Sunday morning, a pastor came to the Church carrying a rusty, bent, old bird cage, and set it by the pulpit. Several eyebrows were raised and, as if in response, the pastor began to speak.

"I was walking through town yesterday when I saw a young boy coming toward me, swinging this bird cage. On the bottom of the cage were three little wild birds, shivering with cold and fright. I stopped the lad and asked, "What you got there son?"

"Just some old birds," came the reply. "What are you gonna do with them?" I asked.

"Take 'em home and have fun with 'em. I'm gonna tease 'em and pull out their feathers to make 'em fight. I'm gonna have a real good time." "But you'll get tired of those birds sooner or later. What will you do then?" "Oh, I got some cats. They like birds. I'll take 'em to them."

The pastor was silent for a moment. "How much do you want for those birds, son?"

"Huh??!!! Why, you don't want them birds, mister. They're just plain old field birds. They don't sing - they ain't even pretty!"

"How much?" The boy sized up the pastor as if he were crazy and said, "\$10?".

The pastor reached in his pocket and took out a ten dollar bill. He placed it in the boy's hand. In a flash, the boy was gone.

The pastor picked up the cage and gently carried it to the end of the alley where there was a tree and a grassy spot. Setting the cage down, he opened the door, and by softly tapping the bars persuaded the birds out, setting them free.

Well, that explained the empty bird cage on the pulpit, and then the pastor began to tell this story.

One day Satan and Jesus were having a conversation. Satan had just come from the Garden of Eden, and he was gloating and boasting. "Yes, sir, I just caught the world full of people down there. Set me a trap, used bait I knew they couldn't resist. Got 'em all!"

"What are you going to do with them?" Jesus asked.

"Oh, I'm gonna have fun! I'm gonna teach them how to marry and divorce each other. How to hate and abuse each other. How to drink and smoke and curse. How to invent guns and bombs and kill each other. I'm really gonna have fun!"

"And what will you do when you get done with them?", Jesus asked.

"Oh, I'll kill 'em."

"How much do you want for them?"

"Oh, you don't want those people. They ain't no good. Why, you take them and they'll just hate you. They'll spit on you, curse you and kill you!! You don't want those people!!"

"How much?"

Satan looked at Jesus and sneered, "All your tears, and all your blood." Jesus paid the price.

The pastor picked up the cage he opened the door and he walked from the pulpit.

EASTER SERVICE SCHEDULE

April 12, **Maundy Thursday**: 7:00 pm – St Andrew's Zion, Colinton

April 13, **Good Friday**: 9:00 am St Thomas, Perryvale
10:30 am – St Andrew's Zion, Colinton
10:30 am - St Paul's, Boyle
1:30 pm – Christ Church, Wandering River

April 13 - **Easter Vigil with Baptism**, Saturday

7:00 – 9:00 pm at St Paul's, Boyle

April 14, **Easter Sunday** 9:00 am – St Thomas, Perryvale
10:30 am – St Andrew's Zion, Colinton
10:30 am – St Paul's, Boyle
1:30 pm Christ Church, Wandering River

Baptism is:

- participation in Christ's death and resurrection (*Romans 6:3-5; Colossians 2-12*)
- a washing away of sin (*1 Corinthians 6:11*)
- a new birth (*John 3:5*)
- an enlightenment by Christ (*Ephesians 5:14*)
- a re-clothing in Christ (*Galatians 3:27*)
- a renewal by the Spirit (*Titus 2:5*)
- the experience of salvation from the floor (*1 Peter 3:20-21*)
- an exodus from bondage (*1 Corinthians 10:1-2*)
- a liberation into a new humanity in which barriers of division, whether of sex or race or social status, are transcended (*Galatians 3:27-28; 1 Corinthians 12:13*)

Take time to think...it is the source of wisdom
Take time to read ... it is the source of knowledge
Take time to love ... it is the source of happiness
Take time to play ... it is the secret of staying young
