

The Parish Light

The Parish of the Northern Lights Newsletter for February 2017



Grace

May Grace carry you when you are weary,

let it bring you hope when you are teary.

Let Grace carry you, its arms open wide –

let it be your light – your Everlasting Guide.

Let Grace carry you through the storms of life,

let it bring you calm in the midst of strife.

Let Grace carry you, your burdens it'll bear –

let it remove from you your every single care.

Let Grace carry you past the pain and grief,-

let it comfort you with everlasting relief.

Let Grace carry you with eternal love,

let it bring you peace from our Father up above

12 Reasons Why I As a Pastor Have Decided To Quit Attending Sporting Events

1. The coach never came to visit me.
2. Every time I went, they asked for money.
3. The people sitting in my row didn't seem very friendly.
4. The seats were very hard.
5. The referees made a decision I didn't agree with.
6. I was sitting with hypocrites—they only came to see what others were wearing!
7. Some games went into overtime and I was late getting home.
8. The band played some songs I had never heard before.
9. The games are scheduled on my only day to sleep in and run errands.
10. My parents took me to too many games when I was growing up.
11. Since I read a book on sports, I feel that I know more than the coaches, anyway.
12. I don't want to take my children because I want them to choose for themselves what sport they like best.

OLD BARNs AND OLD PEOPLE

A stranger came by the other day with an offer that set me to thinking. He wanted to buy the old barn that sits out by the highway. I told him right off he was crazy.

He was a city type, you could tell by his clothes, his car, his hands, and the way he talked.

He said he was driving by and saw that beautiful old barn sitting out in the tall grass and wanted to know if it was for sale.

I told him he had a funny idea of beauty. Sure, it was a handsome building in its day. But then there's been a lot of winters pass with their snow and ice and howling wind. The summer sun's beat down on that old barn till all the paint's gone, and the wood has turned silver gray.

Now the old building leans a good deal, looking kind of tired ... yet that fellow called it beautiful ...

That set me to thinking. I walked to the field and just stood there, gazing at that old barn.

The stranger said he planned to use the lumber to line the walls of his den in a new country home he's building down the road. He said you couldn't get paint that beautiful. Only years of standing in the weather, bearing the storms and scorching sun, only that can produce beautiful barn wood.

It came to me then. We're a lot like that, you and I.

Only it's on the inside that the beauty grows with us. Sure, we turn silver grey too... and lean a bit more than we did when we were young and full of sap.

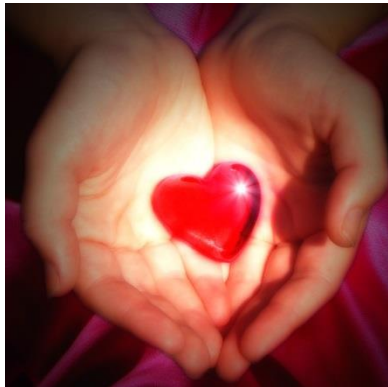
But the Good Lord knows what He's doing. And as the years pass, He's busy using the hard weather of our lives - the dry spells and the stormy seasons to do a job of beautifying our souls that nothing else can produce. And to think how often folks holler because they want life easy!

They took the old barn down today and hauled it away – to beautify a rich man's house. And I reckon someday you and I'll be hauled off to Heaven to take on whatever chores the Good Lord has for us on the Great Sky Ranch.

And I suspect we'll be more beautiful then for the seasons we've been through here – and just maybe even add a bit of beauty to our Father's house.

May there be peace within you today. May you trust God that you are exactly where you are meant to be.

Have a blessed day.



The Sufficient Christ

I need a strength to keep me true, and straight in everything I do;
I need power to keep me strong, when I am tempted to do wrong.
I need a grace to keep me pure, when passion tries its deadly lure;
I need a love to keep me sweet, when hardness and mistrust meet.
I need an arm to be my stay, when dark with trouble grows my day;
And naught on earth can these afford, but all is found in Christ my Lord.

- Theodore Horton

Making Pancakes

Six-year-old Brandon decided one Saturday morning to fix his parents pancakes. He found a big bowl and spoon, pulled a chair to the counter, opened the cupboard and pulled out the heavy flour canister, spilling it on the floor.

He scooped some of the flour into the bowl with his hands, mixed in most of a cup of milk and added some sugar, leaving a floury trail on the floor, which by now had a few tracks left by his kitten.

Brandon was covered with flour and getting frustrated. He wanted this to be something very good for Mom and Dad, but it was getting very bad. He didn't know what to do next, whether to put it all into the oven or on the stove and he didn't know how the stove worked! Suddenly he saw his kitten licking from the bowl of mix and reached to push her away, knocking the egg carton to the floor. Frantically he tried to clean up this monumental mess but slipped on the eggs, getting his pajamas white and sticky.

And just then, he saw Dad standing at the door. Big crocodile tears welled up in Brandon's eyes. All he'd wanted to do was something good, but he'd made a terrible mess. He was sure a scolding was coming, maybe even a spanking. But, his father just watched him.

Then, walking through the mess, he picked up his crying son, hugged him and loved him, getting his own pajamas white and sticky in the process!

That's how God deals with us. We try to do something good in life, but it turns into a mess. Our marriage gets all sticky or we insult a friend, or we can't stand our job, or our health goes sour.

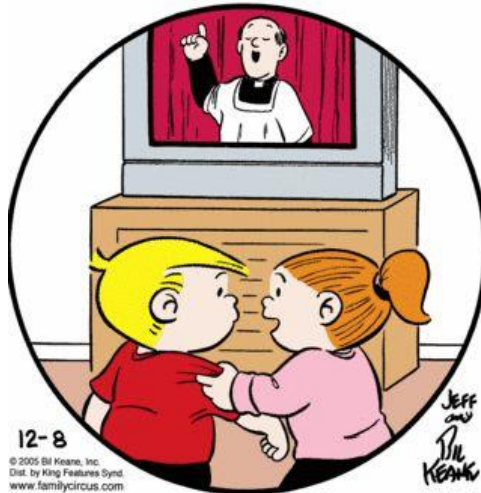
Sometimes we just stand there in tears because we can't think of anything else to do. That's when God picks us up and loves us and forgives us, even though some of our mess gets all over Him.

But just because we might mess up, we can't stop trying to "make pancakes" for God or for others. Sooner or later we'll get it right, and then they'll be glad we tried.

I was thinking, and I wondered if I had any wounds needing to be healed, friendships that need rekindling or three words needing to be said... sometimes, "I love you" can heal and bless!

Suppose one morning you were called to God... do all of your friends know you care about them? Remind your special friends and relatives that you love them dearly, while you can, even if you don't think they love back. You would be amazed at what those three little words, a smile, and a reminder like this can do.

Pass some of this love on to others... send this to everyone you love... and never stop "making pancakes."



“Hear that? People in heaven have ever-laughing life.”



February 3rd – “Almost Spring Supper” at the All Saints’ Anglican Church in Athabasca
 Ham, scalloped potatoes and all the fixins’
 5:00 pm – 7:00 pm
Adults \$12.00; 6 – 12 years \$6.00 – under 6 free

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March 2nd – Parish council Meeting – St Paul’s Church at 2:00 pm

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***Looks like we won’t have to cook supper for a couple of nights !
 Look what’s coming !***

February 27th – Shrove Tuesday on Monday – St Andrew’s Zion Church Hall -
 Sponsored by St Andrew’s Zion, Colinton & St Thomas, Perryvale Churches
 5:00 pm – 7:00 pm

February 28th – Shrove Tuesday Pancake Supper – Boyle Community Centre –
 Sponsored by St Paul’s Church, Boyle
 5:00 pm – 7:00 pm