

Hello Again, Everyone! It's Thursday, March 19th

You'll notice that Judie's Blurb has now been retitled Coop's Scoops! Much classier don't you think? They will keep coming, perhaps not every day but at least every two days. If you would rather not receive them, just email me back and I'll do my best to change the merge list. No guarantees, but I'll try.

My thoughts today are on the pretty well never-ending messages we are receiving on TV, radio, newspapers, that pesky Rev. Judie's emails, and business doors with CLOSED signs sadly posted. We need to hear them, but maybe only once per day would do. The thickness of the COVID news tends to block out the sunbeams of good news that we need to hear as well. It reminds me of an old story about the workers at a CNRail site in Northern BC when the transcontinental lines were being created. One Christmas, the "bosses" decided to treat the work crews to a super celebration in honour of their hard work and accomplishments. They told them there would be a great party, with a band, and great food in the big dining hall. What they didn't tell the men was that their families would be brought in to be with them. Wives and children or parents or a sibling....someone would be there to spend Christmas with each person.

On the great day, the crews were eating and yes, drinking copiously, listening to some heavy duty polka music, when the doors opened and in came the first few family members. JOY JOY JOY but one fellow got very misty eyed, as his wife had just given birth a week ago to their first child. Surely she could not come. The music roared now, as the men and their families were re-uniting with cheers and foot stomping. At the very end of the line, a young woman came through the door carrying a brand new baby girl. The noise and confusion startled the baby, and she began to cry. A big wail. And suddenly the Superintendent hollered out "Stop the music so we can hear the baby cry!!!" Then all you could hear was a young man and a young woman saying "I love you" amidst the beautiful, unique, magnificent sound of a new-born baby cry.

The message, of course, is simple. Let's fill the air with important sounds, sounds of joy, sounds of hope, so that we can all hear what's much more precious than the newscasts and stories of the pandemic. Want to make a sound as precious as a newborn's cry? Pick up the phone, you know -the one we can talk on- and call someone you think may be lonely, call a person you haven't seen in

ages and just ask “How are you doing?”, or send me an email about something you’d like to share with the whole mail list... a special prayer, a story from your everyday experience, a joke or a cartoon, your thoughts on a Scripture that is helping you along....I can’t promise I’ll fit them all in, but I will try to pass them on.

In closing, here comes a very necessary request .If you are not on the Electronic Offering Program, could you please send us any offerings you wish to make toward the ongoing expenses of the Church? The mailing address is 4 Mary St., Bracebridge, ON P1L 2B6. I am also often working alone at the church and can take care of any put through the mail slot.

Blessings and more blessings!

Rev. Judie+ (The Coop’s in Coop’s Scoops)



COMING
SOON,

ALL WILL
BE WELL!

PRAYER:

Most gracious Heavenly Father, look upon our land and upon your people with power and compassion and mercy. Guide us through this difficult time, give strength and wisdom to all who lead us, bless all who continue to work in hospitals and clinics and research facilities, make us blessings to those who are suffering with losses, anxiety, and loneliness, strengthen all who are ill, and receive in your mercy all who pass from this world into your Kingdom. We pay in the incomparable name of Jesus! Amen.

Prayer of St. Francis:

Make me a channel of your peace, let me bring your love

Where there is injury, your healing power, and where there’s doubt, true faith in you.

Make me a channel of your peace; where there’s despair in life let me bring hope; Where there is darkness, only light, and where there’s sadness, ever joy.

Of Spirit grant that I may never seek, so much to be consoled as to console

To be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love with all my soul

Make me a channel of your peace. It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,

In giving to all that we receive,

And in dying that we’re born to eternal life.