



**Coop's Scoops #50 June 4,2020**

Remember when it was just stay home, wash your hands, don't touch your face, wear a mask? Re-opening seems to be a lot more complicated!

We heard we could have ten people gather indoors, but after the various abuses, the Premier has put that back to five....unless it changed today? And those five, other than the household family, cannot be from more than three other families.

But indoors in stores, it depends on square footage and other things, so maybe one, maybe two, maybe three in small stores.

I'm being asked about people coming into our church....committees, groups....and it is very very difficult. I am trying to get up to date regulations defined, and will pass them on when I have them, but for now, I'm sticking with no one but those already assigned to be here. Paul for insurance checks and sermon delivery pick ups, Cathy for Wed am admin, Bob for cleaning, myself every day (as the office is my 'Work at Home' isolation space as there is no internet service where I live) and Peter for Saturday sermon delivery pickups for those parishioners without internet. I have also allowed the Messy Church team in once a month for making their video.

I am asking for everyone to be patient and to remember that those who MUST be here also need to be kept safe while here. It is sad to have to say "no" so often. Happily, we'll see each other in September! (Great old song) Judie+



## Bragging Boys

Three boys in the schoolyard were bragging about their fathers.

The first boy says, “My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he then calls it a poem, they give him \$50.00.”

The second boy says, “That’s nothing, My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a song, they give him \$100.00.”

The third boy says, “I got you both beat. My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a sermon, and it takes four people to collect all the money!”

I chose that joke to segue into my “**correction**” about **Father’s Day**. It is not this week, it is, as many have kindly told me, indeed June 21<sup>st</sup>. I know that lots of people are wondering **what day** it is during covid....they all seem kind of the same, so figuring it’s Tuesday when it’s really Thursday is not too bad, but getting it wrong by three weeks is kind of “over the top”! I think some files in my brain got really mixed up! There is one that holds my wedding date, which was June 8<sup>th</sup>, and one which is my birthday, which is June 21<sup>st</sup>, and another that is Canadian Aboriginal Day, also June 21<sup>st</sup>.... and somehow Father’s Day just got stuck in the wrong slot altogether. So now it’s my third thing in my June 21<sup>st</sup> file for this year, and hopefully will just stay put. If you want to send in your father’s picture or small blurb, deadline now is **June 16<sup>th</sup>** to have it in a Scoops.

Our **Reflection on Scripture** comes today in the form of a contemporary hymn written by Gary Sadler. If you go to youtube and put his name in with Rock of Refuge, you’ll be able to hear it sung. It teaches very well also as poetry, so here is a paraphrase of **Psalm 71:3** I need say nothing more!

***You’re my Rock of Refuge, the shelter of my life***

***Merciful companion, my comfort in the night,***

***Though my heart falls hard, still your love stands guard -***

***O Lord, you are my Rock of Refuge.***

*And I run to you and you hold me close,  
You hide me under your shadow!  
Yes, I run to you, it's so good to know  
YOU are my Rock of Refuge.*

*You're my Rock of Refuge, the calm within my storm,  
A secret place of safety, my barrier from harm,  
When my eyes are tears, through my worst of fears,  
O Lord, you are my Rock of Refuge.*

**Prayers for the Day:**

Almighty and Everlasting God, increase in us the gifts of faith, hope, and love; and that we may obtain what you promise, make us love what you command, through Jesus Christ our Lord ( BCP p 235)

When my hands press moist soil

Carefully about the roots

I feel Your life and love.

I feel a world reborn.

O God, heal the scars

Of earth with trees

And not with snags

And thorn. Amen.



Taken at Peak Field's yesterday

## **One Final Laugh for your Day:**

### **Forgiving Others**

The preacher's Sunday sermon was Forgive Your Enemies. Toward the end of the service, she asked her congregation, "how many of you have forgiven your enemies"?

About half held up their hands. She then repeated her question. As it was past lunchtime, this time about 80 percent held up their hands.

She then repeated her question again. All responded, except one small elderly lady.

"Mrs. Jones?" inquired the preacher, "Are you not willing to forgive your enemies?"

"I don't have any." she replied. Smiling sweetly.

"Mrs. Jones, That is very unusual. How old are you?" "Ninety-three," she replied.

"Oh Mrs. Jones, what a blessing and a lesson to us all you are. Would you please come down in front of this congregation and tell us all how a person can live ninety-three years and not have an enemy in the world."

The little sweetheart of a lady tottered down the aisle, faced the congregation, and said "I outlived the old hags."