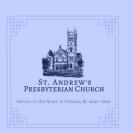


April 21, 2020



This week at St. Cwdrew's



standrewsvictoria.ca | 250-384-5734



The deadline for submission to The Link (our congregational newsletter) is April 26th. Please send submissions directly to thelink@shaw.ca

Did you know?

festive occasions in Britain.

"O God, Our Help in Ages Past" is a hymn by Isaac Watts that paraphrases the 90th Psalm of the Book of Psalms. It was included in John Wesley's 1738 hymnal and proved to be quite popular. The tune we use for the hymn was composed by William Croft in 1708 and is called "St. Anne". This tune was incorporated into later works by Handel and Bach (although there is debate about whether Bach used Croft's tune or just happened to write something similar). The hymn is often sung at Remembrance Day services in Canada and at various

Christine has provided us with a musical offering of the hymn

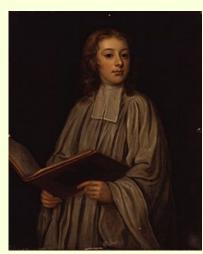


Read From Your Bible This Week

Acts 2:14a, 36-41 Psalm 116:1-4, 12-19 1 Peter 1:17-23

Luke 24:13-35





William Croft c. 1690

Email Troubles

It looks like some of our congregation didn't receive the email with the service elements that we sent on the weekend as some servers marked our emails as "spam". We are looking into changing the way we send these emails so that this doesn't happen in the future.

Remember to check the church website on Sunday to see the service video and make sure that office@standrewsvictoria.ca is added to your safe sender list!



A Prayer for Presbyterians in Canada to pray together on Tuesday, April 21:

We give thanks for Presbyterian World Service & Development partners who are helping marginalized farmers protect and revitalize the soil and cultivate plentiful harvests.

This prayer is especially fitting as we prepare to consider earth day tomorrow (April 22)

Earth Day Ideas: Consider God's creation from your window or on a walk. What new steps can each of us take this year to protect life on our beautiful planet?

Our prayers are many and varied. (names changed to protect the innocent...)
Lord, we pray for Jill, awaiting "non-essential" surgery that has been cancelled for the foreseeable future. We pray for the pain with which she lives and the agony of knowing when relief may come.

We pray for Rusty, a "non-essential" worker laid off from his job until further notice. Will his company still be in business when the "all clear" is given? Will his company go bankrupt and make his retirement benefits invalid?

We pray for Eloise, whose family from the mainland was not able to spend their traditional Easter together. She is lonely and worried when she will see them again.

We pray for Mike, a front-line worker risking his health and family daily to take care of patients. Then he worries when he goes home about the safety of his own family. What risk are they in?

We pray for Larry, whose rare social contact during the week comes on Sunday, attending worship and coffee hour. Those are the people who know him best, who ask about his children, grandchildren and his garden. Larry wonders when we will all gather again and when some of his loneliness will subside.

We pray for Brenda whose mother died two weeks ago on the Mainland. The Celebration of Life will only happen when it is safe to gather. In the meantime, she misses her mom, especially now, when the rest of her family cannot gather.

Lord, is there enough? Is there anyone who feels the way that I feel? Do You see me, Lord? Are You answering my prayer? I don't see when, or how, or if this will all end? How can I know that You are here, with me, and understand my concerns? When the church cannot gather; when we cannot hear the prayers in person; when others cannot see my tears or hear my prayers, how do I know there is hope? Can you send new hope that you indeed see me? Can you reassure me that, as alone as I feel, that I am not, indeed alone?

The Psalmist prays for us from Psalm 30...I praise you, Lord, because you have saved me. I cried to you for help, O Lord my God, and you healed me; you kept me from the grave. I was on my way to the depths below, but you restored my life. Tears may flow in the night, but joy comes in the morning. You were good to me, Lord; you protected me like a mountain fortress. But then you hid yourself from me, and I was afraid. I called to you, Lord; I begged for your help: "What will you gain from my death? What profit from my going to the grave? Are dead people able to praise you? Can they proclaim your unfailing goodness? Hear me, Lord, and be merciful! Help me, Lord!" You have changed my sadness into a joyful dance; you have taken away my sorrow and surrounded me with joy. So I will not be silent; I will sing praise to you. Lord, you are my God; I will give you thanks forever.

Amen.

