



This Week at St. Andrew's

June 2, 2021



Goodbye

Sadly, it is time to say Goodbye.

Our friends Grace, Juhye and Juliette Kim are returning home to their family and friends in Korea.

We know this is not quite the same as cake in the Kirk Hall, but please join us for a "Zoom coffee" on June 6 at 10.30 am for an opportunity to say a personal goodbye.

Time: Jun 6, 2021 10:30 AM Pacific Time (US and Canada)

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85267925074>

Meeting ID: 852 6792 5074

One tap mobile

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Dial by your location

+1 778 907 2071 Canada

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Favourite Hymn: When He Cometh

This time our suggested hymn ([found here](#)) is one that some of our members might remember from their Sunday School days. John Wigle suggested it to us saying:

" I learned this one in Sunday School and it is still one of my favourites. It describes how much God loves us in a wonderful way which we can relate to, whether young or old, as His children. I have sung it friends who were dying and in my role as a hospice volunteer."

The hymn was written by William Orcutt Cushing (b. 1823), an Orthodox Christian minister. During his 27 years of ministry, Cushing wrote many hymns and was known to be a beloved teacher of both children and adults. He is credited as being a generous man who once gave his entire savings to a blind girl so that she could attend school.

After Paralysis caused him to lose his voice, he lived with a Methodist couple and continued writing hymns. He is said to have authored over 300 hymns in his lifetime.



[Click here](#) for a message from Rev. Mitch on prayer

From the National Church

- General Assembly starts with a worship service on June 6th. [Click here](#) for more information.
- Please pray with the PCC for the lives lost at residential schools. Find the prayer [here](#).

Read From Your Bible This Week

- Genesis 3:8-15 and Psalm 130
- 2 Corinthians 4:13-5:1
- Mark 3:20-35



This week's worship reader is Jean M.

Pastor's Parable

The New York Times recently described a mental health state called “languishing” — a state of joylessness and aimlessness that is not quite depression, but it’s not quite happiness either. It sparked a collective jolt of recognition, a naming of a collective pandemic feeling.

Have you wondered of late why people seem so frustrated at the slightest provocation? Why do we see so many protesting for or against being vaccinated, wearing or not wearing a mask? Why do so many appear to be straining over the smallest issues that seem inconsequential? Many appear to be “languishing”. A daily blog that I read called The Reformed Journal recently included a Psalm for those who find themselves in this condition. Read it and consider...

A Psalm for those who languish. By Rev. Kate Kooyman, Grand Rapids, MI

Oh God.

Our brains are so tired of being on high alert.

We’re so exhausted by constant,
changing math-problem of threat.

So flummoxed by the difference
between our own panic and our neighbor’s.

We’re exhausted with our own judgments,
irate at the fogging of our glasses.

Puzzled by the shifting norms,
the endless lack of consensus in how to do this well.

We’re so grieved by the profoundly broken trust
that distances us from the ones we’re called to love,
the ones called to love us.

God. We’re so tired.

It makes it hard to focus.

We’re sick of cooking,
sick of Netflix,

sick of walking the same dog down the same streets.

We’re getting sick of our lives.

It’s hard to remember what it felt like
to have ideas, to put in an effort, to rise to an occasion.

We just don’t care like we used to,
don’t find much delight anymore.

Can’t remember how to attend to things that matter.

De-fog our vision, God.

Help us to see with clarity again.

Help us to look around us and notice the others
who are in this moment with us.

Help us to name this languishing,
this dogged powerlessness.

And help us to feel less alone.

May our participation in the community of the honest

Restore in us some joy.

Beauty in this bleakness.

Hope in this ongoing unknown.

Call us forward.

We forgot which direction that is.

Help us onto our feet,
and summon us to toddle toward

your beckoning voice
like children, learning to walk.

Help us to trust.

Help us to laugh.

You are a bounteous God.

And we can sort of remember bounty.

We remember laughter, hugs, events.

We remember wearing eyeliner
and eating food that we did not prepare.

We remember meeting new people.

We remember the feeling of possibility.

So draw near to us, O bounteous God.

In this unexpected, interminable moment.

Gift us with what we admit we fail to summon for ourselves:

a grateful heart,

a trusting spirit,

a peace-filled mind.

Surprise us once again with your daily graces:
birdsong, a sprouted seed, a laughing child, a cup of coffee.

Remind us of your cosmic care,
of the largeness of your world,

your timeless purpose,
the goodness of your promise.

You love us, you see us, you keep us.

Thanks be to you, O God.

Prayers for us all. Rev. Mitch