



# Michael's Messenger

ST. MICHAEL'S ANGLICAN CHURCH

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*Next deadline for  
submissions for next  
issue:*

*April 29, 2018*

*Donations towards  
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ten dollars and over*

*Michael's Messenger  
is distributed to  
parishioners of St.  
Michael's Church and  
interested people*

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## **St. Michael's Holy Week and Easter Worship Services**

- ❖ **Palm Sunday:** Services @ 8:30 & 10am.
- ❖ **Holy Mon. Tues and Wed.:** Silent meditation from 9am to 2pm in the Sanctuary.
- ❖ **Maundy Thursday Service @ 6:30pm.**
- ❖ **Good Friday Service at 12 noon.**
- ❖ **Easter Sunday:** Joint Worship Service at 10am  
Holy Communion with Music.  
*Easter Egg hunting in the Millennium Hall after the  
10am Service.*



## UPCOMING READINGS

### March 4-3<sup>rd</sup> in Lent

Exodus 20:1-17  
 Psalm 19  
 1 Corinthians 1:18-25  
 John 2:13-22

### March 11-4<sup>th</sup> in Lent

Numbers 21:4-9  
 Psalm 107:17-22  
 Ephesians 2:1-10  
 John 3:14-21

### March 18-5<sup>th</sup> in Lent

Jeremiah 31:31-34  
 Psalm 119:9-16  
 Hebrews 5:5-10  
 John 12:20-33

### March 25-Palm Sunday

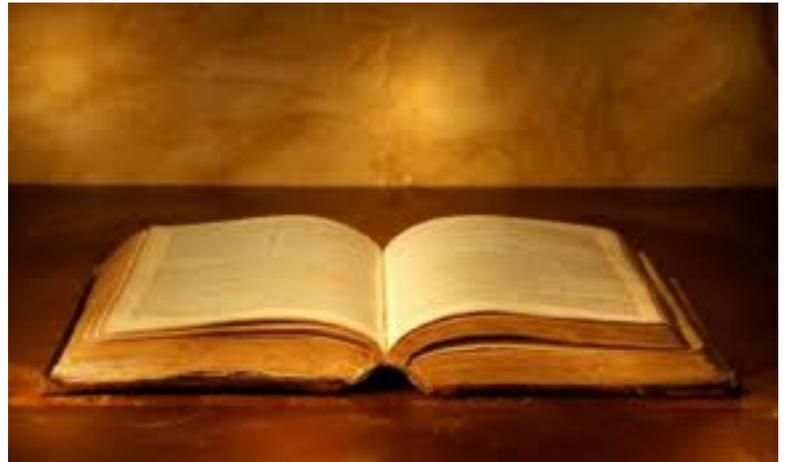
Isaiah 50:4-9a  
 Psalm 31:9-16  
 Philippians 2:5-11  
 Mark 14:1-15:47

### March 29-Maundy Thursday

Exodus 12:1-4, 11-14  
 Psalm 116:1-2, 12-19  
 1 Corinthians 11:23-26  
 John 13:1-17, 31b-35

### March 30-Good Friday

Isaiah 52:13-53:12  
 Psalm 22  
 Hebrews 4:14; 5:7-9  
 John 18:1-19:42



## From Dave & Mavis Reynolds

A NEW Pastor was attending a men's breakfast in a rural area. He asked one of the impressive older farmers in attendance to say grace that morning.

After all were seated, the older farmer began: "Lord, I hate buttermilk." The Pastor opened one eye and wondered to himself where this was going. Then the farmer loudly proclaimed, "Lord, I hate lard." Now the Pastor was worried. However, without missing a beat, the farmer prayed on, "And Lord, you know I don't care much for raw white flour." Just as the Pastor was ready to stand and stop everything, the farmer continued, "But Lord, when You mix 'em all together and bake 'em up, I do love fresh biscuits. So Lord, when things come up we don't like, when life gets hard, when we just don't understand what You are sayin' to us, we just need to relax and wait 'till You are done mixin', and probably it will be somethin' even better than biscuits. Amen."

## PEANUT BUTTER RICE KRISPIE SQUARES ~submitted by Shelley

1 c smooth Peanut Butter

1/2 c corn syrup

1/2 c brown sugar

3 c Rice Krispies

1. combine peanut butter, corn syrup, brown sugar in a saucepan. Place over low heat and stir until melted and thoroughly combined.
2. Remove from heat and add cereal. Stir until completely coated.
3. Press into 8" square pan. Chill (or leave to cool for 2 hours).

## ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH COUNCIL 2018

Rector's Warden: Jeddy James 778-997-7618

People's Warden: Clark Norman 604-901-7849

Associate Warden: Tim Novak 604-271-8586

Secretary: Sasha Abraham 604-591-2348

Treasurer: Rod Yetman 604-596-2946

ACW: Kathi Dale 604-596-2946

Communications: Natasha Kaweski 604-597-6799

Synod Delegate: Tony Picher 778-564-0044; Clark Norman 604-901-7849

Trustee: Leo Golden 604-591-3269

Member-at-large: Dave Reynolds 604-585-0660

Music: Coleen and Andy Whitmore 604-590-3997

**Priest: Fr. Louie  
Engnan**

**604-585-6835**

## **Partner Parish in the Episcopal Diocese of Northern Philippines (EDNP)**

EDNP which they confirmed enriched their experiences with the people of Northern Philippines.

January 20, 2018, Natasha and I braved the rainy weather and drove to the Diocese of New Westminster in Vancouver to attend a meeting with the Companion Diocese Committee. The meeting was about connecting with our companion Diocese the Episcopal Diocese of Northern Philippines (EDNP) and our partner parishes.

You might have noticed that in the past Sundays for almost a year now, we always include the Episcopal Diocese of Northern Philippines and Bishop Brent Alawas in our prayers for the people. The EDNP headed by Bp. Brent Alawas is the new companion diocese for the Diocese of New Westminster.

Each Parish in our Diocese was given a partner parish in the EDNP. For our parish we have St. Andrew's Mission, Bugnay and Buscalan Outstation, Buscalan as our partner parish. Deacon Winston Menong is the apparent contact person.

As a partner Parish and as brothers and sisters in Christ, we are asking to pray for Bishop Alawas and the Clergy of EDNP, our partner parish and it's clergy and the people of EDNP and the Philippines in general.

We have to enhance this relationship and establish a meaningful and a mutually beneficial interaction between parishes. As the committee said we are different in many ways, there are so many similarities in both challenges and successes we all face with our brothers and sisters in Christ

During the meeting, some Clergy and some Lay people from the Companion Diocese Committee shared their experiences when they visited the EDNP last summer. Based on their experiences, the committee mentioned their concern on how to establish communication with our partner parish. We can email but the WIFI connection is rather spotty in most areas so that would be slow. We can also do regular mail which will take a little bit more time. Anyhow, everyone agreed to start connecting with their partner parish, although some of them have already done so.

As for St. Michael's, Natasha and I have sent St. Andrew's Mission an introductory letter. We are waiting and are excited for their response. This endeavor is a great opportunity to know more of our brothers and sisters in Christ in different parts of this world and establish a greater relationship that would result in spreading the Word of the Lord.

## Grandpa's Hands..... Submitted by Dave

Grandpa, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. When I sat down beside him he didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat, I wondered if he was OK.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was OK. He raised his head and looked at me and smiled. "Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking," he said in a clear strong voice.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, Grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK," I explained to him. "Have you ever looked at your hands," he asked. "I mean really looked at your hands?" I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making. Grandpa smiled and related this story:

"Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled, and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and walked my daughter down the aisle. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day, when not much of anything else of me works real well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life. But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ." I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my grandpa's hands and led him home. When my hands are hurt or sore I think of Grandpa. I know he has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God. I too, want to touch the face of God and feel His hands upon my face.