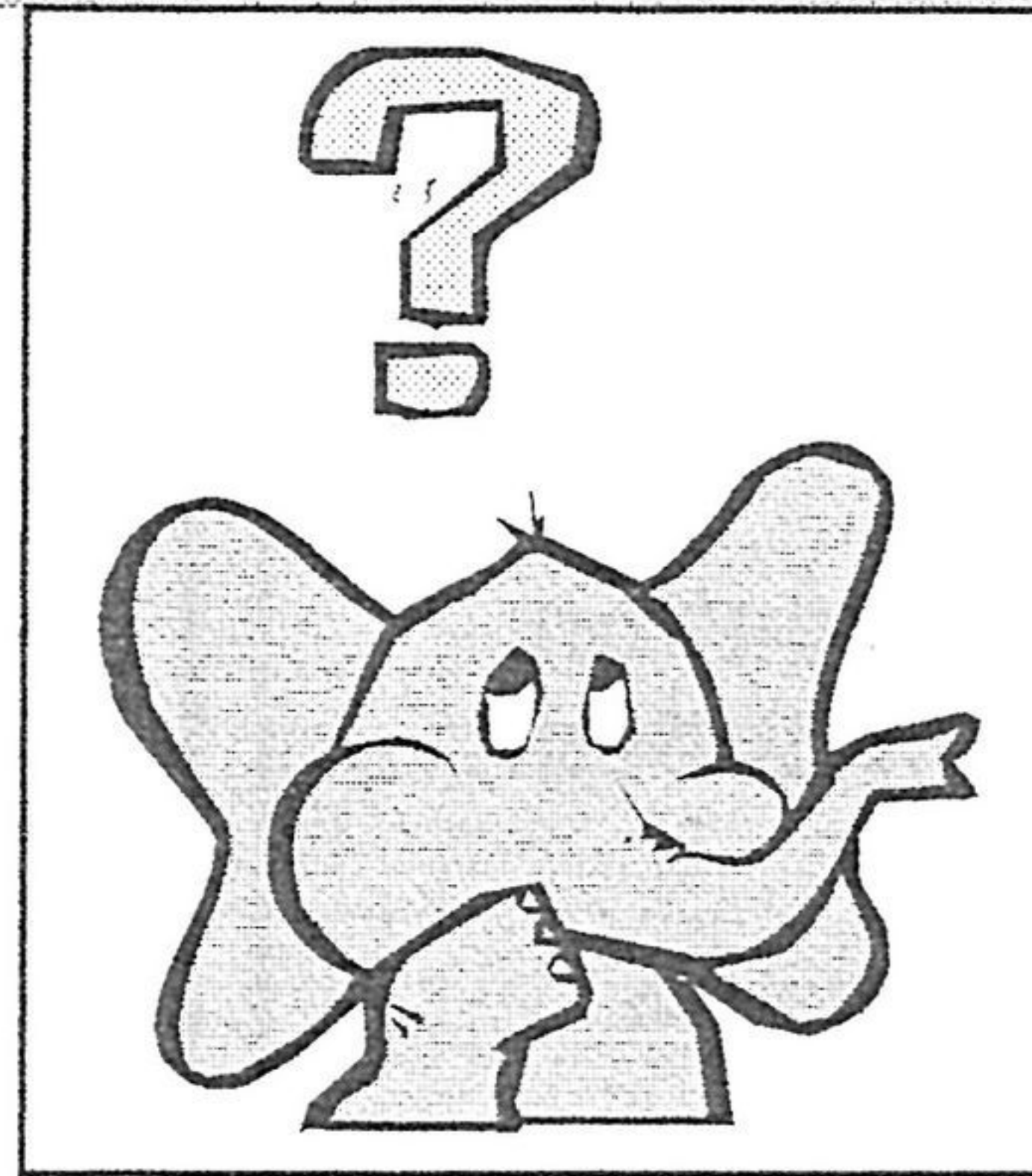


# THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE?



others gently sleeping off the effects of a good lunch. Half an hour or so later we had smiles in the room; we had questions; we had dialogue... and NO, I am not saying that I performed some kind of miracle, because that would be quite untrue. What did happen that day was that a connection was made through the music and singing of sacred songs; through the words of prayer, and through our dialogue

A phone call this morning from our illustrious editor whatisname..... eh... mmmmm... Max... no that doesn't sound right... mmmmm Marcille... that's it Max Marcille... (only kidding DES!) That phone call reminded me that my memory is not what it used to be. Strike a chord folks... ever felt that way yourself? Well, you probably can't remember either, even if you did. But Des's phone call which I received on the deck, under the sunshade this morning, in between a breakfast bite on an IGA Kaiser liberally spread with Pat's Jam's Peach and Almond preserve (If you have never tried this flavour you just don't know what you are missing.) Anyway, what was I saying... Oh, yes, I was enjoying lunch as the phone rang and Des Marcille said: "I haven't received your article for the Mirror this month and I was wondering if it had gone astray on the hyper-waves..." Des, you diplomat you... How nice of you to blame my memory lapse on the Internet! I could have so easily have said: "WHAT! It has not arrived.... I sent it ages ago...." but that would have been to try to cover up my own shortcomings, and I learned a long time ago that it is better to 'fess-up,' than to try to fudge-up!

Anno-Domini affects us all to a greater or lesser degree, but it need not spoil our enjoyment of life. This past week I was privileged to lead a worship experience with the residents of one of our local Retirement Residences. When I arrived, most of those taking part were already gathered together, some waiting tentatively for what was ahead, and

together. If I went back to that place again in two weeks time, the people would probably not remember me... and so what? My ego would only be dented if I allowed it to be, and I hope that after ... years on this earth it is more forgiving than that.

Last evening I was watching a movie called: "The Five People You Meet in Heaven." (By Mitch Albom) I cannot say it was a great movie, but there were parts in it which struck a chord for me about our lives, and the way we relate to other people. The underlying story-line is that we are all connected, and *'strangers are just family you have yet to come to know.'* That my friends, is a rather profound thought, and could be life-changing if you would give it time to percolate through to your sub-conscious. Think about it: "STRANGERS ARE FAMILY YOU HAVE YET TO COME TO KNOW." As we travel on our journey through life, we interact with thousands and thousands of people; some momentarily; some briefly, and some who remain in our lives for a determinate period of time until we or they move on. But the amazing thing is that once the connection is made, it is there forever, because it remains in our sub-conscious... and, as the movie asked me to believe: *"When the sense of touch and presence weakens, memory becomes your strength."* In other words, when we can no longer see, feel touch, or dialogue together, then the gift of 'memory' is what remains.

It is a widely held belief that before we are born, we have a direct connection with God. Later, as young innocent children we retain a part of that connection. However, as we grow older and more worldly, the connection dims, and the only way we can re-acquaint ourselves with the Holy is through reading; through prayer; through community worship, and through our own attitude to the world around us and its co-inhabitants. It is this process friends, which I believe, to a great degree, determines how we will face life and all of its challenges, its successes and yes, its failures. It is this process which allows me to believe as the movie suggested, that we are all connected; believe that my life was

## ST. PHILIP'S ACW

### Coming Events - 2005

Pork & Corn Roast	August 3 <sup>rd</sup>
Turkey Supper	September 21 <sup>st</sup>
Garage & Rummage Sale	October 1 <sup>st</sup>
Christmas Tea & Bazaar	November 26 <sup>th</sup>

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