

# TRINITY



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bringing Christ's healing to a hurting world

TRINITY ANGLICAN CHURCH 1194 Murphy Rd @ Michigan & Murphy (beside Tim Hortons) 519-542-9261 [www.Trinity.Sarnia.net](http://www.Trinity.Sarnia.net)  
Trinity "Spirit" is the magazine of Trinity Anglican Church and is intended to give God the Glory through the work and ministry of His people.  
It is published quarterly, Editor Mike Tanner, Composer Gayle Toyne, Clergy Contact Rev. Dave Matthews, Contributors - everyone with a story to tell

## Dismas

**"We are a people...from a variety of experiences who gather regularly, former prisoners and friends who celebrate the grace we have received from Jesus Christ"**

This statement of purpose is taken from the Sarnia Dismas Fellowship which is holding monthly meetings at Trinity. (Dismas is the reputed name of the thief on the cross who turned to Jesus, confessed and said "remember me in your Kingdom") The intention is to provide a welcoming Christian community to support those who have a desire to explore faith, and have been released from prison. The format for a gathering is fellowship, a prepared meal, circle sharing time, praise and prayer. The Sarnia branch is the inspiration of Al Thiessen, who hails from Wallaceburg, and is modelled on gatherings in other SW Ontario towns. Several members of Trinity are involved, and I asked Al to share his story.

Mike Tanner

### How did I get involved in prison ministry/Dismas?

Every time I drove by the jail when I was in Sarnia I would be overwhelmed by compassion for the inmates inside. I was already involved in men's ministry and street outreach but the prison ministry was something I felt the Lord was leading me to also. It is a hard thing to even get into the jail as a volunteer but the Lord opened the doors for me in a miraculous way! You will have to ask me in person sometime as it would take way too long to write it all down. I have been at the Sarnia Jail for three years and the Windsor Jail for one year. As I minister to these men on a weekly basis I started noticing a trend in what

they were saying about spiritual support on the outside. They were all saying that they wanted to connect with a church or a men's group outside of jail but they felt like they were inferior and no one would accept them for what they had done, they didn't feel like there was a group in a church with which they could connect, and that they had a hard time trusting people, as

they had seen many Christian hypocrites in their lifetime. So I began to pray for an after care ministry for these inmates and if this is something God wanted me to be involved in. Well God confirmed this in many ways and I began praying and researching into how to start this unique ministry. Well the Dismas Fellowship ministry was introduced to me by the president of New Life Prison Ministry. She had said it was exactly the type of thing I was trying to start but it had already been established and had made many connections with jails around Ontario.

So I met with someone from Dismas and I knew that I was to partner with them. Dismas Fellowship gets its name from the good thief on the cross which legend says his name is Dismas. This was a person/story that we all could relate with, especially ex-inmates. The vision of Dismas Fellowship is to provide a safe



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and welcoming space where ex-prisoners and friends can experience Christian community.

## How did I connect with Trinity?

When I told the chaplain at the Sarnia Jail about a Dismas Fellowship coming to Sarnia he was very excited! We knew the first step was to find a host church building. We wrote down churches in the downtown area that would be a good fit; some of these churches were interested but that is as far as it went. I called one of the pastors who was in charge of the Sarnia ministerial association, and he invited me to speak at the ministerial meeting which was being hosted by Trinity. I presented the ideas for the ministry and I heard feedback from one church that was interested but it never went any further. Well Rev. Vickers had sent me an email saying that he felt that this was something that Trinity wanted to be part of and that he wanted to meet with me. The only problem

was that his email went to my junk mail and I didn't see it for three weeks! Once we got together and I sensed his passion for jail ministry and I got a sense of the heartbeat of the church, then I knew that this was a blessing from God! When I spoke at Trinity about Dismas Fellowship I could feel the love of the church towards the community and this confirmed to me that God knew exactly which church He would use and that it didn't have to be in the downtown core.

## My hopes for the program?

That ex-inmates would come to find freedom in Jesus. That they would be an integral part of society by using their life experiences to help those around them. To help them sense the love of Jesus in the volunteers words and actions. To help them understand their identity in Christ.

Al Thiessen

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# Forgiving

How many times must I forgive, Lord?

What do you mean 70 x 7?

Do you know how hurt I am? How betrayed I feel?

How angry I am on my own behalf? On a loved one's behalf?

On a stranger's behalf?

How can I just.....Forgive?

How can I let **them** get away with what they did or said?

What's That Jesus? What did You say?

You hung on the cross and said "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"

And He forgave even though we tortured, beat, whipped, stabbed AND crucified His Son.

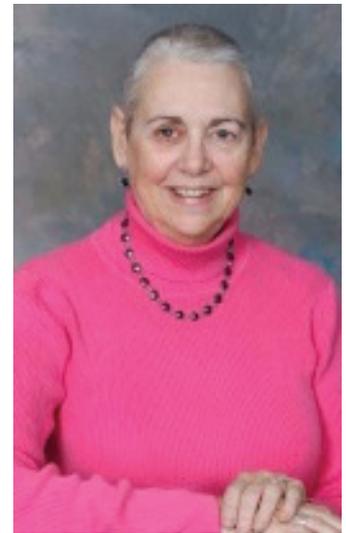
How can we NOT follow Jesus' example, and Our Father's example?

How CAN we follow Jesus' example, and Our Father's example?

Not alone. We need help. That is why Jesus gave His life and why the Holy Spirit was left to us..... to save us; to teach us; to help us.

That is why we can pray in expectation that forgiveness will become our nature. Jesus did pray "Father forgive" and our Father does.

Bonnie Carter



# Pancake Supper

## Shrove Tuesday



Our Youth cooked and served a wonderful pancake supper with pancakes, complete with chocolate chips, blueberries or some extra special ingredients. There were sausages too! And it was all very good.

Thanks everyone for coming out and supporting this fundraiser.

# Another Day at the Inn

Cliff arrives at the Inn of the Good Shepherd at 9am, on a cool fourth Thursday of January to choreograph the feeding of lunch to 100 plus guests who avail themselves of the hot meal, comfortable surroundings and friendly atmosphere. His day started an hour earlier when he met John and Oscar at Trinity to load supplies. He has headed up a dedicated group from Trinity for the past six years and before that from St James for another ten. The Commercial grade kitchen is cool and quiet, the stainless countertop cleared for prep, the blackened Garland stove its warm heart, and the industrial dishwasher it's clean up machine. His team prides itself on cooking a first class meal from scratch, one that they would be proud to serve at home, so Cliff is laden with six pork loin roasts, leftover turkey, fifty pounds of spuds, a bag of onions, assorted vegetables and fixin's. Master Chef Joan has planned a pork creole, she starts on the sauce while waiting for the pork. Shirley, the soup lady starts the cauldron of soup adding turkey, vegetables, pasta and secret spice mix, whilst bringing the four gallon pot to a rolling boil. By 9.30am, the prep team of Jim, Bill and Tony are peeling potatoes, tearfully dicing onions and slicing mushrooms. John is busy helping Joan carve the cooked pork

into two large trays, one for Pork in mushroom sauce, the other Creole Pork. Meanwhile the turkey has been diced, layered with stuffing and vegetables, topped with mash for a turkey potato pie. As I said, we will eat well today.

The pace in the kitchen heats up, some leave, others come to butter buns, bundle cutlery and napkins. It is well oiled machine, Dawn, Rita, Edith, Karen and Teresa move confidently between tasks and prime the huge coffee



Cliff & Oscar clean up crew



Joan preparing Pork in Mushroom Sauce



Rita, Joan, Deanne, Dawn

urn whilst Cliff maintains a watchful eye and gives cheerful advice. The immense pot of potatoes is cooked and ready for the masher, a device of medieval proportions which David wields with relish, whilst Cliff adds a critical glug of Ranch. The pork is simmering in the oven, soup is ready; now the desserts are sliced and plated; delicious chocolate gateau, carrot cake, red velvet cake, streusel, all donated and bearing the moniker of a well known grocer...

By 11.30am there is a pause in activity, the banquet is prepared and we grab a coffee and relax before the doors open at 1pm. The soup is delicious! A few minutes before serving, we join hands and ask a blessing on our food, our work and those whom we are about to serve. Fresh help arrives, Joe and George run the dishwasher with ruthless efficiency, the shutters are flung open and today's crowd runs an appreciative eye over the choice selection. The good natured line snakes to the door, each guest takes a tray laden with soup, juice, bread, a generous serving of turkey or pork and choice of dessert. No complaints! The cooks have a steady rhythm, plating meat, potatoes and veg, always mindful

of the occasional "no Veg" or "more gravy" requests, and the servers cheerfully guide the patrons through their choices. The dishwasher hums into high gear, as dirty dishes are rinsed, stacked, washed on a two minute cycle, and the scalding output readied for tomorrow's team. There is steady business until 2pm, then stragglers until the door closes at 2.30pm, the plate count stands at 115 meals served. Some wag suggests that latecomers are invited by phone because of the quality of the meal! The odd diner shouts a phrase of genuine appreciation and the team exchanges good natured banter with regulars. The crew relaxes and samples the meal they have lovingly prepared for the past five hours, before spooning leftovers into containers for freezing as a precursor to next month's repeat performance. Cliff breathes a sigh of relief, this has become a labour of love; there is a sublime satisfaction providing a good meal to a hungry crowd.

The reality is that there will always be a next month, Cliff's Trinity team is but one of many who serve meals to the needy every day of the year. Martha and Darwin Wilson



Shirley, the soup lady

coordinate another group of Trinity volunteers. What started as a temporary expedient is now an essential support for the unemployed, the working poor, those whose physical and mental health leave them stranded, those who just fall through the cracks or don't fit in. There is no judgment, whether you arrive on foot, by bike or in a flashy car you are a client of the Inn; we freely give as we have been blessed ourselves. We know that a wrong turn, bad luck, poor decisions could see us standing at the counter. It is gratifying to give, humbling to receive. Many community groups serve the Inn, some Christ based, others responding to a human need. Christ followers do not have a monopoly on generosity or kindness, but a love of people modeled on the one who loved each one of us unequivocally, and died for our sins. The Inn is housed in a repurposed church, a giant mural of Michelangelo's fresco of God's outstretched hand reaching out to a diffident Adam adorns one wall. It is symbolic and begs the question "where do I fit in this picture".

Mike Tanner



## Trinity Gardens

In the flower bed adjacent to the south lawn, an early clump of daffodils nod their cheerful heads, basking in the warm April sun. After an extremely mild winter, and a miserable March, Spring beckons. The earth is warming; shrubs are budding, perennials poking forth, bulbs shouting for joy... and the weeds are beginning their annual campaign against our nicely ordered gardens. If you have a thumb-green or any variety, prefer order to chaos, love to get down on your knees, then join our garden club to keep the grounds of the church looking great. If you have ideas to spruce up the grounds, plants to donate or love to spread mulch, talk with head of maintenance John Damoiseaux or garden volunteer Mike Tanner. Trinity is blessed with abundant Spirit, would that our gardens express that joy in their own vibrant colour.

Mike Tanner.

# Michael J Ramplin

## Cowboy Christian

Cowboy Christian from Colne, Lancashire, is an tantalizing lead in to a story, but it only hints at the colourful life of Michael J Ramplin. He came into our orbit when he played at the recent Men's breakfast, his connection with Trinity is brother in law to Deanne and uncle to Rachel. I had lunch with this wanna be cowboy, recovered alcoholic, reformed smoker and country Christian recording artist.

Michael and brother Tony were born in Trawden, Lancashire during WW2. His parents divorced and mum and sons moved in with his grandmother. His childhood was spent in the hills and fields surrounding the village, and at 8 he was helping a farmer with the cows. The boys enrolled in the Boy's Brigade in nearby Colne, and at 10, Michael has a clear recollection of the Bible Class and how he was encouraged to make a decision for Christ. God was planting seeds. Another childhood muse, Saturday matinees at the cinema began a lifelong fascination with the lore of the singing cowboy. After Secondary Technical school, he apprenticed at Rolls Royce. His mother had remarried, and perhaps as a sign of early rebellion he ran away to sea, albeit via the Merchant Navy Training School.

As a junior seaman he sailed packet steamers to West Africa, the Caribbean and the Great Lakes, once sailing on the 'Phrygia' and being struck by an iron ore boat on Detroit River. On a trip to Australia many of his sea mates jumped ship and when they docked in Sydney he fled as well. Alone and penniless he uttered a prayer "God Help Me", and his unlikely saviour came in the form of a tavern owner who found him work as a labourer in a flour mill, and a place to stay. Hefting 150# flour sacks took its toll, and after a back injury, Immigration sent him to work his passage back to England. He married a local girl, had a son, and started what would be his future livelihood, working with the 'black stuff', paving crew.

As well as a taste for travel, sailing gave him an urge to drink, and alcohol became his solace in a steady downward spiral that saw his marriage fail, living rough with his mates and collie Jason as a companions. He became estranged from family, the 'black sheep', and would black out from a combination of booze and Valium, prescribed to stop his tremors. A doctor told him to quit, or he would be dead within 18 months. Brother Tony and Deanne had meanwhile emigrated to Canada, and become Christians, and urged him to seek the Lord. Deanne cried "you're 34 and look 64". His mother told him he was welcome home if he quit drinking, and it was an ad for a Country Gospel Band, 'Gospel Road' that took him, his mother and stepfather to the local chapel. Malcolm Jones preached about Jesus, and the three of them heeded the altar call, and as Michael explained "I felt the



peace of God rise from my toes to the top of my head".

Even though he was working with the road gang, he had a constant fear of being tempted back to a life of drink. It was on a visit to Canada that Tony took him to the Queensway Cathedral, and he answered a call to prayer to be freed from the bondage of fear. Once again his prayers were answered, "I felt the chains break inside, I was freed". On a trip to Nashville with Tony and Deanne, he felt the constant urge to smoke, but after Deanne prayed to

set him free, he never smoked again!

In the 80's he began a new life in faith, married again and went back to sea on the oil rig service fleet until his daughter was born. He attended the New Life Christian Center, and his experience as a singer in bars came to the fore; he learnt the guitar and started composing and singing with a Gospel band. He was drawn to Prison Ministry, and has visited jails, sung his songs and shared testimony for 14 years.



Vic Kennedy and guests

Friends invited him to visit Albania, and he became involved with an orphanage in Sarande, which has been his mission for the past 18 years. He raises money, encourages sponsorship, and with tears in his eyes, tells of the joy of the children when he arrives with guitar in hand. God opens doors, and through the Gideon's, he was able to present Bibles to the children.

The music ministry has brought blessings, he was invited to sing with George Hamilton IV, and play at the Cowboy Church in Nashville, and He has recorded gospel/country CDs, and received words of appreciation from around the world. Michael is modest, and claims that his music is just a way to open doors and "share my story". Jesus rescued this broken soul, and restored the beautiful person inside. A recent bout with prostate cancer was just another way to be an encouraging Christian. As we wrapped up our lunch, I asked

him about his future travels. "I'm heading down to Nashville again to play at the Cowboy church, and from England I'll be travelling to Albania to help with the orphanage". God does indeed move in mysterious and marvelous ways.

[www.jango.com/music/Michael+J+Ramplin](http://www.jango.com/music/Michael+J+Ramplin)

Mike Tanner, April'17

## Breakfast and Vimy

Thanks to Bill Baldock, the men of Trinity and guests were blessed with a great meal and insightful speaker at their April breakfast. God has a habit of blessing us in unexpected ways, and this Saturday morning was no exception. Due to Bill's engaging

procurement style, we saved some dough on the bread (haha), which was donated by Arik from Maya's Bakery on Mitton St; the Farmer's market egg man gave us a break on eggs (sorry), and the Country Butcher sliced the price of sausage to the bone (ouch). The kitchen crew of John, Cliff, and Dave worked hard to serve a piping hot meal on the crack of 9am, and Vic Kennedy's ensemble -Vic, George, Stephen, and Glen entertained and uplifted our hearts with rousing Gospel songs. They were aided by an International recording artist, the 'Cowboy Christian', Michael Rampling from Nelson, UK. He is over visiting family (Deanne and Rachel), and shared his music and a few words of moving testimony as he joined Vic's band.

This was the day to remember Vimy, and our guest speaker, Phil Eagen from the Sarnia Historical Society told the moving story of Canada's coming of age during the epic battle to capture the 'impregnable' Vimy Ridge. On the occasion of the 100th anniversary,



Men's breakfast audience

Vimy has featured large in print and screen, but Phil brought alive the local connection. In 1914, Sarnia became a city, as its population exceeded 10,000. Of those, 1500 men volunteered to join the Canada Corp, which was initially used to replenish the ranks of the British Army because of the

appalling casualties. After failed attempts by the British and French armies to capture Vimy, with huge numbers of dead and wounded, the Canadians were invited to take a shot under the leadership of General Arthur Currie, an enlisted man from Strathroy, who rose through the ranks on merit to lead a Division in the epic battle. The Canadian victory came at a huge cost of 10,000 casualties, including four dead Sarnia soldiers. The Historical Society organized a well-attended dinner at the Legion to mark the centennial battle, and sold over 3000 'Vimy Pins' which Phil and Ron, Society President, had available.

The back story of Vimy was a surprise to many, and marked a tangible step on the road to nation building. On a lighter note, the next Men's event will be a summer bbq, and judging from a show of hands, a trip to a Ball game.

Mike Tanner

# New Zealand

## Adventure

Graham and I had the opportunity to escape “the winter that wasn’t” for five weeks to the far away island nation of New Zealand and savour its acclaimed natural beauty. The busy city of Auckland on the North Island was our first destination. We celebrated the Chinese New Year in the botanical gardens surrounding the National Museum. In the museum, itself, we caught glimpses of Maori culture and traditions, knowledge which was reiterated and reinforced later on in our journey. Our first environmental tour took us to the Arataki Centre in the Waitakere Ranges Regional Park west of Auckland where we trekked through a rain forest. This magnificent environment is lush, dense and filled with hundreds of different specimens of ferns, mosses, trees and plants. We felt blessed to experience such a place with a well-informed and personable guide in a small group. Other tours of the natural world allowed us to explore mountains, grasslands, thermal pools, coastlands and plains. Our tour guides gave us an understanding and appreciation of the geological forces of nature which shaped their country.

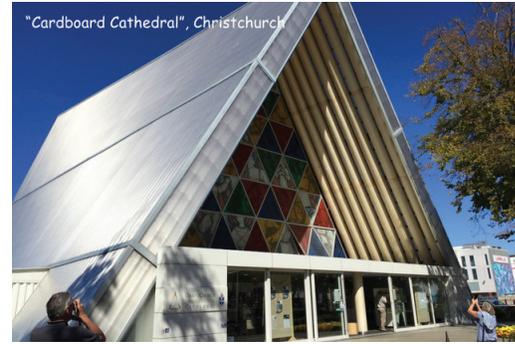


We also gained an understanding of the history of European settlement in New Zealand by visiting innovative museums in Wellington (Te Papa), Dunedin

and Christchurch. In general, displays were interactive and well maintained, with friendly guides ready to help visitors interpret the exhibits. On the spiritual level, we had the opportunity to worship in three different Anglican Cathedrals. The Wellington Cathedral of St. Paul in the capital city is close to the national parliament. At the beginning of the service, a group of about 25 young people representing Anglican Youth Mission (AYM) were presented to the congregation. The Dean commissioned and blessed them to go out and minister to marginalized youth in the city. We were privileged to speak with one of their leaders at the conclusion of the service and were thrilled by his sincere attitude and excitement about the work ahead.

At Dunedin Cathedral on the southern tip of the South Island, we attended Evensong, using the rite from the Book of Common Prayer. From the Dean’s message, it was clear that the problem of shrinking congregations and church closures was a significant issue. He stated that churches should be

viewed as gifts to God from the faithful people who worked and worshipped within these buildings. Closures, therefore, should not be considered as a viable option since it was a violation of the gifts given to the Lord. Our final opportunity



for worship in New Zealand was at the Transitional Cathedral in Christchurch on the 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday in Lent. The church has come to

be known as the “Cardboard Cathedral” as it was built to replace the original Victorian gothic Cathedral, significantly damaged on February 22, 2011, in a devastating earthquake which destroyed 50% of the buildings of the main business district in Christchurch. The building is a practical, modern and attractive structure, constructed of glass, steel, and cardboard Sonotubes. It provides a worship space for an interactive, large congregation.

Controversy surrounds the future of the damaged Cathedral which lies in ruin at the heart of the city. To demolish what remains and rebuild afresh or to attempt restoration of the old is the dilemma. Antagonistic parties are at war with one another and the matter rests unresolved in the courts, and businesses desiring to renew and rebuild near the Cathedral Square drift away to other venues. This situation begs the question, are buildings more important than spreading the gospel message to the world at, or not? What would Jesus say if He were with us in the flesh today? A significant point to ponder. The service we experienced was beautifully conducted and filled with lovely music offered by a skilled choir of men and boys. We noted that the congregation sang heartily as well. In both Wellington and Christchurch the Lord’s Prayer was sung in the Maori language, a very special experience and indicative of an attitude of inclusiveness in the church. We had the pleasure of speaking with Bishop Victoria Matthews at the conclusion of the service who stated that she appreciates our prayers for the resolution of the matter with regard to the old Cathedral.

What did Graham and I take away from our tour of these clean and green islands of New Zealand, also known as the Land of the Long White Cloud? We returned thankful for the refreshment we received experiencing the beauty and diversity of God’s creation as well as a renewed sense of our personal responsibility to take care of what we been given . We also realized we are called to communicate the saving message of Jesus, to those whom we encounter. This commission from Our Lord is both a sacred and an urgent call to action.

Mary Blenkhorn

# The Prayer Shawl Ladies

You have probably noticed an occasional assortment of Prayer shawls stacked on the altar awaiting a blessing, and I was intrigued to discover

more about this dedicated group of (mostly) ladies creating these gifts. Wednesdays at 1pm they convene to knit and chat and I learned about the method, materials and mindset behind this quietly productive Ministry. It all started several

years ago when Dawn Crossland and Liz Baldock saw the display of shawls at St Johns-in-the Wilderness, and decided to promote the idea at Trinity. It has flourished and today Bonnie, Teresa M, Mae, Shirley, Teresa H and Mary were enthusiastically turning balls of yarn into attractive shawls. Others in the group include Dawn, Sheila, Shirley P, Liz, Ann, Audrey, Edith, Mary H, Marvel, Carey and occasionally the token male, George joins in.

I learnt some surprising details, the yarn used is virtually all synthetic, because many of the shawls end up in the hospital or nursing homes where wool would not survive the laundry (ask any husband who has made that error to his eternal regret). Also one knitter is allergic to wool! Although they supply yarn as a gift to the church, donations are received from wool shops, estates, and individuals who have quit knitting, and a cupboard is full of totes crammed with multi-hued yarn. The techniques vary, most knit although I saw double crocheting; and although some prefer to knit squares (or triangles) which are then pieced together, the trend is for single source shawls. I asked the ladies what motivated them to knit. "Keeps my hands busy", "Keeps me awake", "Peaceful", "Satisfaction working

with thread", "Uplifting".

Where do all these Shawls go? Shirley H answered "For people who need comfort, are sick, grieving, children, and people in trouble. Most are distributed locally, but they have been taken to Haiti, Israel and sent around the world". Each shawl is presented in a yellow gift bag with the tag 'You matter to God'.

"There is no lack of demand, we keep a log of where each one goes, and sometimes receive a card of thanks, which is very gratifying".

This is not just busy work; there is a bond of spiritual sisterhood evident in the prayer life of the group, summarized in the Shawl Maker's Prayer:

"Dear Lord, Bless my hands as I knit today. Make each twist of yarn guide me to create a pattern of love and comfort in my work, and remind me of Your ultimate protection. Wrap me in Your Spirit so that I will be more caring toward those in need. Grant me patience as I create this shawl, and bless my handiwork, as it travels to bring comfort and peace to someone in need of Your warming embrace. Amen."

Trinity's prayer shawl group is but a subset of a worldwide movement. Google and you will find websites, books, patterns and heartwarming stories of how these shawls have made a difference in lives, both knitters and recipients. This is a true labour of love, whilst we chatted the ladies never missed a stitch, and obviously value this time together. Most have been lifelong knitters, learning as children and turning their skills to sweaters, socks, scarves, baby clothes, but the stack of shawls represents a true gift, which provide physical warmth to those in need, and a gift of love from the hearts of these dedicated knitters. Interested? There's always room for one more round the table.

Mike Tanner



# Helen Doroche

## Praise Report!

Do you ever wonder how the people we pray for are doing? Often we don't know the individuals we are asked to pray for, or know their specific needs – we pray because we know prayer makes a difference and that God knows the individuals and all the details. Often too, we don't hear any follow up to prayer requests and that's also okay – it's a privilege to pray for one another trusting that God does know the outcome – what is best for us and for His kingdom. Having said that, when we have a good news follow up to prayer to share, it's great to be able to share it, so here goes:

Some of you know Helen Durocher. Some of you, although not knowing her, have been praying for Helen, since she has been on the prayer list in our weekly bulletin. Helen is a former member of Trinity, who years ago was the youth “snack lady” and who for many years served with us (and kept us laughing!) at the Sunday/Monday Trinity teams at the Inn's soup kitchen. Those of you who don't know Helen are missing out! She is feisty, determined, and caring, with a “cup full” servant attitude and a great sense of humour.

She is also recovering from a serious illness - Guillain-Barré syndrome (GBS)– a neuro-muscular virus – that rendered her totally debilitated in June 2015, at the same time that her brother, David James (he used to be in our worship band at Trinity) was dying. We asked our church family to pray for Helen at that time, and many of us have been continuing to pray for her for the past two years. When Darwin and I first learned that Helen had been stricken with GBS, we went to London to visit and pray with her. We were disheartened to see Helen so ill and weak. This was such a sudden, life changing illness, and we quite honestly wondered what her quality of life would be moving forward. Helen though, despite her difficulty speaking, made it clear that her attitude and resolve were that of “okay, I'm not happy about this, I'm not sure why this has happened to me, but this is what it is, so now I need patience until I get better.” She also had a few feisty words for the nurses that she felt were being pests!

Helen was grateful to have support from her family and to know that there were lots of people praying for her and especially for her brother and his family. Helen was more concerned about not being able to be with her brother



when he was dying, than she was about her own condition. Helen had to sell her house, knowing that living there on her own would no longer be possible. She has spent the past two years in hospitals in London, Sarnia, Petrolia, has had a stint at a rehab institute, was at Fiddicks and is now residing at Meadowview. Throughout all these life changes, all the rehab and hard work, her attitude has been amazing – no pity party or bitterness for Helen! Rather she accepts where she is at, is thankful for every bit of progress, and looks forward to the possibility of moving in with a friend if and when she is ready. If

that doesn't happen, she said, “This (Meadowview) is a pretty good place to be.” And it is a pretty good place to be if you are on the same floor as Helen! She has been the bright light to others in similar or worse circumstances and she is the one who will show kindness to everyone in her path and spend time visiting with individuals with dementia that others would shy away from. Helen makes the most of where she's at and wants to cheer up those around her. She's very matter of fact about it! And she has fun along the way. She and two others on her floor call themselves the Three Musketeers and she could tell you some stories about their “adventures.”

Our most recent visit with Helen was April 1<sup>st</sup>. How heartwarming it was to go into her room and see her walk over to us, totally unassisted, and looking just like the “old Helen.” How far she has come by God's grace, through the help of dedicated PTs, hard work and great attitude on her part, and with the prayers of so many. How wonderful to see that Helen brings such happiness to others wherever she is planted! A friend of hers told her that she thought Helen was at Meadowview for a reason – that she is there because she is so helpful and uplifting to others – Helen thinks maybe that's the case, and we agree!

**Helen says hi to all the folks at Trinity, especially the soup kitchen gang, and thanks you for your prayers. “Keep them coming,” she says, “they are working.” Praise God.**

Martha Wilson

# What LIFE Groups

## Mean to me

“It’s one thing to know a lot about weightlifting and another thing to actually lift weights. It’s one thing to know a lot about nutrition and another thing to eat healthy. Similarly, it’s one thing to know a lot about the Bible and another thing to actually live out what it teaches. That’s why the Christian life isn’t just about knowledge. It’s when our acts of faith intersect with God’s faithfulness that our faith grows.”



Dave's LIFE group at breakfast

Bible so that we are better equipped to walk the talk.

I know I’m biased when it comes to LIFE groups.

After all I am the LIFE group coordinator. It’s my job to be excited about LIFE groups and to get everyone else excited. But the reality is that I really am excited about LIFE groups. I’ve been participating in small group ministry for 40+ years. Early on it was a college & career group Bible study. Later it was the 2:7 Series discipleship program where we learned and practiced skills such as quiet time options, ways to meditate on Scripture, how to sharpen and tell our salvation story. For many years I

met early in the morning with other guys as part of Christian Business Ministries Canada. We prayed for each other, studied God’s word and discussed the challenge of being a Christ follower in the workplace. There were also many home study groups of course.

Frankly I cannot imagine being a Christian and not participating in a LIFE group of some sort. Life change and connection to others happens in circles not in rows! To learn how to find a LIFE group that’s just right for you, please give me a call at 519-491-7168.

Dave Bandy



Martha's LIFE Group in home study

I heard this quote by Andy Stanley at a recent LIFE group gathering. (LIFE =Learn, Insight, Friendship, Encouraged) We were looking at his book “Five Things God Uses to Grow Your Faith”. As I heard this I thought to myself that it was a perfect illustration of why LIFE group participation is so essential to our well-being as Christians. In our LIFE groups we don’t just learn Biblical truths. We actually talk about what it looks like when we apply God’s word. We share stories about times when we have obeyed and times when we haven’t obeyed God’s word. We test our understanding of the

# Carol's

## 70th birthday

Birthdays come and birthdays go but this birthday was going to be special for me ever since I turned 69. I didn't know why I was so excited about becoming 70 but I was. You probably know that I had been telling everyone wherever I went and more that March 22nd was my birthday and I would be 70! It was just fun for me and I got reactions for it- with eyes brows raised in exasperation "we know!!!!" People would say. But oh my, oh my! This birthday has truly been THE most special of my entire life.

At Christmas my son and his family announced they were taking me to Paris for my Christmas and birthday gift. He and I share birthdays 4 days apart and this year he is 50. So of course, Monica is planning a surprise party for him and I am delighted about it. But it makes for a tiny damper on mine with expecting them all to come home for me as well. I really had put a celebration for me to bed in January and looked forward to my trip to Paris and to "Oliver" in May.

March 20 was our Granddaughter's 16th birthday and we were planning to leave church early to go to Paris Ontario for her celebration. Dave found out at the last moment

and had to rearrange our plans in order to stay. What a glorious surprise when Esther and Sue Collins had planned and implemented a beautiful time with our church family whom I love so much, to celebrate my 70 years! Now I know and love and appreciate there are many who have birthdays this month. And I lift high my glass to toast and celebrate their lives as well. And Barb Barcroft and I even celebrate on the same day! Did I mention to you that it is March 22? But I want you to know that I could hardly contain my joy that everyone would be so kind. A surprise party on my birthday after Sandi took 2hrs beautifying me for fun followed with many special friends and relatives attending. Then my husband whisked me away for an overnight stay at the Elmhurst Inn. Later my grandson and his fiancé arrived with a heartfelt gift and visit.

So I lift my glass high and thank my Jesus for bringing all my expectations of a special year for me to come true. At the moment I am in Paris, France with my son, daughter-in-love and granddaughter where my grandson, Brock surprised me at an outside cafe by showing up from Barcelona. He is staying until tomorrow. We are listening to opera music. The surprises just keep coming. Thank you, thank you Lord for loving me so much!

**Carol Kernohan (70 and proud)**

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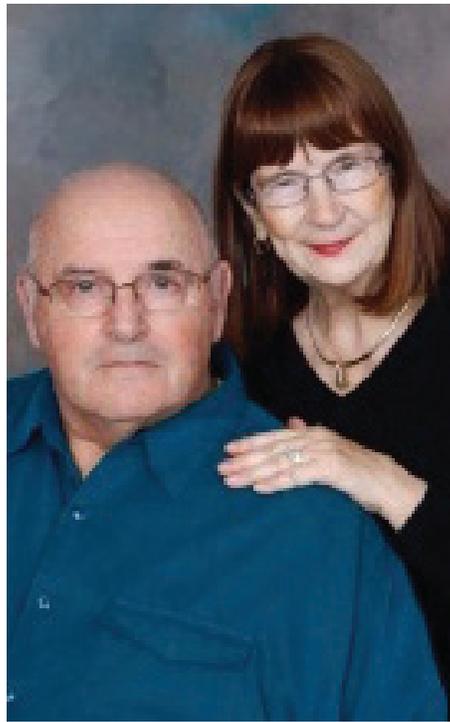
## Secret Sisters big reveal !



The Secret Sisters Reveal took place on March 28<sup>th</sup>. What we lacked in attendance we made up for in enthusiasm. We have drawn lots for our new Secret Sisters and are preparing for another year of stealthy spiritual support. Mary Ann Cunningham is the ringleader.....

# Troubles in Paradise

A Pacific cruise to exotic locales such as Bora Bora, Papeete and New Zealand sounds like a trip through paradise, but for Dave and Emily Bailey their dream vacation had an unexpected ending at their final destination. The 'Pacific Princess', the smallest of the Princess Fleet boarded 670 passengers at Los Angeles on Jan 20th for a 23 day cruise to Sydney.



"It was a great trip, good food, wonderful table-mates. Bob was a pilot with Fed Ex with his wife and 13 year old son, Eric was a doctor along with his wife. We crossed the equator which was a new experience; watched an intimidating Maori war dance. In Auckland we took the Space Tower tour, and enjoyed the Aquarium with its fascinating Penguin display. As we sailed into Sydney harbour under the famous Bridge on the final day, our trip took a turn for the worse. It was February 12th, and I started to have severe pains in my chest.

I thought it was indigestion, but went to the sick bay at 2am, and they summoned the nurse". (Most men suffering chest pain are in denial, I know, I was one of them. Ed). Dave continues "They took a blood sample, and I sat for 4 hours waiting for the result. Finally at 6 am the ship's doctor told me that my blood enzymes were elevated, and that I had suffered

a heart condition, and he was calling for an ambulance. I was whisked off the ship to the Royal Prince Alfred hospital in Sydney. This was to be my home for the next ten days. Emily stayed in a hotel, and visited every day. Being in a foreign country, waiting for more tests and the doctor's diagnosis and not knowing the outcome was daunting. My wife left on our pre-booked flight home on Day 4, since the hotel was racking up a huge bill, and I was left in the hospital. The Aussie's were nice, but I couldn't understand their accent, and when I talked they always said 'Pardon', because of my accent!. Eventually I had a two stents to clear the blockage, except they installed them upside down, (Aussie humour, Ed).

I lay in bed and asked God for faith and endurance to get through this experience.

Luckily I had my 'Daily Bread', and I heard that Trinity was praying for me, as well as my wife's church (New Horizon's), and believe me I felt your prayers 10,000

miles away. God's Spirit lives in His people in order to work through them, Psalm 1, 1-3. I was discharged home, but my home was back in Canada, and I had to resort to a \$250 a night hotel for ten days.

Eventually the Cardiologist said that all

looked well on my Ultrasound, blood work, X rays, electrocardiogram. I practically pleaded with her to grant me clearance to fly home. She said 'yes'. Alleluia!! My prayers were answered, I was heading home, God works in wonderful ways. Thank you for your prayers and words of encouragement. They really do work".

Dave Bailey, told to Mike Tanner.



# Episcopal Church of Roatan

## Nelson and Kara Ministry

Once more we have the privilege of sharing with you about the ministry God has called us to through the Episcopal Church in Roatan Bay Island. We are very thankful for your faithful support that allows us to continue with our ministry. The Cursillo weekend is one of the evangelistic tools we use to bring men and women before Christ, and just recently I had the privilege of serving as a spiritual director at a Cursillo weekend with an attendance of 84 candidates. It was a blessing for our congregation to have the opportunity to send four men to attend this event. Now the women are waiting to attend their Cursillo in July or August. The last Sunday of February we celebrated a children's party at both congregations, Emmanuel and St. Peter. This included activities for kids of different ages: music, prayer, games, food, a present and, the most important thing- the gospel presentation for all the kids.

This was an activity that was on in every local church in Roatan, on the same day and at the same hour. Our goal was to bring to Jesus all the kids and adults who attended the event. We began Lent calling our congregations to observe a very spiritual time even if we live on a paradisiac island that provides many opportunities to distract us from the true meaning of Lent and Holy Week. Thousands of tourists, local-



**The mission girls, caught in the rain**

ly and internationally, are coming to Roatan for Holy Week, because this is considered a time to take a vacation and relax and not to become closer to God. We encourage our congregations to attend all the services from Holy Wednesday to Sunday to celebrate the Resurrection. On May 26-27 we will celebrate the Diocesan Convention on the mainland, and two members from Roatan churches will participate with us. We are making great progress on the windows; we expect to finish them soon. These are glass windows and very soon we will have enclosed the church building.

At the beginning of the year we had the blessing of a visit from Tracey Larter from Vancouver. She taught English at Emmanuel church based on the book of Esther. She also helped us to build a fence to protect the church property, and planted some flowers by the front of the building. So far this year we have had a few Canadians visit Roatan on a cruise from Toronto and from Newfoundland. It is always a blessing to meet friends of our friends in Canada.

**May God continue to richly**

**bless you.**

**Empowering the Church**

**Learning, Growing and Serving**

**Nelson and Kara Mejia**

**Note: This update courtesy of Gene Thamer and the Outreach Mission. It is from Nelson & Kara Mejia who we support in prayer for their mission work in the Honduras. Many will relate to the importance of Cursillo in their lives.**



**TRINITY**  
**Annual Church Picnic**  
 Sunday June 25th  
 at 11:45 (after church)  
**Mike Weir Park**  
 Bring lawnchairs  
 and a salad or dessert  
 Hamburgers & Hotdogs  
 supplied



# THE ENGAGEMENT PARTY

The party begins on rush mats in the garden, then displaced by rain we hasten into the veranda where we feast and laugh and sing and dance and insist on speeches from the shy couple. As the rain pounds down for several hours, I sit on the mat surrounded by precious friends from the most desperate, darkest corners of society, watching them laugh and bond with each other, enjoying the good food prepared all morning by Devota and Marlene. I feel deep gratitude for every detail.

The happy occasion was the celebration of the engagement of two beloved team members: Gakozi and Ange. For some time I had known each one was planning to marry during this year but only recently did I discover who! Gakozi grew up in dire poverty before becoming a child soldier, suffering all his childhood from a nasty condition, smelly pus constantly oozing from his eye. Once he began training in mechanics with us, we were able at last to find him a surgeon who changed his life. Ange was raped as a school child then after the baby was born she was sent away to a wicked aunt in the capital who used her for years as slave labour. During that time she joined us, quiet as a mouse, and today is our most competent seamstress.

“What’s this? OMO soap powder?” Menedore looks at the icing on my cake. She has never seen icing before. Deborah cups her hands to receive her piece of cake as if it was the host at Holy Communion. She holds it as you would hold a tiny chick, wondering at its fragile beauty. Suddenly she hands it to Jacky and rushes off for a plastic bag:” I’m taking it home for my daughter,” she says in her distinctive husky voice. Earlier Belyse had commented on the rice. She had never eaten rice that wasn’t full of stones and husks. A ‘simple’ party for one is a lifetime memory for others. So humbling. Please pray for the two who will marry in November but also pray that others who have not yet made that commitment and will remember this day and choose to honour God in their relationships.

Friday 24 March 2017

Allison Blair

Allison Blair is a missionary from Quebec. She is working in Bujumbura, Burundi, central Africa, with an organization called Bravo Ministries that seeks to win women to Christ while teaching them skills that will enable them to support themselves. We remember her in our Prayers every week.



## SUMMER DAYCAMP

JULY 10th - 14th

9:00am - 4:00pm

for Children 5-10yrs old

Cost - \$75

Parents/Guardians register online  
at  
[www.trinity.sarnia.net](http://www.trinity.sarnia.net)



**Trinity Anglican Church**  
1194 Murphy Rd., Sarnia  
(519) 542-9261 next to Tim Hortons

# Easter at Trinity

