



WELCOME TO WORSHIP

SUNDAY 21st JUNE

National Indigenous Day of Prayer

8:00am Holy Eucharist

Traditional (BCP). Said service

10:30am Holy Eucharist

Contemporary (BAS) with Music, Choir, & Sunday School
Refreshments & fellowship follow in the Parish Hall

WEDNESDAY 24th JUNE (Chapel)

10:30 am Holy Eucharist

Traditional (BCP). Said service.



TUE 23 rd JUNE	Tai Chi Foundations	9:00am
WED 24 th JUNE	Parish Council Meeting	4:00 pm
THU 25 th JUNE	Caring for the Core	11:30am
THU 25 th JUNE	Migrant Farm Workers Ministry	2:00-8:00 pm
FRI 26 th JUNE	Tai Chi Foundations	9:00am
FRI 26 th JUNE	Migrant Farm Workers Ministry	2:00-8:00 pm

Part 3: Why do the darn clergy (and others) keep changing my worship?

In the past two weeks we have been considering the dramatic changes to our Anglican Worship that came about because of the “liturgical renewal movement” of the 60’s and 70’s that resulted in the Book of Alternative Services (BAS). We looked at the history of that change and then at the architectural changes that resulted. We saw that we moved from worship in a triangle to worship in a circle. God moved from being out there to being in our midst. This may be a simplistic way of thinking about this but I am not writing as a scholar but as one who has lived through the transitions in our worship for the past 76 years and particularly as a priest in the church for the past four decades. I was nurtured and grew up with the Prayer Book but have been using the BAS in worship regularly since its inception 41 years ago. I need to say at the outset, there is no right or wrong about prayer and worship. I believe God is always looking beyond our forms and into our hearts. Sincere worship with any form of prayers is fine. However, different kinds of prayer say different things about God and our relationship with God and others. Take the major difference between the Prayer Book and the BAS. We moved from “I am” worshipping to “we are” worshipping. For example, the Creed changes from “I believe” to “We believe”. The Creed is no longer an individual faith statement but a group or community faith statement. Similarly, In the Prayer Book confession we are asked as individuals to repent of our sins meekly kneeling upon our knees. In the BAS we are invited together to confess our sins and begin our prayer by saying, “we confess that we have sinned against you....” In many Anglican Churches the congregation will stand up throughout the confession as a symbol of being in solidarity with everyone else in falling short and also in receiving Absolution. Worshipping as a group or community, as opposed to a collection of individuals, also shows up at the time of receiving Communion. Many modern churches no longer have a communion rail to kneel at, but rather everyone stands up to receive Communion. This is symbolic of the fact that we are part of the Body of Christ together as we all “share in the one bread”. These may seem like small things but they speak to a very different approach to Worship. With the Prayer Book we are a collection of individuals each communing with our personal God in Worship. As a BAS worshipper we are part of a community or group worshipping together. No wonder it feels strange, or even wrong to stand for

prayers or to receive Communion. Kneeling seems more personal, and it is, that’s how we were formed with the Prayer Book.

Another major difference between the prayers and forms of Worship between the two books is theological. The Prayer Book comes straight out of the Reformation, but contains the piety of the Middle Ages. For the reformers the key theological idea about Jesus is summed up in the Prayer of Consecration. Here we pray, “Jesus oblation of himself once offered, a full perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.” This view of the purpose of Christ’s Passion is a combination of at least two different “Theories of Atonement”, the “ransom” theory and the penal substitution theory. In the first, Jesus ransoms sinners from the devil. In the second, Jesus dies to satisfy God’s wrath against human sin. Jesus is punished in the place of the sinner in order to satisfy the justice of God and the legal demand of God to punish sin. Elements of these two theories are present in some of the Eucharistic Prayers in the BAS but there is a greater theological range of understandings. This isn’t the place to explore them all. However, we need to recognize that we are saying and believing different things with different Eucharistic Prayers. The second major difference between books is around Medieval Piety. In the Middle Ages and beyond most people never felt really worthy of God’s love and were somewhat afraid of receiving Holy Communion. This thinking continued into the Reformation with a predominance of non-Eucharistic Prayer Services. Most Anglicans throughout the world only began to receive Communion on a weekly basis beginning in the 80’s. In the Prayer Book we see that even after the Confession and Absolution (our sins are forgiven at this point) we have the “We do not presume” prayer

that states, “we are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy Table.” Plus we have the option of singing the Agnus Dei “O Lamb of God that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us.” It doesn’t feel like we really believe that God has forgiven us and that we are “worthy to stand before you”, BAS Eucharistic Prayer #3. The Prayer Book reflects the sense of unworthiness that Anglicans felt in the face of an Almighty God and Judge. We are not coming with joy before the Lord, forgiven, loved, and free, as we are encouraged to do in the BAS service. These then are a few significant differences between our Books that cause us to feel uncomfortable either in one form of worship or the other. Sometimes we clergy make matters worse by imposing the theology and piety of the Prayer Book on the BAS or visa versa. We may not even do it consciously. We were formed by one form of theology and piety and now are trying to use a different theological and spiritual approach. I just want to close by saying our worship journey will continue to evolve as new generations are formed by different worship. I no longer believe, as I once did, that there is a correct way of worshipping God. The fact that we are worshipping at all, in a world where so many don’t, is good enough for me and I’m sure for a loving God who sees the intentions of our hearts. My purpose here is simply to answer the question, “Why do the darn clergy and others keep changing my worship?” The answer is simply that as Anglicans we will continue to try and balance Tradition, Scripture and Reason and this will mean that everything will continue to evolve and change. If you don’t like change, don’t worry too much, look at how slowly anything changes in this “wondrous and sacred mystery” that we call the Church.

Rick+

Check your Closets and Purge.

It is once again, time for our Migrant Workers to come back to Ontario to work in our fields and greenhouses to plant, prune and prepare our crops for the season. Most come back unprepared and need help with work clothes. Huron Farmworkers Ministry offer the workers a free warm dinner on Thurs & Fri nights plus a table of good used clothing. If you could donate any clothing that you no longer need, we would be very grateful. We need MEN’S CLOTHING, SIZES SMALL – LARGE. Coats, shoes, boots, hats, socks, rain protection, whatever you have they will use. If you can’t help with clothing, we sure could use some help serving the dinners and setting up and down the tables and chairs. If you can’t help by volunteering, a cash donation would also be gratefully accepted. Check your closets and purge. It is such a good feeling to clear out unused stuff and it goes to such a good cause. **THANK YOU!** Donations can be dropped off at the church, TUESDAY-FRIDAY mornings or THURSDAY & FRIDAY afternoons FROM 3-7 P.M.

Judy Bannister.



Contemplative Prayer Gathering – Wednesdays, starting July 1, 2026, at 9:15-10:15 in the Mixer Room

In the midst of busy schedules, constant demands, and the stresses of daily life, it can be difficult to find time to nurture our spiritual lives. Yet it is often during these very seasons that we most need to pause, be still, and rest in the presence of God.

Please join us to come and discover the gift of simply being with God. We will learn about and practice Contemplative Prayer, a gentle practice rooted in the rich tradition of Christian spirituality. Often known as Centering Prayer, the prayer of silence, the prayer of stillness, or the practice of the presence of God, this form of prayer invites us beyond words and thoughts into a deeper awareness of God's loving presence.

In contemplative prayer, we are not asking God for anything, nor are we listing our concerns, joys, or shortcomings. Instead, we simply rest in the presence of the One who loves us. As we learn to be still before God, that awareness of God's presence gradually begins to shape and sustain the rest of our lives.

This tradition has been embraced by generations of Christians, including John Cassian, Teresa of Avila, John of the Cross, Thérèse of Lisieux, Thomas Merton, and many others. It remains a profound way of opening ourselves to God's transforming grace.

Why practice contemplative prayer? Contemplative prayer helps us to create space for God amid the busyness of life; to cultivate inner peace and spiritual renewal; to deepen our relationship with Christ and to develop a greater awareness of God's presence in our lives.

Whether you are new to contemplative prayer or have practiced it for years, we hope to see you there.

CHURCH PICNIC

Our church picnic will be held on Sunday **June 28th** after the **10:30** service.

The service will be **outdoors** on the lawn this is when we will celebrate our **Indigenous Day of Prayer**, followed by a **potluck** picnic.

We are inviting our neighbours from St. Paul's Presbyterian church to attend so when you are preparing your potluck dish please make a bit more. We will also have **barbecued hotdogs**.

Please bring a **lawn chair** for seating.

If it rains, we will move into the Parish Hall.



The Cappers have what would appear to be a bumper crop of gooseberries this year. They are happy to pick but YOU get to clean them should you want some. The crop likely gets picked about mid-June. Please see Mike after the 10:30am Service or at 226-440-2592.



Mike's only request is that you make a donation to a charity of your choosing, in gratitude for his labours.

PRESERVE US, O LORD



We Can Provide the jars.

If anyone is doing any jam making or canning over the summer please consider doing a bit extra for the bazaar. Things like pickles, chutney, jams, marmalade, salsa, pasta sauce, lemon curd etc. We would be most grateful. For more information please talk to Deb Vankerrebroeck at church or give her a call ☎ 519-582-2292. Many thanks.



Psalm 123

in *Psalms For Praying: An Invitation to Wholeness* by Nan C. Merrill

Those who put their trust in You are like giant trees standing firm and rooted deep.

As the trees grow strong in fertile soil, so we mature in the garden of Love, nourished by the Word of Life.

For the weeds of fear, the tares of ignorance, find no home here; they are soon cast out.

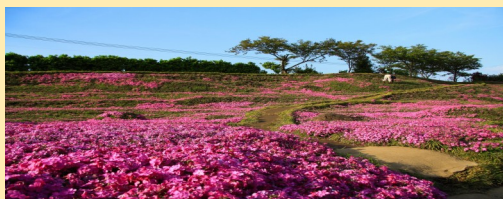
As each flower in its uniqueness blesses the garden, the interconnectedness of all brings it to fulfillment.

Those whose lives reflect goodness and integrity, become mirrors to Love's way.

They are like fragrant blossoms that bring joy to all around them, like open invitations for others to come.

Come! Enter the Garden of Love!

Submitted by
Grace Brubacher



THE DIOCESE OF HURON

The Rt. Rev. Dr. R. Todd Townshend
Bishop of Huron

1-800-919-1115

Huron Church House

190 Queens Avenue, London,

ON N6A 6H7 www.diohuron.org



CONTACT US

☎ (519)-426-0501

• 80 Colborne St. S, Simcoe,
N3Y4H5

✉ reception@trinitysimcoe.ca

💻 www.trinitysimcoe.ca

[www.Facebook.com/Trinitysimcoe](https://www.facebook.com/Trinitysimcoe)

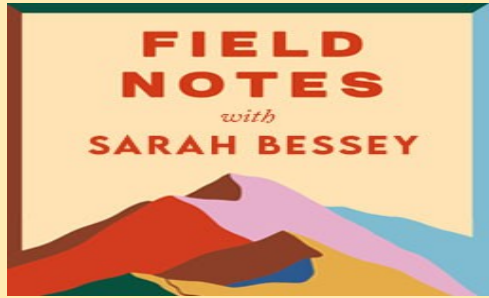
**Parish Office Hours: Tuesday - Friday
9:00am-12:00 noon**



The Women's Inter-Church Council of Toronto is hosting an introduction to the 100th anniversary of World Day of Prayer on the **morning of Saturday, October 17th, at Cummer United Church,**

Toronto. For more details, contact Ruth Currie – ruth-currie09@gmail.com and/or follow the social media pages for the Women's Inter-Church Council of Canada. Save the date!!!!

If your planning team is interested in hosting a special party for the World Day of Prayer 100th anniversary, please contact Janet at communications@wicc.org for available resources and promotional items.



Everything, All Of It

Hi friends,

When he was in kindergarten, his first pair of glasses were navy blue and there was a little green squid along the arm of them. At his graduation from high school last week, I couldn't stop thinking of that little face and those silly squid glasses and the unique kid who wore them, all the stories only we know together. All day, I kept welling up every time I looked at him. I keep my children's stories private, I know, but his has expanded and deepened every corner of my life. Now he towers over me in his cap and gown, his university acceptance letter is in my keepsake drawer. Loving the particularity of him has set up a thousand altars for encountering Emmanuel, the one who is God with us. **God spare us all from sentimentality over raising children, when what we need and have always needed is a sturdy, steady, humble love.** I have made an offering of my life to this work.

Last week, I hit SEND on a milestone edit for my new book. I printed off the manuscript so my husband could finally read it - we are old, we still like paper - but then I ended up in the chair near my desk to read it myself, one last time. I actually like it. I think some of my best writing ever is in here but who can tell at this point? It is the seventh book I've written and after this, I am taking a little break of sorts, so I want to make sure these pages contain everything I am desperate to say about loving the world even when it breaks your heart. **It's a weird thing to keep offering up your deepest stories and truest beliefs for people to review on Amazon.** I'm not sure I pulled off what I hoped for entirely, but I believe in books and in telling stories and in loving our God, our neighbour, ourselves through these pages. I have made an offering of my life to this work.

Okay, I am realising now that last week was actually a big one - no wonder I'm tired today - because we also celebrated our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. We fell in love when we were 19; married when we were barely 22 years old. We grew up together. Now his hair is salt and pepper and I am reading books about menopause. Our eldest daughter is wildly in love with her sweetheart and so she keeps reminding us "you were engaged at my age!" like it's an endorsement and we look at each other in disbelief, I guess we were that young once? How did our parents let us get married? Who could have stopped us? We have built a whole sanctuary in twenty-five years. **Again, nothing about real love is sentimental and it's not a fairy tale but now, all these years later, I think this ordinary mystery may actually be our true vocation.** We have made an offering of our lives to this work.

In the mornings, I often get up early with our sweet dog, Lu-

cy. Feed her and our remaining cat, Amy; Rory our giant ginger softie having gone where all good cats go in the end. I change their water and make the first pot of coffee for us all. I open all the blinds even though it's been daylight since 5:30 a.m., put the dog in the yard to stretch her legs, crack open the windows even though it's still cold outside because I like a little fresh air. Once all the creatures are settled, I get my coffee and sit down with my old Bible and my journal along with whatever book on spiritual formation I'm reading at the moment. The rest of the house will wake up soon, but I still like the idea of quiet time, bless my own heart. Right now, I'm re-reading Howard Thurman's classic book *Meditations of the Heart* and it is even better now, when I am 47-years-old, than it was when I last read it at just 35.

I've got a list of names in my journal of the people I hold in prayer: remember this one, God, hold them close like the good Mother you are to us all. I've written the names of my friends and their children and grandchildren; countries; leaders; enemies (always a good reminder); my children; my parents; my sister and her family. Hold us all close, Jesus, I say. **I still like making direct eye contact with God in the morning, re-entering the conversation we've been having all my life.** It's old-fashioned and even a bit cringe or performative to some folks, I know, but I keep making my mornings an offering. I haven't been open, online or otherwise, about how hard the past year and a bit has been on me, physically. I've had repeated relapses of chronic illness and flare-ups of fibromyalgia in a way that I thought had been managed (LOL). Bodies rarely cooperate with our plans. And I still hate talking about it so please don't ask me about it and do not expect me to mention it again, but I suppose, after fourteen months of it and the fact that I am finally emerging from the fog of it, I should at least make an acknowledgement of this: it hasn't been great. Also I have a teeny bit of arthritis in my hands now and just whatever, man. **I am trying but mostly failing to dedicate this part of life to God, too.**

Lately, I keep thinking of those old lines from the Bible as I first learned them: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

Jesus, man. Every time. And what a sentence. Some things just need the old King James, don't they? What a gorgeous vocation. What a simple and completely impossible thing. What an offering. **I could walk any aisle and make a declaration of fidelity to such a thing.**

"The answer to all this reaction of deep anxiety and anguish is, says the poet: "thy life to God an offering make, and to Him dedicate." And the meaning of this?" writes Howard Thurman. "If I make my life an offering and a dedication to God, then this dedication will include all of my entanglements and involvements. There follows, then, a radical change over my entire landscape and miraculously I am free at my centre. **It is for this reason that it is well, again and It is**

for this reason that it is well, again and again, to re-establish my dedication, to make repeatedly an offering of my life. I must keep my dedication up to date with my experiencing.”

These lines, I underline. I dog-ear the page. I write the lines out in my little earnest journal. This is three pages over from another list of petitions I'm holding up to God like a promissory note I want honoured by the management.

Everything, all of it, is an offering. And our dedication to offering our lives to God has to keep up with our experience of our own lives. Thou shalt love God and love thy neighbour and love thy life. Make an offering of it all.

When I was little, growing up in the church, the elder saints often referred to an altar call as an invitation for “dedicating your life to God.” I rolled my eyes at that language for a decade or two but now I like it all over again. I keep dedicating my life to God, over and over again, not because I'm afraid of hell - which I don't believe in anyway - but because I am learning how to love God and love my neighbour and love my self in real time.

I am dedicating this, everything, all of it, all of me, to God. I am offering it all like a gift even when it feels more adjacent to a curse sometimes. I am offering up my joys and my pride, my wins and my losses, my worries and anxieties, my best work and my memories of little boys in squid glasses, my ordinary life. **I am running down the aisle of my life like it's a church and in return, God keeps telling me to love it all.**

It's hardly optimal but it is beautiful.

That cheeky eldest daughter also has a little white board in her bedroom for her uni schedule, her assignments, and her reminders. In her girlish printing, she has included the lines from 1 John 4:16: “God is love. Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in them.” Every time I wander into her room to rescue dirty dishes or find a lazy cat who needs to be fed again, I see those words and I am brought up short again. **Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in them.**

Well, hallelujah to that.

I would walk any aisle in any church now or any avenue of trees that does the same kind of holy work of leading us to an altar of sorts. And I would say, yes, I want to re-dedicate my life to this kind of love all over again.

I'm not afraid, I'm not anxious. I am, in Thurman's word, often “centred down” in a way that I wasn't when I was younger. In fact, I am filled with love and gratitude for it all today. Right now, anyway.

It turns out that it is actually an abundant life when it has the capacity to break your heart and mend your heart at the same time. It's all an offering. I'll keep re-dedicating it all, including me. I'm just trying to keep the hope of it all up-to-date.

From the middle of it all,

S. (Sarah Bessey from Fieldnotes)



National Indigenous Day of Prayer

A time for non-indigenous and Indigenous Anglicans to recommit to the shared work of healing, right relationship, and renewed life in Christ. A time to celebrate.....

**Creator God,
from you every family in heaven and
earth takes its name.
You have rooted and grounded us
in your covenant love,
and empowered us by your Spirit
to speak the truth in love,
and to walk in your way towards justice
and wholeness.
Mercifully grant that your people,
journeying together in partnership,
may be strengthened and guided
to help one another to grow into the full
stature of Christ,
who is our light and our life.
Amen. / (ACC)**

Sunday June 21 is Fathers Day

Strength of a Mountain

**God took the strength of a mountain,
The majesty of a tree,
The warmth of a summer sun,
The calm of a quiet sea,
The generous soul of nature,
The comforting arm of night,
The wisdom of the ages,
The power of the eagle's flight,
The joy of a morning in spring,
The faith of a mustard seed,
The patience of eternity,
The depth of a family need,
Then God combined these qualities,
When there was nothing more to add,
He knew His masterpiece was complete,
And so, He called it ... Dad**