

Summer 2004



commonplace

kɒmˌmɒnˈplɑːs



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// Summer time an’ the livin’ is easy,
Fish are jumpin’ an’ the cotton is
high. Oh, yo’ daddy’s rich, and
yo’ ma’ is good-lookin’, So hush, little
baby, don’ yo’ cry.”

Ah yes, ‘tis the time for water
restrictions, politician’s promises and
finally a break for the overworked,
underpaid souls in the NHL. But despite
the ‘jumpin’ fish’ of the West Coast the
show must and indeed is going on.

The Place is alive and kicking despite
the continued absence of our beloved
pastor, who, if the reports are correct is
having a wonderful time in Cambridge,
England. Randy features quite heavily
in this issue in fact. Mainly because
he is not here to say otherwise. I have
even included something positive and
touching about him. This will of course

be the only time I will lower myself to
such depths. <Wink>

James Kingsley has stepped up to
the plate as our pastoral intern and he is
doing a great job. He even met Randy
wandering around a virtual church
(see www.shipoffools.com). This has
become more difficult recently as one
day the attendance peaked at 41,000.
Strange times, must be the sun.

So, once again I encourage you
to get involved with this mag. Write
away and you never know, from this
humble beginning might blossom a
glorious career, full of Booker prizes
and incredible loneliness. So give it a
thought or two and email me.

Simon

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News

Music to my ears, would
describe one aspect of life
in our community over these
last few months. We have sampled the
audio delights of Jill Paquette, Jaylene
Johnson, Jacob Moon and Laurell
Hubick. These up-n-coming singer
songwriters boast a Juno, a few Vibe
awards and a Dove to their names.
They were all excellent, lyrically
intelligent and musically diverse.

Easter sunrise was again a wonderful
time for our community as 200-300
people braved the early wake-up call to
meet at Gyro Park for a time of worship
and word. Two readings are included in
this issue (one which has not been seen
before and was not read due to travel
difficulties!)

Dominating the news this month has
been the staff departures at Lambrick
Park Church (LPC). And we’re not

just talking about our wandering
pastor Randy - who, by all accounts,
will return from his sabbatical at the
beginning of August. We have waved
a tearful adieu to Tom Cowan and Lisa
Stekelenberg in this continuing season
of transition. Both are moving on to
pastors (oops, pastures) new (who says
the old ones aren’t the best?) Tom has
been the senior pastor at LPC for many
years and has watched the church grow
and mature under his guidance and
teaching. Lisa has served as Kids pastor,
and inventor of Crosswalk, for almost a
decade and will also be sorely missed
by many. God bless them both.

The new practical helps ministry,
called the Place ACTS, is going really
well: 5 jobs done; needs come in from
the Place, LPC and Victoria. Good job
to all of you who are on the database. If
not then look at the back. We could be
calling you next...



Easter Sunrise Readings

The first reading was sadly absent from proceedings due to the reader being stuck in Tofino... The second was read by the author at a God-unforsaken hour in the morning...

FIRST READING

In a few minutes, Matthew Hooton will be standing in front of you, telling a story about Easter back when he was a kid up island, playing road hockey with his brother with helmets made out of ice cream buckets. I don't have a story like that, but when I read his, it made me think back to what things were like when I was a kid. There was no religion in my family – there still isn't, but there's belief – but I always remember playing those "imagine-if" games, and it seems like a lot of

them were about heaven. Everyone remembers trying to imagine what heaven would be like – in heaven all the houses are full of M&M's and you have to eat tunnels between the rooms; in heaven there are Hot Wheels tracks a million miles long; in heaven you can skydive from dawn to dusk; in heaven the waves are always overhead and barreling; in heaven you can breathe underwater and have mantas for pets; in heaven there's no school; in heaven you can hang out with your Papa and hear all the stories you never got to hear. That was back when we were kids, and some of us still are, but things have changed, haven't they? But I still think about it; I still wonder *holy smokes, when we're set free...when we're set free, what'll it be like?*

I had this dream a few times and I think it's as close as I can get to imagining heaven. We're in the desert

in a church, an old wooden one with real pews; it's real Old West stuff, and the church is empty, just me and my girlfriend in a church so rough and gnarly and weathered that there's light coming through chinks in the walls. There's one tiny pulpit up front with a wooden cross on top of it, and behind the pulpit is the church's one stained glass window, just lit up like crazy, like it's the brightest day of the year outside. And we're inside this church and I'm looking up at the window and the cracks in the walls, and I'm wanting so bad to go check out what it's like outside. I can't for the life of me figure out why we're in this empty, creaky old church. So we get up and walk to the back, we push aside the wooden doors and they swing like the doors of those old saloons, and it's the brightest day we've ever seen. It's that feeling where you've been inside and you run out at noon in summer and your whole being just screams, just reels



at the light. It's a barrage of light, harsh light everywhere, just this expansive white light all around. There's nothing else; just the church and the cracked ground and the salt flats and the dry hills in the distance, hills that are jagged and bare and look like pieces of the Old Earth that have been scoured clean by the heat. The brightest light you've ever seen. Still in the dream, we turn and look up at the sun; it's like a peyote dream, it's like there's no atmosphere, it's like there's nothing between us and this crazy midday desert sun, and it just blasts through us, blasts the ground away, until there's nothing left but us and the sun.

There was another time in the desert. They brought a man to Jesus, a man who was living in a darkened church of his own, and they said "can you give this man sight?" and Jesus took clay, put it on the man's eyes, and told him to go away; when he washed the clay from his eyes he'd see. And he did, Amen, he did. If you've ever taken physics you've been taught that matter can neither be created nor destroyed, it can only be changed. That's what the Resurrection is to me now; it's ongoing, going on every day in our lives; it's us changing, from the Old Earth to the New, from matter into light. Christ's body is risen again, and in belief so too are we. So peel back the clay from your eyes; no-one else is going to do it for you. Peel back the clay from your eyes and turn to face the light, the light that rises again. And then you'll know what heaven is to me.

Salud, and thank you.

Malcolm Johnson

SECOND READING

I was 10 years old and it wasn't Easter. It was the end of May and the butterfly-blossom yellow-winged flowers were open on the Scotch broom along Deloume Road. The maples

leaned over the stained asphalt in a canopy of green leaves that seemed to absorb the sun and cast cool shadows over the heat-stricken road. The leaves' sap veins reminded me of the backs of my father's hands. There were cedars too, the buzzing of insects and the smell of drying grass. Somewhere in the underbrush was the sound of a snake shedding its skin.

It was still too early for blackberries so my brother and I were using the juice-stained four-liter ice cream bucket for a hockey helmet. It had a shoelace for a handle and new holes were cut through the sides of the plastic for the string, because the original holes had torn through. The helmet was ridiculous over his blond hair and it rocked from side to side as I shot tennis balls at him over the smooth cement of our family's carport.

But it was what happened in the kitchen when we took a water break inside that I remember most vividly. I used one of my mother's dishcloths to wipe sweat off my forehead before dropping it onto the floor. And when I bent down to pick it up, I saw, in the corner of an open kitchen cupboard, beside a stack of pastel Tupperware and a white casserole dish, a small, chocolate Easter egg wrapped in blue tinfoil.

It was there because my parents hid Easter eggs for us every year, and even though they counted them carefully, my brother and I had the habit of eating them as we found them, so that no one was ever certain whether or not they had all been found. I sometimes like to think that some of them are still in that house, hidden forever in the unvisited cracks between cupboards.

When I held the tiny chocolate egg in my hand something happened in the pit of my stomach. I had no desire to consume the egg, although I think my brother did eat it, but finding that egg caused me to revisit Easter. It caused me to remember the excitement of searching for Easter eggs, but it also grieved me. Not just crucifixion or death, or even the profound irony of a carpenter being nailed into wood. What settled into my stomach was the knowledge that I had forgotten about Easter entirely, that it was an event that I only allowed myself to explore once a year.

Something in me changed that day. The smell of fresh-cut grass and the white-winged moths around the ancient fir tree in our yard took on meaning. They began to have something to do with Easter. The heat waves over the asphalt of Deloume Road and the wild strawberries tangled in the tall grass on each side of our driveway spoke to me of new life, but also of death. Ideas that had never gone together before joined in a way that I still can't explain so that mourning and joy, death and life, winter and spring, turned into an early summer breeze. They turned into the broken hallelujah of bent sword-ferns, into the sounds of children playing road hockey, into the moving shadows of Alder leaves in the late afternoon, into every sight and sound around me, until my world became saturated with both and grief and happiness.

And now I think this is how it is. We revisit death and suffering to better understand joy, and we understand both better because of the other. It is because of Christ's death that all of creation is reconciled with the Creator. And even though I may not fully understand the significance of everything that Easter is, I know one thing for certain: when I look at the sap veins of a maple leaf, I see my Father's hands.

Matthew Hooton



“Riding with the King-sley” (ed.)



Well, it's been just over a month since Randy took off for Simon's native soil and I shimmied into the church for the summer. So while our fearless leader is off learning derivatives of baseball and frowning his brow with Cambridge's finest, I thought I'd take this page in commonPLACE? to give you a little "fireside chat" about what I've seen as I've sat here with my feet up on the desk, some soft jazz on the stereo and an imaginary golden retriever by my side...

TEACHING

Our study of Acts has been really moving ahead and we're full swing into this history of the "acts of the Spirit." We've heard from a few new speakers already, and there are some more new faces slated to come our way as we finish up the book of Acts and move into Paul's letters to the Thessalonians.

COMMUNITY LIFE

For all of you who enjoy a little sun, grade "A" Alberta beef and good times, we've just started getting together on the field behind the church (right off the overflow parking lot) for an afternoon of "no-pressure" softball and a barbecue every other Sunday. What else is summer for? Need I say more? Check with Simon or me to find out when the next "burger-nanza" is taking place.

PLACE ACTS

If you remember the survey we took a while back at the Place, we've got all the data entered and organized,

and we're now filling out the leadership branches of this exciting new view of how to invest in our Community and the surrounding area. We've already used the database to successfully meet a few needs – which we'll be updating you on soon – and we're stoked to see the Place Acts up and running! Keep your eyes and ears open for more updates. And if you haven't filled out the survey yet then you will find it towards the back of this issue.

CD RECORDING

You've probably noticed the mammoth soundboards and extra microphones around the Place the last couple Sundays. Production on our community's second musical collaboration is going really well and we can expect to be taking a slice of Sunday nights home with us on eight-track this fall. I'm personally trying to get a vinyl release, but I think that might be pushing it. Look for the CD's release sometime in early fall.

LAMBRICK TRANSITION

If you're not sure what this "transition" thing is, see Don's update in the last issue of commonPLACE? Otherwise, you'll be happy to know that the transition team has just returned from a week of study at Trinity Western University and has been able to inject some fresh ideas and confirm some old thoughts into the process of finding Lambrick's identity and seeking the Lord's guidance as to where this church is to water and where it is to prune as we follow where the Spirit leads.

You can also check out Lambrick's

website, www.lambrick.com, for more details and information from the team itself.

NEW WEBSITE

This is gonna be dope. High-tech, and yet as approachable and friendly as a docile koala bear. Seriously though, everything's online these days (if you don't believe me check out www.shipoffools.com/church for the world's first "virtual church") and though the Place already has a web – presence, we've been giving the website an extreme makeover over the last year. We've nipped a bit here, tucked a bit there, and added quite a bit of new content. We'll have a big launch I'm sure, but in the meantime, keep typing www.theplace.ca into your browsers to access our announcements, activities, updates, and teaching transcripts.

James and his "golden retriever" can be found kicking around Lambrick most days throughout the week.



“NOT JUST ANOTHER SUNDAY”

It's Sunday morning. I'm in Amalapuram, Andhra Pradesh in South India. I visit India every year, primarily to meet with our “Hope for the Nations” partners of a ministry that I am involved with in North India. This year, in addition to that, I am also visiting a ministry in South India known as “Manna Ministries.”

Manna Ministries is an India-based ministry that establishes children's homes, Christian schools and colleges, trade schools, bible colleges, church plants, leper colonies and medical clinics. Since 1966 more than 1,000 churches, with a current membership of over 200,000, have been started through this ministry. Truly the Kingdom of God is being expanded in India!

I was invited to speak at the morning service at Manna Church. My first inclination was, “no, I can't do that. I'm not capable. What could I possibly say that would be beneficial? Besides, I'm feeling feverish and sick from all the travel of the past few weeks. No, I can't do it.” But, I also remembered a promise that I'd made to the Lord before setting out on this venture; I would not say “no” to whatever I believed the Lord was asking me to do. I would say “yes,” even before I knew the question. It's not about me. It's not about my abilities. It's not whether or not I feel capable. It's not about my reputation or self esteem – it's not about me. It's all about trusting God. It's all about obedience.

It was a lively church with more than 2,500 people in the building. There was loud music, singing, movement, swaying to the rhythm and beat of the drums, hand waving and spontaneous prayer and praise. Most of the congregation sat on the floor – those that weren't standing. The men sat on one side of the church, the woman on the other, and the children in front. They wore brightly coloured saris



and many of them were barefoot. They looked poor, but were probably fairly middle classed. The service was long. I was seated on the platform in front of the congregation, along with two other visitors from Argentina. We were introduced, garlands of flowers were placed around our necks and we were welcomed.

I was invited to speak. OK, here goes Lord, I thought. It's not about me – Help! My first words were, “God Bless India, God loves India, God has great plans for India.” I was surprised by the congregation's enthusiastic response of cheering and clapping. Through a translator, I shared from Luke 14 about “the parable of the Great Banquet.” I spoke about how God is seeking those who are “hungry” for Him. There is a “banquet” and “all” are invited. Those who are satisfied with their lives aren't hungry. The invitation is wide open to those who are hungry, poor, lame, or feel cast out by society. It is an invitation of great honour. It's an invitation to be in relationship with the Saviour of the world – the Lord Jesus Christ! It's for everybody, especially for those who are hungry.

At the conclusion of the service I was totally unprepared for what followed next. I was feeling good that I'd managed to get through my part. I kind of gave a sigh of relief. I had expected that as the service ended, there would be the usual handshakes and greeting

To all the people who've been spending Wed. nights with the “Single Parent Group” (SPG) Kids:

I just want to take a moment to recognize the commitment you folks showed towards the kids. We've really appreciated your time and support. The kids are flourishing with the added attention, and I've heard from them that going swimming with you and hanging out has been a highlight of their week.

Many of you continue to pray for our kids. It is so important for us to continually lift these special kids up in prayer!!! Thank you for that.

I know that many of you are going away for the summer, so please keep in touch and let us know if you have prayer needs or special projects we can support you in.

And to those who have just joined us, I think we're going to have a great summer!!! Thank you for stepping up to fill the need!!!

God Bless all you!!!

Michelle Maggiora

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and small talk – and then back to where we were staying for lunch, likely a rice curry dish – tasty! It didn't quite happen that way.

Instead, about 30-40 people surrounded asked me and asked me to pray for them. They didn't look like the usual "Sunday morning crowd." People were jostling about, pushing one another and clamouring for prayer. They looked desperate. Some were blind, missing limbs, crippled, while others has mental problems or teeth problems. Mothers carried their babies, a father carried his son. I could only guess the rest of their ailments. They looked hungry in a desperate sort of way.

I felt an initial sense of panic. I can't do this! This is out of my comfort zone. It was enough of a stretch for me to preach. It's one thing to preach from a pulpit separated from the congregation. It's another matter entirely to have to actually "do something." I haven't had a lot of experience about praying for people to be healed. I haven't even figured out all my theology about healing, how it happens or when should you do it!

Again, it was almost as though I heard an audible voice, "This isn't about you, or your theology – You said you would say 'yes.' This isn't about you feeling capable or comfortable – so what are you going to do?"

Someone thrust a jar of liquid into my hand. I initially thought it was a glass of water – I wasn't thirsty. No, it was a jar of oil. Oh yes, somewhere in James it talked about "anointing the sick with oil and praying for them." What am I going to do? Was now the theologically correct time to "pray for the sick"?

The people in front of me continued to clamour for prayer. I was looking at desperate, hungry people who knew that they needed God. I had just finished sharing that God was looking for those who were hungry and desperate for Him. Couldn't we just leave it at that? Keep it theoretical?

It's too messy otherwise. But they had actually believed what I'd told them. The question was, "did I believe"?

I didn't know what or how to pray, so I asked God to show me what to do next. I'd think about my theology later! I began to pray for each person in front of me. I dipped my finger into the oil then touched their foreheads as I prayed for them. I prayed that in the authority of the name of Jesus, that He [Jesus] would meet and satisfy this person's deepest needs – spiritual, physical, financial, social – whatever their need was. I prayed that Jesus would honour this individual's faith. He knew their name, I didn't! He knew their need – I could only guess! Whatever their problem was, Jesus was their solution. All I could do was invite Jesus to meet them where they were.

It was a completely humbling experience for me. I forgot about my own inadequacies or what my theology was. It wasn't important or even relevant. Who was I to be so honoured to pray for such people? I have no idea what the result was or will be. How will God meet the needs of those I prayed for? How will God respond to the display of desperation and faith that I observed? But it's not about me, it's not about my reputation – it's all about God and his reputation. I have to believe that God is a God of compassion and responds to those who know how desperately they need Him. As for me, I left feeling both drained and exhilarated. I was humbled that I had been so privileged to bring these people before the Lord in prayer. I wondered if this is how Jesus felt when crowds clamoured around him for healing.

Well, that was enough for one day,

or so I thought. It was Sunday afternoon and probably raining in Victoria. It would be kind of nice to sit in my favourite recliner and channel surf between a couple of football games before going to the Place. But I thought, here I am in India, so bring it on!

We visited a Christian leper colony that afternoon. I braced myself – this was going to be really tough. I'd get through it. I'd tough it out, but please don't expect me to do or say anything. I'm just here to observe, chalk it up to experience, then leave.

We arrived. Everybody gathered in the central meeting hall. There were about 50 lepers. They were suffering from various ailments, they were missing hands, legs, noses, fingers, and their bodies and faces were contorted from this hideous disease. I suddenly remembered Jesus touching and healing lepers in the scriptures.

We were introduced. The lepers put on a program for us. They sang loudly and enthusiastically. The leader was an older man; at least he looked old. His face was quite disfigured and he was missing all his fingers. He clapped to the rhythm and raised his arms in praise yet he had no

hands – just stumps above the wrists. All I could do was stare and hope that we'd be leaving soon.

Suddenly I was asked to share. Again, what could I possibly say that would be relevant? I started to shake my head, but I remembered my promise to God. I wouldn't say no. I would be obedient. I quickly prayed, "May the



words that come from my mouth be from you Lord."

I looked out at the group of people in front of me. I told them how glad I was to be there with them. I told them that they were an inspiration, and how much I had to learn from them. We all have ailments – things we think we can legitimately complain about. We think we're entitled to complain because we deserve to be treated better. Yet here I was in front of this group of people, watching them thanking God and singing songs of praise, and all my perceived thoughts of my right to complain fell away.

I told the group that now there are barriers between us – language barriers, cultural barriers, distance barriers – yet we, as fellow believers in Christ, are all part of God's family. We are brothers and sisters in Christ. There will come a day when all barriers will be removed. There will be no more barriers. We'll all have new bodies. We will fellowship and communicate together. We will praise God together. There will be no more pain or suffering. Any thoughts of earthly pain, suffering or humiliation will only be a distant memory, if we even think about them at all.

Again, I don't know the effect of my words. Have they heard these words a thousand times before? I don't know. It suddenly dawned on me that these very people, who initially seemed so inhuman actually had more in common with me than my unbelieving neighbours in Victoria. You see, God looks at things differently than I am naturally inclined to. When He gives me the privilege of being in such circumstances I get glimpses of what it's like to see through the eyes of Jesus. I came away humbled that I had been privileged to meet with these "members of the family."

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MIRACLES

Have you ever heard a snowflake whispering softly to the ground?

Or heard a river gurgling gaily 'round a beach of sparking sand?

Have you ever seen peach trees with their pink petals, dancing carefree in the wind?

Or seen a rainbow in a crimson sunset at day's end?

Have you ever felt the downy softness of a yellow baby chick?

Or felt the sleek and softly dimpled body of a snake?

Have you ever felt the spray of windswept waves upon your face?

Or felt the curl of tiny fingers grasped so tightly 'round your own?

Have you ever tasted honey straight from the honeycomb?

Or ever tasted homemade chicken soup from your grandma's kitchen?

Have you ever been told you're going to die by 18, to be sure?

And lived until you're 48 even though there is no cure!?

Have you smelled the sweet gardenia blossom, the lilac or carnation?

Or apples and cinnamon straight from the oven?

Have you ever smelled the woody, earthy forest?

Or seen the wondrous, wide, vast ocean?

Have you ever seen the grace of God upon Angie's beautiful face?

All of these are miracles that God has given me.

But the world is full of miracles for all to see!

Debbie



GOSPEL SONGS THAT AREN'T GOSPEL SONGS BUT SHOULD BE

Anywhere I Lay My Head, Tom Waits

This song sounds like Granville Street on a rainy night – the bagmen, the bar girls, the beat cops, the empty buses, the red street lights shimmering on the black of the wet ground. I've always believed that the Gospel was for the outsiders and the castaways, that the rain falls on the low and the high alike, and that whatever gets taken from you in this life, 'they' (who is they?) can never touch your soul. When you know that, you know that you can lay down your head anywhere and find yourself at home. I think I'd like it if this song was played at my funeral.

Benediction, The Weakerthans

From *Reconstruction Site*, which has become second to the Tragically Hip's *Fully Completely* as my favourite Canadian album of all time. It's an album about measured actions, about lives being rebuilt, about prayers whispered in hospital rooms, about requests called down heating vents, about the depressingly fragile condition that most of us are in. *Benediction* is one of the album's more powerful songs; in duet with Sarah Harmer, John Samson sings *here's a marker / here's my naked skin, our Exhibit A / make a small X where I lost my way*. For me, a person whose sins have mostly been physical, that's a tough line to hear.

Amazing Grace, Jerry Garcia & David Grisman

If the Bible was compiled today, *Amazing Grace* would have to be included. Garcia and Grisman's acoustic version, spare and gorgeous on six-string and mandolin, is nothing

short of heartbreaking. When I hear this song I think of Mark Seliger's black-and-white photo of Garcia before his death, a man alone with his guitar in a wide field of high bluegrass. Garcia's playing was never more eloquent than it is in this track; after the long, strange and bruising trip of his life, he was ready to move into the quiet pastures of the next one.

Rivers of Babylon, The Melodions

Classic and essential. Found on the soundtrack to the 1970's Jamaican rude-boy film *The Harder They Come*, this is an old reggae take on Psalm 137. *By the rivers of Babylon / there we sat*



down / and there we wept / when we remembered Zion. Having the Gospel in your mind and heart can be somewhat of a mixed blessing – you're given hope for what could be and what's to come, but you're also given the caustic knowledge of how bad this world's got it. And so all of us Israelites find ourselves as aliens in alien lands, stranded beside the concrete roads and poisoned rivers of the New Babylon.

The Maker, Daniel Lanois

My father is a physicist by trade, and perhaps it's his influence that's made me so fascinated with the concepts of light and energy. Light is everywhere in the Bible, and everywhere around us. The universe begins with a burst of light in an unsettled darkness, and so too does the life of faith; God's energy is pervasive, and it moves through everything like the residual radiation left behind by the Big Bang. What God is can never be explained, but Lanois' hymn has it like this: *From across the Great Divide in the distance I saw a light; it was Jean-Baptiste walking to me with the Maker*.

Thumbing My Way, Pearl Jam

I have not been home since I left long ago, writes Ed Vedder, *I've been thumbing my way back to heaven*. Vedder's songs have always spoken to me in a pretty intense way, and this one has really lifted me over the last year. There are no road maps for our lives; I've been trying to be true to what I know is right, and trying to get my life to where I want it to be, but sometimes

it feels like I've made nothing but mistakes. I'm trying to find my way back to heaven. It may take awhile, and I may never thumb the ride that gets me there, but this song makes me feel that everything's OK for now, and that I'll surely find that ride someday.

Highway 61 Revisited, Bob Dylan

God said to Abraham kill me a son. Abe said God you must be putting me on. God said no, Abe said what?! God said you can do what you want Abe but the next time you see me coming you better run. Abe said where you want this killing done and God said out on highway 61. Besides being a great rock-and-roll song, it's a great retelling of the Biblical Abraham and Isaac story. Highway 61 is a place of disintegrations, wanton violences, overflowing junkyards and creepy occurrences under a beating desert sun. It's pretty much the 21st century in summation. The level of violence in the Bible is downright frightening, and so too is the level of religious violence and ill will that's in the world these days. It's something that people of faith need to reckon within themselves, because we need to figure out how to live without destroying ourselves and our sons.

Blood of Eden, Peter Gabriel

Matt Davidson would have it in for me if I didn't include a Peter Gabriel song in this list. At the end of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Adam and Eve make their way hand-in-hand into the post-fall world; Gabriel's song is in that Miltonic tradition, its men and women entwined together in their bloods and loves and failings and undoings, their each others being all they have under distant thunders and a darkening sky.

Reservations, Wilco

Wilco's Jeff Tweedy is one of the best writers alive, and *Reservations* is about as pretty as modern music can get. *I've got reservations / about so many things / but not about you*, he writes, and I'm reminded of why I came

to the Way; it was the only thing I could find in the world that I couldn't find something wrong with. That's not the most inspiring thing to say, but that's the truth of how I feel.

Long As I Can See The Light, Ted Hawkins

Put a candle in the window / 'cause I feel I've gotta move / though I'm gone, gone, I'll be coming home soon / as long as I can see the light. Ted Hawkins was an old blues player who busked on the piers of Los Angeles, and his cover of this old CCR tune is one of the most soulful pieces of music ever recorded. It's a straight gospel song for those restless nighttime drives on the coast road, when you're leaning on the window and watching the trucks and the breakers and the gas station lights roll by. We're all trying to make our way home, and none of us have quite made it yet, but we have to keep hoping that somewhere out there someone's burning a light for us.

Malcolm Johnson, a member of the Place diaspora, lives in Tofino, B.C. at malcolmjohnson@coastalbc.com

FATHER'S DAY

I am a mother of five kids. You're asking, "how does that relate to Father's Day?" I know, I asked myself that. Why is Father's Day so important to me? I am a mother – it does nothing to celebrate me! I don't get any messy cards or little presents, so why do I look forward to this day?

When I tell people in passing that I am a mother of FIVE, they stammer, they EXCLAIM, they remark... what an amazing woman I must be. How EXHAUSTED I must be. How HARD it must be to raise five kids. I MUST have huge amounts of patience and extraordinary organizational skills that Martha Stewart herself would envy! Most people act as though I am some sort of celestial being and that NO ONE EVER has survived this type of conquest. JUST AMAZED that I have made it this far...

When my husband tells people in passing that he is a father of five kids, they stammer, they EXCLAIM, they remark...what an amazing WIFE he must have! How EXHAUSTED she must be. How hard she has to work at raising



them. OR they make some off-handed remark like “how could you do that to her?!”

You laugh, but it’s sad. The man that I love, the man that I cherish, the man that God is equipping me to work with and love more every day – the earthly father whom God has charged to care for our children - gets no credit. He often doesn’t even get recognized as an equally contributing member of the parenting team.

I cried. I cried when I realized this. I mourned the respect that is hardly ever shown. It is important to me that people know my husband is a great father. He is a wonderful dad. In fact, I know many wonderful dads. I know more GREAT dads than I know great men. There is a distinction. There is. Where a man is angry, a father is patient. Where a man is reserved, a father is playful. Where a man is self-centered, a father is self-sacrificing. This doesn’t happen by accident. I believe that God himself has sewn a thread of His own Fatherly character into the fathers on this earth. Some men unfortunately don’t even know it’s there. Some unravel it, some recognize it and use it, and then there are those who cherish it and ask for more.

It was a couple of days before my husband’s birthday. I was getting a few small presents, “from the kids,” when I started to buy Father’s Day presents. I needed to buy them. I kept seeing things to buy, things that I wanted to give him to express HOW MUCH I VALUE HIM AS A FATHER, not from the kids but from me. I was driven and found myself frustrated by the inequity of these items. I felt overwhelmed by a desire to DO something, show him my respect and admiration for his fatherhood. In this flurry of feelings I asked myself, “why do I do this every year? Why is Father’s Day so important to me?” I could never adequately show my own father how much I appreciate him, valued him, loved him, and I had A LOT more years of practice with

him. How was I going to sufficiently express myself to my husband? I needed to write this. For awhile, I found myself contemplating fathers. What makes them so special, what makes them so vital to our children?

The media portray “good” fathers as providers – the guy who teaches our sons how to play baseball, our daughters how to ride a bike. To this day, despite all the feminist influences, fathers are still portrayed as the guys who work all day to bring home the bacon, only to come home and dish out some advice to their eldest son, joking all the while about not changing diapers. That’s not a father, that’s Dr. Huxtable. It can’t be just about bringing home a pay cheque or changing diapers. It can’t.

I was downtown, sitting in our van with Zac, watching him talk to Justice, discipline Gideon, fix Zairech’s shirt. I was smiling thinking “he is such a loving father. Look at him. He’s so involved, conscientious, affectionate, it’s so beautiful!” My mind started whirling with words to capture that moment. Poetry started to form in my head. It was all right, but it eventually sounded like a \$3 Hallmark card. I was missing something. For a couple days previous I had been praying for inspiration. I thought at that moment I was experiencing it. (what?) But it wasn’t complete. What was I missing? It was several moments later when I was caught off guard. I was captured by two sentences. “Launa, Jocelyn needs some shorts, she doesn’t fit any of her old ones. We should go buy her some. I’ll use my birthday money from my grandpa.” In that instant I was flooded with gratitude for this man who was the father of my children. In that millisecond I understood and saw that thread sewn in him. I saw sacrifice, little and big. I recognized sacrifice in moments I had witnessed with other dad’s I know. I got it. For a moment I understood why fathers strike something deep in me. The collected moments of sacrifice, some born out of understanding and love, some born out of necessity and

love, those collected moments I have witnessed...they serve to remind my spirit of my Heavenly Father, of the great sacrifice he made for me.

It’s the character of my Abba, my Father, that I want to celebrate in all the earthly fathers that I know. It is that thread of love and sacrifice that I desire to honour.

I’m sure all of us can remember the time we realized the sacrifices our fathers made for us. Some not so good, some good, some GREAT! The times your dad came home tired from work, but showed up to play street hockey on your team. The time he took on extra work to pay for your baseball camp, the time he skipped out on an important meeting to be at your dance recital, the time he had a million other things to do but he sat down with you to talk, to read, or just - to sit.

For all you dads out there, Happy Father’s Day. Thank you for all that you do. I challenge you to ask for more of those threads sewn by God, ask for a sweater or something. :-). You are so vital to our children, and so essential to our well being. You have been divinely commissioned as representatives of our Heavenly Father. May God Bless you with continued wisdom, strength and love. May you continue in obedience to His will. And may the character of Christ grow in you, continuing to fortify you as a man and as a father.

Launa

LETTER TO EDITOR

I’m writing to tell you about a great advise site: www.troubledwith.com

I’ve found it useful on more than one occasion. Check it out for yourself. It’s a useful tool when there isn’t anyone around to talk to and I think people at the Place should know about it.

Jenna

STRANGE IT IS...

I woke up this morning in a bit of an odd headspace. After recording Luke last night, I had "The Joy of the Lord" stuck in my head ... with Yoda singing it. Like so:

The joy of the Lord my strength
will be
Falter I will not, faint I will not
My shepherd He is afraid I am not
The joy of the Lord my strength is

The joy of the Lord
The joy of the Lord
The joy of the Lord my strength is
The joy of the Lord
The joy of the Lord
The joy of the Lord my strength is

The joy of the Lord my strength
will be
All of my days uphold me He will
By mercy and grace surrounded I
am
The joy of the Lord my strength is

The joy of the Lord my strength
will be
Waver I will not, walking by faith
Strong He will be to deliver me
safe
The joy of the Lord my strength is

Michael



AEZIA, THE LITTLE BROTHER I NEVER HAD (BUT NOW DO) - MY EXPERIENCE AS A "BIG BUDDY"

// Scott, wanna go to the paw-r-k?
Are you going to take me to the
paw-r-k?" Aezia asks when I see
him at the Place. Although perhaps not
a typical greeting one would expect, I
can't help but smile and appreciate the
blessing that Aezia has become in my
life.

I first became involved in Aezia's life
when his parents, Lewis and Colette,
expressed their need earlier this year
through the Single Parents' Group, for
which I was a kids' helper. My once
or twice weekly visits with Aezia
have become much more to me than
30-minute trips to the park with an
adorable 3-year-old (and I'm not just
referring to the free food I often eat at
the Orr residence!).

My time with Aezia is an incredible
opportunity to show Christ's love to an
impressionable child. I know that in
my youth, role models such as youth
leaders and camp counselors played a
huge role in what shaped my image of
a strong Christian man. I view Aezia as
my little brother and cherish the time
that I spend with him.

As is usually the case when we
pursue "kingdom living" through acts
of service, God has blessed me richly
through my becoming a 'big brother'
to Aezia. As Christ says, "I tell you the
truth, unless you change and become
like little children, you will never enter
the kingdom of heaven. Therefore,
whoever humbles himself like this
child is the greatest in the kingdom of
heaven. And whoever welcomes a little
child like this in my name welcomes
me" (Matthew 18: 3-5). Children have

so much to teach us!!

Children offer us a glimpse into
how to live in the kingdom of heaven
– as Dallas Willard writes in *The
Divine Conspiracy*, they don't "hide
their spiritual reality. In their body they
are genuinely present to those around
them".

Spending time
with Aezia has
also allowed me
to be welcomed
into a family away
from home (I'm
an Easterner...).
Lewis and Colette
have provided
me with much
support, and many



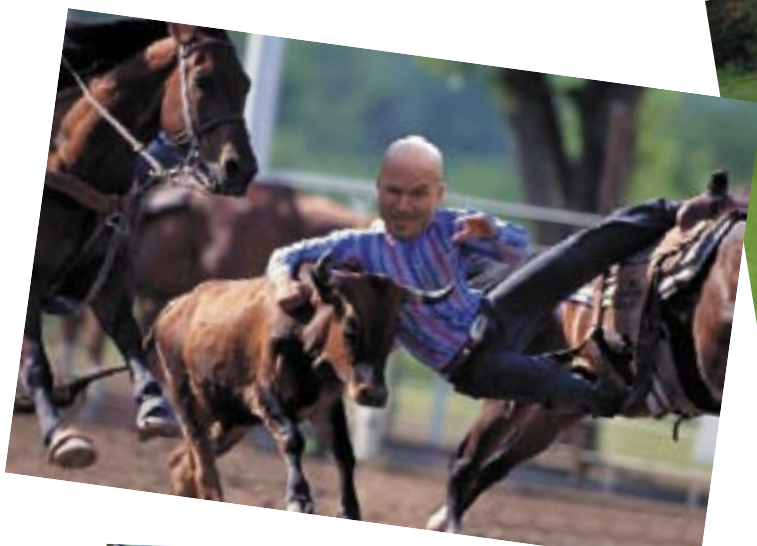
an interesting discussion that has left me
in deep thought. Not to mention those
wonderful meals. Community is an
integral part of the Christian faith, and
my community has expanded through
my time with Aezia and the rest of the
family, for which I'm so thankful.

There are many young children
in this congregation and parents that
would love to have young role models
for their children. The Single Parents
Group is specifically initiating a "Big
Buddy" program to provide mentors for
the children of parents involved in this
group. If your heart desires, I encourage
you to become involved in one of these
kids' lives – they will be blessed by the
relationship, as will you.

Scott

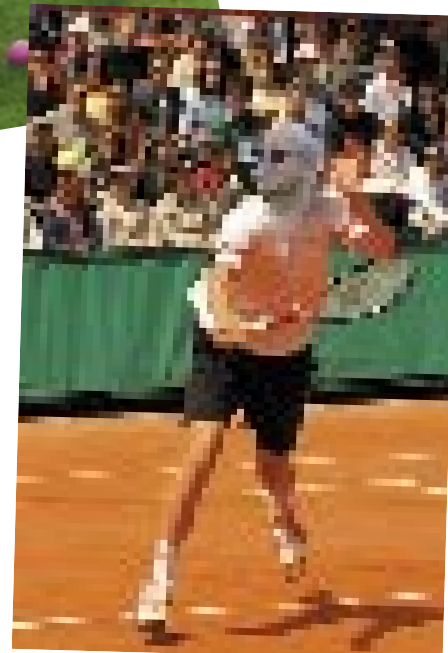
Do you have
something to say?

Email your submission
to simon@lambrick.com



GALLERY

Where's Randy?



ON THE SUBJECT OF RANDY...

You may not know this, but youth pastors are an endangered species. They are torn apart by competing expectations. The church wants them to do their job and not create controversy. The parents want them to domesticate their children. The kids want someone who will support them in the boredom of going to church. Add to that the youth pastor, who wants to be innovative, creative, spiritual and all kinds of other things. The average life of a youth pastor is less than eighteen months!

How has Randy survived, thrived, rebelled against all the expectations and yet fulfilled them?

God alone knows!

I say that respectfully because if I knew, it should be patented.

Randy was a student at Regent College when I taught there. He says nice things about our relationship, which I cherish but hardly believe.

He has gone far beyond these early days as a youth pastor, as you all know.

One of the biggest factors is Marcy. Another is Lambrick's willingness to let Randy be Randy. Beyond all else Randy loves people and loves the Lord. Do we need any other explanation?

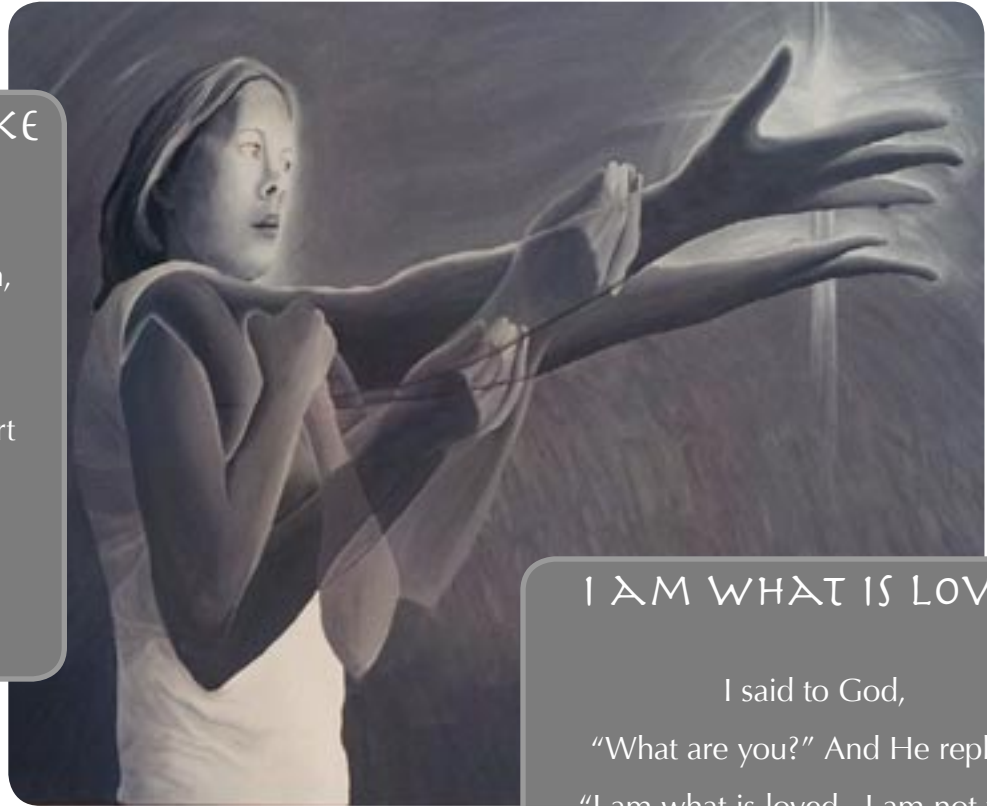
Roy Bell

THEY CAN BE LIKE
THE SUN

They can be like the sun,
words.

They can do for the heart
what light can
for a field.

St. John of the Cross



I AM WHAT IS LOVED

I said to God,
“What are you?” And He replied,
“I am what is loved. I am not what
should be loved
for how cruel that would then
be for my
bride.”

St. John of the Cross

“Patience is not waiting passively until someone else does something. Patience asks us to live the moment to the fullest, to be completely present to the moment, to taste the here and now, to be where we are. When we are impatient, we try to get away from where we are. We behave as if the real thing will happen tomorrow, later, and somewhere else. Be patient and trust that the treasure you are looking for is hidden in the ground on which you stand.”

Henri Nouwen



Notices

ongoing

CYCLATHONS '04

Raise Money for Canadian Food for the Hungry with Cyclathons 2004. During September 1-8 you can take part in all or a section of a 1000km cycle up and down Vancouver Island to raise money and awareness for the ministry of CFH.

www.thecyclingconnection.com or email Lisa at lisaj008@hotmail.com

MOSAIC

Wednesdays for 10 weeks (Starting in the Fall)

- 1) Faith: good or bad faith?
- 2) Church: honest look at the faith community
- 3) History: from Genesis to ... 4 primary relationships
- 4) Jesus: His life and teachings
- 5) Jesus: Why did He have to die?
- 6) Jesus: His deity and resurrection
- 7) Trinity: 3-in-1? Father, Son and Spirit
- 8) Christian Life: an invitation to community & engagement
- 9) Christian Life: communicating with the Creator?
- 10) Thoughts from the floor

MoSaiC is a casual, conversational

discussion about the Christian faith. While we live in a very spiritual society, that spirituality rarely translates into faith or church attendance. We believe that healthy conversations about God, where questions are an essential part of an honest search for God, are a stepping stone toward developing an authentic faith. Our goal is to provide you a safe, non-threatening environment that incorporates talks, discussions, panels, Q&A times, and small group conversations into a meaningful discussion of Christian faith.

Contact Ray Monteith 472-1243 or raymonteith@telus.net or

Contact Karen Brantley 477-9721 or communitylife@lambrick.com

events

PLACE LEADERSHIP SUMMIT

September 24-25

For all leaders and wannabes. This is where we get all our ministries together and hash out ideas for the year.

STICKMAN III

In October, THE Art show is back for a third year. If you can draw a stickman you are eligible. Take part and have fun. Sculpt, paint, weld... whatever you cup of tea.

Contact Rhonda at rsoullier@canoemail.com

BRENNAN MANNING

October 15-17

Author of many books (including the *Ragamuffin Gospel*), and holder of much wisdom, Brennan Manning will only be visiting Canada once this year.

PLACE RETREAT

15

October 22-24

The highlight of the year for many, and a great place to learn and get to know new faces.

needs

LPC PASTORAL CARE

Fill the grey bin in the foyer with non-perishable FOOD.

BIG BUDDIES

Are people who hand out with their little buddies for a few hours a week, and who listen and encourage.

If you feel God tugging at your sleeve, then be a mentor to a child of a single parent.

Contact Penny at 477-8306 or Pennyh@uvic.ca

KIDS MINISTRIES

Need kids and nursery leaders for the summer and fall.

Contact our new kids coordinator Jamie Spray on jamiespray@yahoo.ca

MAKE SURE YOUR CAR IS LOCKED

as there are thieves active around the church area.

NO PARKING anywhere but LPC carpark or Tyndall. Please respect our neighbours!

HOW CAREFUL ARE YOU READING THIS? The first person to say to Simon 'Big Buddy's are cool!' will win a Place CD.

NO STICKING GUM under chairs or anywhere in the building.

CAFE SUBURBIA

Come experience our own coffee house after the Place every week. Fine coffee, delectable desserts and a chance for relaxing conversation. The Cafe also promotes bands and runs concerts at Lambrick and downtown.

Contact Dave at
dbooth@humboldthouse.com

PLACE PRAYER REQUESTS

A team is being set up to pray for our community's prayer requests. If you have a need that you would like us to be remembering in prayer then you can email us at:

placeprayer@hotmail.com

PLACE KIDS MINISTRY

The Place offers a place for Kids who come with their parents to the Place. There is always a staffed nursery at the back of the main sanctuary. For kids (k to grade 6) there are special groups that meet downstairs and are run by groups of caring, responsible leaders. Depending on the age of the child they will be able to play and have fun, hear stories or watch videos, make crafts and learn more about God.

Contact Jamie at
theplacekids@hotmail.com

SMALL GROUPS

There are many groups running at the Place. A new one for the summer is a video talkshop for 10 weeks. Groups like these are a vital part of the Place and if you would like info:

Contact James Kingsley at
theplacesmallgroups@shaw.ca

SINGLE PARENTS GROUP

THURS at 6pm (Room 101 LPC)

Potluck dinner, fellowship, parenting discussion and prayer. Everyone is welcome. Childcare provided. Also watch out for outings to Jazzfest, fierworks, hikes, parks, Splash, Kite flying and so much more!

Contact Michelle at 384-0010 or
michmaggiora@yahoo.com

or Penny at 477-8306 or
Pennyh@uvic.ca

LPC COMMUNITY GARDEN

Looking towards a fallow season unless someone steps up with some hot veggie ideas.

Contact Simon at 477-9721 or
simon@lambrick.com

INDOOR SOCCER

WED at 10-12midnight (LPC)

We will take a break in July and August. Our version is fun, co-ed and for all. Free, bring non-marking indoor shoes and up to date medical (!).

Contact Simon at simon@lambrick.com

SOFTBALL

Sundays afternoons

Play for fun, eat burgers - every other week on Lambrick field.

Contact Ron Ross at the Place

Monday Evenings

Come and support our recently formed team.

Contact Ken at
uptownkenny@hotmail.com

YOUTH MINISTRY

What's Going On This Summer?

SUNDAY MORNINGS

10:00-11:30am - RELOADED:

A youth church for teens meeting downstairs in Wiseways Preschool. RELOADED is a program where teens can continue to learn about God in an environment that emphasizes community development and biblical teaching.

SUNDAY NIGHTS

6:45-8:30pm - "MIDDLE SCHOOL KIDS' PLACE":

A class for middle school kids (grades 6-8) meeting in room 208 after the first set of worship at 'The Place.'

TUESDAY NIGHTS

7:00-9:00pm -DRIVEN:

A Bible Study for High School Teens (grades 9-12), meeting at LPC, aiming to provide a summer community for teenagers who want to grow in their faith through fellowship and bible study.

"AIRBOURNE" YOUTH ACTIVITY NIGHTS

e.g. Capture the flag, Beach-fire, Waterslides, Canoe-trip... dispersed throughout the summer. Get on the mailout by sending your details to Jasun.

If you are interested in Leadership, please contact Jasun Fox on 477-9721 or jasunfox@hotmail.com

For more information about youth programs and events go to www.lambrick.com or talk to James Prette at james@lambrick.com

THURSDAY NIGHTS

7:00-9:00pm - College & Career Bible Study

A Bible Study for Youth Leaders and young adults held at the church in room 208.

the Place ACTS



Do you think of the church first when you think of needing or giving help?

We are really excited by the potential in this ministry. After the great response from you to filling in the database we have an awesome start to the Place ACTS. The name sprang out of our teaching series and the emphasis in doing it suggests. Hey, we like it, and you will be hearing it a lot in the future. In the meantime here are some updates:

- 1) Already we have attended to needs from the Place, our church family (LPC), and our wider community, Victoria.
- 2) We have helped with 6 needs and involved over 15 people so far and the organization is yet to be fully formed.
- 3) The leadership team will initially cover 6 areas:

*cars, clothes, cots
home depot
skilled advice
movers, truckers
food
projects*

If you are passionately interested about organising one of these then email simon@lambrick.com



CUT HERE

“He came over fixed problem in short order and was so gracious... Thank you for making the connection thru’ the registry... the results were awesome!! Thank you again”

“We are very grateful for the hours spent by the Place volunteers painting, raking, shovelling on our property so that it would be ready for sale!”

“Thanks so much for setting up the movers -- they were definitely a blessing.”

General Help	Resources to Offer
<input type="checkbox"/> Childcare <input type="checkbox"/> Babysitting <input type="checkbox"/> Moving People <input type="checkbox"/> Housework/ Cleaning <input type="checkbox"/> Yardwork <input type="checkbox"/> Painting <input type="checkbox"/> Gardening <input type="checkbox"/> Unskilled labour	<input type="checkbox"/> Use of Truck <input type="checkbox"/> Emergency Accommodation <input type="checkbox"/> Tools (Household) <input type="checkbox"/> Tools (Garden) <input type="checkbox"/> Clothes <input type="checkbox"/> Ride to appointment <input type="checkbox"/> Car Pool – downtown work <input type="checkbox"/> Car Pool - The Place
Food Related *	Other...
<input type="checkbox"/> Food service (e.g. Pot-lucks, Funeral Teas) <input type="checkbox"/> Communal Kitchen <input type="checkbox"/> Pre-making family dinners <input type="checkbox"/> Preparing hampers <input type="checkbox"/> Packing hampers <input type="checkbox"/> Food / hamper delivery <input type="checkbox"/> Helping with groceries <input type="checkbox"/> Canning	
Trade to Offer	Community Action
<input type="checkbox"/> Car Maintenance <input type="checkbox"/> Carpentry <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician <input type="checkbox"/> Computers <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> VOLUNTEER-ON-CALL (Specifically for working with other community groups)
Skilled Advice	Leadership
<input type="checkbox"/> Financial / debt * <input type="checkbox"/> Legal <input type="checkbox"/> Wills <input type="checkbox"/> Job Search <input type="checkbox"/> Medical <input type="checkbox"/> Dental <input type="checkbox"/> Parenting <input type="checkbox"/> Environ. / Fair Trade <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Interested in Leadership of this ministry

For Everyone	Application only
<input type="checkbox"/> Cafe	<input type="checkbox"/> Scripture Reading
<input type="checkbox"/> Music and Art Setup	<input type="checkbox"/> Community Prayer
<input type="checkbox"/> Ushering	<input type="checkbox"/> Communion Serving
<input type="checkbox"/> Facilities	<input type="checkbox"/> Prayer Room Ministry
<input type="checkbox"/> Nursery *	<input type="checkbox"/> Worship Teams
<input type="checkbox"/> Toddlers *	<input type="checkbox"/> Sound
<input type="checkbox"/> Kids (k-3) *	<input type="checkbox"/> Powerpoint
<input type="checkbox"/> Kids (4-6) *	<input type="checkbox"/> Artists
<input type="checkbox"/> Middle School Ministry*	<input type="checkbox"/> Small Group Leader
<input type="checkbox"/> Welcomers (before/ after the Place)	
<input type="checkbox"/> I would like to talk about this so give me a call...	

**A criminal record check will be taken*

Name:

Phone number:.....

Email:.....

Town/ Area Location (e.g. Duncan or Oak Bay...)

.....

Age Range (optional) - please circle

<18 18-30 30-40 40-50 50-60 >60

University Student: Y / N

Please tick here if you would like to be put on the Place Community eMailout

NB information is confidential and for internal use only and will not be given to other organizations

VOLUNTEERING

As you can see from the form there are many ways in which you can generously give your time regularly to the Place, both in terms of Practical Helps and helping us run our Sunday meetings. Most of these causes need people throughout the year. In addition to the filling in the cut-off sheet, you can get directly involved by contacting the leaders - they can be found either in our 'The Regular's' or here:

Facilities/ Ushering - Ken Thomson

kenjthomson@hotmail.com

Art and Music Setup - Ant Andrews

canadiandrifter@hotmail.com

Worship and Music - Launa Kremler

placeworship@shaw.ca

OFFERINGS

CUT HERE

Financial support is only one of the ways we can worship God with our life. If you wish to make this easier, more regular and get a tax receipt at the end of the year you can get some envelopes from Simon in the foyer. Interac is also available. Also you can set up a PAC.

MERCHANDISE

Brian McLaren's books are well worth a read - and we have them cheaper than anywhere. We're not particularly big on the idea of merchandising, however we do have a huge amount of talent at the Place and so you will find all sorts of odds and ends in foyer after the Place including Disclaimer - a Journal of Christian Thought and Art, CDs from various bands at the Place and other fragrant offerings.



? of the week



HOWDY FROM CAMBRIDGE!

Having spent the last five weeks in such an intellectually stimulating environment of high culture, one should think my contribution to commonPLACE? might be something like "Inductive Bible Studies and the Copernican Revolution" or perhaps "The Emerging Church as a Weeping Ecclesiology." But, alas...I have more important things to impart. And on the top of my list: my experience playing cricket.

Cricket is a gentleman's sport. The skills required to play the game are much the same as you would find in baseball. Unlike baseball, there isn't really much of a chance to make that "spectacular play." Nor is there much in terms of urgency and rapid-fire speed. But being a gentlemen's sport, there's no verbal taunting (as is so pervasive in baseball). They clap, not cheer, after good plays, except for the occasional spoken "hurrah" (pronounced 'hore-ah').

The umpires are so very serious with their floating feminine hand gestures. I tried to make small talk with one of them between batters. "So, how am I doing for a first timer?" Trying to ignore me he answered, "As good as could be expected," and even though the batter was nowhere near ready, he continued, "Do get back into position, sir." It makes me want to laugh out loud and say, "Boys, this isn't a professional sport, we are a bunch of theological students playing a local parish team...this is my first game...I'm freakin' Canadian!" Alas, one must respect cultural norms (even if they are stupid).

In case you're wondering, I represented Canada very well, which on our team wasn't a very hard thing to do. They put me in a position where I would get lots of action. "Most of the fellows on our team throw like women," said our captain (he wasn't lying). We lost the game, but it was fun nonetheless. It

took only four-and-a-half hours...

I won't go into any further details about the differences between baseball and cricket, except to say this: they are kind of like the Old and New Testaments. Cricket is like the Old Testament, but once you've tasted the wine of the New Covenant, you never really want to go back.

Randy Hein

FINISHING ACTS

As we come to the end of our study of the New Testament book of Acts (we will finish on July 4), we'll see the Gospel message impacting several areas of the ancient Greek world. We'll hear about Paul and his companions engaging Philippi (chapter 16), Athens (17), Corinth (18), Ephesus (19), Macedonia (20) and finally Rome (27-28). Though the settings are very different from our own, the people

are very familiar. In Philippi, there's a successful businesswoman, an abused girl and a blue-collar family man. In Athens, there are poets, philosophers and pious religious types. Any one of these people could be our neighbours, our family members or ourselves.

Over these summer months we will also get to hear these Acts stories (followed by a series in 1 Thessalonians – July 11-August 29) taught to us by a list of "summer preachers." We've already heard from Rob Fitterer (April 25), Tim Spray (May 9), Launa Kremler (May 23), James Kingsley (May 30), Scott Alexander (June 6), and we're yet to hear from Stephanie Mitchell (June 20), Mike Mitchell (July 18), Daryl Thomson (August 15) and Fanny Beaudoin (August 22.) Each will each take a turn exposing us to a part of the Acts story or a part of Paul's first letter to one of his new churches in Thessalonica.

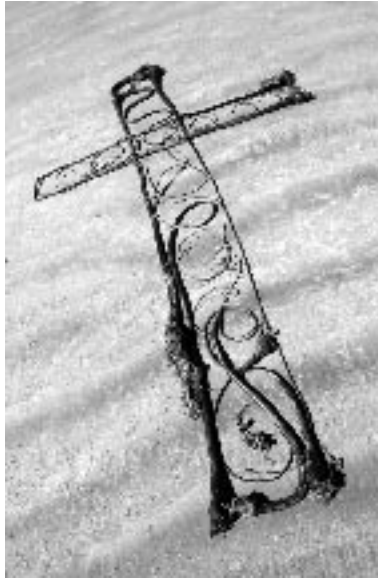
All of the people Paul met on his journeys, and all of these "summer preachers," really only have one thing in common. They each responded to God's free gift of new life in Christ through his embracing Holy Spirit. That's what continues to keep us together in common fellowship. We might not look alike, think alike or sound alike, but we are all responding together to the same engaging reality of God's embracing Spirit.

We have also hit on some challenging topics through the study in Acts. There have been discussions and debates about some of the content of Acts. Part of our intention in setting out on this study was to clarify where the Place stands theologically on some of these issues. I hope that this study has been personally stimulating and corporately shaping for us all. It has been a fun journey for Randy and me. We look forward to reviewing our "Core Values" through September and then a new teaching series in the fall.

James Prette

Schedule

Date	Teaching	Title
Jun 6	Acts 18	Engaging Corinth
Jun 13	Acts 19	Engaging Ephesus
Jun 20	Acts 20	Engaging Macedonia
Jun 27	Acts 21-26	Trials
July 4	Acts 27, 28	Road to Rome
July 11	1Thes 1:1-10	Intro
July 18	1Thes 2:1-16	Ministry
July 25	1Thes 2:17-3:5	Our Glory & Joy
Aug 1	1Thes 3:6-13	Longings
Aug 8	1Thes 4:1-12	Christian Life
Aug 15	1Thes 4:13-5:11	Christ's Coming
Aug 22	1Thes 5:12-22	Church Life
Aug 29	1Thes 5:23-28	Conclusions



THE PLACE

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