

Living Epistle: Meg Campbell
September 20th, 2020

Sometimes in these last six months, when I wake in the morning I struggle to remember what day of the week it is. If it's Sunday, I get up a bit earlier to get ready for church.

I get set up in front of my computer, going through the usual moments of anxiety, wondering if everything will work ok and I'll be able to join St. John's 10:30 service.

After all these months it almost feels like this is the normal way of worshipping. Instead of passing through the door of the church we enter the world of You Tube or Zoom and with our voices and our presence we create sacred space together. For a while I can forget that stream of negativity that insists on pulsing through my mind so much of the time.

Right now, at this moment at 10:30 on a Sunday morning, for an hour and a bit I can immerse my heart and mind simply in feeling connected with others, some of whom I know well, others not so much.

I'm aware also that there are those watching that I do not know at all and I feel connected with them in their desire to worship with us.

Hearing about the celebrations: birthdays and anniversaries, becoming a Grandma, or an aunt, remind me of good times. Praying and singing together and listening to the readings is comforting in their familiarity. Maybe in them or the words of the homily I will discover a deeper awareness of God's presence and more understanding of how we can love each other.

I know there is a group of people who spend many hours planning this service. I am very grateful and appreciative of the work they do to make our worship experience the best it can be. Thank you for an oasis in the Covid desert!