

The Fourth Day Flyer



*The Lord is my shepherd
I shall not want.
Psalm 23:1*

*Fall Edition #98
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*The Diocese of Central Newfoundland
34 Fraser Road
Gander, N.L., A1V2E8*

the editor writes

This summer has been a busy one with visits by family and friends and visiting with family and friends on the island. It is hard to believe that summer is now over and we are all preparing to once again to go back to our fall schedule. I myself am looking forward to once again being part of a Bible Study Group, Alpha Group, Prayer Group, and other committees at Holy Trinity, Grand Falls. There is much to be said for a structured existence and I am looking forward to once again being part of a Christian group, studying scripture and discussing areas that maybe giving me a problem. My daily scripture study has been very fruitful but it is going to be good to return to cooperate study.

A year has passed since I took the position as Communication Chair and Editor of the "Fourth Day Flyer" and I want to thank all for their contributions. The reports of Ultreya's have been very prompt and this makes my job easier. Anyone who would like to contribute an article for the Flyer may either e-mail or post me the article and it will be inserted as soon as there is space. I also want to thank my committee who help me to copy and distribute the Flyer. As a committee we have been having some problems with late delivery in some areas and we are now in the process of making corrections to alleviate this lateness. If for some reason you do not get your Flyer please contact me so I can correct any problem encountered.

The Annual Meeting is in Clarendville on Sept. 20th. at 10:00 a.m. hope to see you all there and please pray for the upcoming Cursillo weekend Oct. 16-19 for the candidates and team.

In closing I would like to share this prayer with you.

*Teach us, Lord to serve You as You would want us to serve,
to give and not count the cost,
to fight and not heed the wounds,
to toil and not to seek for rest,
to labor and not look for rewards.
Help us always to do Your will, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Amen.*

*Ultreya
Ann*

Lay director writes.....

A year has passed now since I became lay director. Time passes so quickly. I think sometimes that it is going faster, especially when we seem to be busier than we ever were. When the cost of living is higher than it was. When there seems to be more storms of destruction. More unrest in the world.

We all feel strained and stressed in life. The words of the Old Testament (Isaiah 30: 15) . . . "come back and quietly trust in me, then you will be strong and secure." These words can still work for us today, especially in our busy lives. We must take time to rest and come to the Lord.

We, as cursillista's, have many opportunities to come back to Christ; through Church, Group Reunion, and Ultreya's which are held each month. God has given us this wonderful gift of fellowship with one another to encourage and uphold us as we journey with Him.

Resting and trusting in the Lord is vital for our spiritual growth and health. When the stress of life gets us down we need to believe and trust that God is in control. "He is infinite in wisdom and power." (Isaiah 40:28-29) "The Lord is the everlasting God. He never grows tired or weary. He strengthens those who are weak and tired."

So, in our busy, everyday lives we must remember that God is in control and that He is always with us..... in Spirit, in Truth and in Love. As we move forward into another Cursillo year, Josephine joins me in a prayer that God will bless us all, and make us a blessing to family, friends, and strangers alike.

*Ultreya,
Hedley*



from the Bishop.....

Praise the Lord O my soul and all that is within me praise his Holy Name Psalm 103:1

Several years ago my children and I built a small pond in our back yard. We dug the hole, put in a liner, gathered stones from a gravel pit up the Glenwood Road. I love the pond, especially now that the children are no longer at home. Many of the rocks, especially the larger ones, have a story. How did we managed to get them into the truck, into a wheelbarrow and into place without ruining a back or crushing a foot?

The pond is a part of the story of our family. Shortly after building it we planted some water lilies, that I had bought at a garden center, and while each year the leaves grew, there was never a bloom. I had given up any expectation that there would be a bloom; there was too much shade, it was not hardy enough for our Newfoundland climate. I made the usual excuses. Nevertheless, I was very happy to sit by the pond, look at the plants around the pond, the driftwood decorations, the grasses and the water lily leaves. It was a place of peace, of very pleasant memories and of contentment.

Then one morning in August I walked out on our back deck and looked into the pond to see the most beautiful single yellow and white waterlily. The pond was glassy smooth and the lily shimmered with a perfect light. The center was a bright buttery yellow and the leaves a paler yellow, fading to white on the ends. Set on each leaf were perfect dewdrops. Never, have I experienced such a sense of beauty in a thing so simple.

My life of faith is somewhat akin to that pond, a place of peace and contentment. I sometimes fall into the familiarity of it. Indeed part of the comfort of faith is that familiarity, the familiar prayer, the familiar hymn, the familiar building, the familiar liturgy. While all that is wonderful and brings peace and comfort, every once and a while there is a startling moment. A prayer, a word, a verse of a hymn, the bread, the wine, a thought in a sermon, become startling and we catch an unexpected glimpse of the beauty and wonder of God.

May we each experience a moment like that every now and then, for no matter how profound our faith and our prayer life God has the ability to startle, to show us more deeply who he is and who he is calling us to become.

Praise the Lord O my soul and all that is within me praise his Holy Name Psalm 103:1

God bless you all

†David



Spiritual Director writes.....

ANOTHER SUMMER HAS PASSED!

Where did the summer go? We ask ourselves that same question every year at this time. Most of us spend our spring gearing up for and looking forward to summer and before you know it, it's gone. Life is like that. Before we know it, we're getting ready to celebrate Christmas again or another birthday is upon us and we find ourselves a year older. Time just seems to slip through our fingers.

Two years ago I turned forty. I never gave much thought to turning forty. It hardly came to mind the few months leading up to my birthday, but when the actual date arrived, the strangest feeling came over me. You see, longevity is not very common in my family. Many of my relatives live to enter their sixties and seventies but it is almost unheard of for someone to reach eighty. When I turned forty I came the realization that my life was quite possibly half-over, that there may be fewer days ahead of me than behind me. I found that thought sobering.

The future is uncertain for all of us. We may plan for retirement but there are no guarantees. We may say that we will eventually get around to exercising, dieting, getting more involved in the life of the church or taking some sort spiritual course, but what if tomorrow never comes. The burial service in the Book of Common Prayer contains the words "O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered: Make us, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life." The scriptures read "I tell you, now is the time of God's favor, now is the day of salvation. (2 Corinthians 6:2 NIV) We only have today!

This morning I spoke to a group of senior high school students in Appleton as we assembled at the Peace Park to remember the victims of September 11. I told them that real satisfaction and fulfillment in life can only be found in serving God and others. I encouraged them to get involved right now in giving of their time and talent to make a difference in their community.

Many teenagers think that there is a long life ahead of them and that there will be plenty of time to affect positive change in the world. Unfortunately, many well-seasoned adults feel the same. Christians however, need to constantly be looking for opportunity to serve, to grow, to leave a lasting legacy for the Kingdom of God.

What are you doing this day? Are your words and deeds making a difference? Are you living life in such a way that your remaining time on this earth is well spent? I once heard Dr. Tony Campolo say...

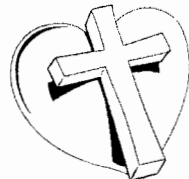
"Only one life 'twill soon be past, only what's done for Jesus will last!"

God bless you as you embrace the day. Carpe Diem!

In Christ,

Rev'd Perry Cooper

Spiritual Director



I am Free

*There's a reason why God sent a Savior
He knew we'd need cleansing within
Jesus dies on the cross to rescue the lost.
He came to redeem us from sin.*

*So many times we are asking
Lord, why did this happen to me?
We can't understand but He promised.
If you ask I will set you free.*

*Don't ever take this life for granted.
We don't know what troubles there'll be.
But Jesus said come now for cleansing.
Get ready for the Great Jubilee.*

*When we're troubles and lost He is with us.
To Carry us safe to the shore.
He'll reach out His hands and receive us.
And we will be safe evermore.*

*I was troubles I was sick, I was weary.
The way seemed all shadows to me.
But the great light of Jesus shone on me.
And now praise the Lord I am free.*

*I will follow the way of the Savior
I will be what He wants me to be.
I will rest in His love till in heaven above,
I can sing round His throne I am free.*

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Written and submitted by: Minnie Janes



*Most people forget God all
day and ask Him to
remember them at night.*

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray and
cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice.

Psalm 55:17

Ultreya Pound Cove

It's Ultreya Day at Pound Cove my friends.

But the sky was so cloudy with rain.

It poured all morning a boisterous storm

We wondered again and again.

I phoned down to Pound Cove, asked is Ultreya on?

Marina said " as far as I know."

There's been no cancellation although it is wet.

As far as I know it's a go.

Well later that day it started to clear,

So we made up our minds that we'd go.

To make up a few for as far as we knew,

No far away people would show.

Well, when we got there we were really surprised.

Although the numbers were few,

They travelled from Gander , Grand Falls and around

And all of the faces we knew.

Although we were few, we sang praises to God,

The message and witness was plain,

With God at the rudder we had nothing to fear,

And everything went as was planned.

Our witness that evening was Pearl A. Kean,

She told of her trouble and pain,

How the family stood by her and helped her along,

That night they stood by her again.

*Her family stood by her, with kind words of love,
It was plain that they cared quite a bit,
The true love of Jesus was apparent that night,
And God's love they never forget.*

*When the service was over, it's out to the hall,
For lunch which was baked goods and tea,
For Fellowship, greetings, laughing and stuff.
With old friends we're so glad to see.*

*The people of Pound Cove are true to the bone,
They're Newfies right from the start,
The things that they do and the friendships they share,
Come right from deep down in their hearts.*

*Next Ultreya my friends is at Clarendville Church,
Annual meeting Sept. 20th. At 10:00 a.m.
If it's God's will we'll see you and just praise the Lord,
May God's blessings be with you till then.*

De Colores

Submitted by : Minnie Janes



Church Humor

One Sunday morning, an old cowboy entered a church Just before services were to begin. Although the old man and his clothes were spotlessly clean, he wore jeans, a denim shirt, and boots that were very worn and ragged. In his hand he carried a worn out old hat and an equally well-worn, dog-eared Bible.

The church he entered was in a very upscale and exclusive part of the city. It was the largest and most beautiful church the old cowboy had ever seen. The people of the congregation were all dressed with expensive clothes and fine jewelry. As the cowboy took a seat, the others moved away from him. No one greeted, spoke to, or welcomed him. They were all appalled by his appearance and did not attempt to hide it. As the old cowboy was leaving the church, the preacher approached him and asked the cowboy to do him a favor. "Before you come back in here again, have a talk with God and ask him what he thinks would be appropriate attire for worship in church."

The old cowboy assured the preacher he would. The next Sunday, he showed back up for the services wearing the same ragged jeans, shirt, boots, and hat. Once again he was completely shunned and ignored. The preacher approached the cowboy and said, "I thought I asked you to speak to God before you came back to our church."

"I did," replied the old cowboy. "If you spoke to God, what did he tell you the proper attire would be for worshiping in this church" asked the preacher. He told me He does not know as He has never been in this church.

Notice to all Cursilliestes

Any Parish wishing to hold an Ultreya in 2009 please contact Vinnie Thoms at 256-8443 or e-mail Ann Shears, gordann@nl.rogers.com.

Any Parish wishing to have a workshop for cursilliestes in their area contact Post Cursillo.



Thank You, God, For Everything

Thank you, God, for everything,
the big things and the small.
For "every good gift come from God."
The giver of them all.
And all too often we accept
without any thanks or praise
The gifts God sends as blessings
each day in many ways.
And so at this Thanksgiving Time
we offer up a prayer.
To thank You, God, for giving us
a lot more than our share.
First thank You for the little things
that often come our way.
The things we take for granted but
don't mention when we pray.
The unexpected courtesy,
the thoughtful, kindly deed.
A hand reached out to help us
in the time of sudden need.
Oh, make us more aware, dear God,
of little daily graces
That come to us with "sweet surprise"
from never-dreamed-of-places
Then, thank You for the "Miracles"
we are much too blind to see.
And give us new awareness
of our many gifts from thee.
And help us to remember
that the Key to Life and Living
Is to make each prayer a Prayer of Thanks
and every day Thanksgiving.

(Helen Steiner Rice)



Ultreya Grand Bank

On Friday, July 18-19, 2008 approximately 45 Cursillistas, guests, and friends arrived at St. Alban's Church in Grand Bank from the various parishes in the Diocese.

The evening began with an uplifting prayer and praise service with Carolyn Fowlow and her music team from Port Rexton accompanied by John Barnes leading the music. Following the service there was a lunch and fellowship before retiring for the night.

The Ultreya began at 10:00 am on Saturday morning with the service of Eucharist, with Rev. Tim Graham officiating. Rev. Tim gave an inspiring sermon on the parable of the weeds and the wheat with a story of how we must learn to feed each other. The Ultreya continued after the Eucharist led by Hedley Johnson and again some great music from the music team. We were broken into small groups and given the opportunity to share our Christian journey through piety, study and action.

Witness speaker for the day was Shirley Walters who gave an interesting and inspiring talk on her Christian walk. Shirley had many responses to her witness however due to a prior commitment of a wedding in nearby parish Spiritual Director Rev. Perry Cooper had to leave and asked Rev. Tim to give the gospel response to Shirley's talk. Following the Ultreya, everyone again shared fellowship as they enjoyed a delicious lunch of soup, sandwiches and desserts.

This has been our first time to host an Ultreya but I'm sure it won't be the last.

DeClores!

Submitted by: Velma Stewart



Those who are going through illness:

<i>Audrey Kendall</i>	<i>Gordon Organ</i>
<i>Betty Simmonds</i>	<i>Vera Gill</i>
<i>Elsie Oldford</i>	<i>Mary Andrews</i>
<i>Pleaman Matchin</i>	<i>Herman Hancock</i>
<i>Eugene Tobin</i>	<i>Caroline Perrier</i>
<i>Barbara Sutton</i>	

Those who have lost loved ones:

<i>Ruth Freake</i>	<i>Brother</i>
<i>Lenus Lawrence</i>	<i>Brother (the second in a couple months)</i>
<i>Sandra Durdle</i>	<i>Mother-in-law</i>
<i>Sheri Durdle</i>	<i>Grandmother</i>
<i>Elizabeth Moss</i>	<i>Husband</i>
<i>Meta MacDonald</i>	<i>Mother</i>
<i>Barbara Leyte</i>	<i>Mother</i>
<i>Joyce Spurrell</i>	<i>Husband</i>
<i>Lorraine Stockley</i>	<i>Mother-in-law</i>
<i>Charlie Hunt</i>	<i>Nephew</i>
<i>Edith Osmond</i>	<i>Husband</i>
<i>Wanda Osmond</i>	<i>Father</i>

Cursillistas who have gone to their Fifth Day:

<i>Ron Spurrell</i>	<i>Dorothy Stockley</i>
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