

The Barnet Messenger

A Newsletter from the Barnet Presbyterian Church



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Hope gives wings to our dreams... Faith gives them flight

Pastor's Corner
Pastor Bob Rochelle

pb's pen

The other day, as I listened to a radio commentator extolling the skill of a valued colleague who had recently passed, I was struck by the closing remark: *He died at his home ... of natural causes.* The implication I drew from how the commentator spoke the phrase was, that the death was not COVID-19 related. It got me thinking (not for the first time), about how we sometimes employ language without paying attention to what we're actually saying.

Any virus is a natural cause. No differently than heart, lung or liver disease. No differently than any of the cancers we are working to 'defeat'. No differently than the most common cause, aging. Other causes of death include: accidental fatalities, car/plane crash, drowning, fall from a great height and so forth. And then we have war, murder, suicide. Even these may be considered "natural", arising as they do from our darker human impulses run amok.

In short, death itself is very much a natural occurrence. The particular cause of any death understandably evokes a variety of emotional responses, each of them seeking to give 'voice' to our grief. Among the learnings that may come from the current pandemic confronting us – all 7.8

billion of us – is how deeply we are connected with each other. And, how much we have yet to learn about living well with ourselves and each other. This is at the heart of our Scriptures, at the core of Jesus' ministry and teaching.

While I recognize how my reflections might be a "downer" in one respect, I offer them as a reminder of the reality with which we all live. And I continue to live forward with a phrase echoing in my head & heart, this from a Quaker in his eighties: "I'm going to live until I die. Then, I'm going to live forever!"

Deacon's Message

What strange times we are living in. Social distancing, schools closed, wearing masks, advised to stay at home, jobs suspended, stores with limited paper products, restaurants serving "take-out" only. It really gives us time to pause and think about all that we have taken for granted. We surely will rejoice when this pandemic has subsided.

We are fortunate that we can still worship together via computer, and it has been a great comfort to us all. Hearing the music, the prayers, the homily is a real landmark in a seven day stretch. Thanks to all who are enabling this—Pastor Bob, John, Amanda on a regular basis and to others who are behind the scenes.

The deacons are helping the Session with their prayer chain, to keep our church family informed of the news and needs of the congregation. Together we will get through this stressful period.

Marvin Bailey

The congregation honored the life of Marvin Bailey by driving by and tooting at the cemetery at the end of his committal service. There were about two dozen cars that “saluted” and honored Marvin’s life. It was a great tribute to a good friend.

From Virginia:

Because my hands are shaky and I am not able to do a proper Thank You, I am trying to do it this way (on Facebook). It is a Blessing to feel that others care and will miss him too. He dearly loved this Church and the friends he made here. Thanks to all of you. You are a Blessing to me also. Ginny Bailey.

Poem by Susan Husted

The very last day of April
A month we won’t forget;
Passover, Easter and Ramadan –
Seasons that were set!
We celebrated singly
In homes where we knew to stay;
We did not want the Virus
To have its deadly way!
We wore our masks when shopping.
Sometimes they matched our glove
We oft found shelves were empty
Of products we need and love!

Joys and Concerns

Joys: Shellie’s cousin recovered from Covid-19, Spring and daffodils!

Concerns: from Marlisa - Calvin and Nellie, Charlie’s daughter - Meghan, John Sanderson.

Poem, continued:

We talked on Skype or FaceTime
We also used the phone
To keep up with friends and family
To laugh or cry or moan!
The things we took for granted
Entered the picture each day.
Scared, hungry, or grateful
We remember as we pray.
Outside the birds are singing.
Outside the squirrels play.
The flowers, all, are blooming;
Their hope shall pave the way.
We still have rules to follow
To beat this Virus thing.
We languish for the sorrow
Its devastation brings.
I know we must be patient,
And smile through all our fears.
Through vigilance and longing
We’ll overcome with cheers.

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