

Edgecomb Community Church

United Church of Christ

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Easter Sunday April 12, 2020

Scripture: John 20:1-18

Sermon: *Mary's Easter Message*

Reminder

Maundy Thursday Service tonight at 7:00 p.m. on Zoom

Easter Morning worship will be at 9:30 a.m. on Zoom

“When this is over, may we never again take for granted:

- A Handshake with A Stranger
- Full Shelves at The Store
- Conversations with Neighbors
- A Crowded Theatre
- Friday Night Out
- The Taste of Communion
- A Routine Checkup
- The School Rush Each Morning
- Coffee with A Friend
- The Stadium Roaring
- Each Deep Breath
- A Boring Tuesday

- Life Itself

When this ends, may we find that we have become more like the people we wanted to be, we were called to be, we hoped to be, and may we stay that way — better for each other because of that worst.”

The author, Laura Kelly Fanucci, a Minnesota resident, writes a syndicated column, “Faith at Home,” and has written six books.

Joani McArdle sent the following poem she received from a friend:

History repeats itself. Came across this poem written in 1869, reprinted during 1919 Pandemic.

This is Timeless....

And people stayed at home
And read books
And listened
And they rested
And did exercises
And made art and played
And learned new ways of being
And stopped and listened
More deeply
Someone meditated, someone prayed
Someone met their shadow
And people began to think differently
And people healed.
And in the absence of people who
Lived in ignorant ways
Dangerous, meaningless and heartless,
The earth also began to heal
And when the danger ended and
People found themselves
They grieved for the dead
And made new choices
And dreamed of new visions
And created new ways of living
And completely healed the earth
Just as they were healed.



Zibette Dean sent the following poem by Kate Barnes from the book, KNEELING ORION Poems by Kate Barnes

Aye Waukin',O!

My neighbor comes in,
Bringing small daffodils, the sort
You could fall in love with, the way a girl
Caught sight of another world
Through the opening center of a jonquil, a boy
Drooped so long over the reflection
Of his face, that his arms-
At last! At last! – turned into thin leaves,
His hair to petals.

The loggers up the ridge,
Who are clearing the top of the slope
To nothing at all, drive their big loads
Too fast down this small road;
We have to watch how their trucks
Sway, and how the bodies fo the trees
Are leaving us.

Someone
Has cut the hoses on their skidders
Several times.
Unable to sleep, I lie thinking
of my lost books, the old life, the house,
surrounded by brush with troops of deer
Streaming through it, where the children shouted
outside in the garden, and I could look up
anything I wanted.

I have to remind myself
that Paradise is always,
and is now.

You can call 211 for information about COVID-19

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Here's a link to Gail Boudin's Youtube video
Guided Meditation to Deal with Stress

<https://mail.google.com/mail/u/0/#inbox/FMfcgxwHMjpbHbFlbXvSJgMdtCTnQGCP?projector=1>

Take Time to Laugh

Joanne O'Connor said she heard someone say, "The world is turned upside down. The old folks are sneaking out and the kids are yelling at them to stay in."



Pluto, the internet sensation

A member of my family recommended watching Pluto Living on **YouTube**. I hope you enjoy. Pluto is very funny. The link to Pluto's first video is here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p8oxndup1QM>

"Pluto Living is the creation of world un-reknowned wildlife photographer, NJ Wight. Pluto is now running free on the internets and you can find lots more from her here:

facebook.com/plutoliving and IG @pluto.living souvenirs: CAN:

https://zazzle.ca/store.pluto_living USA: https://zazzle.com/store.pluto_living She is on

a long leash but please do not distribute without credits.

Things to do while staying home

Here is the link to the Library of Congress selection from the National Film Registry with 57 free videos to watch.

<https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLpAGnumt6iV4zCl3zeB75j6eKEPmDBSYC>

Today started out bad.

I thought it was going to be the day I'd have to say goodbye to my little dog, Elliot.

He hasn't been doing well. He has doggie dementia, my vet says, a psychological condition that causes him to wander around the house all night, keeping me awake worrying.

I haven't had a decent night's sleep in too long.

He's 15, and his hearing and eyesight leave much to be desired. He has trouble getting up and down steps, so I carry him out, and back in, several times daily, and at least once nightly, to do his business. That's when I can catch him before he does it in the house. The lovely wood floor in my bungalow is now a maze of cotton rugs, towels, and pee pads.

Last night was especially bad, and neither of us slept much between his wandering and his low rumbling growling that means he either wants to get up on the bed or go out to poop. Sometimes, in my sleep-deprived stupor I'm not sure if it's him or my stomach growling. I always hope it's my stomach, but it's usually not.

Anyway, I thought I had reached the end of the line this morning. He was acting lethargic, as was I. We were both emotionally drained. Sometimes I wish he'd stop eating and drinking, always a vet's first concern when you tell them your pet is sick, because that would make the decision a little easier. I told him I didn't think I could do this anymore. I said, "Elliot I love you so much, but I'm a wreck. I don't think I can do this anymore."

I called the vet at 8:01, but it being Saturday they don't open til 9. So I sat for an hour trying to distract myself on Facebook. I called again at 9.

Having a pet euthanized during normal times is awful. Having to have it done during a worldwide pandemic is worse. I was told that due to the health crisis a technician would come to the car to get him, and I couldn't go in with him. I would have to watch through a window.

I made the appointment for 10:00. I slowly got dressed, and picked up three of Elliot's beds, and some of his toys, to put out on the back deck where I wouldn't see them when I got home.

I drove to the vet's, in Boothbay, parked, and did as instructed: called them and told them Elliot and I were outside. He was in his fourth bed. My hand was on the rim, and he was licking my hand. I was told the technician would be out in a couple minutes to get him. I said I needed to speak with my vet first. She's awesome.

I started talking, and of course it got difficult to talk, but I told her he was still eating, drinking, peeing and pooping. She knew all that, and tried to comfort me. With her help and expertise I had been administering pills for possible pain, and pills to help him sleep (they don't work).

Elliot looked at me, worried because I was crying. I told the vet I was taking him home to revisit my decision.

When we got home I carried him into the house and gave him a bowlful of food, hopeful. He started eating and by the time he polished it off I had prepared my lunch (I was starving, as I had forgotten about breakfast) Lunch was a crab roll and chips, on a pretty pink plate that is limited to special occasions, a tall chocolate egg cream in a beautiful purple glass, and the maple frosted donut I had picked up at Dunkin Donuts after leaving the vet's. Because, well, fuck it. (The donut was placed on a a cute little plate with orange polka dots around the edge.) I also picked up a quart of the world's best ice cream, Shain's, on my way home from the vet, so there was that, too.

I put Elliot out on the deck. By then it was 55 degrees with a clear bluebird sky. When I went out with my gourmet lunch, he was curled up in one of the beds I had put out there this morning, snoring. Bunny was sitting beside him.

Written on Saturday – April 4, 2020 by Suzi Thayer



What does the cloud over the homes in this photograph look like to you? My friend Wendy took the photograph near her home in Massachusetts.

Blessings and peace,
Kate