

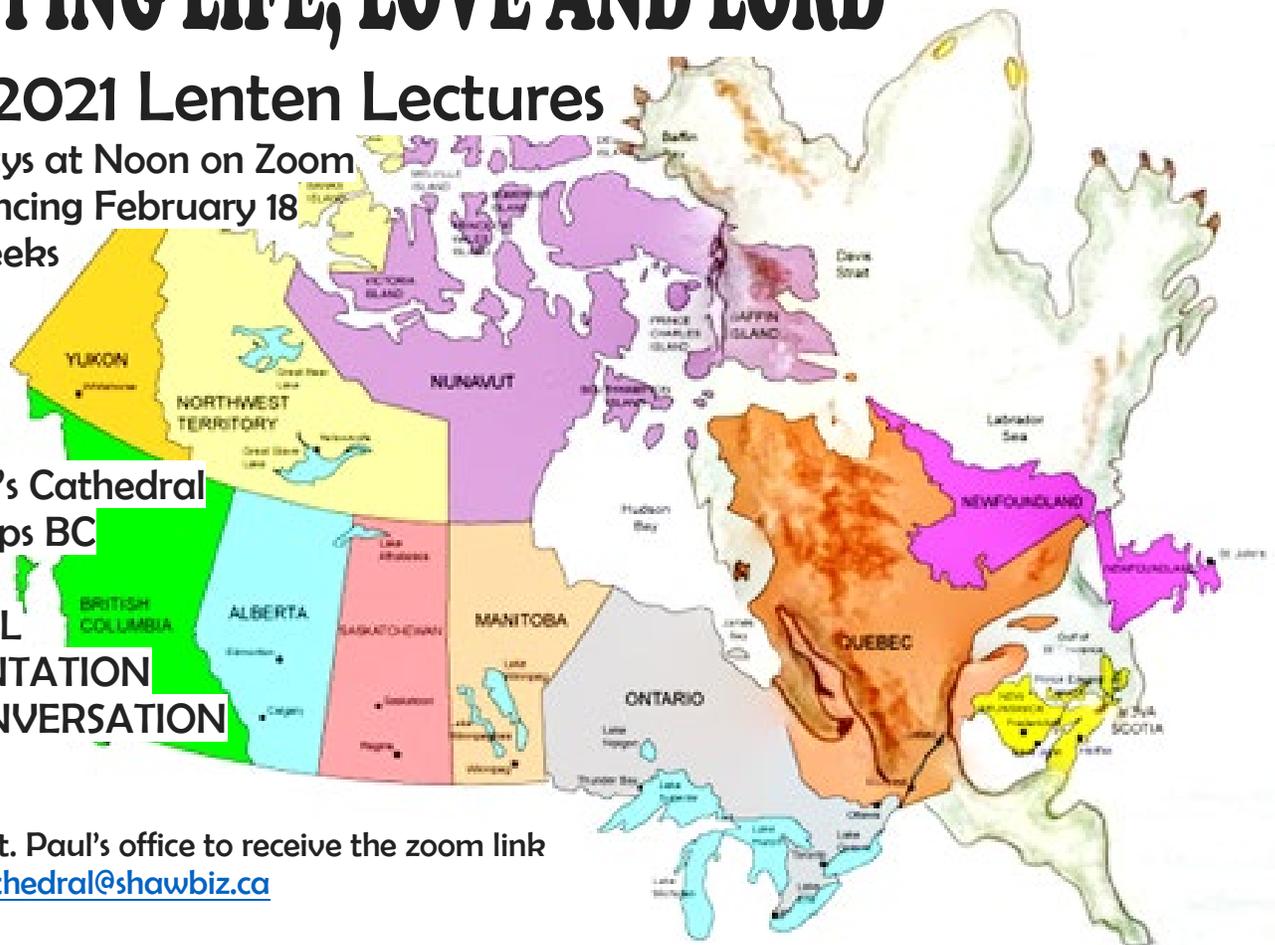
# MAPPING LIFE, LOVE AND LORD

## The 2021 Lenten Lectures

Thursdays at Noon on Zoom  
commencing February 18  
for 6 weeks

St. Paul's Cathedral  
Kamloops BC

VIRTUAL  
PRESENTATION  
and CONVERSATION



Contact St. Paul's office to receive the zoom link  
[stpaulscathedral@shawbiz.ca](mailto:stpaulscathedral@shawbiz.ca)

Presentations will also be available after the fact on St. Paul's Cathedral website  
<https://kamloopsanglicanecathedral.com/>

## PRESENTERS

FEBRUARY 18

KEN GRAY

From *The Map Maker to The Map that changed the World*  
Maps, Geography and the life cycle

FEBRUARY 25

KATHY SINCLAIR

Mapping our Community Differently  
Cycling: Another Road to Wellness

MARCH 4

MICHAEL SHAPCOTT

Mapping Canada in a new and powerful way  
How justice, maps and history collude, not always helpfully

MARCH 11

BARB LIOTSCOS

Maps, Knapsacks and Our Common Journey  
How to figure out where to go next, and how to get there

MARCH 18 DAN HINES

I am a Wayfaring Stranger  
Where is my map anyway?

MARCH 25 KENTON THOMAS

Mapping a Local Route  
Indigenous stories about a familiar route – Kamloops to the Shuswap reimagined

## OVERVIEW

Years ago Dean Ken walked into a Staples Store in the Okanagan in search of a map. The youthful clerks had never seen or used one so didn't know how to help him. They used their phones, as many of us do now. So are maps now useless? When was the last time we hunted for a home atlas?

Can we think about maps in a broader context? The Map of our life? A map of our local community? A map of space? Think of how we might use the word today: Mind or DNA mapping; Mandala or Labyrinth maps; The Book of Psalms as a way of mapping the heart. (Your praise reaches to the ends of the earth. Psalm 48:10)

Others include the image of maps in their poetry, prose and music. For instance:

*You can generally tell where a map was drawn by what lies in its middle. We tend to think our home is the center of the world, so we put a dot in the middle and sketch out from there.*

Mike Wittmer

*But I am waiting to be found; I am a treasure. I am a map. And these wrinkles are imprints of my journey.*

Samantha Reynolds

*I keep going over the old map, but now the roads lead nowhere, a meaningless wilderness where life is dull and futile.*

Joyce Rupp

*(When) illumination departs . . . you realize there is no map for the path you have chosen, no one to serve as guide, nothing to do but gather up your gumption and set out.*

Jan Richardson

*Would you tell me please which way I ought to go from here? That depends on where you want to get to, said the cat. Hmm, I don't much care where, said Alice. Then it doesn't much matter which way you go, said the cat.*

Alice to the smiling Cheshire cat

TERRITORY  
OF THE PEOPLE



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