

WEEKLY NEWS

Est.2020 SIMCOE, FRIDAY 15th AUGUST 2025 No.28-25

WELCOME TO WORSHIP

SUNDAY 17th AUGUST

8:00AM Holy Eucharist Traditional (BCP). Said service



10:30am Holy Eucharist with Holy Baptism

Contemporary (BAS) Sung service

Refreshments & fellowship follow in the Parish Hall

(Choir & Sunday School are on summer break)

Wednesday 20th AUGUST (Chapel)

10:30am Holy Eucharist

Traditional (BCP). Said service.









Every year, Port Rowan hosts Bayfest, our annual Labour Day celebration which has been celebrated for more than 30 years. Originally known as Tomato Fest, the name changed to Bayfest in 2001. Bayfest features three days of activities, many for kids, with a fantastic parade Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m. and fireworks that night. Join us for a midway, rides, food, vendors and great entertainment found down by the waterfront and in town. Plus there are plenty of other fun events for the family such as hula-hoop contests, a plastic frog toss, soap-box derby in town and additional events held at nearby Long Point.

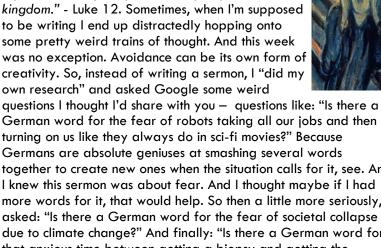




LASSUME YOU KNOW WHAT FEAST

FEAR IS AN ATTENTION HUNGRY

LITTLE LIAR "Do not be afraid, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." - Luke 12. Sometimes, when I'm supposed to be writing I end up distractedly hopping onto some pretty weird trains of thought. And this week creativity. So, instead of writing a sermon, I "did my



Germans are absolute geniuses at smashing several words together to create new ones when the situation calls for it, see. And I knew this sermon was about fear. And I thought maybe if I had more words for it, that would help. So then a little more seriously, I asked: "Is there a German word for the fear of societal collapse due to climate change?" And finally: "Is there a German word for that anxious time between getting a biopsy and getting the results?" Because that is the worst. If you've been there, you know that "waiting for test results" is exhausting – you try to not be afraid, but it like there's a little browser tab open in the background of your brain, quietly draining your battery every day you wait... Turns out, the Germans really came through with beer, sausage, and the word Schadenfreude, but they have, in fact, failed to offer us words for the fears I was asking about. But the more I thought about it, I realized—maybe that's ok since Fear already knows how to take up all the space, it really doesn't need any more vocabulary to do it. Perhaps it is fear itself that makes me think that if I keep shoving information, content and new words into my head, I can outrun it. Maybe you have your own techniques for this- doom-scrolling, or a social calendar that's always over full or shopping for things you don't need with money you don't have. You do you. I used to call a friend whenever I was spun out and afraid, hoping she's be on my side and agree with me that yes, bad things really were about to happen but instead she'd make me name what I was afraid of. Usually I was afraid I'd start drinking again, or that since so and so was mad at me I was probably going to die alone and in poverty - you know, light stuff. And then she'd say, "Nadia—right now in this moment—are those things actually happening?" Nine times out of ten, the answer was no. The fear was real. But the thing I feared...wasn't. I blame evolution for this. If you think about it, homo sapiens have existed for 300,000 years and for 290,000 of those we were hunter gatherers whose fears kept us alive: Don't eat the weird berries. Don't approach the saber-tooth tiger. Don't do anything so socially awkward you get exiled from the foraging group you need to survive. But those same survival mechanisms don't always translate well to modern life. Now, instead of a tiger in the bushes, it's an email from our boss. Instead of running from predators, it's reading comments on the internet. But our bodies respond the same way: adrenaline spikes, vision narrows, heart races. The same chemicals that once saved our lives now keep us awake at 3 a.m., scrolling WebMD. Not helpful. Storytelling may be one of our greatest gifts as a species—but it also means we can imagine threats that don't exist yet. Honestly most of my fears come from stories I tell



myself about what might happen. And man, this particular moment in history seems especially good at keeping us on edge. The world can feel like it's unraveling right there on the glowing screen in our hands. But here's the thing: what we see on those glowing screens is not the whole world—it's the

world as filtered through ideology, algorithms, and the need to keep us clicking so some jerk gets ad revenue. Most of what we see online is less about truth and more about engagement—what will spike our neurochemicals and keep us scared so we keep scrolling. And yet, my Christian friends, "do not be afraid" shows up in the Bible all the time. Angels say it. Jesus says it. Over and over again. The Bible doesn't continually tell us, "Be not ignorant," or "Be not a terrible driver," (Although personally, I would love that) No. It's always: "Be not afraid." I don't think it's because God wants us to not fear things that are imminent threats to our safety, and I don't think it's because God wants us to add "Stop being afraid" to our ever-growing list of self-improvement projects, Like,

1. "start doing yoga" 2. "eat more kale" 3. "stop being afraid". Friends, I think it's because fear just isn't good for our hearts. In our text for today Jesus says, where your treasure is, there your heart will be also and of course the plainest reading of that has to do with money. But this week as I kept thinking about my fears I had to ask myself, is it possible I TREASURE them? Is it possible I do not know who I would be without them? Is it possible that being vigilant in my fears feels close enough to being safe that I confuse the two? But fear - fear is a terrible treasure. I mean, if you think about it, fear is like the personality disorder of emotions. It's an attention hungry little liar because fear always tries to convince us that it is more real than what's actually happening in the moment. At best my fear is an exaggerator, and at worst it's a doomsday prophet who is wrong most of the time but still feels entitled to hang out rent free in my head. Do not be afraid little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom – Maybe Jesus is saying, stop being afraid of what bad thing might happen because you'll totally miss the kingdom of God thing that IS happening. So much of our Gospel reading today was about being alert not for imaginary danger but alert for God. But it's not so easy.. because Jesus told us the kingdom of God wasn't flashy. It's not going to arrive like an executive order or a military parade. Instead, Jesus kept comparing it to stuff that's real easy to overlook. Hidden things. Things so ordinary they're almost embarrassing. Like Seeds and Yeast. Like A coin lost in the couch cushions. God's kingdom grows quietly in the shade of small things. Maybe kind of like mycelium: the vast, hidden network under the forest floor that turns decay back into life. It spreads quietly, relentlessly, finding a way through even the hardest soil. And though you may not see it at first, one day you'll look around and realize everything is alive because it's been there all along. When we lift up our hearts, and shake off the tunnel vision of fear, we can see the quiet, beautiful work of the spirit is absolutely everywhere. ... In a toddler's finger-painting proudly given to a cranky neighbor. ... And two friends who decide to forgive each other and go out for tacos. ... And a shy teenager with self-harm scars being asked about their dreams instead of their wounds. That's the kingdom. It's not loud. It doesn't bait our clicks. But it is so much more worthy of our attention than anything on our phones. The kingdom of God is relentless in it's humble healing power - What I am saying is that while the world may be falling apart, it is also every single day, being quietly, stubbornly, beautifully knit back together. Earlier this week, my head was too busy listing fears, and searching for German compound nouns, and imagining prehistoric predators to know how to end this sermon. And then I got an email from Zane informing me that ... we're baptizing six babies today. And there it was. Because who among us wouldn't implore this little flock of 6 to not be afraid, because it is their father's good pleasure to give them the kingdom. So, in closing, I'm going to say a few words just to them. Caitlyn, Sylvia, Evelyn, Luca, Margaret, and Alice—since you're new here, this preacher wants to tell you something. Bad things do happen and at times this world will break your heart. I'm so sorry but that's not optional in this life. But this world God made is also overflowing with more beauty, mystery, and goodness and fresh pastries than you will ever be able to take in. And this kingdom of wild grace and humble healing that you're being welcomed into? It is real. If you lift up your hearts and search you'll for sure find it. Jesus promised us that. He also promised that God will always be with us, even when you are scared, maybe even especially when you are scared. So hold on, little ones. It's going to be a wild ride. But please do not be afraid. Not because the world is safe. But because the kingdom is already yours. And God is quietly holding the world together in love and you are part of

that. And it is so beautiful. Thanks be to God. Amen. The Rev. Nadia Bolz-Weber

(Lutheran Pastor & Public Theologian)













The Churchwardens of Trinity Anglican Church Cordially invite you to attend: A Celebration of the Holy Eucharist On Sunday 28th September 2025

At 4:00 pm

To mark the conclusion of the ministry of The Reverend Paul Sherwood

As our Rector

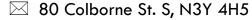
A Farewell Dinner will follow at 6:00pm At The Royal Canadian Legion, Branch 79 200 West Street, Simcoe

Dinner Tickets (\$20) are available from the Parish Office



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Parish Office Hours: Tuesday - Friday

9:00am-12:00 noon Visitors always welcome.

THE DIOCESE OF HURON

The Rt. Rev. Dr. R. Todd Townshend Bishop of Huron

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