

Trinotes

The Mission of Trinity United Methodist Church is to proclaim God's love by building community and living by the example and teachings of Jesus Christ.



Prayer for a Pandemic

by Cameron Bellm

May we who are merely inconvenienced

Remember those whose lives are at stake.

May we who have no risk factors

Remember those most vulnerable.

May we who have the luxury of working from home

Remember those who must choose between preserving their health or making their rent.

May we who have the flexibility to care for our children when their schools close

Remember those who have no options.

May we who have to cancel our trips

Remember those that have no safe place to go.

May we who are losing our margin money in the tumult of the economic market

Remember those who have no margin at all.

May we who settle in for a quarantine at home

Remember those who have no home.

As fear grips our country,

let us choose love.

During this time when we cannot physically wrap our arms around each other,

Let us yet find ways to be the loving embrace of God to our neighbors.

Amen.



A small ministry...

We are all searching for ways to reach out to our neighbors as we maintain social distancing. For me, my small ministry turns out to be mask-making. I have made them for a doctor's office staff, for Methodist Le Bonheur, for organizations helping those who don't have as many resources for coping with the pandemic as we have, and for individuals in my family and in our church family. If you need masks, please contact me at 662-429-0158, or 901-299-2624, or send an e-mail to jordanck2@gmail.com. These are 100% cotton face masks, and can be washed after each wearing, then reused. They are free to anyone who asks.

Kay Jordan, Lay Leader and seamstress



Let us hold unwaveringly to the hope we profess, for he who promised is faithful. Hebrews 10:23

Yesterday afternoon it was sprinkling outside. The yard I can most easily see from the living room (aptly named — where we usually hang out), is the bricked-in side yard of the house. Yesterday it was wonderful to sit and watch the robins peck around in the mud for worms. I don't get to watch them all year. It's Spring, so they're here in droves.

Out of the mud the hydrangea leaves are emerging. Soon they'll have lavender and periwinkle blooms.

The days are warm, but not too hot. The evenings are cool, but not too cold. It's the perfect weather for walking around the neighborhood — looking at what's left of the tulips and the irises that are just beginning to bloom. The leaves on the trees are light green. They'll change to dark green as the days grow longer.

I don't always notice these things. Usually we're in the home-stretch with school and things are chaos. There are field trips and field days — parties, teacher appreciation, awards days, and year-end concerts. Tests. There are lots of tests. This year school continues but we start a little later. We go at a different pace. There are no tests. We slow down and take walks through the neighborhood to notice the season.

There's a song that I've always loved by Nicole Nordeman. It's called *Every Season*. Nordeman does a beautiful job highlighting the most important elements of the seasons and how God is at work in each of them — even in death. Here are the lyrics:

Every evening sky, an invitation
To trace the patterned stars
And early in July, a celebration
For freedom that is ours

And I notice You in children's games
In those who watch them from the shade
Every drop of sun is full of fun and wonder
You are summer

And even when the trees have just surrendered
To the harvest time
Forfeiting their leaves in late September
And sending us inside

Still I notice You when change begins
And I am braced for colder winds
I will offer thanks for what has been and what's to come
You are autumn

And everything in time and under Heaven
Finally falls asleep
Wrapped in blankets white, all creation
Shivers underneath

And still I notice You when branches crack
And in my breath on frosted glass
Even now in death, You open doors for life to enter
You are winter

And everything that's new has bravely surfaced
Teaching us to breathe
And what was frozen through is newly purposed
Turning all things green

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So it is with You and how You make me new
With every season's change
And so it will be as You are re-creating me
Summer, autumn, winter, spring

It's amazing how much it feels like winter. So much of our lives have died. The busyness. The expectations. The routines. I don't know about you, but I've done my share of mourning these deaths.

However, as I sat on the couch yesterday and watched the robins peck at the mud, I realized that it's not winter at all. Sure our routines have died, but new ones have emerged. The busyness has been replaced with moments of reflection and quality family time. The expectations — maybe those needed to die.

Yes, those needed to die. Maybe for a time, all of this needed to die so that new life could bud. Like the tulips and irises, God is choosing to bring newness of life in us. Maybe that's how God is using this difficult and complicated time — to bring about a sense of resurrection in you and in me — God's very people — the people of resurrection hope.

So it is with You and how You make me new with every season's change. And, so it will be as You are re-creating me. Summer. Autumn. Winter. Spring.

With Resurrection Hope,
Rev. Sara

Congregational Care Team

You likely have received a phone call and/or a card from a fellow Trinity member over the past few weeks. The Care Team, in addition to keeping contact with our members who ordinarily cannot attend worship and other activities, has expanded our efforts. Amy Moritz suggested that we make an effort to stay connected with as many Trinity members as possible. Thankfully, we have had several supportive volunteers who have been making calls. Those persons are Alyson Foreman, Sam and Sara Goff, Kay and Craig Jordan, Carol Miller, Amy Moritz, Mike Potter, and Sally Ramsey.

Whenever team members have not been able to reach an individual we have sent cards to express our support during the COVID-19 Pandemic when many of us are sheltering at home and our church participation is through Zoom and Facebook Live. Naturally we have discovered that some persons' contact information needs updating. We have also sought to discover when a person does not have internet access to Facebook Live Worship. If assistance is desired in dealing with Zoom or Facebook Live, technical matters members of the team are glad to work with you. Debby Marston and others are also working on how to share the Trinotes with persons who do not have internet access.

During our many conversations, persons have shared details of their daily lives. In some cases members have passed on current needs with which they could use assistance. Sam Goff has been particularly helpful in providing home care assistance in a time when normal resources may not be available. Those of us making calls have appreciated your willingness to talk and share your lives with us. In a time when many persons experience isolation, it is important to use the resources we have to encourage each other.

If you would like to participate in calling Trinity members please contact Craig Jordan at 662-429-0158 or jordanck2@gmail.com. Also if we overlooked you in making congregational calls, and you would like to receive a call, please let Craig know.

Let's stay connected at Trinity as we seek to deal with uncertainty and anxiety. Together we can remain faithful in ministry with each other and our larger community.

Scouts Stay Active - Virtually

Our Scouts are staying together, separately, by having meetings on Zoom and Facebook - Cub Scouts performing science experiments, sharing jokes, playing music, and learning about Fire Safety online. They've also had a virtual trip to Shelby Farms to see the Bison, and have challenged each other to help fill the food pantry.

Our Troops are active as well, with our Girls having their first meeting last Sunday, learning about the roles and duties of a Scout Troop's leadership, and planning how their Troop is going to work. The Boys are having Patrol meetings, working on Physical Fitness merit badges and rank skills.

Alex Landrigan read to the Pack on Zoom, and is asking his other Den Chiefs to do the same. Everyone is welcome to the read-alongs, so please join us!

Reading Schedule:

Tuesdays and Fridays at 2pm, starting April 10th - email akela@pack13memphis.org for Zoom invite!



May 7 Allane Demetrio
May 10 Mac McConnell
May 14 Jeri Ashley
May 15 Bertha Ching

May 27 Mike Dodson
May 27 Jenna McClurkan
May 27 Josh McClurkan
May 28 Chris Glover

Finding Hope in the Midst of a Pandemic

By Rev. Mike Potter

¹⁶ So we do not lose heart. Even though our outer nature is wasting away, our inner nature is being renewed day by day. ¹⁷ For this slight momentary affliction is preparing us for an eternal weight of glory beyond all measure, ¹⁸ because we look not at what can be seen but at what cannot be seen; for what can be seen is temporary, but what cannot be seen is eternal.

2 Corinthians 4:16–18 (NRSV)

In her March Newsletter from The Omega Center, entitled “Hope in a Time of Crisis,” Franciscan sister and scientist Ilia Delio wrote:

Christianity can help us realize that death and resurrection are part of the evolutionary path toward wholeness; letting go of isolated existence for the sake of deeper union. Something dies but something new is born—which is why the chaos of our times is, in a strange way, a sign of hope; something new is being born within. Out of chaos, a star is born. Breakdown can be breakthrough if we recognize a new pattern of life struggling to emerge.

In the midst of the coronavirus pandemic and all the fear, suffering and death that it brings with it, something dies within us: business as usual, and something new is born within:

- Baptist Hospital had 30,000 N95 masks in storage that were in good shape except the elastic bands had disintegrated. Palm Sunday weekend, two Memphis women responded by organizing 400 seamstresses who sewed new elastic bands on all 30,000 masks, thereby providing critically needed protection to healthcare workers. God’s grace!
- People are getting outside and actually walking in their neighborhood – maintaining social distancing, of course. Many neighbors are getting to know each other for the first time. God’s grace!
- On Good Friday, I went for a walk in Overton Park. The air was crisp and clean; the sun was shining, not a cloud in the sky. What struck me most was the color of the sky: the most beautiful hue of azure blue I’ve seen since I was young. As the sunlight struck the foliage around me, I was also struck by the vivid shades of green that were popping out all around me. God’s grace! . . . and a glimmer of hope for tomorrow: a world without pollution is possible.

So, don’t lose heart! Though the life we once knew has been upended and will never be the same again, our inner nature is being renewed day by day – we can see it all around us. As Sr. Ilia tells us, a new pattern of life is struggling to emerge. We are being challenged to rebuild our lives anew: to seek out and value relationships with everyone we meet (we begin to realize, there are no strangers!). We are moved to reconcile and mend relationships, to reach out and help those in need, and to be the person . . . the community . . . the world . . . that God has created us to be. “For this slight momentary affliction is preparing us for an eternal weight of glory beyond all measure.” It can’t be seen by the eye, but it can be known with the heart.

Receive this blessing:

May the presence of God the Creator give you strength;

May the presence of God the Redeemer give you peace;

May the presence of God the Sustainer give you comfort;

May the presence of God the Sanctifier give you love. Amen.

“Whatever the problem, community is the answer!”

by Amy Moritz

This is a quote from Margaret Wheatley that I have used often. I have grown over the last 15-20 years to believe this quote with unwavering certainty.

My community was the answer to my problem recently. In this story, my community consists of my neighborhood, my church, and my immediate family. My problem was how to create a deeply memorable wedding day on April 11, amidst the global pandemic, for my daughter and my soon to be son-in-law.

Three or four weeks before the wedding the couple decided to postpone the big shindig. Had they not, it would have been eventually forced on them as the governor and mayor had shut down all but essential services by April 1 and prohibited gatherings of more than 10 people.

While they postponed the large celebration, they were both determined to enter into the sacred covenant of marriage on April 11. It was the date they had been aiming toward for months, and they did not want to let it go. Yet up until one week before the wedding, it was still uncertain if it could happen. The world was changing daily. Social distancing and shutdowns caused continuous concern and second-guessing about the wisdom in proceeding.

One week out, it finally seemed like all systems were a go. The minister was available; the bride and groom along with their parents and siblings numbered ten; and the weather forecast was looking good for an outdoor ceremony. But none of the fine details for this revised wedding celebration had been planned. The details of flowers and greenery and candles and bouquets had not seemed pressing. Now that they were, there was little chance of acquiring them in the marketplace with everyone sheltering in place.

Two of my favorite thought-leaders, John McKnight and Peter Block, write in their book the Abundant Community,

Our culture tells us that a satisfying life can only be purchased. It tells us that in the place where we live, we don't have the resources to create a good life.

Everyday neighbors, who once were the source of these things, have forgotten how to provide for one another. There is no need. We just go buy or hire out what is required.

But I hope that you have seen in our current times, as I have, that neighbors still have it, and community is still the answer.

One week before the wedding, I reached out to about 15 or so neighbors with requests for flowers and greenery from their yards, table linens, and candles. The gifts and loans of items were so abundant that I could not use them all! Right here, on my own street, there was more than enough! There was no need to go to the marketplace. Abundant community is all around us!

The wedding day was amazing from beginning to end. The living room furniture was moved and replaced with borrowed tables from my church. Borrowed linens began the transformation of the space to a banquet hall. Flowers and greenery sourced from my street, and lovingly arranged by my son and his girlfriend adorned the table. An abundance of candles provided by neighbors supplied all the light we needed for a wedding celebration.

Problems and possibilities co-exist. The problems are there, and they have been quite hard for all of us in the midst of the pandemic. However, alongside the problems are possibilities.

My prayer is for the capacity of humanity to see the possibilities and not just the problems. More specifically, I pray that a renewed reliance on community as the most important source of our well-being become the new ground we stand on as we move into the future together.

Whatever the problem, community is always the answer!

