

Reflection

A week or so ago our eyes, if not also our spirits, were presented with hopefully the last burst of winter. The landscape was blanketed with a white carpet so clean and beautiful. While we may have been greatly disappointed with that quantity of snow, many of us were in awe of its beauty.

When the physical landscape is put up against the landscape of our world at the present time, my trust is that all we have been through in the last year has impressed upon our hearts that there needs to be a new manner of being followers of the Way of Jesus in our world.

As we watched a white police officer in the U.S. being convicted of murder in the death of a black man, another black man killed by police was laid to rest by his family. The time for reforms in how policing is handled has come to the forefront, not only in the States but also in Canada.

We have watched the need to care for our seniors in long-term care homes in more caring ways. We have heard the struggles of those dealing with mental illness and the supports that are not readily available to them. Vulnerable group after vulnerable group has risen to consciousness through the pandemic highlighting where we have been negligent in our care of those most in need of compassionate care. Now we are watching world leaders promise vaccines free of charge for the poorest countries in the world. One health care professional spoke very clearly stating that world-wide herd immunity could not be reached until all people in the world are offered vaccinations.

A week ago, I took part in a virtual tour of the former Mohawk Institute Residential School, now called the Woodland Cultural Centre, outside of Brantford. The Residential School was in operation from 1828-1970. Regrettably, the promises made to parents were broken one by one. Children were abused, neglected, and punished for being who they were. The information was very troubling, and it was difficult to understand how people, and Christians no less, could treat some of the most vulnerable people with so much disdain.

This week I took part in another webinar about Residential Schools and the Truth and Reconciliation Report. Elder Norma General-Lickers opened the session with prayers to the Creator and she ended our session reading a poem she wrote after hearing stories from those who had attended the Residential Schools. The poem was entitled "I Wait". Then there was silence, no one spoke, people slowly left the webinar – hearts had been impacted, spirits had been touched. May the pain of listening to the truth lead to greater understanding; may the realization of our role in the settler/colonial tradition move us to seek justice; and may our hearts be open to being changed.

May we continue to strive to be the people God has called us to be.

Blessings,

Rev. Wanda