On the evening of the day he rose from the dead, says the gospel of John, Christ breathed the Holy Spirit into his terrified disciples. A peace surpassing all understanding took hold among them.

Later as they gathered all in one place, as had become their custom, the believers experienced the Spirit’s coming in power and in signs of wonder.

The reign of God has taken a giant step toward completion: Babel is torn asunder. The languages of human division and alienation are replaced by the tongues of the Spirit.

There is one body and one Spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism one God and Father of us all.

The nations cry out, “Abba! Father!” The nations cry out, “Jesus is Lord.”

Though we do not know the hour of the final restoration, we live to witness to the truth of its coming.

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IN MEMORY: Please remember in your prayers, Elizabeth Donovan, mother of Theresa Donovan-Geurten (Paul) and grandmother of Sara Geurten who died on Wednesday, May 16, 2018. May Elizabeth know the fullness of life in God's presence and may those who mourn her death find hope in the promise of resurrection.

COFFEE SOCIAL: Christ the King University Parish will be hosting a gathering Sunday, May 27, 2018 for coffee and sweets following the 10:00 AM Eucharist. We hope that many of you will be able to join us in the Parish Hall.

CALL FOR REFUGEE ASSISTANCE: A family is in the process of relocating from Syria to London. While we are not providing any financial support, we are being asked to help them find a new home within our community. We are looking for volunteers to assist with English tutoring, cultural integration and providing general support. If you have time and energy to be of support, please contact Annette Donovan Panchaud at annette.donovanpanchaud@kings.uwo.ca or contact the office at 519-963-1477.

CONGRATULATIONS are extended to Susan Marino, Tanya Weiler, Juan Torrellas Oriedo, Lela, daughter of Attila Tamas and Georgina Galba, to Haley, daughter of Kirk and Mandy Jo Barrett, to Rita, daughter of Didace Kamilindi and Pauline Uwajeneza, to Vivienne, daughter of Bruce Hewitt and Helena Steinmetz, who completed their sacramental initiation through Confirmation this morning. We pray that the Spirit given to them in Baptism, be strengthened in Confirmation and renewed in the Eucharist will bring forth much fruit.

In the coming months, the following couples will be celebrating the Sacrament of Marriage. Please remember them in your prayers, that God strengthen them in faith and love.

Karen Gopaul and Giovanni Foco (May 26, 2018)
Adam Newton and Rachel Welch (July 7, 2018)
Shawn McIntosh and Estefania Rojas (July 21, 2018)
Amadea Setiabudhi and Julien Patel (August 3, 2018)
Omar Saade and Sara Attard (August 25, 2018)
Ali Neves and Zack Fitzmaurice (October 6, 2018)
Pentecost Reflection

Based on Acts 2:1–11, the story of the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost.

After Jesus ascended to the Father, all of us who followed him decided to stay together. He told us to wait for the Holy Spirit. We weren’t sure what that meant, really. What would it look like, feel like? The Holy Spirit visited the prophets in strange ways—in visions, with powerful speech, even with great miracles. In Jesus’ company, we had indeed witnessed miracles. We told stories, often, of when he healed this person or cast out a demon from that one. We recounted the story of Jesus feeding thousands with a few loaves and fishes. The biggest miracle, of course, was his Resurrection. That was more than a miracle; it changed the world forever. It changed us, down to our very bones and breath.

What do I remember most fondly about traveling with Jesus? Was it his stories?

All we could do now was tell stories of what had already happened—that, and pray. We prayed as Jesus had taught us. And we waited.

What are we waiting for? How will we know that the Advocate has come to us? Will we know for certain, or will it be another one of Jesus’ puzzles or parables?

The Feast of Pentecost arrived, and still we remained gathered like sheep awaiting the shepherd. We observed our Pentecost prayers and rituals, continuing to act like the observant Jews we were. But something was missing, and we didn’t even know how to describe it.

What does a community need, when it has understood a new and revolutionary truth? Do we need better understanding? Do we need a plan? Do we need, more than anything, the courage to keep believing and telling what we know?

On the Feast of Pentecost, while we prayed together, the room suddenly filled with wind that seemed to come from an ocean or a desert. Or a cave or a mountain. It was fresh and cool yet weighted with unnamable fragrance and crackling like fire. The two small windows and the seemingly calm weather outside could not account for this roaring, invisible, electric rush of air.

What is happening? Are we to be taken up in a whirlwind, as Elijah was? Will we go now to be with our Lord, wherever he is?

We prayed louder and with urgency. Surely God would protect us from whatever was happening just now. At one point all of us were saying, together, the prayer Jesus had taught us: “Our Father . . .” Then our communal prayer burst into a hundred prayers at once. Our words had begun in unison but now reproduced themselves in odd yet fervent lines of syllables. After a few moments, we realized that we were not saying the same words. In fact, we were not even speaking the same language.

What is going on in my mouth? I think a thought, and my tongue and lips form the thought on their own, in words I cannot perceive yet know to be true.

Each one of us was praying in an excited voice, in a distinct language. And we were proclaiming this new story of the risen Christ with eloquence we could not have imagined moments before. With our minds we could not translate, but our hearts knew exactly what we meant.

Who’s knocking on the door? Oh—they’ve pushed it open, and there’s a crowd out there! Who are they, and what do they want? They seem to be foreigners, judging by their clothes.

We stopped praying so that the people out in the street, now in our doorway, could be heard. “How is that you Galileans are speaking all our languages, telling us of God’s mighty works? We’re from a dozen different countries and tongues, and yet you speak to us plainly. What’s going on here?” Then Peter stood on a table and began to tell the story.
The place where we gather for worship and mission is situated on the traditional territories of the Anishinaabeg, Haudenosaunee, Lunaapeewak and Attawandaron peoples who have longstanding relationships to the land and region of southwestern Ontario and the City of London.

VERITAS SERIES FOR FAITH AND CULTURE 2018-2019

Through the Veritas series, King’s endeavors to foster learning and dialogue by gathering scholars, artists and activists who support and challenge us in living lives of faith and justice in the 21st century. The coming year’s series will be dedicated to looking at how we might be agents of healing and justice where there is division and animosity. We hope that many will join us for these gatherings and we encourage you to set aside time in your calendars. This coming year, we will welcome:

Susan Aglukark
Juno Award Winning Inuk Singer/Songwriter
Chair of Arctic Rose Foundation
September 20, 2018

Dr. Tim O’Malley
McGrath Institute for Church Life
University of Notre Dame
Indiana, USA
October 18, 2018

Archbishop Don Bolen
Archbishop of Regina
Regina, Saskatchewan
January 17, 2019

Sr. Teresa Maya, CCVI
Leadership Conference of Women Religious
San Antonio, Texas
February 7, 2019

Dr. Murray Watson
Catholic Biblical Scholar and
Interfaith Leader
Barrie, Ontario
February 28, 2019

Dr. Catherine Clifford
Professor, Saint Paul University
Ottawa, Ontario
March 21, 2019

Kids4Peace
Jerusalem
March 28-29, 2019

Dr. Benjamin Muller
Associate Professor, King’s University College
London, Ontario
April 4, 2019

Joseph Cardinal Tobin
Archbishop of Newark
New Jersey, USA
November 21, 2018
Annual Christ the King Lecture

The grass is not, in fact, always greener on the other side of the fence. No, not at all. Fences have nothing to do with it. The grass is greenest where it is watered. When crossing over fences, carry water with you and tend the grass wherever you may be.

Robert Fulghum