



The Lord said: "If anyone wishes to come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. For whoever would save his life will lose it; and whoever loses his life for my sake and the gospel's will save it.

On the Sunday before the exaltation of the Holy Cross, the scriptures revealed to us the beauty of the cross. Beholding the cross is what takes the poison out of the soul. That's the way we are healed: by looking at the cross; by not avoiding looking in the eyes of the innocents who are harmed by our sins. Naturally we avoid the healing because the cross makes visible for us the brokenness of the body and the vulnerability of the soul. However, looking at the cross makes us attentive at the prayer of the one who is condemned and also at the voice that forgives us. We hear the cry and the prayer of the innocents. This is precisely how their forgiveness for us takes form and is completed. It burns us to look at it and it requires much faith but that's how healing happens. Especially in today's world where we are taught the "supreme value" of self determining our life, of choosing on our own what is best for us, to look at the cross seems foolish and counterproductive. We end up being our own judge. But, to be honest, how merciful can that judge be? It can hide the sins, but no healing would happen this way.

However, if last Sunday the scripture healed us, today we find out that there is no more serpent and no more poison but we are rather left with the possibility of losing our healed soul. The cross is empty; there is a place and a home for us so we don't become homeless. We are given the choice to enter the path of the cross. We are welcomed there by Christ Himself. The hospitality of the Son that prepares a place for all of us in his Father's kingdom.

The difficult part, as Jonathan said on Friday when talking about the gospel, is the "self denial" thing. This makes you completely vulnerable. He thinks this is scary and you don't know what can come out of it. We agreed that we do know something. Vulnerability is accomplished through your own nakedness, by tasting betrayal, and abandonment, by being known to people and rejected by all. By letting yourself at the pity of the oppressor. Even questioning your own faith in God who chooses not to act in that very moment.

Why would anyone who has a little bit of self respect even contemplate that?

Even if in time, you become accustomed with the pain and rejection, with the lack of faith and the loss of human dignity, even if you end up becoming a master of endurance and human patience, where would you really find the forgiveness of the Son in your heart? All this, as we know, would make you more and more bitter and skeptical. Why would you risk everything for the promise of the light yoke if you know that yours will be heavy? If you

cannot forgive small things now, how would you be able to forgive great things later?

"Therefore I tell you, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but he who is forgiven little, loves little." And he said to her, "Your sins are forgiven."

Gospel on Friday (Luke 7:36-50)

By beholding the cross, something has already changed within the heart. It is not the voice of Cain that we hear again and again: "Am I my brother's keeper?" (Genesis 4:9) By looking at the cross that voice is silent, and within this silence the changing of the heart has started already.

As we do hospitality within the church, we need to remember this silence that prepares the heart for its forgiveness. The church is the place where the judgement of the innocents reveals the hope for the oppressors because they pray for the conversion of their soul. By opening the door of the church to people we learn ourselves how to find the lost innocence in us, how to allow ourselves to be embraced by the silence that speaks to the heart about the forgiveness that has come already. We try to live this so we can open the door of the church with hope to every weary soul. It is true that most of the time the hope is coming in more but then we need to learn how to encounter that hope with the reality of a heart which is not resistant to mercy.

As much as the body suffers under the oppression of sin and we can visibly see that in the cross of the people we know, the real damage done by the hunter is hidden and it is inside: to make the heart captive to the darkness inflicted on it.

We are afraid of our own sins and it is right and good to be so. Because through them we encounter the judgement seat of Christ. The more we become aware of our own sins the more we desire His forgiveness and all the more we long for His love.

However, the real cross, where we opt to live and not die, is when we look for innocence in us. We can walk on the path only in innocence. To forgive the little wrong that was done to us. We know from the battle of the real saints that we know at the mission, who forgave more because more was done to them. Their torment in great things makes us desire the little forgiveness required of us.

Community life (the painting was shared with us by a homeless woman artist)



“For behold, the sinners have bent their bow, they have prepared arrows for the quiver, to shoot down in a moonless night the upright of heart.” (Ps 10)

“...but God chose what is foolish in the world to shame the wise, God chose what is weak in the world to shame the strong, ...”

Saturday after Holy Cross - I Cor 1:26-31; 2:1-5

The end of the day on Thursday was quite special. We rushed outside to have one of our last espressos together enjoying the good weather, on the portico and on the stairs of the church. I realised even more on Thursday why afternoon espresso is popular now even among those who don't really like its taste. It is the fact that it literally brings all of us together in the same place. Whoever might happen to be at that particular time at the mission. We really look, for a little while, like a real community. And what a bunch of people gathered together we were on Thursday afternoon. There is something real going on in every soul. Real and different. Our homeless woman painter, whom we had not seen for a while, reappeared at that very moment and shared with me her new painting technique: random splashes of black paint on the white paper, after looking for images and shapes to describe reality. “You don't have to do much. Maybe sometimes a line here and there to magnify the image”, she said. I knew she was thinking about starting painting again and she thought about beginning with butterflies. She discovered something new and she was going to stick with that. She was upset, however, that the orange juice got expensive. She used to buy it for 1,15\$ and now it is 1,75\$. She cannot buy juice anymore. How can they increase the price by almost 50% overnight? I am not able to buy it now.

As we were talking, Mary came and she wanted to speak too. I asked her how she was going to spend the rest of the day and she told me that she was planning to go to a splash pad where she would chill her feet in the water watching children play. One could easily picture Mary doing that and be very happy.

Another person whom I had not seen in years, came to us. He was high and in distress. He was the first one to receive a cup of espresso, which I accidentally spilled all over his hands and mine. "I have never been woken up by an espresso like this one before" Within all his distress he found his sense of humour. He wanted to see a friend and call his number. By the end of our day he decided to go to the hospital. "I can relate with that," A said. When you are high and you want to get better, but you don't know where to go and get treatment. He tells our friend that it is better not to call rehab, just to go directly to the hospital. There are more chances they would accept you this way.

Coleen felt hopeful again on Thursday because her hand was shaking less. The little miracle lasted another day. She risked her health for a little bit of espresso, and she exchanged jokes with me. She likes humorous stories. On the stairs, br Luke was getting ready to go home. The refugee sisters return to the house. One of them had a C-section and the sister visited her and the baby at the hospital. Both are at the house but they cannot go into their apartment on the 3rd floor, they will have to use the living room for a while until the mother gets better. Even Angela was generous at that time, preparing all the fruits she found for the mother who needed vitamins to recover. Close to me was M., who has a visible mental disability. She stayed after lunch, happy to hear we had espresso. I was surprised she knew what that was. " O, yeah, I can have three shots."She has clear blue eyes and as we have espresso together she tells me to pray for the queen's soul.

Another brother who used to work in F1 as a mechanic, now retired, comes late for lunch. He gets the last one. Very happy and thankful. Even more happy for the espresso, he knows to appreciate good coffee. He tells me that he would like to celebrate his birthday next month in the same way at the mission. He told me how he used to have really good espresso at Monaco, while fixing fancy cars. On top of the stairs, Murray was giving me instructions as usual. I enjoy following them because he is practical and he has a point.

On the left side stays M. The most innocent of us all. She was late that day and very sad. She cries. She doesn't know how to speak about the things that trouble her. We agreed for her to try confession. She will not speak with a human soul but with Christ. She will try next time when she comes. She was still crying.

Frank was enjoying the espresso joking with Joanna. They tease each other.

Daniel promises me more cups. Him and Larissa will buy more for me. Not to forget though to pray for his ministry, he says. He is going to Square One to visit homeless people a few evenings a week. He talks to them, bringing them chocolate, clothes and some food . Just a little bit, when he has something to bring them. He goes more to talk to those who want to talk to him and to let them know he prays for them. Laura was there that day too. She

normally volunteers for breakfast and she leaves by 3 in the afternoon. But that day she came late so she got to enjoy the espresso for the first time.

There were other people around us and others walking by. All this happened in maybe half an hour at the end of the day, when sister Penka is working hard with the volunteers to make sure we receive what we need and leave the place clean for Shawn the next morning. I don't know how we can make so much espresso in a single pot for so many people, but we do. Maybe because we serve it in real and very small cups.

How come people so different and so broken in different ways, can get together and have an espresso. Either because the espresso is very good or maybe because it is for free. These are good guesses. There is, however, real life in the community and real movement. The half an hour at the end of the day on Thursday reflects the whole day and the whole year of things that happen within a community made up of such broken people. Through the grace of God everything is possible. It was possible for the broken community to find its innocence because of the many members that learn to forgive their brothers within the struggles that were given to them.

“God chose what is low and despised in the world, even things that are not, to bring to nothing things that are, so that no human being might boast in the presence of God.” - Saturday after Holy Cross - I Cor 1:26-31; 2:1-5

This coming Saturday evening at 6pm we are celebrating the feast of St Silouan. Please come to pray together on Saturday evening for the Vespers and Sunday at the liturgy. To join in prayer the innocents who pray during the week.

Feel free to bring food you like on Sunday to share after the liturgy.

Mission church collections of 1 Sunday : Sept 11 2022 Donations \$100, candle box \$21.75, wine/candles \$50.

The Chimes
It somehow
Reminded her of
What sailing must be like
Listening to her wind chimes
Waltz along with the wind
Of pewter
Of brass
But he hated them
Wringed his own
neck over them
They stabbed his
hangover migraine
They caused him suspicion
That she might
still somehow possess
Some kind of
hope and peace
Which he'd never know
So he knew he must
Snuff out every bit
of her remaining light
So he trapped her
In the rooms
Windowless
For windchimes
But he could never tear



The ascension - by a homeless artist

The gentle lilting sound
From the core
of her heart
And her prayer
Straight to
The living God's ears
Chimes the angels
Sing of the Lord's
Infinite compassion
She prays
for her captor
Yes even for him
That he may one day
Come to truly listen
To the chimes

poem by Elisha

Prayer list for the sick and those who have recovered: Omar; Elisabeth; Ben, Kim; George; Bernadette, Maria Becatam ;Seena; Ocean ,Tony, Nikitha; Dianne; Joy; Susie; Alex; Maurice; Lynn; Molly; Thomas; Varghese; Delia; Leela; Mary; Tanya; Basma; Aditi; Larry; Darius; Lori; Lisa; Cindy; Césare; Fatima; Debbie; Donald; Hermina; Råul; EK Thomas; Nebu; Evangelia; Sarah; Shelley; Bill; Ruth, Kristian and Frank; Maria; Binja ; Mike; Luke; Anusia; Lavalin's son; Sana; Father George Patrick, and Father Michael Miklos/Pani Karen Miklos; Dominique and her daughter; Mike; Luke; Arjuna; Joy; Susie; Alex; Lynn; Molly'; Thomas; Alex; Fathima; Frank; Chris; Evlokia; Mikayla and Luca; Karunawathi, Gloria, Vijekumari, Ronda, and Regina; Delia; Valerie; Tom; Traian; Peter; Marco; Kim; Tihomir; Kate; Payton Clark; Sana, and her family in Egypt; Isaiah; Mary; Sydney; Peter; Christine; Stephanie; Iulia; Jason; Sophia; Alexander; Charles; Tom; Paul; Phillip and his wife Juliet; Cristeena; Ann brown's daughter; Silvia; Jincy; Shiron Crisreen; Allain; Seena and her husband; Waheeda and children; Faizah; Shirin and her family; Cristina; Daniela, Jerry; Delia ; Ragaie; Victoria; Mike; Farida; Roselyne and family ; Ana; Cornelia; Leon; Jerry; Ocean; Gloria; Anne; Marina; Marie; Edemene; Joanna and family; Rejoice; Romana, Coline, Michael, Peter, Henry, George, Kelly; Tom; Marina; Kumari; Susan; child James; Aaron; Sylvia; Fr Jonathan; Tharshini and her two children; Ann Tyron and her family; Sandra Gomaz's children; Sameen; Sophia; Amy; Swetha and children; Charitha; Jitesh's parents; Demene; Carol; Gloria; Hawa Bibi; Vimaladevi; Fr. John and Pani Marie; Lynn; Michelle; Emanuel(Mani); Stefanie; Geoff; Joey; Evangelia; Sophia; Melanie; Tanya; Piper; Darius; Zamalk; Nelly; Nahla; Mira; Sandral; Brenda; Vol; Gomaz; ; Helen; Paul; Wafaa.

Please pray for the deceased: Tom; Fred; Shrin; Andre; Andree; Akhir; Arjuna; Dillon; Elena; Pani Mary; Rejoice`s mother; Edmund; Pani Eleanor; Fr John; Alexandru; Constantin; Robert; Fr Aurel; Georgi; Rada; Petre; Stela; William; Samuel; Debbie; John; Amy, Willie; Dave`s wife; Ana; Shirin`s cousin in Jordan; Father Lawrence; Dave; Anne Tyran`s father; Edith, Sr. Mary Magdalene; Joice; BettyAnn; James; Pauanasuy Kamthasang; Maria; Andrei; Agostina; Carminda; Vimaladevi's sister; Sri's mother; Carol's Mother and 23 year old nephew; Demene`s mother, Dalalzaki.

September 19-25

Tuesday	8:30 am 7:30pm	Morning Prayer Psalms Study – via Zoom	Wednesday	8:30 am 12:30 pm 4:00 pm 6:30 pm	Morning Prayer Noon Hours Vespers/Dinner Bridges/Compline 8pm
Thursday	8:30 am 12:30 pm 2:00 pm	Morning Prayer Noon Hours Jesus Prayer	Friday	7:00 am 12:30 pm 2:00 pm	Divine Liturgy Noon Hours Jesus Prayer
Saturday	9:00 am 4:00pm	Morning Prayer Great Vespers with Litya	Sunday Feast of St Silouan	6:00 am 8:00 am 8:30 am	Jesus Prayer Orthros Divine Liturgy (Bring Goodies)



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We are an apostolate of the ecumenical patriarchate "Mother Church of Christ's poor"
under the Omophorion of Metropolitan Gregory of Nyssa

St. Silouan Chapel, September 18, 2022

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