

Dear Friends;

“For where **two or three are gathered in my name**, I am there among them.”

We tend to joke uncomfortably about those words in these days of smaller congregations and less regular church attendance.

Jesus tells us this, but we still like to count numbers. We feel pride when the church is full, and feel like failures when the numbers are small.

It happened in chapel this week. When there were only two of us, we talked about whether we should bother with the service or not. This wasn't what we'd prepared for. It felt odd to stand up and read to one another. The scripture passage was a familiar one..... we already knew it didn't we?

We started without the prepared outline, just with a conversation that went deeper into our beliefs than we had shared before. We moved into the planned service, adapting it to our number, and part way through were joined by a third. That emboldened us to try singing together too.

It was different from the “normal” chapel services, but as rich as any.

Some of my most nourishing worshipful experiences have been in very small groups, the “cell block” in Yellowknife, and the “house church” in Iqaluit.

Maybe it's not a bad thing when summer holidays force us to experience chapel in a different way.

“For where **two or three are gathered in my name**, I am there among them.”

Blessings to all who gather in his name.

Nora Sanders