

Dear Friends

*All the believers agreed to hold everything in common*     Luke 2:44

The theological school I attended was part of a group of beautiful old stone buildings on the northeast corner of the campus of the University of Toronto collectively called Victoria College. The centrepiece of the quad of Victoria was an enormous red brick building known as Old Vic. Across the street from these buildings is the Royal Ontario Museum or ROM. In between is a wide and busy road called Queen's Park Crescent and underneath that, the Museum subway station.

When I was a student the ROM was undergoing some major renovations and upgrading. Given the requirements of a museum it had very advanced heating and cooling system specifications. An unexpected consequence was that the ROM has 'surplus cold air'. Rather than vent it into the atmosphere, engineers found a way to export the surplus air under the street and subway station to the old buildings of Victoria which has never had air conditioning because of their age and structure. The professor who told me this thought it both amusing and miraculous that 'surplus air' could be shared this way.

We continue to be fortunate that the collective restraint and sacrifice of Manitobans has thus far succeeded in preventing a crisis the scale of which other places are experiencing. Better prepared than we were just two months ago, I read this weekend that Manitoba is going to send 100 vital sign monitors to hospitals in Quebec and Ontario. We have surplus equipment and it going to be shared where the need is greater. Miraculous.

Last week, we at Charleswood extended an invitation to anyone who could help us respond to a request from our partners at Operation Ezra for donations for food for the Yazidi refugee community in Winnipeg. Within three days nearly \$6000 had been arranged to share with those in need. Those who receive this food will think it a miracle.

Some would say that miracles, by definition, occur seldom. But if sharing is the experience of people, goods, food, or equipment flowing from places of less need to places of greater need then maybe miracles are happening all the time. Even, and maybe especially, in the midst of a global pandemic, miracles abound for those with eyes to see.

Grace and peace,

Michael

P.S. If you missed it in our email for Sunday, I was invited, along with many other local religious leaders, to submit an article on faith and the pandemic to the Winnipeg Free Press. It was published on Friday and can be read by clicking here: [Rehearsed Gratitude](#)