



jacob'sWELL

Upcoming Events:

- Jubilee Parties:
 - February 20
 - March 19
 - April 23
- "Life on the Edge" free weekend workshop — call to register
 - March 12: 7:00—10:00pm
 - March 13: 10:00am—4:00pm

Inside this issue:

Someone Visited and Stayed	1
Stephen Hitchcock	
The Team	1
Joyce Heron	
Snow in DTES	2
Helen Channer	
I Spy	2
Kara Pecknold	
Community Kitchen	2
Jono Ryan	
Bio and Poetry	4
John Paul Barrett	

Volume 1, Issue 2

February 2004

The Team

It's Monday morning. I'm thinking about all the things that this week will entail. Tax returns and income tax receipts, Monday meeting, Community Kitchen, lots of visits, the newsletter, banking, meetings with pastors, meetings with students, planning for my absence next week as I go to Toronto to teach, etc... I would normally feel quite overwhelmed by these thoughts. However, today as I prepare both my mind and my heart in prayer, I feel this unnatural calm. I am quite sure it comes from God (Phil. 4:6-7). I feel as though God has reminded me this morning that I am a part of a family, a team, His body. I am not alone. I am not called to this life in isolation or independence. I am connected to many others of like mind and heart who are together willing to serve God. (Continued on page 3)

by Joyce Heron



Outside Jacob's Well Front Window

Someone Visited and Stayed

by Stephen Hitchcock

I visited Terry last week. He has probably forgotten and remembered and forgotten me again by now. You see, his brain was literally beaten out of him, then surgically repaired (removed), twice. He has a scar which orbits his scalp...he'll be happy to show you, embarrassment is easily forgotten.

There is one thing Terry can count on. Two things, actually: the companionship of his parakeets, Joey (they're brothers, both named Joey, so as not to get them confused) and that his nose will keep growing. Thanks to all the beer no one can forget the second. Like Rudolph's, it is obviously different. I think to myself while I'm with him, "I wonder if Rudolph's was a blood vessel problem?" His eyes are terrified. Terrified like a child's, innocence stirred in unable to be extracted. Maybe you are like me and when you think of Rudolph, or Pinocchio, you know they must've been terrified—one's nose is one's beacon, it's how we aim, whether we misfire or kill or save a life.

I wonder if I will ever see Terry again. He doesn't. That's why I wonder. Who else knows of his scar? Unforgettable halo. And I wonder if he just might see clear through the coming fog of Christmas with the certainty of a bird's song: someone visited him and stayed. Joey won't stop singing about it.



Bruce Erikson building

Snow in the DTES

by Helen Channer

There are these apartments on the corner of Main and Hastings with bold words etched onto each balcony. They proclaim things like 'courage', 'hope' and 'freedom'. I'm not sure how many of the folk who hang about that corner regularly experience the truth of those words, but hope is alive in the Downtown Eastside. I didn't realize it so starkly until the snow fell. Sentimental I may be, but I love snow. I love what it does to the city. The mountains don't need snow to look majestic, the corner of Main and Cordova does. Anyway, it was a Tuesday and it was snowing as heavy as it dared, slowing everything down to a truer pace and a more livable rhythm. I love going to Jacob's Well, and this time was no different; I was dizzy with joy to see friends again whom I'd missed over Christmas. What I didn't expect was what a blanket of pure white would do to an area I had begun to get to know a few months back: it leveled it off, made it fair, cleaned the slate. For one afternoon the DTES was the same as anywhere else in Vancouver, and that, for me, needed to happen. (Continued on page 3)



Elan and Andy

Community Kitchen

by Jono Ryan

If there was one thing I learnt at Jacob's Well last year, it was how to slice green peppers properly. This wasn't a skill I had anticipated developing when I decided to participate in Community Kitchen at the Jubilee Hotel. As a fresh theology student, I tend to get more excited about understanding "the Gospel for the marginalized" or "living in community". Instead, my education here has more to do with cutting peppers. I've spent most of my culinary life slicing them horizontally, that is, perpendicular to the stalk. This approach produces a series of concentric rings, which although visually interesting, take forever to dice into smaller pieces. Cooking chili with the Jubilee residents one Tuesday evening, I stood mouth agape when I first observed Cameron attending to twelve green peppers for our burrito meal. (Continued on page 3)



Our sidewalk

I Spy

by Kara Pecknold

Sitting at the long picnic-like table at a Tuesday night "Community Kitchen", Jeff asked us all if we wanted to play "I-spy". Whoever correctly guessed the secret item that matched the suggested colour was next in line to motivate us to look around the room for something we might not have seen before: "I spy with my little eye, something that is orange". Upon leaving Jacob's Well recently, after another night of food and conversation around the table, we met Lana. We encountered her on a cold, snowy evening after having a recent "hit". Her body quivered so we invited her in to have a cup of hot tea. She went into the washroom to wash her hands and warm up. (Continued on page 3)

Snow in the DTES (con't)

by Helen Channer

You see, a silent understanding comes along with any conversation about the DTES and it isn't one that matches those words on the side of that building. It is not one of courage and hope and freedom. But that Tuesday, as I was making my way to Community Kitchen, I realized it should be. The snow became a blizzard for me, helping me see more clearly than before how

perhaps those words are more alive there than in any other part of the city. How can this be? I believe that they are alive because they are so desperately needed, and they are given life because the life-giver lives there too. Faith, courage and hope are alive in the DTES because Jesus calls it home.



Main and Hastings

The Team (con't)

by Joyce Heron

This means that these "others", who are a part of our team at Jacob's Well, will enable all of the things that I have thought of to be accomplished, and much more. Like my doctor says, "It's a good thing the whole world doesn't depend on you." The whole world depends on God. As you read this newsletter I hope you gain a greater sense of

our family here at Jacob's Well. It's a beautiful thing to see it in action—chaotic at times, full of laughter, sincere and willing—whatever God puts in front of us, whatever the week entails. Enjoy the read and be encouraged. We are not meant to do life alone. We need others, and others need us. And we all need God.

Community Kitchen (con't)

by Jono Ryan

With a few deft strokes, he sliced them parallel to the stalk into long thin strips, which he then diced within seconds. An obvious yet brilliant technique, which I quickly incorporated feeling a little sheepish for my own clumsier technique. It may seem a trivial observation, but for me, this was indicative of a larger paradigm shift. Journeying towards Jacob's Well on the No.3

"Downtown", I often find myself ready to "give" but often not ready to "receive". I come armed with education, with skills and resources, with work experience, with theology. Cutting peppers with Cameron has reminded me that I have much to learn, and that my friends at the Jubilee have much to teach me.



Vick's diner

I Spy (con't)

by Kara Pecknold

As she looked into the mirror, she could only see that which she disliked about herself: "I spy something I don't like". These two experiences remind me that it is the "both/and" in our journey to see people clearly. We have to look. And we have to see. Sometimes it isn't so obvious. And sometimes we

are shamed by what we discover. But what do you spy? What do you see when you look at someone? With my little eye, I can quickly miss the finer details. But when I am invited by Christ to look more closely and ask for his help to see, I am more apt to spy something beautiful.



Post Christmas in our alley

Jacob's Well Staff:

Joyce Heron
Dawn Humphreys
Andy Shaver
Stephen Hitchcock
Steve Morley

Stuff we need:

Help with Website!!!

Thoughts from the Southern Contingent

"To understand is not more wonderful than to love."

George Macdonald

"No one has ever seen God. But if we love each other, God lives in us, and his love has been brought to full expression through us."

1 John 4:12

Jacob's Well is an evangelical, ecumenical, nonprofit organization, devoted to sharing the message of Jesus in word and action with socially marginalized people who live in the downtown eastside (DTES) of Vancouver.

JP Barrett: Bio-sketch and Poetry

A year ago I encountered a truly unforgettable person. His name is John Paul Barrett. JP and I have become quite good pals, but only recently did I discover that he was a poet. Well, JP agreed to share a couple of his writings with us. And as an encouragement to others, he briefly chatted with me about his life with God and his experience as an amputee. (JP lost a significant portion of his leg some years ago.) He is one of the most honest people I know. Thanks for sharing, JP. -Andy



Andy: What is your experience of God since the amputation?

JP: God has always been there to comfort me...but kneeling is hard to do.

Andy: What is the greatest struggle you face because of the amputation?

JP: 12345...ABCDE...

Andy: I don't get it.

JP: Think about it.

Andy: Still don't get it.

JP: Would you like me to list them numerically or alphabetically? (laughs)

Andy: What is your advice to others struggling with physical disability?

JP: Pray.

As I lay

As I lay in my natural existence,
course and spoiled by time,
A hand reached out
picked me up.

Then the craftsmanship of ages
began chiseling away the rugged edges
That one attains during the
course of life.

Refining a once worthless,
lost treasure
Into a gem of beauty
crafted with love.

Patiently enduring the natural faults,
overcoming these weaknesses with
wisdom and knowledge.

Untitled

Why is it so difficult to see
the beauty one has
When another divulges the
truth?
And yet the other cannot
see the beauty within their self.
If only we could see
ourselves with another's eyes.

A mirror will tell you some truth,
but only what you perceive
of yourself.

Another that loves will see completely
different than one that hates.