



*Mission*

**Worship** the King,  
around the **table**,  
for the **life** of the world.

*Vision*

What kind of culture is formed  
with this mission?

# DEEP HEALING

“I was just going to say that I couldn’t undress because I hadn’t any clothes on when I suddenly thought that dragons are snaky sort of things and snakes can cast their skins. Oh, of course, thought I, that’s what the lion means. So I started scratching myself and my scales began coming off all over the place. And then I scratched a little deeper and, instead of just scales coming off here and there, my whole skin started peeling off beautifully, like it does after an illness, or as if I was a banana. In a minute or two I just stepped out of it. I could see it lying there beside me, looking rather nasty. It was a most lovely feeling. So I started to go down into the well for my bathe.

“But just as I was going to put my feet into the water I looked down and saw that they were all hard and rough and wrinkled and scaly just as they had been before. Oh, that’s all right, said I, it only means I had another smaller suit on underneath the first one, and I’ll have to get out of it too. So I scratched and tore again and this underskin peeled off beautifully and out I stepped and left it lying beside the other one and went down to the well for my bathe.

“Well, exactly the same thing happened again. And I thought to myself, oh dear, how ever many skins have I got to take off? For I was longing to bathe my leg. So I scratched away for the third time and got off a third skin, just like the two others, and stepped out of it. But as soon as I looked at myself in the water I knew it had been no good.

“Then the lion said—but I don’t know if it spoke—‘You will have to let me undress you.’ I was afraid of his claws, I can tell you, but I was pretty nearly desperate now. So I just lay flat down on my back to let him do it.

“The very first tear he made was so deep that I thought it had gone right into my heart. And when he began pulling the skin off, it hurt worse than anything I’ve ever felt. The only thing that made me able to bear it was just the pleasure of feeling the stuff peel off. You know—if you’ve ever picked the scab off a sore place. It hurts like billy-oh but it *is* fun to see it coming away.”

“I know exactly what you mean,” said Edmund.

“Well, he peeled the beastly stuff right off—just as I thought I’d done it myself the other three times, only they hadn’t hurt—and there it was, lying on the grass, only ever so much thicker, and darker, and more knobbly-looking than the others had been. And there was I as smooth and soft as a peeled switch and smaller than I had been. Then he caught hold of me—I didn’t like that much for I was very tender underneath now that I’d no skin on—and threw me into the water. It smarted like anything but only for a moment. After that it became perfectly delicious and as soon as I started swimming and splashing I found that all the pain had gone from my arm. And then I saw why. I’d turned into a boy again. You’d think me simply phony if I told you how I felt about my own arms. I know they’ve no muscle and are pretty mouldy compared with Caspian’s, but I was so glad to see them.

“After a bit the lion took me out and dressed me—”

“Dressed you? With his paws?”

“Well, I don’t exactly remember that bit. But he did somehow or other, in new clothes—the same I’ve got on now, as a matter of fact. And then suddenly I was back here. Which is what makes me think it must have been a dream.”

*Eustace's encounter with Aslan is a beautiful picture of Jesus's deep healing in the household of God.*

And when he returned to Capernaum after some days, it was reported that **he was at home**. And many were gathered together, so that there was no more room, not even at the door. And he was preaching the word to them. And they came, bringing to him a paralytic carried by four men. And when they could not get near him because of the crowd, they removed the roof above him, and when they had made an opening, they let down the bed on which the paralytic lay. And when Jesus saw their faith, he said to the paralytic, "Son, your sins are forgiven."

*Mark 2:1-5*

In the Gospel according to St Mark, Jesus begins his public ministry in his hometown. First, he enters the synagogue on the Sabbath to teach, and there, he delivers a man from an unclean spirit. He then enters into Simon's home to heal his mother-in-law. Countless sick people and many who were tormented by demons were brought to him and he healed them. Non-stop. Jesus headed out of town to be alone, and even there, everyone searched for him. All of this happens in Mark I.

Mark 2 begins with Jesus going home. Perhaps he was exhausted, the text doesn't tell us. But news travels fast in small towns, so the crowds followed him

home. Many who heard Jesus teach at synagogue could not wait until the next Sabbath to hear him again, and they brought their friends. It was standing room only.

This famous scene encapsulates the remarkable love and patience of Jesus. Who among us responds to people intruding in our home this way? Not only that, but Jesus is happy when they tear apart the roof. Like this man, Jesus came to heal *us*, body and soul – we are all sin sick even if we are not all paralytics. In both cases, Jesus is eager to heal and **forgive** everyone who comes to him in faith (even someone else's faith). He

invites us to be healed altogether on the Lord's Day, and to continue his healing and forgiving work in homes.

**We want to be that kind of church** – a hospital for those who are bruised and broken by this world. A place of refuge for many who have been malnourished and abandoned, both at home and in the church. Like the Galileans, we desire to gather around Jesus and his teaching in all of life. More and more each day, we aim to be a people who tear down the roof to

bring our broken and bruised friends into the healing presence of Christ and his Church. In many ways, this *has been* our story, but our story is just beginning.

Healing homes – *hospitals* are messy places – messy people crammed together in pews and living rooms in hope. It's not easy, but we will continue to strive to enter into this restful way of being in the world. The only thing we must *do* is come – Jesus invites us all to come (and tear down the roof).

## Christ the King is a holy and happy **household** of deep **healing**.

*This is our culture.*

*This is our vision.*

*This is the way we will strive to enact our mission for the life of the world.*

How do we build up & keep this culture at *CtK* and in our lives?

# HEALING

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What wounds do you have that need healing?

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Where do you go when you're stressed?

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When did you last open up to someone?

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Was that a positive or negative experience?

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To whom are you called to bring healing?

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To whom are you **not** called to bring healing?

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**Beloved,**

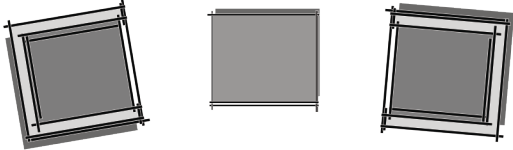
I want to invite you to pursue healing, deeper self-awareness, more grace for yourself, and for everyone in your life. If you want to pursue this, let me know and I'll send you a link to take a self-assessment, and then we can setup a time to talk about it. You have a unique story, a unique experience of God's grace, and I want to come alongside you in discerning when, where, and how you might invest your story in others.

Yours ever,  
Fr Chris+

That seems the ultimate injustice, to take away the one talent from a man who has only one talent and give it to the other ones. I take that to mean, again, not a punishment so much as the inevitable consequence of burying your life. If you bury your life—if you don't face, among other things, your pain—your life shrinks. It is in a way diminished. It is in a way taken away.

*Frederick Buechner*

# HOUSEHOLD



## The Whole Family *Together* In the Household of God

Most of our life together is just that – together – **intergenerational** spaces for a new covenant family to model patient love. Life together, joyous commotion, family – everyone seated face-to-face around a table, or in a living room, or altogether in worship – **togetherness** is the norm, and this is central to our mission.



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What habits bring me face-to-face with others?

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What habits lead to more isolation?

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When was the last time you hosted someone?

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When was the last time you truly retreated?

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Do I feast with thanksgiving?

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Do I fast with thanksgiving?

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## Keeping the Feasts

We don't want to be a fast food church. Tables are meant to be communal – a place for **slow**, savoring celebration. Let us keep the feast!

