



Moments of Grace

from Bishop Geoff Peddle

The Diocese of Eastern Newfoundland & Labrador

Toast and Tea

December 9, 2014

I said good-bye to an old friend today.

This afternoon the Reverend Reg Frampton was laid to rest at the Parish of the Ascension in Mount Pearl. Reg and I had worked together there for a few years. He stayed on in retirement after I became Rector in the '90s and Reg and Vera and Kathy and I formed a friendship that lasted through the years. We shared in many fun times and even overnighted in their cabin around the bay.

I was privileged to be the preacher at his funeral. The church was filled to overflowing and I know that Reg would have been honoured to see so many come out to celebrate his life. He sure touched a lot of us over the years and in my sermon I had this to say about him:

During the course of [his] lifetime Reg was many things to many people: son, brother, friend, husband, father, grandfather, teacher, priest, author. The list could go on. I knew him as both a friend and a Priest of the Church ... And yet throughout it all, despite all his roles in life, one thing never changed: Reg remained a child of God. Fashioned in His own image, the scriptures tell us, and destined to return to Him one day, just as we all are. And even though Reg is not with us today in the same way he was when he was living, the life that he built, the person that he was, lives on in our memories and in our hearts. Reg also lives on with God. The same God who created him, fashioned him, and sustained him during his appointed time with us.

Tonight I find myself reflecting upon our friendship. It's funny that my strongest memory of being with Reg is not about any of the parish times we shared in worship and ministry. It's about all those Sunday mornings we shared tea and toast at the rectory between the 8:30 and the 11 a.m. services. Reg often liked to preside at the early service and then to stay on for the later service, sometimes to preside again, sometimes to preach, sometimes just to sit in the pew and worship beside Vera. Our times together in between were a quiet and peaceful space between the busyness of a bustling parish.

I once gave a talk where I called sharing a cup of tea with someone the "sacrament of the ordinary" and I think that's what it was between Reg and me those mornings. There was nothing fancy but it was more than enough: two friends, a pot of tea and a couple of slices of toast. I'm sure God was there too. Tonight that's what I remember about Reg.

But isn't that the way it always is when we remember a loved one? The special times aren't nearly as remembered as all those ordinary times they quietly graced your life. My ordinary times with Reg over the years are what I most treasure tonight.

And for some reason I feel like having tea and toast again.

Blessings,
+Geoff



The Rev'd Reginald Frampton (March 3, 1930 - December 5, 2014)