

AROUND THE PARISH

February 19, 2021

St. Alban's seeks to be a welcoming, Christ-centered community,
committed to sharing Christ's love, empowering people to grow spiritually,
deepening our relationship with Christ and living out our faith in the community and the world

SUNDAY ACTIVITIES

Sunday Eucharist on Facebook or YouTube, 10:30am

Adult Bible Study, 9:30am; Ecclesiastes led by Eric Hanson. Link through March

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/84765370758?pwd=OEFMd20xL0NjNkZQ0xJbHdaRGJlZz09>

Meeting ID: 847 6537 0758 Password: SeekFirst

Zoom Coffee Hour, Link through March

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85174822634?pwd=aW0vdTYrNGtZTGVBQmdzbEJQYm9BZz09>

Meeting ID: 851-7482-2634 Password: 657057

NOTE: If you don't have a Facebook account, you can watch the Sunday service on YouTube or later as a video on the Facebook link



Fr. Greg Peters

Lenten Soup Suppers

“What meditation was most helpful for you this week? Which one inspired you the most? Which meditation was most meaningful to you?”

These questions or something similar will begin our Lenten Soup Supper conversations, so be prepared!

Episcopal Relief and Development's *Lenten Mediations* are available online at this link <https://www.episcopalrelief.org/church-in-action/lent/>. They are sent to your email every day. Except that it means more screen time, they are very convenient!

This year's theme is Lament, but not the book of Lamentations found in scripture. Using four steps of Lament – rest, reflection, repentance, and restoration – the Meditations help us honestly face the spiritual impact of events in our lives, decisions, mistakes and missteps we have made, sins we have committed, and the good we have omitted, especially during this last year of pandemic estrangement. Facing the things for which we lament in order to lead us to spiritual health and healing and renewal of life.

A good article on the four steps of Lament can be found on this link. <https://www.patheos.com/blogs/questionity/2014/04/four-steps-of-lament/> It's from Patheos, a progressive Christian website, so some of you might want to ignore the ads, but the article is informative and helpful for understanding the process.

Our first Lenten Soup Supper is next **Wednesday, February 24**. We begin with Evening Prayer (Rite One for Lent!) at 6:00pm, followed by fellowship time until 6:45 when our presentations and small group (break out rooms) discussion begin.

Here's the Zoom link:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/89484082323?pwd=TFdMQWlWZl1lza0tkTE44cXl1WC8wQT09> Meeting ID: 894 8408 2323 Passcode: 023579

UPCOMING ACTIVITIES

2/21 Taizé, 7:00pm, available on website

Wednesdays--Evening Prayer at 6:00pm: Facebook

2/24, 3/3, 3/10, 3/17, 3/24 - Soup Suppers during Lent 6:00pm, Evening Prayer; 6:30, Fellowship

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86467078774?pwd=L08vdmdVVGtMRzNqVTRRczVjOEpldz09>

Meeting ID: 864 6707 8774 Passcode: Lent 2/21

CHURCH PLEDGES & DONATIONS

Please continue donations and pledges by:

- Mail check to church
21405-82nd Pl W, Edmonds, WA 98026
- Drop off through the slot in Greg's door.
- Bank Bill Pay – ask bank to send check to St. Alban's

Online go to www.StAlbansEdmonds.org and click on “Donate Now.”

ZOOM COFFEE HOUR

Zoom Coffee begins at 12:00pm. To join, click on Zoom link above. OR go to “zoom.us” on Internet, click on “Join A Meeting” in upper right hand side, at the prompt enter meeting code and then password (noted above). Next prompt is “Enter Meeting.” Click on “Join with audio.”

~> The future is something which everyone reaches ~>
~> at the rate of sixty minutes an hour, whatever ~>
~> he does, whoever he is. C. S. Lewis ~>

See you next Wednesday – come having meditated..

Liturgical Changes for Lent

Beginning this Sunday, you’ll notice some seasonal liturgical changes emphasizing Lenten introspection, repentance, and renewal.

As has been our practice for the last several years, we’ll begin each service with the Penitential Order, a recitation of the *Decalogue* (the Ten Commandments), confession, and absolution. Then, in place of the *Gloria*, we’ll use the *Trisagion* (Holy God).

After the sermon, in place of the Nicene Creed, we’ll use the Apostles’ Creed.

After the Breaking of the Bread, we’ll say the *Agnus Dei* (O, Lamb of God) and the Prayer of Humble Access from the Rite One service. We’re praying for peace in our lives so that we may live rightly in relation to God, to our neighbors, and with ourselves.

Then, in place of a Blessing, it is traditional in Lent to say a Solemn Prayer over the People. This prayer changes week to week as encouragement as we progress through Lent toward Holy Week.

One last liturgical change, as noted above, at Evening Prayer on Wednesdays, we’ll be using Rite One instead of Rite Two. The language is Elizabethan, more solemn, rich, perhaps more evocative, familiar but with a different tone; kind of like Lent itself. I hope you’ll find it helpful, seeing the prayers of our faith from a slightly different perspective.

A last thought

As we heard on Ash Wednesday, in the long history of the church, Lent has been a time of preparation for Baptisms on Easter – particularly at the Easter Vigil. I’d like to suggest that this Lent we focus not so much on repentance but on baptism. True, in the case of adults, repentance is a key part of preparation for baptism, but it is not the only thing. Preparation for baptism involves an honest assessment of one’s life, but also a humble probing and holy examination of one’s faith. So rather than focus on our sinfulness, let’s spend Lent preparing for the renewal of our baptismal vows at Easter. Let’s examine our faith anew. Let us focus on the joy of promise of new life and the continual process of renewed life in Christ.

(As a side note, I’ve only baptized a handful of adults, but each has been quite meaningful. The adult is usually a convert to the faith, so preparation

for baptism involves so much more discussion, questioning, and deep conversation.) Let’s approach Easter with a convert’s mind.

Gracious God, you love us throughout our Christian journey, where our faith ebbs and flows like the ocean tides. Help us to strengthen and deepen our sense of faith so that we might serve you faithfully as you invite us to walk beside you on the road to Jerusalem. A Journey with Mark



Our Lenten Evening Series begins on Wednesday, February 24, with Evening Prayer on Facebook at 6:00pm, followed by some social time and the Reflections program at 6:30pm.

This year we will be using Episcopal Relief and Development’s Lenten Meditations as the basis for our discussions. These reflections are online so you can receive one daily directly to your email.

<https://www.episcopalrelief.org/church-in-action/lent/>

If you aren’t able to get online for information, please contact the Church Office, and we will get a hard copy printed for you. This program series will continue on Wednesday through March 24.

On February 24, the subject is Lament, and Eric Hanson will be the presenter.

The Zoom link for all Wednesday evening programs is:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86467078774?pwd=L08vdmdVVGtMRzNqVTRRczVjOEpldz09>

Meeting ID: 864 6707 8774 Passcode: Lent



OUTREACH BALLOT

There is still time to vote for our outreach recipient for the next 4 quarters. You can vote for up to four organizations. The top four vote getters will be selected. Ballots are due by March 15. You can mail your ballot to church or email your selections

either to the church or to maryelleny@comcast.net
If you need another ballot, contact the church office.

For your convenience below are the organizations on the ballot:

Chaplains on the Harbor's Harbor Roots Farm; Clothes for Kids; Diocese of Olympia Refugee Resettlement; Domestic Violence Services; Early Life Speech & Language; Edmonds Waterfront Center; Everett Gospel Mission; Faith Action Network; Habitat for Humanity; Hopelink; Hope Works; Kairos of Washington; Ladybug House; Literacy Source; Matthew House; Pathways for Women; PAWS; South Snohomish County Emergency Cold Weather Shelter; Washington Kids in Transition; World Vision.



FOOD BANK THANKS

Dear Parishioners of St. Alban's,

Thank you very much for your generous donation to the Lynnwood Food Bank of \$600.00.

During the month of December, the Food Bank served 2,244 households with 7,664 individuals, over twice as many as the same period last year. With so many people out of work right now, the need has grown substantially, and it is with your support that we are able to meet that need.

These households are served only because our community provides countless hours of volunteer work and financial support. We thank you for your kindness and generosity towards our community; you are helping make this a better place.

Sincerely,
Matthew J. Appel, Treasurer



TAIZÉ WORSHIP – FEBRUARY 21

Our Music Director John Lehrack is preparing Taizé worship services twice a month to enhance our at-home worship. The next program is this **Sunday, February 21, 7:00pm**, on Facebook.

John plays the piano, sings chants, does readings and provides some quiet time for our own prayers or meditations.

John has selected a reading for this Sunday – The Badger and the Bear, a Lakota Legend. The printed story is located at the end of this ATP.



JANUARY FINANCIALS

We are off to a good start for 2021. Income for January was \$13,902 compared to the budget of \$13,311, or \$591 over budget.

Expenses for January were \$16,088 compared to a budget of \$15,056 or \$ 1,032 over budget, primarily because of the storm water bill to try to address water accumulation around the Annex.

Although we spent more than we took in, our budget anticipated this situation, partially from bills we only pay on a quarterly basis. The good news is that we were close to our expected budget.

Total Actual Income (January)	\$13,902
Total Budget Income (January)	\$13,311
Total Actual Income minus Budget	\$591

Total Actual Expenses (January)	\$16,088
Total Budget Expenses (year end)	\$15,056
Total Actual Expenses minus Budget	\$1,032

Actuals Minus Budget	(\$ 441)
Net Total Income minus Total Expenses	(\$ 2,186)



FORWARD BY DAY REFLECTIONS

February's Day by Day devotions were written by Julie Bowers, a special education teacher and member of Christ the King Episcopal Church in Tucson. She loves spending time with family and exploring the deserts and mountains of the southwest.

Psalm 30:8 – Then you hid your face, and I was filled with fear.

Have you ever felt distant from God, as if your prayers bounced off the ceiling and landed at your feet? I have waited decades for a healing miracle in

my family. I have prayed and wept. I've begged to be repaid "for the years that the swarming locusts have eaten" (Joel 2:25). Yet the painful situation persists.

I sometimes wonder: Where is God? Where is my miracle?" And then I think of John Donne's poem, "Hymn to Christ."

Yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I remember God's love for me. Like a good parent who must sometimes turn away, who must sometimes say "no" or "wait," God still loves me and my family. Though I do not know *how* God is working, the realization that God *is* working helps calm my fear.



COAST SALISH TRIBES and DUWAMISH REAL RENT

Jim Gilman, Deacon

St. Albans begins each Sunday worship service by "acknowledging that we stand on traditional Snohomish, Coast Salish land. They cared for this land for millennia before it was taken from them. We honor them and pray for wisdom to care for it as well as they."

Each of us at St. Albans has an opportunity to "practice what we preach", to show our gratitude to the local indigenous peoples for their gracious generosity. St. Albans is blessed to locate on Coast Salish land. Since we demonstrate that we are Christians by our love; each of us can demonstrate love by paying "Real Rent" to the local Duwamish Tribe. Doing so is not a gift but an obligation for worshipping on land that originally and morally continues to belong to the Coast Salish. Real Rent is simple; follow the steps below; go to the internet and type in:

- *Duwamish Tribe
- *click on **Support**
- *click on **Donate**
- *scroll down to **Real Rent**
- *fill out donation form.

You can make a one-time donation or an automatic monthly donation through PayPal or Credit or Debit cards.

I pray that our duty to love as Christians may validate the words of gratitude we declare in our worship.



Contributed by Dave Wilson

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Bread is a lot like the sun,
It rises in yeast and sets in your waist.

Frog parking only,
All others will be toad.

If your car is running, I am voting for it.

I want to grow my own food but I can't find bacon seeds.

What happens if you get scared to death twice?
My wife said I never listen to her or something like that.

This is my step ladder. I never knew my real ladder.

I checked into the Hokey Pokey Clinic and turned myself around.

You can drink but you can't fool a food.

The word queue is just a Q followed by four silent letters.

Why is a "W" called a "Double-U" when it is clearly a "double-V"?

MATTHIAS

Apostle celebrated February 24

Judas' betrayal of Jesus and his subsequent suicide left a vacancy in the fellowship of the Apostles. The remaining eleven Apostles resolved to fill that vacancy and in so doing set an important precedent for the church.

The first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles tells us that two men were nominated, Joseph Barsabas and Matthias. The Apostles prayed for the guidance of the Holy Spirit and then cast lots to see which of the two should be chosen. The lot fell to Matthias who was then enrolled with the Apostles. The Apostles were, therefore, deemed fit, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to select and appoint new Apostles as some died or fell away.

It was partly on this precedent that the Apostolic Succession was based. It is interesting to note that even today in America a bishop's election must

be with the consent of the House of Bishops and is not considered proper until the new bishop is consecrated by several bishops.

We know nothing of Mathias' life following the events described in Acts. Tradition holds that he was an exemplary bishop and on his feast day we pray that the church might always be "ordered and guided by faithful and true pastors."

Almighty God, who chose your faithful servant Matthias to be counted among the twelve: Grant that your Church may be ordered and guided by faithful and true pastors.

Forward Movement Calendar of Saints



ST. ALBAN'S YouTube CHANNEL

There is an alternative option for viewing our Worship services, and you now have two options for your viewing: Facebook or YouTube. In the center of our website front page, there is a link to YouTube, pictured above. If you have problems with Facebook, try YouTube.

STEWARDSHIP REFLECTIONS

FEBRUARY 21 -- 1 LENT

Psalm 25 says in part: "*Show me your ways, O Lord, and teach me your paths...*" Do we depend on reading and study, regular worship with our parish family, generous thankful giving, and regular prayer time to help us be open to what the Lord may indeed want to show us?

FEBRUARY 28 – 2 LENT

"No distrust made him waver concerning the promise of god...(he was) fully convinced that God was able to do what he promised." Are we striving to bring the same faith to our spiritual and stewardship lives? The idea of absolute trust in our Creator can be an elusive idea to wrap our hearts and minds around!

COLLECT FOR 1 LENT (Contemporary)

Almighty God, whose blessed Son was led by the Spirit to be tempted by Satan: Come quickly to help us who are assaulted by many temptations; and, as you know the weaknesses of each of us, let each one find you mighty to save; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen

LESSON READINGS

FEBRUARY 21 -- 1 LENT

Genesis 9:8-17

Psalm 25:1-9

1 Peter 3:18-22

Mark 1:9-15

FEBRUARY 28 – 2 LENT

Genesis 17:1-7, 15-16

Psalm 22:22-30

Romans 4:13-25

Mark 98:31-38

GREG'S HOME OFFICE HOURS

Monday to Thursday 8:30am – 2:30 pm

Via email: gwpeters.stalbansedmonds@gmail.com

Cell: 206-778-1506

WEDNESDAY in CHURCH OFFICE—discontinued for now due to increase in Covid cases.

SUNDAYS--after church coffee hour until 2:00pm

Available by appointment

ST. ALBAN'S CURRENT OFFICE HOURS

Monday 10:30 - 12:30pm; 2:00 – 4:00 pm

Wednesday 2:00 - 4:00pm

Friday 1 0:30 -12:30pm; 2:00 – 4:00pm

The office isn't open on Sundays, but there are people around from 9:00am - 1:00pm. Before and after services, people are available for quick business activities.

To maintain social distancing and minimize any possible exposures to the Covid-19, please observe the following protocol:

- Please contact the Office, (425) 778-0371 or stalbansedmonds@gmail.com to make appointment.
- Call the Office to inform them that you have arrived.
- Wait in car, outside in the garden or under the eaves.
- Wait for further instructions – to be let in, to meet your party, to pick up or make a delivery.
- Wear a mask.

In case of something urgent or an emergency, please call Greg Peters on his cellphone at (206) 778-1506.

WEEKLY SUNDAY BASKET OFFERINGS

1st week—Food Bank

2nd week—Discretionary Fund

3rd week—Outreach – Compass Health

4th week—Capital Improvements

5th Week—One Thousand Days of Light (ERD)



(John Lehrack is using the following story from Lakota culture during his Sunday, February 19, Taizé Service. He is pairing this reading with Psalm 25.)

THE BADGER AND THE BEAR

On the edge of a forest there lived a large family of badgers. In the ground their dwelling was made. Its walls and roof were covered with rocks and straw.

Old father badger was a great hunter. He knew well how to track the deer and buffalo. Every day he came home carrying on his back some wild game. This kept mother badger very busy, and the baby badgers very chubby. While the well-fed children played about, digging little make-believe dwellings, their mother hung thin sliced meats upon long willow racks. As fast as the meats were dried and seasoned by sun and wind, she packed them carefully away in a large thick bag.

This bag was like a huge stiff envelope, but far more beautiful to see, for it was painted all over with many bright colors. These firmly tied bags of dried meat were laid upon the rocks in the walls of the dwelling. In this way they were both useful and decorative.

One day father badger did not go off for a hunt. He stayed at home, making new arrows. His children sat about him on the ground floor. Their small black eyes danced with delight as they watched the gay colors painted upon the arrows.

All of a sudden there was heard a heavy footfall near the entrance way. The oval-shaped door frame was pushed aside. In stepped a large black foot with great big claws. Then the other clumsy foot came next. All the while the baby badgers stared hard at the unexpected comer. After the second foot, in peeped the head of a big black bear! His black nose was dry and parched. Silently he entered the dwelling and sat down on the ground by the doorway. His black eyes never left the painted bags on the rocky walls. He guessed what was in them. He was a very hungry bear. Seeing the racks of red meat hanging in the yard, he had come to visit the badger family.

Though he was a stranger and his strong paws and jaws frightened the small badgers, the father said, "How, how, friend! Your lips and nose look feverish and hungry. Will you eat with us?"

"Yes, my friend," said the bear. "I am starved. I saw your racks of red fresh meat, and knowing your heart is kind, I came hither. Give me meat to eat, my friend." Hereupon the mother badger took long strides across the room, and as she had to pass in front of the strange visi-

tor, she said: "Ah han! Allow me to pass!" which was an apology.

"How, how!" replied the bear, drawing himself closer to the wall and crossing his shins together.

Mother badger chose the most tender red meat, and soon over a bed of coals she broiled the venison. That day the bear had all he could eat. At nightfall he rose, and smacking his lips together--that is the noisy way of saying "the food was very good!"--he left the badger dwelling. The baby badgers, peeping through the door-flap after the shaggy bear, saw him disappear into the woods near by.

Day after day the crackling of twigs in the forest told of heavy footsteps. Out would come the same black bear. He never lifted the door-flap, but thrusting it aside entered slowly in. Always in the same place by the entrance way he sat down with crossed shins.

His daily visits were so regular that mother badger placed a fur rug in his place. She did not wish a guest in her dwelling to sit upon the bare hard ground.

At last one time when the bear returned, his nose was bright and black. His coat was glossy. He had grown fat upon the badger's hospitality.

As he entered the dwelling a pair of wicked gleams shot out of his shaggy head. Surprised by the strange behavior of the guest who remained standing upon the rug, leaning his round back against the wall, father badger queried: "How, my friend! What?"

The bear took one stride forward and shook his paw in the badger's face. He said: "I am strong, very strong!" "Yes, yes, so you are," replied the badger. From the farther end of the room mother badger muttered over her bead work: "Yes, you grew strong from our well-filled bowls."

The bear smiled, showing a row of large sharp teeth. "I have no dwelling. I have no bags of dried meat. I have no arrows. All these I have found here on this spot," said he, stamping his heavy foot. "I want them! See! I am strong!" repeated he, lifting both his terrible paws.



Quietly the father badger spoke: "I fed you. I called you friend, though you came here a stranger and a beggar. For the sake of my little ones leave us in peace."

Mother badger, in her excited way, had pierced hard through the buckskin and stuck her fingers repeatedly with her sharp awl until she had laid aside her work. Now, while her husband was talking to the bear, she motioned with her hands to the children. On tiptoe they hastened to her side.

For reply came a low growl. It grew louder and more fierce. "Wa-ough!" he roared, and by force hurled the badgers out. First the father badger; then the mother. The little badgers he tossed by pairs. He threw them hard upon the ground. Standing in the entrance way and showing his ugly teeth, he snarled, "Be gone!"

The father and mother badger, having gained their feet, picked up their kicking little babes, and, wailing

aloud, drew the air into their flattened lungs till they could stand alone upon their feet. No sooner had the baby badgers caught their breath than they howled and shrieked with pain and fright. Ah! what a dismal cry was theirs as the whole badger family went forth wailing from out their own dwelling! A little distance away from their stolen house the father badger built a small round hut. He made it of bent willows and covered it with dry grass and twigs.

This was shelter for the night; but alas! it was empty of food and arrows. All day father badger prowled through the forest, but without his arrows he could not get food for his children. Upon his return, the cry of the little ones for meat, the sad quiet of the mother with bowed head, hurt him like a poisoned arrow wound.

"I'll beg meat for you!" said he in an unsteady voice. Covering his head and entire body in a long loose robe he halted beside the big black bear. The bear was slicing red meat to hang upon the rack. He did not pause for a look at the comer. As the badger stood there unrecognized, he saw that the bear had brought with him his whole family. Little cubs played under the high-hanging new meats. They laughed and pointed with their wee noses upward at the thin sliced meats upon the poles. "Have you no heart, Black Bear? My children are starving. Give me a small piece of meat for them," begged the badger.

"Wa-ough!" growled the angry bear and pounced upon the badger. "Be gone!" said he, and with his big hind foot he sent father badger sprawling on the ground.

All the little ruffian bears hooted and shouted "ha-ha!" to see the beggar fall upon his face. There was one, however, who did not even smile. He was the youngest cub. His fur coat was not as black and glossy as those his elders wore. The hair was dry and dingy. It looked much more like kinky wool. He was the ugly cub. Poor little baby bear! he had always been laughed at by his older brothers. He could not help being himself. He could not change the differences between himself and his brothers. Thus again, though the rest laughed aloud at the badger's fall, he did not see the joke. His face was long and earnest. In his heart he was sad to see the badgers crying and starving. In his breast spread a burning desire to share his food with them.

"I shall not ask my father for meat to give away. He would say 'No!' Then my brothers would laugh at me," said the ugly baby bear to himself.

In an instant, as if his good intention had passed from him, he was singing happily and skipping around his father at work. Singing in his small high voice and dragging his feet in long strides after him, as if a prankish spirit oozed out from his heels, he strayed off through the tall grass. He was ambling toward the small round hut. When directly in front of the entrance way, he made a quick side kick with his left hind leg. Lo! there fell into the badger's hut a piece of fresh meat. It was tough meat, full of sinews, yet it was the only piece he could take without his father's notice.

Thus having given meat to the hungry badgers, the ugly baby bear ran quickly away to his father again. On the following day the father badger came back once more. He stood watching the big bear cutting thin slices of meat.

"Give--" he began, when the bear turning upon him with a growl, thrust him cruelly aside. The badger fell on his hands. He fell where the grass was wet with the blood of the newly carved buffalo. His keen starving eyes caught sight of a little red clot lying bright upon the green. Looking fearfully toward the bear and seeing his head was turned away, he snatched up the small thick blood. Underneath his girdled blanket he hid it in his hand.

On his return to his family, he said within himself: "I'll pray the Great Spirit to bless it." Thus he built a small round lodge. Sprinkling water upon the heated heap of sacred stones within, he made ready to purge his body. "The buffalo blood, too, must be purified before I ask a blessing upon it," thought the badger. He carried it



into the sacred vapor lodge. After placing it near the sacred stones, he sat down beside it. After a long silence, he muttered: "Great Spirit, bless this little buffalo blood." Then he arose, and with a quiet dignity stepped out of the lodge. Close behind him some one followed. The badger turned to look over his shoulder and to his great joy he beheld a Dakota brave in handsome buckskins. In his hand he carried a magic arrow. Across his back dangled a long fringed quiver. In answer to the badger's prayer, the avenger had sprung from out the red globules.

"My son!" exclaimed the badger with extended right hand.

"How, father," replied the brave; "I am your avenger!"

Immediately the badger told the sad story of his hungry little ones and the stingy bear.

Listening closely the young man stood looking steadily upon the ground.

At length the father badger moved away.

"Where?" queried the avenger.

"My son, we have no food. I am going again to beg for meat," answered the badger.

"Then I go with you," replied the young brave. This made the old badger happy. He was proud of his son. He was delighted to be called "father" by the first human creature.

The bear saw the badger coming in the distance. He narrowed his eyes at the tall stranger walking beside him. He spied the arrow. At once he guessed it was the avenger of whom he had heard long, long ago. As they approached, the bear stood erect with a hand on his thigh. He smiled upon them.

"How, badger, my friend! Here is my knife. Cut your favorite pieces from the deer," said he, holding out a long thin blade.

"How!" said the badger eagerly. He wondered what had inspired the big bear to such a generous deed. The young avenger waited till the badger took the long knife in his hand.

Gazing full into the black bear's face, he said: "I come to do justice. You have returned only a knife to my poor father. Now return to him his dwelling." His voice was deep and powerful. In his black eyes burned a steady fire.

The long strong teeth of the bear rattled against each other, and his shaggy body shook with fear. "Ahow!" cried he, as if he had been shot. Running into the dwelling he gasped, breathless and trembling, "Come out, all of you! This is the badger's dwelling. We must flee to the forest for fear of the avenger who carries the magic arrow."

Out they hurried, all the bears, and disappeared into the woods.

Singing and laughing, the badgers returned to their own dwelling.

Then the avenger left them.

"I go," said he in parting, "over the earth."

