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# MMC CONNECTS

*news, updates, inspirational memes and articles*

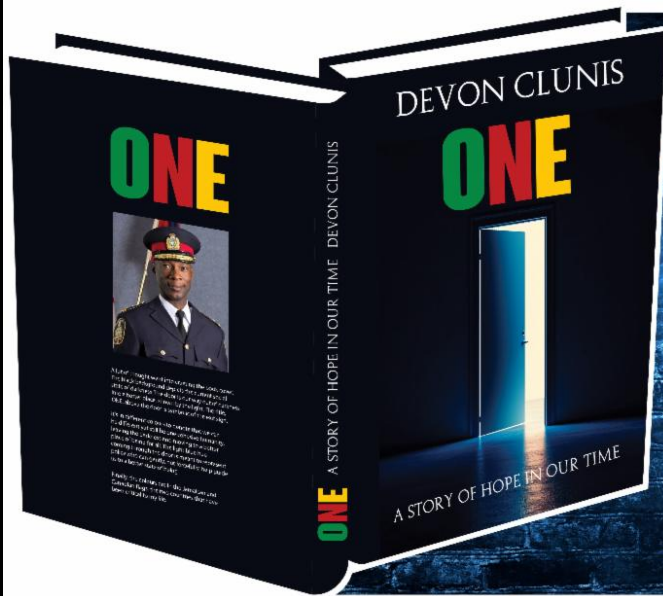
January 30, 2025



Chinese New Year, also known as the Spring Festival, is one of the most cherished and vibrant cultural celebrations across the globe. Deeply rooted in Chinese traditions, this festival is a time of joy, togetherness, and colorful festivities that last for several days. From dazzling parades and lion dances to heartfelt family reunions, it's a celebration of new beginnings and cherished customs.

In 2025, Chinese New Year takes on a special significance as it ushers in the Year of the Snake—a symbol of wisdom, grace, and transformation in Chinese culture.

Whether it's the lively street performances, the shared feasts, or the symbolic rituals, every aspect of this festival holds deep meaning. Discover the key details of Chinese New Year 2025, its significance, and how it will be celebrated across the world with grandeur and spirit.



AT THE START OF  
**BLACKHISTORYMONTH**

LET'S SHOW THE WORLD  
HOW TO LIVE TOGETHER AS

**ONE**

PLEASE JOIN US FOR THE LAUNCH  
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST 2 - 5 PM  
@ THE MET 281 DONALD ST, WINNIPEG



**BRIDGE**  
Unbounded Stories:  
Stories of HOPE

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**SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 2025**

**10AM-12PM CST**

**ZOOM**

**FREE EVENT**

Join us for an enlightening virtual event as we delve into the profound impact of storytelling in promoting and sustaining hope. The event is designed to examine and articulate the power of stories to express pain and hope while inspiring transformative education that empowers individuals to believe in their ability to create a better, more just world. This Unbounded Stories event will center around "The Road to Heaven is Crowded with Children": a book of stories told by children from Gaza collected by Dr. Saida Affouneh. Dr. Affouneh will join Dr. Hawamda and Dr. Kampen Robinson to engage in a meaningful conversation that celebrates our shared humanity.

Facilitated by Kanan Bidd



Register Online





## Anne Lamott

Washington, D.C.  
Contributing columnist

Anne Lamott is the author of the New York Times nonfiction bestsellers "Hallelujah Anyway"; "Help, Thanks, Wow"; "Small Victories"; "Stitches"; "Some Assembly Required"; "Grace (Eventually)"; "Plan B"; "Traveling Mercies"; "Bird by Bird"; and "Operating Instructions." She is also the author of seven novels, including "Imperfect Birds" and "Rosie." Her latest book, "Somehow: Thoughts on Love," was published in April 2024. A past recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship and an inductee to the California Hall of Fame, she lives in Northern California.

### Opinion

# The resistance will not be rushed

Resting up to join a peaceful, nonviolent, colorful and multigenerational opposition.

I am not sure what my role in the resistance will be, as my feet and right hip frequently hurt. Also, it was announced in the news beginning several hours after the November presidential election that the resistance is muted, and/or that there is no resistance. Democrats and the opposition leaders — of whom there are apparently none anyway — don't know what to do.. But how could anyone?

When my mother fell into a steep decline with Alzheimer's disease and diabetes in 2000, my two brothers and I met with a gerontology nurse. She listened to our grief, confusion and absolute exhaustion. How would we know when it was time to move Mom to assisted living? How could we keep her from bingeing on the rolls and cookies she was shoplifting from Safeway, which the checkers paid for because they loved her? How could we get her to take her insulin when she was so confused? And the nurse replied gently, "How could you know?"

This had not occurred to us. We thought we must be stupid not to know. She said, "You guys all need a good, long rest." I think we need and are taking a good, long rest.

Along with half of America, I have been feeling doomed, exhausted and quiet. A few of us, approximately 75 million people, see the future as a desert of harshness. The new land looks inhospitable. But if we stay alert, we'll notice that the stark desert is dotted with growing things. In the pitiless heat and scarcity, we also see shrubs and conviction.

Lacking obvious flash and vigor might seem as if there is no resistance. But it is everywhere you look. It is in the witness and courage of the Right Rev. Mariann Budde. It is in the bags of groceries we keep taking to food pantries. It looks like generosity, like compassion. It looks like the profound caring for victims of the fires, and providing refuge for immigrants and resisting the idea that they are dangerous or unwanted, and reaching out to queer nieces, siblings and strangers and helping resist the notion that their identities are unworthy, let alone illegal. It is in our volunteer support for public schools and libraries, because we know the new president holds them in contempt and fear.

Teachers and librarians are allies for souls who have been dismissed as hopeless. These unabashed do-gooders will definitely get the best seats in heaven, nearest the dessert table. What they have to offer — patience, companionship, poetry — is about to be defunded by the new administration, but not by us. Resistance may depend on federal district court judges, but it will look like bake sales. Too bad my mom is no longer here to donate her stolen cookies, but I am here, as are all my friends.

They ask me for direction, because I am a Sunday school teacher, and they feel like children: "How will we get through the next four years?"

I tell them a few things that always help me.

First, I tell them what my Jesuit friend Father Tom Weston says when I call him for help when I feel craziest. After assuring me once more that he can counsel Protestants, too, if they are pitiful enough, and no matter the exact details of the latest calamity at the dinner table or in D.C., he always says, "We do what's possible." So we are kind to ourselves. We take care of the poor. We get hungry kids fed. We pick up litter.

Second, I tell them what Susan B. Anthony's grandniece said. Also named Susan B.

Anthony, she told her therapy clients that in very hard times, we remember to remember. Remember that the light always returns. Remember earlier dark nights of the soul, for ourselves, our families and our nation, when we fell in holes way too deep to ever get out of. Remember the Greensboro sit-ins and the march from Selma to Montgomery, the 2017 Women’s March, the coronavirus vaccine. Remember how in the desert, down by the arroyo, you’ll find dubious patches of pale green, maybe a random desert lily and, impossibly, baby leaves.

Molly Ivins would have told me on Nov. 6, “Sweet Pea, we got our horse shot right out from under us.” We did, and it hurts like hell and we loved that horse, and people are laughing at us. We need a little time here to decompress.

Now is a time of quiet. A passionate activist friend told me she doesn’t feel very resisty yet, but one thing that characterizes deserts is the stillness, until the wind blows. And, boy, when it blows, it’s like an organ. You can hear its shape and power because everything else is so still. How or when will the wind start up? How could we know? But it always does.

Spring is less than two months away — warmth, light, daffodils, life bursting into its most show-offy self.

“Give me those far away in the desert,” Saint Augustine said, “who are thirsty and sigh for the spring of the eternal country.” I can tell you this: The resistance will be peaceful, nonviolent, colorful, multigenerational — we older people will march with you, no matter our sore feet and creaky joints. There will be beautiful old music. There will also be the usual haranguing through terrible sound systems, but oh well. Until then, this will be my fight song: left foot, right foot, breathe. Help the poor however you can, plant bulbs right now in the cold rocky soil, and rest.



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Sales of the 2025 were our best ever!!!

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