



ST. ANDREW'S UNITED CHURCH

January 8th 2021

Minister: Rev. Tim Bowman
Music Director: Deborah Handley
Pianist: Jacob Greenan



ZOOM INFO FOR REGULAR GATHERINGS:

These times and login credentials will remain the same until further notice, regardless of whether you receive an invitation.

Sunday mornings at 10:00 am.

Direct Link:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/5410632113?pwd=eDhHL3ZUMkszcFArQzlyZ2lXbEEExdz09>

(Press control and click to follow the link.)

Meeting ID: 541 063 2113, Password: 839660

By phone: call 1 778 907 2071. After connecting, when asked enter the Meeting ID: 578 318 6702, and then when asked, enter the password: 839660.

**Virtual Coffee Time: Thursday at 2PM or Bible Study
Wednesday between 3:30 and 4:30.**

Meeting ID 541 063 2113, Password: 123.

By phone: call 1 778 907 2071. After connecting, when asked enter the Meeting ID: 541 063 2113, and then when asked, enter the password: 123

Readings for January 10th, 2021

Isaiah 43:1-7

Luke 3:15-17, 21-22



Hymns and Music for January 10th, 2021

"Arise, Your Light is Come" (verse 1) VU 79

"Sing Praise to God" VU 221

"Jesus Bids Us Shine" VU 585

"Gloria (Glory to God)" VU 37

"Down by the Jordan"

"As With Gladness Men of Old", verse 3

"Wild and Lone the Prophet's Voice"

"I Am the Light of the World" (chorus) VU 87

CONTACTING REV. TIM AND JEANETTE:

Please note the office is closed until further orders from Dr Bonnie Henry are issued. Rev. Tim and Jeanette will be working from home. Tim's office hours are Tuesday through Friday, 9 to 5. He can be reached on his cell phone at 1-778-791-3545, or email him at bowmantimothy@gmail.com. Jeanette is also working from home as much as possible and can be reached at 1-604-799-5375. This is a Chilliwack # or info@gladwinheightsunitychurch.org.

Prayer Cycles

Each Prayer Cycle invites Prayer each week for a Community of Faith in the Region.

You are encouraged to name the community in your worship, to email a message indicating your prayer support, to pray for church personnel, and to include an ecumenical / interfaith focus.

Jan 9:

Vancouver Japanese (Japanese) (EM)

Jan 16:

Hartley Bay: Emmanuel (NM)

Jan 23:

Chemainus-Crofton

Jan 30:

Penticton



A little humor from Patricia Lockhart



A cute joke

Two elderly ladies had been friends for many decades. Over the years they had shared all kinds of activities and adventures. Lately, their activities had been limited to meeting a few times a week to play cards.

One day they were playing cards when one looked at the other and said, "Now don't get mad at me....I know we've been friends for a long time.....but I just can't think of your name! I've thought and thought, but I can't remember it. Please tell me what your name is."

Her friend glared at her. For at least three minutes she just stared and glared at her. Finally she said, "How soon do you need to know?"



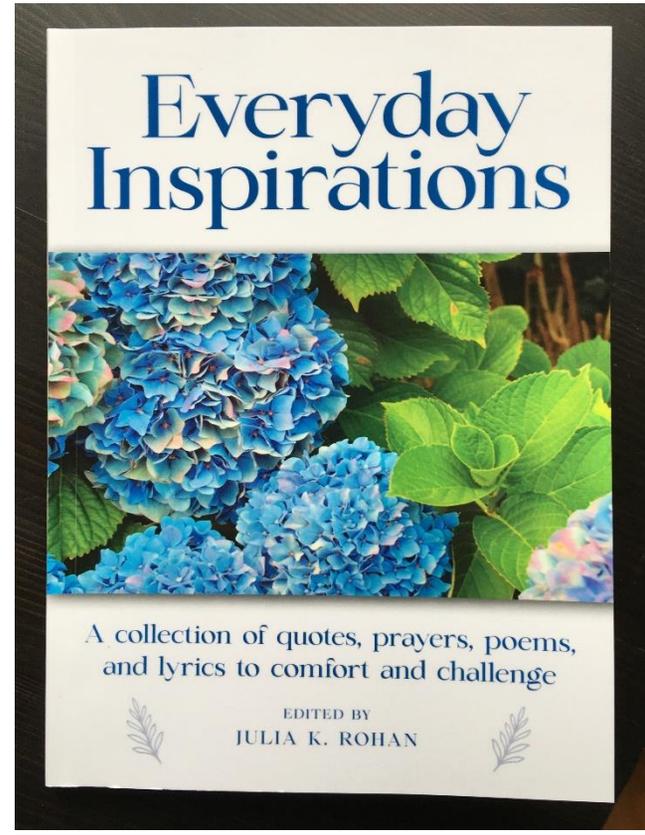
Retired Old Men Eating Out



All men from all Congregations are invited to this Zoom meeting every other Friday at 8:00 am. The next meeting is on Friday, January 22, 2021 Why not join and have some great breakfast company?

By phone: call 1 778 907 2071. After connecting, when asked enter the Meeting ID: 849 713 94 320, and then when asked, enter the password: 33737

Everyday Inspirations



"Everyday Inspirations" is a collection of quotes, prayers, poems and lyrics for every occasion. Enriched by beautiful colour photos, this book of spiritual wisdom will become an uplifting friend in the challenging days ahead. Sourced from dozens of spiritual teachers from across the centuries, the collection also includes prayers from Rev. Tracy Fairfield (Aldergrove), Julia Rohan, Arlene Kropp (Gladwin) and Brenna Maag (St. Andrew's), along with photos from Joan Curtis (Trinity). Price for members of our church cluster is \$20, tax included. All proceeds go to Mission & Service. Order your copy now by contacting Jeanette at 604-852-3984.

New Testament Books

J	A	M	E	S	I	J	R	T	G	I	T	M	S
N	T	P	E	T	E	R	R	S	L	E	T	T	S
E	P	H	E	S	I	A	N	S	H	A	P	R	T
A	J	R	R	H	E	B	R	E	W	S	H	E	I
S	N	A	I	H	T	N	I	R	O	C	I	V	M
G	V	H	A	A	E	K	U	L	S	A	L	E	O
A	R	U	P	H	I	L	E	M	O	N	I	L	T
L	E	E	R	O	M	A	N	S	H	J	P	A	H
A	T	I	T	U	S	P	M	N	O	K	P	T	Y
T	A	E	S	I	A	J	A	O	J	M	I	I	S
I	N	J	U	D	E	I	R	I	S	P	A	O	T
A	A	P	J	K	P	T	K	A	N	A	N	N	C
N	N	G	E	P	T	N	H	O	J	O	S	S	A
S	A	L	A	I	N	M	A	T	T	H	E	W	A

EPHESIANS
 JUDE
 PHILEMON
 TIMOTHY
 CORINTHIANS
 REVELATIONS
 PHILIPPIANS
 TITUS
 MARK
 JOHN
 ACTS
 GALATIANS
 ROMANS
 MATTHEW
 JAMES
 HEBREWS
 PETER
 LUKE

A Worn Path (A short story) Eudora Welty 1941

Chapter 1

It was December—a bright frozen day in the early morning. Far out in the country there was an old woman with her head tied in a red rag, coming along a path through the pinewoods. Her name was Phoenix Jackson. She was very old and small and she walked slowly in the dark pine shadows, moving a little from side to side in her steps, with the balanced heaviness and lightness of a pendulum in a grandfather clock. She carried a thin, small cane made from an umbrella, and with this she kept tapping the frozen earth in front of her. This made a grave and persistent noise in the still air that seemed meditative, like the chirping of a solitary little bird.

She wore a dark striped dress reaching down to her shoe tops, and an equally long apron of bleached sugar sacks, with a full pocket: all neat and tidy, but every time she took a step she might have fallen over her shoelaces, which dragged from her unlaced shoes. She looked straight ahead. Her eyes were blue with age. Her skin had a pattern all its own of numberless branching wrinkles and as though a whole little tree stood in the middle of her forehead, but a golden color ran underneath, and the two knobs of her cheeks were illumined by a yellow burning under the dark. Under the red rag her hair came down on her neck in the frailest of ringlets, still black, and with an odor like copper.

Now and then there was a quivering in the thicket. Old Phoenix said, 'Out of my way, all you foxes, owls, beetles, jack rabbits, coons and wild animals! ... Keep out from under these feet, little bob-whites ... Keep the big wild hogs out of my path. Don't let none of those come running my direction. I got a long way.' Under her small black-freckled hand her cane, limber as a buggy whip, would switch at the brush as if to rouse up any hiding things.

On she went. The woods were deep and still. The sun made the

pine needles almost too bright to look at, up where the wind rocked. The cones dropped as light as feathers. Down in the hollow was the mourning dove—it was not too late for him.

The path ran up a hill. 'Seem like there is chains about my feet, time I get this far,' she said, in the voice of argument old people keep to use with themselves. 'Something always take a hold of me on this hill—pleads I should stay.'

After she got to the top, she turned and gave a full, severe look behind her where she had come. 'Up through pines,' she said at length. 'Now down through oaks.'

Her eyes opened their widest, and she started down gently. But before she got to the bottom of the hill a bush caught her dress.

Her fingers were busy and intent, but her skirts were full and long, so that before she could pull them free in one place they were caught in another. It was not possible to allow the dress to tear. 'I in the thorny bush,' she said. 'Thorns, you doing your appointed work. Never want to let folks pass—no, sir. Old eyes thought you was a pretty little green bush.'

Finally, trembling all over, she stood free, and after a moment dared to stoop for her cane.

'Sun so high!' she cried, leaning back and looking, while the thick tears went over her eyes. 'The time getting all gone here.'

At the foot of this hill was a place where a log was laid across the creek.

'Now comes the trial,' said Phoenix. Putting her right foot out, she mounted the log and shut her eyes. Lifting her skirt, leveling her cane fiercely before her like a festival figure in some parade, she began to march across. Then she opened her eyes and she was safe on the other side.

'I wasn't as old as I thought,' she said.

But she sat down to rest. She spread her skirts on the bank around her and folded her hands over her knees. Up above her was a tree in a pearly cloud of mistletoe. She did not dare to close her eyes, and when a little boy brought her a plate with a slice of marble-cake on it she spoke to him. 'That would be acceptable,' she said. But when she went to take it there was just her own hand in the air.

So she left that tree, and had to go through a barbed-wire fence. There she had to creep and crawl, spreading her knees and stretching her fingers like a baby trying to climb the steps. But she talked loudly to herself: she could not let her dress be torn now, so late in the day, and she could not pay for having her arm or her leg sawed off if she got caught fast where she was

At last she was safe through the fence and risen up out in the clearing. Big dead trees, like black men with one arm, were standing in the purple stalks of the withered cotton field. There sat a buzzard.

'Who you watching?'

In the furrow she made her way along.

'Glad this not the season for bulls,' she said, looking sideways, 'and the good Lord made his snakes to curl up and sleep in the winter. A pleasure I don't see no two-headed snake coming around that tree, where it come once. It took a while to get by him, back in the summer.'

She passed through the old cotton and went into a field of dead corn. It whispered and shook, and was taller than her head. 'Through the maze now,' she said, for there was no path.

Then there was something tall, black, and skinny there, moving before her.

At first she took it for a man. It could have been a man dancing

in the field. But she stood still and listened, and it did not make a sound. It was as silent as a ghost.

'Ghost,' she said sharply, 'who be you the ghost of? For I have heard of nary death close by.'

But there was no answer, only the ragged dancing in the wind.

She shut her eyes, reached out her hand, and touched a sleeve. She found a coat and inside that an emptiness, cold as ice.

'You scarecrow,' she said. Her face lighted. 'I ought to be shut up for good,' she said with laughter. 'My senses is gone. I too old. I the oldest people I ever know. Dance, old scarecrow,' she said, 'while I dancing with you.'

She kicked her foot over the furrow, and with mouth drawn down shook her head once or twice in a little strutting way. Some husks blew down and whirled in streamers about her skirts.

Then she went on, parting her way from side to side with the cane, through the whispering field. At last she came to the end, to a wagon track where the silver grass blew between the red ruts. The quail were walking around like pullets, seeming all dainty and unseen.

'Walk pretty,' she said. 'This the easy place. This the easy going.' She followed the track, swaying through the quiet bare fields, through the little strings of trees silver in their dead leaves, past cabins silver from weather, with the doors and windows boarded shut, all like old women under a spell sitting there. 'I walking in their sleep,' she said, nodding her head vigorously.

In a ravine she went where a spring was silently flowing through a hollow log. Old Phoenix bent and drank. 'Sweet gum makes the water sweet,' she said, and drank more. 'Nobody know who made this well, for it was here when I was born.'

The track crossed a swampy part where the moss hung as white as lace from every limb. 'Sleep on, alligators, and blow your bubbles.' Then the cypress trees went into the road. Deep, deep it went down between the high green-colored banks. Overhead the live oaks met, and it was as dark as a cave.

A big black dog with a lolling tongue came up out of the weeds by the ditch. She was meditating, and not ready, and when he came at her she only hit him a little with her cane. Over she went in the ditch, like a little puff of milkweed.

Down there, her senses drifted away. A dream visited her, and she reached her hand up, but nothing reached down and gave her a pull. So she lay there and presently went to talking. 'Old woman,' she said to herself, 'that black dog come up out of the weeds to stall you off, and now there he sitting on his fine tail, smiling at you.'

A man finally came along and found her—a hunter, a young man, with his dog on a chain.

'Well, Granny!' he laughed. 'What are you doing there?'

'Lying on my back like a June bug waiting to be turned over, mister,' she said, reaching up her hand.

To be continued.....

