



GLADWIN HEIGHTS UNITED CHURCH

JANUARY 22TH, 2021

Minister: Rev. Tim Bowman

Music Director: Rita Green

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/5783186702?pwd=VUIza285T0c5T0dkK243QUNXaS9jdz09>

This is a new direct link! It contains the password also. Please just press control and click and you will be redirected directly to the meeting!

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 2 pm or Bible Study Wednesday between 3:30 and 4:30 pm.

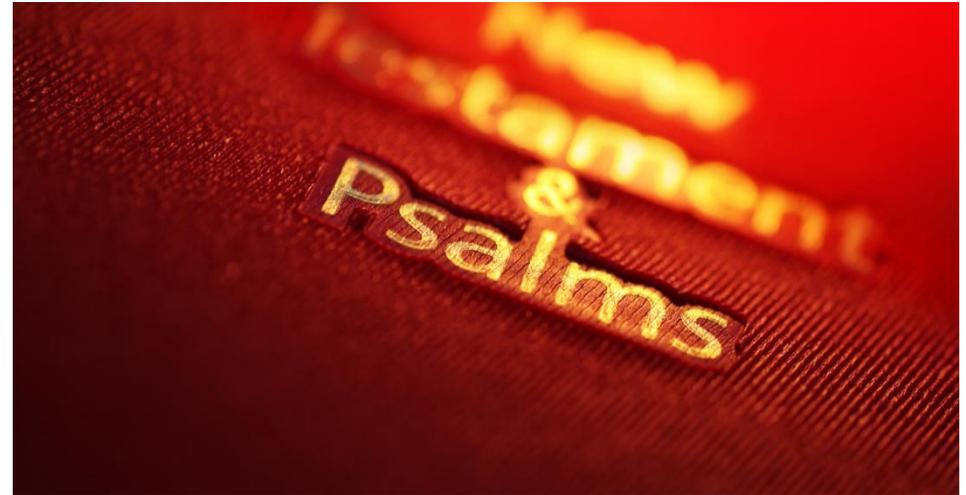
Meeting ID 541 063 2113, Password: 123.

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 24th, 2021

Jonah 3:1-5, 10

Mark 1:14-20



Hymns and Music for January 24th, 2021

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

“Jesus you have come to the Lakeshore” VU 563

“Know that God is good” MV 104

“I feel the winds of God today” VU 625

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow” VU541

“We have this Ministry”, VU 510

“I Am the Light of the World” (chorus) VU 87 2x

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@gladwinheightsunitedchurch.org.

Announcements:

Just a little note to let everyone know that they can make arrangements to pick up their 2021 Offering Envelopes if they have not done so already. Please shoot me an email or phone the office or me and I will make arrangements with you to receive them.



2nd Annual 80+ Birthday Celebration "We've Got You Covered!"



Last year, we had our inaugural 80+ Birthday Celebration for Gladwin's finest! This year, our 2nd annual event will look a lot different due to Covid-19. But we have found a small way to celebrate you!

Those 80+ will be receiving a phone call sometime in February for further direction.

Looking forward to hearing your voice!

Blessings,

Ellen & Carlene



A letter from Tim to the Mission City Record

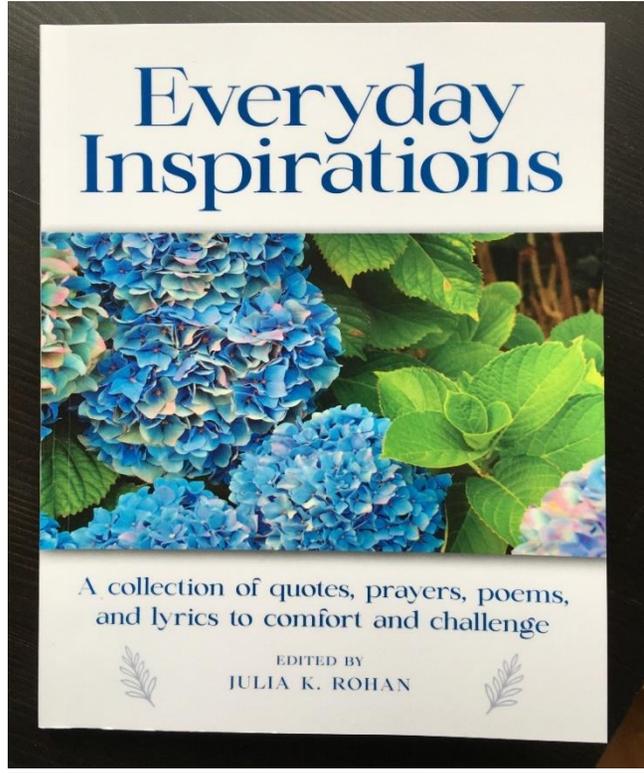
When communities in the Fraser Valley rank highly in per capita charitable giving, churches like to take some of the credit. Though we are no longer routinely consulted by governments, generations of Christian teaching permeate and influence society.

Similarly, in the case of the transgender and lesbian student recently attacked by her peers at a Mission secondary school, we deserve some of the blame for our historically homophobic and transphobic teachings. Some churches imagine we can "We hate the sin, not the sinner," but when our youth are looking for someone to take out their COVID stress on, they unsurprisingly choose the peer whose way of being and loving is defined by adults as dirty and sinful.

It is time for all churches to publicly, intentionally and explicitly celebrate the full worth and beauty of all sexual orientations and gender identities. Christians deserve at least this much accountability to our society; to our teacher, Jesus Christ; and to our children being kicked in the head on school playgrounds.

- The Rev. Tim Bowman
Saint Andrew's United Church
Mission, BC

Everyday Inspirations



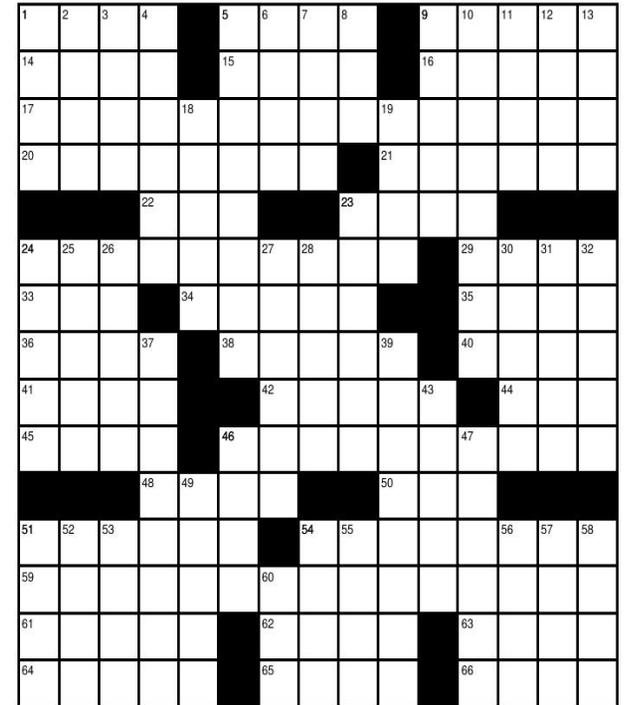
“Everyday Inspirations” is a collection of quotes, prayers, poems and lyrics for every occasion. Enriched by beautiful colour photos, this book of spiritual wisdom will become an uplifting friend in the challenging days ahead. Sourced from dozens of spiritual teachers from across the centuries, the collection 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.

Tat Away

Robert Stockton

ACROSS

1. Lipping lab assistant
5. Florist's accessory
9. Posseser, perhaps
14. Dealer's device
15. Structural beam
16. Duck
17. Bio-weapons which destroy property but not people?
20. Schedule the union meeting?
21. Workers who make regular pit stops?
22. Airline to Amsterdam
23. Shakespeare's foot?
24. Words from a golfer's anthem?
29. Cracked
33. Follower for mod or nod
34. Bergen's pal Mortimer
35. "Sun Salutation" stretching system
36. Genesis figure
38. Bloody 2005 sequel
40. Carol opener
41. Sicilian thing
42. Creditor's claims
44. Born in France
45. Genesis locale
46. Like Oz's Nick Chopper?
48. Atop
50. Jeanne D'Arc, e.g.
51. Bored to tears by
54. Go for the shorter sentence
59. Vacuum chambers, e.g.?
61. Coming out swinging, perhaps
62. It may bring on the heat
63. Sal's canal
64. The Geek Squad, e.g.
65. Past partners
66. Bankrolls



© 2009

DOWN

1. Suffix for workers and believers
2. Indian frying ingredient
3. Comet-bearing cloud
4. Reenact a famous shooting?
5. Lack leading to scurvy or rickets
6. Aid the shady
7. Kind of advice
8. Go wrong
9. Sturdy fabric
10. Second generation Indiana senator
11. Earned
12. Frankfurt's river
13. Loch famed for it's "fish stories"
18. Runs without moving?
19. Paperless periodical
23. East or West places
24. Troy follower
25. Genesis event
26. Coquette
27. Secure via a Ziploc
28. "Crocodile Hunter" Steve
30. Big name in craft shops
31. Jibe
32. Maintained a rock garden
37. Jewish Festival of Lights
39. Doo-wop pioneers with #1 hit "The Gypsy"
43. Occupy, as a restaurant booth
46. Superior sort, in Soho
47. Huey, Dewey, or Louie, to Donald
49. Fence features
51. ASAP
52. "Must've been something ___"
53. Bloomberg TV competitor
54. Heart
55. A single time
56. Coin in Cyprus
57. Children's author Blyton
58. Stone and bronze, e.g.
60. It's often dedicated

This puzzle was created using CrossFire (<http://beekeeperlabs.com/crossfire>)

A message from Jeanette

You know everyone, I wasn't sure I wanted to share this story yet. It is about a very special lady, myself and God. To be exact – messages from God.

To lay a little background, back in 1995 I went through a horrible divorce. I had a lot of decisions to make at that time. My girls were young (12 & 9) and my decisions were important. Two years after the divorce I had a new husband, had moved away from my family and friends and was living in a new city 2 hours away from home. When we first moved to Calgary we had a really hard time adjusting. My new husband and I weren't getting along, the kids were acting up and it was awful. I prayed to God every night asking him if I was making the right decisions. One night, after a few weeks of these pleas, which at the time being of no religious tendencies I didn't realize were prayers I felt compelled to wake up from a deep sleep. I forced myself awake and saw my room was filled with light and a feeling of love that I can't describe. It was indescribable and I have never before or after felt that feeling here on earth. For a while I even searched for it to no avail. There was also a being in the room. I don't know if he was an angel or God but, he said to me "You are where you are supposed to be". If I had been raised in a Godly home I would have realized just exactly what I had experienced.

Fast track to a few years ago. I was a care-aid taking care of senior citizens. I became a member of my present church and continued with my job. One of the ladies at the facility was of the same faith as me. In fact her son-in-law is my Bishop.

Annie and I didn't always get along. She had had a stroke and was very angry. It didn't matter what you did for her she was never happy! We had our fights, our love and understanding and our tears, both of us. Every Tuesday, when I was off work I would go to see her and we would study the Book of Mormon or the Bible together for a couple of hours. Somedays, I would have much rather stayed at home instead of going back to my place of work, but I enjoyed our time together and Annie did too.

Annie moved to Calgary a couple of years ago to be closer to other members of her family. We still stayed close through the occasional text and I have missed her. Annie always had valuable lessons to teach about our Saviour.

On Monday I received a call from her daughter letting me know that Annie was in her end days. Her other daughter was with her at this time. Annie had left her body and started on her journey, but she came back. Her daughter transcribed her words and sent an email to her family telling them of this. While Annie was not here on earth she said that she had knelt at Jesus's knees. But, the thing Annie said next made me believe this story. Annie saw the bright light and felt the love. The love she said was indescribable to anyone who hadn't felt it yet. She said "God is love and love is light". Her daughter felt compelled to phone me and let me know these words her mom had spoken. Right now I am struggling with my faith, not in the Lord, but which faith I want. Annie didn't know that and these were the only words that would have made me a true believer in the Lord because I had seen it too. It doesn't matter what faith you are or if you worship or not. What matters is that you believe. I feel like I got a special message on Monday from the Lord through Annie and her daughter.



A Worn Path (A short story) Eudora Welty 1941

Chapter 3

In the paved city it was Christmas time. There were red and green electric lights strung and crisscrossed everywhere, and all turned on in the daytime. Old Phoenix would have been lost if she had not distrusted her eyesight and depended on her feet to know where to take her.

She paused quietly on the sidewalk, where people were passing by. A lady came along in the crowd, carrying an armful of red, green, and silver-wrapped presents; she gave off perfume like the red roses in hot summer, and Phoenix stopped her.

‘Please, missy, will you lace up my shoe?’ She held up her foot.

‘What do you want, Grandma?’

‘See my shoe,’ said Phoenix. ‘Do all right for out in the country, but wouldn’t look right to go in a big building.’

‘Stand still then, Grandma,’ said the lady. She put her packages down on the sidewalk beside her and laced and tied both shoes tightly.

‘Can’t lace ‘em with a cane,’ said Phoenix. ‘Thank you, missy. I doesn’t mind asking a nice lady to tie up my shoe, when I gets out on the street.’

Moving slowly and from side to side, she went into the big building, and into a tower of steps, where she walked up and around and around until her feet knew to stop.

She entered a door, and there she saw nailed up on the wall the document that had been stamped with the gold seal and framed in the gold frame, which matched the dream that was hung up in her head.

‘Here I be,’ she said. There was a fixed and ceremonial stiffness over her body.

‘A charity case, I suppose,’ said an attendant who sat at the desk

before her.

But Phoenix only looked above her head. There was sweat on her face, the wrinkles in her skin shone like a bright net.

‘Speak up, Grandma,’ the woman said. ‘What’s your name? We must have your history, you know. Have you been here before? What seems to be the trouble with you?’

Old Phoenix only gave a twitch to her face as if a fly were bothering her.

‘Are you deaf?’ cried the attendant.

But then the nurse came in.

‘Oh, that’s just old Aunt Phoenix,’ she said. ‘She doesn’t come for herself—she has a little grandson. She makes these trips just as regular as clockwork. She lives away back off the Old Natchez Trace.’ She bent down. ‘Well, Aunt Phoenix, why don’t you just take a seat? We won’t keep you standing after your long trip.’ She pointed.

The old woman sat down, bolt upright in the chair.

‘Now, how is the boy?’ asked the nurse.

Old Phoenix did not speak.

‘I said, how is the boy?’

But Phoenix only waited and stared straight ahead, her face very solemn and withdrawn into rigidity.

‘Is his throat any better?’ asked the nurse. ‘Aunt Phoenix, don’t you hear me? Is your grandson’s throat any better since the last time you came for the medicine?’

With her hands on her knees, the old woman waited, silent, erect and motionless, just as if she were in armor.

‘You mustn’t take up our time this way, Aunt Phoenix,’ the nurse

said. ‘Tell us quickly about your grandson, and get it over. He isn’t dead, is he?’

At last there came a flicker and then a flame of comprehension across her face, and she spoke.

‘My grandson. It was my memory had left me. There I sat and forgot why I made my long trip.’

‘Forgot?’ The nurse frowned. ‘After you came so far?’

Then Phoenix was like an old woman begging a dignified forgiveness for waking up frightened in the night. ‘I never did go to school—I was too old at the Surrender,’ she said in a soft voice. ‘I’m an old woman without an education. It was my memory fail me. My little grandson, he is just the same, and I forgot it in the coming.’

‘Throat never heals, does it?’ said the nurse, speaking in a loud, sure voice to Old Phoenix. By now she had a card with something written on it, a little list. ‘Yes. Swallowed lye. When was it?—January—two—three years ago—’

Phoenix spoke unasked now. ‘No, missy, he not dead, he just the same. Every little while his throat begin to close up again, and he not able to swallow. He not get his breath. He not able to help himself. So the time come around, and I go on another trip for the soothing-medicine.’

‘All right. The doctor said as long as you came to get it, you could have it,’ said the nurse. ‘But it’s an obstinate case.’

‘My little grandson, he sit up there in the house all wrapped up, waiting by himself,’ Phoenix went on. ‘We is the only two left in the world. He suffer and it don’t seem to put him back at all. He got a sweet look. He going to last. He wear a little patch-quilt and peep out, holding his mouth open like a little bird. I remembers so plain now. I not going to forget him again, no, the whole enduring time. I could tell him from all the others in creation.’

‘All right.’ The nurse was trying to hush her now. She brought her a bottle of medicine. ‘Charity,’ she said, making a check mark in a

book.

Old Phoenix held the bottle close to her eyes, and then carefully put it into her pocket.

‘I thank you,’ she said.

‘It’s Christmas time, Grandma,’ said the attendant. ‘Could I give you a few pennies out of my purse?’

‘Five pennies is a nickel,’ said Phoenix stiffly.

‘Here’s a nickel,’ said the attendant.

Phoenix rose carefully and held out her hand. She received the nickel and then fished the other nickel out of her pocket and laid it beside the new one. She stared at her palm closely, with her head on one side.

Then she gave a tap with her cane on the floor. ‘This is what come to me to do,’ she said. ‘I going to the store and buy my child a little windmill they sells, made out of paper. He going to find it hard to believe there such a thing in the world. I’ll march myself back where he waiting, holding it straight up in this hand.’

She lifted her free hand, gave a little nod, turned around, and walked out of the doctor’s office. Then her slow step began on the stairs, going down.

The End

