



GLADWIN HEIGHTS UNITED CHURCH

FEBRUARY 7TH, 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>

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.

Please note there will be no Bible Studies on Wednesday Feb. 3rd or 17th due to Rev. Tims' personal commitments and continuing education.

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 February 7th 2021

Isaiah 40:21 – 31

Mark 1:29 – 39



Hymns and Music for February 7th 2021

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

“Draw the Circle Wide” MV 145

“Know that God is good” MV 104

“Though Ancient Walls” VU 691

“Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow” VU 541

“The Servant Song” VU 595

“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:

Romeo (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, February 5, 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



Access Info for Cluster Meeting

Time : Saturday February 6, 2021

Links:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83479674748?pwd=QW5HS3hNZkphQzBqVng4TlNNQmxTZz09>

Meeting ID: 834 7967 4748
Passcode: 789



Tip of the Week

Because of what happened in Vancouver this week I thought it would be fitting to reviews these safety tips. Please everyone – we can't be too careful! - Jeanette Home Safety

1. Put large numbers on your house that you can read easily from the street.
2. If you want to hide a spare key to the house, make sure to really hide it. Never put it in predictable places like under the doormat.
3. Leave a key with a neighbor you trust, in case you are locked out.
4. Set a timer on a radio to make it sound like there's somebody home when you run an errand.
5. Have dead bolts installed on your doors.
6. Lock all doors—especially the front door—when you're working in the attic, basement or yard.
7. Never open the door to a stranger. If it is a repairman or a salesman, call the company they say they work for and verify.
8. If it's someone needing to use the phone, get the number and call it for them.
9. Never tell people you are alone.
10. If you must let a stranger in, don't let them think you are alone. Turn on a radio or television in another room to give the impression that someone else is around.
11. Limit the number of rooms a visitor can see. Don't show strangers what you have in the house.
12. Make it a habit to be security conscious.

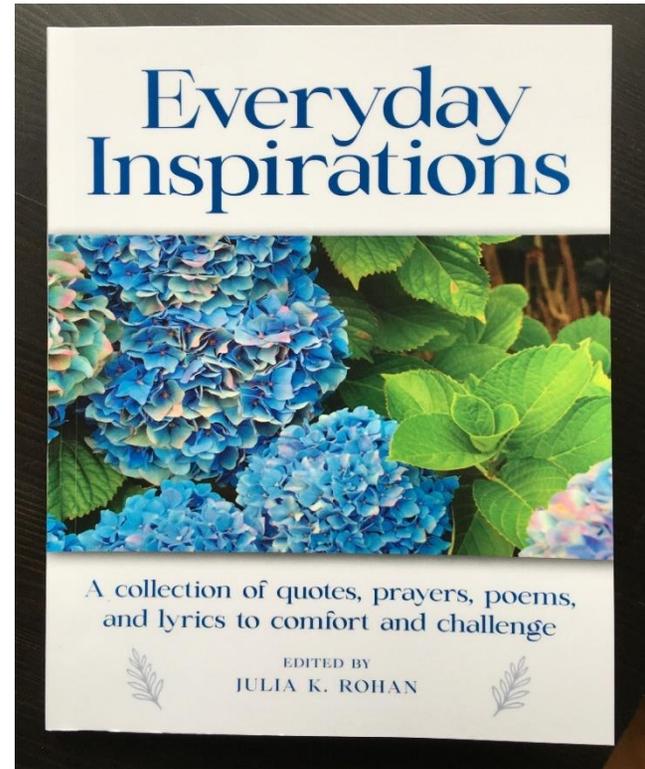


Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday

Our Pastoral Charge will be hosting online Shrove Tuesday (Feb 16) and Ash Wednesday (Feb 17) gatherings. All are welcome. RSVPs and questions to bowmantimothy@gmail.com. Watch our website for further details.



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.

Info on Black history month

February 7, 2021

The celebration of February as Black History (or African Heritage) Month begins this week. Officially recognized in Canada since 1996, this is a time to honour the contributions and struggles of peoples of African descent.



Author, Paul Douglas Walfall (centre), with a group of Black clergy on a visit to the cemetery at Amber Valley, AB.

“History, despite its wrenching pain, cannot be unlived, but if faced with courage, need not be lived again.” —Maya Angelou, “On the Pulse of Morning”

In July 2017 I received the then latest issue of The Journal of the Historical Society of the Alberta and Northwest Conference of The United Church of Canada. In that issue I was particularly interested in the article “The KKK and the Church,” written by Rev. Lloyd Lovatt. It was interesting reading and yet it was also difficult at points to absorb. I read that the Ku Klux Klan came to Alberta in the 1920s through the work of a Methodist, and then United Church, minister. Equally difficult was to read that clergymen of the United Church were Klansmen and to note that at the time the United Church had the unsavory reputation, according to the writer of the book “The Ku Klux Klan in Central

Alberta,” of being a church that “refused to condemn the Klan’s activities.”

The article also noted that in 1927 a resolution came to the Saskatchewan Conference “not to support the Ku Klux Klan in any way.” The Conference ultimately accepted the recommendation “that Conference refrain from making any deliverance on the question.” This was particularly difficult to hear, and I wondered what was happening to the church at that time. Indeed, the silence of the church then seemed to have been a betrayal of many things I hold most dear. Yet, I will not condemn the Conference or the church for its silence then, but I will wonder when there is silence by the church on the issues of racism in our contemporary society.

It is February and once again we will be observing Black History Month in Canada. Black history in Canada is the history of Canada. In this month we will be acknowledging and celebrating the accomplishments of many Black people, and rightfully so. Yet if all we do is to only acknowledge the points of celebration then I believe we would not be looking at the truth. History is made up of good and bad experiences and both must be recognized. It is when we recognize the unpleasant things of the past that we appreciate just how far we have come as a society. It makes even more significant the things that are to be celebrating. But it also challenges us to learn from the past. You see if we do not learn from our history then we will repeat the same mistakes in the future. While we have come a long way in the society and in the church, there is still much more that needs to be done. The United Church of Canada has come a long way since the 1920s and 1930s. Today we are a church seeking to live out the vision of being an intercultural church. Much work has occurred and continues to occur through the agency of The United Church of Canada to advocate that all persons are to be treated with respect and dignity. But let us not deceive ourselves into believing that racism is behind us. Racism still exists in our society and it also exists within the church. The continued presence of racism offers to us one of many reasons why the observance of Black History month is important. The celebration

of the achievements of Black people during this month continues to challenge us to stand against racism, White privilege, and White supremacy wherever they are found.

Maya Angelou is correct, it is when we face our history with courage that we will indeed avoid facing the pain of the past again. Facing the unpleasantness of the past should not incite feelings of guilt, instead it should inspire renewed commitment to work for a “new day” wherever we find ourselves. My hope is that we will not shy away from facing the pain of our history as we observe this month. Let the observance of Black History Month propel us to re-double our efforts to work for a world where “steadfast love and faithfulness will meet; righteousness and peace will kiss each other” (Psalm 85:11, NRSV). It is with this hope that I commend Black History Month this year to you. —Paul Douglas Walfall is the ministry personnel in the Fort Saskatchewan Pastoral Charge in the Northern Spirit Regional Council. For more information on The Journal of the Historical Society of the Alberta and Northwest Conference of The United Church of Canada or to get a copy, please contact Donald Koots.

Photos used in this blog post were taken by Adele Halliday during a visit of United Church Black clergy to Amber Valley, Alberta once home to hundreds of Black people in the 1900s. They had fled from the racist Jim Crow laws in the United States to this “promised land” north of Edmonton. Their migration was around 1909-1911, and they initially found more freedom in this new community. The community cleared the land, farmed, set up a school, a post office, a town hall, a church, created homesteads, and played baseball.

Over time, they were disappointed by the anti-Black racism that they experienced in their new home; they thought they had escaped this when they left the United States. Also, the Canadian government at the time became alarmed at how many Black people had moved in, and feared a “Black take-over”, so took steps so that other all-Black communities like Amber Valley would not proliferate.

Eventually, most people left Amber Valley and moved to larger cities in different parts of Canada. Remnants remain of the all-Black settlement: a museum and cultural centre, a cemetery, a few families, and the living memories of the community’s descendants.

Types of Gemstones

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

TOPAZ
EMERALD
KUNZITE
AQUAMARINE
ONYX
AZURITE
CITRINE
SAPPHIRE
AMETHYST
JASPER
DIAMOND
PEARL
RUBY
GARNET
TANZANITE
PERIDOT
JADE
OPAL

Play this puzzle online at : <https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/17/>

A Craft idea:



Supplies

Glass wide mouth mason jars mine are quart size

Paintbrush

Crystal Gloss Enamels:

Pink

Turquoise

Orange

Purple

Yellow

Citron

Instructions

1. Once your jars are nice and clean, paint a coat of Citron (green) onto the body of the jar, up to about the spot where the glass begins to curve.
2. You don't want to paint too high, in order to leave room for the flowers. But more importantly, while this paint is non-toxic, it is not approved by the FDA to touch food. So you don't want to paint the rims where your lips will touch the jar.
3. Use the handle end of your paintbrush dipped in the different colored enamels and dot on flowers. Couldn't be easier!

Use a different color to dot on the centers. You may notice the petals dripping a little. If they do, just "draw" circles with your paintbrush handle in the petal to spread it around a little. You can also turn the jars upside down for five minutes then right side up for five minutes, and alternate now and then to keep gravity confused. ;-)

4. This step is important. Now that you are done painting, the paint needs to cure for **FOUR DAYS**. Just put them somewhere where they won't be bothered.

5. After the four day curing period, follow the instructions on the back of the paint bottle for baking them. Then you are good to go!

Quotes of the Week

“Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been.” – Mark Twain

“Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.” – Samuel Ullman

“In the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years.” – Abraham Lincoln

“The great thing about getting older is that you get a chance to tell the people in your life who matter what they mean to you.” – Mike Love

“Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.” – Samuel Ullman

Funny Quote

Grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked anyway, the good fortune to run into the ones I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference.



The Old Man's Breakfast.

By Kevin Hughes

Born 1951, M, from Wilmington NC, United States

The old man smiled.

He set her favorite bowl on her side of the table - a tiny expensive china piece. It was really meant to be more of a saucer than a bowl. It didn't matter. She loved her cereal, her ice cream, and occasionally- for a late night snack- not more than a small handful of cashews or almonds. That alone didn't make the old man smile. It was the spoon.

She didn't eat out of her small china bowl with a tea spoon. No, his precious lady used a tablespoon. Next to the exquisitely crafted bowl, a tablespoon looked like a soup ladle. It always made him smile when she tapped spoon with him before starting her dainty eating habits. He placed the one Shredded wheat cube in the china saucer like bowl, poured just enough milk to get it soggy, then he retreated to his side of the table.

The old man raised his spoon, waiting for the clink of her spoon against his. When he did, it was the signal to dig in. He did. He had a regular cereal bowl, and a regular old spoon. He ate quickly. He always did. He washed his bowl, spoon, and put the milk away before twisting back to the table to retrieve her bowl and spoon. He glanced down. It was untouched. He frowned. Not so she could see, but he wasn't happy with her bird like figure...she was always on the light side, and ate like the proverbial bird.

Not eating breakfast was a concern for him...about her. All of her meals were small. She ate with a dainty elegance that allowed her to enjoy her food. She always had enough energy for the day...so, he didn't overly worry about it. Still...something in the back of his mind was fogging up the window to conscious thought. Something was amiss. He dismissed that thought before it could form. Merely taking her dishes to the sink before they went into the other room to read.

He made her some coffee. He was a tea drinker. He never understood why she liked her coffee so strong, boiling hot, and black. No cream. No sugar. His old brain told him that only gruff Army Sergeants, and retired Boxers drank coffee like that. He often teased her that he was going to put warm engine oil in her cup and see if she could tell the difference. She would wink at him over the edge of her coffee cup...a cup that was a close cousin to the saucer bowl she used for cereal and snacks. He knew there was a word to describe her coffee cup, but like many words nowadays...it fluttered around trying to take shape on his tongue. Demitasse ! He smiled at the relief he felt for finding the word in his mind.

“I am going for a walk now. I will be back in an hour.”

He blew her a kiss, wrapped his scarf around his neck. She had knitted that scarf many years ago...he wore it with pride. Men would snort at the feminine aspects of that scarf...women would compliment him on it. He always told his lovely wife the compliments it garnered on his walks. She would beam back at him with what he referred to as: Humble Pride. Only his wife could pull off that quiet pride in her work. She never bragged. She never complained either.

And that brought back memories of the old coal furnace in their first tiny house. He laughed out loud at the memory of her coming up from the basement completely covered in soot from head to toe. Only her eyes shown as two white gems on a black velvet background. Those eyes were shooting flames that would have caused a coal fire.

“That’s it. We are updating to an Oil Furnace. I don’t care if we can’t buy a bedroom set for another few years.”

With that she stormed off to the old four clawed bathtub to clean up. The old man followed her and put all her clothes in a paper grocery bag. She stepped into the tub, and scrubbed and scrubbed as the old man poured bucket after bucket of lukewarm water over her body. When she was all cleaned up he handed her one of their few luxuries. A towel. Not any old towel. A set of three given to them on their wedding day by her rich Aunt Sophia. Oh, how she loved those towels. They were overlarge, soft and fluffy. The kind of towels you saw in old time movies, where they served not only to dry someone off, but to be worn secured by a

fold at the neck, like some kind of long evening gown.

That memory floated on the surface of his mind like a popsicle stick in a deep puddle on a summers day; just sitting there undisturbed. He let it float a long long time.

They did get the oil furnace...and for the first time in their young married lives, they had Hot Water. It was a luxury neither of them had grown up with. Until the first child was born, they took baths together. Supposedly to save on Oil Bills and Water Bills. The Old Man thought it was to help cement the love they were building, and maybe speed along her desire to have children. It worked. They had three. Every one as loved as the other. She was a great Mother to them all.

The Old Man stifled back a tear. A woman stopped to ask if he was okay. He explained how he was thinking about how good of Mother his wife was to there three children. The woman gave the old man a hug.

“I can only hope my husband and children think of me like you do of your wife. Give her a hug for me and tell her she is a lucky woman. Oh, and that is a very nice scarf.”

That made the old man speed up his walk. His wife would love to hear that little bit of conversation between strangers. She would tease him...gently...about hugging a strange woman.

“You be careful around those older woman. You know you are quite a catch.”

It would be his turn to blush. Just like her, he would experience a

moment of humble pride. She thought he was a catch!

Then they would laugh together as they teased back and forth.
Ending with that old joke:

“So honey, is it my rugged good looks, or my sterling personality, or my sparkling wit, or my wavy hair that makes me a catch?”

She would say...deadpan:

“No. But you can drive at night.”

They would laugh and laugh, until he had to go over to her rocker and pound her back with his flat palm to restore her breathing. Then they would just enjoy the left over good humor. Thinking back he remember how much humor they shared over the years. Not just laugh out loud humor, but the good humor that follows around a couple like the mood of a new puppy, earned by years of comfortable safety. Together.

It was late now. He turned off all the lights and went to the bedroom. He had turned her side down just after supper. She still had the habits of the old Farm Girl in her. Early to bed, early to rise. The old man smiled as he patted her pillow down with a crease just where she wanted it to be. She always thanked him both for making the bed, and for getting her pillow fluffed just right. Of course, once he crawled into bed, much later in the evening, she would roll over to his side, draping one slight arm over his chest.

She would snuggle in, still half asleep and whisper: “Good

dreams, Honey. I love you.”

He would pull her arm all the way across his chest, pat her hand and whisper back:

“Sweet dreams. Sweetie pie.”

He could feel the smile form on her lips, even through the flannel of his pajamas. A smile would form on his own face as his eyes closed for the night.

Reality would surface for just a moment, when he woke up to pee. He would glance at her side of the bed. No one would be there. Just a pillow with a crease in it, unwrinkled sheets, and a blanket pulled back but never pulled over. He would pat the empty part of the bed...his mind agreeing that it was empty. Before a tear could form, he would push reality away.

He would climb back into bed, pushing his slippers gently to the wall so he wouldn't trip when he got back up again. He would reach over to pull her arm across his chest again. He would feel the warmth, then her smile through his flannel pajama top, all would be well.

He would drift off to sleep smiling.

In the morning, he would get up early.

He would set out her bowl, and tablespoon, it would make him chuckle.

It always did.