



ST. ANDREW'S UNITED CHURCH

FEBRUARY 12TH 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/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 2PM or Bible Study Wednesday between 3:30 and 4:30.

Please note there will be no Bible Studies on Wednesday Feb. 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 14th 2021

2 Corinthians 4:1-10

Mark 9:2-9



Hymns and Music for February 14th 2021

“Hope Shines as the Solitary Star” VU 220

“God We Praise for the Morning” VU 415

“Shine Jesus Shine

“As a Fire is Meant for Burning” VU 578

“The Lords Prayer (Sung)” VU 960

“Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow” VU541

“Three Things I Promise” MV 176

“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:

Tax Receipts

Just a little note to let everyone I mailed all the tax receipts on Wednesday February 3rd. If you do not receive them in a reasonable time please shoot me an email or phone the office or me and I will make arrangements with you to get more.



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 19, 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

Offering Envelopes

For everyone who would like to drop off or mail your offering envelopes please do so to:

Barb Treleaven
32138 Hillcrest Avenue
Mission, BC V2V 1L2

Annual Reports

A friendly reminder to everyone who has to do an Annual Report that I need to get the book finished in the next week. Thank you in advance for your hard work!



Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday

SHROVE TUESDAY / ASH WEDNESDAY: We are offering online gatherings for Shrove Tuesday (6:30 PM - bring your own pancakes) and Ash Wednesday (10 AM). RSVPs to bowmantimothy@gmail.com are appreciated to give us a sense of numbers. RSVPs received before Saturday morning will receive instructions on picking up a simple kit with supplies for a DIY finger labyrinth, and ashes.

Zoom info for Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday is the same as for the Bible Study:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/5410632113?pwd=eDhHL3ZUMkszcFArOzIyZ2lXbEEExdz09>

Meeting ID: 541 063 2113

Passcode: 123





Sara Stratton writes that the path to true reconciliation and understanding requires an honest confrontation of the past.

In a recent United Church online conversation about reparations and slavery, several people noted that descendants of enslaved people needed to “get over it.” This is a very common response from White people, but it is very painful for racialized people.

In my work as Reconciliation and Indigenous Justice Animator for the national church, I hear that and similar phrases often. Sometimes it’s “That happened years ago and has nothing to do with me,” or “My ancestors were also treated poorly and suffered.” Reflecting on the church’s work over the past thirty years, people also say “We’ve already apologized,” or “Didn’t the Truth and Reconciliation Commission deal with that? Time to move on.”

There are commonalities behind these expressions: not just the sense that the past is over and we need to move on, but also a deep misunderstanding of history and our place in it, and a framing of White fragility.

The thing is, the past is never just the past. It ripples through time into the present and, unless we start to confront—really confront—the way we address it, the past will ripple into the future as well, and our oft-stated commitments to confront racism and practice reconciliation will be for naught.

As I approach my work of supporting the non-Indigenous church in living out its apologies to Indigenous peoples and the Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC) Calls to Action, I have tried to encourage this confrontation in three ways.

The first is to emphasize the reconciling and reparative nature of Jesus’ ministry, noting that this work is ongoing, and that we are called to it as disciples of Christ. This is reflected in the United Church statement adopting the United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples (UNDRIP) and a video we made to accompany it called “Haven’t We Done That?”

Second, we need to understand that colonialism is not simply history. It is ongoing. Residential schools no longer exist but the colonial principles which framed them do, and Indigenous peoples are still subject to colonial laws such as the Indian Act. Many of the conditions that Canada imposes on Indigenous peoples (such as lack of clean drinking water and underfunding of services on reserves) are direct results of this. If colonialism continues, so does the trauma it has engendered. This did not end when residential schools were closed, or when the TRC report was issued. Trauma reverberates through generations.

Finally, I think that White people need to understand and address their own ongoing role in settler colonialism. Métis writer Chelsea Vowel defines settler colonials as people of European descent who continue to benefit from colonization. Settler colonials benefit from the systems set up by forebears, and help to perpetuate those systems and the dispossession of Indigenous and other racialized peoples in the present. I earned my university degrees in institutions built on Indigenous lands. I work for a church built on Indigenous lands. And my beautiful little piece of property in east end Toronto is Indigenous land.

As David Moscrop writes in his article, “What Makes Me A Canadian Settler,” even if I have struggled to find work, I still have an “in” that the colonized don’t—and I need to acknowledge this. This became clear to me several years ago, when I began to take part in a reflective process called “Decolonizing Discipleship.” Strongly influenced by the work of Ched Myers and Elaine Enns at the Bartimaeus Institute, this involves a deep dive into family history, teasing out the challenging connections between our personal histories and colonization. In my own work, I uncovered that what I always (mis)understood as a family history of rising out of Newfoundland’s exploitative fishing economy through sheer hard work was much more complicated than that, directly intersecting with the trans-Atlantic slave trade and the extinction of the Beothuk people.

This is what my privilege rests on. This is my past, which continues to shape the present and the future. It cannot be “gotten over.” It has to be confronted if we want to move forward.

If you are interested in decolonizing discipleship, check out the latest book by Elaine Enns and Ched Myers: *Healing Haunted Histories: A Settler Discipleship of Decolonization*.

—Sara Stratton serves The United Church of Canada as Reconciliation and Indigenous Justice Animator, and is a member

of the church's "common table" on anti-racism. This is her personal reflection.

The views contained within these blogs are personal and do not necessarily reflect those of The United Church of Canada.

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ARTHUR JAMES GRIFFIN

Celebrating a Century of Arthur James Griffin!

On February 9, 1921-one hundred years ago-- Arthur Griffin was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba. In 1939, after a childhood filled with winter sports and choir singing, he travelled to Vancouver with a boys' cricket team for the National Junior Cricket Tournament at Brockton Point and fell in love with the beaches, the year-round cricketing weather, and in time, his bride, Pearl. After working as a piano tuner at Kelly's Music in Vancouver, and serving in the RCAF in World War 2, Art completed an undergraduate degree at UBC and then a Divinity degree at Union College (winning the gold medal in Theology) before joining the clergy of the United Church of Canada. Through his long career, Art passionately preached the social justice gospel and spread his compassionate and inclusive view of the church community at Port Kells

United Church, Failsforth Methodist (Manchester, England), Cedar Cottage (Vancouver), Trinity (Port Coquitlam), St. Stephens (Edmonton), Brechin (Nanaimo), First United Church (Vancouver), and St. Andrew's (Mission). In retirement, Art enjoys the warm community he finds at West Point Grey United Church. His lifelong enjoyment of music, sports, family and his dedication to social justice continue. He looks back with great fondness at dancing (with Pearl) to Frank Sinatra and the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, and enjoying the live shows of Count Basie, Mel Torme, Tony Bennett, and Michael Buble. After his retirement, Art continued biking to Jericho Beach, playing tennis, lawn bowling and curling with the Vancouver clergy curling league. At 100, Art lives in his own apartment with the support of caring and dedicated nurse/companions fortified by regular trips for breakfast, coffee, and lunch (in non-pandemic times, at least!) with family. His children, grandchildren, and newborn great-grand-daughter are looking forward to celebrating together when the pandemic clouds part. For many years up to the age of 99, Art spent his birthday weekend in Palm Springs, enjoying the sunshine, the buffet breakfasts, and a swim in the pool. This year will be quieter, but still filled with love and celebration.

A Craft idea:

Knit Dishcloth Pattern



Supplies

Bernat Handicrafter Cotton worsted weight (1 ball)
Size 4 mm knitting needles
Scissors
Crochet Hook

Instructions

Cast on 32 stitches

Row 1: K3, *K1,P1; repeat from * 12 times, K3

Row 2: K3, *P1,K1; repeat from * 12 times, K3

Tip: choose your favorite colors, or make them in your favorite team's colors!

Repeat rows 1 & 2 until piece measures approximately 8" from cast on edge

Bind off, securing the last stitch. Break yarn and weave in ends.

Quotes of the Week

“The only mystery in life is why the kamikaze pilots wore helmets.”– Al McGuire

“The difference between stupidity and genius is that genius has its limits.”– Albert Einstein

“Trouble knocked at the door, but, hearing laughter, hurried away.”– Benjamin Franklin

“Be who you are and say what you feel, because those who mind don't matter and those who matter don't mind.”– Bernard Baruch

“Inside me there's a thin person struggling to get out, but I can usually sedate him with four or five cupcakes.”– Bob Thaves

“As a child my family's menu consisted of two choices: take it or leave it.”– Buddy Hackett

Funny Quote

He who laughs last didn't get the joke – Charles de Gaulle



Lives Leftovers

By Christina Marie

It took us almost two months to comb through dad's house, sorting the pieces of his unpursued passions into piles.

Keep. Sell. Donate. Trash.

He didn't have much in the way of food, but cookbooks in mint condition spilled out of his kitchen cupboards. Mystery novels were stacked neatly on his bedside table, suffocating under layers of dust. Princess Di's biography and Stephen King's *The Shining* lay face down on the coffee table, spines cracked towards the ceiling. Poets hid, forgotten, behind the basement bar. Daunting masterpieces of Joyce, Hugo, and Dumas stood proper and pristine in the bookcases of his spare bedroom. Harry Potter, curiously, was lined up neatly on the workbench in his garage next to an impressive collection of equipment manuals. Donate.

While I examined every paternal artefact with the zeal of an amateur archaeologist, my sister, Kate, executed our job grudgingly, methodically, the corners of her mouth tugged down in mild distaste. She held no curiosity for the life that gave us

life, and I assumed her interest in him extended only as far as his had in her.

We waded through a world of short-lived hobbies. The shed in the yard boarded gleaming gardening tools, unspoiled art supplies, and a pair of cross country skis still marked with a discount sticker. Sell.

We purged every nook and cranny in the house of unused useful treasures. Three hundred glass mason jars collected dust and spiders in the alcove under the stairs; forty-five rolls of scotch tape curled up on their sides, stacked haphazardly in the cupboard above the washing machine; three five-gallon pails of assorted nails, screws, and bolts rusted behind the furnace. Keep. Donate. Trash.

A Yamaha keyboard piano emerged from under piles of forgotten laundry. Sell. Beginner sheet music for the guitar we'd never heard him play was buried in a wicker basket under a cascading mountain of magazines. The guitar in question was wildly out of tune. I strummed a dissonant chord absentmindedly, prompting Kate to grab and drop it with a reverberating hum next to a harmonica, a violin bow, and an assortment of small percussion instruments. Donate.

"We could sell that!" I exclaimed.

"He bought it at Walmart," she replied flatly, and I briefly wondered how she knew.

Dad hadn't been a bad guy, as far as I remember. I recalled him doing all the right dad things—teaching me to throw and catch a ball, taking us to the county fair to eat too much candy, bringing

home a wriggling bundle of floppy ears and sad eyes that we crossed our hearts to feed, train, and walk (naturally, and much to her disgruntled dismay, it became mom's exclusive responsibility).

It was just that, between the checked boxes of fatherhood, absence was his only constant.

Early on, it was missed birthdays, disappointing Christmas mornings, and an empty seat in the stands at my B Division hockey games. By the time I was ten, he banged through our door only once or twice a year. Kate would quietly disappear to a friend's; mom would gravitate as if on auto-pilot into the kitchen to prepare a meal; I would hover, eager to brief him on my latest activities and accomplishments, hopeful he would finally divulge something about the band with which he was surely travelling, or the secret mission on which he must have been deployed. "This and that" was all he ever offered.

When Kate left home, he came around even less often.

I waded into the unmoored moodiness of my teenage years and developed (feigned) indifference in his disinterest. By the time I crashed clumsily from adolescence to adulthood, dad was a sort of non-entity that flitted and fluttered at the edges. He attended my university convocation, but didn't stick around for the celebratory dinner. He stood by us at mom's funeral, appropriately sad, but left us to make the arrangements and deal with her estate. He was invited to Kate's wedding, but she asked me to walk her down the aisle.

At Kate's orders, I tackled the bedroom, while she disappeared for days under unreasonable hoards of wooden spoons, tacky coffee mugs, and canned goods. The stench of sickness still clung to his mattress and its clothes. Trash. The neglected novels on his bedside table were jacketed in dust and blanketed in crusty tissues. Trash. Drawers were mostly empty save for a rolling lip chap and a handful of loose change. The rest of the furniture appeared in fine health. Sell.

Rifling through his closet, I found only a few crumpled receipts in the pockets of his clothes. Donate. My climbing bewilderment and disappointment reached their peak. A lifetime of pretending not to care aside, we finally had unfettered access to the private life of our flighty father. I wanted to find a trunk of sentimental memories in his basement, or a shoebox of photographs labelled with hard-to-read names stuffed in the closet, or a stack of secret-littered journals on the bookshelves. But the modest 900 square-foot house rejected my foolish fantasies.

Last year, Kate had learned dad was unwell. "Oh, by the way," she hesitantly tacked on to our annual phone call, "Dad's been in the hospital."

I paused, caught off guard by her mention of his existence and, further, her awareness of his illness. I'd wanted to know more—what was wrong, should we go visit, who was taking care of him, who called her—but my tyrant nephews were wailing in the background, and she took advantage of my silent beat to skewer the conversation. "He's fine now, at home, I guess. Listen, don't

worry about it...” She trailed off as the cacophony of family anarchy rose with a mighty crescendo, and the line died.

I didn’t call back, and neither did she. The next time we spoke, she delivered a dispassionate dispatch. “He’s dead.”

Now we stand among life’s leftovers.

Keep. Empty.

Sell. Posted.

Donate. Boxed.

Trash. Bagged.

There is no heirloom-worthy jewelry. There are no old family photos. There aren’t any accolades or love letters, not even a final will and testament. Nothing in seventy years’ worth of accumulation sheds a shred of light on who dad was or why.

I watch my sister lug bags and boxes out the door, and wish there was someone left who knew him.

When the trucks are packed and the house echoes in vacant relief, we stand on the front porch and watch the realtor pound a For Sale sign into the frosty lawn. I mutter, “I should have gone to see him, you know, before...”

Kate turns and looks up at me with the most peculiar expression of incredulity. She puts her gloved hand on my arm. For a long quiet moment it feels like she’s trying to convey something important, but all she leaves me with is: “See you at Christmas.”

And then she’s gone without looking back, bounding down the cracked concrete towards her car with a lightness in her step I’ve never seen before



Our Prayer List

The result of Prayer is Life. Prayer irrigates the Earth and Heart. Author Unknown

Please hold these people and families in your heart and prayers.

Cyril,
Marvin,

Co,
David,
Annie,
Marilyn,
Devon and family,
Paulette and family,
Evelyn and family,
Kyden and Alexa.
Loa
Donnas’ Family

Blessings Linda B.