



## GLADWIN HEIGHTS UNITED CHURCH

May 7<sup>th</sup> , 2021

**Minister:** Rev. Tim Bowman

**Music Director:** Rita Green

**Pianist:** Jacob Greenan

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### **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.**

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/5410632113?pwd=eDhHL3ZUMkszcFARQzlyZ2lXbEExdz09>

**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 May 9<sup>th</sup> , 2021**

Acts 10:44-48

John 15:9-17



## **Hymns and Music for May 9<sup>th</sup> , 2021**

MV 178 - "Who is My Mother"

VU 477 - "I Come with Joy"

MV 12 - "Come Touch our Hearts"

VU 960 - "The Lords Prayer"

MV 185 - "Ev'ry Day is a Day of Thanksgiving"

MV 145 - "Draw the Circle Wide"

VU 431 - "Sing Amen"

### **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](mailto: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](mailto:info@gladwinheightsunitychurch.org)

**Announcements:**

*Special Meeting:*

There will be a special congregational meeting for all members and adherents of Gladwin on Sunday May 16, 2021 @ 12:00 pm after Service.



**May**

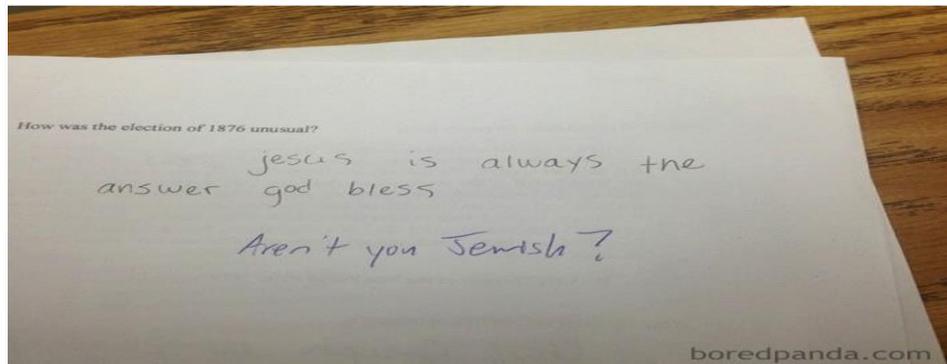
Barbara Showers – May 6

Jenny Matthews - May 13

Gina Hartley – May 25

**Funny Quotes:**

I tried to invoke the powers of jesus on my history test but the lord has failed me



**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, May 14<sup>th</sup>, 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



### **BOOK STUDY:**

Our Bible Study on Matthew is drawing to a close. Next we will study one of the following: Reading the Bible Again For the First Time by Marcus Borg; A New Climate for Theology for Sallie McFague; or Metaphorical Theology, also by Sallie McFague. If you would like to vote for one of these books, please contact Rev. Tim by Sunday, May 9. The choice will be announced on Tuesday May 11, and the new study will begin on May 26. We may be able to arrange bulk orders to save on shipping costs.



### **Announcements**

Saturday, June 5, 2021 at 7 pm

Via Zoom (see details below)

Free Admission – Donations Welcome

Join us for this exciting event and learn how you can contribute

to our annual purchase of trees to help combat climate change.

Our Key Note Speaker is **Elizabeth May**, Leader of the Green Party from 2006 to 2019, and a passionate advocate for our planet.

We will talk about our Tree Planting project and ask for your contributions to help us plant trees in partnership with the City of Abbotsford. Donations can be sent to our Church offices by cheque payable to Trinity Memorial United Church

33737 George Ferguson Way Abbotsford BC V2S 2M4

You can use the online donation button on this website but whether by cheque or online be sure to indicate your donation is for the "**Tree planting**".

Donation link through Canada

Helps: [https://www.canadahelps.org/en/charities/trinity-memorial-united-church/#donate\\_now](https://www.canadahelps.org/en/charities/trinity-memorial-united-church/#donate_now)

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/89314040815?pwd=QnRrcmJmYzZ5YXJ4a0tjY0p2R0E2QT09>

Meeting ID: 893 1404 0815

Passcode: 33737

One tap mobile

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# Faith Journal

## Why Should You Have a Faith Journal?

1. To record what God is teaching you
2. To remind you to pray
3. To keep track of encouraging and meaningful scriptures
4. To write down Truth to remember during rough moments
5. To help you heal during times of hurt
6. To visually see answered prayers
7. To make your faith active
8. To help you focus on what God is saying to you by listening in your spirit

## How Do You Keep a Faith Journal?

1. **Materials:** Notebook (of any kind, spiral, book, lines, no lines, large, or small); fun, colorful pens; highlighters; stickers! (some people even use fun decorative tape or watercolors)



2. **Content:** Be creative as you read scripture, pray, listen to praise music, or sit in the silence. DO NOT make up rules about journaling. If it becomes drudgery, then you will quit. You do not have to journal every day. Here are some ideas:

- Write a favorite Bible verse from your daily reading
- Ask yourself questions about the Truth God is teaching you
- Record things, people, or events for which you are thankful
- Write your prayers
- Write, or talk, to yourself
- Record song lyrics
- Write down powerful quotes

## Examples of Faith Journaling

God made you to be you. So allow your personality to come out when having conversations with the Lord. You may want to write while others doodle, or draw, or paint. It doesn't matter what you put in your journal. What *does* matter is that you are in conversation with Jesus.

Here is an exercise for your first journal entry, if you so choose. **Think about a tree.** What does a tree look like? How does it behave? How does it grow? Of what is it made? What does it need to be healthy? What happens if it breaks?

Read **Psalm 1**.

Now you are ready to journal! Begin by praying and allowing God to talk to you. I love how God uses scripture to talk to his children and tell them Truth!

One scripture equals many different ways God speaks to our hearts. Do you see the tree that was made by a child? Even children can keep a Faith Journal.

We are to delight in the law of the Lord and meditate on it day and night. Keeping a faith journal is a simple, delightful way to spend time with the God who loves you!



Rip Van Winkle by Washington Irving – Part 1  
[www.world-english.org](http://www.world-english.org)

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but, sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer

landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual, with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering

on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail dropped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would run to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the

Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently; and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods.

Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.