



GLADWIN HEIGHTS UNITED CHURCH

May 21st , 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.

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

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/5410632113?pwd=eDhHL3ZUMkszcFARqzlyZ2lXbEEExdz09>

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 23rd , 2021

Acts 1:15-17, 21-26

John 17:6-19



Hymns and Music for May 23rd , 2021

VU 370 - "Send Your Holy Spirit"

VU 371 - "Open My Eyes, That I May See"

VU 381 - "Spirit of Life"

VU 375 - "Spirit, Spirit of Gentleness"

VU 960 - "The Lords Prayer"

VU 538 - "For The Gift of Creation"

MV 203 - "Holy, Holy, Holy"

MV 204 - "Memorial Acclamation"

VU 960 - "The Lords Prayer"

MV 205 - "Great Amen"

VU 482 - "Shout For Joy"

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. 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

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>

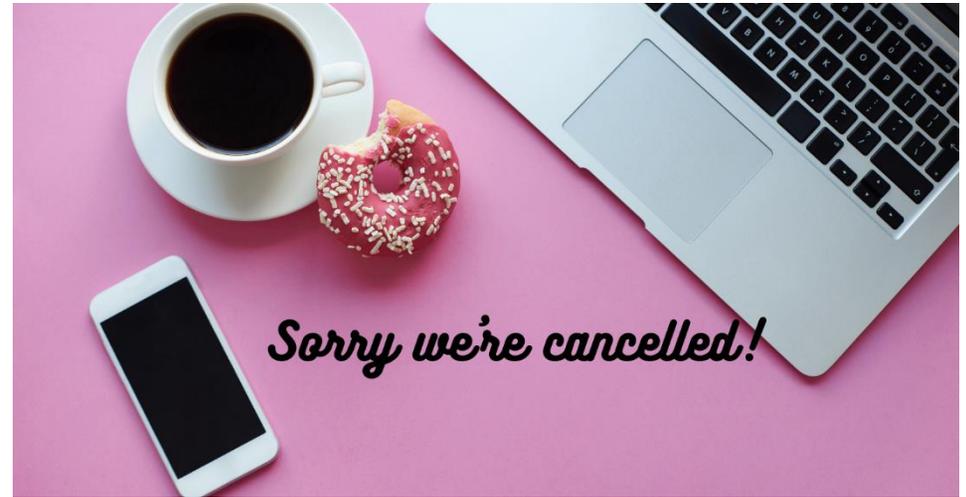
Meeting ID: 893 1404 0815

Passcode: 33737

One tap mobile

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VIRTUAL COFFEE TIME IS CANCELLED: Our Virtual Coffee Time has run its course and is now cancelled due to lack of interest. Rev. Tim will be connecting with congregants in other ways.

Just a reminder to everyone to open the attachment sent with this announcement! It is about the Annual Tree Party Fundraiser



BOOK STUDY:

Rev. Tim will be leading a study on Sallie McFague's *Metaphorical Theology: Models of God in Religious Language*. The study begins on Wednesday, May 26 at 3:30. Go to the Bible/Book Study link on the St. Andrew's or Gladwin Heights website for the Zoom link. If enough participants have the book by then, we will discuss Chapter 1; otherwise May 26 will be a general overview.



May

Barbara Showers – May 6

Jenny Matthews - May 13

Gina Hartley – May 25



Check out the link below for details. No cost, but we are requested to register through Eventbrite.

<https://www.eventbrite.com/e/walk-in-the-spirit-of-reconciliation-2021-tickets-151691698955>



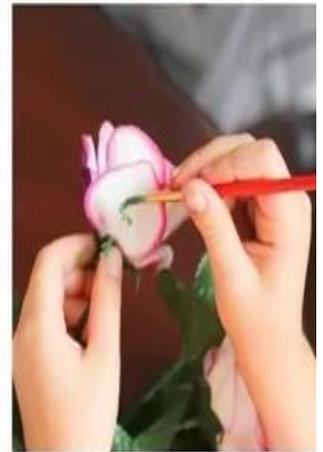
Yvette Wagner is looking for a new home here in Abbotsford! She needs a basement suite or a mobile home on property with a little space for her grandchildren. She has 1 cat and would ultimately like the price to be at a maximum of \$1500. If you can help her please phone her at 604-932-9516.

INGREDIENTS

- White or light colored fabric roses
- Watercolor paints
- Paintbrushes
- Water in cup
- Rag
- Kitchen Tray

INSTRUCTIONS

1. This craft is incredibly simple, just prepare a clean working surface and have plenty of water and a rag or paper towels to clean your brush.
2. Mix a bit of water with the watercolor paint and apply to the flower. I found over-saturating the watercolors with water made it easier to apply the paint to the fabric.
3. Experiment with different color combinations and methods of applying the paint to the roses. Maybe you'll add a thick layer of paint to part of a petal and add some water directly to it to see how the color spreads along the petal. Maybe you'll try mixing colors directly on a petal. There is no wrong way to do this craft.
4. Let the flowers dry completely, at least one hour, before assembling into a bouquet or using for another craft (like a flower headband!)





Rip Van Winkle by Washington Irving www.world-english.org

Chapter 3

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded around him, eyeing him from

head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "On which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up to the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very

suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I'm your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war,—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England,—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the

Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.