



# GLADWIN HEIGHTS UNITED CHURCH

June 25<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.

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

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

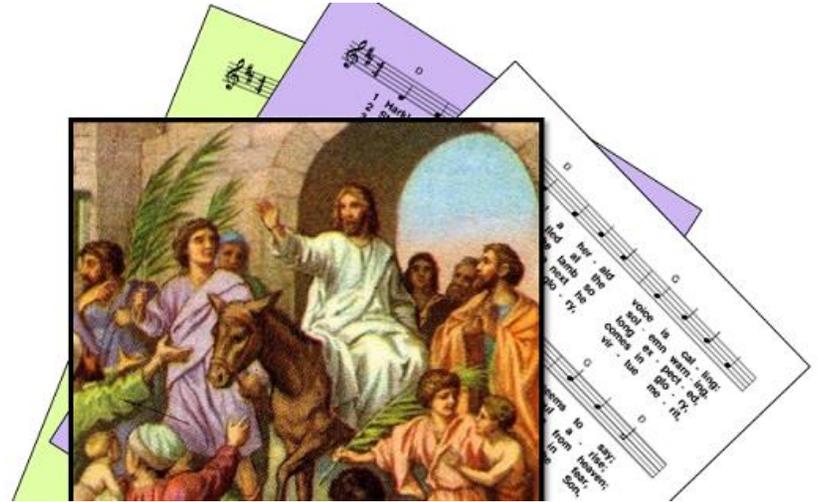
**Meeting ID 541 063 2113, Password: 123.**

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 June 27<sup>th</sup> , 2021

Mark 5:24b-34

2 Corinthians 8:1-15



## Hymns and Music for June 27<sup>th</sup> , 2021

VU 677 - "O God of Every Nation" (Tune of VU 331)

VU 639 - "One More Step Along the World I Go"

MV 138 "My Love Colours Outside the Lines"

VU 960 - "The Lords Prayer Paraphrase"

VU 538 - "For The Gift of Creation"

VU 678 - "For the Healing of the Nations"

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)

## *BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES!*



### June

Lois Gordon – June 9

Daryl Alstad – June 9

Shirley Dennis – June 9

Arlene Kropp – June 13

Margaret Assels – June 17

Gayle LaPointe – June 20

Ray Hill – June 22

Carlene Stein – June 24

Bill Thomas – June 27

Bonnie Stewart June ?



**SUNDAY GATHERING IS CANCELLED:** Hello friends, after consulting with some Gladwin Board members, we have regretfully decided to cancel the gathering previously scheduled for 2 PM this Sunday. In light of the weather advisory for very high temperatures, we are not comfortable risking our members' health for a social event. We look forward to something similar and perhaps more involved in late August / early September as a celebration of return to in-person worship.

Tim



### October 2, 2021. FUNdrive with Value Village

Calling on all Soft Goods!

We are collecting Soft Goods, which include any type of material such as clothing, footwear, belts, scarves, handbags, linens, towels, drapes and anything else you can think of.

Items need to be CLEAN, but can be torn, frayed and stained for recycling, repurposed or for resale.

Please tell your family, friends and neighbours and let's keep these items out of our landfill!

Any questions, ask Ellen 604-853-9501

# Flower Petal Candle Holders

Spring, Botany, Nature crafts, Summer

Before autumn overtakes our garden, we decided to preserve some of our summer memories in the form of dried flower petals. From them we made flower petal candle holders. The last summer hooray!



Over the last few years, we have tried growing quite a variety of flowers in our garden. Maybe it's because we moved quite a bit and never planted perennials. Maybe it's because we found it fun to try new seeds every year. Finally, it occurred to me that if we made a herbarium every year, it may be fun to reminisce over them in the future.

[Advertisement] Your video will begin shortly: 0:11

That's why we started drying petals in the first place. That – and because last year I got a microwave flower press as a gift for Christmas. I thought it'd be fun to press flowers together with my kids. The microwave flower press is very similar to a traditional flower press and can actually be made at home, with two ceramic tiles and absorbent materials in-between. There are also a lot of other ways of preserving flowers, but it's really fascinating to see petals lose moisture and flatten out in a matter of minutes. First, we did a round of our garden and picked a flower or two of each species in addition to many poppy petals. This summer was our first time growing poppies, and Anselm and I couldn't get over how delicate and translucent the flowers are. We picked a lot of poppy petals! We also tried drying some dahlias, bachelor's buttons, and hollyhocks.

We put the flowers with petals in the flower press, put it in the microwave for a minute, took them out and let everything cool off. Into the microwave for another minute, and we've got the beginning of our garden flowers herbarium!



You can see that some dried better, retaining its delicate look, and some dried worse, getting darker and less appealing. Some got crumpled when we took the press out of the microwave in the middle of drying, so we had to throw them away. But the majority were just fine, and we soon had a lot of petals. Looking at all these riches (and thinking that there are many more still in the garden) made me want to turn them into something pretty, and of course, Budster was game for it. I think there may be more appropriate materials that you could use, but we wanted to throw something together to showcase the petals' appealing translucency, so we just took what was on hand with the intention of creating some candle holders. We had...

1. a bunch of plain glass votive candle holders
2. a couple of 1-pint Mason jars
3. Elmer's craft glue

We covered the candle holders entirely with a thin layer of glue. When it dried, it formed an even matte finish where there were no petals. But we didn't wait for it! The glue dried fairly fast, so as soon as we gave candle holders a good layer of it, we started sticking petals to the glass. We used a brush with a little bit of glue on it over the petals to smooth them out.



As you can see from the picture, Anselm took a very active role in making the flower petal luminaries. From picking flowers to gluing them onto the candle holders, we worked together, and in the end I don't think anyone could guess which luminaries were made by a three-year-old. That just shows, it's a very easy craft to throw together.

And that's it. Let the glue dry, put wax or LED tealight candles in, and have a pleasant candlelit evening.



For all I know, the flower petal luminaries won't last for very long. They'll probably fade from being exposed to heat on a regular basis. But they will still last much longer than living flowers, reminding us of the summer when poppies threw their petals across our lawn.



## THE SNOW IMAGE: A CHILDISH MIRACLE (Nathaniel Hawthorne)

### Chapter 3

"Husband! dear husband!" said his wife, in a low voice,--for she had been looking narrowly at the snow-child, and was more perplexed than ever,--"there is something very singular in all this. You will think me foolish,--but--but--may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good faith with which our children set about their undertaking? May he not have spent an hour of his immortality in playing with those dear little souls? and so the result is what we call a miracle. No, no! Do not laugh at me; I see what a foolish thought it is!"

"My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

And in one sense so she was, for all through life she had kept her heart full of childlike simplicity and faith, which was as pure and clear as crystal; and, looking at all matters through this transparent medium, she sometimes saw truths so profound that other people laughed at them as nonsense and absurdity.

But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west-wind. As he approached, the snow-birds took to flight. The little white damsel, also, fled backward, shaking her head, as if to say, "Pray, do not touch me!" and roguishly, as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once, the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size. Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from their windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden in pursuit of a snow-drift, which the west-wind was driving hither and thither! At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. His wife had been looking on, and, it being nearly twilight, was wonder-struck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all round about her; and when driven into the corner, she positively glistened like a star! It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange that good Mr. Lindsey should see nothing remarkable in the snow-child's appearance.

"Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand, "I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a nice warm pair of worsted stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we will make it all right. Come along in."

And so, with a most benevolent smile on his sagacious visage, all purple as it was with the cold, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her towards the house. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant; for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face,--their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks,--and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet!--quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest, almost awe-stricken gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

"After all, husband," said the mother, recurring to her idea that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was,--"after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west-wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights!"

Without further talk, and always with the same best intentions, this highly benevolent and common-sensible individual led the little white damsel--drooping, drooping, drooping, more and more out of the frosty air, and into his comfortable parlor. A Heidenberg stove, filled to the brim with intensely burning anthracite, was sending a bright gleam through the isinglass of its iron door, and causing the vase of water on its top to fume and bubble with excitement. A warm, sultry smell was diffused throughout the room. A thermometer on the wall farthest from the stove stood at eighty degrees. The parlor was hung with red curtains, and covered with a red carpet, and looked just as warm as it felt. The difference betwixt the atmosphere here and the cold, wintry twilight out of doors, was like stepping at once from Nova Zembla to the hottest part of India, or from the North Pole into an oven. Oh, this was a fine place for the little white stranger!

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearth-rug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw.

"Make yourself at home, my child."

Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth-rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once, she threw a glance wistfully toward the windows, and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woollen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors, and find out where she belongs."

The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings; for her own view of the matter, however subtle and delicate, had given way, as it always did, to the stubborn materialism of her husband. Without heeding the remonstrances of his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor-door carefully behind him. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street-gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimble against the parlor window.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window-panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he re-entered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor--dear-beautiful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this every-day world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife. She could only reply, that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

"Naughty father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and--I shudder to say--shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be! What for did you bring her in?"

And the Heidenberg stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon, triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

This, you will observe, was one of those rare cases, which yet will occasionally happen, where common-sense finds itself at fault. The remarkable story of the snow-image, though to that sagacious class of people to whom good Mr. Lindsey belongs it may seem but a childish affair, is, nevertheless, capable of being moralized in various methods, greatly for their edification. One of its lessons, for instance, might be, that it behooves men, and especially men of benevolence, to consider well what they are about, and, before acting on their philanthropic purposes, to be quite sure that they comprehend the nature and all the relations of the business in hand. What has been established as an element of good to one being may prove absolute mischief to another; even as the warmth of the parlor was proper enough for children of flesh and blood, like Violet and Peony,--though by no means very wholesome, even for them,--but involved nothing short of annihilation to the unfortunate snow-image.

But, after all, there is no teaching anything to wise men of good Mr. Lindsey's stamp. They know everything,--oh, to be sure!--everything

that has been, and everything that is, and everything that, by any future possibility, can be. And, should some phenomenon of nature or providence transcend their system, they will not recognize it, even if it come to pass under their very noses.

"Wife," said Mr. Lindsey, after a fit of silence, "see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! It has made quite a puddle here before the stove. Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and mop it up!"

The End