



## *Christmas Hampers 2021*

*By Sheila Anthony*

As Christmas approaches, Trinity United Church is once again reaching out into our community and doing what we do best - helping families in need.

This year, our campaign looks a little different. Upon the recommendations of Session, we are no longer in partnership with the Salvation Army when it comes to our client list. Instead, we have become associated with South Frontenac Community Services.

In early December, we will be providing at least 20 local families with a food gift card from Foodland plus fresh produce ( very costly items this year, to be sure!). How can the congregation help in this important outreach? We would be so grateful to any monetary donations towards the hampers. By marking your offering envelope with "Christmas Hampers," you will also receive the tax benefit for this year.

Our hampers will all be delivered on Monday December 13 (with Tuesday December 14 as a snow date). Closer to that time, we will be asking for volunteers to prepare the hampers and for deliveries.

We all know that "need" doesn't just happen in the winter months but our Hamper Campaign serves as a comforting boost for many families to have a better Christmas.

Sincere thanks.

**"And to him was given dominion and glory and kingdom, that all peoples, nations, and languages should service him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away and his kingdom one that shall not be destroyed."**

**Daniel 7:14**

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## *Generations Unto Generations*

*By Linda Brown*

Trinity's lady with the hat, Beatrice Moffitt, is the second of four generations to grace the sanctuary of a United Church of Canada. Bea's mother, born in Saskatchewan moved on to Ontario. Later, married and "with child", she did move back to the family farm in North Battleford, Saskatchewan for the birth of Baby Bea who can proudly call herself a Prairie Girl.

By the time Beatrice was five years old the family was living in Ashton Ontario and Mom installed Bea and her siblings in the Sunday School there. It was "never look-back" for Bea. She took to church life like a duck takes to water. Incidentally, that little Ashton United Church is still a going concern today according to Bea.

Bea and family moved around a bit, but a constant in their family were-house parties - with lots of music and square dancing, her dad doing the "calling". The dancing continued to Rideau Ferry where Bea met future husband Jim Moffitt at a square dance. They married at Boyd United Church near Carleton Place in 1972. The Rev. Murray, when the engaged couple saw him for a pre-marriage consultation, asked each "what denomination do you attend" Jim, whose working life kept him from having time for church was silent, but Bea piped up with "he's United Church." And from that moment so he was, and still is - a silent partner - always ready in the background to support any one of Bea's many church and or community initiatives.



Like her parents before her, Bea and Jim also moved around some before settling at St. Paul's United in Harrowsmith. In their moves, it is worth noting some churches where Bea gained her impressive store of knowledge of United Church workings:

She has been a parishioner at:

- Mountain View church, Quebec,
- Zion United, Carleton Place
- Boyds United on Highway 7
- Jasper United near Ottawa
- McLeod – Stewarton in Ottawa
- Chesterville United
- Bell's Corners United

Not for Bea to simply warm a pew at these edifices. St. Paul's people can cite chapter and verse of her involvement there - on Church Council, UCW, Events Committee, choir member, helper at berry-picking for strawberry socials, games night, and Sunday School teacher etc. etc.

Of all Bea's experiences in all her churches, she says, "I had so much fun. I learned so many things, even how to make sandwiches properly (with Irma Bracken, Suzanne Hoag and others).

As for amalgamation with Trinity, Bea emphatically stated, "I never felt like it was two churches. We shared so many times together - the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> Sunday summer services, yearly choir concerts, with Darlene Nicol and others at Quin-mo-lac weekends, World Day of Prayer events, UCW projects, and the Christmas float in the Santa Claus parade. We came to your breakfasts. You came to our Tuesday lunches". Bea has been infinitely grateful for the support of Rev. Patsy Henry and the two congregations, during a particularly traumatic time in the lives of Bea and Jim's family a few years back.





Wishing everyone celebrates in November  
a very happy birthday!

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you.  
May God's richest blessings fall upon you!

Jean Clair	November 14th
Bill Spain	November 14th
Maryl Hughes	November 18th
Norm Kennedy	November 22nd
Eileen Manson	November 24th

## Greetings from Vernon BC

*Email from Rev. Elaine Smith*

Thank you Rebecca, for sending me your fine newsletter. It transports me back a couple of decades to a very happy place. So many good memories of so many good people.

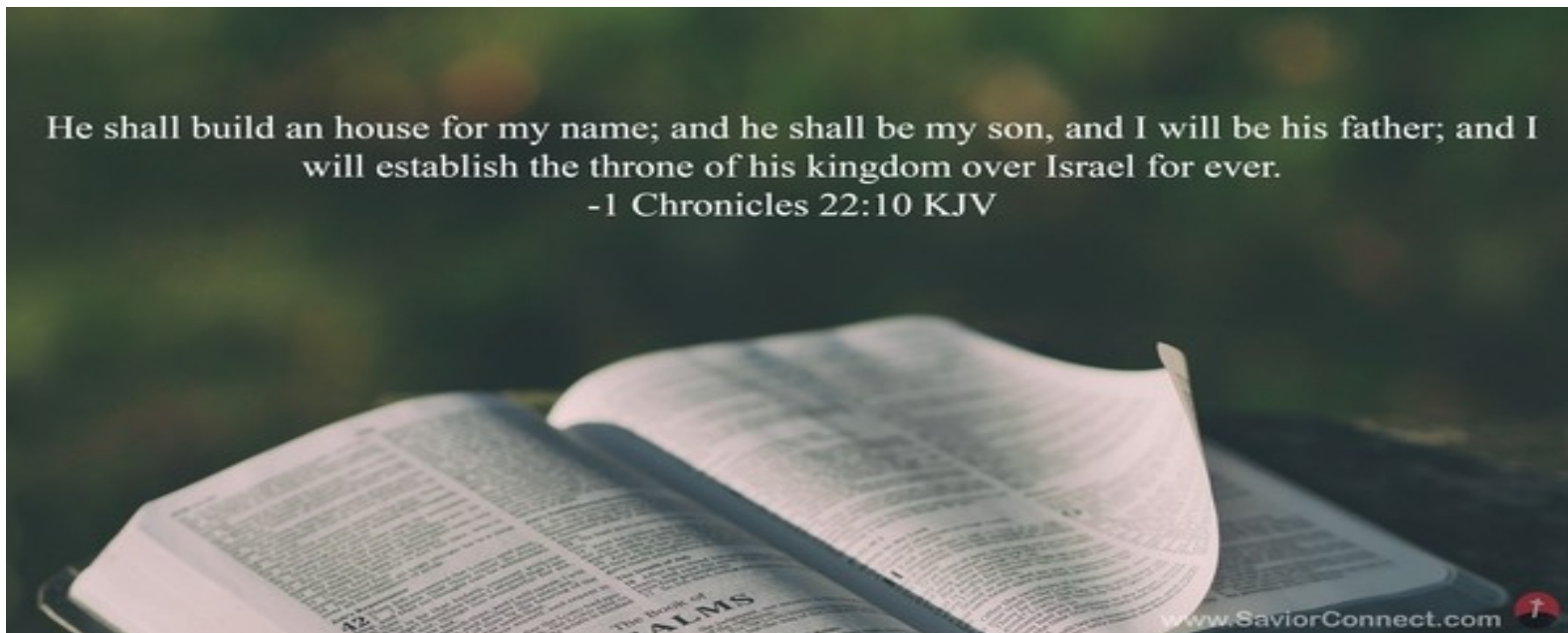
My church here in Vernon BC is Trinity, and we enjoy a thriving Book Club. One more little note - the baby for whom both Harrowsmith and Verona congregations hosted "showers" for (Angeli Cooke) is now back in Ontario as a student at Western in London!!! Time flies!

Blessings to you and all and Rev. Catherine.

Love you all too!



He shall build an house for my name; and he shall be my son, and I will be his father; and I will establish the throne of his kingdom over Israel for ever.  
-1 Chronicles 22:10 KJV



## *SFCS Foodbank Needs*

Food donation items that we are in need of currently include:

- Canned fruit
- Cereal
- Pancake Mix
- Maple Syrup
- Toilet Paper
- Canned Meat (Tuna, Ham)
- Laundry Soap
- Jams and Spreads
- Pasta Sauce
- Cheese
- Coffee and Tea
- Salad Dressing



## *Refugees*

*A Poem by Brian Bilston*

*Submitted by John McDougall*

They have no need of our help  
 So do not tell me  
 These haggard faces could belong to you or me  
 Should life have dealt a different hand  
 We need to see them for who they really are  
 Chancers and scroungers  
 Layabouts and loungers  
 With bombs up their sleeves  
 Cut-throats and thieves  
 They are not  
 Welcome here  
 We should make them  
 Go back to where they came from  
 They cannot  
 Share out food  
 Share out homes  
 Share out countries  
 Instead let us  
 Build a well to keep them out  
 It is not okay to say  
 These are people just like us  
 A place should only belong to those who are born there  
 Do not be so stupid to think that  
 The world can be looked at another way

**(now read from the bottom to top)**

## *Bible Study for November*

By Rev. Catherine Oxenford-Grant

### Revelation 1: 4b-8 “I am the Alpha and the Omega”

The author of the Book of Revelation is generally understood to be John, the Apostle, son of Zebedee. He was writing to the seven churches in western Asia Minor, from his exile on the island of Patmos (likely a Roman penal colony) around the year AD 95. He was sent there for his activities as a Christian missionary and even in exile continues to encourage the faithful to resist the demands of emperor worship. John believes that a showdown between God and Satan is imminent.



To understand Revelation we must recognize that it is a distinct kind of literature, namely *apocalyptic*, which has a highly symbolic style. While some of the visions seem bizarre to our Western eyes, the book provides a number of clues for its interpretation – for example: stars are angels; lamp stands are churches; “the great prostitute” is “Babylon”; which is probably Rome; and the heavenly Jerusalem is the wife of the Lamb.

A really distinctive feature of Revelation is the frequent use (52 times) of the number seven. There are seven churches; spirits; golden lamp stands; stars; seals; horns and eyes; trumpets; thunders; signs; crowns; plagues; golden bowls; hills; and seven kings. Remember that the number seven stands for completeness. It is also important to read the book for its overall message and resist the temptation to get caught up in the details.

Revelation chapter 1, verses 4b – 8 are part of the introduction of the book. In the context of this book, “*revelation*” is taken to mean “unveiling” or “disclosure”.

In Revelation, “*blessed*” means much more than “happy”, rather it describes the favorable context granted by God to a believer and “*prophecy*” includes not only foretelling the future but also proclaiming any word from God, whether it be a command, instruction, history or even a prediction.

The seven churches in Asia Minor were located about 50 miles apart, forming a circle from Ephesus to Laodicea. These were actually postal centers, serving the seven geographic regions. The entire book of Revelation, including the seven letters, was sent to each church.

“*So shall it be*” and “*Amen*” [vs. 7] is a double affirmation of the prayer that has come before.

“*Alpha*” and “*Omega*” are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. God is the beginning and the end, the first and the last, who rules over all human history. Jesus applies the same title to himself, the “*Almighty*”. This term is used 12 times in the New Testament, and nine of them occur in Revelation.

The interpretations of Revelation generally fall into four groups – **Preterists**, who understand it in its first-century setting, claiming that most of its events have already taken place; **Historicists**, who take it as describing the long chain of events from Patmos to the end of history; **Futurists**, who place the book primarily in the end times; and **Idealists**, who view it as symbolic pictures of timeless truths such as the victory of good over evil.

Into which group would you place yourself?



## *Generations Unto Generations*

*(Continued from page 2)*

What does Bea miss at church during this covid time? “I really miss doing Minutes For Mission with my good friend Ralph (who won’t wear “the hat”). And I love it that my grandchildren can be involved with me at the lectern. It helps continue my church connection through the generations.”

Onward to Bea’s daughter Mary-Anne - 3rd generation U.C. of Canada. Mary-Anne married Chris McNutt, who had been brought up and baptized at St. Paul’s. Chris was happy to think that their children would also be baptized and attend Sunday School there. So Mary-Anne, like her mother quickly became immersed in the life of the church. She was on the Board for 11 years, was on M& P for St. Paul’s, in which position she worked closely with folks like Gail, Marni, John McDougall, Andy Adamson, and Ralph over time. Mary-Anne is current Chair of M&P at Trinity. She enjoys M&P as she is involved in the working lives of each person employed by the church. “I like to know that people are happy in their job” she says. “I think they feel it’s good to have a particular person to talk with, even someone to phone if the need arises”. What drew Mary-Anne to church as an adult was her teenage connection with Bell St. United Youth Group. “I was 12” she said, “it hooked me. We had guest ministers, did the 30-hour famine, had speakers on various topics, including world issues, and went down to the US. to volunteer with Habitat for Humanities.” Pretty heady stuff for a young teenager, but for Mary-Anne, it cemented her love of the United Church, a place where a teenager could GROW. An idea perhaps for Trinity to ponder as our youth come into teenagers.



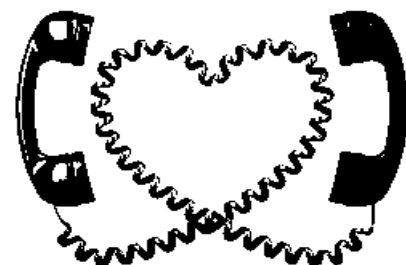
And now to our 4th generation of Bea’s family - the McNutt children; Calen, Ilyra and Ronan. Calen loves his Sunday School teacher Carol. “She likes to discuss things.” He also enjoys the pot luck lunches and taking up the offering. At St; Paul's Calen progressed through the ranks of Baby Jesus, to angel, to shepherd enjoying story and song in the annual Christmas Pageant Ilyra told her mother “I love everything. I like learning about God and Noah's raft. I like dressing in costumes for parties and plays and the Santa Claus parade.” Ronan was in mom's arms as Trinity did not have a nursery program, but now at three years old is ready to take his place in the generational line-up, learning, participating, and serving our beloved Trinity.

As Mary-Anne has summed up. “It's a real home, a real community for us.”

## *The Black Telephone*

*Submitted by Sharon Sole*

When I was a young boy, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighbourhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it.



Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. "Information Please" could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbour.

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## *Creamy Potato Soup*

### Ingredients:

- 6 slices cooked bacon, diced
- 3-4 cups chicken or vegetable stock
- 2lbs Yukon gold potatoes, peeled and diced
- 1 medium onion, peeled and diced
- 4 tbsp bacon grease (or butter)
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 (12 ounce) can 2% evaporated milk
- 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp salt (or more to taste)
- 1/2 tsp black pepper
- Optional toppings: thinly sliced green onions or chives,  
Extra shredded cheese, extra bacon, sour cream



### Instructions:

1. Add bacon, 3 cups chicken stock, potatoes and onion to the bowl of a large slow cooker and stir to combine. Cook on low for 6-8 hours or on high for 3-4 hours, or until the potatoes are completely tender and cooked through.
2. Once the soup has slow cooked and is about ready to serve, cook the bacon grease or butter in a small saucepan on the stove over medium high heat until it has melted. Whisk in the flour until it is completely combined, and then cook for 1 minute, stirring occasionally. Gradually add in the evaporated milk while whisking it together with the flour mixture and continue whisking until the mixture is completely smooth. Let the mixture continue cooking until it reaches a simmer, stirring occasionally, and then it should get really thick.
3. Immediately pour the milk mixture into the slow cooker with the potatoes, and stir until combined. Add in the cheddar cheese, sour cream, salt and pepper and stir until combined. If you would like the soup to be thicker you can use a potato masher or immersion blender to mash about half the potatoes (while the soup is still in the slow cooker) to thicken the soup up. If you would like the soup to be thinner, add in an extra 1-2 cups of warmed chicken or vegetable stock. Stir to combine, then taste and add more salt and pepper if needed.
4. Serve warm, garnish with desired toppings. Refrigerate for up to 3 days. This recipe will not freeze well).

## *Church Finances*

Our Local Expense givings for the month of October was \$11,505. This is an increase of \$3,671.50 over that we received in September. Our expenses for the same period was \$6,811.19. We have transferred \$25,000 from our investments to eliminate the deficit in our Local Expense fund. The balance as of October 31 is \$11,733.43. We are grateful for the tremendous response that we have had since our reopening in September.



Mission and Service givings to the end of October were \$6,791.00.

We welcome all donations either by cheque or by Etransfer to [don@donaldcoleman.com](mailto:don@donaldcoleman.com). We express thanks to all who have continued to support us.

## *The Black Telephone*

*(Continued from page 6)*

Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway.

The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlour and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlour and held it to my ear. "Information, please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear.

"Information." "I hurt my finger" I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience. "Isn't your mother home?" came the question. "Nobody's home but me," I blubbered. "Are you bleeding?" the voice asked. "No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts." "Can you open the icebox?" she asked. I said I could. "Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was.

She helped me with my math. She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts. Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?" She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in." Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone, "Information Please." "Information," said in the now familiar voice. "How do I spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest.

When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much. "Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me. Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialled my hometown operator and said, "Information Please."

Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well. "Information." I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how to spell fix?" There was a long pause. Then came the soft

*(Continued on page 10)*





**Thank you to all the members of the congregation who participated in the  
Operation Christmas Child Shoeboxes.**

**Your contribution and shoebox will be greatly treasured forever by the child who  
receives it!**



## ***Facing Reality***

*by Rev. Catherine*

In the rare moments, dear God, of quiet  
which drop like little miracles  
into the agitated waters of my life  
I feel you close to me.

I float in you,  
enveloped and at peace.

But in the rush of life,  
the wave-beats drown your voice

And I am left alone,  
or so it seems.

Questions, how, and why and when,  
all lurking in the shadows of my mind,  
take form and threaten.

Waiting for you,  
not knowing all the details of your plans,  
takes all my courage  
and what little strength I have,  
One moment reassurance lifts me up,  
and next I don't know where to go.

Loving God, help me catch  
the faintest glimmer of your presence,  
and when I can't see even that,  
strengthen my faith,  
the faith that knows that you are near,  
even – especially, now.

## *The Black Telephone*

spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now." I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?" "I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls." I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister. "Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered, "Information." I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" she said. "Yes, a very old friend," I answered. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this," She said. "Sally had been working part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago." Before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?" "Yes." I answered. "Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you." The note said, "Tell him there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean."

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

Never underestimate the impression you may make on others. Whose life have you touched today?

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This then is the message which we have heard  
of him, and declare unto you, that God is light,  
and in him is no darkness at all.

**1 John 1:5**



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## *Greetings from Brampton*

*Card from Shirley Ellison*

To Trinity United Church Congregation



I visited at Thanksgiving. The weather cooperated and we had a great time on an extended long weekend. We have now closed for the winter so cannot come again until the birds return in spring.

I hope your winter is not too stressful this year. Have a great Christmas season. If you have a good recipe for Christmas, send it along and I'll do the same.

Love to all.

P.S. I loved your butternut squash recipe!! Bravo!!