



Good News from the Pews

Newsletter of Cassburn United Church

www.cassburnunitedchurch.ca



Christmas 2020 Edition

Cassburn Services - January to June 2021

DATE:	11:00	DATE:	11:00
Jan. 3		April 4 Easter	
Jan. 10	Mackie Robertson	April 11	Gabrielle Becker
Jan. 17	Rev. Phyllis	April 18	Rev. Phyllis
Jan. 24	Merle Marjerrison	April 25	Luane Doyle
Jan. 31	Gabrielle Becker		
		May 2	Carolyn Ruda
Feb. 7	Merle Marjerrison	May 9	Merle Marjerrison
Feb. 14	Rev. Phyllis	May 16	Mackie Robertson
Feb. 21		May 23	Rev. Phyllis
Feb. 28	Carolyn Ruda	May 30	Gabrielle Becker
March 7		June 6	Merle Marjerrison
March 14	Rev. Phyllis	June 13	Luane Doyle
March 21	Mackie Robertson	June 20	Gabrielle Becker
March 28 Palm Sunday	Carolyn Ruda	June 27	Rev. Phyllis

Financial

Net Income is \$7279

M&S is \$3268
which includes \$800 we collected
for Loonies for Lent.
*Thank you to all who contributed
and to Val Allen for initiating the project.*

**Our M&S goal for 2020 is \$5000
Let's try to reach it !!**

*~submitted by
Anne Steele~*



*Photo credit: Chris Cameron
~submitted by Kelley Allen~*

Cassburn Mission Statement:

*We believe that our purpose is to Worship Christ;
love one another unconditionally;
serve God and nurture the sense of community.*

**** E-mail ****

**your Newsletter
to receive your newsletter**

Electronically

please contact

Stephanie Anderson
with your e-mail address

either by phone
at 613-678-1681

or by e-mail at

bandsanderson@rogers.com

if you would like your name
put on the newsletter list.



Check us out on Facebook:



<https://www.facebook.com/Cassburn-United-Church-246651425350008/>

For most days, it feels like we've been living in a long, sorry lament: you know, the "woe is me, poor me". I, like many of you, feel that pain of not seeing many people, and a trip to the grocery store feels like a big outing. All of this COVID-19 virus has pulled everyone down, emotionally, for sure. I know I'm COVID-weary! While I make sure I have my personal masks all over the place, and try to stand 2 metres away from everyone, I have days that I mess this up royally. The other day, I walked right into a store without my mask on! I had to turn around, go back to my car, and get a mask. Turns out, there was a nice, clean mask in my handbag; I just forgot! COVID-weary am!!

Do you, like me, need a shot of **GOOD NEWS**? Here's some:

"Don't be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy for everyone. The Savior—yes, the Messiah, the Lord—has been born tonight in Bethlehem, the city of David! And this is how you will recognize him: You will find a baby lying in a manger, wrapped snugly in bands of cloth" (from **The Book**)



Most years, I find myself saying, "the time is racing by, I'm not ready for Christmas; where did all the time go?". This year, 2020, I'm saying, "The GOOD NEWS isn't coming fast enough!"

I think we have a lot to be thankful for, despite this pandemic we are living in. For all of our first responders and front line workers, doctors and nurses and those who spend time with our vulnerable people; to our scientists and those who have been studying how viruses move, we can only say, "Thank You". We know that there is a vaccine coming: so, be thankful that we will get it. Until that time comes, like the people of Jesus' day who waited and waited for a Messiah to come, and bring GOOD NEWS of great joy, we must be patient and vigilant. We must keep doing what we've been doing, and not get too COVID-weary. Stay strong, sisters and brothers.

It's the season of hope, peace, joy and love. Celebrate the birth of Jesus, remembering all these things.

Deep love this Christmas season,
Rev. Phyllis

Cassburn Worship Update

Our Fall services, though different, have gone off without a hitch. Thank you everyone for joining us on Sunday mornings. It has been a joy to see you all. The mask wearing, hand sanitizing, social distancing, lack of singing and absence of food and drink have not discouraged you from joining together for worship.

I want to especially recognize Jordan Anderson for doing an excellent job each and every week in assembling, organizing and projecting our bulletin, hymns and musical videos. This is a large commitment and it has become essential to our worship service. Thank you, also, to Bryan Anderson for bringing music to our worship each week. If anyone has a favourite Christian music video that they would like to see featured at a service, please let Bryan or Jordan know.

Our beautiful Fall decorations in the church were done by Audrey Dumoulin. Heidi Koch has created our Advent wreath and Heidi and Peter also cut our Christmas tree and decorated the Sanctuary for Christmas. The tree this year came from Margaret MacMillan's property. Thank you so much everyone for sharing your gifts, time and talents with us.

Reverend Dietrich, our tireless lay worship leaders and everyone in the pews look forward to seeing all of you over the Christmas holidays and in the new year. Don't forget that our Christmas Eve service will be at 8 pm. on Dec. 24th. Valerie Allen has volunteered to lead this special service. It is sure to be a joyful event.

~submitted by Stacia Turner~



Thanksgiving Dinners

Over the course of the pandemic, our church has been fortunate to be able to partner with the Rotary Club of Hawkesbury and Catered Affair (Tim & Chantal McRae) to provide up to 30 meals to members of our church and Cassburn Community who could use a "pick-me-up" in trying times. This happened twice last Spring, at no cost to the recipients.

At Thanksgiving, we were asked if we wanted to participate, with our same partners, in a fundraiser of a Thanksgiving Dinner. Individually packaged turkey dinners prepared by Catered Affair were sold to interested members in the community, and pick up was organized by drive-thru in our church parking lot. The cost of the meals were paid, and a small profit on each meal would go to our church.



Kelley & Murray Allen safely delivering Thanksgiving meals in church parking lot.

We sold over 150 dinners, and made a profit of over \$300 for our church. Thanks to all who supported this fundraiser! In this time of Covid, this was an excellent way for people to get a Thanksgiving Dinner when families were not gathering in big groups!

~submitted by Valerie Allen~

Cassburn Congregational Executive Report

The past 9 months have brought some interesting challenges into all of our lives as well as the life of our church. With everyone's patience and cooperation, we look forward to more normal times at church. I would like to share some of the latest happenings & news at Cassburn:

Outdoor Campfire Service: On Sunday, Sept. 6th, we cautiously assembled for our first service since Mar. 14th. There was social distancing, masks, a campfire, entertainment, an inspiring message and wonderful conditions. There was NOT a meal, handshakes, shared food, nor a singalong. Many agreed that it was a nice way to start meeting once again. Exceptional entertainment was provided by Neil Emberg, a local musician.

Thanksgiving Turkey Dinner – Takeout Style: In place of our traditional turkey dinner in November, we instead offered a Turkey Dinner as a drive through pickup at the church on Thanksgiving weekend. It was very much appreciated & a nice way to replace large thanksgiving get-togethers. Thanks to "A Catered Affair" for their collaboration. Thanks also to all who supported this initiative.

Loonies for Mission: This fundraiser which began in the spring was a thrust to boost our Mission & Services contributions & help reach our goal of \$5000 for 2020. After a delay we concluded the coin drive in early November. We are happy to report that \$800 was collected. Thank you, thank you, thank you!!

Sock-A-Lot: This annual campaign is underway. Please bring new socks of any size & colour. Place them in the box on the staircase entering the church. These will be sent to the L'Original Foodbank Boutique by Christmas time in an effort to keep many feet warm this winter.

Christmas Eve: Come and enjoy a traditional Christmas Eve service on Dec. 24th at 8 PM which will be led by Val Allen. There will also be a service on Sunday, Dec. 29th.

Café Cassburn: Once the advent season has passed, we will move our Sunday services to the hall in January. We will replace the café style arrangement with a layout that allows for easy distancing. As you might expect, there will be no refreshments until it is deemed safe to do so.

Annual Meeting 2021: Please mark your calendars with the date of Feb. 7th when we will have our annual meeting immediately after the service. This is your chance to suggest new ideas for the future and ensure a viable Cassburn United Church.

Going forward...we would like to thank everyone who has chosen to attend services this fall. You have had to tolerate wearing masks, cleaning contact surfaces as you leave, refraining from singing and spacing yourself from friends. We completely understand if you have concerns and choose not to take the risk. Hopefully the email threads and Facebook posts keep you up to date until you are confident to join regular services. Please feel free to contact the Genesis church office at (613) 678-5499 if there is any support you need of any kind.

Stay safe & warm this holiday season. Hoping you can find a way to connect with all of those close to you.

~Kelley Allen, Congregational Chair~



Christmas Word Scramble Answers

- 1) Reindeer
- 2) Mistletoe
- 3) Decorations
- 4) Eggnog
- 5) Advent
- 6) Peace
- 7) Tinsel
- 8) Stocking
- 9) Candles
- 10) Bells
- 11) Presents
- 12) Bethlehem

Campfire Service

On Labour Day Sunday this year, we had our first service back at Cassburn after a long Covid-19 break. We hosted our traditional campfire service outside, but without the usual, and much sought-after corn roast and hot dog supper. Valerie Allen provided a message of hope and community support for each other. This was followed by wonderful entertainment by Neil Emberg, lead singer for the Celtic Group Hadrian's Wall. Neil, living in Vankleek Hill, has been offering his gift of music to campfire and small outdoor gatherings throughout the summer to lift the spirits of community members. We were sure treated to his amazing singing and guitar playing.

~submitted by Valerie Allen~





Obituary of Phyllis Steele

Unexpectedly on Wednesday evening September 16, 2020 at the Heritage Lodge Phyllis Steele (nee Fraser) passed away at the age of 96. Predeceased by her parents Alexander Fraser and Christy Johnstone. Beloved wife of the late Irvine Steele. Caring and loving mother of Ruth Allen (John), Glenn (Anne), Bob (Joanne) and Karin Mode (Leigh). Dearly loved Grandma of 10 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren. Predeceased by her brother Keith Fraser and Gilbert Fraser. Dear sister-in-law of Joyce Steele. Fondly remembered by her many nieces and nephews.

Phyllis lived most of her life in Cassburn and Vankleek Hill. After 26 years of farm life she and her husband moved to Ottawa and became the housekeeper and grounds-keeper of renowned photographer the late Yousuf Karsh and his wife Estrelitta. They especially enjoyed her cooking. She was a faithful member of Cassburn United Church. She was a very proud long-time member of Prescott District Women's Institute for 73 years.

I would like to share with you the story my Mom wrote about the memories and highlights of her life. My Mom loved to write. She was always writing little notes about how she was feeling or what was happening. So, this is her story.

My dad and mom, Alexander Fraser and Christy Johnstone were married in Islay, Alberta. How did they get away out there? Well, let me tell you the story. Mom was brought up on Pattee Road and dad lived on Pleasant Corners Rd. East. They had met at parties and dances. They were good dancers, but they just didn't teach me.

One day dad and his brother Jim decided to go out West on one of those harvest excursions. Dad used to tell us stories about these farms and how big they were. It took all day of stooking to get around one field. Grandchildren, do you know what stooking means? Well, just ask your parents. When all the grain was harvested, they decided to go with a load of horses that was being sent to Alberta to what they called a Livery Stable. A Livery Stable was a place where people could rent horses, wagons, sleighs and buggies. My dad liked horses and was very good with them. I remember Hector Allen, who had a farm in Cassburn, say that my dad was the best man with horses that he had ever had work for him.

Mom and dad must have kept in touch by letter. Letters in those days required a 3 cent stamp. There was no email, no texting, no skype or facetimeing, not even a telephone. My mom had a first cousin living in Regina, Saskatchewan who invited her to come and visit them. In the meantime, dad's brother Jim had been married and his wife wanted my mom to come on to Alberta and visit with them. So together again, mom and dad were married in Islay, Alberta.

Sometime later dad received a letter from my great Aunt Maria asking if they would come back to East Hawkesbury and help them on the farm. Uncle Sandy's eyesight was failing and he was finding it hard to keep up with the farm work alone. So, that is how I came to be born in the big stone house a mile or two east of Hawkesbury. Today, Allan Simpson's driveway is right beside that house. My brother Gibby was also born in that house. By that time, my dad had probably accumulated enough money to buy his own farm. He bought the farm next to the Westgate farm on Pleasant Corners Road. My brother Keith was born there. I went

to the Old Henry school located at the corner of the Cassburn Rd. and the Pleasant Corners Rd. After completing Grade 8, I went on to high school at VCI. I loved going to school.

Our lovely brick house on Pleasant Corners Rd. burnt in 1930. My grandfather Fraser owned land across the road that had a small house on the property. So, we moved in there. Just a little coincidence – the Roy family were our neighbours and we played with their children. Today, my grandson, Corey Mode is married to their great granddaughter, Jaime Rutherford. How the world goes around. My mother passed away in 1943 and my brother Gibby in 1944. Dad and I moved to Ottawa, but Keith stayed on with the Westgate family.

My cousin Jean who lived in Ottawa wanted to go to Business School, so she asked if I would take over her job as a nanny for Dr. and Mrs. Kelly. That was fine, but by then the war was on and jobs were opening up for women as men and boys were gone overseas. So, I decided to join the staff of Bell Canada. In 1944 I was trained as a Long-Distance Operator and I was sent to the Kingston office as supervisor because with the influx of military there, they didn't have enough trained employees. By 1945 we were sent back to Ottawa. I started dating Irvine Steele whom I knew from when I lived on Pleasant Corners Rd. We were married in Ottawa on June 8th, 1946.

Coming back to the country, I quickly got involved on the farm, milking cows, driving the horses on the hay fork, learning to drive a tractor, feeding the hungry silo fillers and threshers and the hay pressers along with raising four children. It was a busy life.

After 26 years, shortly after our oldest son Glenn was married, Irv decided to turn the farm over to our two boys. He always said he would like to try something other than farming. One day in the Citizen newspaper I noticed an ad for a gardener, chauffeur and a housekeeper. I showed it to Irv and said, "What do you think about this?" He laughed and said, "Answer if you want." Well, I did and the minute they received our resume, they phoned immediately. They wanted us to come for an interview the very next day. I said we couldn't go because my youngest daughter was being married on Saturday. We decided on a date for the following week. After talking with us for about an hour, Mr. and Mrs. Karsh suggested we go with them out to

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(Continued from page 4)

their residence on Hwy.16 called, "Little Wings". Mrs. Karsh said, "There are just the three of us- Mr. Karsh, Chiquoy (their dog) and myself and in that order". The grounds were lovely, but needed some upkeep. The house was a bungalow with a finished apartment in the basement. They must have liked what they saw because we were hired and they suggested Labour Day as a beginning date. So, off we went with two suitcases.

After 8 years we had to say good-bye. Irv was beginning to find the work too much for his health and we were beginning to have grandchildren and we wanted to be closer so that we could help out. We had many fond memories working for the Karsh's.

We bought a house in Vankleek Hill at 57 Mill Street in 1980. The Karsh's kept in touch and for a while I went back once a year to make Mr. Karsh's favorite Armenian dish, "Grape Leaf Rolls" made from ground lamb and spices.

Irv died in Oct. 1989 and my brother Keith retired shortly after and decided to move to Vankleek Hill. I suggested that he move in with me and that worked out quite well for the most part. Keith died in 2010. I decided it was just too much for me to handle the big old house, so I sold my house on Mill Street and moved into the Heritage Lodge.

And that is where she ended her story. I know my mom never imagined living another 10 years at the Lodge. The thing that she missed the most after she moved from her home was her kitchen. My mom loved to cook and she was good at it. So, I invited her to come and use my kitchen anytime and she did many times. She would arrive and in no time she would have the cookbooks out and the mixing bowls and begin mixing up a pie crust or scones, flour would be flying everywhere, but she was in her glory. As years past she had to restrict herself to just making one thing each time she came or her back muscle would act up. Then in just the past year her arthritic hands were too sore to stir or mix and she had to stop. She was very sad about that. When I spoke with Mrs. Karsh this past week, she spoke so

fondly of my mom and dad and she shared with me how much they had thoroughly enjoyed the meals my mother prepared and how creative she was with the presentation of them.

My mom was a woman of faith. She loved her Lord. She began her mornings reading the devotion from the Daily Bread and the related scripture. When I went into her room the morning after she had passed away, there on the little stool by her chair was her devotion booklet open to Wednesday, September 16th, the day she died. My mom prayed faithfully for her family. Each night before getting into bed she would kneel beside her bed. I know this because when we travelled to Bermuda together, we shared a room and I saw her kneeling beside the bed and a year or so ago I asked her one day at the lodge why she kept this pillow on the floor stuffed between her bed and night table. She told me, "I need it now to put under my knees when I say my prayers before getting into bed." So, family know you were well prayed over.

My mom chose the scriptures, poems and hymns that she wanted read or sung at her funeral service and whom she wanted for pallbearers. She mentioned the very familiar Bible verse John 3:16 as the very first Bible verse she memorized, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life". That one verse tells us so much – God so loved the world- tells us God loves all people of all colour, race and nations. He desires all to come to Him. Sin separates us from God and because God is just and loves us so much, He sent His son Jesus to take the punishment for our sins upon Himself and to die in our place; but death did not hold Him down, Jesus rose victorious and defeated death so that we can spend eternity with Him. All He asks is that we accept His gift of grace and believe in Him. My mom was a believer and it gives me much peace with the hope I have as a believer, that I will see her again in her resurrected body and we will be together throughout all eternity.

~submitted by Karin Mode~



Loonies For Lent

For Lent last Spring, our Church Executive had decided to undertake a "Loonies For Lent" program, where congregation members collected loonies (or any coins) and put them in pill bottles. When their bottle was full, they could turn it in on the collection plate on any given Sunday during Lent. All the funds raised would go toward our Mission and Service donations, where we have an annual target of \$5000.

Just as our fundraiser began in Lent, Covid hit our country and churches were closed down. This put our fundraiser (and many other things) on hold. In October, once we had returned to in-person services, we decided to wrap the fundraiser up, and have anyone who had collected coins to turn them in by early November.

We were thrilled to have collected \$800 with this fundraiser, which is a great contribution towards our M & S goal. Thanks to everyone who donated to this fundraiser, as well as to those who helped count and roll all of the coins!!

~submitted by Valerie Allen~

"Recommended Reading"

. . . for those interested in Canadian Agriculture Business and where our products go. Allan Simpson recommends a recently released book by his OAC classmate, a grain farmer near Edmonton, who has been an agricultural consultant around the world. It is called "Canadian Agriculture in the 21st Century" by Dr. Marvin S. Anderson. It is available from Amazon in soft cover for about \$50. An interesting Christmas present, but not really bedtime reading.

Christmas Day in the Morning

He waked suddenly and completely. It was four o'clock, the hour at which his father had always called him to get up and help with the milking. Strange how the habits of his youth clung to him still! Fifty years ago, and his father had been dead for thirty years, and yet he waked a four o'clock in the morning. He had trained himself to turn over and go to sleep, but this morning, because it was Christmas, he did not try to sleep.

He slipped back in time, as he did so easily nowadays. He was fifteen years old and still on his father's farm. He loved his father. He had not known it until one day a few days before Christmas, when he overheard what his father was saying to his mother.

"Mary, I hate to call Rob in the mornings. He's growing so fast, and he needs his sleep. If you could see how he sleeps when I go in to wake him up! I wish I could manage alone."

"Well, you can't Adam." His mother's voice was brisk. "Besides, he isn't a child anymore. It's time he took his turn."

"Yes," his father said slowly. "But I sure do hate to wake him."

When he heard those words, something in him woke: his father loved him! He had never thought of it before, taking for granted the tie of their blood. Neither his father nor his mother talked about loving their children – they had no time for such things. There was always so much to do on a farm.

Now that he knew his father loved him, there would be no more loitering in the mornings and having to be called again. He got up after that, stumbling with sleep, and pulled on his clothes, his eyes shut, but he got up.

And then on the night before Christmas, that year when he was fifteen, he lay for a few minutes thinking about the next day. They were poor, and most of the excitement was in the turkey they had raised themselves and in the mince pies his mother made. His sisters sewed presents and his mother and father always bought something he needed, not only a warm jacket, maybe, but something more, such as a book. And he saved and bought them each something, too.

He wished, that Christmas he was fifteen, he had a better present for his father. As usual, he had gone to the ten-cent store and bought a tie. It had seemed nice enough until he lay thinking the night before Christmas, and then he wished that he had heard his father and mother talking in time for him to save for something better.

He lay on his side, his head supported by his elbow, and looked out of his attic window. The stars were bright, much brighter than he ever remembered them being, and one was so bright he wondered if it were really the star of Bethlehem.

"Dad," he had once asked when he was a little boy, "what is a stable?"

"It's just a barn," his father replied, "like ours."

Then Jesus had been born in a barn, and to a barn the shepherds and the Wise Men had come, bringing their Christmas gifts!

The thought struck him like a silver dagger. Why should he not give his father a special gift, too, out there in the barn? He could get up early, earlier than four o'clock, and he could creep into the barn and get all the milking done. He'd do it alone, milk and clean up, and then when his father went in to start the milking, he'd see it all done. And he would know who had done it.

At a quarter to three, he got up and put on his clothes. He crept downstairs, careful of the creaky boards, and let himself out. The big star hung lower over the barn roof, a reddish gold. The cows looked at him, sleepy and surprised.

"So, boss," he whispered. They accepted him placidly, and he fetched some hay for each cow and then got the milking pail and the big milk cans.

He had never milked all alone before, but it seemed almost easy. He kept thinking about his father's surprise. His father would come in and call him, saying that he would get things started while Rob was getting dressed. He'd go to the barn, open the door, and then he'd go to get the two big empty milk cans. But they wouldn't be waiting or empty; they'd be standing in the milk house, filled.

The task went more easily than he had ever known it to before. Milking for once was not a chore. It was something else, a gift to his father who loved him. He finished, the two milk cans were full, and he covered them and closed the milk house door carefully, making sure of the latch. He put the stool in its place by the door and hung up the clean milk pail. Then he went out of the barn and barred the door behind him.

Back in his room, he had only a minute to pull off his clothes in the darkness and jump into bed, for he heard his father up. He put the covers over his head to silence his quick breathing. The door opened.

"Rob!" his father called. "We have to get up, son, even if it is Christmas."

"Aw-right," he said sleepily.

"I'll go on out," his father said. "I'll get things started."

The door closed and he lay still, laughing to himself. In just a few minutes his father would know. His dancing heart was ready to jump from his body.

The minutes were endless – ten, fifteen, he did not know how many – and he heard his father's steps again. The door opened and he lay still.

"Rob!"

"Yes, Dad –"

His father was laughing, a queer sobbing sort of laugh. "Thought you'd fool me did you?" His father was standing beside him, pulling away the cover.

"It's for Christmas, Dad!"

He found his father and clutched him in a great hug. He felt his father's arms go around him. It was dark, and they could not see each other's faces.

"Son, I thank you. Nobody ever did a nicer thing."

"Oh, Dad, I want you to know – I do want to be good!" The words broke from him of their own will. He

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(Christmas Day in the Morning - cont'd from page 6)

did not know what to say. His heart was bursting with love.

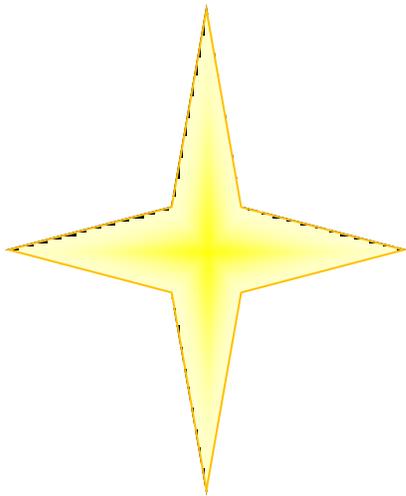
"Well, I reckon I can go back to bed and sleep," his father said after a moment. "No, hark – the little ones are waked up. Come to think of it, son, I've never seen you children when you first saw the Christmas tree. I was always in the barn. Come on!"

Rob got up and pulled on his clothes again, and they went down to the Christmas tree; and soon the sun was creeping up where the star had been. Oh, what a Christmas, and how his heart had nearly burst again with shyness and pride as his father told his mother and made the younger children listen about how he, Rob, had gotten up all by himself.

"The best Christmas gift I ever had, and I'll remember it, son, every year on Christmas morning, so long as I live."

They both remembered it, and now that his father was dead he remembered it alone: that blessed Christmas dawn when, alone with the cows in the barn, he had made his first gift of true love.

by Pearl S. Buck
from "Stories for the Heart"
~submitted by Stephanie Anderson~



***Christmas Gift
Suggestions:***

To your enemy – forgiveness.
To an opponent – tolerance.
To a friend – your heart.
To a customer – service.
To all – charity.
To every child – a good example.
To yourself – respect.

by Oren Arnold

~submitted by
Stephanie Anderson~

The Mood of Christmas

When the song of the angels is stilled,
When the star in the sky is gone,
When the kings and princes are home,
When the shepherds are back with their flock,

The work of Christmas begins:

To find the lost,
To heal the broken,
To feed the hungry,
To release the prisoner,
To rebuild the nations,
To bring peace among people,
To make music in the heart.

by Howard Thurman

~submitted by Stephanie Anderson~



Books are the Quietest and most Constant of Friends;
they are the most Accessible and Wisest of Counselors,
and the most Patient of Teachers.

Charles W. Eliot

Here's to Strong Women
May we know them
May we be them
May we raise them

Be the change that you wish to see in the world.
Gandhi

He will cover you with his feathers
and under his wings you will find refuge.

Psalm 91 vs 4

My vacation this year is to Puerto Backyarta.

Difficult paths often lead to beautiful places.

God's blessing Rest upon this House
and all who Dwell within;
May all who enter, too, be Blessed.

The first to apologize is the BRAVEST
The first to forgive is the STRONGEST
The first to forget is the HAPPIEST

~submitted by Ruth Allen~

Christmas Wordfind

Circle each letter of the words listed, then with the letters that are left uncircled write down the hidden phrase. (Take the uncircled letters in order – reading across each line from left to right starting with the top line and working your way down to the bottom line.) Answer is in bottom corner of page.

- Angel 
- Animals 
- Anticipation 
- Baking 
- Bauble 
- Bells 
- Bethlehem 
- Birth 
- Candy 
- Chocolate 
- Christmas tree 
- Cookies 
- Decorations 
- Elf 
- Evergreens 
- Excitement 
- Feast 
- Fruitcake 
- Gifts 
- Holly 
- Manger 
- Mary and Joseph 
- Mistletoe 
- Mrs Claus 
- Noel 
- Ornaments 
- Poinsettia 
- Santa Claus 
- Snow 
- Stable 
- Star 
- Toys 
- Wisemen 
- Wreath 

E	L	B	A	T	S	H	N	E	M	E	S	I	W	C	A	S
T	M	R	S	C	L	A	U	S	F	V	S	E	A	S	E	T
O	I	A	W	B	A	U	B	L	E	L	C	N	L	I	A	N
Y	S	S	R	D	A	M	E	K	A	H	D	L	K	T	S	E
S	T	T	E	Y	E	K	A	M	O	Y	E	O	R	N	P	M
M	L	F	A	E	A	C	I	C	R	B	O	E	O	E	O	A
E	E	I	T	R	T	N	O	N	I	C	G	W	Y	M	I	N
H	T	G	H	I	A	L	D	R	G	N	O	E	L	E	N	R
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L	E	R	H	T	R	H	I	M	O	T	S	T	O	I	E	T
H	F	E	E	R	T	S	A	M	T	S	I	R	H	C	T	S
T	M	S	N	E	E	R	G	R	E	V	E	O	A	X	T	A
E	S	A	N	T	A	C	L	A	U	S	S	P	N	E	I	E
B	N	O	I	T	A	P	I	C	I	T	N	A	H	S	A	F

Did you know that our Region 12 of the United Church has a newsletter? Please contact: Anita Jansman, Eastern Ontario Outaouais Regional Council Communications ajansman@united-church.ca Or speak to Rev. Phyllis if you would like more information.



Christmas Word Scramble

- 1) dinerree _____
- 2) ttelomies _____
- 3) iadnoorscet _____
- 4) gongge _____
- 5) tedanv _____
- 6) capee _____
- 7) elinst _____
- 8) gotikcsn _____
- 9) nesldac _____
- 10) slelb _____
- 11) neptress _____
- 12) eltehhmeb _____

Answers on page 3.