

the merry Andrew



St. Andrew's United Church,
Nanaimo, B.C. October 2010

Allison Entertained

by Matt Hawkins



Allison Crowe showed her support for St. Andrew's "Catch the Spirit!" Capital Campaign, August 13, by presenting a benefit performance at the church. About 250 people attended the concert with all of the proceeds, about \$4,600, assisting in the church's efforts to raise \$750,000 for repairs and upgrades.

During the concert, Allison sang some of her oldies plus songs from her newest CD *Spiral*. Allison has performed at the church for the past 10 years and has always expressed, a much-appreciated interest, in helping restore the 117-year-old building. Allison is known for her charity work. She regularly donates all or portions of her ticket sales to a variety of her charities that she is most passionate about.

Following her appearance at St. Andrew's, Allison performed in Duncan and then flew home to Newfoundland. A European tour is planned for the fall. It's not often that a performer will make the type of commitment that Allison does and our heartfelt thanks go out to her. Our thanks also go out to the ladies of the church for providing the squares and treats that were very much appreciated by those in attendance and the Catering Committee for serving the desserts.

Seasons of the Spirit

by Heather Northrop

Sunday School is starting, with a new curriculum that offers something to all members of the congregation from 3 year olds up. The new curriculum is called "Seasons of the Spirit" (www.spiritseasons.com) We are off to a great start but are looking for more volunteers for 6 week blocks of ministry (tell your friend "Lets do it together".) We are supporting each other and having lots of fun. At the workshop we sang and danced with our new music from our Seasons of the Spirit Curriculum. We did a simple project with modeling clay, proving that anyone can do an art project. The clay was green since we are in the season of Pentecost. We were all amazed at how moving it is to reflect on the art (6 posters per season) that is part of the Season's curriculum. The art this season ranges from vibrant stained glass to colorful acrylics, a reclaimed landfill to an action sculpture.



We had a tour of the remodeled bathrooms, staircase and rooms for Sunday School. We feel we have a welcoming spiritual space for youth and children. Please come and visit us! The rooms are decorated with children's and youth paintings. Green paint was used to show 'growing with Gods love'.

Hopefully you hear our joyful noise, as we have Sunday School opening circle as a group in the hall with prayer, reflection, readings and music fun with the kids before we break off into our groups. We are looking forward to communion with the congregation and to the all-ages Thanksgiving Service. Please contact Heather Northrop 250-755-1537 if you would like to join us - whether for just one Sunday or six!

Sunday School at St. Andrew's in the 1930's

by Pauline E. Parkin

Rev. Percy Bunt was minister at St. Andrew's United Church from 1931-1939. (Later until 1957 he was Superintendent of Home Missions for BC.) Mr. Manson was Superintendent of the Sunday School. Miss Louise Jessup was Superintendent of the primary class when I started Sunday School in 1933 at age six. The classroom was located where we now have our Economy Shop. Our teachers were Isobel McRae, Mrs. Manson and Miss Jessup.

In 1936 I had just turned nine and our class was ready to move upstairs to the hall. On the first Sunday of September our class attended the 11:00 service for a very special ceremony. In those days the Sunday School was at 9 o'clock and we left before the Church Service began. I recall being in one of the rooms upstairs in the Church.

I do wish I had written out these notes when my memory was much clearer as I can only recall a few of the names of the girls in my class. I remember Hazel Caldwell, Isobel Leask and Margaret Naylor. I recall Lois Cartright in Sunday School but believe she was in another class.

When Mr. Manson retired as Superintendent, Mr. Doug Kirkbride took over, followed by Freda Spencer. At that time the Junior Choir sang at the morning service and the Senior Choir at the evening service. I would have loved to be in the choir and did try but at that time two were chosen, one girl and one boy, both with beautiful voices. We have also been blessed over the years with wonderful Ministers whom we will always remember.

P.S. I still have a copy of a Dec. 8, 1934 issue of a Sunday School paper called "Jewels: For the Little Ones", issued weekly by the United Church Publishing House in Toronto.

The Tale Of A Table

by Freda Spencer

My first meeting with this little table was when it was in the boardroom (top balcony above the washrooms) when it was spackled, the fad of the time. Next time I became aware of the table was when it became part of our C.G.I.T. room (middle room upstairs) when it had become blue, of course. I lost track of it for some years but I'm sure it was serving some good purpose somewhere in the building.

When the bell tower became my grade five boys Sunday school classroom I needed a worship centre and the little table became it. I don't recall the color, but I had it covered with a lovely hand embroidered grey silk cloth (a wedding present). The most the boys learned, I'm sure, is where their name came on the bell-ringing list. Two boys at a time to tug down on that big rope, ride it up, shimmy down and pull again. Twice during each class time!

I don't remember when the little table became green and arrived back downstairs. It was used here and there until it was needed in the sanctuary. Cecil and Vera Young took it home, where it was stripped of its many coats of paint, sanded, varnished, polished, returned to its true self, and put back in the sanctuary to serve yet again. For weddings it was rolled up to the front to hold the marriage register and plumed pen. Today, each Sunday morning it holds the hymn books, bulletins and offering plates. If only it could talk... what a tale it would tell.

Profile of Bert Ramsey

by Eva Manly

A new, media-savvy member of St Andrew's suggested that the church website should include a profile of our minister, Rev. Bert Ramsey. Here are some descriptions suggested by some folk at St Andrews United Church. You are invited to add your own words to this profile:

Bert Ramsey is:

Thought provoking, creative, funny, child-friendly, insightful, original, theologically & Biblically literate & articulate, surprising, outrageous, empathetic, humorous, caring, a listener, non-dogmatic, hardworking, committed, hilarious, humorously self-deprecating, a free spirit, vivacious, impish, full of life, a hoot, an irreverent reverend, filled with grace, defies description or categorization!

Because It is Right

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Cowardice asks the question - is it safe? Expediency asks the question - is it politic? Vanity asks the question - is it popular? But Conscience asks the question - is it right? And there comes a time when one must take a position that is neither safe, nor politic, nor popular, but one must take it because it is right.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

by Jim Manly

“Train children in the way they should go and when they are old they will not depart from it.” (Proverbs 22:6)

The Christian Church has always recognized the importance of educating children and young people in the faith. In earlier centuries much of this was done through catechism, where children would be asked questions and would give theologically correct answers that they had memorized. In our tradition the most well known of these was the Shorter Catechism of 1648 based on the Westminster Confession which set out established doctrine for the Presbyterian Church. For 250 years it was oatmeal for the souls of Scottish children sticking to their spiritual ribs, letting them know what they were to believe even when they didn't understand it.

Typical of the 107 questions and answers that children were expected to memorize and repeat verbatim are the following:

Wherein consists the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell?

The sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell, consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called Original Sin; together with all actual transgressions which proceed from it.

What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?

All mankind by their fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever.

A hundred years ago one of the teachers at the Alburni Residential School, where many children died of TB and other diseases, believed that it was most important for their souls that these children had memorized all of these questions and answers before their death.

Another method of educating children was through the use of stained glass windows in churches and woodcut illustrations in books. Many of these pictured God or Christ as an angry judge, ready to punish; Martin Luther testified how these images struck terror in his little soul.

The Sunday School movement began in 1780 when Robert Raikes, an English evangelical layman, began to teach poor children the three “R’s” as well as in the basics of Christian faith. He paid the teachers and, because Sunday was the only day when the children were not working, he held the schools on Sunday. Although the movement spread rapidly among Methodists and other non-Anglicans, some clergy objected because of the use of paid teachers on Sunday. Over time, religious education came to dominate the curriculum and volunteers took the place of paid teachers.

On the North American frontier of the 18th and early 19th centuries, many isolated hamlets and small villages did not have regular churches or trained clergy. Children's religious education was often hit and miss. In its place Camp Meetings and Revivals flourished. At these revivals, adolescents and young adults, facing all the natural urges of youth, heard vivid preaching about the sinfulness of their lives and the need for conversion if they wanted to avoid hell-fire. This often led to an extreme emotional crisis which was only resolved when they surrendered their lives to Christ and were “saved” or “born again.”

In 1847, Horace Bushnell, a Congregational minister in the States, published *Christian Nurture*, a groundbreaking book which argued that if children were brought up in a Christian home, surrounded by Christian influences, this kind of dramatic conversion should not be necessary. In one of his sermons he talked about children's instinct to imitate. “We begin our mortal experience, not with acts grounded in judgment or reason, or with ideas received through language, but by simple imitation, and under the guidance of this we lay the foundations. The child looks and listens, and whatsoever tone of feeling or manner of conduct is displayed around him, sinks into his plastic, passive soul, and becomes a mold of his being ever after... They watch us every moment in the family... and [although] we are conscious of exerting no influence over them they are drawing from us impressions and molds of habit” which influence them for the rest of their lives. Thinking like this profoundly changed the way we think about children's education and the way we organize our Sunday School lessons.

After World War II, the baby boom, combined with a high percentage of people who attended Church, led to crowded Sunday Schools and a mood of optimism about the future of the Church. But when cross-

Canada hearings were held to ask what should be in a new Sunday School curriculum, many lay-people replied, "Why ask us, what do we know about it?" The implication was that the Church had been asking people to teach children about Christianity without knowing its meaning for their own lives. They knew that in many ways their thinking about the faith was different from that of their parents or grandparents but were quite unsure what they themselves believed. In addition major changes in theology and in Biblical scholarship had opened a huge gap between the thinking of lay-people and of ministers.

As a result, the United Church launched the New Curriculum in 1962, beginning with the adult study book, *The Word and the Way* by Donald Mathers; this became an instant best seller with nearly 150,000 sold. This was followed by a series of adult study books that followed the curriculum's three year cycle of topics: God and His Purpose, Jesus Christ and the Christian Life, and The Church in the World. In place of the older lesson helps which many teachers had glanced at over Sunday morning breakfast, the new lesson plans for children of different ages demanded much more study and preparation by the teacher. In many ways this was both the strength and downfall of the New Curriculum. Although 95% of United Churches used the New Curriculum at first, difficulties of preparation as well as attacks by fundamentalists – both inside and outside the United Church—caused many Sunday Schools to fall away. Many a United Church minister had a rough time opposing popular David C. Cook material from the United States.

The mid-1960s also proved to be the high water mark for United Church membership and attendance at worship as well as for Sunday School enrollment. Today many United Churches have no Sunday School at all—and no children. Others that once had 200 or 300 are now thankful to have 20 or 30. But the most important question remains—not how to get more children into Sunday School, although that is also important, but how do we do an effective job of helping to prepare the children we do have for Christian living in the 21st century. Let us be thankful for the dedicated team that worked at this in the past few years and for the new team now stepping forward at St. Andrew's to take on one of our Church's greatest responsibilities.

My Life (Part 4)

by Helen Bain

(Helen Bain died this past June at the age of 92. Previous selections from her life story have told about her childhood. In this selection she tells a story about her mother that illustrates how strictly people were supposed to observe Sundays and another about how formal people were even with friends. Later there is an account of St. Andrew's in the 1920s.)

One Sunday after church, Mother had some unexpected company coming for dinner. So she decided (even though it was Sunday) she would make some biscuits. Somehow the back of the stove caught on fire and Mother couldn't put it out with salt. So she phoned the Fire Chief and told him to bring a fire extinguisher, and also to make no noise in the chief's car. It was Sunday! Well the Chief came and he nearly had a fit, but managed to get the fire out. He gave Mother a bawling out, saying the whole house could have burned down, (i.e., she should have called the Department - sirens and all) But Mother said, "After all, it's Sunday, and I just knew you could put it out". Later she told me she just knew one wasn't supposed to bake (work) on Sunday.

(The Murrays were close friends of Helen's mother and their daughter Jean was a good friend of Helen's.) We alternated Christmas dinner and New Year's dinner and of course saw them every Sunday at Church. Mr. Murray was an elder. Another widow, Mother and Alec and Janet Murray played cards a lot. One such time Jean and I were in the parlour or living room and Mother and the Murrays were in the dining room. Jean and I started talking about how after all those years her mom and dad called my mother Mrs. Taylor and my mother called them Mr. Murray and Mrs. Murray. Jean and I thought it was time and marched in and confronted them. Do you know they weren't even sure of each other's names! But they decided it was time to try. Mother started it by saying, "I'm Mabel." Mrs. Murray said, "I'm Janet." Mr. Murray said, "I'm Alec." Well they practiced for the rest of the evening. They were so embarrassed. Mother would say, "Please pass a card, Janet," and then laugh. Janet would say, "You're welcome Mabel," and giggle and Alec would do the same.

In 2006 our family had been a member of St. Andrew's Church for over 100 years. I am not sure when Dad arrived, but he was here in Nanaimo in 1906 when he resigned from the Ministry and was made Inspector of Fisheries for the West Coast. He preached, when needed, until he died in 1930. He was also Superintendent of the Sunday School. Mother was "super" of the primary department. There were over 30 children, as nearly all the children in Nanaimo went to some Sunday School. The Church hall had to be enlarged. There were seven rooms, the stage, ladies' parlour, and in the Church itself the balcony had two rooms. I remember even teaching a class (I was 17) in the small bell tower. We were overflowing into the Church itself.

I was not allowed to do anything on Sunday except read my Sunday School paper. The house was a block from the beach but I couldn't swim unless we were camping because I might be a bad example. The wood for the fireplace had to be ready on Saturday. No baking done on Sunday. We had a pantry, so Mother had an emergency shelf because we never knew when Dad would invite people for dinner or lunch. Our Church picnics were spent on Newcastle Island.

There were two choirs - 35 in the junior choir and a full senior choir. The junior choir was part of the a.m. service and the senior choir was at the p.m. service. The junior choir under the leadership of Andrew Dunsmore received many awards in festivals. I was seven when the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches joined to make the United Church of Canada. I used to go down the street to a [Methodist] service once in a while. I liked their hymns, especially "Bringing In the Sheaves" and another about the animals going into the ark two by two. Their hymns seemed to be more lively than ours. [Church} Union broke up many friendships. I was shocked when Mr. Coburn or Dad got up to speak. A few booed them. Some of the die-hard Presbyterians were so bitter.

When I was a baby, Dad went to Church in the morning for the 11 o'clock service and Mother went to Church in the evening for the 7:00 o'clock service. I was about four when I attended both services. Our pew had a pole from the balcony and I would lean against it and fall asleep. I knew I could not be or act restless. Altogether there were about 300 members. The place was packed, with every room used.

In the morning service there was a man who sat near the front who was quite deaf, but he loved to sing. Most times he would be a line behind. So the organist and members would wait until he caught up. It made church interesting for the kids.

Another interesting man, who sat in the front of the middle aisle, had been in the war. He would go crazy if anyone mentioned the Holy Ghost. The kids would just wait to see if the minister would make a mistake but our ministers were pretty careful and said Holy Spirit. One Sunday, I remember clearly, the visiting minister hadn't been told and he said Holy Ghost. Well, the man jumped up, waving his arms and shouting. Of course the ushers knew what would happen and they rushed to his side and helped him out to the street to reassure and comfort him.

World War II Talent Show

Another memory I have of St. Andrew's United Church was during World War 2 when there was a training camp for the soldiers in Nanaimo. I do not recall who came up with the idea but for quite a while a "Talent Show" was held in our Church for the soldiers.

My Mom and I used to attend the event and always sat upstairs in the balcony. One young soldier I will always remember played the "Musical Saw" and you cannot believe the sound he could create. He ended the music on a very high note by bending the saw until it reached the correct sound and then gave us such a wonderful smile. (Of course he won the hearts of the audience and I might add he won the contest several times.)

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Submitted by Alida Thomson

*After the baptism of his baby brother, Jason sobbed all the way home in the back seat of the car. Three times the father asked what was wrong; finally Jason replied, "That preacher said he wanted us brought up in a Christian home, but I wanted to stay with you guys."

*Miss Carter was preparing the kindergarten class for a special Church Service. "And why do we have to be quiet in the Church?" she asked. Mary stuck up her hand, "I know! I know! It's because people are sleeping."

*Mrs. Jones was making pancakes for breakfast and Jason, age 5 was arguing with Ryan, age 3, over who would get the first pancake. Seeing the opportunity for a moral lesson, Mrs. Jones said, "If Jesus were sitting here, He would say, 'Let my brother have the first pancake, I can wait.'" Kevin turned to his younger brother and said, "Ryan, you be Jesus!"

*Mr. Wand was over at Long Beach with his children when four-year-old Johnny grabbed his hand and led him to the place where a seagull lay dead in the sand. "Daddy, what happened to him?" Mr. Wand replied, "He died and went to Heaven." Johnny thought about this for a moment and then asked, "Did God throw him back down?"

*After the Church Service, Albert said to Mr. Bulstrode, the minister, "When I grow up and get rich, I'm going to give you some money." "Well, thank you very much," Mr. Bulstrode answered, "but why?" "Because my Dad says you're the poorest preacher we've ever had."

*One Sunday at St. Andrew's in Aikenhead, a very proper Church, Donnie Williams was acting up during the service. Mr. And Mrs. Williams did their best to maintain some sense of order but were losing the battle. Finally Mr. Williams picked Donnie up and walked sternly up the aisle on the way to the Hall. Just before reaching the door, Donnie called loudly to the congregation, "Pray for me! Pray for me!"

*Rev. Mr. Siggins, a fiery preacher was wired for sound with a lapel mike; as he became more and more fervent in his preaching, he moved around the chancel, jerking the mike cord as he went. Then he moved to one side, getting wound up in the cord and nearly tripping before jerking it again. After several circles and jerks, three-year-old Millie Radin leaned to her mother and whispered, "If he gets loose, will he hurt us?"

Blessing

adapted from Max Coots

After the words, a quiet;

After the songs, a silence;

After the crowd only the memory recalls the gathering.

Peace and justice have need of you after the words, the music and the gathering.

May you have the depth for dedication to justice.

May you have the will to be an advocate of peace.

Blessed be and Amen.

Hoof And Mouth Disease

by Janet Spares

My high school years were spent in Gimli, Manitoba. My family and I lived on the air force base where my father was stationed, back in the fifties. That was the time when many cattle were being destroyed in Alberta because of hoof and mouth disease. In our local paper, there was a report of a medical miracle. Two young air force brats had contracted the deadly disease and had survived. The article went on to wonder why the government did not send the miracle workers at Gimli air force base out to Alberta to try and save some of the cattle.

I spent a lot of time on the base itself at the recreation centre. One afternoon, a fellow student did a cannonball 'dive' into the pool choose behind me to surprise me. I kicked out to start a lap around the pool not knowing he was descending behind me. My big toe struck him in the mouth. I turned in time to see him lifting himself out of the pool and holding his mouth, with blood showing between his fingers. Turned out his gum had been split open by the impact. Then the lifeguard noticed a strange discolouring floating up around me. It was coming from between my toes.

We were both taken across to the infirmary. It was then discovered my foot was split open between my toes. "Cannonball Billy" had a loose tooth. My injury could not be stitched up because of it's location, so the doctor wrapped the two toes together to let the healing begin. In Billy's case, the doctor told him not to do any chewing for a few days, to give his tooth a chance to tighten up, and he probably would not lose it if he was careful.

But, although I was soon able to move my toes again, and Billy did not lose his tooth, he was to be renamed again a few weeks later, after a local flower. We were walking home from the school bus stop, when I let fly at him a big icy wet snowball. It was one of those rare days in Manitoba, when you could make snowballs, and all of us were taking full advantage of the unexpected treat. Billy had his back turned to me at that moment. When I realized the frosty missile was going to hit him square in the back of the head, I yelled at him to duck. Instead of doing that, he turned around to look at me, and he got it right on the bridge of his nose. 'Black eyed Billy' was a long time living that down.

Memoirs (part 3)

by Norm Bunnin

(In previous selections Norm told of his arrival and first jobs in Canada and of the earliest days of WW II. Part 3 continues with experiences during the Battle of Britain)

We went by train to Borden, which is part of the Aldershot Army Area, and were accommodated in Guadeloupe Barracks, a series of Nissen huts with iron beds, equipped with biscuits—these are mini mattresses the width of the bed and about four inches thick. I believe there were three to the bed, and as unyielding as about 100 years of hard use could make them. I forget how many beds to the hut, but certainly too many for the warmth that was given off by a small coal stove at the end. The winter of 1939/40 was not a very warm one. Guadeloupe Barracks dated back to the Boer War. There was a lot of parade bashing and of course the usual guard duties. Things were relatively peaceful and quiet in those “Phony War Days.”

Before the winter was out we were ousted from Guadeloupe Barracks and conveyed to Woodstock in Oxfordshire where we were allotted an area inside the walls of Blenheim Palace —it was here that we had no shelter or heat until at last our canvas arrived. We fortunately had an old circus roustabout in our unit, and he gave several days of instructions on the erection of canvas. Several of our tents had double roofs or double walls for hospital wards, operating rooms, etc., and when we got our tents up we were so happy as we had been sleeping on ground sheets with no cover.

Our next move was to the grounds of the City of London Schools at Ashtead; this was a well-treed area inside a high brick wall. Unfortunately it was Jerry’s flight path for London. By now the air war was well advanced and we soon got used to sleeping in the raids, which were almost incessant. We had several bombs dropped within our unit lines, and the chalk that was thrown up stuck to the tree trunks and was quite spooky at night. I had my orderly room tent close to the gate and one night we heard a stick of bombs explode in rapid succession. In the morning, Traptow, one of my clerks, and I walked across the road to see what damage had been done. There was no damage, but if there had been one more stick it would have been right on the OR tent. We paced the

distances between the shell holes and thought how lucky we were.

While at Ashtead the town itself suffered a bad air raid. It was a single “landmine,” which is a 45-gallon barrel of explosives with a detonator on the end of a broomstick inserted in the middle. The explosive force is therefore spread laterally since the end of the broomstick is the first to make contact. The one landmine destroyed about 100 houses and made another 200 uninhabitable. It was the most significant explosion I had ever witnessed—it first knocked me out of my sleeping bag, then nearly blew the tent down, before I heard the bang.

The ceilings of the “Leg of Mutton and Cauliflower” (our favourite watering hole) came down; there was not a window in the place, but the day after by evening the place was full of its customary habituées, some with bandages, some with splints and sticky plasters aplenty, enquiring after their pals and telling us who had bought it and who was in hospital, etc. The spirit and courage was heartening to us all, particularly when we realized that this had been going on for some time.

Our next place of abode was “Pixholm Court,” a beautiful mansion at the foot of Boxhill, right under the north downs. The Court was used as a hospital and we were accommodated in some Nissen huts in a field at the rear. My orderly room was in a prefab wooden building on the driveway and a lot of significant things happened there.

I had been reading up on medical documentation and had set up systems for the keeping of records. This had come to the attention of Brigadier Linton, the Direction of Medical Services (DMS). He sent me one or two majors who were to be Registrars of Hospitals and wanted me to give them a short course in Medical Documentation. I felt foolish, a sergeant giving instruction to majors, but Brigadier Linton was very pleased and wanted me to go to the Officer Cadet Training Unit (OCTU). I told him I would sooner stay with my pals, but about a couple of months later he insisted on sending me to Cdn. OCTU at Borden.

So back to Borden again but this time to a very fine brick building (quite a contrast from Guadeloupe Barracks). The course was not too long and was all spit and polish with plenty of parade bashing, but when I looked at it and compared it with my

experience at British OCTO, it was a piece of cake, with very little increase in knowledge.

Having graduated from Canadian OCTU I was given two pips (full Lieutenant) and was told I was to be the paymaster of the Edmonton Regiment. This, however, never came about. While on the customary seven days leave given when finishing a course, I was asked if I would go to Ordnance. Naturally I wanted to know what was involved and what was in it for me, the sum of it was that I would go on a six-week course at British OCTU and was told that promotions in Ordnance were rapid, so I agreed and was sent to Foremark Mall at Repton in Derbyshire in the snow, it being wintertime.

This OCTU was an entirely different kettle of fish from Cdn. OCTU. There was very little spit and polish but classes were continuous on many subjects related to the world of Ordnance Corps. I was qualified as an ammunitions examiner and in various other areas that I later found of great benefit.

The course was no sinecure in other ways than academically; 5:30 a.m. saw us out on the parade square in singlets, shorts and boots in the snow, and this was frequently after guard duty, which was four hours on and four hours off.

After graduation I was sent to the Ordnance Holding Unit, at Borden again. There was nothing much to do here, but the O.C. (Officer in Charge) was a stickler for protocol; we had to dress for mess and all things were done by the book. Thank goodness my time here was short and I was pleased to be posted to the newly formed Canadian Base Ordnance Depot (Cdn. BOD).

Pakistan and Haiti Appeals

(Info from the United Church website and Mandate)

The United Church will receive donations to its ***Pakistan Emergency Response Fund*** to be used by the ACT Alliance, a global network of 100 churches and church-related organizations that work together to provide humanitarian assistance and long-term development. The federal government has announced that it will continue its program of doubling all charitable donations till October 3.

ACT members in Pakistan are working diligently to deliver assistance including food, water, tents, kitchen kits, hygiene kits, mosquito nets, and emergency medical care. Gary Kenny, The United Church Program Coordinator for Emergency

Response, says delivering aid to the affected communities is extremely difficult, because they are in mountainous, remote, and hard-to-reach regions. Nonetheless Kenny says he's confident that the initial emergency funds the United Church has sent-\$65,000 from emergency relief funds and \$75,000 through its membership in the Canadian Foodgrains Bank-has reached or will soon reach communities in need.

"Patience, ongoing consultation, and careful planning and monitoring are critical requirements in responding effectively to a humanitarian crisis as complex as that currently unfolding in Pakistan," says Kenny. Individuals can contribute to the United Church's Pakistan appeal either through their local congregations or directly to the:

United Church of Canada
3250 Bloor St. West,
Suite 300,
Toronto, ON M8X 2Y4.

Cheques should be made payable to The United Church of Canada and marked "Pakistan Flood Relief." Online donations can also be made at www.united-church.ca/pakistan.

In the earlier 2010 appeal for victims of ***Haiti's disastrous earthquake***, United Church people had contributed nearly \$2.8 million by the end of April. So far, these funds, also distributed through ACT, have supported projects for transitional shelters, permanent housing, water and sanitation facilities, agricultural recovery initiatives and trauma counseling. Jim Hodgson, the United Church regional program coordinator, said "Troubling stories of suffering and death in Haiti have been with us for a long time, but the earthquake... has focused our attention on the ***staggering new need for immediate relief and long term restoration. Haitians will need our ongoing help for a long time.***"

Post Sunday School Education

By Eva Manly

Sunday School is an important time of learning for many children. As we grow older we need to continue our learning. As some have said, "If you are no longer learning you are already dead".

Some learning is difficult because it involves unlearning "facts" that have turned out to be inaccurate and misleading. For example, those of us who were taught to believe that the churches were doing the right thing in providing education for 1st Nations children through Residential Schools have

been engaged in painful unlearning & re-education. And we are called to act – to work toward Truth and Reconciliation

The past few years have been a time of other difficult relearning. Many of our teachers are what I think of as the contemporary Jewish Prophets whose books we have been reading and some of whom we have heard speak. From them we are unlearning one version of history and learning a more accurate one. Many of these prophets are no more popular than those of ancient Israel in their day.

They bring disturbing news that does not fit our preconceived ideas. Some of them tell their own stories of unlearning their own history and gaining a new understanding.

For many of them this was and continues to be a very painful process because it involves a changed sense of identity and a call to speak out the painful truth they have discovered through reading, through personal experience and through engagement & action.

One such person is **Dr Alice Rothchild** an American doctor (gynecology & obstetrics) who has gone to Israel/Palestine numerous times to work with doctors there. Her book ***Broken Promises Broken Dreams*** is both a personal memoir and the stories of the people she met and worked with. Dr Rothchild spoke in Nanaimo in the spring and 2 copies of her book are available at the public library.

Jeff Halper went to Israel as a young man and became an Israeli citizen as all Jews are entitled to do. After finishing his studies he became a professor of Anthropology. His book ***An Israeli in Palestine*** tells the story of his own growing awareness of the true history of his country and the realities of Palestinian life. He is a founding member of the Israeli Committee to End House Demolitions. His book is both personal memoir and a history of Israel/Palestine.

While reading has been an important part of our unlearning & learning process, more important is meeting and working with members of the Jewish community together with whom we, and others, have formed a group called Mid-Islanders for Justice & Peace in the Middle East. Their presence in our community is a gift we celebrate as we learn to work together for justice and peace.

United Church General Council also recognizes that the unjust treatment of Palestinians demands our

response and has called on congregations like ours to study, talk and pray about this situation and then to take appropriate action including boycott.

We are called to discussion and dialogue about an issue that may not be to our liking.

Truth and Reconciliation: **The Importance of Language**

by Bill Jamieson

Following the first national Truth and Reconciliation event June 16-19 in Winnipeg, Bill Jamieson of Beausoleil First Nation shared his impressions: The event showed “how important language, a traditional belief system, as well as culture are to a people. The identity of a people, thus a Nation, is identifiable by the language spoken, common beliefs, and shared values and history, which ultimately have a bearing on how they live. You take away these root factors of a particular group, you are basically left without an identity. I can only imagine what the residential school system did to so many young people when their identity was taken away. It was apparent in Winnipeg that so few use their language. So many English-speaking First Nations citizens seemed drawn to traditional ceremonies as if in response to a calling, almost like a pilgrimage, a search for their identity through a return to these core elements of language, lifestyle, and traditional practices.”

A Nod to Ourselves – and to Lantzville Rotary

By Richard Zurbrigg

Recently St. Andrew's held a very successful Book Sale and Salmon BBQ, raising over \$1,000 for the *Catch The Spirit!* campaign. Many of our congregation contributed books, salmon and elbow grease – and worked long hours to make the event successful. Our over-worked catering committee once more rose to the occasion, getting city approval, begging and borrowing tents, and obtained free use of the Rotary Club of Lantzville's commercial BBQ.

I like to call Rotary my “secular church” in that its membership is open to people of all beliefs, genders and ethnicities. It focuses on service to community, country and the world, espousing its “4-way test”:

“Of the things we think, say or do: Is it the truth? Is it fair to all concerned? Will it build goodwill and better friendships? Will it be beneficial to all concerned?” Sounds like the “Golden Rule” to me!

Images of Moorecroft

