

NEWS

Have I Got e- for You!



News from the Communities in and around the
Old Barns and Hilden United Churches



No 23

February 2023

Message from Your Editor

Valentine's Day is nearly upon us and thoughts turn to cards, chocolate, roses – it is also a time to think about love and there are many kinds – romantic love but also love of self, love of family, love of friends, love of humankind.

George Eliot said, "A friend is one to whom one may pour out the contents of one's heart, chaff and grain together, knowing that gentle hands will take and sift it, keep what is worth keeping, and with a breath of kindness, blow the rest away."

Ecclesiastes 4: 9 – 10 on the Value of a Friend

"Two are better than one because they have a good reward for their toil. For if they fall, one will lift up the other, but woe to one who is alone and falls and does not have another to help."

Many words are attached to friendship – trustworthiness, intimacy, confidence, integrity, equality, compassion, honesty, loyalty, supportive, truthfulness, encouragement, tolerance – the list could go on.

It is never too late to endeavor to repair broken friendships or to forge new ones. As we look back over the history of our country, those that came before us rejected and trampled the many offers of friendship from the First Peoples on what we call Canada. We are not responsible for their actions but we are responsible to repair what was broken and to make our country stronger by working together, standing shoulder to shoulder with Aboriginals, to treat each other with respect and all the words of friendship. "Oqote'tu" – Friends!

"There can be no friendship without confidence and no confidence without integrity." – Samuel Johnson

~ Leslie



Good Bye, Dear Friends



Hazel Elaine (Crowe) Reader
May 27, 1947 – December 2, 2022
Hilden



Joy Patricia (Lewis) Mann
May 3, 1934 – December 26, 2022
Truro (formerly Hilden)

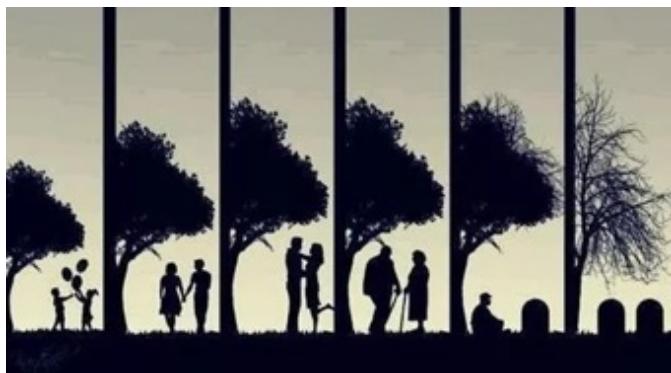
Sympathy is extended to those community members who have lost family and friends from within and outside our communities.

Always missed, forever remembered.

Welcome Baby



Grace Louise Alexander
Born November 9, 2022
Parents: Catherine & Kevin
Sister: Tessa
Grandparents: Leslie & Jim Burrows



“Only put off until tomorrow what you are willing to die having left undone.”

~ Pablo Picasso ~

Happy Days!

80 + Birthdays:

April – Beth Saunders, Janet Kent
 May – Millie McKim, Colie Brenton



50 + Anniversaries:

April – Merle & Carol Collins

Up-Coming Lent/Easier Services in Old Barns and Hilden

February 22 – Ash Wednesday

Pre-Taped and available on website

February 22 – April 8 – Season of Lent

April 2 – Palm/Passion Sunday

9:30 a.m. in Old Barns; 11:00 a.m. in Hilden

April 6 – Maundy Thursday

7:00 p.m. in Hilden

April 7 – Good Friday

2:00 p.m. in Hilden

April 9 – Easter Sunday

9:30 a.m. in Hilden; 11:00 a.m. in Old Barns



Information about our churches and when our services are can be found on our website. Most Sundays, the Old Barns services are either live-streamed or taped and can also be found on the Charge website:

cliftonpastoralcharge.ca

Old Barns Library

Beckie Burrows, Librarian

New books in the Old Barns Library

Good Courage: Daily Reflections on Hope

Edited by: Alydia Smith

Good Courage aims to inspire with honest testimonies from people who have had the courage to follow their hearts, to hope against hope, and to faithfully work towards a better world. In these pages, find comfort with examples of practical and courageous hope in the midst of despair, and accept the challenge to deepen your theological understanding of hope, resurrection, and new life.

Annie Ruth's Truths

by: David Sharp

Annie Ruth, having been raised by parents who sharecropped and lived on the same land in Mississippi where earlier relatives were slaves, took in the culture and communication style she heard around her – a style that was humorous and instructive, pointed and playful, serious and serendipitous. She then married it to her own precocious personality.

Rarely do we see in print the wisdom and wit of Christian African-American female elders. These expressions are a creative response to the soul challenges of rural country life lived in the American Deep South.

Annie Ruth, now in her mid 80s, still amuses and guides anyone within earshot with her quick-witted takes on daily living. But her words are not meant just for entertainment. They are meant to inspire, and to wake people up to themselves so that they can be better people.

No one is above her guidance. As the wife of a Presbyterian pastor in Atlanta, Georgia, Annie Ruth found herself in settings ranging from high-powered politics and the wealthy to the marginalized and homeless. She speaks her truth to her family and friends, to those lacking ambition and to those with perhaps too much.

Even today, no matter where she goes, Annie Ruth's "truths" are always at the ready – even if the targets of her zingers are not.

Beloved: Being Gay and Christian

by: Donald Schmidt

Successful author and pastor Donald Schmidt shares his life journey as a gay man deeply committed to his Christian faith and ministry – no matter what. Because it wasn't easy. Although many denominations today welcome gay candidates into ministry, it wasn't like that in the early 1980s when Schmidt entered seminary at McGill University in Montreal. Homophobia was prevalent in the church and made even worse as the terror of a new illness, AIDS, gripped society. With amazing honesty, Schmidt tells about it all – the questioning, the fear, the stigma, the anger, the defiance, the heartbreak, the struggle to live his life and ministry with integrity.

If the church has come a long way since the 1980s, if it has grown and matured and evolved to value its lgbtq+ members and ministers, it must surely be due to the faith and extraordinary perseverance of those who were the first to come out and lay claim to their inheritance as beloved children of God.

A Women's Lectionary for the Whole Church Year W

by: Wilda Gafney

What would it look like if women built a lectionary focusing on women's stories? What does it look like to tell the good news through the stories of women who are often on the margins of scripture and often set up to represent bad news? How would a lectionary centering women's stories, chosen with womanist and feminist commitments in mind, frame the presentation of the scriptures for proclamation and teaching?

The scriptures are androcentric, male-focused, as is the lectionary that is dependent upon them. As a result, many congregants know only the biblical men's stories told in the Sunday lectionary read in their churches. A more expansive, more inclusive lectionary will remedy that by introducing readers and hearers of scripture to "women's stories" in the scriptures.

A Women's Lectionary for the Whole Church, when completed, will be a three-year lectionary accompanied by a stand-alone single year lectionary, Year W, that covers all four gospels.

First Nations Version: An Indigenous Translation of the New Testament

The FNV is a dynamic equivalence translation of the New Testament that captures the simplicity, clarity, and beauty of Native storytellers in English, while remaining faithful to the original language of the Bible. The culmination of a rigorous five-year translation process, this new Bible translation is a collaboration between organizations like OneBook and Wycliffe Associates, Indigenous North Americans from over twenty-five different tribes, and a translation council that consisted of twelve Native North American elders, pastors, young adults, and men and women from different tribes and diverse geographic locations. Whether you are Native or not, you will experience the Scriptures in a fresh and new way.

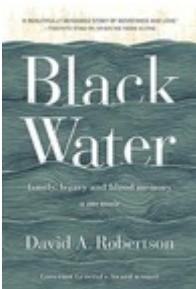
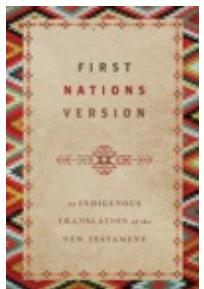
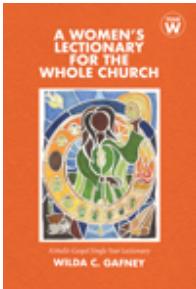
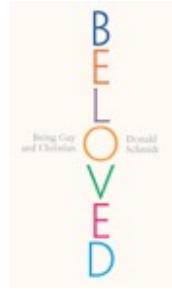
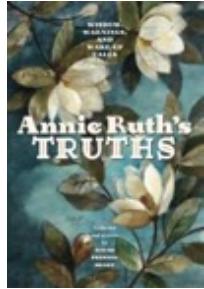
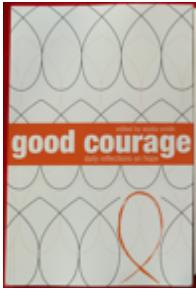
Black Water

by: David Robertson

The son of a Cree father and a white mother, David A. Robertson grew up with virtually no awareness of his Indigenous roots. His father, Dulas—or Don, as he became known—lived on the trapline in the bush in Manitoba, only to be transplanted permanently to a house on the reserve, where he couldn't speak his language, Swampy Cree, in school with his friends unless in secret. David's mother, Beverly, grew up in a small Manitoba town that had no Indigenous people until Don arrived as the new United Church minister. They married and had three sons, whom they raised unconnected to their Indigenous history.

David grew up without his father's teachings or any knowledge of his early experiences. All he had was "blood memory": the pieces of his identity ingrained in the fabric of his DNA, pieces that he has spent a lifetime putting together. It has been the journey of a young man becoming closer to who he is, who his father is and who they are together, culminating in a trip back to the trapline to reclaim their connection to the land.

Black Water is a memoir about intergenerational trauma and healing, about connection and about how Don's life informed David's own. Facing up to a story nearly erased by the designs of history, father and son journey together back to the trapline at Black Water and through the past to create a new future.



Hilden Events

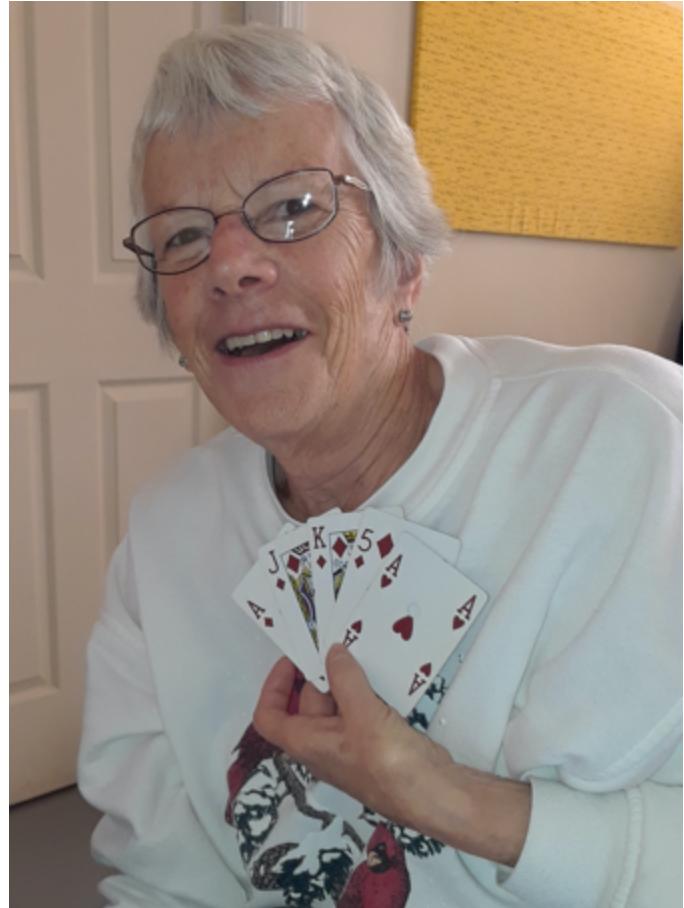


Back after Covid Hiatus

Hilden Community Tree Lighting

This is light for the Advent Season each year at the Hilden church parking lot.

Many adults and children turned out to see it lit followed by a carol sing, hot chocolate and sweet bag for children from Santa himself.



Surprises Abound

One never knows when good luck can occur as Arlene shows off her perfect "45's" hand. Go girl go, hope you bet 30 for 60 on that one!

Cards and Games Days have been held for many years now. Presently with 10 to 14 socializing and enjoying themselves twice monthly. New faces are always welcome to join us.



Entrance to Reception following Celebration of Life for Hazel Reader.

Old Barns Events



These two pictures are from the December 2nd **Clifton Family Christmas Concert** with Hwy 236 and Friends.

Reg Henderson with Garry Matthews and Laurie Sandeson.



The Ladies from Old Barns and Hilden UCW (across and below)



UCW Christmas Gathering – December 7th



Valerie Kennedy leading worship time



Happy 90th Birthday to Jean Burris who celebrated her February 2nd birthday at an Open House on the 5th. Jean is shown here with her three great-grandchildren



Congratulations



Games Day in Old Barns – February 7th



Great gathering at the church for the first Cards and Games Day with ten people playing crib and backgammon.

Thank you to Gordie and Barb for hosting this event.

Queen Elizabeth II's Platinum Jubilee Medal Recipient Jacqueline Hoyt with Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Loretta Robichaud.

Prior to her passing, Her Late Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, approved the creation of a commemorative medal to mark the 70th anniversary of Her accession to the Throne as Queen of Canada. The Queen Elizabeth II's Platinum Jubilee Medal is being awarded to 5,000 residents of Nova Scotia who have made a significant contribution to Canada, Nova Scotian, their communities, or fellow citizens.

Jacqueline demonstrated exceptional qualities and outstanding service to our Province in the field of public service and was nominated by her leaders to receive this honour as a lasting recognition of her dedication and service.





David McCurdy (front) with his Dalhousie University team mates after winning the Bronze medal at the 2023 World University Winter Games in Lake Placid, NY.

With the help of their host family (Laurie and Mike Sandeson), they were able to acquire Social Insurance Numbers, NS Driver's Licenses, Bank Accounts, mandatory medical examinations and visits with school guidance counsellors all within the first few weeks of arriving in Lower Truro.

After borrowing a car from the Sandeson's for the first three months, they purchased their own vehicle. Yuliia secured full-time employment as a cleaner at Wynn Park Villa and Roman is employed by McCarthy Roofing. Kateryna started to work at Tim Hortons at the end of June and continues to work there part-time. She is a Grade 10 student at CEC and her younger sister, Lera, is in Grade 7 at Central Colchester Junior High. Lera also joined the school basketball team.

The family continues to reside with Mike and Laurie – they were told they could stay up to a year thereby giving them some stability (and put some money aside for future accommodation's costs).

As spring time nears, they will be looking for more permanent living arrangements. If anybody hears of potential house or apartment rental opportunities, please let Laurie know and she can pass along to the Burakov family.



It's been about one year since the war broke out in Ukraine. While this tragedy turned things upside down for families fleeing their war-torn country, there have been many silver linings along the way.

The Burakov family has been a blessing for our community and for the many people who have come to know Yuliia, Roman, Kateryna and Lera. They are very grateful for all the care and support given to them since their arrival on June 21, 2022.

The purpose of life is not to be happy.

*It is to be useful,
To be honourable,
To be compassionate,
To have it make some difference
That you have lived and live well.*

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson ~



Picture Credits: Leslie Burrows, Catherine Burrows, Sylvia Patterson, Jenna Burris, Gordie Miller, Jacqueline Yuill, Andrew McCurdy, Laurie Sandeson

Mark Your Calendars

April 2nd from 11:30 a.m. – 1:30 p.m.

Pancake Brunch

The Old Barns Board of Stewards and Trustees along with the Clifton 4H Club will be hosting a Pancake Brunch at the Old Barns United Church.

Menu includes pancakes, sausage, baked beans, biscuits, and beverage.

Adults	\$12.00
Age 7 & under	\$ 8.00

Live Entertainment by Highway 236.



May 12th – **Spring Concert** with Highway 236
Along with an Auction

Watch for more details.



A Canadian Winter (from internet)

February 7/14/21/28 (Tuesdays)
9:30 – 11:30 a.m.

Cards and Games in the Russell Room
at the Old Barns church.
Everyone welcome.

Organized by Gordie & Barb, they will bring cards and a couple of other games, if you have a favorite game feel free to bring it along.

Warm cider will be provided, please bring your own mug. If you prefer another beverage, feel free to bring it along in your mug.

Any questions, call 902-895-6833 (the Millers).

*As we grow older,
Real beauty travels from the face to the heart,
Appeal turns to charm,
Hurt to wisdom,
And great moments to shared memories,
The true beauty of life
Is not how happy you are now,
But how happy others are
Because of you.*

~ Unknown ~

Porridge

submitted by: Jim Burrows

I just finished reading a chapter about porridge in Gary Saunders latest book, *Earth Keeping*. Porridge was a mainstay of the breakfast diet a couple of generations ago. I never liked porridge. A few years ago, I realized there was a good reason for my dislike. To understand this one need to understand mornings in the Burrows household of the early 1960's.

My father was the first to rise in the morning, get the stove and furnace fires burning and prepare his breakfast. Being a diabetic, he always ate breakfast before leaving the house to milk the cows. Dad made the porridge. Once the porridge was ready, he served himself a bowl and moved the pot to the side of the stove.

For people used to controlling the heat under a pot by using a dial that sets the heat from low to high, they need to understand a wood stove works differently. High heat is over the wood fire box. How high depends on the state of the fire. The further you get from the fire box the less heat. If you wish to keep something warm move it to the side of the stove away from the fire box.

Mom was next up. She slides the pot back over the firebox and heats the porridge. Serves herself a bowl and slides the pot to the side of the stove.

Next up, my two brothers and sister. My brothers slide the pot back over the fire box, and serve themselves porridge. When my sister arrived downstairs, the pot may still be boiling over the fire box or may have been slid to the side of the stove. She gets her porridge and slides the pot to the side of the stove. Porridge, unlike maple sap, does not improve the more it is boiled.

Being the youngest, I was last out of bed. Probably an hour and a half or more after my father. The pot was reheated and scraped into a bowl for my breakfast. Need I say more!!

The other possible effect of this was that my sister hated doing dishes. Doing the breakfast dishes was her job. Cleaning that porridge pot every morning gives her good reason for avoiding doing dishes.



Change the Way You See

I don't have crow's feet,
I have happy, happy memories of laughing
with friends until the tears flowed.
I don't have frown lines,
I have marks of my frustration and
confusion, which I battled through, smiling in
the end.
I am not going grey,
I have shimmering highlights of wisdom,
dashed throughout my silver hair.
I don't have scars,
I have symbols of the strength I was able to
find, when life got tough.
I don't have stretch marks,
I have marks of growth and the marks of
motherhood. My womanly evolution.
I am not fat.
I bear the evidence of a life filled with
abundance, blessings and good times.
I am not just forgetful.
I have a mind so full of stories, memories
and moments there us scarce room to hold
much else.
I am not old.
I am blessed, with a life of great length,
something not everyone can say.
Don't change the way you look, my friend,
Change the way you see.

~ Donna Ashworth ~

The Daffodils

submitted by Cathy Vallis

One of my favourite poems. I can see those daffodils in my mind. Guernsey was a premier producer of early daffodils in its past and some of the fields were still in existence when I was a child. One field I remember in particular was on a road that had the reservoir to the left of the road and a field of yellow daffodils and the sea as its backdrop to the right.



*I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*

*Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch's in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.*

*The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could but not be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:*

*For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.*

~ William Wordsworth ~

My Cup Has Overflowed

I've never made a fortune, and it's probably too late now.

*But I don't worry about that much, I'm happy anyhow
And as I go along life's way,
I'm reaping better than I sowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer,
Cause my cup has overflowed.*

*Haven't got a lot of riches,
and sometimes the going's tough
But I've got loving ones all around me,
and that makes me rich enough.
I thank God for his blessings,
and the mercies He's bestowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer,
Cause my cup has overflowed.*

*I remember times when things went wrong,
My faith wore somewhat thin.
But all at once the dark clouds broke,
and the sun peeped through again.
So Lord, help me not to gripe,
about the tough rows I have hoed.
I'm drinking from my saucer,
Cause my cup has overflowed.*

*If God gives me strength and courage,
When the way grows steep and rough.
I'll not ask for other blessings,
I'm already blessed enough.
And may I never be too busy,
to help others bear their loads.
Then I'll keep drinking from my saucer,
Cause my cup has overflowed.*

~ John Paul Moore ~

