

# **The Harcourt Herald March 2023**

The Harcourt United Church Community





## ***Harcourt Memorial United Church***

An Affirming Congregation of the United Church of Canada

We are a people of God called together and sent forth by Christ to... **Seek. Connect. Act.**

**Our Mission:** Inspired by the Spirit, we participate in Christian practices that strengthen us in the building of just, compassionate and non-violent relationships.

**Our Vision Statement:** To be an authentic community of spiritual growth and service.

**Our Core Values:** Risk... Respect... Responsibility... Vulnerability... Trust

**Our Purpose:** To welcome and strengthen in community all who wish to serve God and follow the way of Jesus

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## From the Editor's Desk

Right now it does not look very much like a beginning of Spring - Growth and Renewal. Too much snow, too cold, not much sun. However...

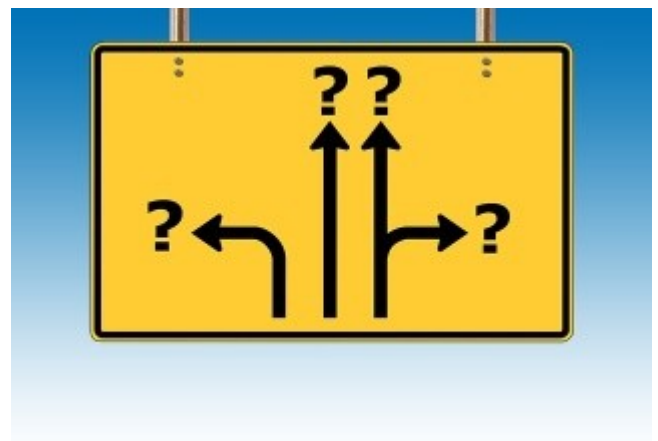


We all know Spring is just around the corner; so let's stay positive.

I personally need to stay positive too, as I am awaiting (soon, hopefully) surgery to fix an aneurysm. The timing of the operation may affect the Herald a bit, but we'll deal with that when the time comes. I do so enjoy collecting all the ideas, stories and thoughts you faithfully submit each month.

But on a more general note, I am starting to wonder in which direction this monthly community magazine should evolve.

What do you expect from the Herald?



## Letters to the Editor.

Good morning Marion:

My hat is off to you and your team, for the recent issue of the Harcourt Herald. Very moving and sensitive topics were revealed and handled so well.

Thank you,  
Larry [Smith]

Hi, Marion.

Thank you so much for encouraging me to write. I also love reading the stories of others in our church. It is definitely the new window for me to see the people and the world. Thank you!

Blessing  
Holly [Hue]

## March 2023 by Reverend Kate Ballagh-Steeper

The weeks of March will encompass most of the Sundays through Lent. Some may not see Lent as the most “hopeful” of church seasons with its focus on Jesus’ journey to Jerusalem, his trial and death at the hands of a powerful empire and a religious institution that did not want to be challenged. But hope is often born in the moments that are hard and life is precarious.

One of the metaphors I will be using throughout our Lenten worship is the metamorphosis of a butterfly. I think many of us find the life cycle of the butterfly hopeful. The butterfly is often used as a metaphor for the resurrection. When all seems lost, empty, dead... such as the case when the butterfly is in the chrysalis form (the body of the caterpillar actually dissolves), that is when something new is shaped.



Lent is a time to explore those areas of our lives and faith that may need to change to bring about something beautiful and new. It is also a season for the church to explore and wonder about those areas of our community life together that may need to change to usher in the Holy Spirit anew.

My hope for you this Lenten season, is that you may encounter God’s presence that brings assurance and comfort.

My hope for the Harcourt communities this Lenten season, is that we may together encounter the Holy Spirit that leads and guides us in our discernment as we look to the future and the next near steps.

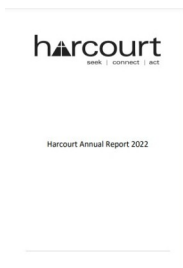
Peace,  
Kate

## Council News – Lorraine Holding, Chair

Can you name Harcourt's four visioning priorities? Our February 12<sup>th</sup> Town Hall meeting was well attended (in person and on Zoom), and the panel of Champions shared updates about the task groups who are working on "next near steps" for action. We recognize the commitment, passion and creative thinking that each expressed to guide Harcourt forward. Kathy Magee highlighted our intentional focus on identifying points of integration across the priorities and task groups. We are grateful to these Champions and those who are working with them: Merrill Pierce and Pamela Girardi (supporting the growth of Manna); Andre Auger (spiritual life); Dan Ganesh (worship); Steve Pierce (building partnerships/community hub). Yes, there are many questions. Creating the future is a big task and answers come at different speeds. We know that keeping flexible and adaptable are key to moving forward. Experimentation will continue!



Do you access the various communication tools that Harcourt provides to keep people updated? Have you checked out our new website [www.harcourtcommunity.ca](http://www.harcourtcommunity.ca)? Reading the e-weekly emails and the *Harcourt Herald* can keep you informed on activities and decisions by Council and committees/teams. The Town Hall provided a timely opportunity to listen and contribute thoughtful questions and comments. Watch for summary notes.



Have you picked up a hard copy or clicked on the link to the digital copy of Harcourt's 2022 Annual Report? It provides a broad overview of the many groups (communities of the faithful) who carry out our mission as a church. Preparations for our **Annual Congregational Meeting** are in progress. Again, we will use interactive technologies to provide remote participation. Please join us on **Sunday, March 5 (12-2 p.m.) in person and on Zoom** following a shared 10:30 a.m. worship service and light snack.

In preparation, Brian Magee will host a **2023 Budget Information Session on Wednesday, March 1 (7:00 p.m.) on Zoom**. This is an opportunity to increase your understanding of our financial situation prior to the Annual Meeting.

At our February 15<sup>th</sup> Council meeting, we approved Pamela Girardi's proposal for an **Earth Hour** event on **Saturday, March 25**. This outreach event will be in collaboration with related community organizations, supported by Harcourt's sponsorship for use of our space. That will be a busy day when we also host the **Antiques/Collectibles Sale and Bake Sale** as fundraisers. Watch for details.



Beginnings and endings are part of life. We welcome Ashley Kizis to Council as incoming Umbrella Councillor for Stewardship, a role that will re-activate a focus on all aspects of stewardship – time, talent, energy, and financial support. Incoming Council Chair Kent Hoeg and each of the committed and experienced members of Council will continue to guide Harcourt’s future as it unfolds.

**My personal note, in conclusion:**

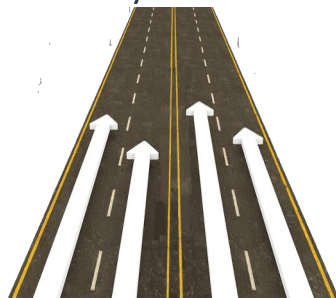
When I became Council Chair in October 2015, little did I know the depth of change, discernment and transition that would fill the next seven years. From Wendy Brown’s retirement; to Harcourt 20/20 with the focus on our three narratives (Slow Death; Revitalization; Radical Change); to the new tag line of Seek, Connect, Act; to ministry personnel changes during sabbatical times and saying farewell to Jim Ball and Miriam Flynn; to extended times and processes of discernment; to adaptive change and major impacts resulting from the COVID-19 pandemic. Our journey into radical change is significant. My sincere gratitude extends to each Minister, other staff, and all members of Council and teams with whom I have worked closely. Supported by many others’ comments and prayers, together we have listened for the Spirit’s call to plan for Harcourt’s future in a changing society. It has been my privilege to serve as best I could, God being my helper. Thank you to everyone for your words of encouragement and appreciation along the way.

With faith and hope, we move forward one “next near step” at a time, guided by prayer, listening, leadership and participation. May it be so!



## A message from your new Chair of Council. - Kent Hoeg, incoming Chair

Starting in March 2023, I will become the new Chair of Council. I recognize the important responsibilities of this role and commit to serving Harcourt to the best of my abilities. Lorraine Holding steps down after more than 7 years in the role. We all have been blessed by her leadership. She has brought commitment, passion, organization, wisdom, procedure, kindness, inclusiveness and so much more. On behalf of us all, thank-you Lorraine!



As your new Chair of Council I will continue the many important priorities that Harcourt is committed to. We will focus on next near steps of **worship, spiritual life, supporting the growth of Manna and building partnerships/community hub**. It is through these priorities that Harcourt will move forward spiritually and financially. We will also push for synergies with GUM – we must find ways to be sustainable while staying true to Harcourt values. We will continue to be an integral part of our community through support of Chalmers, refugee programs, LGBTQ+ and more.

I thank the many, many members who are showing leadership and contribution to the many activities that Harcourt is involved in. We call this Stewardship! Follow your passions. Be involved. There is much momentum already and we need many hands to lighten the load. I commit my energy, will you?

Blessings, peace and hope. Kent Hoeg, Incoming Chair of Council



Seeking a TV Donation  
The church is seeking  
a flat screen TV or monitor  
with a USB port  
to use as signage in the Greeting Area.  
40" minimum.

This will allow us to have updated slides on the TV  
with information about church events and more.

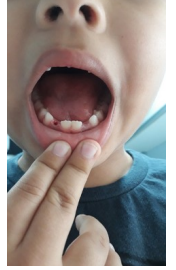
If you happen to have a screen that you no longer need  
and that fits our description,  
please contact Casey at [casey@harcourtcommunity.ca](mailto:casey@harcourtcommunity.ca).

Thank you!



## Harcourt's Future: Hope or Despair - Stephen Pierce

In her book *Atlas of the Heart Mapping Meaningful Connection and the Language of Human Experience*, Brene Brown has a chapter called *Places We Go When We're Hurting*. There is a section in this chapter on hope, hopelessness and despair. In this section, there is a quote: "We need hope like we need air". According to Brown, hope is a way of thinking. Hopelessness and despair are emotions. Further, Brown says, hope is a function of struggles and that we do not develop hope during the easy or comfortable times, but through times of adversity and discomfort.



In this section, there is a description of a "hope practice" that involves intentionally setting realistic goals, figuring out a pathway to meet those goals that is flexible and adaptable, and possessing a belief in oneself that says: I can do this.

I have agreed to Coordinate the Partnerships/Community Hub Project. I did not take this on because I thought it is a guaranteed way of "saving" Harcourt. I did take it on because I think it is a hopeful pathway. We have some realistic goals, there is a pathway set before us and I do believe we can do this (together). I have sensed that those directly involved in the project thus far, have shown some energy and perhaps some hopefulness in what we are doing. I do not for one minute believe we won't experience some disappointments, frustrations and discomfort. Maybe in the end, it won't look like anything I thought it would look like. I often think about that hopeful statement: It will work out in the end and if it hasn't worked out, it isn't the end. May it be so.



## ARE YOU READY? - Brian Magee,

Ready to volunteer to be the Chair of Finance for Harcourt? Do you have a few hours a week that you would like to make more meaningful and contribute to supporting Harcourt's community of faith?

You do not need to have experience as a financial adviser or an accountant. Your role is to support veteran committee members, e.g., treasurer, envelope secretary, pay role administrator, etc., in managing finances. Duties include: ensuring that well written financial policies and procedures are followed, reviewing of financial statements, communicating with Council, committees and the community of faith on financial status and make recommendations, tabulate committee budget requests for Council and the community of faith, respond to financial questions, advise on financial matters and facilitate monthly Zoom committee meetings. The volunteer position will be available April 2023.

Please consider taking on this important role in the life and work of Harcourt.

For more information, please contact Brian Magee, [bkmagee@rogers.com](mailto:bkmagee@rogers.com).



## Spaces We Love and Love to Share – Nancy Ryan

Harcourt will be a busy place this summer with two exciting summer camps offering different experiences for children of all ages.

**The Eramosa Learning Academy** will offer a STEAM (STEM + Arts) day camp for children in SK to Grade 6 from 7am to 5:30pm Monday to Friday throughout July and August.



Eramosa Learning Academy is operated by Noma Vales along with a team of qualified educators. Long-time Harcourt member Noma is the founder of GS CARE, which has provided quality before and after school programs in Guelph for nearly 20 years.

Learn more about the summer camp and other Eramosa Learning Academy offerings by visiting [www.erasosala.com](http://www.erasosala.com).

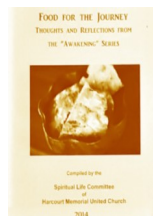
**Pedalheads** learn-to-ride bike camp is coming to our Harcourt parking lot for 6 weeks this summer. Founded in Vancouver, they are now offer programs in the US and Canada, and are known for taking kids from training wheels through all the stages of riding competency.



At Harcourt there will be programs at every level from newbies to trail riders.

If this program sounds like fun for the young cyclists in your life check Pedalheads online: [www.pedalheads.com](http://www.pedalheads.com).

## Food for the Journey: Reflections on Hope and the season of Lent – Lisa Beattie



**Lamentations 3:21-23** *"Yet this I call to mind and therefore I have hope: Because of the Lord's great love we are not consumed, for his compassions never fail. They are new every morning; great is your faithfulness."*

There are many scriptural references to hope in the Bible, but this passage from Lamentations guides my thoughts on hope today. I find it impossible to write about hope without also writing about the things we lament.



Biblical stories vividly record the heaviness of tragedy and loss through famine and natural disaster. We understand the pain experienced as a result. Some of the most moving passages in the Bible are songs and prayers of lament. Those of us who, by luck of time and place, have eluded these natural disasters are still witness to man's inhumanity to man. Generations upon generations have experienced systemic injustice, war, exile, poverty. This inhumanity is not only societal, but also deeply individual. In our own biblical tradition family tales of conflict begin at the beginning, with Cain and Abel.

Playwrights and artists throughout time, and around the world, have woven innumerable stories of people driven by insecurity and fear - and we, the audience, shake our heads in recognition and regret perhaps saying *ah yes, this is the way of the world*. What is a religious response - by religious I mean one we engage with not only individually but as a community?

Hope is a flame which never seems to die – a flame which leads to courage, endurance and perhaps most important of all participation in a renewal and healing made possible by love, compassion and rebirth. The spiritual question I have been reflecting on is WHO participates and how?



The passage from Lamentations speaks to me of a perspective I had not really fully considered before - not of human hope but of God's hope. Is this the source of our own ability to have hope? I think it may be - and if this is the case, what then is asked of us? I have come to recognize the underlying purpose of Lent – based not on human imperfection but on God's love.

These words are from the *Introduction* and *Initial Steps* of the Guide to Lenten Reflections 2023:

*Once again we encounter in the church calendar the solemn season of Lent. Traditionally Lent is a time of “repentance” or “metanoia” a change of mind and heart. The goal of this Guide is to help us gain self-awareness that leads to action, not guilt and shame that lead to paralysis.*

*This Guide invites us to look outward at the suffering of the world, and then inward at ourselves. When we look outward we'll be asking ourselves questions about the systems that are producing unnecessary suffering. When we look inward we'll be asking ourselves questions about our complicity in these unjust, faulty systems.*

The weekly Lenten reflection themes are:

Temptation

Being Born Again



Living Water

Seeing with Fresh Eyes

Compassion in Action

Standing Up to Empire

I look forward very much to spending time on Lenten reflections this year. As I have aged I have seen more and more the wisdom of the liturgical year. My gaze has expanded. As a child it was all about Easter Sunday, later, Good Friday too, then Maundy Thursday, most recently Holy Saturday. This year in particular I am understanding more deeply than ever before the wisdom of Lent in preparing for the mystery of Holy Week.

Perhaps the paradox of hope is that its spark is lamentation. Through our willingness to participate with God in a period of compassionate and fearless inventory, we prepare ourselves to participate in the world with a faith infused with God's hope.

### **A HOPEFUL REFLECTION** - Rev. Dr. Michael Thompson.



I am pleased to have permission from Michael Thompson, retired General Secretary of the Anglican Church in Canada, to share this article with the Herald. Michael has preached in the past, before Covid-19, at Harcourt. He was asked to write this article on **“An aha moment of faith”** for the Newsletter of the Kingston Ontario Parish of St. Mark's Barriefield, where he now attends.  
Blessings, Bill Lord

Two things are true. The first is that I have many conversion stories, some of them taking place within days of each other. The other is that my entire life's journey is a conversion story.

Conversion – from the Latin, “with” and “turn” – “turning with”. And, implicitly, turning from and turning towards. But it's this “with” that is the hinge of all my turnings. I wonder if that's true for you as well.

As Adam and Eve leave the garden, as a cherub with a flaming sword stands to remind them that there is no going back, only going forward (and not easily), what we might not notice is that God does not stay in the garden, relishing a calm Eden like a grandmother tidying a quiet house after the mayhem of grandchildren has departed. God appears to have decided, in chapter two, to become what we will hear a name for, many books and chapters later, “Emmanuel” – “God [is] with us”. God turns and goes with our first ancestors from paradise to the danger and promise of whatever is next.

It is this turning of God that I breathed in somewhere early in my life, quite possible singing “Tell me the Stories of Jesus”. I mostly paid little attention to it for a long time, inventing myself in a number of ways that were more accessible, measurable: student, athlete, leader, even, I think, priest and pastor. I don’t think seeking ordination was a conversion, though I do think it laid the table for a number of turnings. I could perform the role and do the work, and the Mystery could keep spritzing the air I was breathing with the scent of something else, something more.

Though I often give the impression that I resented getting up early on Sunday morning, it is about the early service, at 8:00 or 8:30 that I have the clearest recollection of that scent. Maybe because we were all still a bit sleepy, and maybe because the gathering was a bit aimless, there was enough stillness that the spritz of Mystery could hang in the air. I say “aimless” and think of my high school basketball coach: “Stop aiming your shot and just take it.”

Midweek services, moving from phone call to sacristy to altar, had some of that ease and aimlessness. One Thursday, as I prepared to preach the brief homily required, I heard the reader pronounce the words of Jesus from the Fourth Gospel: “Greater love has no-one than this, that one lay down one’s life for one’s friends.” It was as if I had never heard those words before. We live, or I do, at least, as if there were a way to hang on to our lives instead of laying them down. (We often describe the end of life as “losing a battle”, as if it were a battle we could win.) Until that moment on that Thursday morning, I had always imagined that the choice was between laying down my life or not laying it down. But we lay down our lives moment by moment, choice by choice, or just drifting along. God turns to us and invites us to consider, “What for?”

For what do I lay down my life? Some examples: A good meal, a round of applause, a kiss, the birth of a child, holding on for dear life to the hand of a dying friend, watching the Super Bowl. A bad meal, too many potato chips, getting my way. Feeding the hungry, putting food on the family table, feeding the dog. Being better than. The 1992 World Series, the 1967 (really?) Stanley Cup. Driving through a blizzard to be with my dying mother. Checking my investments. A kiss. Company in the Calgary airport lounge. Aeroplan points. Listening to sleepy breathing. Bringing coffee. Grumping about traffic, drivers, lineups, about grumps. The sun on my father’s face. The sun on my face. Praying with a household as a beloved life enters into eternity and closes the door of the world behind it. The colour of the winter sky a half-hour

after sunset. Regretting any number of wrong words. Feeling the power of the right word. Singing.

That Thursday morning, I invited the little congregation to consider with me what it might mean to be more deliberate about what we lay down our lives for, how to make our one-and-only journey across the face of history with a sense of intention and purpose. And it's no steady journey we make. As Bruce Cockburn sings, "We stumble through history, so humanly lame." And when we are adrift, or our choices serve other gods – some Caesar or other who has our attention or our fear – God turns to us, and turns with us, and we find ourselves moving in a new direction, and with an unexpectedly light step.

Sometimes I turn with God and sometimes I just keep pulling, stubborn, or blind, or proud. Always God waits and plots a course to the next turning. And again, a spritz of Mystery in the air to remind me that I am not performing this but living it.

I have learned this. God is not something I add to my life to make it More. God is something that contradicts my life to make it Other. And when my life consents to be Other, it is more truly mine. This does not happen once. It happens at every turning, every healing, every forgiving, every mercy, every upsetting of business-as-usual, every watering of the desert of my soul.

There is a stone rolled away from the tomb of our lives, and an angel who speaks of Resurrection, of Other, of Us, of something loose in the universe that can contradict what seems inevitable, in our lives and in their endings. It can be frightening to let that contradiction turn our story. It is all we have. What if it doesn't work? What if it does?

*'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,  
'tis the gift to come round where we ought to be,  
and when we are in the place just right,  
'twill be in the valley of love and delight.*

*When true simplicity is gained,  
to bow and to bend we will not be ashamed:  
To turn, to turn, 'twill be our delight,  
'til by turning, turning, we come round right.*

*"Simple Gifts", a Shaker song*

## **Where I find HOPE: some reflections – Bill Lord**

### Introduction

First, I want to thank Marion Auger for the invitation to explore where I find hope in my life, given what we all have experienced in the past three years. As many of you already know that I spent most of my years in ministry focused on adult learning within a faith context. It included two specific areas: adult learning within the faith community and continuing education in an ecumenical context. So, over the years hope has waned and formed and fanned into flames several times. What follows is not an organized statement but a stream of consciousness arising from my reading, listening to podcasts, and conversation with peers. Don't be surprised if I suggest a few one liners. I want to begin with saying something about the common misconceptions of the word hope.

### What hope is not.

For many in our world when you mention hope it basically means wishful thinking. I hope the future will be better than the past. Others find hope in being rescued by either circumstances or divine intervention. I don't think either of these really addresses the question of what hope means in a post COVID-19 world.

### What are glimpses of hope for me?

From my study of church history, I have realized that this is not the first time the church has faced significant change. One theologian who has written about this suggests that the church has undergone a rummage sale every 500 years and so we are living during one of those times now. A recent research report on youth by Barna Research in the United States suggests that younger generations are not interested in the organization we call church but are eager to learn more about Jesus, his teaching, and his impact on the functioning of society. This for me is a sign of hope.

The wider church is now asking different questions. Some conservative Christians have said to me recently, that God sent a pandemic to wake up the church to the reality that it was becoming less influential in society. I'm not sure one can justify that God created the pandemic for that specific reason. A pandemic is a possibility, given the world in which we live, with its many pathological viruses and bacteria.

I learned recently that the Reverend Dr. Willie Jennings, a professor of theology at Yale University, offered this insight to challenge a usually accepted view: "Jesus is not the answer to our questions. He is the question to our answers." It gives me hope when I hear words that challenge us to examine our or the church's assumptions.



I have shared in this edition of the Herald an article from my friend Michael Thompson and he, like Jennings, presents a challenge to taken for granted thinking. "I have learned this: God is not something I add to my life to make it **MORE**. God is something that contradicts my life to make it **Other**." What a key challenge when we consider in what ways is one's encounter with the divine when it is not an affirmation of one's current belief. Again, another set of new fresh questions-more encouragement to be hopeful.

Another source for hope is the current process happening with the Harcourt Community. From a survey conducted two years ago, four priorities for Mission were identified. A fresh purpose was identified by the Steering Committee. "Harcourt is on a journey from the current Community of Faith organizational structure towards empowering various Communities of the Faithful to live out their passion, one step at a time, into a future filled with experimentation and learning." What gives me hope is, that each focus, with a named leader and group of supporters or an existing committee, is committed to significant conversation with each other to avoid any silo-like moves. I see real hope for the Harcourt Community if it continues to risk listening to the leading of the Spirit with one ear and the needs of the community with the other.

Poetry can bring hope to the forefront as well. Denise Levertov wrote the poem Avowal, which for me is another reason for hope. To read this short poem link on

<https://allpoetry.com/The-Avowal>

This author offers a metaphorical view of hope: "float into Creator Spirit's deep embrace knowing no effort earns that all-surrounding grace."

Listen for the hope that is summed up in this famous saying by the former dean of the Chapel at Boston University, Rev. Howard Thurman: "Don't ask what the world needs. Ask what makes you come alive and go do it. Because what the world needs is people who have come alive." For me that is an invitation to be hopeful - to view the future with hope and not fear. The season of Lent invites us to a time of deeper reflection on life.

*What triggers hope in you?*

## Hope in the Time of Covid Marilyn and Mark Sears

Marilyn:

I tend to be a fairly optimistic person and try to see the best in situations and other people. When events or people are discouraging, I often look back and see a silver lining in the situation. As we have all been through the last three years of the pandemic and witnessed news of so many people getting sick and/or dying, I have wondered when it will end and when we can go back to our normal lives. We are still needing to be cautious, wear masks and keep our distance in busy and healthcare settings. However, there have been some times that have given me hope throughout this difficult period.



I was a member of the Re-Entry Committee at Harcourt, representing the M&P Committee. We met as needed throughout the past three years with Megan Ward, a public health professional, and our steadfast council chair, Lorraine Holding, who co-chaired the committee. Megan would monitor public health guidelines and share with us what we needed to do personally and at the church to be as safe as possible. I found these meetings to be reassuring and hopeful.



We have been amazingly blessed that vaccines to provide antibodies against the Covid virus were developed so relatively quickly and were administered so widely. Although Mark and I both got Covid when traveling in Scotland last September, our cases were fairly mild, likely due to having been vaccinated. I am hopeful that vaccines will continue to be available to protect us from Covid, the flu and other diseases.

Last Saturday, I attended the memorial service for Ruth Tatham. There were many people in attendance to remember Ruth as a wonderful mother, physician and friend. The first song at the service was *Morning Has Broken* and as I sang, I thought about the wonder of God's creation that the song elicits and the amazing people we have had the privilege to know and fellowship with through the years. We have been involved at Harcourt for many years and although the church is going through challenging times, there is much to be hopeful about as we move into the future together.

Mark:

As the chair of the Electronic Technology Subcommittee of Communications at Harcourt, I have overseen the creation of the dream of Joan Barham and others in the development of live streaming and hybrid presentations of events such as weddings and memorials at Harcourt as well as our Sunday morning worship activities. In addition we have attracted a number of groups interested in using this technology for presentation to their followers. My hope is that this will become part of Harcourt's strategy in inviting community groups to use our facilities and possibly become partners in developing a sustainable community hub.



*I have also been participating with G.U.M. (Guelph United Ministries) in trying to share ideas and support among the four United Churches in Guelph and Chalmers Community Services and Ecumenical Campus Ministry at the University of Guelph. My hope is that we together can reach some decisions to share strategies and support for each other in these difficult times of reduced participation.*

## Spring and New Life - Marilyn Murray

What new life do I see emerging in myself, my family, our church?

As a 90-year-old, I am hard pressed to see new life emerging in me, unless it's the new hip I received 6 months ago! It is so much easier to see it in my five children and their families, my grandchildren and their partners, great grandchildren and a step family. It gives me hope when I see them getting their education, picking careers, choosing partners, raising children, instilling values and creating family traditions of their own. Their life styles are much more frantic than mine were during my parenting years. The distractions around them have more devastating consequences. I am proud of them all and love them dearly. In return, their love and support allows me to maintain my independence. I would be lost without them.



*Thoughts of spring mean renewal which makes me reflect on all that is happening in our church: our leadership teams presenting new priorities, the thoughtful decision to engage Kate as our new minister, the creation of more flexible space in the sanctuary, community events taking place in our church, the use of technology to bring the church to those who cannot attend in person, the volunteer community work of so many of our members. Harcourt is a wonderful combination of strong leaders and faithful worker bees. It is one of our greatest strengths. New life is emerging in our church and like the approaching spring, we are about to burst out of our winter doldrums. It is an exciting time.*

## Hope. H.O.P.E. - Lynn Hancock

When the Harcourt Herald team suggested Hope as a theme, I gave myself permission to wait and see if I felt inspired to contribute. Otherwise, I'd look forward to reading others' submissions.



On February 12<sup>th</sup>, I attended the joint service in-person at Harcourt and then attended the Town Hall gathering afterwards, following a nutritious and delicious snack. Reflecting on that experience, I realized that I felt **HOPE**. When I looked around and had a sense of how many people were involved on Sunday; behind the scenes, participating, and on camera, I felt **HOPE**. I was struck by the number of “firsts”. I felt inspired to play with the letters of hope.

**H**arcourt  
**O**ptimizing  
**P**otential  
**E**volving

This is but one example. If you feel so inclined, have fun!

I am hopeful as we, as a community, explore how to “draw the circle wide; draw it wider still” and witness **Harcourt** transforming/becoming/emerging.

I feel hope when I see the transformation of the sanctuary space as more chairs occupy the space. The model designed by Elizabeth Bone and helped into being by Jerry Daminato offered us all an opportunity to more fully imagine how we could be **optimizing** the use of the space.



I feel hope when I imagine the **potential** use of the sanctuary space and all the other spaces available in the building. I look forward to sharing the spaces with a more diverse group of people. Fortunately, enough saw the **potential** benefits of investing in technology that would allow for live-streaming and recording in the sanctuary space. Joan Barham certainly saw the potential(s).

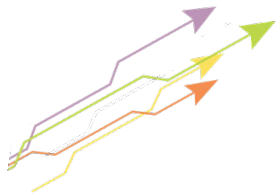
As I continue to learn more of the history of Harcourt, I realize how much Harcourt has **evolved** and transformed.

*- submitted with appreciation and gratitude.*



## Hopeful Signs in the Church by Andre Auger

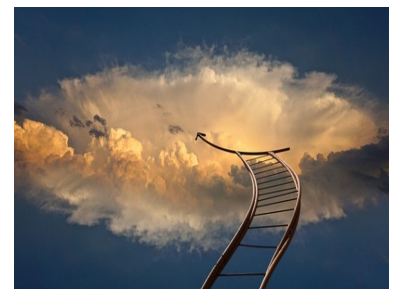
For the March issue of the Herald we were asked where we find hope these days, in our personal lives, in our community, in our church. I immediately thought of Harcourt, since I devote quite a lot of my time to it. I recall writing an article for the Herald two years ago about my sense of the future of the church. Two years later I have hope because I notice movement in these directions that show me the prospects of a vibrant faith community into the future.



The most tangible sign of hope for me has been to see the vision of our future take shape in the four directions – worship, Manna, spirituality, and community hub. Good people are spending lots of time and energy on articulating these directions. Together, these stand a good chance of renewing the face of Harcourt. The move to chairs has been symbolic of our willingness to experiment with an unknown future. Chairs not only provide us with more comfortable seating, but invite all forms of creative and meaningful worship experiences. I can hardly wait to see what an increased participatory worship might look like! (Yes, it will take some getting used to: we are so accustomed to a totally passive worship experience – like watching a performance...)

Two years ago, one of the predictions I made, based on many scholars I had read, was that the Church would become less denominational. I have not seen grand public gestures in this direction, but I couldn't help but note the humour when four of us sat around our dining room table not too long ago planning our Christmas Day service: a former Baptist, a former Lutheran, a former Roman Catholic and a former Presbyterian! Talk about breaking down denominational barriers! (Maybe, at the very least, we should call ourselves the Uniting Church of Canada...)

I also suggested that Church would focus less on affirming a set of beliefs about Jesus and more on acting in ways that reflect Jesus' life and exhortations. Harcourt abounds with examples of this happening: the shift in theological conversation has indeed been toward a "way of life" rather than a set of doctrinal statements. Worship and sermon are always trying to recover what was essential about Jesus' message.



I also suggested that the Church of the future would be less afraid to be political. How many times in Sunday sermons have we heard references to the marginalized, the pain of the world, the systemic evils of the dominant culture, and to our collective response? It can't get much more political than that! We constantly hear the call to speak truth to power. And Manna, as an alternative, more



participatory, form of worship, stresses social justice and introduces young families to the idea of becoming actively involved in addressing some of the pressing issues of our time.

Progress in this next one has been more difficult to identify... I suggested that the Church of the future would take science seriously and let go of outdated theologies that cannot be supported by sound science. Not that we are denying science... We just don't seem comfortable yet talking about the challenges and the insights that the new evolutionary cosmology is offering contemporary theology. We still have a long way to go on this one, I think.



This one follows from the previous: I said that the Church would include a cosmic dimension to worship, acknowledging the mystery of the universe as a way to revere the mystery of God. I have not yet seen an intentional effort to do this yet. But let's see what the worship team comes up with as it explores innovative ideas for meaningful worship.

In the article, I suggested that the Church of the future would take modern biblical scholarship seriously. I am seeing evidence of that everywhere. Especially in the On-line Holy Listening Circle, where the Sacred Text is always put into historical context, and the weekly hosts always reflect sound contemporary scholarship. This is certainly encouraging to me.



I made a number of other educated guesses about the future of the Church in the original article, but I think this update presents enough to give me an indication of hopefulness.

*What is your vision of the church of the 21<sup>st</sup> century? Where do you think we're heading?*

## An Interview with Dr. Hugh Rose – Part I; by Judi Morris

[Given the length of this interview, we will print Part II in next month's issue. - Ed.]

Fasten your seatbelts folks. You are going on captivating journeys with Dr. Hugh Rose. I came to know Hugh and Marilyn when they regularly attended the 9:00 a.m. service. Hugh participated and contributed richly in the sacred circle while Marilyn enjoyed coffee in the gathering area. Keep Google near you to look up places he served as a Theologian and an Ophthalmologist. These trips will captivate you.

Judi: Hugh, what brought and Marilyn to Harcourt?

Hugh: We came down to Guelph for a wedding – saw the Village by the Arboretum and bought a house. We attended a couple churches, St. Mathias and Harcourt seemed to be closest church. We felt at home at Harcourt. It was a good fit for us.



Judi: Can you tell us about your children?

Hugh: There are three, plus one we adopted in Korea. Steve the oldest, born while I was interning at the time in Toronto. He was three years old when we went to Korea... Bob was 11 months. Catherine was born 8 years later in Vancouver while doing a residency in Ophthalmology. We adopted Chung Una (often called Barbara) in Korea.

Judi: Your career has taken you to interesting places. We should begin at the beginning.

Hugh: Throughout my young life I wanted to be a doctor and not one in a city office. I graduated high school in 1945 and joined the army. They asked for volunteers to go into the medical core in the Pacific in continuing war against Japan and I volunteered with a friend but the war ended. Anybody with medical or university acceptance had an immediate discharge so I registered in arts at U of T intending to take BA then apply for medicine.

In the 1<sup>st</sup> year arts, I learned about a program at Emmanuel College for older people wanting ministry and to be ordained. I was 19, not an older person. I wanted to be a medical missionary. I asked if they would let me in with one-year arts. They let me in the program when I graduated in theology they accepted me in medical school.

Judi: That's where your ordination in the United Church came in.

Hugh: I took theology and applied to med school. I did graduate in theology but did not get ordained at that time.

Judi: So... when did your ordination come into play?

Hugh: During my summer holidays, after 2 years of pre-med, the United Church asked me to hold the first services in a public school for what would become new congregation in, the west end of Toronto. They ordained me at this time. Ordination had not been my goal. My call had been to work for the church as a doctor, preferably overseas.

Judi: You went to Harrington Harbour during medical school.

Hugh: Yes. They had everything there from the happy delivery of a new baby to tragic death from an accident. In the hospital, about half our patients were suffering from Tuberculosis. The remaining beds occupied from acute appendicitis to someone with a heart attack.

Sometimes I went along on house calls. We used the hospital's sturdy power boat. It was about 24 feet long with a small forward cabin. The lighthouse keeper's wife had suffered a miscarriage. It took us two days to get there.

Although I found the work in the hospital fascinating, the folk were much more interested in my presence as a minister than as a medical student.

The church was packed! I was under no illusion that it was my ability as a preacher that was drawing the crowd. Although I tried to put as much effort as possible into preparing my sermons, it was somewhat disconcerting to me as a young minister, to have people actually discuss them with me when I visited their homes or met them in the village. They supplied me with a small boat with an outboard motor so I could get around my parish.

Many of the villagers had lost most of their teeth before they reached middle age. Dentures were a luxury. Sometimes they were passed down to the next generation.

Denture teeth were supplied in flat, square cardboard boxes. A number of these boxes were sent up in a winter supply plane, which, as it turned out, could not land because of weather. The pilot dropped them on a stretch of ice. Heck you couldn't go wrong from 75 feet could you? The landing was spectacular! The teeth flew up like a fountain then snuggled down into the soft white snow.

On the coast, weddings were signalled by the joyous firing of ribbon-bedecked shotguns. One mother said, "I was crying all the time I was ironing the ribbons for the shotguns."

Today Harrington Harbour is a little world unto itself. I will always remember my few months in the village. It was the most isolated community in which I have lived and worked. The people were not

wealthy but they had a strength and richness of character.

Judi: Where did you meet Marilyn?



Hugh: I met Marilyn while we were both students at the U of T. She belonged to a church in the west end. She taught English in high school in Toronto. We went together for seven years.

Judi: Best not to rush into anything. (We smiled.) Once you were married where did you serve?

Hugh: Halfway through my internship we had our first child and were sent to Bella Coola, B.C. The United Church had a twenty-bed hospital there. We lived in a village at the end of a valley for two years in a prefab house with a picture window facing a 9,000-foot mountain. I was a family physician by that time. This post gave us a chance to be on our own and get to know each other before being sent to Korea.

Judi: You took care of communities spread out. Were they aboriginal or otherwise?

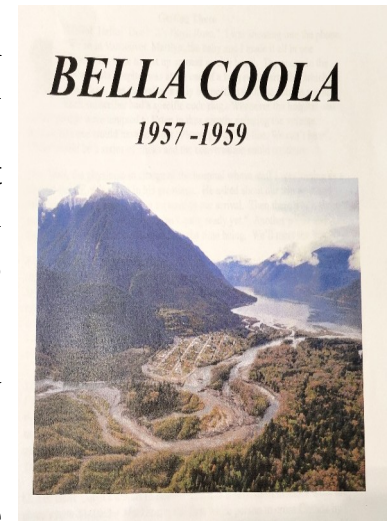
Hugh: Bella Coola River is in a long narrow valley. The communities were aboriginal, and settlers who were there from the 1800's. Slightly less than half the people living in the valley were Bella Coola Indians - the term First Nations was unknown in the 1950's

Judi: Can you share some of the stories from that experience?

Hugh: We had to wait for our prefab house to be brought in. The minister and his family were on vacation so we were able to stay at the manse. Our two-bedroom house had a sawdust burner for a kitchen stove and it often went out. There was a wash machine but no dryer. With Bella Coola being a rainforest, we couldn't get diapers and clothes dried so we took out a loan and bought a dryer. Marilyn's life was not always as exciting as mine but it was certainly busy. Much fell on her shoulders. If we wanted fresh bread there was only one way to get it. She became quite a proficient bread maker. She was involved with Woman's Association, Women's Institute and CGIT – Canadian Girls in Training.

The hospital was originally built by the British Columbia government. The new United Church of Canada took it over in 1927. At about seven every morning Don Watt and I began rounds. Tonsils, pneumonia or perhaps an infant with a bad skin eruption. I recall one or two cases of meningitis. A logger with back spasm, broken bones, and someone recovering from an appendectomy. Finally, the maternity ward and newborn nursery. These were usually bright and cheerful spots.

In the middle of rounds, we might be called to see an emergency – broken wrist, back injury or laceration. It might be a logging accident, or severe burns from a fire or a fishing boat. I remember a little boy who tried to emulate a circus performer and swing on a rope, holding his teeth! His two front incisors and some of the jawbones were stuck forward at right angles as if on a hinge. We pushed them back into place and he did quite well.





The practice of medicine in an isolated community was challenging. We had to live with our decisions and were very conscious of the trust people placed in us. We saw every type of illness and accident and one severe outbreak of hepatitis. In its management we were told we used up near all of Vancouver's supply of gamma globulin to protect contacts and hospital staff.

We totalled over 5,200 in-patient days, which was a heavy load. We used the operating room on average of at least once a day. Not by any means major surgery but began operating on an incarcerated hernia before midnight and finished just after three a.m.

Some serious cases were flown to Vancouver if weather permitted. Such as a logger who pinned to the ground by a five ton donkey engine which slipped while being moved. He was flown to us from a logging camp. We looked after him for a night until he could be moved safely. A plane took him to Vancouver. They reported he would probably make a complete recovery.

Don and I doubled as laboratory and X-ray technicians as well as being radiologists. Our blood bank was on the hoof. Every fall there was a community fair and the hospital always had a booth. Our ploy was to tell people what a good idea it was for themselves and the hospital to know their blood types. When we needed blood, we called the Mounties and ask them to find the necessary volunteers. Our ambulance was our blue Ford station wagon and on other occasions it served as the community hearse.

The work was hard, sometimes discouraging and the hours long, but it was rewarding, exciting and satisfying and not without humour.

William ran a small business and led a life that on the surface did not seem to be stressful. For many years his domineering, wife with prejudicial opinions was almost stone deaf. She expressed these in a very loud voice. William came into my office with high blood pressure and looking terrible. We sat down and talked the situation over. It all came out.

"Doc, you know my wife. You know she is stone deaf."

"Yes, William, I do."

"You know she has very strong opinions and has a terrible temper?"

"William, I know."

"Doc, did you ever get into a fight and have to write down everything you say?"

Not all of our cases worked out in the way we might have wished. I remember spending six hours in the hold of a fishing boat on the way to Ocean Falls. I was accompanying a young man in his early twenties. He was seriously ill with complications of influenza. We were planning to put him on a plane for Vancouver as soon as possible. I do not remember why one could not come into Bella Coola, probably the weather. He survived the boat trip but he died on a stretcher while being taken to the plane.

There were other cases in which there was little we could do.

Not all our patients were human. Daisy, a cow that I did not see in the flesh, had mastitis. We had a little book entitled the Merck Veterinary Manual. It recommended sulfa drugs and I gave him a large bottle of tablets. "What am I supposed to do with those?" I had difficulty understanding why he felt he could not take this excellent advice. Finally, we compromised on something that was injectable and as far as I know, Daisy recovered.

Buttercup had milk fever. I admit I was very impressed by the size of the woman's horse. However, I bravely stepped forward to do my duty and inject calcium.

On one occasion I became a veterinary dentist. We would like to have used an intravenous anaesthetic but as veins are hard to find in a furry animal, I decided to use ether. The nurse tried to restrain the dog, me dripping ether on the mask which I am, with difficulty, holding the mask over his nose. "yip, yip, yipe, yipe". Finally, silence. All is peaceful and we can get along with the extraction. I look again. Buster has stopped breathing! Panic stations! It looked like one of those scenes we see in today's TV emergency room shows giving artificial respiration. We were on the knife edge. Which way will the balance tilt? An agonizing few moments – after an eternity, the dog starts to breathe on its own. We go on with the extraction. It seemed as though the tooth was set in cement. Twenty minutes later – there is Buster on his leash, staggering down the hospital steps. The nurse and I wiping our brows and promising, "NEVER AGAIN!"

Bella Coola is an unforgettable community. On one side of a dividing street was a First Nations reservation and on the other was the rest of the town. The school was on what we called the town side and was completely integrated. We had two United Churches in the community, Mackenzie and Emmanuel. The hymns chosen were revealing. Many of the people, native and white, made their living as independent fishermen. They had small power boats called gillnetters. Almost every week we sang, 'Master the Tempest is Raging'.

Because the minister was on holiday the first week we were in the community, I was called to a home when word was received that the husband had fallen overboard and drowned.

Many of our friends and patients were aboriginal peoples. Most of them were Bella Coola Indians and others members of the Anahim Lake Band. Diseases caught from the white man, such as TB, smallpox and measles, for which they had little resistance, took a heavy toll. I have made the word *peoples* plural. This is because it is a fallacy to consider our first nations to be all of the same race and background. We have developed a sincere respect for who they are and for their traditions.

At the time I was not aware of the significance of the gift of being given a name. In later years, as I have gained a greater knowledge of native culture, I have come to prize my name, *Skimlick*, very much. Skimlick was a shaman who lived many years in Bella Coola. The root of the name seems to come from a word meaning *to heal by the frenzied beating of sticks*. I hope that I was a reasonable success as a healer, but desperate as I was at times, I didn't resort to the sticks. Perhaps I should have.

Our Indian neighbours took their share of the load. When the work was nearing completion, the chief approached us. He noted the federal government paid all medical bills for native patients. He then told us that because the band felt that they were very much a part of the hospital and its work they wanted to be billed for care just like everyone else in the valley. He asked that the poorest band members be looked after as before. This type of attitude is one reason why I have so much respect for our first nations people.

On more than one occasion I had been on medical flights, not always in the best of weather. I remember one trip with a patient being evacuated in bad weather to Vancouver. There was cloud and fog all the way. We were turning towards Sea Island Airport when the fog

lifted there, not too far away, was the Lion's Gate Bridge, not the seaplane base! It was flights like these which finally convinced me that I should at least learn to land a plane if I had to.

One such flight-fright experience was more dramatic than most. It made the National News: Ralph Edwards was remarkable. He homesteaded twenty miles from the nearest road or trail. When he needed something, he hiked sixty miles to Bella Coola to order it, then several weeks later hiked back once again. He would dismantle it, discarding all the wood. The rest, 'packed' back to Lonesome Lake. In the early days he 'packed out' produce to sell. Later, he decided that a plane would be the ideal way to carry his goods. He decided to design and build his own! The first two deliveries of his children, he and his wife Ethel hiked the first twenty miles over the pass and got a ride for the last forty miles of the road. When the babies arrived and she felt up to it, they trekked back home.

Here we were, with no means of transport or summoning help, with a patient that I had yet to examine, who might very well need a Caesarian section. I checked my bundle of equipment. Someone had forgotten to include scalpels! All I could lay my hands on were two very sharp hunting knives. We walked two miles from Ralph's house to the Taylor cabin. The mother to be was not in labour. It was not possible, to determine if a placenta praevia was or was not present. There was no place to stay in the Taylor cabin. We walked back to the Edwards cabin. Ralph told me that the usual sleeping accommodation for visitors was the haystack. We made up a cot in the kitchen. Next morning I mentioned that they would be worried in Bella Coola. Ralph wouldn't believe it. While listening to the CBC news on the small battery-operated radio receiver we heard: "Hope is fast fading for the safety of veteran bush pilot, Ralph Edwards and Dr, Hugh Rose, who took off from Bella Coola on New Year's Day and have not been heard from since." The news mentioned a day or so later, that a search plane had been sent over Lonesome Lake but had seen no signs of life. We on the ground, saw the plane and waived towels, but were not seen by its crew. Ralph's plane was under cover where we were starting to repair it. Two or three times a day we listened to bulletins describing the search. I was worried about what Marilyn and our families were thinking. Of more concern, was the knowledge that we might have an obstetrical time bomb on our hands.

A week after, an R.C.A.F single engine Otter landed on the lake, and took Trudy and me to Williams Lake from which we flew commercially to Vancouver. Trudy, did not have a placenta praevia and one month later had a breech delivery of a baby girl, in Vancouver.

Thirty years later, Marilyn and I returned to Bella Coola. Among pleasant reunions, we met not only Trudy and her daughter but also Trudy's grandchildren.

Before we left Bella Coola in the early summer of 1959, one more very important event took place. Our second son, Robert was born in the hospital on April, 14, 1959.

## The Light of Hope - Lisa Browning



When I first saw that the theme for this month was hope, I was reminded of an article I published in my magazine, back in February 2013. Looking back to that article this morning, I realized that hope was actually a secondary focus, and the main theme was exploring the difference between faith, belief, confidence, and trust. With input from Marty Molengraaf<sup>1</sup>, Barbara Susan Booth<sup>2</sup>, and John Lawson<sup>3</sup>, that article explored the four concepts—faith, belief, confidence, trust—their similarities and their differences. But we also looked at how hope factors in. I am intrigued as I realize that my concept of hope has not changed at all, in the ten years that have passed since that article was published.

For me, hope is present during times of darkness, unlike faith, belief, confidence, and trust. Those states of mind, if we have them, are present no matter what may be going on in our life at the time. But when things are going well, we don't usually think of the need for hope. It is only when we are struggling that hope becomes a necessity, to guide us through those dark times.



And the smallest, simplest thing could be the catalyst for that hope. A glimmer of sunshine through grey, cloudy skies, or a smile from a stranger we pass on the street, when we're having a hard day.

***Hope is being able to see that there is light despite all of the darkness.***

**– Desmond Tutu**

I remember reading once about a young woman who had decided that life was no longer worth living, and had decided to end her life that very day ... until a stranger she passed on the street made a point of telling her how beautiful her dress was. It was this small, seemingly insignificant compliment that caused her to think that maybe, just maybe, life was worth living after all. And she changed her plans.

February 17 was Random Acts of Kindness Day. And while I personally believe this should happen every day, I am glad there is a day specified, that brings attention to such a powerful way of being in the world.

About a year ago, when I was having one of those “whatever can go wrong will go wrong” kind of days. In despair and frustration, I pulled into a drive-through, to grab a coffee

and something to eat. I became even more irritated when the person in the car in front of me took what I thought to be an excessive amount of time deciding on what to order. Fortunately, I kept my irritation in check.

When I reached the cashier's window, I was told that my order had been paid for. I will never forget the mixture of humility, gratitude, and yes, a bit of embarrassment, I felt. But the hope that resulted from that situation caused me to change the way I approached the rest of my day.



Wayne Dyer said that what we focus on expands. And I agree. If we focus on positive things, like gratitude and generosity, we attract more positive things to us. And we can't help but pass those things on to others, as we live our lives differently.

Back to the 2013 article ...

My question was "What is your definition of hope, and where does it fit into the picture?" Here's what Barbara, John and Marty had to say:

*Barbara: Hope is a wanting or longing for something that has not yet happened and a desire that it turn out in a certain way in the future.*

*John: Hope is something that calls me forward – a future promise to live into. I need to practice living into that hope – even when sometimes, I don't feel it.*

*Marty: Hope is the understanding that the way things are right now, will not be the way they are forever.*

Nelson Mandela and Anne Frank are, for me, two of the best purveyors of the light of hope in the midst of darkness. I will end with words from each of them, that I try to live up to, day by day:

***In spite of everything, I still believe that people are really good at heart.***

**– Anne Frank**

***May your choices reflect your hopes, not your fears.***

**– Nelson Mandela**

<sup>1</sup> Former minister at Duff's Presbyterian Church in Puslinch

<sup>2</sup> Founder of the (now closed) Sacred Wisdom Centre

<sup>3</sup> Retired United Church minister





The Brooklyn Sunday school mission had long held classes, and by 1951 an informal survey of the neighbourhood showed that there were many who would attend regular Sunday services of worship in the neighbourhood but were not venturing downtown to one of the established churches. On October 12, a pot-luck supper was held. It was followed immediately by a meeting. When the motion was made "that we hold morning services on an experimental basis in Brooklyn until the end of the year," it was approved unanimously.

The first Sunday morning service was held on October 23, 1951. It and those on the following Sundays were well attended, and the people of the Brooklyn neighbourhood wanted to take a further step. At a meeting on January 6, 1956, they decided to go through the necessary procedure to become a congregation within the United Church of Canada.

Their request was taken to a meeting of Waterloo Presbytery in February, and it was approved. But the Brooklyn mission people didn't wait for official approval of this new status. Late in 1955, they started work to transform the large meeting room in the Martin Avenue building so that it looked more like a church. Skilled carpenters within the group created a worship centre, with a communion table, baptismal font, and choir screen upon a platform. Behind this was hung a maroon dossal curtain, and on it was a four-foot oak cross. The new, part-time minister, William Rose, proclaimed, "Now it is a 'churchy church.'"



*The big day of the inaugural service came on **March 4, 1956**. It was a grand occasion. George Dorey, the moderator of the United Church, came to conduct the worship. The service opened with the singing of the hymn "All people that on earth do dwell." Following the dedication of the new congregation and the hymn "O God our help in ages past," people joined the Harcourt Memorial United Church by profession of faith or transfer from other congregations. Then, after solos and sermon and offering, the congregation united in the closing hymn, "The church's one foundation." The Sunday school mission had become Harcourt Church, a full-fledged congregation, looking forward to serving the community in a new way.*



## Harcourt Communal Garden - Jill Gill

As I write this, the forecasters are calling for a major winter weather event – freezing rain, snow, high winds. Br-r-r-r. Thankfully we know (from Wiarton Willy) that we are in for an early spring! Time to start thinking about vegetable and herb growing in the Harcourt Communal Garden.



This will be our 13<sup>th</sup> season of harvesting organically-grown veggies and herbs that are entirely donated to Chalmers food pantry to help feed many of Guelph's most food-insecure folks. Lisa Mactaggart (Urban Farmer and Landscape Architect) purchased seeds early this year and has already planted peppers. She provides all the seedlings for our garden and plans the crop rotation each year to ensure optimal soil health and yields. The garden is totally planted, maintained and harvested by volunteers. usually work in teams of 3 or 4, once each week for a couple of hours from June until late October. Each person can expect to be scheduled once every 3-4 weeks (depending on how many volunteers we have). Several students from U of G have expressed interest in taking part so you may have the pleasure of working with some of them this season. If this sounds like an activity you'd like to be involved in, please contact me, Jill Gill, at [peter.gill@sympatico.ca](mailto:peter.gill@sympatico.ca) or 519.767.1244 and I will add you to the schedule. I'm happy to answer any questions you might have. No expertise in vegetable gardening is necessary, just a willingness to learn. We have several experienced gardeners on our teams who are happy to share their knowledge.



*Our first work 'party' of the season will be on Saturday, April 15 from 9 a.m. – noon to prepare the garden for planting. We'll be weeding, turning compost and putting some on the asparagus plants, building chicken wire fences and likely planting lettuce, kale and spinach for early crops! It will be a fun party – we're planning for snacks and music to get us in the mood for a productive growing season. Even if you don't want to work all season in the garden you are invited to take part in the various work 'parties' that I'll be announcing from time to time. Please let me know if you are able to join us on the 15<sup>th</sup> so I can be sure to have plenty of snacks to share.*

*Jill Gill - [peter.gill@sympatico.ca](mailto:peter.gill@sympatico.ca) or 519.767.1244*

APRIL 2023						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
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## **SALE OF ANTIQUES, COLLECTIBLES AND VINTAGE MARCH 25, 2023 – Janet Webster**

The sale is on! Here are a few details to tweak your interest in attending.

Vendors tell us they will be offering small furniture, prints, records, advertising, sports collectibles, movie posters, small antiques, native bead-work, textiles, china, glassware etc.

This is a new initiative to support Harcourt and build community.

At the time of writing all of the spaces in the gym have been booked by vendors of antique, collectible and vintage items, with a waiting list of other interested vendors! All rental fees will be donated to Harcourt. Admission to the gym is set at \$3 per adult. The admission will cover the minimal expenses with remaining proceeds also donated to Harcourt.

A bake sale will take place in the greeting area with **no admission** charged for it.

A number of people have asked how they can donate their antique items to the sale. After careful consideration of how this could be included, we decided that the logistics of organizing, as well as finding the space was just not feasible this time. Perhaps someone will consider organizing a trunk sale in our parking lot or a “Harcourt Collectibles De-Cluttering sale” in the fall?? The interest is obviously there!

So, please share this information, invite family, friends, neighbours and come out to the Harcourt Antique sale.

***Open to the public from 10-4 on March 25, 2023 in the Harcourt gym.***

# TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

Rosalind Slater

FICTION/ Historical / General

PB £10.99

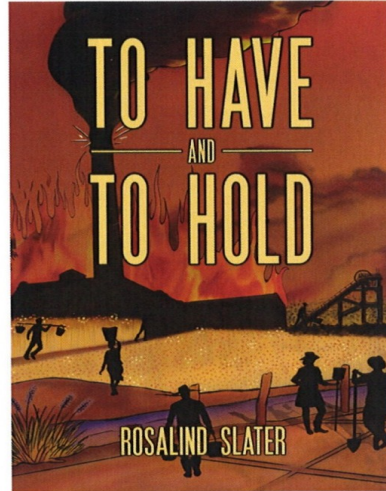
9781398441330

EB £3.50

9781398441347

In 19<sup>th</sup> Century England, two small girls are ripped from their families and sold into cotton mill slavery. Lost, confused and alone, Emma and Susie find solace in each other's company. They search for freedom and identity as they battle the cold and miserable conditions and their place of nonentity in the mill. How will their dreams of freedom be achieved?

When not working in the Hell on earth that is the spinning-room, they are locked in the mill garret. Their owners recognize them as 'hands', implements of labour, rather than living, breathing people. Then, one night changes the course of each girl's life. After this one night of freedom Susie's restless nature cannot be calmed, and the two must learn how to survive their newfound freedom, and to discover who they are truly are.



## Passages



Dorothy Jane McCleary (nee Lloyd), 08-March 1936 – 19 February 2023

