



SouthWinds

APRIL / MAY 2020

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Patrick's Words of Wisdom!

As I sit in my office at the church and look out the window, I am seeing a beautiful blue sky, the sun shining, and every once in a while a bird will fly by. It would be like any other spring day, except for the fact that there is very little traffic, there are very few people walking, and there are no students coming to and from the local high school. As much as the world looks pretty much the same, it is not the same, things have changed. Yes, it seems as if everything has changed and we too have been changed, how could one not be changed by what has happened in the world. There are blessings to this time. We have been forced to slow down, to stop in some cases. We have been given the opportunity to spend more time with family. We have been given more time to just "be." Some say that we have given the earth, the world, a chance to breathe, a chance to rest. There are also some huge challenges to this time. We cannot hold the ones we love, even if they are struggling. We don't get to see family, young ones, children and grandchildren. We live in a forced isolation in the world. And so I have been asking the question, "where is God in the midst of this time?"

I would like to share something with you that I read the other day.

"God does not cause our misfortunes. Some are caused by bad luck, some are caused by bad people, and some are simply an inevitable consequence of our being human and mortal, Living in a world of inflexible natural Laws. The painful things happen To us are not punishments for our Misbehavior, nor are they in any way Part of some grand design on God's Part. Because the tragedy is not God's Will, we need not feel hurt or betrayed By God when tragedy strikes. We can Turn to God for help in overcoming it, Precisely because we can tell ourselves That God is as outraged by it as we are."
- Harold Kushner

This spoke to me on a deep level at this time of challenge. In the midst of the struggle of these days God is with us in all that we feel. God is with us in our loneliness, in our fear, in our doubt, and in our sorrow. God is with us when we can't be together, when we can't offer a touch or a hug, God is there in those moments. So although I look out the window of my office and I see a world that has changed, I also know that it is a world where the presence of God is present. And that, my friends, gives me comfort and hope in times such as these. So know that although we might be isolated from each other right now. This time will pass, but even when it does God's presence will always be with us.

I feel honoured to be with you all during this time. I am blessed by you all as a community of faith who has journeyed through this time together. Let us hold strongly to our faith. Let us hold strongly to our belief in the presence of God. Let us hold strongly to our wonderful sense of community. Let us hold strongly, in thought and prayer, to each other during this time.

Until we meet again, peace and blessings be with your all.



Rev. Patrick Woodbeck
Minister

Windsor Park United Church

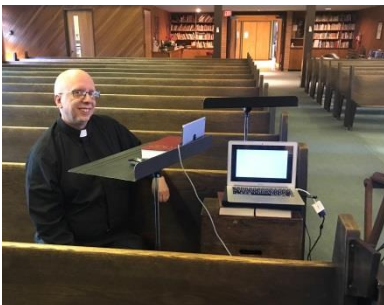
YouTube Services

Laura Steidl

Have you been wondering what's involved in recording services each week? Our first recorded service, and last service with a congregation, was on March 15. It was a Praise Team service with a much smaller congregation than usual, as we were just entering the time of staying home and there was still a hope that we'd only be home for a couple of weeks! We used iPads and iPhones to record the service and have been using the same technology since then. The next week we had no congregation and used microphones as usual. We learned that the microphones gave a strange echoing sound within the empty church and so changed to only using our speaking/singing voices with no microphone, which seems to give the most natural recorded sound.

On Good Friday, we tried something different, using 6 additional speakers to speak for the characters within the Passion narrative. They recorded their videos at home and sent them in to be merged into the final service. We ran into some trouble with the mix of devices used and very large file sizes, but were able to sort it out to make our final service.

A big thank you goes out to the speakers for taking on the challenge of recording and transferring the video! Each week, only Patrick, Myrna and Laura meet at the church, usually on Saturday, to record the service so that the video can be processed and ready to go on Sunday morning. The service is recorded on at least 2 devices, just in case something happens. We've had recordings stop in the middle of the service, so want to have a back-up device so we don't have to do everything again! After the service is recorded, the most time-consuming thing has been to transfer video from Patrick's iPad to Laura's phone. Because the video file is so large we've tried a few different methods: *Dropbox*, *YouTube*, *airdrop*, and *iMovie*.



Through trial and error, and an updated program, we've found that *iMovie* seems to compress the files enough that they can be sent and saved. It also helps

if we can stop and restart recording during the service to make the files smaller. When that is done, everything is put into *iMovie* and processed into the final video. The video gets uploaded to our YouTube channel and then also posted to our website on Sunday morning.

Thank you for your patience and understanding as we've worked through the technical challenges in bringing worship to you on Sunday mornings!



A heartfelt thanks to June Kaan



KAAN, June

In the UC Manual, you will find this section:

So You're Going to Serve as a Trustee

"You will discover that, while Trustee service is important to sustaining the mission of the congregation, this service, like many services to the church and its people, is relatively low in profile and often unrecognized."

I was surprised that they did not include a picture of June.

You may not have heard, but June has completed her term as a WPUC Trustee. Usually the Trustees just have to ensure that the church is properly insured, it is rare that they have to participate in the handling a claim. It is with a heartfelt thanks to June we offer for her low-profile service as a Trustee. We will recognize her leadership handiwork in the palette of colours used in the basement.

We will also recognize her by her picture.

Outreach Council

Gwen Polak, Chair

During these past months, we have continued to pick up day-old baking from the Tim Horton's coffee shop. We then packaged and delivered the baking to the St. Mary's Road Church food bank.

That particular food bank is one of the few in this corner of the city that is still operating and it has seen a greatly increased number of clients in the past 6 weeks. Thanks to **Peter Czehryn** for delivering the baked goods to St. Mary's each week and to everyone who continues to supply us with much-needed plastic bags.

We have also been preparing bagged lunches to take to West Broadway every few weeks. At this time, we would like to thank some wonderful friends for their help with shopping, baking cookies or providing fruit, and preparing lunches.

Kudos to **Paulette B., Colleen, Joyce D., Deanna, Gloria W., Margo, Barb K., Sylvia W., Carol, Alana, Anne, Mavis, Shirley G., Diena, and Karen** for generously giving of their time, talent, and treasure to ensure our continued success in this endeavour.

These days, WBCM clients can no longer go in to sit down in the dining area while they enjoy their lunch. Instead, some safely-dressed and physically-distanced volunteers prepare and hand out bagged lunches at the door each week day.



If you would be interested in contributing items for upcoming lunches (paper lunch bags, plastic spoons, fruit, single-serving yogurt cups, cookies, and juice boxes) please contact **Gwen Polak** (204-256-8661) to arrange pick-up of your items.

Lynda Trono, the WBCM community minister, often expresses her appreciation for the ongoing support we have been providing through these strange and changing times. The tables and chairs may be tucked away, but it's business as usual in our kitchens...

Nice work, everyone!

Thinking of You

Maxine Pattle

I had not been out of my suite since the Contemporary service on March 8th and was feeling lonely, so I went to get my mail for something to do.

I had a letter. It was a card from my granddaughter, Julia. She had made it. It was a colorful daisy and above it she had printed **THINKING OF YOU**. Inside she had printed a message. I was moved to tears.

A few days later I was bored and thought of Julia's card and decided to share it with a few friends here that lived alone. I thought of a few people who were going through health issues, so I made them one.

I ended up making 32. I added Happy Easter (It was Easter week) and popped it under their doors. They all were as moved as I was.

I like Patrick's Quote that he ends with:

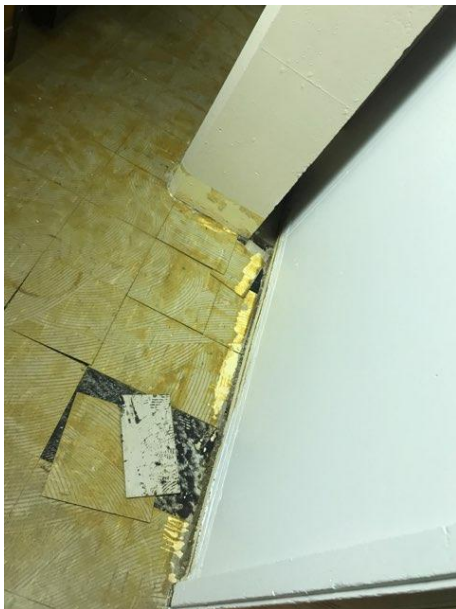
"When the whole world is silent, even one voice becomes powerful." – **Malala Yousafza**

I hope you all have a peaceful and blessed day.

Basement Renovations

Gloria Saindon

Well, it's been more than the estimated three weeks that we were originally told the renovations to the flooded basement would take; in fact it's been more than 40 days!

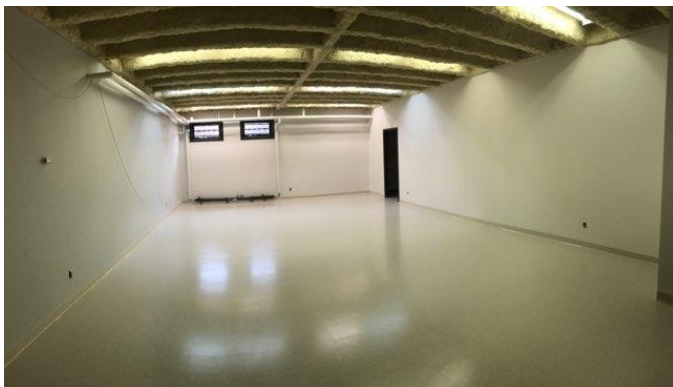


Wait, it's now been almost 5 1/2 months, but we are seeing a possible end in sight!

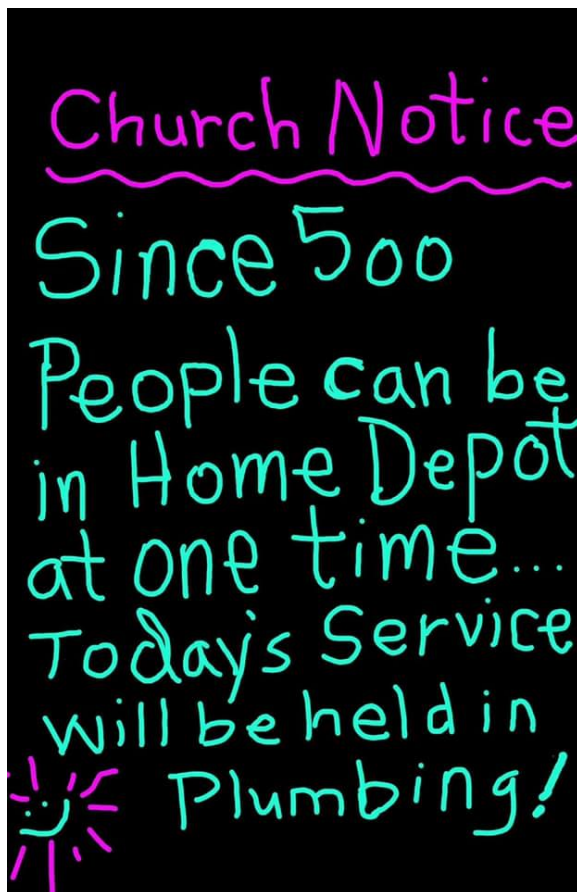


It's exciting for all of us to see an end in sight and watch for a "grand reopening" (when we are allowed to meet once more) of Windsor Park United Church basement!

There are many people to thank through all of this, but that will come in the form of a special celebration (possibly - wait and see).



The walls have all been dry-walled, primed and painted. The floors have shiny and new tiles. The pillars in the South Room—you won't recognize—and there maybe a few other places that stand out for you. We should be starting a "worker bee" of activity - once some restrictions have been lifted - to clean a few dusty cupboards and drawers and make them so sparkly clean we will be able to see ourselves!



Ode to Gladys Gray

From Sharon Wilson

(The benches in the WPUC Memorial Garden were donated in Gladys' memory)

Some people, just by being themselves, make you laugh. Generally, they're not joke-tellers. Rather, they are the folks who have a treasury of witty retorts. It's like they don't notice they are funny. The result is one is constantly surprised and ever grateful for their ability to bring joy into any situation.

Gladys Gray was one of those people in my life. She was a widowed dairy farmer near Dunnville, Ontario. Her home became a refuge on many of the hard or challenging days of ministry. The door was always open and I had strict instructions to make myself a cup of tea and get comfortable even if she wasn't home. So...on countless occasions, I did just that!

The first time I sat at her kitchen table she set the tea before me in a bone china cup and saucer and asked if I took anything in it. "Milk please", I replied. She reached into the fridge for the china milk jug, placed it before me, and handed me a spoon. Since she separated the cream from the milk she gave the calves, what came into the house was the consistency of pudding, hence the spoon. I haven't been able to look at a cream pitcher since without remembering the mischievous look on her face that day.

On another occasion my car was in the shop and I needed to be with a family at the funeral home. Knowing that Gladys had both a car and pickup, I was pretty sure she would lend me her car. Nope, she was driving a group of ladies somewhere but was happy to lend me her truck. "It will pass anything but a gas station" she said as I pulled out of the driveway. Everyone at the funeral home knew when I arrived. That shiny, black pickup with white leather interior and the largest stock engine also had dual chrome exhaust

pipes that went up both sides of the cab and emitted a distinct, embarrassing rumble!

One of Gladys' many volunteer tasks was baking the bread for communion. You need to know that she was a terrible procrastinator and bread does not lend itself to last minute preparation. I had finished the service in Wellandport and made the drive to Attercliffe Station. As usual, a lay leader was opening the service but, as I approached the chancel, I noticed the communion table set but no loaf of bread. Near the end of the last verse of the opening hymn the church door creaked. In came Gladys dressed in her Sunday best with all the dignity she could muster, juggling the still hot-from-the-oven loaf in a paper bag. She looked to me with a twinkle in her eye and slid it on the plate. Later her real joy came watching me try to break a hot, soft loaf of bread in half during communion. It was like trying to break a bungee cord!

Gladys and her accountant had an 'interesting' relationship. She took all her bills and receipts from the farm into her home office and placed them in a box on the side of her desk. At tax time, she handed the box to her accountant and wished him a good day. One year, he presented her with an accordion file with each section marked so that she could get organized. No, she stuck with her box, thank you very much. Then, when she made too much money with the influx of urban folks to the area on their two acre lots and horses, the accountant insisted she buy some new equipment so that she would have a business expense to offset her profits. She discovered that selling oats by the grocery bag and bales of hay or straw one or two at a time completely changed her financial picture. So, she went to the Case IH dealer and bought her first tractor with a cab....and drove it to church the next Sunday.

Years later after my move to Manitoba, I went to visit Gladys. Arriving unannounced,

she welcomed me into the kitchen and put the kettle on. She reached into the china cabinet in the corner for the yellow china mug she won in a UCW contest and forever referred to as 'Sharon's mug'. In perfect Gladys style, she looked into the mug, determined that it had gathered dust for lack of use over the intervening years, and promptly blew into it creating a small cloud....and then placed it before me! Tea never tasted so good!!!

When her sons and so many others asked why she was still farming into her 80's her reply was always: "I'd rather wear out than rust out". When she died during Holy Week in 1997 it was an honour to be asked to preach at her funeral. I committed her with oats instead of soil because she made everything and everyone around her grow and flourish. She'd already ordered her seed for the crop she intended to plant the next month. Working to the end. No rust for Gladys.

During these trying times, remember the Gladys' in your life: those people who could make you laugh, feel safe and keep you pointed in the right direction. It takes so little to brighten the day of another person. Be your best self and know that you will surprise others in unforgettable ways.

Psalm 126:1-6

When the LORD restored the fortunes of Zion, we were like those who dream. Then our mouth was filled with laughter, and our tongue with shouts of joy; then they said among the nations, "The LORD has done great things for them." The LORD has done great things for us; we are glad. Restore our fortunes, O LORD, like streams in the Negeb! Those who sow in tears shall reap with shouts of joy! ...

A Bear in Hibernation

Patrick Woodbeck

As many of you know we have begun to walk to road of reconciliation with our First

Nation brothers and sisters and as such I thought that it would be prudent to tap into some of their wisdom at a time like this and so I offer to you today this reflection on the bear and hibernation that comes to us from Nancy L. Ogilvie and Project Forgive:

When a bear goes in to hibernation, they do it for the health of their community and themselves. In the winter, food is scarce, hibernating allows other animals to have access to the limited resources. It slows the spread of disease and viruses among other animals during the season when immune systems are lowered and energy is limited.

It is also a time for conserving health for the bear, a time for reflection....it is a time that allows you to renew, to undergo change, to honour your place in life and food cycles.

It is not a time for anxiety or fear. When it is time for hibernation, a bear can finally relax. All of the stress of finding food, territory, and a mate disappears. The bear believes that they have done enough and trust in themselves. They know this process is necessary and they will come out the other side renewed.

*Be the bear. Stay home. Rest.
Know you are doing this for
something much bigger than
yourself.*

There is much wisdom to found in this teaching. We are all in this together and we are doing what we are doing for health and wellbeing of the entire community. It is a challenge and a gift that we do this and continue to know that we are not alone in this journey. We go with others like us, others who are staying home, helping the whole, caring for the most vulnerable among us.

Be safe my friends, know that I am praying with and for you all.



Film Producer Extraordinaire

Courtney Maertens

During the last few weeks in this time of self-isolation, I've been keeping myself busy and creatively active by writing a script for a short film as my own personal project.

I've challenged myself to find a way to film it while still social distancing. Being a dancer, performer, and filmmaker, I love allowing myself to dig deeper into my creativity and challenge myself to do something I've never done before.



The film is my own personal take on the feeling of being alone but also having an overwhelming feeling of love for someone else whom you can't be with. I did put a little bit of a spin on it, so it won't just be a film about self-isolation - which I'm sure most people could use a break from hearing about! I want to film it like an art film, which basically means I just really want to play around with different and unique ways of telling a story and make it look interesting and unlike typical films you often see.

I'm looking forward to sharing it with the community, friends, and family (hopefully by June!) and hopefully it will bring some joy to those who see it and maybe spark you to start a project of your own you've put on hold!



Movie Review

Anne Onomous

ONWARD - DISNEY PIXAR 2020



Onward is like many of the recent Disney Pixar offerings in the last few years, in that it is suitable, has a message, for both young and old. The movie is, in essence, a 3D Dungeons and Dragons adventure quest. It follows Ian, an elf who lives in a world that used to be infused with magic but the world has forgotten its magic. Ian is struggling as his 16th birthday comes around, the time that he is to become an adult. Ian is shy, insecure, and lost while his brother seems to be afraid of nothing, is outgoing, and loves adventure games. Teenage elf brothers Ian and Barley embark on a magical quest to spend one more day with their late father. Like any good adventure, their journey is filled with cryptic maps, impossible obstacles and unimaginable discoveries. Ian and his brother Barley decide to take on this quest to find some magical jewel and in the process learn so much about themselves and each other. Being that it is a D & D quest there is adventure, action, puzzles and strategy that the two brothers have to navigate, all the while they are being pursued by their mother who is worried and afraid for the two of them. On a deeper level, *Onward* is a journey of grief and healing. It speaks to loss and redemption, family and friendship. It speaks to the bonds that hold families together and the challenges that families and siblings face. There is silliness, laughter, deep conversations, and at the end something completely unexpected as both brothers learn to live in a new way together. It is a family movie that I think will entertain young ones, but it also has deep life lessons that adults will understand and appreciate. It was a wonderful way to spend some time together as family. I will watch this movie again.

It's Folk, No Yolk:

Egg Art by Peter Czehryn



It all started with an egg...not the chicken, however, some Easter egger hens eventually came into play. Peter Czehryn, Easter

egg (pysanky) writer and his wife, Paulette Côté were dismayed to learn the St. Mary's Road United Church Foodbank where they volunteer, along with students from the school she works at in Old St. Vital, would be hugely impacted by both an increase in need due to other foodbanks closing and with a reduction in volunteers with school closures during this COVID-19 pandemic. So, they thought for awhile and then decided that Peter's recent eggs prepared in his newly designed art studio would make a great #donationdozen egg auction. They could spread joy through the art and if needed bid on the eggs themselves to make a few hundred dollars for the St. Mary's Road Foodbank, but little did they know... The auction took off and family, friends and community began entering into the fun after the first few slow days on their Facebook page @eggartbypeter, **It's Folk, no Yolk. Egg Art by Peter.** Then, some students from Paulette's school named two of the eggs SUNFIRE and Le voyageur, and they contributed affirmation cards to be delivered to the foodbank recipients, Riverside Lions and another senior's residence in the community. It continued snowballing as 31 eggs were finally bid on and commissioned instead of the original dozen; folks donated money to the cause without need of an egg; a hobby farmer donated her Easter egger hens' coloured eggs and will be donating her vegetables to the Foodbank; and a couple of volunteers from the Canadian Hemophilia Society, MB Chapter are baking chocolate chip cookies for 60 families who are foodbank recipients to receive this Wednesday. Paulette's Aunt died near the beginning of the

auction and they dedicated The Sunflower to her and her uncle bid on it and received the original egg, and their children then commissioned three more as it was symbolic of her Aunt and her artistic and sunny ways. Another egg, Le voyageur, involved three siblings joining together to bid in honour of their parents, former neighbours of Peter and Paulette. Two young daughters of one of Paulette's teacher friends donated \$10 from their piggybank and named their egg, **DRAGON SCALES.** Another teacher friend promoted the project shamelessly as she had been involved with her students in visiting the foodbank to teach the students about poverty firsthand and the challenges folks living in poverty face. The students also learned that it could look like their neighbour, a friend at school, their grandparents, a struggle with mental health, a job loss, and COVID-19 to name a few. People liked the project; asked questions of the artist; told Peter and Paulette how they looked forward to seeing which egg was up for auction each morning; and promoted it for us on Facebook. A good news article was published in Louis Riel School Division celebrating the project and the Lance is publishing an article this week. This project has demonstrated how the best in people always surfaces during the worst of times when we allow the spirit to live amongst us.

Peter and Paulette will be happy to present Joan Boone, St. Mary's Road United Church Foodbank Coordinator with a cheque and donations from the project totalling **\$3500.00.** Happy Easter egg art, enjoy and feel free to join the project in whichever way you feel moved to do so!!!

Peter and Paulette can be reached at eggartbypeter@gmail.com. Thank you!



Morocco Bound

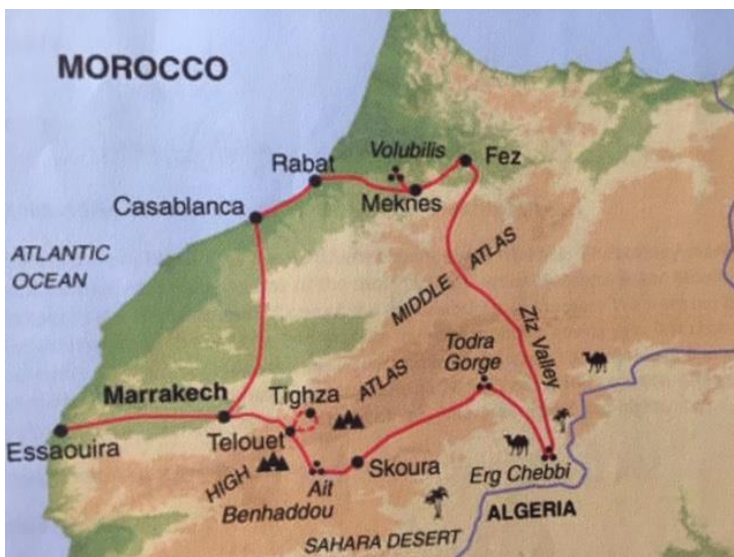
Edna Ericson & Anne Thoroughgood

We, Edna Erickson and Anne Thoroughgood, as part of a group of seven women from the **Women's Travel Club** travelled to Morocco March 6 to 19, 2020. **Exodus Travel Company** arranged the tour providing guidance and transportation from the time we landed in Morocco to our exit ten days later.

Every day held a different destination, lodging varied from hotels to desert tents. A leader plus the driver of the Mercedes 16 passenger van were with us at all times providing guided tours, hikes and always places to eat.

One of the highlights of the trip was the camel ride into the Sahara desert and the opportunity to watch a sunset from the sand dune that we had just climbed. That was followed by supper around an open camp fire, entertainment under a starry sky, then deluxe tents. Morning saw us back on the camels and up another sand dune to see the sun rise!

Roman influence was everywhere. Aqueducts for irrigation are still using gravity as their power. There was the visit to the UNESCO World Heritage Site **VOLUBILLIS** the best kept Roman ruins in Morocco.



Cities visited included **Casablanca** (viewed the third largest mosque in the world), **Rabat** (home of the Canadian Embassy), **Meknes** (cultural center), **Fez** (intellectual center and religious center of Morocco) and their ancient centers called **medina**. This is where one bargains with the shop keepers among the maze of alleys where all types of merchandise and food are available. The tannery used only natural dyes and man power to make fine leather from the hides of goats and sheep.

99% of the population of Morocco is Sunni Islam. We became accustomed to hearing the call to prayer five times a day. Every village no matter how small had a mosque towering over it.

Morocco is an amazing colourful country, a mix of old, new, rich, poor, and a great variety of landscapes, from snowcapped mountain ranges to deserts, gorges, date groves, fertile fields (always irrigated), oasis and more.



Morocco is fascinating, but we were grateful to be back on Canadian soil— in the midst of the pandemic.



Book Review

Sue Turley

Defying Limits: Lessons from the Edge of the Universe

Author: Dr. Dave Williams.

Our theme for Lent 2020 was “on the edge” so I thought this book would tie in nicely with this topic.

The author, Dr. Dave Williams is an astronaut, aquanaut, jet pilot, emergency room doctor, scientist, and CEO.



An inspiring memoir with the basic message that the best way to defy the limits of time is to fully embrace the moment.

He is the former director of Space and Life Sciences at NASA. His moment in a lifetime came to him while floating freely in space as he was replacing a faulty gyroscope outside the space shuttle Endeavour. As a retired astronaut, also an emergency room physician, aquanaut and a CEO, he provides many dramatic moments in his life, both high and low.

Alan Shepard’s suborbital flight in 1961 was the inspirational moment for his desire to become an astronaut.

Williams begins the book chronicling his youth spent learning resilience and independence. He obtains his keen sense to explore from his father and his love of medicine and science from his mother.

He continues with his journey as an emergency room doctor and as a Canadian astronaut. He tells a vibrant story of the long

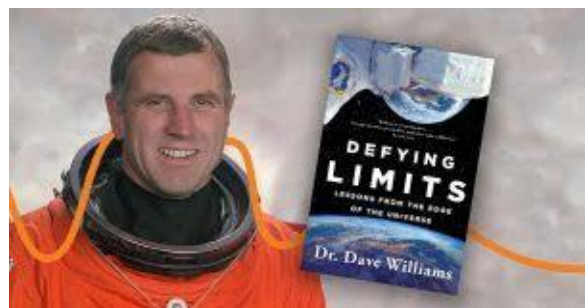
intense process endured by applicants and the arduous requirements of the Canadian astronaut program.

The later part of the book sees him relate his experiences as a mission specialist, a senior executive at NASA, and taking part in a NASA underwater research laboratory.

The reader finds the philosophy of “the power of positive thinking” behind most of the author’s life. He shares with great composure about his special needs child and looks only at the good coming from the love of his child and what he could do to improve his life and the life of his family. He lets us in on a moment when playing basketball in their yard with his special needs child and while he was frustrated and worried that his son would become beaten down by the activity, he suddenly realized that his son cared nothing about making baskets but in spending the time with a father who he adored.

The statement that resonated with me was “Time is our most precious resource, not to be squandered but to be nourished into rich experiences that will stay with us forever.” This is something that at this time of quarantine and self-distancing and isolation we can all benefit from.

Thank you to Joyce and Morris Deveson for sharing this book with me.



Rural Communities

From Sharon Wilson

I count it a priceless blessing that I spent nearly half of my ministry in rural communities. Farmers are special people. They, like ministers, talk of their work as a vocation or a calling. Many spoke to me about how they understood their role in God's ongoing work of creation. All were deeply connected to the rhythms and exigencies of nature that could seem a devoted partner in one moment and an unrelenting enemy the next. In my first year of ministry Easter came late in April after weeks of rain. Several of the dairy farmers in the congregation were desperate to get their crops planted and came to me with an ethical dilemma: should they seed on Easter Sunday? In the mid-1980's, southern Manitoba was in the midst of a drought of biblical proportions. As I drove by the parched fields with cracks big enough to fall into I wondered, where is God? A decade later when I lived north of Winnipeg, harvest time was threatened by rain that turned beautiful fields of sunflowers, wheat, barley and soybeans into muck too deep for any tractor to navigate.

Sad stories? Desperate situations? They might have been except that each one played out in ways that made me wiser and more in awe of those who provide us with the food that magically appears on our grocery shelves. On that bright, sunny Easter morning in 1982 those in worship made a point of driving by all those farms where seeding was underway and honked their horns and waved vigorously from their car windows. Instead of guilt for working on this most important of all Sundays, they felt the support and love of the entire community.

Miraculously, in the drought year, I marvelled that tiny green shoots emerged from the scorched earth in defiance of the conditions. When the rain finally came the

community did a collective happy dance—well not exactly a dance since this was in Mennonite territory!—that their trust and patience had been rewarded.

And of the rainy harvest? The owner of the largest farm purchased a set of caterpillar tracks from a dealer in the United States. When he finished harvesting the most urgent crop he did something I will never forget. He sent the tracks to his neighbour so that he could get his grain off. Those tracks covered a lot of territory. As each crop reached maturity they were harvested....one neighbour after the other. Everyone got through a year that should, by any measure, have been a catastrophe for those who could not afford tracks of their own.

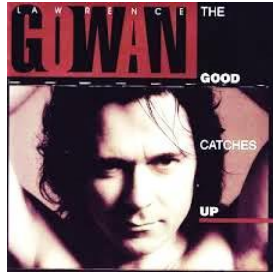
These are just three of countless experiences I had over the years of people embodying their faith at the darkest edges of human experience and, maybe most astonishing, remaining deeply dedicated to their community. Recalling these events brought to mind a passage from the Hebrew Scriptures that captures the essential spirituality of those communities.

But I will bless the person who puts his trust in me. He is like a tree growing near a stream and sending out roots to the water. It is not afraid when hot weather comes, because its leaves stay green; it has no worries when there is no rain; it keeps on bearing fruit. – Jeremiah 17:7-8

Trust, patience, caring and faith are gifts from God. They are on display all around us as the entire Creation groans in the midst of this pandemic. But over the groans can be heard the clanging of pots at 7 pm each evening encouraging our first responders and health care workers. They can be seen in the many hearts and posters in the windows we pass. They are made manifest in every person who has picked up groceries for a neighbour, every phone call to a friend, every sandwich and cookie made for those without shelter,

and all the other acts of astonishing kindness and compassion. In the hardest of days we witness courageous acts that renew our spirits and help us to endure and hold fast to the conviction that it will get better.

I've attached a link for a song by Canadian singer songwriter Lawrence Gowan. He recorded this album in 1995 and its hope-filled confidence has stayed with me ever since.



“The Good Catches Up” is an inspiring anthem reminding us that doing good always brings the best to us in time. A life of caring and trust will enrich the whole Creation as we are seeing daily.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zYE35lyn6pM>

God is among us. All we need to do is look around---from a safe distance! The good catches up.

Movie Review

Anne Onomus

JOJO RABBIT 2019

I had heard about this movie and there are those who said that it was a great movie, but I really didn't know a whole lot about it before watching this film. How does one describe this movie? It is at once a comedy, a parody, a drama, and in some ways an action film. It made me laugh, it caused deep sadness, and there was suspense, all in the midst of one movie. I was challenged to think, and many times there were light moments in the midst of what was a serious and, for those who lived in these times, horrendous times. It is a rare movie and although I know that it will not be for everyone, it is definitely worth the time to sit and watch.

The movie tells the story of Jojo who is living in a small city in Germany as the World War II is coming to a close. Jojo is a fanatical supporter and follower of the regime, having been indoctrinated by the propaganda which spouted their ideals. Jojo was such an ardent follower so much so that his imaginary friend is actually, a hugely parodied version of, Hitler. Now there are some who find this making light of this time in history as problematic, but in the overall theme of the movie it helps to balance the darkness that could have overwhelmed the film. I don't want to give any spoilers but I will say that Jojo embarks on a journey of discovery and learns that the world is not at all what he thought it was and that there is both beauty and sorrow in life. It helped to remind me that we too can both laugh and cry, sometimes at the same time. These are the moments that make up a life.

As I said I am not sure if this movie is for everyone as there are some difficult scenes and deals with a sensitive time in the history of the world. With that being said I watched this movie with no expectations of what to expect and I found it to be both funny and powerful. It was a movie that I will remember and will add to my movie library.



Book Review

Gloria Saindon

What have I been doing during this isolation period? - Working from home, spending time with family (actually talking!) playing games, baking homemade bread and buns, and of course reading. I think I am on book 8 since I returned from Mexico on March 16th. Below is one book I read, as part of a book club, "Recipe for the Perfect Wife" by Karma Brown. Coincidence that Karma is the first name? You may need to read the book to find out!

RECIPE FOR THE PERFECT WIFE- KARMA BROWN

This particular book was one fun, exciting, and almost like a murder mystery. Alice and Nellie, two women with different lifestyles and from different eras come together to share their story of living in the suburbs in a big old house.

Nellie was married and lived in this big house back in the 50's, while Alice leaves the city of New York to live in the suburbs with her husband - in the same house as Nellie lived in. Alice is not the typical homemaker from the 50's of cleaning, coking and always dressed to perfection when her husband comes home from work each day. Nellie prepared the evening meals and added a little something extra to each carefully prepared meal.

The story goes back and forth between the two women as Alice discovers old recipe books and Good Housekeeping magazines in the basement of the home. With each chapter, it captures you and you will not want to put it down! Chapters begin with anecdotes and quotes from the Good Housekeeping magazines and some, will have you laughing with tears - could this really have happened?

Take for instance on particular quote:

"Finding lipstick stain on the collar of a shirt, just go ahead and remove the stain and clean and starch the shirt like you never saw a thing!"

It makes you feel like you are part of the house and can almost smell the aromas as the two women are baking/cooking in the kitchen.

I would recommend this one as a feel good story, but also a little bit of a mystery. Who knows, maybe we will start a WPUC book club!



Inspiration Corner

Alana Davis

History repeats itself. Came across this poem written in 1869, reprinted during 1919 Pandemic.

This is Timeless....

And people stayed at home
And read books
And listened
And they rested
And did exercises
And made art and played
And learned new ways of being
And stopped and listened
More deeply
Someone meditated, someone prayed
Someone met their shadow
And people began to think differently
And people healed.
And in the absence of people who
Lived in ignorant ways
Dangerous, meaningless and heartless,
The earth also began to heal
And when the danger ended and
People found themselves
They grieved for the dead
And made new choices
And dreamed of new visions
And created new ways of living
And completely healed the earth
Just as they were healed.



*Watch for the
Fall edition of
Southwinds.
Available late
September.*