



## GLADWIN HEIGHTS UNITED CHURCH

March 26<sup>th</sup> , 2021

**Minister:** Rev. Tim Bowman

**Music Director:** Rita Green

**Pianist:** Jacob Greenan

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### ZOOM INFO FOR REGULAR GATHERINGS:

*These times and login credentials will remain the same until further notice, regardless of whether you receive an invitation.*

Sunday mornings at 10:00 am.

#### Direct Link:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/5783186702?pwd=VUIza285T0c5T0dkK243QUNXaS9jdz09>

By phone: call 1 778 907 2071. After connecting, when asked enter the Meeting ID: 578 318 6702, and then when asked, enter the password: 839660.

#### Virtual Coffee Time: Thursday at 2 pm or Bible Study Wednesday between 3:30 and 4:30 pm.

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/5410632113?pwd=eDhHL3ZUMkszcFARQzlyZ2lXbEExdz09>

Meeting ID 541 063 2113, Password: 123.

By phone: call 1 778 907 2071. After connecting, when asked enter the Meeting ID: 541 063 2113, and then when asked, enter the password: 123

## Readings for March 28<sup>th</sup>, 2021

Mark 11:1-11



### Hymns and Music for March 28<sup>th</sup>, 2021

MV 122 - "This is the Day"

VU 122 "All Glory, Laud and Honour"

Hymn - "Come into the streets with Me"

MV 165 - "There is a Time"

MV 16 – "Confitermini Domino"

VU 960 - "The Lords Prayer ( Spoken)"

VU 538 - "For the Gift of Creation"

VU 126 - "Ride on, Ride on, the Time is Right"

MV 8 – "And on This Path" V1 & 2

### CONTACTING REV. TIM AND JEANETTE:

Please note the office is closed until further orders from Dr Bonnie Henry are issued. Rev. Tim and Jeanette will be working from home. Tim's office hours are Tuesday through Friday, 9 to 5. He can be reached on his cell phone at 1-778-791-3545, or email him at [bowmantimothy@gmail.com](mailto:bowmantimothy@gmail.com). Jeanette is also working from home as much as possible and can be reached at 1-604-799-5375. This is a Chilliwack # or [info@gladwinheightsunitedchurch.org](mailto:info@gladwinheightsunitedchurch.org)

## Announcements:



## March

**Ellen Alstad Mar. 9**

**Helaina Assels Mar. 22**

**Barb & George Everton Mar 30 – Anniversary**



In rural communities, homelessness can be even more hidden.

*Credit: Trisha Elliott / The United Church of Canada*

After a brain injury and the death of his mother, Jesse found himself homeless and sleeping in a storage unit. Now, thanks to employment training and support programs run by Mission & Service partner Stella's Circle combined with his hard work, Jesse is a trained greenhouse technician. He leads a new social enterprise that grows produce for sale. One day, Jesse hopes to supply restaurants with the produce he and others grow.

What does work mean for him? "It means maintaining my independence. It means building confidence. It means instilling purpose. It makes me feel functional," says Jesse. Supporting job training and employment programs has never been more important. Because of the pandemic, 114 million more jobs were lost in 2020 than in 2019. Four times more jobs were lost during the pandemic than during the global financial crisis in 2009.[1]

All of us work at something, whether we are paid or unpaid. When our values match what we spend time working at, we find meaning in life. People who are unable to work not only struggle to pay the bills, but their sense of meaning and self worth suffers too.

That's why your generosity through Mission & Service supports job training programs here at home and around the world. Meaningful work helps us thrive. Maybe that's why, in the Bible, "work" is mentioned more than 800 times. In the Easter story, the work of Passover preparations set the table for Jesus' divine work order: "This is my body given for you; do this in remembrance of me."

Mission & Service supports programs that help people find meaningful employment and renewed life. It's one of the ways you and I participate in God's holy, resurrecting work every day. Thank you for your generous support.



### Romeo (Retired Old Men Eating Out)

All men from all Congregations are invited to this Zoom meeting every other Friday at 8:00 am. The next meeting is on Friday, April 2<sup>nd</sup> , 2021 Why not join and have some great breakfast company?

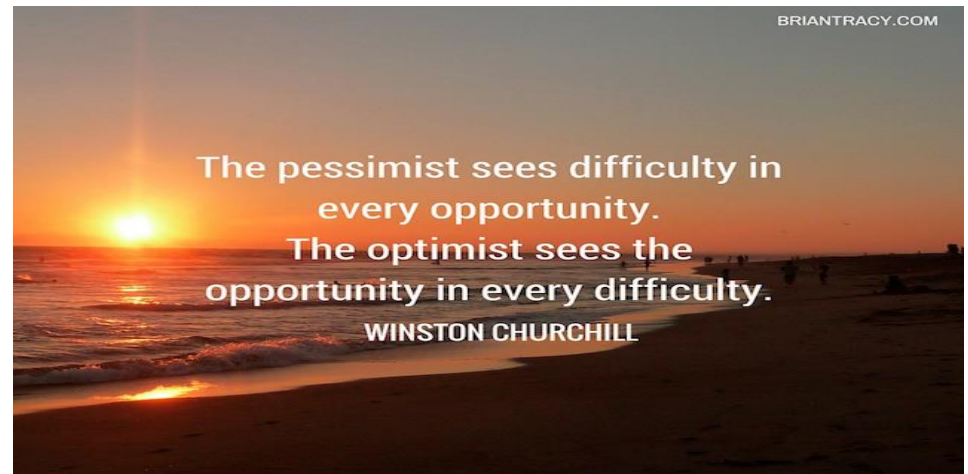
By phone: call 1 778 907 2071. After connecting, when asked enter the Meeting ID: 849 713 94 320, and then when asked, enter the password: 33737



### Vaccines

Phase 2 of BC's vaccine rollout plan includes seniors 80+. If you would like assistance from congregation members in accessing the health system for this purpose by phone or computer, please contact one of our Cluster church offices. Alternatively, if you are comfortable with technology and would like to offer your time to assist others, please also contact a church office. Thank you!

### Funny Quotes:





### **Start with bodyweight exercises.**

If lifting weights seems too intense right off the bat, then Snyder and Kennihan suggest beginning with bodyweight to learn proper form and reduce the risk of injury.

“Lifting weights is only one way to increase strength, but for many, it may not be the best way,” Snyder says.

“Before someone begins lifting extra weight, they should be able to handle their own bodyweight. Too often people go too fast and sacrifice form and biomechanics just to lift heavy weights.”

Kennihan has her clients start with the following exercises:

- Squats
- Lunges
- Push-ups (against the wall, on your knees, or on your toes)
- Dips
- Shoulder presses (reaching your hands in the air or with water bottles)
- Step-ups

- Bicycle crunches (two to three sets of ten to 15 reps three times a week)

These exercises can help improve everyday life.

From there, she recommends adding weight using dumbbells or resistance bands.

“I have my clients do the strength work on non-consecutive days and include walking or cardio on the in-between days to help with recovery,” Kennihan says.

“These are my ‘starter’ exercises because they target the body’s largest muscle groups through functional movements, which translate to improved performance at everyday tasks, such as climbing stairs, carrying groceries, and playing with your grandkids.

As a fitness specialist at Spring Lake Community Fitness & Aquatic Center, Kim Evans regularly works with individuals she calls “active agers.” She tells them to prioritize two exercises: squats and push-ups.

“Squats keep your legs and trunk strong and will assist you when you get up out of a chair or the couch,” she says.

“As people age, they lose strength in their legs and butt and have difficulty getting around. As soon as you lose strength, daily living becomes harder. So we work on squats—a lot.”

She adds, “We also work on push-ups from many different angles (these can help when first starting out). A push-up move is vital, especially if you fall. If you can’t push yourself up, then you may stay there a very long time. With strength in your arms and upper body, at the very least you can roll over and holler for help.”



**LENTEN DEVOTION BOOKLET:** Our Lenten devotional booklet is now complete and both parts are available on our congregational websites: <https://www.gladwinheightsunitedchurch.org/news/lenten-devotion-booklet-for-2021> or <https://www.saintandrewsunited.church/news/lenten-devotion-booklet-for-2021>. Please contact Rev. Tim or Jeanette if you prefer to pick up a paper copy.

**Volunteer needed**

We are in need of a Pacific Mountain Regional Representative. Please contact me by email or leave a message on the office phone if you are interested or for more information.



A photo of Larry Chisholms' cremation plaque on the top left and his wife Dorothy's on the top right - the Veteran's wall 9 by Crystal Lake is really a lovely outdoor setting. Visiting hours: 365 days are 8:30 am to 5:00 pm.

### A Painting Craft idea:



## Materials

- Mod Podge Matte
- Black spray paint
- Mason jars or recycled jars - 2
- Lace trim - enough to cover your jars

## Tools

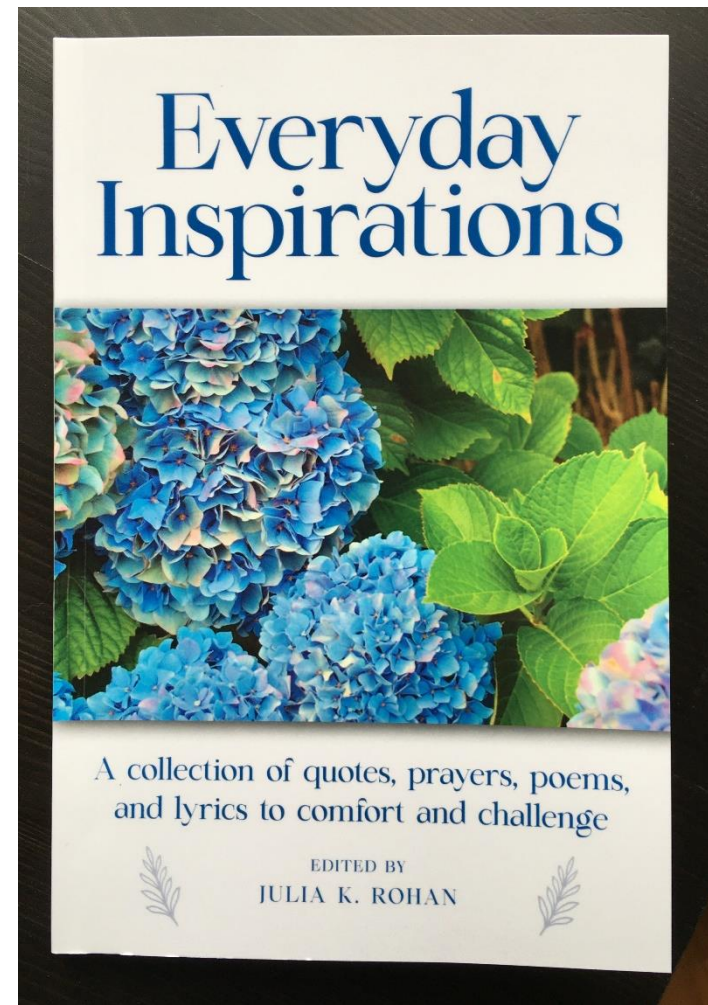
- Scissors
- Paintbrush

## Instructions

- Remove the labels from your jars. Clean the jars with mild soap and water let dry.
- Place the jars on a protected surface. Spray with black spray paint. You'll want to spray lightly and let dry; use several coats and let dry.
- When the spray paint is completely dry, apply Mod Podge to a jar. Wrap the lace around and apply more medium until the lace is secure. Let dry.
- Apply Mod Podge over the top of the lace to seal and let dry. Repeat with the other jar(s) and let dry before using.



## Everyday Inspirations



Everyday Inspirations "Everyday Inspirations" is a collection of quotes, prayers, poems and lyrics for every occasion. Enriched by beautiful colour photos, this book of spiritual wisdom will become an uplifting friend in the challenging days ahead. Sourced from dozens of spiritual teachers from across the centuries, the collection includes prayers from Rev. Tracy Fairfield (Aldergrove), Julia Rohan, Arlene Kropp (Gladwin) and Brenna Maag (St. Andrew's), along with photos from Joan Curtis (Trinity). Price for members of our church cluster is \$20, tax included. All proceeds go to Mission & Service. Order your copy now by contacting Jeanette at 604-852-3984. Pick up only, at Gladwin, on appointment.



### **October 2, 2021. FUNdrive with Value Village**

Calling on all Soft Goods!

We are collecting Soft Goods, which include any type of material such as clothing, footwear, belts, scarves, handbags, linens, towels, drapes and anything else you can think of. Items need to be **CLEAN**, but can be torn, frayed and stained for recycling, repurposed or for resale.

Please tell your family, friends and neighbours and let's keep these items out of our landfill!

Any questions, ask Ellen 604-853-9501



### **"A Terrible Thing Has Happened" by Virginia Sackville-woolf**

Note: Inspired by the children who found Virginia Woolf's body in The River Ouse in 1941 during World War II

#### **A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED**

There were two things Mrs L. M. Everland wasn't.

She wasn't married. Never had been.

And she wasn't a good cook.

"It's rabbit," she said, putting the chipped white plate down in front of Tabatha, "or it was," she added, turning away, wiping her hands on the old red dishcloth she so often had over one shoulder.

"I expect you're used to much finer things. In London," she said with that glimmer of amusement in her eye as she set the tea kettle on the stove to heat up for the fourth time that evening, and Tabatha sliced a not-quite-boiled potato from a tin in half with her fork, forgoing the blackened cubes of rabbit for now.

"Not much," Tabatha answered after swallowing.



Mrs Everland sat down on the chair on the opposite side of the table with the kettle slowly boiling behind her. She moved the jam jar of Alstromeria from the centre of the table to one side so that they could see each other better, revealing the scorch mark in the middle of the table, and the old wax pockmarks in the old scrubbed pine table where the candle had been in the winter.

“Did someone give you those?” Tabatha asked, watching how the few wilting yellowed leaves among the green quivered slightly in the gentle breeze that came through the half-open window.

Mrs Everland smiled one of her secret smiles, gave the tiniest purse of her lips and reached out to touch one of the yellow leaves that fell neatly into her palm as if she had willed it.

“No,” she said, “I gave them to myself,” she smiled again, and held the tip of the leaf between her thumb and forefinger, twirling it so that the light caught the yellow and blotched brown turning it gold and bronze in the sunlight that stretched half-way across the table between them, “like Mrs Dalloway,” she paused again, “only I picked them myself, instead of buying them.”

“Who’s Mrs Dalloway?” Tabatha asked, and Mrs Everland drew in a very long, very slow breath, and then released it just as slowly. Peaceful, calm, always. As if she half-existed in a dream, but only inside the house, once outside the house she came alive only in the minds of the outsiders that mistook her for cruel and unkind. Different.

“She’s a character,” she said, “in a book,” and then, leaning forward slightly across the table on her forearms, with hands both clasped about the leaf, she said “a very wonderful book, written by

a very wonderful woman,” with her eyes glittering, dark and wide, and full of secrets yet and never to be told.

She stood up, slowly, early spring light in the dark auburn brown of unruly hair pinned with often-falling hairpins on the very top of her head, so that it fell about her face in curls she never seemed to brush. Early spring light that cast a fleeting warmth across her cheek, her lips, her chin, as she passed, to the shelf in the kitchen, a board she’d put up herself with mismatching black iron brackets, the emerald rings she wore, three of them, on every other finger of her right hand glinting as she carefully eased a book from between another and a big, clear glass jar of golden shining honeycomb. She set the book down on the table in front of Tabatha, next to her plate, a well-thumbed paperback with Mrs Dalloway in painted black writing inside a yellow border.

She sat down again, reached across the table and slipped the leaf between the cover and the first page, “bookmark,” she said, then rested back in her chair, head to one side, regarding Tabatha with the faraway and yet all-seeing look that only women are ever capable of having, and women like Mrs Everland even more so.

“Do you miss them?” She asked, “your parents?” As if the question needed clarification, and Tabatha pushed the half-moon of the mealy white potato over with her fork while the tea kettle began its whistle, louder and louder, and louder until the silence came, and Mrs Everland had taken it from the stove and was pouring more tea into the big brown teapot.

“Here,” she set the little blue and turquoise glazed sugar bowl down in front of Tabatha, “use the last of it. As much as you want. There’s always the honey.”

That was what Mrs L. M. Everland was.

Kind.

The next morning, early, while the sparrows were still singing in the hedgerows and the spring sunshine was turning the shimmer of a light frost to the warmth of new green grass on the fields, Tabatha walked to school with the three other children evacuated to Rodmell, Lewes, a village somewhere amidst the South Downs.

Tabatha, Nancy, Letty and Constance, all four of them eleven years old, all four from the anonymity of London’s shroud of grey and white and the murmur of pigeons in the eaves and alcoves of looming grey brick buildings turned to rubble and the dull brown rats on the wet grey cobbles.

“I’ve heard things about Mrs Everland,” Nancy said, squinting into the sky, shielding her eyes while she watched the planes fly in the distance.

“What sort of things?” Tabatha asked, watching the dew-shined toes of her black boots as she walked.

“I heard she never leaves her house,” Letty said before Nancy had a chance to answer, turning, grinning, brown leather satchel bumping against her thigh.

“Well, I heard that she killed her husband. Poisoned him,” Nancy, who was tall for her age with two long plaits of chestnut hair, said this with a pointed look in Tabatha’s direction, “apparently,” she

went on, “she cooked this huge, sumptuous feast for him, everything he liked, desert too, and he ate it, but he didn’t know she’s put poison in it first.”

“Don’t listen to her,” Constance whispered, leaning her head of tight blonde curls close to Tabatha’s own and interlinking her arm with hers.

Nancy glanced back again and grinned a toothy grin.

“Then what happened?” Letty asked, kicking a small white round stone that looked like one of Mrs Everland’s boiled potatoes into the grass from the track.

“Then,” Nancy drew in a breath, thoroughly enjoying her role as revealer of truths, “his blood turned to ice, just froze up in his body and he died in his chair, just sitting there before he’d even eaten the stewed pears. They say he was buried still holding his spoon because his body was so seized up they couldn’t get it out of his hand.”

Letty screwed up her face, opened her mouth to say something, and then closed it again.

“That’s not true,” Tabatha said, nonchalant, looking up now, edging on defiant should the weather have called for it.

“And how would you know?” Nancy asked, all but rolling her eyes.

“She told me,” she said, “when we first arrived. She said, ‘they’ll tell you about me, the people in the village, they’ll tell you I poisoned by husband, but I can tell you that’s not true.’” she quoted.

“Of course she’d tell you it wasn’t true,” Nancy laughed, “she’s not going to admit it, is she.”

"She's never been married," Tabatha added, and Nancy's smile faltered slightly, "and," now it was time for the nail in the proverbial coffin, "she can't cook."

Nancy ignored her, chose instead to look up again at the second arrow of warplanes heading north, engines burning up the sky and the silence and leaving a ring in the air that seemed always to be there, but never lasted longer than it took to see them disappear.

"Well I heard she never got married because she was having an affair," Letty began, once they'd started walking again, this was her moment now, and she paused for effect, "with a woman."

"Who?!" Nancy asked before she could stop herself, now it was Letty's turn to look smug.

"A writer. She writes books, novels, she's quite famous," Letty said with an air of authority, "although Mother said they're not appropriate, she writes stories about women who aren't women at all, they act like men. One of them, Orlando, kept turning from a man to a woman and did...all sorts."

Nancy's face twisted from alarm, through intrigue, to suspicion, "how do you know?" She asked, and Tabatha felt the heaviness of Constance's arm through her own, and the weight of Mrs Dalloway in her satchel, as she remembered the flush of Mrs Everland's cheeks as she had set the book down so carefully beside her, '...a very wonderful woman...'

Around the corner, they bumped into Arrick, an elderly man with a dog they had passed every morning since last Tuesday, on their first day to school. He tipped his cap to them, stepped aside so that his earth-brown boots crunched the final frost beneath the

hedges, and tugged the fraying string rope gently to bring the little black and white terrier dog to his heels.

"Mornin'," he said, as he tipped his hat, the thinning blue-white skin beneath his eyes damp from the cold and his cheeks and nose a colourless grey pink as they smiled their replies, "There's something afoot up there," he raised his free arm that held a long hand-whittled cane and pointed stiffly with the end of it in the direction they were heading, "something going on," he spoke slowly, and with an accent from further north."

"What?" Nancy asked, all of them looking in the direction he pointed to, the place furthest from the rising sun, where the fields still glittered and shimmered with frost.

"I don't know," he lowered his stick, "men about, police by the looks of things, poking about in them woods with sticks and dogs, Mitsy were scared witless," he tugged on the string so that the little dog with shivering legs looked up at him with blinking dark eyes and twitching black nose, "weren't you?" he asked her, and she sat down in response, "I'd take the long way round if I were you, down by the river," he pointed again with his stick in a more Westerly direction, where the fields hid the pathway that nobody but the locals expected, down to where The River Ouse abruptly sliced the landscape, small, snakelike and startlingly silver.

"Thank you," Nancy gave their thanks as her own, quiet, unusually so for her, still looking in the direction of the woods that seemed all but a mist and smudge of grey on the horizon, "thank you," she said again, suddenly realising her manners, turning, smiling, and realising he had already begun his shuffling stoop back on his way.

“Which way?” Letty asked, narrowing her eyes, like Nancy had, looking to the trees, seeing only what was perhaps her imagination moving between the trees.

“The river,” Tabatha said, “I know the way, Mrs Everland showed me the other day when we were foraging.”

Nancy looked at her in the sceptical way she had inherited from her school mistress mother, “foraging for what?” She asked, not yet quite convinced of Mrs Everland’s innocence.

“Mushrooms,” Tabatha said, already setting off, Constance’s hand still neatly tucked into the crook of her elbow, “and wild garlic,” she added, when Nancy and Letty began, begrudgingly, to follow.

“I thought she couldn’t cook?” Nancy asked as they turned down the lane in between the fields, the grass and the odd uncut blade of uncut wheat that brushed the backs of their knees.

“She can’t,” Tabatha and Constance stepped over a rabbit hole in unison, “but she does try,” she glanced briefly back at Nancy’s screwed up face, her feet wet inside her shoes from the grass, Letty trailing along behind her, “and the garlic was for a remedy she made, it has antibacterial properties,” she glanced again at Nancy, enjoying, fleetingly, the knowledge that when it came to Mrs Everland, she was the expert, as much as one could be, after knowing her only for a week.

“Sounds like witchcraft to me,” Letty said from the back, breathless and pale, unused to walking for longer than the time it would take to step from a London doorway to a carriage, but neither girl replied, they merely stopped, in a line, stopped without thinking, the grass in its dew-lit glory melted away to sand-coloured grit shot

through with the glint of splinters of quartz and feldspar, and the water, flat, calm, both grey and silver, gold and white, sparkling beneath clouds that reflected the day in the cool of the water that ran, seemingly unmoving beneath the old stone bridge they would cross on their way to school.

“What’s that?” Letty asked, after a moment of silence where the air that smelled of fresh-cut grass and the early morning smell of the Earth warming held them, suspended within that moment.

“What?” Constance asked, quietly, not wanting to break the stillness.

Letty moved further down the slope toward the river, “that,” she pointed to what looked like the ebb and flow of fabric the same colour as both the water and the sky.

In silence, they followed Letty, Nancy just behind her, the soft bump-bump of four school satchels and the scuff of shoes on dry gravel and grit, the gentle lap of the water and the cheerful twittering of the birds the only sounds in this Rodmell morning.

“What is that?” Nancy asked, and Letty stopped, now only feet from the puckering fabric blooming and fading and blooming again from where the old tree branches and sticks had dammed up a corner beneath the bridge, then, slowly, ever so slowly, the colourless white of a hand, a knuckle, the glance of a gold wedding band on a finger swollen and water-logged, and the thin, long ripples that caught, not the fragile spindles of newly snapped twigs from the trees, but the grey-brown of hair that pulled and shimmered, and from somewhere in the near distance, from

above, on the outskirts of the forest, a mans voice called,  
“Virginia?” in a voice that had called for too long.

That evening, in silence, Tabatha and Mrs Everland picked  
Alstromeria in the garden, the flowers of friendship, love, strength  
and devotion, of silent mutual support, and the ability to help each  
other through the trials and tribulations of life.

They picked one of each colour, and she set them in the window in  
an old enamel jug, in the dying light of day, for Orlando, for Mrs  
Dalloway.

For Virginia Woolf.

