

TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

A JOYFUL NOISE

Volume 26

Number 2



*“For as the lightning comes from the east and flashes to the west,
so will be the coming of the Son of Man” Matt 24:27*

SUMMER 2009

FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

I am thankful for Christ our Messiah... our Savior who is God incarnate... who takes away our sin... but I am equally thankful for Christ the man... our High Priest who cried out in pain because He knew our deepest needs...

Hebrews 4:14-16 reads: Now that we know what we have — Jesus, this great High Priest with ready access to God — let's not let it slip through our fingers. We don't have a priest who is out of touch with our reality. He's been through weakness and testing, experienced it all — all but the sin. So let's walk right up to him and get what he is so ready to give. Take the mercy, accept the help. (The Message)

Help from our great high Priest ... the bible says that He intercedes for us. He prays for us ... who better to intercede on our behalf than Jesus Christ.

Suzy and I, as well as the elders, as well as many of you, intercede for each other and lift up the needs of those connected with the church, but isn't it great to know that your concerns ... be they health concerns, spiritual concerns, emotional concerns, are continually being brought to the Father by the Son?

As we head into summer and look forward to beautiful days with friends and family, be encouraged that no matter what you are going through, you are not going through it alone. You not only have us, the Body of Christ to lift you up in prayer, but you also have Christ, who promises never to leave you or forsake you. That is the kind of help we all need.

We wish you a wonderful summer of joyful times, peace, health and God's Blessings. Pastor Rick

Two awesome birthday milestones have recently been celebrated by our Trinity family: Both Beryl Tether and Frances Thompson passed their 100th anniversaries in May. Beryl Tether was able to be at church where she was given our rendition of "Happy Birthday," which was sung without so much as the benefit of a rehearsal! However we can assure her that our best wishes were nonetheless most sincere.

Did you Know? The little country of Nepal lies wedged between India and Tibet. Although not even twice as large as **Vancouver Island**, it has almost 30 million people (and 8 of the world's 10 highest mountains)!

Christianity was officially prohibited in Nepal until 1960 when there were just 29 believers. In 1990, limited religious freedom was granted and the Nepalese Church is now among the fastest growing in the world with an estimated 500,000 Christians!

The rugged island of Papua New Guinea is a shared island. The western half, governed by Indonesia, has more than 250 languages, while the eastern half is an independent country and has more than 860 languages. With very few roads, it's no wonder that both the MAF (Mission Aviation Fellowship) aircraft and the Wycliffe Bible Translators are so busy!

With Session support, Pastor Rick and Suzy will be hosting a tour to the Holy Land and Germany in 2010 from May 6th-21st. This tour will include such well known places as Megiddo, Nazareth, Galilee, Capernaum, Jerusalem and Bethlehem before flying to Germany and the Bavarian Alps to see the world famous Oberammergau Passion Play. Early booking (before August 31st this year) will save you money, so talk to your hosts about it as soon as possible.

The PWS&D (Presbyterian World Service & Development) team visited Trinity May 1st to talk about the work that our denomination does both here and overseas. Other churches were invited to come for the evening and the team was awed by our reception as well as the decor of our church. Through dollars from the second line of our weekly envelopes, PWS&D pays for water wells and relief work around the globe.

Our *Simply Fun* daycare outreach, after months of seemingly endless red tape, is going quite well, thanks to the excellent supervision of Brenda Irvine. Adjustments have been made to our use of the church hall and as we are finding ourselves cramped at times, the Board is talking with Brenda to see how we can overcome these difficulties. It is good to have Brenda worshipping with us from time to time so we can get to know her.

It was with much dismay that we learned that Abby Cleaver had taken a tumble from her 30 foot high rock perch above Thetis Lake on Sunday afternoon, May 31st. She landed on her left leg (thankfully it was not her head!) and smashed it and her left foot quite badly. Crowds of young people visited her daily in hospital and her indomitable spirit forced her to attend church the following Sunday! It was wonderful to see her there, smiling through her pain, and our prayers continue for her speedy and full recovery.

With the resilience of youth, Abby is making great progress and is now zipping about on crutches, finishing off her school year in fine style. We thank God that many of our prayers for her have been answered.

Abby Cleaver and Larissa McCormick are Trinity's delegates to the *Canada Youth Conference* to be held from July 20th to 25th in St. Catharines, Ontario and we are uncertain at this time, whether Abby will be able to attend. We must leave such decisions as these in the Lord's hands, as only he knows what's best for her.

Happy Couples: On May 31st, the Hospitality Committee held a shower luncheon following church for Whitney McCormick and Adam Hanna, toasting the "king and queen" as they plan their wedding on June 27th. And our sincere congratulations to Adam who, along with three students, took second place in a ballroom dancing competition in Washington State. Adam teaches dancing and has offered to bring his students to a church function someday to show their skills.

A second shower luncheon by our hard-working Committee is set for Sunday, July 26th for Hannah Cleaver and Barry Brown as they plan their August 9th wedding on the grounds of St. Ann's Academy. Always something to look forward to here at Trinity!

When asked: "How do you decide who to marry," 10 year old Alan replied: "You got to find somebody who likes the same stuff. Like, if you like sports, she should like it that you like sports, and she should keep the chips and dip coming."

Transitions: It is with sadness that we learned that Helen Currie, one of our long-time elders had passed away in St. Albert AB at the age of 95. Helen was an elder here in Trinity Church since the 1960s and was one of the first lady elders here in BC.



Helen Currie



Marjorie Stephenson

Also with sadness, we marked the passing of Marjorie Stephenson at 96, a member of Trinity since 1970, who came to Canada as a war bride by sea, then west by train.

Our sympathy is also extended to Arlene Stapleton on the passing of her older sister Mary.

And then, because we were away, we only lately learned of the passing of Dr. Bob Pledger in February at age 86. His wife Mary was one of Trinity's long-time elders before leaving to help start our sister West Shore Presbyterian Church.

Our picture board in the upper hall has been out of date for some time now and a new photo album of church members is now taking shape with up to date pictures, with our thanks to Tania Smith.

Former Trinity members Erna Boughey and Anne McNaughton have been receiving regular Trinity updates and Erna phoned recently from the mainland to say she misses her old Trinity friends and wished to be remembered to them.

The church is looking into the possibility of supplying hearing devices for those experiencing difficulty hearing the sermons. If you feel you would benefit from such a device, please let Michael know as soon as possible.

Comings and Goings

Sarah Cunningham flew to Honolulu recently with her son Shaun where they boarded a cruise ship and visited a number of islands over a period of some days. They were most impressed with the oldest Lutheran Church on the islands. Built in 1885 by German immigrants who arrived on Kauai after a voyage of 6 months, its architecture reflects the ship they came on, with the floor slanted like a deck, the balcony like the bridge, the ceiling shaped like a hull and the pulpit like a fo'c'sle.

The ship then departed for Vancouver, experiencing some pretty rough weather for a day or so. While many people were ill, Sarah, having experienced the Irish Sea a few times, was not much troubled by it all.

Edinam Aggor, a recent Trinity member, has graduated in economics and Rashida Usman has graduated in law - both from UVic. Congratulations! Both plan to continue their studies in Ontario and while Trinity will miss them, we do wish them all the best in their endeavours there. And finally, Heidi Bada has graduated from UVic with a BA in Psychology, and is planning to go to Camosun in the fall to study Accounting. We are so proud of her! Wayne Robinson was so very pleased to be an invited guest to her graduation.

Shirley McDiarmid plans to spend a week in London later this month. Shirley was born and grew up in London and thinks it about time that she went back to visit her old haunts. She will no doubt find lots of changes, but the old buildings are still there, and the theatre, so she will no doubt enjoy it greatly.

Norma Kincaid drove all the way back to Calgary recently to help with the celebrations as her mother marked her 105th birthday!

St. Andrew's Church has called Jenn Geddes to be their new Assistant Minister. Jenn has chosen to be ordained in her home church in Hamilton before coming to Victoria. She will be inducted at a special Presbytery Service of Worship on Sunday, July 5th at 4 pm and all are invited to attend St. Andrew's Church for this happy event. We at Trinity wish to extend a warm welcome to this newest member of our Presbytery.

The Board has appointed Rob Badda to serve as Ken King's replacement until our AGM next February. We very much appreciate Rob's ability to fix anything, no matter what the problem, so we hope to hang on to him! Ken has returned to the States, having given up his attempt to obtain his Canadian Landed Immigrant Status, and we do miss him.

Anyone for camping?

Our Camp VIP (Vancouver Island Presbytery) is hosting a great family camp get-together at the provincial Rath Trevor Beach campgrounds in Parksville from July 31st to August 3rd. Bring your own tent or trailer, food and camping gear for a fun weekend with Presbyterians from all over Vancouver Island. Our teen camp will take place from August 31st to September 5th and there is still room. See the camp board or Bob Gartshore for details. Be forewarned: We will be asking you for another "ton of cookies" for this teen camp later in August!

WHY COMPUTERS CRASH - Dr. Seuss (somewhat out of date, but then anything to do with computers is always out of date by the time you get it home!)

If a packet hits a pocket on a port, and the bus is interrupted at a very last resort, and the access of the memory makes your floppy disk abort, then the socket packet pocket has an error to report.

If your cursor finds a menu item followed by a dash, and the double-clicking icon puts your window in the trash, and your data is corrupted cause the index doesn't hash, then your situation's hopeless and your system's gonna crash.

If the label on the cable on the table at your house, says the network is connected to the button on your mouse, but your packets want to tunnel to another protocol, that's repeatedly rejected by the printer down the hall.....

And your screen is all distorted by the side effects of gauss, so your icons in the window are as wavy as a souse; then you may as well reboot, and go out with a bang, 'cuz sure as I'm a poet, the sucker's gonna hang.

When the copy on your floppy's getting sloppy in the disk, and the macro code instructions cause you more unwanted risk, then you'll have to flash the BIOS and you'll want to RAM your ROM, just quickly turn the darn thing off and run and tell your Mom!

The following came from our *Gorge Tillicum Neighbourhood News* by Trevor Hancock (excerpts reprinted with permission):

LOCAL HEROS: HARLAND BELL

Harland, who began trail walking for exercise during his initial semi-retirement in Calgary, began picking up litter as he went. He is pictured here in Cuthbert Holmes Park continuing this habit. A firm believer that “*you only get out of society what you put in,*” Harland is on the board of Managers from Trinity Presbyterian Church and volunteers with a couple of food service programs as well.

Trinity voted to adjust its Sunday worship time to 10:30 during the summer months and this change seems to have been taken in stride by our folk, for we did not notice any latecomers on the first “early Sunday” June 7th. Another vote will be taken toward the end of August to determine if we will keep this early time.

“There are a lot of years. Most of them are good, like ninety-nine percent. The bad ones are not worth considering. What makes a good year? Achievement. Love. Recognition of self. Love. Realization of human failure. Love. Acknowledgement of the positive side of life. Love, and a need to project a viewpoint. Love, and an assertion that man belongs to God.”

This foregoing was written by Evan McDiarmid, who passed away in February in his 94th year. Known as “a gentleman of the old school” Evan was a devout Christian who is greatly missed by his wife Shirley.

Presbyterian Women’s Retreat (with thanks to Jeanne Spinelli)

Twelve women from Trinity car-pooled to lovely Thetis Island, and there we found Capernwray Retreat, located beside the sea complete with a beautiful manor house, acres of wood, a working farm, and a lake. Following registration we settled into our comfortable cedar cabin which even included indoor plumbing!!

Our excellent meals were served in the manor house by the charming young people. The meeting hall/church up the



hill, was where we were privileged to hear some amazing speakers; our theme speaker being Marion Mackay Barclay from Cape Breton. *Sharing Faith in a Changing Culture* was the theme for the weekend, interspersed with fun games, stretch and groan exercises, singing, skits (the one pictured being performed by our own Trinity gals) and lots of laughter. Jeanne (violin) and Arlene (keyboard) were part of our team of musicians and singers. The talks and worship time were inspiring, and the Walk of Meditation and Contemplation, with stops to quietly read scripture, was a never to be forgotten interval.



Free time after lunch allowed those who were interested to take advantage of the boats and, while Donna and Heidi enjoyed the zodiac ride around the harbour, others visited the tuck shop for ice cream, then sat in the sun and watched the harbour activities.

The bonfire was a lot of sticky fun, with schmoors, crackling firelight and happy songs. We were truly blessed with perfect weather.

Following a Sunday morning Communion and a Worship Service, all enjoyed a farewell lunch on the patio before boarding the ferry and driving home.

I thank God daily for the Grace of his Son, Jesus.

Our good friend Ed Burrows and his wife Elizabeth (Betty) are celebrating their 65th Wedding Anniversary on July 15th and we add warmest congratulations to the happy couple! Do ask Ed sometime about his “Spitfire days!”

FROM HERE AND NOWHERE

It has become increasingly evident that there is a whole lexicon of words out there that don’t mean anything to me. I’m speaking of course about sports, a subject so foreign to me that it might as well be reported in Hebrew.

I blame my upbringing for that; no one in our home ever talked about or listened to sports casts. Maybe they didn’t have any then. Sports casts that is. We

had a beautiful tennis court across the road from our home, but it was fenced and locked; quite unnecessary since most of us rug rats had no racket, no ball, no shoes and no money. It seemed to be a place for the elite who were mostly from out of town. It didn't worry me much as I couldn't see much point in beating a ball back and forth anyway. Team sports of any sort left me cold; probably because I was too flat footed to run at any speed. Hockey was a guy sport, which was fine by me; I watched those games because of the guys, not because I had the least interest in how, or why, the game worked. Even if I had owned skates I never would have considered that being bashed about on ice would be a fun thing to do.

The only game played in our little school was baseball, as that was the sum total of our sports equipment available. One bat, one ball, and one very determined teacher who seemed to think we should all just love the sport. After one horrid spring when Mr. Cody thought he would teach me how to play, and after having disgraced myself by striking out every time, they relegated me to the far reaches of the field. There, I made no attempt to catch anything that came anywhere near me (no glove). It was soon apparent that I was totally unwilling to run, except to avoid the ball, so in disgust I was promoted to score keeping. Mr. Cody and I came to terms on other issues as well.

I was always very grateful that spring and fall were short lived in Alberta, since that was the only time we were shoved outside to get exercise. We had no gym, but in the winter, we got plenty of exercise rushing to and from school to avoid freezing to death; a great incentive!

Another great incentive was to learn how to dance, because that was pretty much the only winter activity. It was a family thing to do; the littles learning to beat time to the music before falling asleep in a heap somewhere. It was a great way to meet and get to know the guys; it wasn't a team sport, and I liked the feel of a fellows arms around me! We learned Western, Jazz and eventually Ball Room, and I loved it all.

Swimming of course was my biggest love; being flat footed doesn't matter and the wonderful freedom of sliding through water still enchants me. One can roll, twist, dive and flip, all with very little effort, and since I am innately lazy, it is a perfect sport.

As most of you know, I recently had surgery, and when I went in for the pre-op stuff and found out that I was to be flipped onto a Stryker frame and hung upside down, all sorts of old memories (strike three, you're out!) and new imaginings got my immediate attention. Then, when I got into the O.R. and saw the thing, hockey began to look like a safe sport. The Stryker frame looked like a net bath tub, long and narrow, with white lumps of styrofoam scattered throughout, and seemed to require a drop of some five feet. I was really glad I was going to be knocked out before the five large green-covered, muscle-bound football players grabbed me and threw me into the thing. I figured that I'd be bent like a pretzel, with the back of my head touching my heels and they would have to operate through my stomach to get at my low back, which by then would likely be broken anyway. All this occurring whilst clothed in a gown that left little if anything to the imagination. When they told me to breath deeply, I co-operated with vigor; no way I wanted to be awake for any of this stuff. Why the deep breathing anyway? The anaesthetic was being administered into my veins, or arteries, or something. I guess they wanted to know when I was too far gone to fight back.

When I came to, I thought I'd arrived at some sort of weird cocktail party or something. Everyone in green was speaking Latin, or Greek, or something, and appeared to be having a great time. And some annoying female kept telling me to wake up. Sleep seemed like a better option. I didn't want to learn any new words; I'm already getting forgetful in both official languages! Then a phone rang and it was Lorne wanting to know how I was! How was I to know? My mouth was glued shut, my eyeballs were blurred, (probably from hanging upside down) and someone was asking seemingly useless questions, like: "what foot am I touching?" I think the patient should just be left out of all this stuff and allowed to sleep.

I am eternally grateful that the Lord sent me a husband who is also not interested in spectator sports, so I'm never forced to go hide in a closet with a book while the TV screams the scores. He is however, still keen to go up in a balloon, with me! He will have a long wait!

I think I'll keep him, even if he did tell everyone that I was "obstreperous" when I got home. New word. Look it up. It probably should be my middle name.

Have a great summer. Joy