

TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

A JOYFUL NOISE

Volume 27

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*He will cover you with his feathers,
and under his wings you will find refuge*

Ps 91:4

SUMMER

2010

To our Readers;

Due to Suzy's recent illness, we were not provided with a copy of Pastor Rick's summer submission to the Joyful Noise before he and his family left for summer holidays. In its place, we have taken the liberty of inserting this *Prayer for Renewed Understanding*, taken from Isaiah 55:8 and written by an unknown Confederate Soldier many years ago.

I asked for strength that I might achieve;
I was made weak, that I might learn humbly to obey.

I asked for health that I might do great things;
I was given infirmity that I might do better things.

I asked for riches that I might be happy;
I was given poverty that I might be wise.

I asked for all things that I might enjoy life;
I was given life that I might enjoy all things.

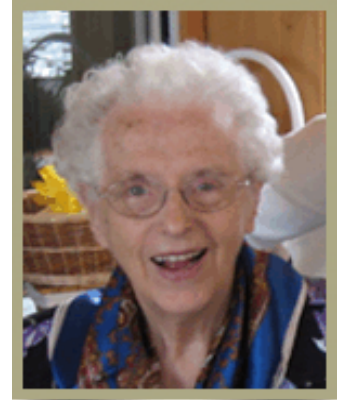
I got nothing that I had asked for
but everything that I had hoped for.

Almost despite myself, my unspoken prayers were answered;
I am, among all men, most richly blessed.

And this from *The Way to Joy* - Chic Broersma

Billy Sunday once said: "If you don't have joy, you've got a leak in your religion." We cannot find joy by seeking it, any more than we can find happiness by pursuing it. Both are by-products. They come as a surprise, while we are on the way to something else. Paul's letter to the Philippians has been called "*A letter of Joy*" because the little word appears so often. As he focussed on making gratitude a habit, living in harmony with others, replacing anxiety with prayer, and faithfully walking in obedience, Paul found something else - joy. Because serving God was the goal of his life, Paul was able to rejoice even in prison, at midnight, his feet locked in the stocks (Acts 16:11-31).

Edie Neilson went to be with her Lord on April 21st at the age of 87. Born in Victoria and predeceased by her long time friends Allison Colburn and Mary Bool of Trinity Church, she will be lovingly remembered by long time friends Frank and Sandra Colburn and the congregation of Trinity where Edie spent much time driving our elderly members and friends to appointments and lunches. She was an avid photographer and a lover of animals, with a special place in her heart for golden retrievers. Her lemon loaf was a welcome treat at church functions. A celebration of Edie's life was held at Trinity on Friday, April 30th with a reception following the service. Edie gave to so many charities, that a donation to the charity of your choice would be much appreciated.



Following a brief illness, Wayne (Wiener) Robinson went to be with his Lord on May 2nd. Always remembered for his quick wit and hearty laughter, Wayne was fond of telling his listeners that his accident a quarter of a century previously was the best thing that ever happened to him, for it brought him back to the Lord. Wayne loved cribbage and was ready to play anyone, anytime, anywhere and spent many years at the Gorge Road Hospital where he made many friends. As a long time member of our Trinity Presbyterian Church, he was usually to be found outside the church - the first to greet folk as they arrived, and during the service often had the congregation laughing at one of his spontaneous attempts at humour! He was also known for asking friends and strangers alike to come to church. Many came; some stayed. Rev. Cleaver conducted the memorial service at McCall's Funeral Home on May 8th with several hundred in attendance, and a smaller service took place at the Aberdeen Hospital on May 18th. Rev. Campbell Smyth spoke at both services.



My Friend in the Wheelchair

My friend in the wheelchair. I know when he is coming -
because I can hear him laugh - and others begin to talk more excitedly.
My friend in the wheelchair - with a mac attack sign
boldly emblazoned on his battery and a smile spread on his face.
My friend in the wheelchair. He knows your name,
Yet while playing a mean game of crib, he gently reminds me -
the jack gives me two more points.
My friend in the wheelchair. He talks of someday becoming whole,
of being strong and free. Little does he know
that he gives others around him strength and freedom and wholeness.
My friend in the wheelchair. Dares to laugh in church out loud!
And makes us all lower our pious masks - and laugh out loud.
My friend in the wheelchair. In the midst of weakness is strength,
In the midst of sadness is joy, in the midst of struggle is self-love.
My friend in the wheelchair. Reminds me of my weaknesses
and helps me to celebrate life with all of its up's and down's.
My friend in the wheelchair. How can I tell him that I appreciate him
without sounding either sentimental or artificial? Will he ever know
how much I like him? I hope so. My friend in the wheelchair. Ian Gartshore

My Friend Wayne: The Sequel

Wayne is a free man who understood freedom long before most of us
even had a clue. Unafraid of judgement he spoke up during worship,
laughed all the way to his belly - and chased every pretty women in sight.
Confined to his wheelchair, Wayne knew how to fly.
His love of life was infectious.
Who could guess that someone whose body was so crippled
could inspire us to live life more fully?
And now Wayne's freedom is secured, heaven's joy is more complete

and his twinkly eyes remain in our memories. We say goodbye to Wayne, but not goodbye to what he gave us. Fly well, our friend!

Ian Gartshore

The Presbytery of Vancouver Island's Visitation Committee met with various Trinity groups (Session, Managers and congregation) on May 8th. While thoughts and concerns were freely expressed, the consensus was that Trinity was a happy church. The Committee recommended that we continue to minister to one another, develop local and overseas mission work and also work with the daycare to develop a closer relationship.

Our own Randy Brown received his Masters Degree in Pastoral Ministry (MPM) from Carey Theological College (on UBC's campus) on May 29th following nine years of part time studies! Our most sincere congratulations Randy! Randy has now applied to our Vancouver Island Presbytery to see what steps needs to be taken to become a Presbyterian Minister and we prayerfully wish him well.



That same weekend, Sandra Carslaw left with Harry, her golden retriever and constant companion, for the UK. Unlike Harry, Sandra was upgraded to first class and both arrived in good shape. The following day, Sandra flew to Spain to attend her father's funeral. She hopes to return to her life as a lawyer in the UK, but it is a big step and we do miss them both. The following is an encapsulated letter to Trinity Church from Sandra:

My Dear Church Family;

“My first month here has been traumatic, but Harry and I are now settled in a lovely small RV spot called Brow Foot Farm, a picture perfect spot with rolling hills, green fields, stone walls and hedgerows around the boundaries. England is at its finest and a perfect place for Harry to run free; he spends most of his days outside learning how to relate to farm livestock. I bought a motorhome last week, and while it is very small (Harry and I have to share the bed), it does have a shower and toilet, a cooker (stove) and a little fridge. You don’t want to know how difficult it is to dump the holding tanks! Huge learning curve!”

“We are near Carnforth, a small town in Lancashire. I have no TV, no phone, but do have internet - once I figured out that my lack of same was because my laptop battery was flat! My van is easy to drive but it is taking some time to feel comfortable on narrow roads and tight turns. I trust this will become easier as I brave the small cities. It remains to be seen if Harry and I will be able to spend the winter in such tight quarters, but we are taking things one day at a time. Harry is happy wherever he is! I miss Victoria and think of you often. I hope all is well with you.”

“Love, Sandra”

Also on that last weekend of May, Abby Cleaver marked the first anniversary of her 30 foot fall onto the shore of Thetis Lake, and Trinity joined in prayers of thanksgiving for her complete recovery. Now we hear that her leg has been bruised in a wake boarding collision and have advised her to stick to hockey - which is far safer!

Many of us have been sick with that nasty virus which has been making the rounds lately. We do you hope have managed the throw the thing, for we have missed you!

And some folk simply feel they have to move along. Audrey Sullivan plans to move back to England to be near her grandchildren, fearing that they will grow up without her! And Barbara Robb is moving back to Ontario - at least for the summer. We want them to know that we will miss them both.

Still others simply fall and damage something! Margaret Bandeen fell while pulling a key from her door lock recently and cracked her hip, then Sarah Cunningham fell and cracked her pelvis. We miss these good folk too. Both will have to stay off their feet for some time to allow healing to take place, a difficult thing for these two busy volunteers. At this writing, Margaret is in the Jubilee, and Sarah is in the General.

However Lavonne Wirtenen is venturing out again, and we add our best wishes along with those of others, as she celebrates her 90th birthday. Ernie is pretty well confined to bed, but is receiving excellent care, freeing Lavonne to do some shopping and visit friends.

Our congratulations are extended to Bob and Ruth Katzer who have just celebrated their Diamond (60th) wedding anniversary. A lovely couple to whom we say "Well done!"

How did the Katzers decide who to marry? Young 10 year old Kristen, when this question was put to her, answered in her usual forthright manner: "No person really decides before they grow up who they're going to marry. God decides it all 'way before, and you get to find out later who you're stuck with."

How is Norma?

A sweet grandmother telephoned St. Joseph's Hospital recently and timidly asked: "is it possible to speak with someone who can tell me how a patient is doing?"

The operator said "I'll be glad to help dear. What's the name and room number of the patient?"

In her tremulous voice, the grandmother said "Norma Findlay, and she's in Room 302."

"Let me put you on hold" the operator responded "while I check with the nurse's station for that room."

A few minutes later, the operator returned to the phone: "I have good news. Her nurse just told me that Norma is doing well. Her blood pressure is fine; her blood work came back normal and her physician, Dr. Cohen, has scheduled her for discharge tomorrow."

The grandmother said "Thank you. That's wonderful. I was so worried. God bless you for the good news."

"You're more than welcome dear" the operator said kindly. "Is Norma your daughter?"

"No. I'm Norma Findlay in Room 302" the grandmother responded. "No one tells me a single thing around here."

Greetings from your V.I. Presbyterian Women's Retreat Planning Committee! Once again, this year's Retreat at beautiful Capernwray on Thetis Island was enjoyed by all 72 ladies who registered this year (including the 16 coming from Trinity!) Particularly enjoyed was "our" Jeanne Spinelli and her violin! The committee has set the date for 2011 on May 13th – 15th - again at Capernwray, and for those with difficulty getting about, the staff will be available to chauffeur ladies to and from the different buildings on the property. Your committee is hard at work planning for this event and are investigating a speaker, or speakers, for our sessions. I look forward to the 2011 Women's Retreat and will keep our congregation informed as plans develop. Mary Connolly

Why is the PAR (Pre-Authorized Remittance) program so highly recommended to our Presbyterian churches? Every Sunday there are envelopes to open, cheques to handle, cash to be counted and deposits made by our hard-working volunteers. In addition, every donor's account must be maintained and, while givings fluctuate wildly during holidays, church expenses remain steady. The counters' work and problems would be almost eliminated if every Trinity family took advantage of our PAR program. Questions?? Contact Bob for details.

Due to lack of enrolment (down more than 50% from last year), Presbytery felt compelled to cancel **both** its Junior and Senior camps this year, as the cost overrun ran into the thousands of dollars due to the high rental cost of the campsite. However the Family camp at Rath Trevor Park will go ahead as planned from July 30th to August 2nd, as each family pays their own camping costs. Also, the wilderness camp on Denman Island will go ahead as this, too, pays its own way and the property belongs to the Cunningham doctors who do not charge Presbytery for its use. It has outhouses and a pump and while the campsite has been more or less levelled, it would not welcome trailers, although a portable kitchen will be rented and brought to the camp. The ocean waterfront is now fully accessible for canoe and kayak sports and an attractive swimming spot on Chickadee Lake is not far away via old logging roads. Definitely not for the faint of heart or those seeking a luxurious retreat, but it is aimed at the young adults. Rev. Jenn Geddes has also offered a **TEEN RETREAT** to be held at St. Andrews Victoria over the Labour Day weekend. Cost is a most reasonable \$35 per teen.

From a church bulletin (not ours!): Next Thursday there will be tryouts for the choir. They need all the help they can get.

Our compassionate fund is getting low again, so if you can spare a bit of money, please pop it into the box provided during coffee hour, or into your envelope, marking it “compassionate fund.” We get folk coming to the door for help and this fund is where that help comes from.

FROM HERE AND NOWHERE

The swallows have returned! Or perhaps I should say the revenge of the swallows! For many years Bob has fought a losing battle with our acrobatic feathered friends, a battle that he had two minds about, as he is very aware that they eat mosquitoes, an insect that strikes terror in his heart. Two years ago he went to no end of trouble building a barrier to their favourite nesting spot - a light fixture situated immediately above the cars. They flew about frantically, scolding him every time he went out there. Eventually they went elsewhere, probably into our neighbour's shed, the door of which seems to have suddenly been left open! This year he decided that since birds have a very short life span, the new generation likely wouldn't know about the nice cosy warm light fixture, so it would be safe to remove the barrier. But they figured it out!

As most of you know, our house is up for sale, so a great amount of labour has gone into cleaning out 37 years of stuff from the house and carport. We placed an all points call to family and friends, to come and help with the outside, and a great job they did (thanks Roberta!). So good in fact, that we have disposed of stuff we still need! One job was to pressure wash the car-port and it did look fantastic. Not anymore. The swallows have had their revenge by depositing mounds of poop everywhere and we have lost the battle. Scooping is of course an option, but when one gets a call that the house is to be shown to interested buyers, the inside has to be our first priority, and that means vacuuming, scrubbing, removing all evidence that someone actually lives here, and leaving a plate of freshly baked cookies in the kitchen. Fresh flowers

are to be artistically distributed here and there and all lights are to be turned on. They have this mantra: lights up, toilet lids down! They all love the view, but this is what they say about the house: “Too big; not big enough; too old; needs tons of renos; too many bedrooms (five); not enough bathrooms (three)! Interesting that the day we bought the house, it was so foggy we had to take their word for it that the ocean was out there; the house had been battered (mostly cosmetic) by their very handicapped child; it all needed painting; it didn’t have double glazed windows (a must when living by the sea), and every carpet needed replacing. Funny how values change over the years. We moved happily in, changed the windows, lived with the carpets for awhile, and in my spare time I repainted most of the rooms. It is quite a different era now!

One of the many joys of living here has been the abundance of birds and wild animals; some we fed; others ate anything that was brave enough to grow. I quit growing tomatoes when the sea otters came up and ate them (only after they were perfectly ripe). The deer eat all the cherries that the birds have missed, plus most of the apples, and we regularly have a mallard pair that clean up any seeds the birds have dropped. The eagles have a tree out front that is their favourite perch, usually arriving by stretching out their landing gear and stalling out, making for a sudden and very bouncy landing. The fact that the branch under them sometimes breaks doesn’t bother them at all! The tree over the years has had numerous branches pruned thanks to them, with the result that their foliage on top begins to resemble my hair, sort of thin and ruffled. It does make for less windage when the winds howl, as they frequently do in winter. We also have a pair of seagulls that immediately take off from the rocks below when we open the sliding door to put out scraps, usually doing a couple of fly-bys to make sure it is safe. By then the crows and ravens have made their clarion call and the deck becomes a flurry of feathers and squawks as they fight over

chicken bones etc. More poop!

This time of year there are lots of cow birds, so named because they sit on cows and eat the lice or whatever, a symbiotic relationship. They are also nest robbers. When the female doesn't feel like raising another brood, she simply lays her eggs in another birds nest and goes on vacation. They have a call that is somewhere between a chuckle and a gurgle, which is quite charming. Years ago, when all the kids were at home, I used to feel that the neighbours had dumped their young in my nest (I could almost hear them chuckling), so my sympathies have always been with the frantic birds who tried so valiantly to feed an over full nest and failed miserably. The young cowbirds are larger than most other chicks and usually push the smaller chicks overboard.

You will note that our cover this time is a great picture of a swan, taken when we rented a canal boat in England. It was spring and this magnificent male was defending his nest full of chicks by driving off every threatening boat going by, actually attacking our boat with his powerful wings and beak. He must have been exhausted by the end of each day, for he chased us until we got out of there. I was intimidated!

Most birds defend their nests by dive bombing a predator. We have seen hummingbirds fighting off crows, three herons attempting to beat off a dozen eagles using just their wings, and robins attacking a dog who had just grabbed a young fledgling. When I see this bravery on the part of the small and sometimes not so small, I am reminded of God's protective wings over me. He has saved me many times and in many ways, and while I didn't perhaps see the wings of His love, I felt their caress. We are never alone! Have a safe and happy summer. Joy