



THE BEACON

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December 7, 2014 New Maryland United Church Newsletter No. 27

FROM REV. KELLY'S DESK



Well, tis the season as they say! The season where we drag trees inside, and horrify the cardiologists as we whip up treats concocted of butter and sugar and all things delicious! Tis the season to carol with abandon and smile at strangers, and sit by the fire and roast chestnuts (seriously, has anyone ever done this??). And, it also seems to be the season where emails start arriving. Specifically the kind that urge us to refuse to shop in any store that proclaims Happy Holidays, rather than Merry Christmas. So, may I just dare to tread – gently- into this arena for a moment?

I am a follower of Jesus. Big time. A very flawed follower, but a devoted one. It is not something I do; it is simply the deepest part of who I am. This season, the wait to celebrate his birth, is wonderfully sacred to me. So it has me wondering: what part of Jesus' teachings suggest that it is a great idea to chastise those who may not follow our faith?

Might I suggest that we not get mad at people when they wish us "Happy Holidays"? I'm not sure who decided that anger is the right Christian response to a polite greeting from a stranger. It really doesn't sound like the Jesus I meet in our sacred stories. He had a tendency to take people as they were; to receive them in love and offer them what they needed most. That sounds like a pretty good plan this holy season.

And by the way, holidays isn't such a bad word: it derives from the Old English, meaning holy days. If we really want to keep Christ in Christmas, why don't we try this: Let's do justice, love kindness and try walking humbly with God – and one another. If we want to keep Christ in Christmas, let's each one of us try and be Christ in Christmas! Now that ought to keep us all busy!

Wishing you all Advent Adventures, Merry Christmas and the Happiest Holy Days ever!

With great love, **Rev Kelly**



CALLING ALL CGIT !

Do the words middies or bloomers mean anything to you? Then you must have been a Canadian Girl in Training – or CGIT! And this notice is for you!

The CGIT organization is looking for stories and memories from former members to include in a commemorative book celebrating the 100th anniversary of the founding of the programme. One page stories may be sent until Dec 31st to: ontario@cgit.ca OR snail mail it to: Ontario CGIT, PO Box 371, Norwich, Ontario, N0J 1P0.

What a great way to relive wonderful memories!

MARKING THE DAYS: CALENDARS FOR INMATES

I was in prison and you came to visit me...



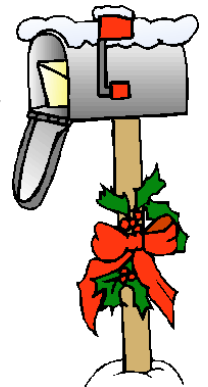
Again this year I am seeking calendars for the inmates at Springhill Institution. These calendars are an important point of contact for me with inmates especially those who are arriving in the reception area. If you or the community you are a part of would like to begin to gather some together you can either bring them to a Presbytery meeting or call me and I will pick them up when I am in your area. Please do not collect calendars past January 15th! Past experience is that we will have enough by then. Contact: Chaplain Lloyd Bruce, Pox Box 2140, Springhill, NS B0M 1X0 or phone 902-597-0182.

CHRISTMAS HOPE: CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR INMATES

There is prison and then there is the hole – segregation: 23 hours a day in a 6'X9' cell. Isolated, bombarded by the noise of an institutional machine, alone with your thoughts and feelings at Christmas time. It is into this place that the Divine longs to be born. If you or your congregation would like to share the message of hope with an individual in prison, write a Christmas message on a Christmas Card – offer a word of hope and encouragement and sign it with your first name only, place the card in an unsealed envelope and mail the unsealed cards to me at the address below. My colleague and I will put the names of individuals on the Christmas cards and hand them out to the men on Christmas eve. If it is easier, you may also leave cards at the Conference Office.

Contact: Chaplain Lloyd Bruce, PO Box 2140, Springhill, NS B0M 1X0

Phone: 902-597-0182

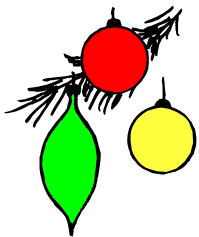


THANK YOU!



Thank you to everyone who has supported the fundraising events of the local Muscular Dystrophy chapter this past year. Your dollars are used to help provide equipment to clients as well as fund ongoing neuromuscular research programs. Hopefully a cure will soon be found.

Scott, Allen & Marilyn Parlee



A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIR OF THE BOARD

The New Maryland “Kirk” (as Bill Elderkin calls our little country church) is beautifully decorated for Christmas, thanks to our very talented Worship Committee. It is so nice to see that our expansion already looks and feels like home!

It has been a very busy year for our congregation and it is easy to see and feel God’s presence among us. As we look ahead to the New Year we are eagerly awaiting a decision on the government grant to complete the accessibility phase of our expansion (the lift and bathrooms).

It has been a pleasure working with the Official Board over the past several months. I trust that God’s light will continue to direct our path in 2015. And hopefully someone will volunteer to work on our church website to ensure everyone has an opportunity to access our Official Board minutes.

Merry Christmas!

Sue Morrison

INTRODUCING SHARON JOAN NOËL



Sharon Noël was born in Quebec City, the eldest of four children, to Edith (Simpson) and Donald Wilson, both of whom were World War 11 veterans. Sharon’s mother was a dietician in a hospital outside London, England while her father was a Captain in the 3rd Anti-Tank Regiment. He took part in the landing on the beaches of Normandy and D-Day. He did not meet his daughter until she was several months old. Sharon has three siblings: Donna (Lordon), in Ottawa, Nora (Shipley) in Barrie and Guy, in Nanaimo.

Sharon’s first 22 years were spent in the Province of Quebec, living in places such as Quebec City, Montreal, Forestville, Price, Rimouski and Alma. Each of these communities had a population that was at least 99% francophone at that time. It was essential, therefore, that she learn the language. Sharon started grade 1 in Price, a very small town just outside of Mont Jolie. There were no other English families; hence no English school. However a teacher at the local Commercial School did speak some English and volunteered to teach Sharon at a grade 1 level at the school. A few months into the program, her

parents realized that Sharon was speaking English with a French accent. That didn’t sit right with her parents so they decided to withdraw her from the classes.

The following year, the family moved to Rimouski. Sharon started grade 2 at very tiny one-room school which doubled as the Protestant church. For you see, behind the teacher’s desk, there was a mobile blackboard and behind that there were doors that opened to an altar. Sharon had two other students in grade 2 with her (both boys). As well there were 3 girls in grade 7. That was her school! A few years later, the cable was built crossing the St. Lawrence River. This attracted several English families which necessitated a larger school. Its population grew to about 20 students, at one point – grades 1 to 7 – all in one room. Sharon had two teachers in all those years. Miss Rita Barter (Ferguson) from Flatlands, NB and Miss Queenie Duthie (Fairservice) from the Gaspé coast.

After graduating from grade 7, two options existed: either switch to French schools or go away to school. By this time, of course, Sharon was bilingual and her parents’ main concern was that she learn English properly. She was therefore sent to live at St. John’s Hall in Quebec City and attended Quebec High School. St. John’s Hall was a co-ed residence operated by the United Church. While here, she joined Chalmers Wesley United Church.

By the time Sharon reached grade 11, the residence closed and Sharon was sent to Albert College in Belleville, Ontario for two years. This school, too, was operated by the United Church of Canada. She considered these two years as two of the best years of her life. She was heavily involved in a variety of sports such as soccer, water polo, curling, archery, tennis, and she sang in the school choir.

Following graduation, Sharon returned to Rimouski and took a 2-year French commercial course in one year in exchange for teaching her fellow students English and a Business Administration course for which the textbook was written in English.

As alluded to earlier, Sharon's upbringing did include religion. The church in Rimouski was considered more or less a mission. The United Church and Anglican Church ministers alternated Sundays. The United Church minister came from Metis Beach and the Anglican minister made a much longer trek from Gaspé. As her father was manager of the mill in Rimouski, both were hosted by her parents every weekend. Because of the small size of the congregation, there was no Sunday School but there was an organist who did her best to make a choir out of the few children who were around at any given time. Her name was Grace Doak and Sharon still holds very fond memories of her and of singing at church, even at so young an age.

Sharon's family eventually moved to Arvida, Quebec but she never lived there. As soon as they moved, she was offered her very first full-time job as Secretary to the Mill Manager in Riverbend (Alma), Quebec. There she met her future husband and in 1969 they, along with two very young daughters, moved to Fredericton so he could pursue his university education at St. Thomas University.

Here too, Sharon was very lucky. Without being interviewed, she was offered a position as Faculty Secretary at St. Thomas. There she was the only secretary to all the professors in Edmund Casey Hall. She remained there for five years. Following her enjoyable years at STU, Sharon became secretary to the Chair of the Maritime Provinces Higher Education Commission, Dr. Catherine Wallace. These were great years but when Dr. Wallace decided to leave, Sharon decided it was time for her to move on as well. It was also at this time, that she and her husband parted ways.

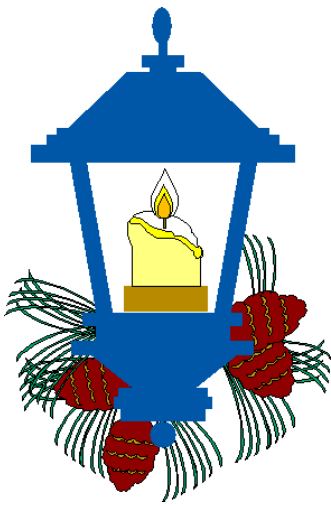
The Law Society of New Brunswick was her next home. For 8 years she was secretary to the Executive Secretary of that organization. Once again, her boss decided to leave. By happenstance, Sharon bumped into the then Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, The Honourable Gilbert Finn, whom she knew from when he sat on the Board of the MPHEC. He asked her to come and see him at Government House on Waterloo Row and he offered her a position with him. Sharon remained with the Lieutenant Governor's Office for 21 wonderful years working for four Lieutenant-Governors.

Sharon is an animal lover. She cannot remember a time when she didn't have a pet. She well remembers her very first. When Sharon's mother was expecting Guy, their 4th child, she had a young woman by the name of Pierrette come to the house once a week to help. Sharon, who was 8 at the time, became fast friends with Pierrette and on Christmas Day, the woman blew into the house and literally tossed a beautiful black kitten onto Sharon's lap. Sharon has never looked back since. She now has Sam, an 11-year old Cocker Spaniel, and two senior cats, Jazz and Belle.

Sharon likes to read and knit and has also been known to do some sewing. She continues to enjoy singing and when cleaning the house can often be heard making up crazy lyrics to silly tunes. But she maintains her favourite songs are still the old folk songs from the 50's and 60's, although she loves almost all types of music.

She is very proud of her two daughters, Deanne (Fort McMurray), who has an engineering degree and Ashley (Fredericton), who holds a degree in social work. Sadly, she does not see her grandsons very often. Lochlan (16) and Declan (13), live in Fort McMurray. Ashley's girls, Chloe (16) and Paige (14) are in Fredericton. Sharon is always happy to have an opportunity to brag about the accomplishments of all of her grandchildren.

Sharon started coming to NMUC about 8 years ago. According to her, it was one of the best moves she has made in many years. From the beginning, she was involved with the choir. She was on the search committee for a music director, was a JNAC committee member and she served on the M&P Committee. Sharon's friends at NMUC are pleased she had made that move and they wish her good health and much happiness in the years ahead.



FROM THE MEN'S CLUB

A big thank-you goes out to all those who assisted in any way with the Salmon Dinner ... those who sold tickets, supplied or prepared food, donated home-made pickles, helped with set-up and clean-up, worked in the kitchen, served, and those who attended the dinner or purchased take-outs. You helped in a big way to make the dinner a successful fund raising project.

We would like to extend to all men of the congregation an invitation to join us for our December outing being held this year at Wetmore's on Tuesday, December 9th at 6 p.m. Please contact Dave Ward or Jim Merrill if you are planning to attend. At this time we would like to extend to everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FROM THE UCW

Hats Off!



The members of the UCW would like to extend a huge thank you to the many members of our congregation who made sandwiches and sweets and helped with set-up and clean-up for our Bridge Luncheon on October 30th. Your generosity helped once again to make this fund raiser so successful and has enabled us to:

- ~ donate \$150 to the Community Kitchen in Fredericton for their lunch program
- ~ donate \$300 to Christ Church Cathedral to help with the purchase of vouchers for their Monday Outreach project
- ~ donate \$500 to our church for the Accessibility Fund
- ~ donate \$150 to the orphanage that we support in India
- ~ donate funds as needed to make surprise gift bags for the preschool children who attend the Christ Church Cathedral Monday Outreach project with their parents
- ~ purchase items as needed for our own church...from coffee pots to garbage bags to paper towels...

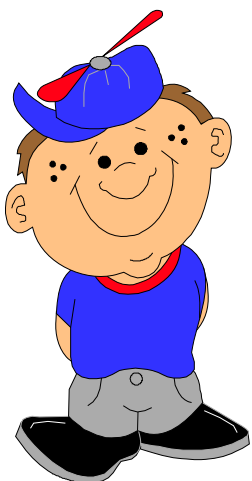
Thank you so very much for your generous support!

Dorothy Webster, UCW President

CONGRATULATIONS!



Pat LaPointe, now retired from AMEC, has formed a company, PCLL ENGINEERING, and is currently working as a consultant with Fluor Daniels. His job is at the Irving Oil Refinery in Saint John, the largest one in Eastern Canada and one of the largest in all of North America. For a piping specialist, this massive site is a dream come true. Congratulations, Pat!



KIDS SAY THE DARNDDEST THINGS!

Many of you may remember Art Linkletter and his great TV show where he asked children of various ages questions and they replied with answers that were the “darndest things.” He asked a five year-old boy, “What is the first thing a firefighter does when he hears the fire alarm?” The boy replied, “Puts on his pants.” To a girl of a similar age, “What is the first thing you would do if you were President?” She replied without hesitation, “Be quiet”. And to another boy, “What does your father do around the house?” The boy answered, “He’s an attorney.” Linkletter probed, “That would be outside the house but what does he do to help your mother?” The young boy paused and then said, “He makes her cocktails!”

When I heard the comments, I always laughed, realizing at the same, how much truth, insight and wisdom were in those children’s responses. Later, I noted the answers of my own children, who had their own turns of phrase, as they were learning their first language. In our home some of these early attempts are still used without thinking. I ask where the “sisters” are, one of our daughter’s terms for scissors, or “Mom has a “run in her pantytoes” but the best was when a skunk passed through our yard, “Did you smell the “stunk?”

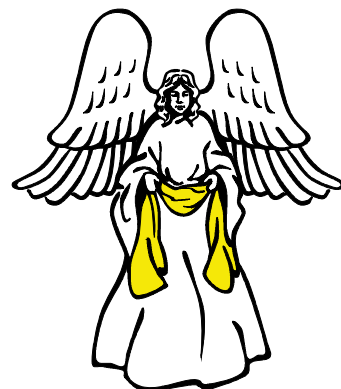
Each year, we went to the Christmas tree lighting at the Legislature and then marched to City Hall for the second tree lighting. We enjoyed the beginning of the Christmas season which coincided with the first weekend of Advent. We loved the hot chocolate, the Christmas carols and all the rosy cheeks and smiling faces. Driving home, our youngest was looking at all the lights on Waterloo Road and we pointed out the Lieutenant Governor’s mansion. “I pointed -“See the lights on the Lieutenant Governor’s house!” “Yes, yes,” then she offered more thoughtfully, “What would happen if they had a **right-handed** one?” Kids do say the darndest things!

One year the Minister asked if I might tell the children’s story for the Sunday service. I too quickly agreed and promptly forgot about it until the Saturday night.

Then I was touched by the spirit and a new children’s song which Anne Murray was popularizing came to mind. It was called, “**Stars** are the windows of heaven” and was written by Tommy Malie and Jimmy Steiger in 1926. I thought I would tap into the children’s sense of wonder and then use the songs answers to promote some of our values. The Anne Murray recording was just on the market so I knew these little kids would never have heard it and they certainly would never have heard of Malie and Steiger. I was sitting on this small chair at the front of the church with about ten children between the ages of 3-6 sitting on the floor in front of me. I asked, “Have you ever been outdoors on a very dark clear night?” I had several nods from the older children so I continued, “and what did you see in the sky?” “I saw the moon.” “Was there a Man in the moon?. “Yes, and I could see his eyes.” “Anyone see anything else?” “I saw millions of stars.” “So did I”, another replied. They were right on track, so I could take them into my story. “Does anyone know what stars are?” One 6 year-old with dark curly hair was waving his hand. I knew he was the one at school who answered all of the questions. “So what are they?” I posed, wondering what he would say. He answered without hesitation.

“Stars are the windows of heaven where Angels peek through”. It was right from the Anne Murray song and I started laughing but the children didn’t know what was so funny. I recovered by saying, “You’re absolutely right!” And before he could add more of the words from the song, I seized the day.

“Those angels are peeking through”and up in the sky they keep an eye on kids like me and you. They cry each time we are naughty; their tear-drops are the rain, but when we’re good they are smiling and they shine again [my mom says].”



All of these words from the song gave something else for the children to think about. They liked the idea of the stars being windows where angels peeked down at them but I'm not so sure they were buying the "naughty and good parts." They may have been worried about another song that has "naughty and nice" as a central theme. Was Santa peeking down along with those angels?

Just before I was to lead them in prayer, one asked, "Is this a really true story?" My lame reply was, "If it isn't, it should be. Let's pray."

Kids say the darndest things!

Rod Campbell

FROM THE CHOIR LOFT

Happy Advent!

The choir has been busy with preparations for the St. Paul Carol Festival December 4, a fund raiser for the local food bank. Our combined choirs have met here in New Maryland and in Gagetown for extra practices. As our choir continues to prepare for the season we look forward to and welcome you to all the services of the Advent seasons. We, along with members of the congregation, will be going Carolling on December 18, meeting at the church at 6pm and car pooling. All are welcome to come and help spread the joy!



As we wait in anticipation of the Holy Birth let us be reminded of the true meaning of Christmas. A father was in the middle of an almost insurmountable task of wrapping all the Christmas gifts when his 4 year-old daughter came in. "Dad, I want the biggest box you have and that gold paper and some tape." "Ok," said the Dad, "but please don't use all the paper and tape. I have a lot of gifts to wrap". It seemed like hours later the little girl came back with the box wrapped in layers and layers of paper and more tape than paper. "Dad, here is your gift and I want you to open it now." The Dad, frustrated at the waste of paper and tape said, "But it's not Christmas yet!" "But Dad I want you to open it now". Dad opened the gift only to find an empty box. "It's empty! All that paper is wasted!" "No, Daddy, it's not empty. I spent a long time blowing kisses into that box."

Our NMUC choir hopes you find Christ in the simplest of gestures everyday. Merry Christmas and Happy, Healthy New Year!

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS IN RURAL QUEBEC



Christmas is a time for nostalgia, for warm fuzzy feelings ...a time to reminisce. How do you remember the Christmases of your youth?? Was it a total sensory experience? What pictures emerge? What smells and tastes can you remember? What sounds and touches?

For me, I grew up in a small French Canadian mining town in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. We were a nuclear family of three, then four with the birth of my brother. Our extended family lived in New Brunswick or Ontario and travelling wasn't like it is today so Christmas was just the four of us. We were part of a small enclave of Anglophones (the English) in a town of primarily unilingual Francophones (the French). Most of the people in the town worked for the mine but in the 50's and 60's the English made up the mine

management and, much like the military in our community, had come from somewhere else. The two linguistic groups were largely separated by religion (Catholic and Protestant) and the school system (English Protestant and French Catholic) and that's just the way that it was. There were lots of things to separate us in the community but oddly Christmas was one of the things that made us one.

So what do I remember.....I think of the Christmas lights that illuminated the dark, short days of December. Lights could be turned on at First Advent and they were allowed until January 6, Epiphany, the last of the twelve days of Christmas..... that seemed to be the unwritten community rule. Every house had outdoor trees wrapped with multicoloured lights or solid red or green, blue lights ...the BIG lights! I remember the carolling that we did, house to house, wrapped in toques, scarves and mittens, accepting treats and a donation to the nearby seniors home. The large Catholic Church displayed a crèche with all the figures larger than life. Those figures were always a mystery, partly because of their size but also because of their ornate detail. They looked very valuable but odd and out of place, as the snow blew in around the manger. They somehow matched the grandeur of their wonderful church bells that rang out over the whole community.



In my little church we had the traditional nativity play with the towels for head pieces and bathrobes for the shepherds. Mary wore blue and baby Jesus was a doll. The straw from the manger made a mess on the red carpet. The singing of the congregation and the stillness of the night made the known story come alive. Even the littlest shepherds were awed. As a family we came to church on Christmas Eve at 4 and then home to a supper of tortiere, Christmas music on the record player or radio and a reading of The Night before Christmas. We were sent to bed early after hanging up the stockings and making a lunch of cookies and milk for Santa. We woke up very early on Christmas morning. Funny my parents always looked so tired at 5 or 6 a.m. We were allowed to open our stocking, that had mysteriously migrated to our bedside in the night, but we were not allowed to go down stairs until Dad was up!!! Finally the parade began but..... only to the kitchen. We had to eat before we could see THE tree...that was another rule (or tradition as Dad called it). Mum had laid out breakfast the night before with oranges halves centered with a maraschino cherry, special Christmas muffins and homemade raspberry jam; the table all set the night before with placemats and Christmas napkins. While we ate Dad stuffed "the" bird and placed it in the ovenall this before you could see THE tree and what was under it.

While waiting for what seemed like forever, I looked out the window to see the house light of our next door neighbor being turned out. You see they had gone to Midnight Mass and then home for Reveillon (while we slept), had eaten tortiere and sweets and opened their presents and now were going to bed. So as our family was following Mum and Dad to the living room to make the Christmas morning discoveries, our neighbors had followed their traditions and were fast asleep.

For whatever reason (probably another rule/ tradition) we had Christmas dinner at 1 in the afternoon. By then the turkey was done, the oyster scallop, lovingly made by Mum with only Malpeque oysters, was ready and we sat down to eat. We never once made it to the plum pudding after Christmas dinner! The best family present was the new dishwasher that Mum so wanted. That Christmas we all watched the dishes being washed and then everyone, even my brother, settled for a nap. That was when I could snuggle down with my new Girls Annual and read and fall asleep only to be awakened hours later by the sounds of the laughing and hollering of the neighbor kids who were outside playing with their new sleds. It didn't take me long to get my snow suit on and grab my new toboggan to join them outside. Sliding together didn't require any language, just laughter and fun. Too soon they would be called in by their mother to experience a turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

In the space of 24 hours each family had celebrated apart, but together, their traditions of Christmas. We were the "Two Solitudes" of rural Quebec. We lived side by side and learned from each other. Some things we never questioned but accepted because that was just the way it was. It was a rich heritage .

Pam Campbell

FROM THE GREEN COMMITTEE

Greetings and Christmas Joy from the Good Earth

Have you ever talked to your parents, grandparents, or an elderly neighbour about how they celebrated Christmas? It's amazing just how much we have become involved in the "new way" of celebrating this wonderful, joyous, holiday!

Tovah Paglaro (David Suzuki Foundation) tells of her son's Grade 2 project that involved asking his parents and grandparents about their remembrances of childhood Christmases. His great-grandmother told him of the extravagant treat of putting icing on the home-made cookies. His grandfather, who was a minister's son, said it was a time to help the homeless, a time to sing in the church choir and share in the community festivities. When this little boy talked to his father, he got a very different picture. His dad told him about the many toys, large, colourful plastic ones and about some parents who felt very sad because they could not afford these types of gifts for their children. I suspect that still happens today.



All of this consumption isn't good for us, our children or the planet. Can you imagine if this good earth could speak, how happy and joyous and thankful she would be if we each made a commitment to give more caring and less glitter, more home-made and less store bought, more patience with a child and less impatience, more time with an older person and less rushing and more kind words than callous ones.

I'm sure we have all experienced, at one time or another, some of these negative behaviours during our Christmas preparations and have probably seen a few lonely and desolate individuals along our way to Christmas.

Whatever we choose as our Christmas gifts this year, let's think of a happy earth with a smiling, clean face celebrating the greatest gift of all, the birth of Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

The Green Committee wishes all a joyous Christmas and a happy and peace-filled 2015.

NEWS FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL



The New Maryland United Church Sunday School is excited to be using our new classrooms! We have two age groups this fall, preschoolers and school aged, so we are using two of the new rooms. As well, the nursery is available for the little ones under 3 years of age.

We are just starting to plan for our Christmas Eve Pageant and are anticipating another fun-filled, energetic Christmas concert with lots of holiday cheer and cuteness!

If you have any mason jars to spare, we will be collecting them until the end of the year for our annual Mission and Service Fund fund raiser. We will be presenting our new initiative in January after the holiday hustle and bustle settles down.

We hope to see everyone Christmas Eve at the 7:00pm service!

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY



For the past several years the New Maryland Kirk, on the Sunday prior to Remembrance Day, has commemorated the fallen from the two Great Wars and Korea and specifically those from this church who paid the supreme sacrifice. This year's Service of Remembrance began with a processional led by Piper Lewis Morgan. There was an introduction by Bill Elderkin, followed by the reading of the names of the fallen from this church and the ringing of the bell of commemoration by Brodie Power.

From the Great War, World War I:
Private DONALD BRUCE SHAW
Killed on September 15, 1916, age 17

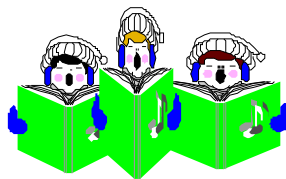
From World War II:
Private THOMAS EDGAR BALL
Killed on June 12, 1944, age 23



The Wreath of Remembrance was laid by Sam Simms, followed by *In Flanders Fields* read by students from the Sunday School. The Act of Remembrance was read by Kelly Burke, followed by two minutes of silence beginning and ending with the ringing of the bell. Lewis Morgan piped the Lament, and the service concluded with the reading of a poem by Bill Elderkin: *The Old Lie* by Wilfred Owen.

This year, 2014, marks the 100th anniversary of the start of World War I, a travesty the results of which are still felt one hundred years later. To a large extent the outbreak of this major European conflict in August 1914, which eventually involved many countries around the globe, was greeted with enthusiasm and nationalistic fervour on both sides of the conflict. Young men rushed to sign up before it was all over by Christmas, as many thought. Once over in the trenches of Belgium or France it soon became apparent that this would not be a jolly affair, and in fact it was going to be a long, drawn out, bloody conflict. And so it turned out. Once the Armistice was signed in 1918 it only brought a lull of 21 years, after which it started all over again, seventy-five years ago in 1939. The enthusiasm which began in 1914, symbolized by the oft repeated sentiment of the Roman poet, Horace, *it is sweet and noble to die for one's country*, vanished in the trenches and such nationalistic sentiment became propaganda and a cynical lie.

LOOKING AHEAD



Sat., Dec. 6th, 6:00 pm: Progressive Dinner
Sun., Dec. 7th, 11:00 am: Advent II Service; White Gift Sunday
Tue., Dec. 9th, 6:00 pm: Men's Club Christmas Supper
Wed., Dec. 10th, 6:30 pm: UCW Christmas Meeting & Party
Sun., Dec. 14th, 11:00 am; Advent III Service; Followed by Coffee Time
Thurs., Dec. 18th, 6:30 pm: Carolling (Meet at NMUC for car pooling)
Sun., Dec. 21st, 11:00 am: Advent IV Service; Holy Communion
Wed., Dec. 24th, 7:00 pm: Christmas Eve Family Service
10:00 pm: Service of Candlelight & Holy Communion

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY 2015 TO ALL !