

The Burning Bush

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church Kingston

2016 Winter 2017



From the Minister's Desk...

For the afternoon services at the Rideaucrest, I decided I would expand upon something I had shared with the congregation that morning. I brought a variety of candles and would speak about how each helped me celebrate a portion of the Christian faith. I had selected God's promise through the prophet Isaiah 'Arise, shine, for your light has come' and the wonderful verse at the opening of the Gospel according to John, speaking about Jesus, 'The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did no overcome it.'

So I set the candles out on the table before the residents:

The birthday candle pointing not only to the birth of Jesus but also the joy of *our* life in spirit and soul.

The beeswax candle, all natural, pointing to Jesus, fully human, and God's desire to embrace and enlarge *our* humanity.

The candle warmer for the teapot, pointing to how the Spirit warms our hardened hearts, to appreciate beauty and grow in generosity as we place our trust in God.

The brass candle holder with the finger loop on the side, made for us to hold safely and walk forward in the dark, pointing to the promise that Jesus not only accompanies

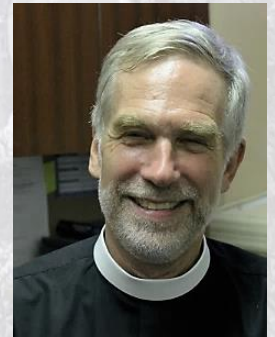
us in the darkness but is opening a way forward for us, one step at a time.

The only glitch was ... that as soon as I struck the match to light the first candle, the staff person assisting with the service jumped up, ran to my side and declared 'No candles – fire regulations – smoke alarms will be activated!'

Oh my, so much for my sermon!

I shared my insights as best I could without any flame. I offered a pastoral prayer that acknowledged the darkness of our days - personal, social, international - and also the light that is Jesus shining in the midst of it all.

Then I concluded ... 'These candles could not be lit. I pray now *you* will be set alight by the love of God - And now may the Lord bless you and keep you, may the Lord be kind and gracious to you, may the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and grant you peace.'



Andrew Johnston

Such is my prayer for all of Rideaucrest, and St. Andrew's, and for myself, as we are brought from one year of grace into another

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Thoughts from the Editor...

I remember well that initial appointment with my doctor in the end of March 1978. Yes. It was true. I was expecting a baby- my fourth in about 6 years. I was quite thrilled- no excitement could compare with the thought of another beautiful baby in my life- but the doctor looked me in the eye and with seemingly great consternation, proceeded to wag his finger at me.

I was taken aback. From a doctor whose bedside manner was usually close to the legendary but imagined Marcus Welby- younger people may have to look that up- this was a strange reaction indeed.

"Yes," he said, "I have just consulted my charts and your due date is on Christmas Day."

Wow, a baby for Christmas! This was truly exciting!

My doctor continued, "Your other three babies were born on their due date. But don't even *think* of having this one on Christmas Day and ruining the progressive turkey dinner I have every year with family and friends!"

Then we both laughed. Christmas was a long time away after all.

I was reminded of this little anecdote when someone asked me recently what I would consider to be the most exciting Christmas present I had ever received in my life. Well, there was the Christmas when I was 20 years of age and I received an engagement ring...

But, you have probably guessed it by now, it was the Christmas Day that I gave birth to my youngest son that tops the charts. For as this very special day of the Christian calendar drew nearer that year, my doctor had begun to resign himself to his fate. I went into labor on Christmas Eve and gave birth on Christmas afternoon.

In those days a decree went out from Emperor Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration and was taken while Quirinius was governor of Syria.

All went to their own towns to be registered. Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child.

While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child.

And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn. Luke 2: 2-7 NRSV

I had heard this story of the birth of Jesus countless times in my life. But until, on this particular Christmas Day as I endured the hours of labor before giving birth, I had never given this story a realistic thought. While I had always considered this story of the birth of Jesus to be lovely, it was at this point that I began to comprehend the immensity of a very young woman giving birth in a stable, without benefit of a supporting family, medical assistance, without even the most basic clothing for a newborn. Yes, even Baby Jesus would have required diapers of some sort...

(Am I hearing a collective gasp from some readers at this point?) And what would have been going through the mind of Joseph during this process? Was he of any help at all or did he just wait outside enjoying the beautiful stars in the sky?

"The King Messiah... from where does he come forth? From the royal city of Bethlehem in Judah." - Jerusalem Talmud

For to us a child is born, to us a son is given, and the government will be on his shoulders. And he will be called Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Isaiah 9:6 700 years before birth of Jesus.

So yes, the birth of this youngest son of mine, was certainly one of the best Christmas presents I have ever received. But it still pales in the comparison to the gift of Jesus' birth in a lowly stable, God incarnate, and in the life of Christ that continues to show us the face of God.

Recently I asked this now grown up son of mine if he had ever resented having his birthday on Christmas Day- a day that invariably had that one present wrapped in birthday paper, hidden amongst all the others. Without hesitation and with a broad smile on his face, he said to me, "Are you kidding? I get to share my big day with The Really Big Guy. Every Year."

I don't think I can improve on my son's words. Amongst the inevitable hustle and bustle of Christmas, let us remain mindful of the true meaning and joys of this season- and that it truly *is* about The Really Big Guy!

Ada Mallory, Editor

Aren't we forgetting the true meaning of Christmas? You know... the birth of Santa.

Bart Simpson

Church Family Photo Album 1...



Anne Marie Gabriini



Two banners that Fern Houston and I made for Strathcona Park Presbyterian Church. I designed them and Fern and I chose the materials and sewed them. Anne Marie Gabriini

Note from Editor: Perhaps we might entice Anne Marie to produce a banner for St. Andrew's?



The pictures on the left and right both hung in the Public Health Laboratory for several years but were painted many years apart. The 'fishes in the pan' picture was actually painted for one of my sons...

Ada Mallory



Several years ago the manager at the laboratory at which I worked, Dr. Anna Majury, had an inspired idea about employees submitting creative works that they might have made over the years, for display. I was skeptical at first- technologists and creativity seemed an unlikely mix to me- but I was so very wrong. There were poems, needlepoints, sketches, paintings, photographs submitted. These were framed and they now line the hallways of the Public Health Laboratory on Barrie Street.

To this day, it is one of the outstanding features of the laboratory which visitors eagerly anticipate viewing. It was a great lesson for me. There is so much more to each of us than what meets the immediate eye. There is definitely a spark of the Great Creator in each of us.

So I appeal to all Burning Bush readers to share your creative efforts with me for our family newsletter. I am happy to photograph your creation for you if that would be helpful...

Ada Mallory, Editor

Scamp Who Chose to be Adopted

By Ron Axford

This is Scamp, using his endearing body language to request, "Please take me home!" He melted my heart! Without understanding 'adoption', *he was choosing me for a relationship of great significance.*

Scamp's cage at the Humane Society was the first one inside the entrance. I never got past that place in the line of cages.

Scamp came to mind as I was reading from Romans 11:33 that God's ways are past finding out. What might it illustrate? I realized that God used adoption for the relationship which we develop with Him when we come to faith in Jesus Christ. We choose to be adopted into the family of God.

John writes in Chapter 1:12 that as many as receive Him, to those who believe in His name, He authorizes their becoming His children.

God has chosen us, made provision for us to be "born from above", but He still requires us to exercise our free will, making that choice.

Scamp would most assuredly understand...

Every Little Breeze Seems to Whisper...

A Love Story by Ron Axford

Those of us who are older can readily remember Maurice Chevalier, who with his charming French accented voice, sang of young love, "Every Breeze Seems to Whisper Her Name", so many decades ago.

Every little breeze seems to whisper "Louise."
Birds in the trees seem to twitter "Louise."
Each little rose tells me it knows I love you.
Every little beat that I feel in my heart
Seems to repeat what I felt at the start.

The younger set did not take to it too much. However it did appeal to me. It's a lively tune, among the favourites that I play. It's probably due to the fact that I know Louise, having met her in my mid teens, and having married in 1954. I have had the opportunity to appreciate the infatuation featured in this song. The metaphor is very

fitting- birdsong and the harmony of Nature whispering her name.

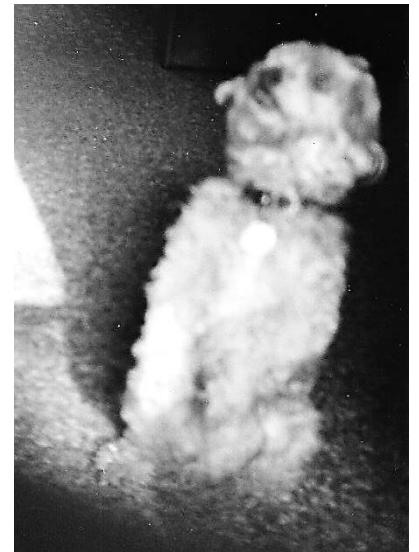
Louise knows me well, including the fact that I cannot tell a story without animals and a car having a significant role. The animals are Peking Ducks whose surrogate mother was a Barred Rock Hen. (I wonder if this mother was perplexed by her brood being so different and having a strong affinity for water.) One of my ducks also had crippled feet and required extra tender loving care.



So one day as I was tending my hen and ducks, visitors came out from the city to buy produce. Lila Campbell was accompanied by her sister Alma and her daughter, Louise Pauline. It was much later that I learned that they had been favorably impressed with my tending of my duck family, although I felt I had done nothing out of the ordinary.

By the time I was in Grade 10 in High School, I had met Louise several times since her next door neighbor regularly ordered produce from our farm. With the acquisition of a 1931 Model A Ford Roadster for \$200.00, I was able to not only deliver this produce but with the frugal use of a double A ration card, I was able to take Sunday afternoon drives with Louise as well.

Often these drives were a meld of joy and unexpected mechanical problems. One notable incident happened because this Model A did not have hydraulic breaks. Instead there were rods activated by the brake pedal which helped me slow down and lessen the force of impact. Twice I failed to stop in time, fortunately with no serious consequences.



You can tell that this photo was not taken at the pound since it shows his licence tag, but Scamp's pose is the same as when I first saw him. He was 19 months old and had been trained, including being able to walk on his front legs. Ron



Ron Axford with 1931 Ford Roadster

Louise was not with me for these particular times of embarrassment.

The first time Louise accepted a ride to school, I just happened to overtake her with the car as she walked. There may have been light rain. However, as time passed, my drive became synchronized with her leaving home for school. This would serve to prepare the way for drives in the area; St. Thomas, London, Aylmer. Parks and gardens were favourites. Louise was always cheerful and patient when there were car problems.

While we were both attending the University of Western Ontario, my family gave me a new 1951 Ford Sedan. And as Yogi Berra would say "it was déjà vu all over again". Louise was the first girl to ride in my new car. That car bridged the gap from single status to married homeowners in Windsor.

Louise and I have been richly blessed in our marriage for six decades now.

And it seems that that breeze truly had been 'whispering her name' all those years ago.



Louise Axford

Note from Editor: While I have edited this from the original for brevity, I trust it has not lost any of its charm and loving sincerity. Ron seemed a little puzzled as to where he might obtain an early picture of Louise. I asked if he might have a special one of her in his wallet. Sure enough, with a broad smile, he produced the above picture, lovingly carried about for so many years.

Ada Mallory, Editor

Reflections on Simplicity and Contentment ...

by Ralph Kendall

Can people that you hardly knew have an influence on you? Let me tell you about my grandfather.

My grandfather died when I was about ten years old, so I know him partly from reputation, partly from pictures of him and a little bit by experience. I know he was born in Cork, Ireland, the son of a medical doctor. As a young man he ran away to fight in the Boer War. He was underage when he enlisted. After the war he was in London, where he met a Salvation Army officer, whom he married. They immigrated to Canada and settled in Winnipeg, where my great grandfather owned a barber shop. When war broke out in 1914 he enlisted and served as a medic. After the war he became a street car conductor.

They lived in a little house in the suburbs of St. James. It had all the modern conveniences. There was a wood cook stove in the kitchen and a little heater in the living room. Out the back door was a cistern for catching rain-water, and beyond the vegetable garden was an outhouse. There were electric lights, but I don't recall a telephone.

On the living room wall hung a large banner, with the words "Blood and Fire" on it. It rather frightened me. I later learned this referred to the blood shed by Jesus and to the fire of the Holy Spirit. My grandfather was the banner carrier when the local Salvation Army went on parade.

My memories of him? He seemed very fond of my grandmother, whose health was not strong. He had time to joke with me and my sister. He would hide nickels under the stove for us. He seemed to be a man perfectly content with life, even though he had so little. But he had a job to go to, a happy home, and a faith by which to live.

Maybe he had everything!

Church Family Photo Album 2... End of the Big Dig!

Well, for St. Andrew's at least, The Big Dig is over!

And it comes with a sigh of relief- and appreciation for the excellent work of all 'The Big Diggers'.

With minimal disruption and only a short delay in completion, the end results- at least above ground- are beautiful!



Some endings are just plain good! Left: Our temporary 'lawn' access road. Right: The same after Big Dig repair...





Presbyterian World Service & Development

World AIDS Day 2016: Staying on Track

November 15, 2016

Efforts must be strengthened if the world is to stay on the fast-track to ending the AIDS epidemic by 2030.



The past decade has seen encouraging gains on the journey toward a world without AIDS. Between 2010 and 2015, annual AIDS-related deaths decreased from 2.2 million to 2.1 million. Worldwide, new HIV infections have fallen by 6% since 2010.

But the decline in new HIV infections among adults has stalled.

Worldwide, an estimated 1.9 million adults have become infected with HIV every year for the past five years and the number of new HIV infections is rising in some regions. Efforts must be strengthened if the world is to stay on the fast-track to ending the AIDS epidemic by 2030.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada is actively working with partners around the world to foster a world without AIDS by helping people fight against stigma and discrimination, providing access to counselling and HIV testing, and teaching and equipping people to prevent its spread. Care is provided to people living with the disease, as well as support to orphans and vulnerable children.

Access to counselling is immensely beneficial for those living with HIV/AIDS in vulnerable communities. In Malawi, Shadreck was afraid to disclose his diagnosis to his family so he tried to take his medication in secret. In his efforts, Shadreck ended up missing doses allowing his health to deteriorate quickly. Desperate for guidance, he **joined an HIV support group run by PWS&D partners. There, Shadreck met others in his same situation who encouraged him to be open about his condition.**

Now with the support of his wife, Shadreck is hopeful. "I can take my pills without stigma," he shares. "I have my health back. I thank God for saving my life."

Together, we are working towards a world where there are no new cases of HIV, where mothers don't worry about transmitting the disease to their children, and access to prevention options is available for all. We are living in hope of the time when no more people die of AIDS.

This World AIDS Day, we continue to live in Christ's hope. As we reflect on the challenges and successes in the fight against AIDS, let us continue praying for those whose lives remain affected.

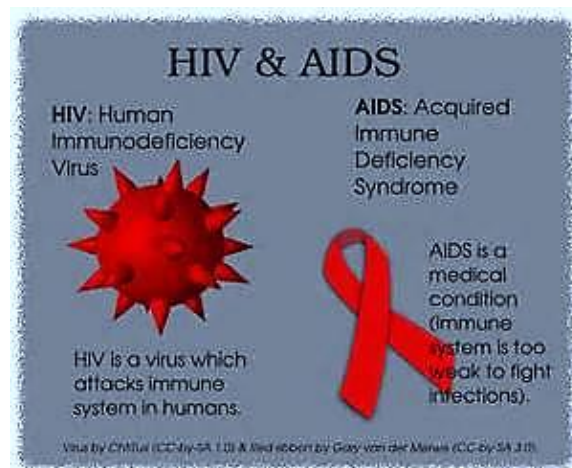
Be a Person of Hope!

You can inspire others to learn more and help fight AIDS:

- **Talk about AIDS with family and friends**
- **Advocate for treatment for all**
- **Generously support HIV and AIDS programs by raising funds for PWS&D**

Learn more about PWS&D's response at WeRespond.ca/hivaids.

Donate Today! Donations can be made online, through your church, by mailing a cheque to the PWS&D office or by calling 1-800-619-7301 ext. 291.



Celebrating Queen's University's 175th Anniversary

Kingston Heritage, October 2016 by Mark Bergin

On October 16, 1841, thanks to the efforts of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Queen Victoria granted a Royal Charter to found Queen's University. It would be another 26 years before the Confederation of the country that would be known as Canada.

Of note, Canada's founding father, Sir John A. Macdonald was also a member of the church that founded Queen's University.

On October 16 this year, St. Andrew's held a special service to honour the anniversary.

"It was a Sunday morning worship service of thanksgiving to God, because we wanted to celebrate the foundation, the heritage, but also the ongoing evolution and life of the university, and a sense of this institution being a gift for the city and the nation," said Rev. Dr. Andrew Johnston. "We wanted to incorporate a bit of the history, but also this great celebration of thanksgiving for what Queen's is today and a prayer for what it might become. It was so apt that the anniversary fell on the Sunday after Thanksgiving."

Rev. Dr. Johnston explained that a thanksgiving is the foundational dimension of a spiritual life. "Not one of us chooses to be born," he said. "We live in cities we didn't build. We study in a university that is there to welcome us. We want to acknowledge the giver of this gift. We want to acknowledge those who have gone before us at Queen's, and we want to acknowledge the ultimate creator."

The public was invited to attend this service and to join the celebration of the founding of Queen's University, a vital institution, one which plays such an important role in the academic, intellectual and cultural fabric of the City of Kingston.

Daniel Woolf, Principal of Queen's University, made a presentation acknowledging the formative role of the church.

"It was an opportunity for those gathered to remember the role of faith communities in the building of this nation," said Rev. Dr. Johnston.

The Scottish Presbyterians emigrating from their homeland knew the importance of public education to their new country.

The Presbyterians saw that there was only one post secondary institution, Kings College, in Canada. They objected to York's (which became Toronto) Kings College only being open to those who subscribed to the tenets of the Anglican Church. The Presbyterians saw the importance of a university established that would support all denominations and classes.

According to Rev. Dr. Johnston, on December 18, 1839, a meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church in Kingston. At that meeting a motion was passed to establish a university in Kingston. Seconding the motion was none other than John A. Macdonald, at the time in his mid-20s. "Fifty years later, Sir John A. recalled, 'I was a young man just commencing my practice and, being a Kingstonian and a Presbyterian, I was exceedingly anxious that my native city should have the honour of being a university city—a seat of learning.'"

The importance of St. Andrew's Church was recognized in the Charter noting that Queen's should be located no further than three miles from St. Andrew's Church. Upon its founding, the population of Kingston was less than 5,000.

Shortly after the founding of Queen's University, there were significant changes challenging the city and the university. In 1843, the designation of capital city was removed from Kingston, hampering future growth.

Queen's University opened with two professors, both of whom were educated Presbyterian ministers, and 11 students. The first classes were held at 67 Colborne Street, and then houses on William Street, followed by the 1853 move into Summerhill.



Summerhill, this graceful neoclassical villa, built in 1839, is the oldest building at Queen's, and has housed students, professors, classrooms, laboratories, the medical school, a gymnasium of sorts, and the library. Since the 1860s, it has been the Principal's official residence.

The Minister of St. Andrew's, served as Principal of Queen's University as there wasn't sufficient funding to look elsewhere for someone to fill the position.

Without the support of the Presbyterian Church, Queen's University would have collapsed on more than one occasion. All of this is hard to imagine when one considers that today Queen's is recognized as one of the country's premier educational institutions. The university owns more than 3,500 acres of land and at any given time is home to about 23,000 enrolled students in undergraduate, graduate, post-graduate and professional programs.

"The congregation makes a real point of offering open doors to all students," said Rev. Dr. Johnston. "But back at the turn of the 20th century, Principal George Munro Grant, who served from 1877 to 1902, initially gave almost all of his salary just to keep the university going. In 1907, Chancellor Sir Sanford Fleming noted that every year there are offerings in Presbyterian congregations across the nation to support Queen's, and that the national General Assembly had given \$500,000 to the endowment of Queen's."

By 1875, the Presbyterian Church had started to relinquish control of the university and actually took no part in the election of the Board of Governors. In 1906, the City of Kingston gave \$50,000 for a new arts building. This donation of public funds was proof of the community's appreciation that Queen's was an institution open, not to one specific religious group, but to all.

"By 1912, there was a formal severance of the Church from the University, so the University could thrive. As soon as the freedom of the university was secure, the

Presbyterians started to withdraw, understanding that an institution of higher learning has to be for the common good." said Dr. Johnston.

And, thus, Queen's became what it is today: a secular institution of the highest standards, an institution of learning recognized around the world, open to any person, regardless of belief, philosophy, race, creed or culture. In other words, it's exactly what its founders hoped it would become.

The founding Church gives thanks for the success of Queen's University. And now they pray for its future. "So much of life is a gift," said Rev. Dr. Johnston. "And a gift is not a gift until the giver, the Divine Creator, is thanked."

"It is only right and good to remember the faith foundations of our country," said Rev. Dr. Johnston. "Robertson Davies in Saturday night, January 1987, wrote: 'I am convinced that Canada has a soul, and should get on better terms with it, because at the moment it is a sadly neglected aspect of our inheritance.'"

As the members of the congregation of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church want us all to know, faith is an important part of the human landscape of Canada.

Edited from original.



**Sunday, October 16,
2016**

Left to Right:

**Principal Daniel Woolf
with Changuk Sohn**

**Professor Duncan
McDowall with Dr.
David Holland**

**Photograph by Mark
Kerr,
Official Queen's
Photographer**

Remembrance Day

By Philippe Gabrini

The First World War started on July 28th 1914 and ended on November 11th 1918. It caused 38 million casualties of which more than 17 million resulted in deaths. Remembrance Day was instituted in the Commonwealth of Nations countries as a memorial to the soldiers who died in that war, and in the hope that this would not happen ever again. But the Second World War started in Europe on September 1st 1939, expanded to Asia in December 1941 and ended in Germany on May 8th 1945, and in Japan on August 15th 1945. It outdid the First with an estimated 60 million dead! The First World War is too far away to have any surviving soldiers, while there are still a few veterans of the Second World War around today. Of course these are mostly the youngest of these soldiers. We give here a glimpse of the war experience of our three veterans.



Remembrance wreath



Ray Quenneville

Ray Quenneville, when he was still 16 years old, started his war by being one of the guards on the canals and locks around Cornwall. But in November 1939 these guards were disbanded and told to wait, that there would be remobilizing.

In July 1940 he enlisted in Kingston at 17, after lying about his age. He was sent to Camp Petawawa for training and was later discharged in November 1940. From there he went to Kingston in the 3rd regiment of artillery and was sent overseas. He ended up operating heavy anti-aircraft guns all over the South of England for the coastal defence. Then he was sent for training as a radar technician at the

University of Glasgow with six other Canadians. It was here, while in training, he met his future wife, Mary.

From May to August 1945 the radar technicians were shipped to Holland with the 2nd Armour Brigade. And when they came back he was the first of this group to get married, an event that occurred on September 7, 1945.

By February 1946 he was back in Canada and still in the army, but was discharged soon after that. He kept his membership in the battalion, though and remained as Sergeant Major for recruiting until peace was established.

Tom Mein was in Scotland when in 1941 at the age of 21 he joined the British Navy in Glasgow. He was sent far south to Chatham (the Navy Centre in Kent) as he had to have 6 weeks as a seaman to be officially enlisted. Later, his ship, the HMS Wayland, sailed from Liverpool to Mombassa (Kenya) by joining a convoy that first crossed the Atlantic, then went south along South America, and then to the African East coast in Mombassa. The ship continued to Aden, through the Red Sea, the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean to North Tunisia. The ship was to dock at Ferryville, a metallurgical centre, but the lake of Bizerte entrance was blocked by a disabled Italian merchant ship and they remained offshore. It was here that they found themselves in war action: they defeated an aerial attack and shot down seven enemy planes. Once in Ferryville, they started working on skimpy American landing crafts that were to be used in the invasion of Sicily and Italy. These had to be refurbished and their shafts had to be replaced.

(During his time on this ship Tom commented that he had felt a little isolated as he was the only Scot in a big group of English sailors.)

After a long time in Tunisia they went to Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) with thoughts of an invasion of Japan. He was in Trincomalee, Ceylon, and after the Japanese surrender he went by train to Colombo to join a ship to Southampton, the Duchess of Bedford, that sailed through Suez. Once ashore he went to Chatham by train, and his discharge became effective in March 1946.

In November 1948 he came to Toronto; the next year he moved to Peterborough and worked there for General Electric from 1949-1984.

For Tom, Georgina had been the girl around the corner when he was younger, and she came to marry him in Canada in 1950.

**Thomas
Mein**



**Stinse
Fisher**

Stinson (Stinse) Fisher has been living in Kingston since 1928. His first name is actually Raymond but, as he had a cousin named Raymond Fisher, his parents always used his middle name (his grandmother's maiden name) instead. Stinse enlisted in January 1945, when he was 19, and was first stationed at Camp Petawawa for basic training. He was in the RCA (Royal Canadian Artillery), and took a course on cannons. In June he came to the Vimy barracks in Barriefield. Stinse was taking a Signal Corps course at the camp, but happened to be in Kingston, when the end of the war was announced (May 8th 1945). As transport conditions at the time were difficult, he was allowed a leave of 2-3 more days in Kingston, a time which he enjoyed greatly.

There followed talks about them being sent to Japan as occupation forces. Nevertheless he was discharged in September 1945.

So while his military career was short, it was not as short as that of his future brother in law who was at Fort Frontenac for his physical when the war end was announced, and then was sent directly home!

And despite his short stint in the RCA, Stinse did receive some medals through the mail. Later his sister gave him her husband's medals as well.

Stinse married Melba in April 1947, after a couple of years of courtship.

Church Family Photo Album 3...



Right: Lucie Howell
Director of MSI

Parable of Mustard Seed
 "The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed that someone took and sowed in his field; it is the smallest of all the seeds, but when it has grown it is the greatest of shrubs and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and make nests in its branches..."

Matthew 13: 31-32 NRSV



October 23, 2016: **Lucie Howell**, spoke to us with the sermon topic, **"Seeds Don't Just Grow"**. As Mustard Seed International's Director, she has travelled to Indonesia and Taiwan and across Canada, seeing and sharing what God is doing through Mustard Seed Christian Schools and Children's Homes. **Mustard Seed International (MSI)** is an interdenominational, evangelical Christian missions organization, originally established in Formosa (now known as Taiwan) following World War II.

The purpose of **Mustard Seed** is "to present Christ to all we meet, to heal disease, and all manner of suffering, and to love sincerely and deeply those people whose lives we are privileged to touch."

Lillian Dickson 1901-1983



November 20, 2016: St. Andrew's officially welcomed six new members to our congregation.
 Left to Right: Jane and Peter Greathead, Fern and R.J. (Sam) Houston, Anne Marie and Philippe Gabrini

Appreciation...

Thank you to St. Andrew's congregation for preparing **62 shoeboxes** to support the Samaritan's Purse ministry. That was a **15%** increase over last year. The boxes have been sent to the Canadian distribution centre in Calgary and from there our boxes will go to the following five countries: Haiti, Costa Rica, Senegal, Gambia and Chile.



Thank you from Barb and Al Zabel

Operation Christmas Child: Update

What a wonderful opportunity to spread love and compassion to the far reaches of our world and provide an opportunity to pass on the gospel message and the love of Jesus!

Seeing the beautiful smiles on the faces of children as they receive these simple gifts must bring much joy and gratitude to the aid workers who make the deliveries.....sometimes in war-torn and dangerous areas.

Let's keep this ministry in prayer as these simple shoeboxes touch hearts. Sometimes what God does is way beyond the box!



These photographs were taken at Kingston Gospel Temple, the Kingston depot for Samaritan's Purse, "Operation Christmas Child".

Mission: Samaritan's Purse is a non-denominational evangelical Christian organization providing spiritual and physical aid to hurting people around the world. Since 1970, Samaritan's Purse - Canada has helped meet the needs of people who are victims of war, poverty, natural disasters, disease, and famine with the purpose of sharing God's love through His Son, Jesus Christ.

Prayer for the New Year *Edgar Guest (1881-1959)*

Lord, as the New Year dawns today,
Help me to put my faults away.
Let me be big in little things;
Grant me the joy which friendship brings;
Keep me from selfishness and spite,
Let me be wise to what is right.



A Happy New Year! Grant that I
May cause no tear to any eye.
When this new year in time shall end,
Let it be said: "I've played the friend,
Have lived and loved and labored here
And made of it a happy year."

St. Andrew's Day Social

On Wednesday, November 30th, 2016 at 6:30pm, St. Andrew's Hall opened for tea and Scottish fare, namely Tea with Oatcakes, Scones and Shortbread. It was well attended- the house was full- and a wonderful program ensued that all enjoyed!



Left: Don Hay, an Elder of St. Andrew's, hovers dangerously close to the very tempting delights presented at each table.

Many thanks to Evelyn Leach who co-ordinated the food and the decorations on each table!



The Minister began the program by retelling the story of St. Andrew and how he came to be not only the first disciple to be called forth by Jesus, but how he came to be the Patron Saint of Scotland.

St. Andrew's Day Social continued...



Above Left: Handbell Choir

Above Right: John Hall, Director of Music, co-ordinated & led all the musical portions of the evening, having some great fun in the process!

Left: Ron & Louise Axford backed by Ralph Kendall & Dennis Tysick

Right: John Marshall read Scottish love poems.

Below left: St. Andrew's Choir



Eva Barnes explaining the use of girdles under traditional Scottish dress to slim waists!

Christian Journey Series...

“There is nothing like returning to a place that remains unchanged to find the ways in which you yourself have altered.”

Nelson Mandela

I wonder what emotions may have been stirred in **Dennis Tysick** when he returned to St. Andrew's about three years ago, to a church in which he had been baptized as a baby some 7 decades ago, to a church in which he grew up participating in its Sunday School program, its Youth Programs? To a church where as a young lad, he might well have enjoyed exploring the deep mysteries of its interior?

Was it met with a great sense of coming home? Or was it met with a vague sense of surprise at the very circular nature of life?

Dennis Arnold Tysick was the first born child of Hazel and Arnold Tysick and arrived in this world in the Nickle Wing of Kingston General Hospital. There followed the birth of a sister Doris two years later and a brother Stephen ten years later. His parents were well established members of St. Andrew's, having been married in the Manse by the Reverend J. Forbes Wedderburn. His mother Hazel was a member of the Women's Auxiliary for several years. His father, Arnold worked at carpentry and mechanical work and later worked as Psychiatric Attendant until he retired.

In his early years, Dennis recalls feeling closer to his mother; his closest times with his father occurring at their cottage at Christie Lake near Westport, while they were fishing together. And not unlike many people during their adult years, Dennis regrets not having spent more time with his father learning his trade skills. Many of these skills he would subsequently have to learn through reading- and trial and error.

As a child, Dennis describes himself as parent pleasing, obedient and not given to making trouble. At a young age, his mother worked for a woman who was childless and lonely. After Dennis was born, this woman became very attached to him and he spent weekends and summers with her as he was growing up. Dennis attributes much of his desire to being involved, meeting and helping people, to the time spent in this woman's company. Sassa, as he named her, became almost a surrogate mother to him; he her surrogate son; a bond that remained strong until her death in 1976.

Attendance at St. Andrew's Sunday School was an integral part of his growing up years. Dennis recalls how Wallace MacGregor, Helen Ledford's father, faithfully picked him and his sister up every week for Sunday school. One of his teachers, Donald Dishart strongly influenced his spiritual growth. Dennis recalls a particular lesson by this teacher that left him with "a burning desire to be close to God" and he credits this incident with the beginning of his Christian journey.

Dennis graduated from QECVI after having taken technical and academic courses simultaneously. And almost unheard of then for a boy, he took typing courses, a decision which has continued to serve him well to this day.

But he had no clear vision in terms of long term goals, merely hoping for adequate employment somewhere. With a recommendation from his father, he was hired by the Ministry of Health as a psychiatric attendant at KPH. While working there he took courses and eventually became a Registered Practical Nurse- as well he took courses from Queen's University and St. Lawrence College- and it was here, during his thirteen years of employment in nursing, that Dennis gained a wide array of experience working in a wide array of wards. He also worked simultaneously but part time at St. Mary's on the Lake Hospital.

Following his nursing career, Dennis worked for 22 years as a social worker and eventually an inspector with Community Outreach programs with the Ministry of Health travelling up north and as far west as Port Hope. In the church he was attending at the time he also became Superintendent and Chief Ranger with CSB, Christian Service Brigade, a non-denominational national ministry to youth, a ministry whose mission involved developing Christian leaders for the next

generation. He was the Chairman of the Audio Group and it was here that he honed his skills operating sound equipment for church services.

In 1984, Mars Hill Radio Canada was formed and Dennis, who had always been interested in Christian radio, attended several meetings that were facilitated by Dr. Kenneth Wyllie, a skilled plastic surgeon in the city of Kingston, and President of Mars Hill Radio Canada. When one of the board members passed away in 1991, Dennis was invited to sit on the board and in 1993 became its president, a position he holds to this day.



Dennis Tysick

It was while working at KPH that he met Anne Shaw, the woman who was to become his wife and lifetime partner. Anne, a recent nursing graduate from New Brunswick, was working at KPH to gain more experience in psychiatric nursing. Dennis maintains that he experienced his strongest spiritual growth following his marriage to Anne, stressing the positive influence she consistently has had in his life.

Dennis and Anne, after marriage, moved to the Reddendale area of Kingston and began attending a small nearby Baptist church. They remained with this congregation for the next 43 years, and it was here that they raised their three children. Dennis, who had become steadily more committed in his faith, stressed how very important it was for him to be involved in useful service to God and God's people, and it was this need that eventually brought him and Anne back to St. Andrew's three years ago.

And of service they both have been. Dennis and Anne brought all their wide variety of experience and skills to St. Andrew's and were highly instrumental in updating the décor of St. Andrew's Hall, working tirelessly together refreshing the interior face of our church. Electrical switches and outlets were updated, new audio system installed in St

Andrew's Hall. A member of Property and Maintenance and more recently a Session elder, Dennis' gifts and contributions have not gone unnoticed. What he has been very grateful for is the tremendous contribution of his wife Anne who works quietly but equally at his side. They are by the finest definition, a great team.

"Don't shine so others can see you. Shine so that through you others can see Him." Dennis and Anne, in returning to St. Andrew's have chosen to commit themselves fully in His service, putting their love for Him into action, guided by this principle set forth by C.S. Lewis.

In looking back over his life, Dennis sees clearly how every event in his life has prepared him for his ability to contribute today, physically and spiritually. And he especially sees clearly how God has steadfastly honoured the desire of his heart expressed so many years ago as a child. Dennis emphasises that if there be any good work in him, it is because of God's presence in his life. Humbly, he adds that it is God who deserves all of the credit.

Nelson Mandela said it well. By bringing collective experiences back to the place from which one began, a delightful sense of fulfilled destiny emerges.

It is a destiny from which all of us at St. Andrew's benefit...

Ada Mallory, Editor



Remember the picture of those three little girls from the Fall Burning Bush Edition?

Which one of these gals did you guess was me?

If you picked the really cute but mischievous looking one on the right, you are absolutely correct.

Far left is my oldest sister, Hermina, then my second oldest sister Maria.

I am the 'baby' of the family...

Ada Mallory, Editor

Mars Hill Radio Canada (Ltd) Since 1984.

In the early 1970's, a Kingston doctor and his wife told everybody possible that there were two Christian Radio Stations that were worthy of their attention. One was HCJB, a short wave radio station from Quito Ecuador that was nigh impossible to get except on the occasional clear day. The other station was WMHR out of Syracuse, almost as equally difficult to hear on any but the best of receivers.

That did not dissuade Dr. A. Kenneth and Mrs. Mary Wyllie from getting as many people possible to listen to and support Christian Broadcasting and seek to gain Christian Radio in Canada. The first boost to reception possibilities came when a local cable company captured the WMHR signal and rebroadcast it on their cable network.

In about 1982, after several Mars Hill Radio breakfast meetings, Dr. Wyllie suggested the formation of a committee to start a charitable organization that should encourage Christian broadcasting in Canada. He visualized the use of more Christian format radio stations, beaming the message of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ into more Canadian communities. The committee could start with supporting the Mars Hill Network in Syracuse and hopefully someday, be able to broadcast conservative evangelical ministry into Ontario's largest city of Toronto. With the encouragement and fellowship of the Syracuse Board and then Station Manager, Gordon Bell, this desire took on form with the incorporation of Mars Hill Radio (Canada) Inc. on April 10, 1984.



Mars Hill Radio (Canada) Inc. was founded with the main objectives being threefold:

- a) to communicate the Gospel of Jesus Christ by radio broadcasting.
- b) to disseminate information through all lawful means which will promote the doctrines of the Holy Scripture.
- c) to assist and co-operate with individuals and organizations dedicated to like purposes and devoted to teaching, preaching or broadcasting the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and to do any and all things which will lawfully promote the purposes herein expressed.

Early activities included the yearly breakfast with WMHR board and staff members, usually featuring a message from a radio personality regularly heard in WMHR. Mars Hill Radio Canada also was able to collect funds (and issue tax receipts) for the support of Christian broadcasting especially through the Mars Hill Radio station, and any other possible activities to reach out to touch people for the Lord Jesus Christ.

Through a website development process begun in the early 2000's MHR Canada was able to broadcast the WMHI signal over the World Wide Web. This service was taken over by the Syracuse staff and a second stream of conservative music was added to the MHR broadcasting schedule by Mars Hill Radio Canada in 2009.

While most of today's ministry of Mars Hill Radio (Canada) Inc. is behind-the-scene service to the Lord and His people, it is the Board's hope to continue any possible projects that will magnify, not their beings, but the Lord and Saviour who they love.

Excerpts from Mars Hill Website

Located outside Cape Vincent, New York, on October 1, 1990 WMHI FM 94.7 MHz went on the air serving Kingston, Ontario and areas as far west as Belleville, east to Brockville, regions north of Kingston, as well as Jefferson County in Northern New York .

Following the death of one of the Board members, **Dennis Tysick**, a member of the Canadian Board who had demonstrated the required organizational skills, was invited to become the second president of this ministry.

Church Family Photo Album 4...



Left & Right: Some Tender Loving Care for the weathered face of St. Andrew's doors. And just in time for Christmas! A fresh new look with which to face the New Year...



Above: While much outside work has been done on St. Andrew's exterior, it has rarely been an easy task to accomplish. Above you see our contractor repairing and repainting the trim around the Rose Glass Window.



Interesting wardrobe choices for Eva Barnes, Andrew Johnston and John Hall for St. Andrew's Day Social!

God didn't save us from a life without pain. He saved us from a life without meaning.

THROUGH THE EYES OF A CHILD

Several years ago, we were members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Sarnia. A few members of our church, along with volunteers from other churches in the area began training in **Christian Clown Ministry**. They learned the particular protocols to be followed in this ministry of MIME as well as the skill and creativity of gathering and making costumes and applying appropriate makeup. The procedure for presenting a programme in MIME was to begin the preparations with prayer and then to continue from then on in silence.

We asked our "clowns" to do a presentation for the Junior Church one Sunday, and as the children gathered we explained the importance of remaining silent and attentive. Those were two tall orders for 20 plus children between the ages of 3 and 8. For one particular little four-year-old boy named Craig, silence and restraint were very challenging. Craig was one of those delightful children whose personality won hearts. He was inquisitive and thoughtful, lively and creative - and full of surprises.

One of those surprises had been on the previous Palm Sunday. As the procession of children waving their palms began, Craig decided that barefoot was in order and we found his socks and shoes strewn along the hallway leading

to the sanctuary door. Now that we had invited the clowns to perform, we really didn't hold out much hope that silence or attentiveness would reign.

However, as the three clowns entered the room carrying a huge box wrapped beautifully and tied with a large red bow, the children were as quiet as the proverbial church mouse and from that moment their attention was captured by the exaggerated actions, facial expressions and colourful costumes. Item after item was removed from the box to the amazement of the children and then came an exquisite but tiny creche.

Dear Craig just could not contain himself and he burst forth with words of awe and wonder...."ohhhh, the baby Jesus".

In the silence that followed, there was such an incredible sense of worship and wonder that this little boy in his sweet-natured innocence had inspired. What a beautiful tribute to God incarnate, the long promised Saviour!

As we prepare for Christmas, would that we too could approach this time with the wonder and delight of Craig. God came to us in the person of 'the baby Jesus' that Christmas night so long ago. As God's children, let us worship him with hearts and minds filled with awe and wonder - *as through the eyes of a child.*

Barb and Al Zabel



Elders of St. Andrew's

Lt to Rt: Helen Ledford, Andrew Johnston, Elaine Coderre, Aime & Donna Delacretaz, Alberta Sanders, Louise Axford, Don Hay, Dennis Tysick, Greg Matthews, Larry Moore.

Front: Ron Axford, Elizabeth Thompson, Ada Mallory

Love the Christ

Love the Christ of Christmas time
He's the special gift.
Love the Christ of Christmas time
He's our only wish.

The Christ of Christmas time
Came to set us free.
The Christ of Christmas time
Gave His all upon a tree.

Love the Christ of Christmas time
He's the best of friends.
Love the Christ of Christmas time
He'll be waiting when this world ends.

Thank you Christ of Christmas time.

Michael Pizzuta

Eternity, Infinity and Design Simplicity

By Philippe Gabrini



At one point in my life I was coerced by the editor of *La vie chrétienne*, a reformed magazine in Montreal, to write an article on “the Faith of a Scientist” (1989). For some reason, people are fascinated by that subject, probably because they think the scientist will give them solid reasoning, proving the existence of God. But, of course, this does not happen! However, I am a scientist and, as I matured, there were a number of things I considered along with my faith. So today I’ll look at the Creation from a physics point of view that has, strangely enough, strengthened my faith.

Eternity

For that topic, the age of the universe will be useful to us. In 2012, it was officially stated that the age of the universe was **13.772 billion years**, with an uncertainty of **59 million years**, and these values are accepted by our present community of physicists. Just the uncertainty part seems huge, even though 59 million years are only 0.43% of the total age.

But, to me, 13 billion years is **astronomical**! The earth came in existence 4.543 billions years ago, this is also huge! If you do not find these durations impressive enough, just think for a moment that a long human life is just a hundred years long, and that Homo Sapiens have been around on earth for 250,000 years. But going back 13.8 billion years is enough for me to grasp eternity!

Infinity

The ages of the universe and of the earth are big numbers but they are not really close to infinity, are they? If we want to look at the size of the universe we have to use light years as units: a light-year is the distance travelled by light in a full year, i. e. 9,460,000,000,000 km, since the speed of light is roughly 300,000 km/s. The distance to the edge of the

observable universe is **about 46 billion light-years**, and you should keep in mind that the universe is expanding all of the time. As a small example, light that leaves our second nearest star, Proxima Centauri, takes just over four years to reach Earth, and so we can define it as four light-years away. As such, if you were to look at Proxima Centauri through a telescope, you would not be seeing the star as it is right now, but how it *was* four years ago! **The universe is so big that even light hasn’t had time to cross it in nearly 14 billion years!** That should also put us close to infinity.

Simplicity of Design

The universe is mostly made up of **hydrogen** and **helium**. Individual stars and planets are made of more complex matter, but these are negligible as compared to the vast quantities of these two gases. It actually started only with **hydrogen**, the **basic building block**, with a smattering of helium and lithium. Eventually hydrogen clumped together into stars, and the extreme gravitational pressure inside stars began fusing hydrogen into helium. When the hydrogen burned up, stars were desperate to maintain high temperatures and began to burn and fuse helium in their cores. Pretty soon, appreciable amounts of lithium, boron, beryllium, and carbon accumulated inside stars. After a few million years a star will run out of helium and die, creating molten masses of carbon called **white dwarfs**... Heavier stars crush carbon into six other elements up to magnesium then die, and the bigger stars then transform those elements into other elements up to iron. This is the recipe that created metals. But note that the elements we first mentioned above, hydrogen, helium, lithium, boron, beryllium and carbon are the first six elements of the table of the elements, therefore the simplest ones!

And it all started from the simplest one from which all the others can be derived!

A Small Conclusion

Personally, I find all this reassuring. We might never know the complete history of the universe and all it comprises. Maybe not, but the **complexity** of the universe and its **simple** design is something that I find **awesome**! And, strangely enough, it does reinforce my faith!

Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind.

Albert Einstein

Thank You Message from the Moderator: Christmas 2016

The Moderator, the **Rev. Douglas H. Rollwage**, issued a letter to thank congregations and individuals for the many kind and generous gifts to *Presbyterians Sharing* over the past year. *"As we wait for the light of hope to break into our midst, I write to you today to say thank you for sharing your light, hope, energy, time, talent, prayers and care with your own congregation and in service to so many others... Together, with Presbyterians across Canada, you are making mission and ministry happen, sharing the light of hope in Canada and around the world."*

This year, gifts to *Presbyterians Sharing* have helped:

- Gather together 430 youth, young adults and youth leaders to connect together, worship together and learn together at Canada Youth.
- Support over 40 international partners in places like Malawi, Taiwan, India, Ukraine and the Middle East by sending mission staff and volunteers and providing ministry grants.
- Host 319 websites for congregations, camps, presbyteries/synods and other ministries
- Bring together 348 commissioners, young adult and student representatives, ecumenical guests and resource people from across Canada to dream and plan at General Assembly, and provide live streaming so even more could join in online.

"In September, I was able to visit with our partners in The Presbyterian Church of Korea. Over and again they expressed such gratitude, that we and others had cared enough to reach out in mission and in service to a country badly in need of the Gospel... I want you to know that your gifts are making a real difference in the name of Christ, here at home and around our world."

This Christmas, please continue to remember the work of Presbyterians in Canada through *Presbyterians Sharing* in your prayers and financial gifts.





The Lighter Side of Saints...

A man lost two buttons from his shirt and put them in his pants pocket. But the pocket had a hole, so the buttons fell into his shoe. Unfortunately, the shoe sole also had a hole, so he lost the buttons. Since pockets with holes, holes without buttons, and shoe soles with holes are useless, the man ripped the buttonholes out of his shirt and the pocket from his pants and tossed them in the trash along with the soles of his shoes. After looking in a mirror at the holes in his clothing, he decided to toss his clothes in the trash as well.

A policeman observed all this and asked the man for identification. The man produced a document that he was an ordained minister of the gospel. So, of course, the policeman promptly escorted him to a mental institution.

The minister protested violently, asking why he was receiving such unjust treatment. "Look, it's the best place for you now," the policeman replied,

"Anyone claiming to be a preacher, but who doesn't save souls or wear holy clothes has probably lost his buttons."

Dead Church Story

A new pastor in Topeka, Kansas, USA, spent the first four days making personal visits to each of his prospective congregation inviting them to come to his inaugural services.

The following Sunday the church was all but empty. Accordingly, the pastor placed a notice in the local newspapers, stating that, because the church was dead, it was everyone's duty to give it a decent Christian burial. The funeral would be held the following Sunday afternoon.

Morbidly curious, a large crowd turned out for the 'funeral'.

In front of the pulpit they saw a closed coffin which was covered in flowers.

After the priest had delivered the eulogy, he opened the coffin and invited his congregation to come forward and pay their final respects to their dead church.

Filled with curiosity as to what would represent the corpse of a 'dead church', all the people eagerly lined up to look in the coffin. Each 'mourner' peeped into the coffin then quickly turned away with a guilty, sheepish look.

In the coffin, tilted at the correct angle, was a large mirror.

A Presbyterian minister walks down the street. He trips and falls. He stands back up and says, "I'm glad that's over."

The Greatest Typo

A new monk arrives at the monastery. He is assigned to help the other monks in copying the old texts by hand. He notices, however, that they are copying from copies, and not from the original books.

So, the new monk goes to the head monk to ask him about this. He points out that if there was an error in the first copy, that error would be continued in all of the other copies. The head monk says, "We have been copying from the copies for centuries, but you make a good point, my son." So, he goes down into the cellar with one of the copies to check it against the original. Hours later, nobody has seen him. So, one of the monks goes downstairs to look for him. He hears sobbing coming from the back of the cellar and finds the old monk leaning over one of the original books crying. He asks what's wrong.

"The word is 'celebrate'," says the old monk.

Whoops... A middle-aged woman has a heart attack and is taken to the hospital. While on the operating table she has a near death experience. During that experience she sees God and asks if this is it. God says no and explains that she has another 30 years to live.

Upon her recovery she decides to just stay in the hospital and have a face lift, liposuction, breast augmentation, tummy tuck, etc. She even has someone come in and change her hair color. She figures since she's got another 30 years she might as well make the most of it.

She walks out of the hospital after the last operation and is killed by an ambulance speeding by. She arrives in front of God and complains, "I thought you said I had another 30 years."

God replies, "I didn't recognize you."

Did you know?

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odour.

Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, tree surgeons debarked and dry cleaners depressed?

Satan Called a Convention

Satan called a worldwide convention of demons. In his opening address he said, "We can't keep Christians from going to church. We can't keep them from reading their Bibles and knowing the truth. We can't even keep them *from forming an intimate relationship with their Saviour*. Once they gain that connection with Jesus, our power over them is broken. So let them go to their churches; let them have their covered dish dinners, but steal their time, so they don't have time to develop a relationship with Jesus Christ. This is what I want you to do," said the devil: "Distract them from gaining hold of their Saviour and maintaining that vital connection throughout their day."

"How shall we do this?" his demons shouted. "Keep them busy in the nonessentials of life and invent innumerable schemes to occupy their minds," he answered. "Tempt them to spend, spend, spend, and borrow, borrow, borrow. Persuade the wives to go to work for long hours and the husbands to work 6-7 days each week, 10-12 hours a day, so they can support their empty lifestyles. Keep them from spending time with their children. As their families fragment, soon their homes will offer no escape from the pressures of work!"

"Overstimulate their minds so that they cannot hear that still, small voice. Entice them to play the radio or CD player when they drive; to keep the TV, VCR, CD's and their PC's going constantly in their home and see to it that every store and restaurant in the world plays non biblical music constantly. This will jam their minds and break that union with Christ. Fill the coffee tables with magazines and newspapers. Pound their minds with the news 24 hours a day. Invade their driving moments with billboards. Flood their mailboxes with junk mail, mail order catalogues, sweepstakes, and every kind of newsletter and

promotional offering free products, services and false hopes."

"Give them Santa Claus to distract them from teaching their children the real meaning of Christmas. Give them an Easter bunny so they won't talk about His resurrection and power over sin and death. Even in their recreation, let them be excessive. Have them return from their recreation exhausted. Keep them too busy to go out in nature and reflect on God's creation. Send them to amusement parks, sporting events, plays, concerts, and movies instead. Keep them busy, busy, busy!"

"And when they meet for spiritual fellowship, involve them in gossip and small talk so they will leave with troubled consciences. Crowd their lives with so many good causes they have no time to seek power from Jesus. Soon they will be working in their own strength, sacrificing their health and family for the good of the cause. It will work! It will work!"

It was quite a plan! The demons went eagerly to their assignments causing Christians everywhere to get busier and more rushed, going here and there, having little time for their God or their family or friends. Having no time to tell others about the power of Jesus to change lives. I guess the question is, has the devil been successful at his scheme?

You be the judge!

Does "busy" mean:
B-eing U-nder S-atan's Y-oke?

Author unknown.

heavensinspirations.com/satan-convention.html

"Then, because so many people were coming and going that they did not even have a chance to eat, Jesus said to [His disciples], 'Come with me by yourselves to a quiet place and get some rest.'" Mark 6:31 NIV.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for us to hear God's still, quiet voice over the roar of the 21st-century crowds, so, like Jesus, we must make time to rest and hear from our Lord.

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