

# The Burning Bush

2017 Winter 2018

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church Kingston



## Thoughts from the Editor...

It must have looked pretty silly. It was late November, only a few weeks before Christmas, and there I was, out on my back deck, tippy-toed in sock feet, trying to shake the remaining leaves off of my tree.

I love trees and this one was particularly special because I had planted it myself the first year I had lived in Kingston.

I am horticulturally challenged at the best of times but this tree has thrived in spite of rather than because of my care. It is a special maple tree that is known for its very dense foliage and is genetically engineered to form into a global shape. So at least once a year I have had to seriously trim it on the bottom so that it doesn't take over my small back yard completely.

It was only supposed to only grow to be about 12-15 feet tall at maturity. But every spring it comes back more densely leafed, taller and wider. And I am sure it must be 20 feet tall now. I often jokingly tell people who see it in full foliage, that if gets much bigger I may have to move my house forward a few feet...

But I digress. This tree has one very annoying feature. It likes to hold onto its leaves until nearly December. This makes raking and removing its leaves a race against the onset of winter. It would be much easier if it behaved like my Ash tree in the front yard- a tree which has the decency to know when to let go and go naked.

Of course I do know and begrudgingly accept that all living things do not align their rhythm of life to my convenience. And there are seasons that govern us all, even my Reluctant Tree.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven..." Ecclesiastes 3.

There is a sadness to the end of the summer and autumn that reminds all of us of the changing seasons of our lives. My tree which was so reluctant to losing its crowning glory now sways submissively to the cold breezes, leafless. Days are becoming shorter; darkness encroaches incrementally.

But the onset of Winter intrinsically carries with it the promise of spring. Life lies silently, restlessly waiting for the renewal of Spring. And just as my tree has preserved its life by finally submitting to the elements, we too as Christians 'preserve' ourselves spiritually only as we submit to the care and will of God.

So in the midst of this season's deepest darkness, let us together look forward to celebrating the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, our great Renewer of Life, the hope and light of our world...



**Ada Mallory, Editor**

**And may we never be reticent in declaring to all that He is truly the Reason for the Season!**

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*You have not lived today until you have done something for someone who can never repay you.*  
*Paul Bunyan*

## *From the Minister's Desk...*

Margaret Atwood's 'A Handmaid's Tale' is now a TV series. Have you noticed how many other recent novels and films are also based upon visions of the world's future, and a rather bleak one at that? The utopian dreams of former generations, built upon a sense of the innate goodness of humanity, have been replaced in contemporary culture by dystopian perspectives that despair of our human character and the possibilities of this world.



**Andrew Johnston**

Christian faith is also future oriented. It is, however, a future neither utopian nor dystopian. It is a future determined not by our possibilities nor by our failings, but by God. It is a future that is good, and sure!

It all began with the experience of that 'handmaid' Mary (Luke 1:38) and the coming of God amongst us in Jesus. When darkness reigned, God came among us as one of us, taking on our humanity and opening a way through life and even death, offering all humanity a new beginning.

But that was only the beginning. The promise is that all God began in Jesus – the forgiveness extended, the wounded healed, hungry fed, violence emptied, death defeated, peoples united – God will complete at the return of Jesus. Jean Calvin acknowledged that the coming of Christ to most of us may be at our death, before the Second Coming. But is not the conclusion of the New Testament a great vision of humanity gathered in the Holy City of life abundant, and for all?



**Joseph, the Carpenter, building a cradle for the infant Jesus. This banner, presently hanging in St. Andrew's sanctuary, was created by Anne Marie Gabrini and Fern Houston.**

We look forward to Christmas for a few weeks each year. But what we really look forward to, our whole lives long, is God bringing this new world. This future orientation is the true mark of a Christian – ever critical of the status quo, our lives are shaped by what is yet to be.

Which brings me to this detail of one of the new sanctuary banners created by Fern Houston and Anne-Marie Gabrini. I love the way it shows Joseph assembling the manger in which Jesus is to be welcomed into this world. While Joseph's call was to prepare for the incarnation of Christ, our call is to prepare for Christ bringing his kingdom of new beginnings.

This will involve remaining faithful in Christian worship and community, but also persevering in support of initiatives for justice and peace for all. And this is the work of not a season but a lifetime!

### **Heaven's Making**

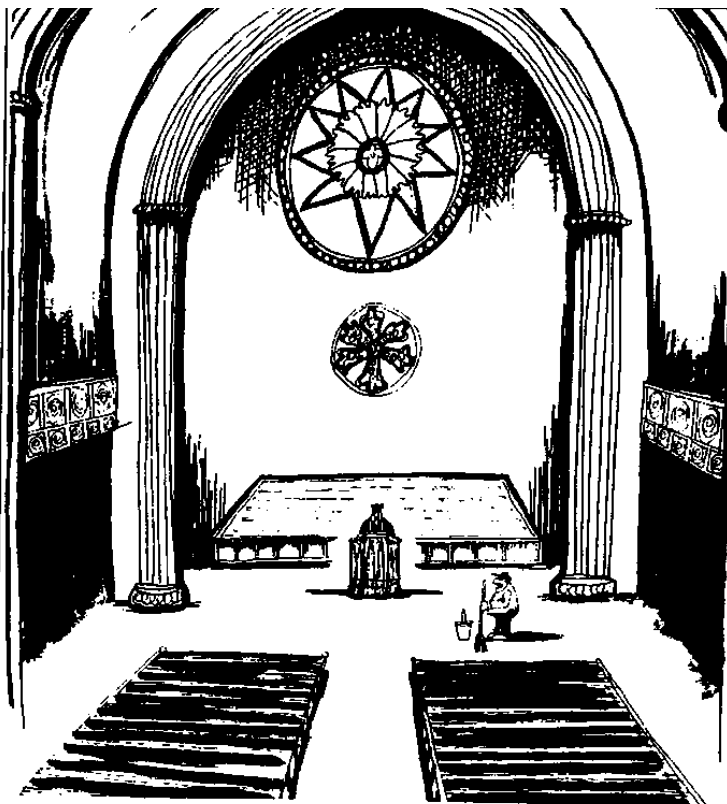
"Fail not to call to mind, in the course of the twenty-fifth of this month, that the Divinest Heart that ever walked the earth was born on that day; and then smile and enjoy yourselves for the rest of it; for mirth is also of Heaven's making." –James Henry Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859     [www.belief.net/inspiration/galleries](http://www.belief.net/inspiration/galleries)



## *Turpin's Trail: Sharing the joy of our 200th year...*



A Kingston Based Quintet, Turpin's Trail- consisting of Brian Flynn, Steve Kennedy, Jon McLurg, Noah St. Amand and Chris Murphy, gave a special fund raising concert at St. Andrew's on Friday, October 13, 2017- sharing in the joy and celebration of our 200th anniversary. Turpin's Trail brought traditional song and tunes to our sanctuary, with special guest Jennifer Shepherd. Well attended, it provided us with an evening of fun and toe tapping music!



No Pastor, it's Spring forward, Fall back!!



Jenny Shepherd, seen here with Brian Flynn and Steve Kennedy, opened for this concert. Jenny is the daughter of Janet & Paul Payne, members of St. Andrew's!

# *My Immigration Story*

by Rose Deshaw

I always seem to roll the universe into a ball and throw it at the big questions around Canada Day. Why did we come to this country, and what did we find here? Was it worth leaving family and friends behind?

When we immigrated in 1968 from the U.S., it was in the company of an estimated 100,000 young men of draft age. Normally no more than 10,000 at most would cross the border in any one year.

In 1967 Canada had instituted the Points System, nine criteria to see whether or not independent applicants would be useful to the country. This information trickled down to us in a small U.S. college town where my husband, Dick, had just been awarded a fellowship to the University of Waterloo. But once the letter announcing this great gift had been sent, a mail strike fell on our plans like an anvil off a cliff.

In those pre-Internet days, we could not afford to contact the university by phone, and we could not find the town of Waterloo on any maps as it was always lumped in with Kitchener, like a distant relative. To compound things, I lost the letter in the turmoil of packing up Dick, myself and our two-year-old to leave the country.

Finally, at a farewell party, someone brought refreshments in a Seagram's carton labeled Waterloo, Ont. Without the letter, we hung onto a piece of that box like some official document. We would have to go 3,000 miles, clear across the mountains and prairies of this new country, to find out whether or not there really was a Waterloo.

My husband was a graduate in philosophy and I was a hippie, though not the drug-taking variety. Mostly it was because of the music, the great sense of community and the belief that we could change the world. I marched in protest rallies and subscribed to socialist journals while my husband worried over whether or not we could between us come up with the minimum 100 points that allowed you to cross the border.

You needed to have proof of \$300, no criminal record and some skills that the country needed. What was unsaid is that by the summer of 1968, the border was being flooded by bearded, long-haired draft dodgers. We could be caught up in the country's initial rejection of this wave, solely by our appearance.

My husband got out his honourable discharge from the army, got a haircut and shaved his beard. I bought us outfits from Sears and dressed the two-year-old in polyester.

We had an old Studebaker from a farmer's field, a heavy canvas Second World War army tent from my father and



exactly \$300. Avoiding the bigger ports, we decided to cross at a tiny Okanagan border town that didn't get much traffic.

With no money to spare, I packed a picnic lunch before we left. That night we slept on the beach in our old clothes, putting the baby between us rolled in blankets. Both of us stayed awake that night, watching the moon rise over cold, dark water and wondering separately what we would do if this country that sounded so wonderful, rejected us when we applied the next morning.

They had a smiling prime minister with a rose in his lapel who made you feel as though he'd listen when you talked to him; that his government was a reasonable, approachable kind of thing. Behind us was a grey bureaucracy of unfeeling stone that had already sent many of the young men in my husband's graduating class to their deaths in Vietnam.

Probably the baby having a good night's sleep was what got us in. He woke up delighted with his new outfit and we rolled into customs as soon as it opened, where he sang and danced and talked about what a wonderful time we were going to have.

**They passed us right on through, smiling. What had seemed a huge obstacle, just melted away.**

And we immediately began spending the \$300 as we started across Canada in the old car with the pounding hammer of the mail strike shutting down the country. We used the unwieldy old tent till Dick pitched it, in the darkness, across a drainage ditch in Killbear Park near Sarnia. Water ran into our sleeping bags all night. We drove straight through after that, to Waterloo.

I have often thought about what I would say if I had the chance to advise those we left behind. All immigrants deal with that question when they hit the tough times. We had it easier than most. While the law says we couldn't become citizens for five years, we were landed immigrants who didn't stand out, knew the language and positively boiled over with education. My husband would go to school on the fellowship, the two-year-old would go to daycare and I would get a job to supplement the fellowship income.

Except I got pregnant, one of those "stop-working-immediately-or-there'll-be-trouble" sorts of pregnancies. Unplanned. The two-year-old quit daycare and my husband quit school, needing to quickly find a job – and jobs were not growing by the roadside ripe for the picking. We interviewed our way around Ontario till we reached the end of our rope.

There was just enough gas left in the Studebaker to get us to the last of the interviews. What money we had went for a motel room on a side street in the small town where the interview would take place the next day. We had a bit of food left for one more meal for the baby.

I was very low, though I knew all immigrants surely came to worse than this at one time or another. I borrowed an iron



Rose DeShaw with her husband, Dick & 3 children, ca 1970

+++++

At a wedding, a distant relative of the bride was sitting at a table with a bunch of family members. The bride and groom were making their rounds to greet each guest. When they got to the table they overheard him saying it was soon to be his fiftieth anniversary.

"Wow, what an inspiration!" said the bride. "Will you be doing anything special?"

"Well, I took my wife to New York City for our fortieth anniversary," the man said. "So maybe I'll go pick her up and bring her home for our fiftieth!"

from the motel office to press my husband's suit, taking the baby with me. A kind woman at the office seemed to have figured out, from my disinterest in suggestions on where to eat, that things were pretty rough.

Getting passed through customs meant we'd promised not to become a drain on the country. So if the coming interview didn't produce a job, we'd be crawling back to our parents for a loan to return home, the "I-told-you-so's" falling thick and fast about our ears.

A stranger knocked on the door of our room that night. He was laden down with all sorts of fantastic food. A bar mitzvah had been held at the motel and there were lots of leftovers. Would we do them a favour and take some of it off their hands? As I resisted the urge to fall down and kiss his feet and those of the woman at the front desk, I resolved to help whoever I saw in trouble from then on out.

Rather quickly the next morning, Dick was hired with a month's advance in salary and the address of a fully furnished house for rent.

The fact that the landlord, his large family and nine Siamese cats with fleas would remain with us there for a while, too, while I cooked and cleaned despite the pregnancy, is another story.



Rose DeShaw

What happened at the motel gave me what some scientists are saying at the Perimeter Institute back in Waterloo; that we carry our prior beliefs into any situation to interpret it.

In this case, my prior became that neighbourliness is not +confined to a street address but happens wherever good people hold out their hands to help;

**That I will strive to be one of those good people has been my prior ever since.**

Rose DeShaw is a member of the Whig-Standard's Community Editorial Board and a retired bookseller with prison library experience.





# *The 'Pane' of Painting Windows...*

Saturday, October 21, 2017



There is a certain charm in old houses. St. Andrew's Manse is no exception. But this charm does not come maintenance free. Painting those storm windows can be 'pane full'...

Left: Bea Johnston and Dennis Tysick, both Wannabe-Rembrants. Best watch yer back, Bea...

Top Right: Peter Trudeau, Anne Tysick and Phyllis Ann McCormick. Sorry. No 'breaks' allowed, folks!

Bottom: Karen and David Fabian do their best to paint those muntin bars while dodging those reflective panes.

Photographs by Andrew Johnston





**Prelude:** I remember when I first read *Ah, The Good Old Days*, written by Philippe Gabrini and printed in the Autumn 2017 *Burning Bush*, it provoked me into some of my own introspection.

So I challenged Philippe in an email, commenting on *Ah, The Good Old Days*, that “I would just add as an aside that while the good times in my life are remembered somewhat less accurately, the really bad times remain sharply etched in my psyche.” *Mais Pourquoi?* It had the desired effect. And so what follows is Philippe’s response. Enjoy. Editor

## *Ah, The Bad Old Days...* by Philippe Gabrini

*The challenge from the Editor was accepted.* As a consequence, I began considering the question: “Why are painful times more sharply and accurately etched on our psyche, than our good times?” This quest has been far from simple and took a long time, so bear with me as I recount it. It seemed at first easier to just go over my own life and extract some examples, but that was hard, as I could not find examples of telluric shocks: there were no unexpected deaths of a close person; my mother’s Parkinson disease lasted many years and gave us time to adjust to the inevitableness of loss.



**Andre Roger, Philippe's maternal grandfather**

I came up with only one instance that was still very clear in my mind. It resulted from a shocking non confidence vote in the department I directed, after I had refused to participate in politicking. The announcement of the negative results struck me physically, like a massive punch in the stomach! A very short event, but the pain of which is obviously still etched clearly in my mind.

But this was just a singular event. I had to conclude that my life had been truly blessed, with so few bad recollections to offer.

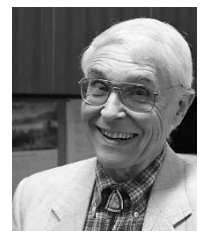
Thus not satisfied, I focused on my two grandfathers who both survived World War I in France, and had certainly had bad happenings to report. The oldest, extremely good with technical matters, was drafted but soon dispatched to manage an armament and ammunition plant for the duration of the war. And the other, who was a reserve officer, was sent to the Balkans for the duration of the war. Neither one of them talked of their war experiences, never, not even a little. Their silence was always a little strange to me, but was put in the “shell shock” category of their time.

It was later in life that I heard of a Dutch Holocaust survivor who did the same thing, never talking about his horrible experience and stubbornly refusing to do so. “Shell Shock”, the seeming explanation for this phenomena, was now referred to as “combat fatigue.” And of course today, military personnel, who come back from war, are now usually referred to as often suffering with PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder).

This disorder, of course, is not limited to war experience but also connected to natural disasters, car accidents, terrorist attacks and physical assaults. *Their bad experiences seem etched in their minds...*

But I digress. What we call our bad times, are usually the result of trauma, and it is known that psychological trauma affects our long term memory: missing memories, changes to memories, and intensified memory, not to mention repressed memories or intrusive thoughts. Emotion is a large part of trauma. And emotional events tend to be recalled more frequently and more clearly than memories not associated with extreme emotions.

I also found that traumatic memories differ from clinical memories. Traumatic memories are stored in the limbic system of our brain, a system that deals with emotions and sensations, and not with language or speech. So it would be interesting to dissect our various memories in order to understand why “bad-time memories” seem different and sharper than our hazier good time memories, for it is known that emotions will create stronger memories.



**Philippe Gabrini**

At this point, I would suggest that our really bad times memories are caused by some trauma and therefore stored in our limbic system, while normal good memories end up in our regular memory (hippocampus). This distinction then helps us understand why there is a difference and why our bad times memories are sharper than our regular good times memories. My relatively brief look at this extremely complex field has led me to this simple explanation.

**These are my thoughts, but, alas, I am no expert in these matters. So don't just take my word for it!**





### *Dolls on the Front Lines* by Louise Axford

In Canada there would be very few mothers who did not have a soft Teddy Bear or plush bunny rabbit to hand her child as she puts her/him to bed. In Afghanistan this is not possible as most children do not have even one toy.



A Canadian soldier from the Maritimes, after watching barrels of drugs being unpacked for *Doctors Without Borders*, wondered if the packing material used around these drugs could be replaced by knitted toys. He wrote to his mother, who suggested the project to her group of ladies; knitting dolls with brown faces thus became very popular throughout Canada for a few years.

The children in Afghanistan, curiously crowding around the packed barrels to see what they contained, loved these brown faced dolls popping out. The dolls became the children's constant companions in life and in some cases, even in death.

**Louise Axford personally knitted well over 1400 of these brown faced dolls.**

**Thank you for that labor of love, Louise!**



## *Why I Thank God for St. Andrew's*

by Gavin Robinson

Now, I'm not fond of performing speeches, much less writing them. In fact, I put this off until the last day. As I sat, I realized that this is not a difficult question. I have more than enough to be thankful for.

Look around you. What do you see? I see a magnificent property and some of the most kind, generous and helpful people I have ever met.

To me this church is a representation of God himself. The brilliant blue doors, the organ, His loving arms, His comforting voice and this wonderful sanctuary, His everlasting embrace.

I thank God for this building that has given me a home away from home for many years.

Laura has taught me about the Bible in a very accessible manner for children to begin understanding God. I thank God for Laura.

Andrew has always thought up a creative way for children to connect God to their everyday lives, in his Time with Children. He has always extended a warm welcome to me and any person he sees.

I thank God for Andrew and I thank God for St. Andrew's.



**Gavin Robinson, 14 yrs old,  
In England Summer 2017**

**I also thank God for the cookies!**



### **Reception of New Members**

**On Sunday, November 19<sup>th</sup>, 2017, with joy, St. Andrew's welcomed these new church members through an affirmation of their faith.**

**Lt to Rt back: Chang-keun and Aeja Song, Ken Hancock. Lt to Rt front: Sion and Juan Song, Rev. Nancy Hancock**

"Living too much in the past, filling our days with nostalgic memories, remembering past experiences or relationships which are no more, can actually be very damaging to our emotional and spiritual lives. The Scriptures are shot through with this theme and come with a warning: Once you have begun a journey, don't look back."

Brother Geoffrey Tristram, Society of Saint John the Evangelist



## *Joan Barr-Knox: Celebration of a Creative Spirit...*

"If you are God, your work is to create out of nothing. If you are not God, but like God — that is, if you are human — your work is to take what God has made and shape it and use it to make him look great.

Everyone is creative. Creativity is hardwired into our DNA by God himself.

All of us were made to be creative people. Creative juices run hot through our veins.

All of us have an irresistible, divinely-inspired impulse to create, organize, and fashion." [desiringgod.org](http://desiringgod.org)



Most of these items, all produced by Joan Barr-Knox, were on display and for sale at her Craft Table in Providence Manor November 17<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Directly above are 2 cushions she made for St. A's nursery.

The stuffed animals thoughtfully appeared with them.

Bernadette Burgess, Joan's friend, Bill Smith, Joan's son & Joan Barr-Knox appear in photograph to the right.





## *The Manse: A Home with a Mission...*

by Ada Mallory

I don't know if I had ever truly appreciated how large St. Andrew's Manse actually is. And as I waited in the kitchen for the interviewees to prepare themselves for our discussion together, I smiled as I recognized the inevitable organizational charts posted- where else, but on the refrigerator. Schedules for cleaning, schedule for meals, schedules for laundry- all the usual stuff of life.

But this is no ordinary home. Eight young adults, six of whom are students at Queen's University, and two that are *InterVarsity Christian Fellowship of Canada* (IVCF) staff members, live together here. And I was here to interview those two staff members, Alix Nori and Deirdre Walters.

**(Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship of Canada, or InterVarsity, has as its purpose the transformation of youth, students and graduates, in all their ethnic diversity, into fully committed followers of Jesus Christ.)**

So I was intrigued. In a time of generally declining church attendance and most certainly in a time when the youth of today seem unmindful and disinterested in the Christian message, I looked forward to hearing the personal journeys of Alix and Deirdre, and how their eventual spiritual and evangelical callings came about.

Alix's story begins in Fonthill, Ontario. Originally established as a village in 1856, from a particular vantage point and on a clear day, one might see the tall buildings of Niagara Falls to the East and Toronto to the north. Today it is essentially a bedroom community with residences commuting to larger cities such as Welland and St. Catharines, for work. It was here that Alix became the firstborn in a family that eventually grew to include two sisters.

Alix's father has his own accounting business and her mother, while initially a homemaker, now serves as her husband's receptionist. Like so many young girls growing up, Alix looked to her Dad for guidance more so than to her Mom. Mom was the disciplinarian.

She describes herself in her younger years as somewhat bossy, rebellious, and laughingly added that she was simultaneously insecure, often vying for attention and just generally, a bit loud. She enjoyed dramatic performances and public speaking and genuinely liked school. Then she reiterated that she was bossy. It was my turn to laugh.

As a family, they attended "a very liberal church that had few biblical standards". It was during her several summers at camp, from the ages of eleven to nineteen- two years of which she participated as a Camp Counsellor- that she

developed a deeper interest in the Christian faith. Not surprisingly this created some confusion within her family.

Growing up, Alix aimed for an eventual career working with people and had given much consideration to becoming a teacher or even a doctor. She eventually enrolled at McMaster University in the nursing program and graduated four years later.

But Alix learned quickly that while we may make our plans, it is invariably God that directs our steps. During her time at McMaster, she was invited by a friend to an InterVarsity Christian Fellowship meeting, comprised of around fifty students. Non-denominational in nature, this group met in small Bible studies. Alix recalls how she was non-committal in her spiritual approach during the first two years but eventually fully committed her heart and soul to serving her Lord.

Alix never did work as a nurse after graduation. God changed her priorities completely and following her graduation she signed up for the InterVarsity Internship program at Ottawa University. It was here that she eventually met Deirdre Walters, already an established leader in this university's InterVarsity program.

Barrie, Ontario, located in the central portion of Southern Ontario, was at its inception, an establishment of houses and warehouses located at the foot of an aboriginal transportation route that existed for centuries before the advent of Europeans. It played an integral role in the *War of 1812*, becoming a supply depot for British forces, and later became a branch of the *Underground Railroad*.

It was into this city that Deirdre Walters was born, the firstborn of five siblings. Deirdre describes her family life as she was growing up as being very stable, with both parents deeply involved in the Christian Reform Church- her father being an elder, her Mother teaching the Youth Group. Her father works as a gardener for the City of Barrie. Her mother home-schooled Deirdre until she reached the third grade.

Although Deirdre and Alix were both firstborns in their respective families, Deirdre's temperament was very much different. Whereas Alix had described herself as outgoing and rebellious, Deirdre describes herself as having been the parent pleasing child, shy and quiet, an avid reader, having a great love for the outdoors. She was contemplative and a worrier. She had found her transition from being home-schooled to the public school system difficult. In high school, she was unfocused and saw her future through the traditional role of marriage and motherhood.



It was her father who had the stronger influence in her Christian education; he encouraged her to grow in her faith. Her faith was brought to further maturity through her participation in the AWANA program, an international organization founded in 1950, *Approved Workmen Are Not Ashamed*, whose mission is to help “reach kids, equip leaders and change the world for God”. Here she received sound biblical teaching; here she was encouraged to memorize scriptures.

After graduating from high school, Deirdre attended Ottawa University - with classical studies and English literature as her majors. Her uncle encouraged her to join a small *InterVarsity* Bible study while there; Alix, who was doing her *InterVarsity* Internship year at that time, struck up an enduring friendship with her. Deirdre added that her growth as a Christian the first year with this group was gradual and it was her second year as one of the student leaders that her faith accelerated to a new level of maturity and commitment.

She had now found her focus in life. She wished to go into full time ministry with *InterVarsity*. But this required a year of internship at a different university, the location of which was determined by the organization itself. And the intern posting offered was at Acadia University in Nova Scotia. It was a bittersweet choice. Her boyfriend did not support her choice to work in full time ministry and the relationship ended. So only after much prayerful consideration did she reluctantly agree to go. She recalled to me the pain of this personal loss, the pain mingling with the joy of mentoring students into meaningful relationships with Christ.

Alix and Deirdre, once mentored and now mentors, presently work together at Queen’s University, as full time staff members of *InterVarsity*, living in the Manse of St. Andrew’s Church with six young adults under their tutelage.

I asked them in our interview, **“In an increasingly secular world that seemingly shows little need for God, how did they see the future of the church at large? And what would they say is their greatest criticism of the church today?”**



They had no hesitancy in responding:

**Yes, I have been deeply inspired by both Alix and Dierdre. The comfort and ease with which they shared their faith- authentically and with great joy- is something I will always treasure. They have reaffirmed to me how very alive God still is...**

**Left: Deirdre Walters & Alix Nori**

They both agreed that many churches of today have fallen into a sort of ‘consumerism’, having a desire for comfort and marked with complacency. Deirdre reflected at this point that Jesus in His life on earth, had been ‘edgy’, not falling in line with the status quo of prevailing thought. He never took the easy route, regardless of the personal cost. His message was not only revolutionary and disturbing to the established religions of that time, but disturbing to the governing officials.

They added that many churches of today no longer feel that Jesus means for us to disciple others in faith, or that being close to Jesus and his teachings is of the utmost importance. And they feel that while Jesus has not given up on the church, many churches are dangerously close to giving up on Jesus.

Then I asked them, **“What do you think the Christian faith has to offer to the present generation of young adults?”**

The response from Alix and Deirdre was that there is so much loneliness in young people today that technology and social justice cannot fully address. Christianity offers them an internal reconciliation and restoration with God that is able to redefine their concepts of what success in life really means; that being close to Jesus is the most important decision they can make to ensure a truly successful life.

#### **Reflections;**

The story in the Bible with which Alix most closely identifies, is that of Moses, God’s reluctant leader. Perhaps it is in realizing how God took some of Moses’ seemingly unlikable characteristics and reshaped them for His good and for His purpose. Perhaps she identifies with how Moses devoted his life to save His people, regardless of their resistance. Perhaps she identifies with Moses’ willingness to be *of use* to the God that he loves. Perhaps it is all of these things.

For Deirdre, it is the book of Ephesians that has been and continues to be especially meaningful to her. It is in knowing that it is Jesus who is the master of reconciliation; it is in knowing that it is Jesus who tears down the wall between communities; that it is not all up to her. It is in knowing that God can use her ‘weaknesses’ more readily than her ‘strengths’.

Perhaps it is in knowing that God is not just her source of inner peace, but also her source of inner purpose.

by Ada Mallory

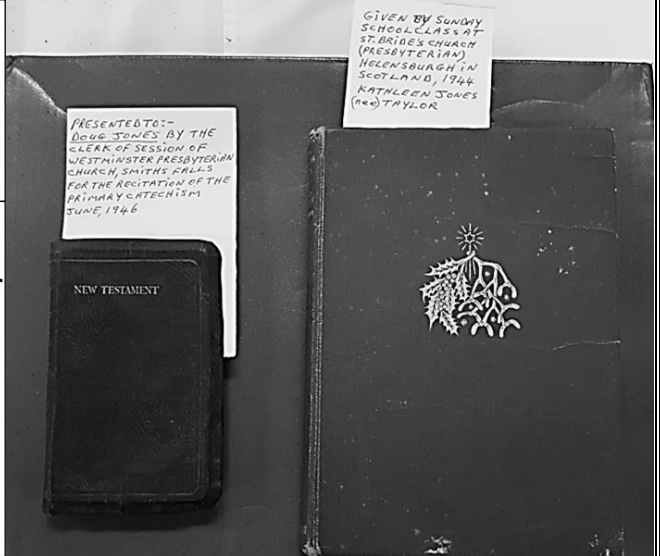
# Pop Up Sunday at St. Andrew's for our 200<sup>th</sup> Anniversary...



**Left:** Stone tablets made by Elaine Coderre- not Moses!- @ CGIT at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

**Right:** New Testament given to Doug Jones for recitation of Primary Catechism, 1946.

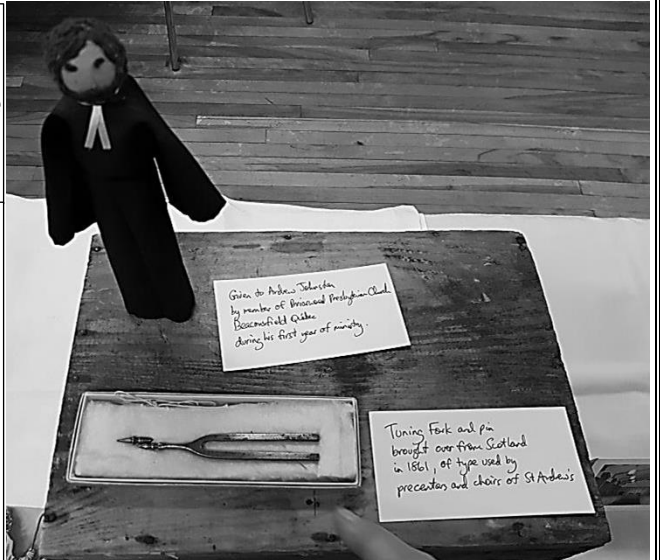
**Far Right:** Given by Sunday School class to Kathleen Jones (nee Taylor) in 1944.



**Left:** Anne-Marie Gabrini, aged 7, in her First Communion attire in Benton Harbor, Michigan.

**Right:** Pastoral 'action figure' doll given to Andrew in 1<sup>st</sup> year of ministry.

Tuning fork brought from Scotland in 1861- (not by Andrew!). Used by Precentors & Choirs of St. A's.



**St. Andrew's Sunday School 1988-1989.**

Can anyone identify themselves in this photo?

(Apologies for the light reflection on the glass...

On Sunday, November 26<sup>th</sup>, 2017, our congregation brought some moments of their lives in the Church (any congregation!)- a photo taken, a baptismal gown worn, a Sunday School lesson sheet studied, a pin donned, a certificate received, an Order of Service of meaning- along with our name and a description of the occasion on a small card for display in St. Andrew's Hall. It proved to be a most interesting event!



# Excerpt from “Ad\*dress\*ing History with Dignity”

by Eva Eichenbaum Barnes

Our group has a special heritage anniversary coming up very soon. Where can I rent a costume?” As a researcher and designer of home-made historical clothing reproductions for civic events here in Kingston for the past ten years, I am asked this question often. Usually, both organizers and enthusiastic participants are surprised to learn that the process of becoming historically attired for a specific occasion is not always as easy, inexpensive, or straight-forward as hoped. And there is no commercial facility in this immediate area that offers ready-to-wear off-the-rack historically authentic outfits for customers to rent for a few hours, which can be rather discouraging.

There are many variables and choices to consider when dressing in clothing to represent the past as a heritage ambassador. And, unfortunately, if details are not taken into account with careful thought, the result might be an uncomfortable mockery of history, rather than a dignified opportunity to invite others to engage in the visual pleasure of honouring days gone by. I have seen quite often how imaginative professional organizers of serious

events, large and small, can become disappointed by the overwhelming attendance of many well-meaning casual celebrants who quickly “dressed up in some funny old-fashioned costumes” to support formal heritage occasions. Their clothing choices unintentionally changed the tone and nature of the planned event.

One of the greatest challenges for me as a designer has been explaining to clients that the outfits they will be wearing at civic history celebrations are not really ‘costumes’ at all, not in the way that we might think of dressing up for “look at me” party fun or perhaps even for entertainment shock value during Hallowe’en. The purpose of wearing heritage attire as a representative of the past is to enhance thematic event ambience in harmonious support of the organizers’ planned vision, as a respectful personal contribution. The aim is also to help create an enjoyably unique, appropriate and aesthetically appealing visual conversation with other event-goers that conveys living history as a “finishing touch” to an occasion for them.

## Historical clothing can be grouped into many types according to purpose, construction and quality:

- original museum collection pieces
- high quality, researched, authentically-styled museum recreations using period correct fabrics and sewing techniques
- clothing made for historical re-enactment events, such as War of 1812 battles, camps, fancy dress balls
- professional theatrical/movie designs (for Shakespeare, Shaw, historical films, etc.)
- interpreters’ clothing for presenting historic sites (such as Upper Canada Village, Bellevue House)
- historical tour guiding outfits (Murney Tower Museum)
- formal ceremonial civic attire (a Town Crier’s ensemble)
- heritage inspired clothing, custom-created for participation in celebratory civic historical anniversaries
- low cost and colourful community theatre and recital costumes
- themed one-time party costumes for casual recreational/social groups (St. Patrick’s Day parties, etc.)
- inexpensive and disposable Hallowe’en/masquerade costumes.

**Edited From Original Kingston Historical Society’s ‘Limelight’**

**Left: Here, Larry Moore and Ada Mallory, both elders at St.A’s, strike up a rather somber pose in the sanctuary. They are wearing outfits that incorporate Presbyterian blue and hints of Scottish plaid in the recreated anniversary designs. Designed & created by Eva Barnes.**



## *My Life Was Changed By A Hairpin Turn...*

by Ron Axford

Although the injuries sustained were about as serious, it was not a mountain road accident. It happened at home, in the bathroom.

The hairpins lay on the floor, and should have been easily picked up. But as I squatted down to do just that, I lost my balance and fell backwards. In doing so my body made a turn as it twisted to fit the space available. Pain was intense, and mobility was zero.

The ambulance crew carried me downstairs, head first. It was March first.

The next day the orthopedics were done, giving me steel in my right leg from ankle to upper femur; it was classed as a fractured hip. During the post-op period, I was allowed to use it under the restriction of one quarter of my body weight of sixty-four kilograms. I was monitored closely and regularly challenged with sixteen kilograms of resistance- one quarter of my weight; it meant treading very lightly.

After some time, I was moved from Kingston General Hospital to St. Mary's of the Lake for rehabilitation; this involved two sessions of one hour each daily.

But as my release time from here approached it became clear that I could not meet the criteria concerning mobility and balance. I was healing well, but because of the awkwardness of the fall, the fracture had been oblique. Completely restored mobility was unlikely to happen quickly, if at all. I could not go home to the house

in which I had lived for so long!

Consequently, two weeks before my release date, I asked Louise and our daughter, Valerie to find a suite in a retirement home. They chose Royale Place in Kingston's west end. Suite 327 came with two bedrooms and a den for music, and our moving date was set for April 5.

To prepare for this move, we had to sell our four bedroom home. Our upright grand piano and Baldwin organ had to be left behind. Our new den has room for my Roland electric piano and my Yamaha keyboard, as well as a sofa.

So here we are. We came to trust that our Father knows best. Instead of asking, "Why me, Lord?" we need to ask Him. "What do You want me to do in this situation?"

God always keeps His promises, including Psalm 32:8, "I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go; I will counsel you with my eye upon you."

James, the half-brother of Jesus, reminds us that our times are in His hands. "Come now, you who say, 'today or tomorrow we will go to such and such a city, spend a year there and engage in business and make a profit'. Yet you do not know what your life will be like tomorrow. You are just a vapour that appears for a little while and then vanishes away.

Instead, you ought to say, 'If the Lord wills, we will live and also do this or that.'" James 4:13-15



**My sincere thanks to all the members of our St. Andrew's family for your visits, cards, gifts, including flowers, prayers and phone calls. You are very kind.**

**Ron Axford**

**Ron and Louise Axford relax together on their sofa.**

**Lewis, their cat, watches me hopefully. I was holding his bag of treats and to get his immediate attention, all I had to do was crinkle that bag!**



## Moderator's Reflection for Remembrance Day

Last month in St. Jax (St. James) Anglican Church in Montreal, I stood in front of a plaque remembering Frederick Fisher, VC (Victoria Cross). (The Victoria Cross is the highest award for military bravery in the Commonwealth.) I have always felt wonder at the bravery of Victoria Cross recipients. I am also deeply saddened, because about half of Victoria Cross winners died exercising their bravery.

Frederick Fisher died three months short of his 21st birthday. (My son turns 21 this month.) Born in St. Catharines, Ont., Fisher went to McGill in 1913 to study engineering. At the start of his second year, the fall of 1914, he enlisted, serving with the 13<sup>th</sup> Battalion, 5<sup>th</sup> Regiment, Royal Highlanders. On April 23, 1915, twice he held the line allowing Canadian soldiers behind him to retreat to safety. He was killed the second time he went forward to hold the line, his body was never found. He was the first Canadian-born soldier to receive a VC while serving in the Canadian Army.

As I stood in front of the plaque, I was caught in the mixture of emotions I feel every Remembrance Day: humbled by Fisher's bravery and determination, and deeply angered by the cost of war. I am horrified by what Fisher did, killing human beings. I am thankful for what Fisher did, standing in the gap saving others. I want to honour the bravery, the courage, and the commitment of those who fought, gave their lives, were wounded. I want to rage at the horrors of war and demand why anyone might think war is an acceptable option. I remembered and I will remember.



**Abbigail Cowbrough, piper, along with St. Andrew's congregation, pauses for a moment of reflection and prayer following the Presentation of Wreaths, Sunday, November 5, 2017.**  
Left and foreground, Ben Morrison.

**Prayer:** God of peace, your Son declared, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they will be called the children of God."

We confess that as human race we have not lived up to Jesus' call, for we settle our differences by fighting and resort to violence and the threat of violence when confronted by enemies.

Your son wept over Jerusalem, saying "If only they had known the way to peace." We do not know the way to peace. We desire peace, even as we arm people to fight for us. We recoil from the horrors of war, even as we ask people to prepare to go to war, putting themselves in harms' way for us. We are a deeply conflicted people.

During this week of Remembrance Day, we remember those who fought and died for their country. We thank you for their bravery. We remember those who served and returned home; and those who served and returned home wounded physically and psychologically. We thank you for their willingness to serve. Grant to all those who have fought in war, your comfort and healing of body and mind.

We recognize that in Canada there are people who at one time fought against other people who now also live in this country. God of compassion, teach us to mourn all deaths and injuries caused by war, regardless of which side the losses were on. Help us in our families to teach the next generation to see in our neighbours, not people we once fought against, but instead people we are invited to befriend.

We pray all of these things in the name of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. Amen.

by The Rev. Peter Bush, Moderator of the 143rd General Assembly  
[presbyterian.ca/moderator](http://presbyterian.ca/moderator)

**Burning Bush Credits:** With thanks for the submission of photographs by Andrew Johnston, Eva & Jack Barnes, Anne-Marie & Philippe Gabrini, Ada Mallory, et al..

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## The Present: A Gift from the Past...



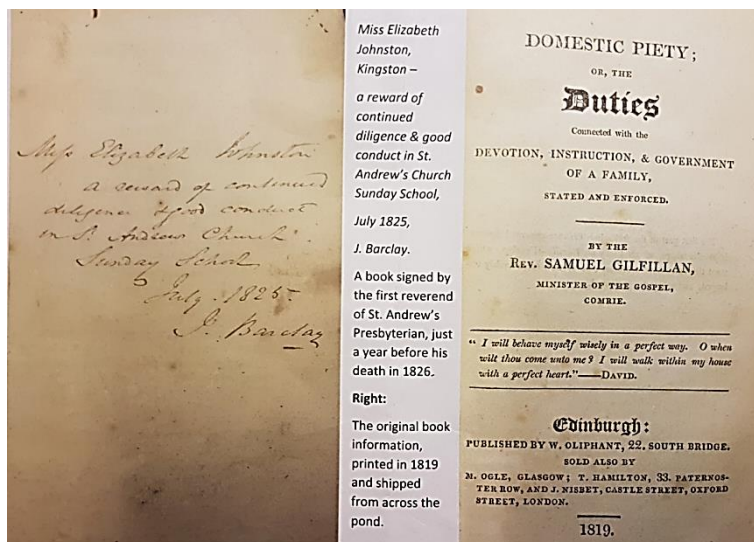
**Upper Left:** Rea Everaars & her twin sister Jean (Jantje) Singor enjoy some coffee together during our Pop Up Display in St. Andrew's Hall November 26<sup>th</sup>.

**Upper Right:** Peter & Jane Greathead proudly display 1946 Baptismal & 1960 Sunday School certificate.

**Left:** From an archival book donated to St.A's by Mrs Ann McJanet of Nepean, On., we have an original inscription to "Miss Elizabeth Johnston {of Kingston}- a reward of continued diligence and good conduct in St. Andrew's Church Sunday School"

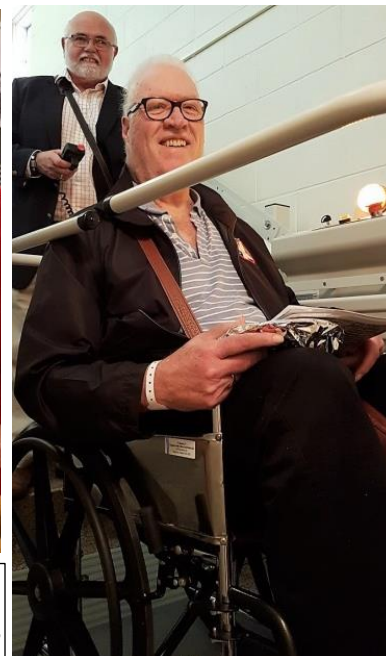
Signed J. Barclay July, 1825

**Lower Right:** Doug Rigsby gets one of the first 'lifts' on our new chairlift. Carefully monitored by Peter Trudeau



*Women's Missionary Society October 2017*

**Left to Right::** Helen Ledford, Donna Delacretaz, Helen Acton holding her First Nations deerhide placque, Marjorie Smith, Addie Crossard, Louise Axford, and Dorothy Fresque.





## Christianity in the World Today...

### *Persecution of Christians in North Korea...*

Imprisonment, torture, death: this is what you risk if you decide to follow Jesus in North Korea.

The family that has ruled North Korea for three generations are worshipped like gods, and any suggestion that there is a higher authority than the nation's leader, Kim Jong-un, is immediately crushed. Tens of thousands of Christians are incarcerated in horrific labour camps, and thousands more keep their faith in Christ a complete secret - often their own family members do not know of their faith.

"Every day was as if God was pouring out all ten plagues on us simultaneously. That's how hard it was. But God also comforted me and brought a secret fellowship into existence. Every Sunday we would gather in the toilets and pray."

This was life for Hea-Woo, a Christian woman who spent three years in a North Korean labour camp because of her faith in Jesus. She was eventually able to escape, but most are not so lucky. We estimate that between 50,000 and 70,000 Christians are imprisoned in these camps; most will die there.

North Korea is ruled by Kim Jong-un, the third generation of the Kim dynasty who have ruled North Korea with an iron grip since 1948. The two ideologies used to govern the state are 'Juche', which points to man's self-sufficiency, and 'Kimilsungism', the god-like worship of the Kims; children are taught the name of Kim Il-sung, Kim Jong-un's grandfather, before they are taught the names of their own parents.

Any suggestion that there could be a higher authority than the Kims is immediately crushed. North Korean citizens are constantly scrutinised by the Inminban, a neighbourhood watch system in which the leader writes reports on their

neighbours, trying to work out if anyone is disloyal to the ruling regime.

Christians must keep their faith completely secret; most do not even tell their own children about their faith until they are older teenagers for fear that they may let something slip. If a Christian has a Bible, or part of one, it will be carefully hidden and only read when the believer is sure they are alone.

A social stratification system in North Korea called 'Songbun', similar to the Indian caste system, divides people into three main classes: the loyal, the wavering and the hostile. These are further divided into 51 subclasses; Christians are part of the 'hostile' class, with Protestant Christians being number 37 and Catholic Christians being number 39. If discovered, Christians face arrest, torture, imprisonment, and perhaps even public execution - they are considered spies and traitors of the nation, and are condemned for treason.

And yet, many have decided that knowing Jesus is worth the risks they face. The church in North Korea is not only surviving, but growing - and they have great hope for the future. One Christian has shared: "One day the borders will open and we will unite with the South Korean and the Chinese church to bring the gospel to some of the darkest places on this earth."

#### **Please Pray**

- For Kim Jong-un, that he would come to know the one true God. Pray for change within the regime and that the power of evil will be broken
- For protection for secret Christians, and for strength and endurance for those in labour camps

Reprinted & edited from [www.opendoorintl.com](http://www.opendoorintl.com) an organization dedicated to serving persecuted Christians in the world today.



*We are afflicted in every way, but not crushed;  
perplexed, but not driven to despair;  
persecuted, but not forsaken;  
struck down, but not destroyed;  
always carrying in the body the death of Jesus,  
so that the life of Jesus  
may also be made visible in our bodies.  
For while we live,  
we are always being given up to death for Jesus' sake,  
so that the life of Jesus may be made visible  
in our mortal flesh.*

**2 Corinthians 8-11 NRSV**

# *Update: Capital Stewardship Campaign*

From Ralph Kendall, Convener Capital Stewardship Committee:

Your *Property and Maintenance Committee* has been blessed with the mandate to fulfill the many projects of both maintaining and restoring our buildings and facilities. The historical nature of our place of worship reminds us continually of the heritage in which we are rooted.

Over the years previous congregations of St. Andrew's had the foresight to provide the financial resources for future needs. The future is now upon us. We are thankful that we have been able to commence necessary restorations and improvements.

Through everyone's prayerful consideration and stewardship we will be able to complete our task and leave resources for future generations and an enduring witness. **"May all we do, be to the Glory of God."**

We share with you the following schedule of projects completed and those yet to be undertaken.

## **Tasks Completed:**

- A complete refreshing of St. Andrew's Hall
- Steel doors [with windows] installed into the office and Minister's study
- Flooring repaired and carpeting replaced
- Bell Tower restoration
- Bells of St. Andrew's ringing again
- Bell Tower clock operating
- New spiral steps in the Bell Tower installed
- Pews shortened to improve exit space
- Passageway and stairs installed into the front of choir loft
- New audio equipment installed in St. Andrew's Hall and Sanctuary
- Much work has been done on the organ
- Office storage room converted into handicapped washroom
- Major restoration of the flat roof areas
- New lighting in the sanctuary being replaced and painted
- All exterior facing stained glass windows recovered for protection and all frames restored
- Exterior lighting replaced
- Exterior of the cupola restored and painted
- All exterior doors of the church building restored and painted
- New lighting installed in the basement and hallways
- Two small washrooms upgraded
- Electric Wheelchair lift leading up to St. Andrew's Hall and a chairlift down to Gill Hall installed
- New boiler installed in the Manse
- Roof of the Manse repaired
- Dumb Waiter installed in the kitchen
- There has also been many additional electrical, lighting and plumbing upgrades undertaken

## **Tasks yet to be undertaken:**

**Commence Phase 2 of the Restoration** requiring scaffolding, engineering, and temporary construction of work platform:

- Remove and restore stain glass in the cupola including frames
- Install electric winch for the chandelier
- Continue lighting project

## **Commence Phase Three of the restoration:**

- Restoration of the plaster ceiling
- Painting of the entire sanctuary
- Conclude lighting project

Additional roof repairs will be required

Windows in the Manse to be restored

Flooring in the sanctuary renewed

The responsibility with which we expect to complete this mandate is a blessing and it is with gratitude and God's grace that we are able to run this race.

## **Financial Update from Capital Appeal Committee as of December 5, 2017**

**As of today, \$118,000 has been subscribed. With additional amounts that came in in October the total is now over \$125,000!**

**Those who wish to contribute with their PAR offerings will need to arrange this with the church office.**

**Ralph Kendall, Committee Convener**



## St. Andrew's Day Social Thursday, November 30<sup>th</sup>, 2017

St. Andrew's Hall hosted a second fun-filled evening honoring the Scottish heritage of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church Kingston. The agenda included: home backed oatcakes or scones;

- a display of highland dancers by the members of the Rob Roy troop,
- some Scottish poetry recitations
- a choral contribution by the St. A's Choir
- Scottish poetry recitation
- and a return of the vivacious and multi-talented 'Sir Harry Lauder', a Scottish singer and comedian popular in both the English music hall and vaudevillian theatre tradition in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century (effectively played by our own John Hall, Director of Music)



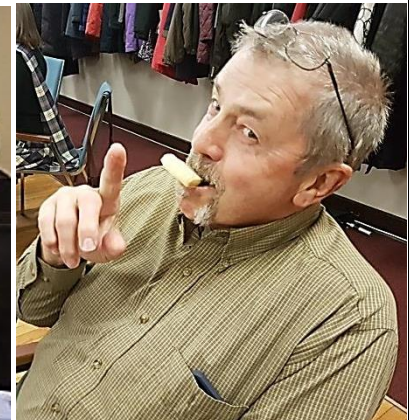
**Lt:** Kim Sutherland-Mills & Mom Cheryl Sutherland  
**Middle:** Sir Harry Lauder aka John Hall  
**Rt:** Doug & Kathleen Jones, Audrey & John Marshall

**Right:** Rob Roy dancers warming up the floorboards in St.A's Hall

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonny banks o'Clyde  
Roamin' in the gloamin' with my lassie by my side  
When the sun has gone to rest  
That's the time that we love best  
Ach, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'

**Lower Lt:** A choral welcome by St. Andrew's Choir singing,  
"Wi' a Hundred Pipers an a'", The Blue Bell of Scotland  
and Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee.

**Lr Rt:** Paul Payne *unwisely* admonishes the Burning Bush Editor...





## *Through the Eyes of a Child...*

Barb Zabel

Twenty years ago, we moved to New Hampshire for my husband's job. We spent five wonderful years there enjoying the beautiful scenery of New England and the warm and caring friendships of our Londonderry church family and neighbourhood. At the time we had a little black peek-a-poo named Teddy who could charm even a non-dog fancier. Teddy and I spent many hours in our garden and we were soon visited regularly by three delightful eight-year-olds named Hailey, Marissa and Caroline. They were more than anxious to play with Teddy, give him treats and watch him perform his repertoire of tricks, right down to "saying his prayers"



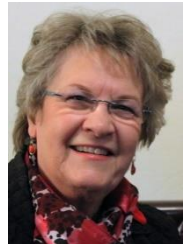
Sadly, Teddy became very ill and died. We missed him so and we also didn't see our friendly trio for quite some time

However, one afternoon after school, a gentle knock came to the door and who should appear but my three little friends. In a very hesitant voice, Caroline asked if they could visit with me, because they thought I might be lonely since our family lived in Canada and now we had lost Teddy.

As you can imagine I was delighted to see them. But then Marissa said, "Can you tell us your name? We've forgotten and we don't want to just say, 'Let's go see the Old Lady who lives on the hill'".

Suppressing a strong impulse to laugh out loud, I gave them each a hug and welcomed them inside for cookies and milk. We talked about school and all their activities and also shared stories of Teddy and the pets they had had and ones still hoped for. Over the remaining years we spent in Londonderry we had many a visit from my three endearing young girls. They were such bright little rays of sunshine and together we did some crafts and made little gifts for Moms on Mothers' Day

What struck me as so remarkable was the genuine empathy they had for me. In their sweet innocence, their care and concern had prompted that return visit and thus continued a cherished friendship which bridged the decades between our ages. In their eyes I was in need of love and a special touch of understanding because of my loss.



Barb Zabel

**I thank God often, even after all these years for those three little girls who showed me, through their eyes, the love of Jesus. As we celebrate the birth of our Lord, let us remember, by the example of my dear young friends, we are the eyes, hands and feet of Jesus.**

## *When Mary the Mother Kissed the Child*

When Mary the Mother kissed the Child  
And night on the wintry hills grew mild,  
And the strange star swung from the courts of air  
To serve at a manger with kings in prayer,  
Then did the day of the simple kin  
And the unregarded folk begin.

When Mary the Mother forgot the pain,  
In the stable of rock began love's reign.  
When that new light on their grave eyes broke  
The oxen were glad and forgot their yoke;  
And the huddled sheep in the far hill fold  
Stirred in their sleep and felt no cold.

When Mary the Mother gave of her breast  
To the poor inn's latest and lowliest guest—  
The God born out of the woman's side—  
The Babe of Heaven by Earth denied—  
Then did the hurt ones cease to moan,  
And the long-supplanted came to their own.

When Mary the Mother felt faint hands  
Beat at her bosom with life's demands,  
And nought to her were the kneeling kings,  
The serving star and the half-seen wings,  
Then was the little of earth made great,  
And the man came back to the God's estate

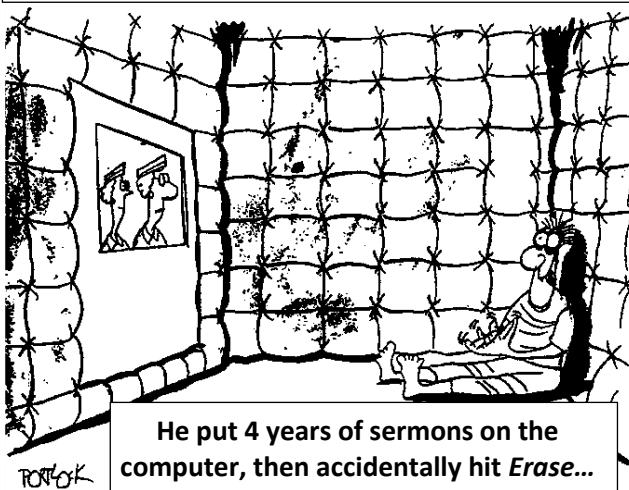
Charles G.D. Roberts (1903)

**Faith is not about fixing the wreckage of our lives, but about having the courage to stick with God in the midst of the wreckage. Faith enters into the mess; it doesn't eliminate the mess."**

**The Rev. Gary Jones**



# The Lighter Side of Saints



He put 4 years of sermons on the computer, then accidentally hit *Erase*...

Oops...

The pastor answered his phone:

"Hello, is this the Pastor?"

"It is."

"This is Canada Revenue.

Can you help us with something?"

"I'll try."

"Do you know John MacWilliams?"

"I do."

"Is he an elder at your church?"

"He is."

"Did he donate \$6,000?"

"He will."

**Question:** How many Presbyterians does it take to change a lightbulb?

**Answer:** Five. One to actually change the bulb and four to say how much they liked the old one.

Just so you know...

## Baptism blues...

A young son of a Baptist minister was in church one morning when he first observed baptism by immersion.



His interest piqued, the next morning he attempted to baptize his three cats in the bathtub.

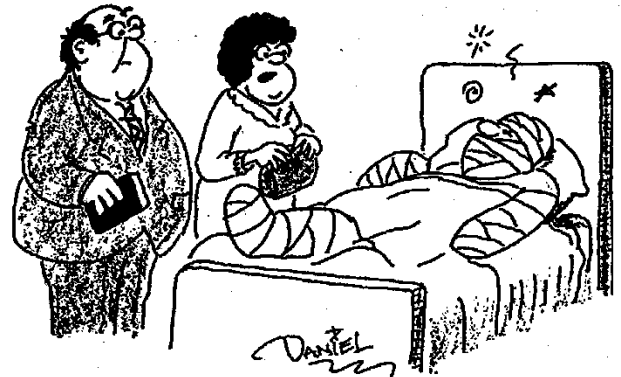
The first kitten bore it very well, and so did the young cat, but the old family cat rebelled. It fought with him, scratched him, and then escaped.

With considerable effort he caught it again and proceeded with the ceremony.

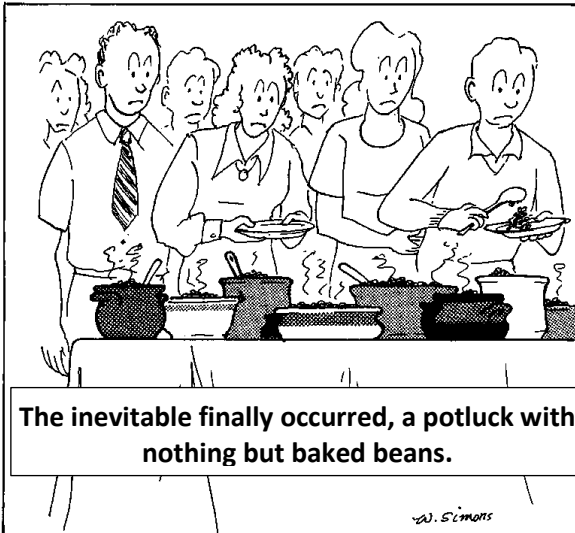
But she acted worse than ever, clawed at him, spit and scratched his hands and face.

Finally, after hardly even a sprinkle, he dropped her on the floor in disgust and said,

"Fine, be an atheist."



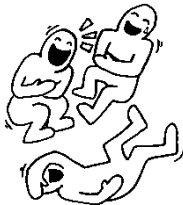
I feel terrible. I told Arnold that going to church once wouldn't hurt him...  
Then that chandelier fell on him.




The inevitable finally occurred, a potluck with nothing but baked beans.

**Q:** Why are there so few men with whiskers in heaven??

**A:** Because most men get in by a close shave.



Mind if I open in prayer, Reverend?



“For where two or three have  
gathered together in My  
name, I am there in”

Matthew 18:20

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