

MAY
2023

CHURCH @ HOME

staying connected with God,
each other, and ourselves

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getting better all the time

As we grow, one of the forces that drives us to new levels of proficiency is our desire to improve. We want to get better at walking, at counting, at ping pong, at our chosen profession. And this desire to gain knowledge and expertise to a greater degree determines much of what we do. We practise; we study; we strive to become the best person we can be.

But then as we grow older, something unexpected happens: our improvement slows down. Our ping pong game this year is pretty much the same as it was last year.

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. . . continued from page one

We're doing the same work now as we have for the last decade. We're doing it well, but we don't really see that much is new or improved or even different.

And then to our horror, we notice that we're not only not getting better, but we're actually slipping in some areas. We can't walk as far as we used to. We forget some things. We don't multitask as well as before. And as for work? We're now retired and don't even have a career that challenges us each day.

This discourages many as they feel that life seems to be falling apart and losing its meaning. They aren't reaching out toward new goals.

But these realities don't need to disappoint us. No, because we're still alive; we're still doing things. So, the quest now becomes that we do each task as well as we can for today. Are we playing the piano as flawlessly as we did 10 years ago? No. But we're still playing, and we're still enjoying it.

The secret is to give up the thought that we're always going to be breaking some new speed record and commit ourselves to enjoying thoroughly the scenery from the pace we can go now. We don't need to be able to have 10 people in for a home cooked meal. No, we can go out to a restaurant, enjoy the meal, and have someone else do the cooking. We might not be called upon to make decisions that will keep those stockholders happy, but we can still take time to decide where to take our granddaughter for lunch.

The secret to a full life now is really the same as it has always been—to step into each moment that God gives us and find the most reward we can from what we do.

And for all these new opportunities, let us give thanks.

Grant



IN THE BULB THERE IS A FLOWER

Voices United 703



In the bulb there is a flower;
in the seed, an apple tree;
in cocoons, a hidden promise:
butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter
there's a spring that waits to be,
unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see.

There's a song in every silence,
seeking word and melody;
there's a dawn in every darkness,
bringing hope to you and me,
From the past will come the future;
what it holds, a mystery,
unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see.

In our end is our beginning;
in our time, infinity;
in our doubt there is believing;
in our life, eternity.
In our death, a resurrection;
at the last, a victory,
unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see

SPRING GREETINGS, DEAR FRIENDS!

How lovely it is to be able to say this!

Spring is officially here, and we are experiencing the rising cacophony of birdsong and first stirrings of colour through the remaining snow. The cycle of new life has begun.

We are tuning into these beautiful awakenings all around us these days...let's face it, Mother Nature is hard to ignore!

In support of this incredible Planet Earth that we call our home, I feel led to include information this month about a newly created ministry in the United Church of Canada called "Green Exodus" (GreenExodus.ca) as part of the "For the Love of Creation" ecumenical campaign for climate justice.

This initiative is spearheaded by Sarah Arthurs who says,

*"You can only see as sacred what you love.
You can only save what you love.
We need to practise falling in love with Earth again."*

The Green Exodus is convening those who, to their surprise find themselves falling deeply in love with the Earth; profoundly touched by the Earth's beauty, fragility, and mystery.

With gratitude to our village of caring folks who continue to extend the love of the risen Christ to each of you.

Richard Rohr says,

"A mature Christian sees Christ in everything and everyone else. That is a definition that will never fail us, always demand more of us, and give us no reasons to fight, exclude, or reject anyone"

(book: The Universal Christ)

Know that we are here for you and continue to hold you in love and prayer,



FALLING IN LOVE WITH EARTH: THE GREEN EXODUS

(United Church of Canada)

“Let the beauty we love be what we do
There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground”
– Rumi

How can we be good soil for this new view and
love of Earth and for all that might arise?

We use various practices to realign our relationship with the earth: meditation, poetry, land acknowledgment, land embodiment, contemplative photography, deep time walk, community conversations and hospitality. We are nurtured by Indigenous, Christian and Buddhist wisdom traditions and by conservationists and earth keepers.

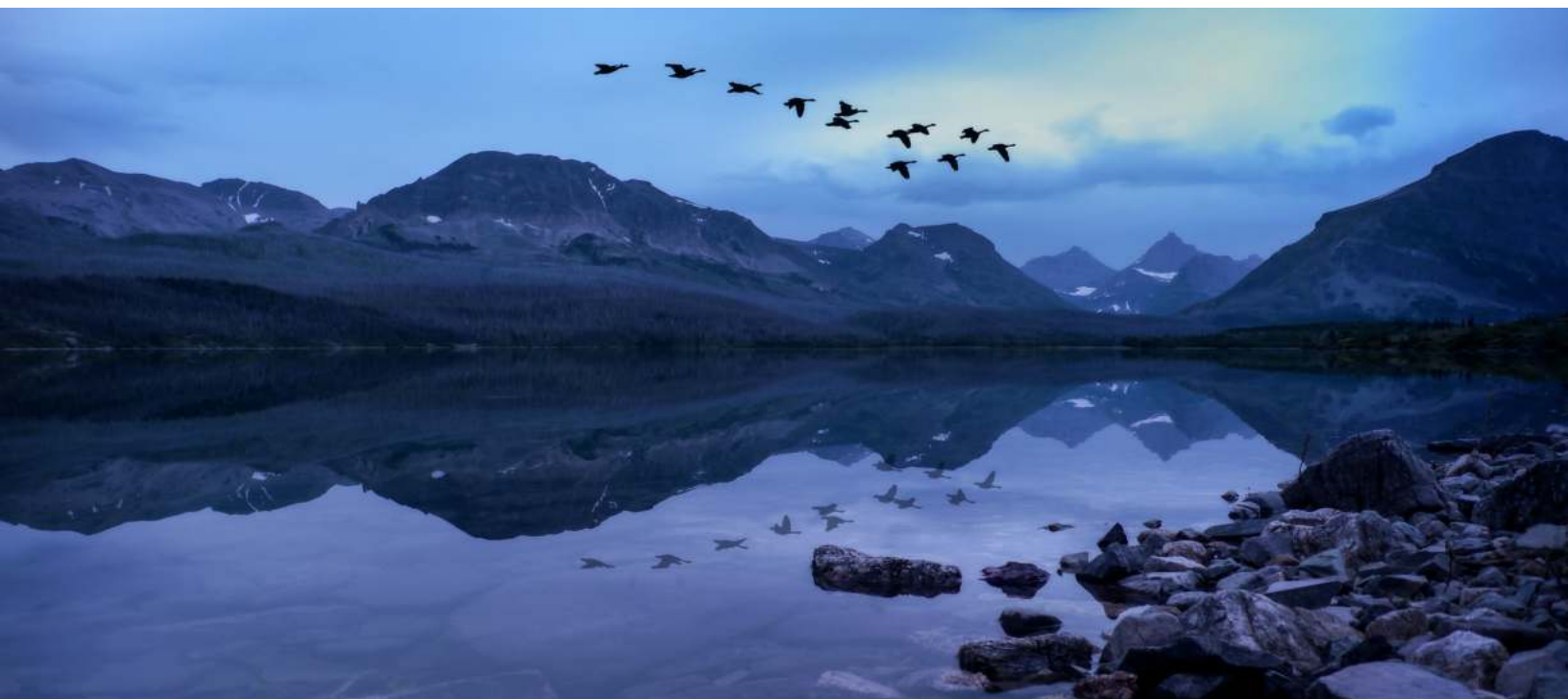
(For workshops and activities, go to GreenExodus.ca)



WILD GEESE

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert,
repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of
your body love what it loves.
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.
Meanwhile the wild geese,
high in the clean blue air,
are heading home again.
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting—
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.

-Mary Oliver



A SERMON FROM MARCH 29, 2023

THE CONDENSED VERSION

I must be honest.

I don't really remember all that much about my university classes.

Oh yes, I recall a great deal about my friends at the time, the weekends we spent together and the adventures in and around campus. I recall the Rathskeller at McMaster and the Yonge St. strip in Toronto.

But I must say I cannot reconstruct too much about the actual learning part of those years.

I don't retain any great chunks of lectures in my mind.

I do have flashes of classrooms and professors, and even some special events that took place.

In this category, I would put the GRU of Dr. William Fennel who taught us systematic theology—as opposed, I suppose, to unsystematic theology.

Dr. Fennell used to lecture seated behind a big table, and at some point, during his discourse,

he would become so excited by some detail of his talk that he would jump up and start walking excitedly around the front of the room.

This was the GRU or Great Rising Up.

We would bet on at what time this would occur during the talk, and then wait excitedly for it to happen.

But overall, I don't remember much about what was actually taught.

However, there was one memorable moment that took place during a lecture about this morning's reading, the raising of Lazarus.

The professor stopped suddenly,

and turned to the class and said to our surprise,

“But, of course,

the real question is why did Lazarus come out of the tomb at all?”

This was not a theological inquiry as much as it was an examination of this plot point in the story.

What was Lazarus's motivation for coming out of the grave.

If he were with God,
beyond "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
"why would he want to enter again into the poverty,
violence, disease, and chaos of first century Palestine?

Well, for the writer of the gospel, of course, there was a point to make.
Throughout the work,
he reminded people that Jesus was
the fulfilment of old Hebrew stories and dreams.
So here, Jesus is seen as outdoing Elijah
who had raised the son of the widow of Zarephath.
Jesus here then, is not only raising Lazarus,
but doing it after four days.

But the important point John is making here
is about what Jesus continues to do in the Christian community.
Jesus is the one who persists in calling people back to life.
We are Lazarus.
We are the ones being summoned from the tomb.

And just think about it:
if this is only a story about something that took place 2,000 years ago,
it is not much more than an interesting tale about the before time.
But if it is about a call that comes to us, then it is of true significance.

And why do we need to be constantly called out of our tombs?
Because we enjoy our safe spaces.
We like being in them,
we don't want to move.

Many of you experienced this a few hours ago when
you lay warmly in your bed and didn't want to get up to face the day.
"Why should I get up and have to do stuff,
when I can just stay here and be perfectly comfortable and content?"

And this is true on so many occasions.

For example, we enjoy sitting with our friends after dinner.

And we would like to continue doing that all night if we could.

After all, that is so much better than having to go home

and work into the early hours of the morning on the Blackwell report.

Or just think for a moment of how much time

all of us spend talking or thinking about the weekend.

And we enjoy taking pictures of our hobbies,

whether it be working in the garden or our latest art purchase.

Very seldom do people take pictures of themselves sitting at the computer in

the middle of the night working at the Blackwell report or at work in the

morning making copies of it.

In fact, our society seems to have an aversion to almost anything that might

challenge us or make us have to stretch our abilities or our bodies.

In this area,

I must say I am tired of hearing some young people complaining

that university is making them uncomfortable.

That's what education is supposed to do.

It is meant to challenge all of those beliefs

and behaviours we have carried with us throughout the years,

often without ever having checking if they are really true or effective or not.

Education is from the Latin "ex ducere,"

which means "to lead out."

It is there to lead us out from somewhere into somewhere else,

and that is always accompanied by a certain amount of threat and challenge.

And the fact is that the educating presence of

Christ is almost always disturbing,

as it summons us and asks us to move,

to change,

to grow.

Because the spirit of Christ is always calling us to become a new and better version of ourselves.

And thus, in order to reach that goal,
we must leave the old behind.

We must move—move from our comfort zones;
move from pleasant dreaming into reality.

Move from something old and worn into something new and exciting.

So when we volunteer for that job at the church,
or sit there at our desk at a new job,
or even try out new ways of handling current situations,
we must understand that we are hearing the voice of Christ
to come out of the tomb to discover all the world has to offer us,
and all we have to give to the world.

But the truth is as Ann Segal pointed out at a lecture,
I heard her give in Santa Rosa, California,
“It hurts to be metamorphized.”

It does. It is sometimes painful to change,
and consequently,
our first reaction to the idea that we come out of the tomb,
and start living life in a different way is to say,

I don't want to do that.

I don't like new hymns at church.

That's someone else's responsibility.

However, these are the kind of attitudes
we need to set aside and go out and discover our true place in the world.

Because that is where Christ is—in the world.

Because God so loved the world

This is why often want to put Jesus into heaven where
he can be admired or worshipped at a distance.

Or where he can quickly become little more
than a distant voice in the back of our minds.

But even when we recognize the necessity of getting up and acting as the people of Christ, we often carry with us a look that seeks sympathy from those around us. "I guess I'm stuck here in the tomb where I am. Poor me."

And the fact is we are all where we are at any particular moment. But so is the Spirit of Christ. And it is from where we are at any particular moment that the Spirit of Christ is willing to lead us out into the world. There is always a way ahead; God with us.

And without that belief, we become "someday people". That is, we become those who certainly know that we should be active in the world, but we postpone this on a regular basis to "someday"

But healing and renewal do not come to "someday people" who just sit where they are. And this we discover when we finally to get up and begin to move, begin to act, begin to seek what we can do at this moment.

And this call to movement, this summons to change is the source of our freedom.

The Persian poet Rumi writes:

The first stage says,
 We have read the theories.
The second says,
 We do the practices.
The third rejoices,
 We have been set free.

If you want to know freedom, you've got to come out of the tomb.

And if you feel trapped right now,
then it would be wise to ask,
"Why? What tomb am I in,
and what is the voice that is calling me out of the tomb saying?"

By the way, note the imagery here.
Lazarus is bound,
as he would have been according to the burial customs of the time.
And we often feel that way too,
tied up in knots, unable to move.

Have you ever seen a child having a temper tantrum?

Well, that's how we often act.
We imagine ourselves with our hands around our shoulders
hugging ourselves deeply, and screaming,
"I don't know what to do.
I don't want to do that.
I can't get out of here."

Well, just drop your hands for a minute,
and reach out,
and see where the future can take you once you begin to move.

And in that moment,
when we begin to walk beyond the confines the tomb,
we also begin to enter into the realm of the Spirit,
the realm of hope.

That call to life out there,
beyond our inaction is well described in John Masefield's poem,

"Sea Fever"

I must go down to the seas again,
to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again,
for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied.
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again,
to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife.
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

That's where we should want to be as followers of Jesus—
out there where the winds blow, and love carries us.
That's how we should live our lives at every moment,
waiting for the voice to call us from our tombs,
prepared to follow Christ.

Grant



BLESSING WHEN THE WORLD IS ENDING

Look, the world
is always ending
somewhere.

Somewhere
the sun has come
crashing down.

Somewhere
it has gone
completely dark.

Somewhere
it has ended
with the gun,
the knife,
the fist.

Somewhere
it has ended
with the slammed door,
the shattered hope.

Somewhere
it has ended
with the utter quiet
that follows the news
from the phone,
the television,
the hospital room.

Somewhere
it has ended
with a tenderness
that will break
your heart.

But, listen,
this blessing means
to be anything
but morose.

It has not come
to cause despair.

It is simply here
because there is nothing
a blessing
is better suited for
than an ending,
nothing that cries out more
for a blessing
than when a world
is falling apart.

BLESSING WHEN THE WORLD IS ENDING

... continued

This blessing
will not fix you,
will not mend you,
will not give you
false comfort;
it will not talk to you
about one door opening
when another one closes.

It will simply
sit itself beside you
among the shards
and gently turn your face
toward the direction
from which the light
will come,
gathering itself
about you
as the world begins
again.

- Jan Richardson
from Circle of Grace

Maybe we are all called to plant seeds, in our gardens and in our words and in our friendships, whose shoots will climb toward the light of the sun. And perhaps some of the things in our lives that seem dark are actually seeds waiting to climb to the sun's warmth, to the heart of God. The practice of resurrection involves the endurance of growth, of search, and of prayer. Jesus directs our earthly growth to God as a process "born of water and spirit," seeking truth and goodness, beauty and light, and the God of life that rises from death.



FEATURING OUR GREATEST STRENGTH — OUR RDLUC PEOPLE

This series of monthly articles will profile—with their permission, of course—one of the individuals, couples, or families that make our church the unique and special place it is. Who is ‘important’ enough to be featured here? Everyone! This month, we get to know **Al and Joan Steingart**.

Al and Joan sought a church as soon as they moved to Priddis Greens in 1990. They were warmly welcomed to what was then a small wooden building with creaky floors and hard pews. They loved it as immediately as they loved their greeters, Al and Wendy Johnson. As it grew from that warm country church into what it is today, they grew with it. They are enamoured of the charm it now has: a blending of old and new, embodied in the chapel and the sanctuary, and tied together by the Link — representative of long-time members sharing worship and breaking bread right alongside newer members.



Being the ‘get involved’ people they are, they began contributing almost immediately. An interior designer by profession, Joan donated her gifts in this area to many stages of our RDLUC development. She was the lead person to design and build the first stage of the existing memorial garden. She worked with the Architectural Committee through the design and build stage of our new sanctuary. On the downstairs level, she consulted on the build of our commercial kitchen, multi-purpose room, and Sunday School spaces. Upstairs, she took the lead on getting the upper kitchen renovated, as well as the Upper Room above the sanctuary. And neither did she confine her contributions to her field of expertise. Along with Al, she helped organize the first sit-down turkey suppers held in the chapel annex. Ever since, she and Al have been involved in

FEATURING OUR GREATEST STRENGTH . . . continued

— OUR RDLUC PEOPLE

Turkey Supper fund-raisers, Joan with space planning and setup, and Al using his Priddis Golf Club connections to get the turkeys cooked at their restaurant as a donation to our church. Joan served on M&P for many years. She was part of the call team that hired one of our former ministers. And she and Al were participants in the group that got our 'On the Edge' concert series started. At present, she continues to give, serving on the Property Team and leading the Memorial Garden Team. Wow! It makes me tired just to write this!

As for Al, he took the lead on all the financial steps and fundraising when our new sanctuary was built. He served on the Finance Committee for many years and contributed his banking knowledge and background to many church projects. He was instrumental in getting the Saturday morning men's breakfasts started. At one time he regularly cut the grass on the church grounds. When our budget was tight during renovations, he put on his painting hat and painted for weeks and weeks. And he struck a deal with the Golf Club (when they were renovating) to acquire the round tables and chairs now in the Link.



Together, the Steingarts bring new meaning to the term 'dynamic duo'! As you see from their photo, they make time to get out and about and be active in other ways as well. How super lucky we are to have them, and their multitude of talents, here at RDLUC! Many, many thanks to you, Al and Joan, for donating so generously and faithfully of your numerous gifts. You are a truly special couple!

Our thanks to Fran Porter for writing this submission

WHAT WE NEED IS HERE

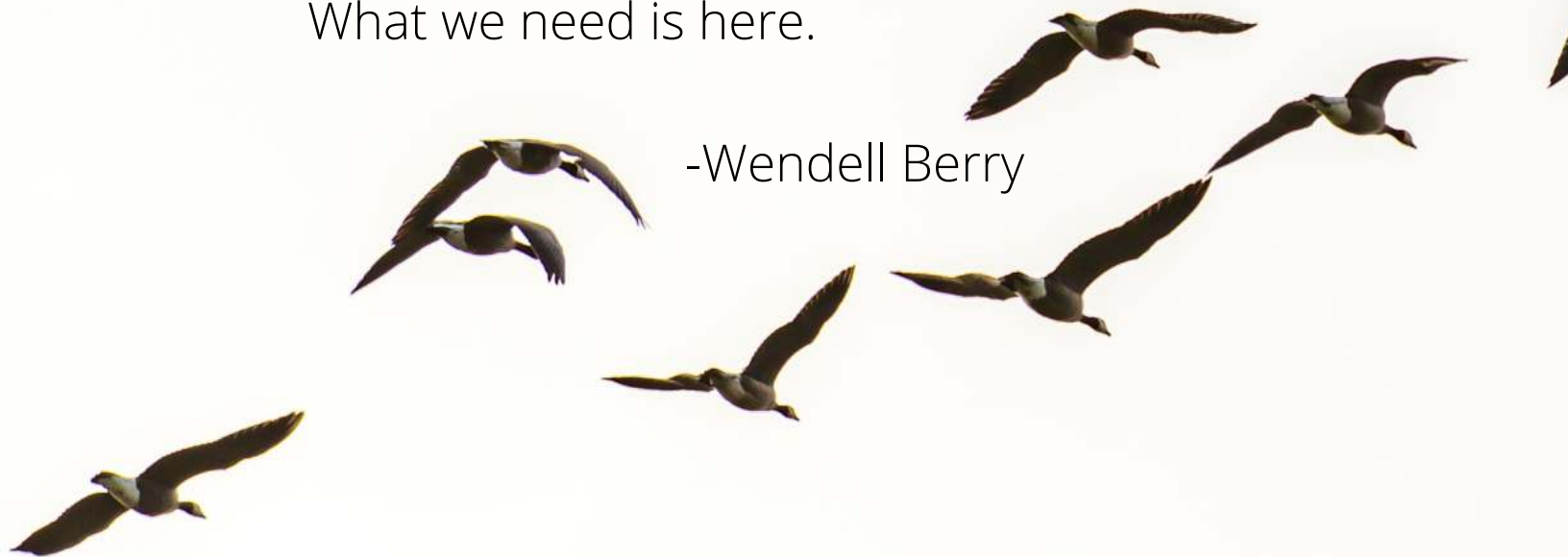
Geese appear high over us,
pass,
and the sky closes.

Abandon,
as in love or sleep,
holds them to their way,
clear in the ancient faith:
what we need is here.

And we pray,
not for new earth or heaven,
but to be quiet in heart,
and in eye,
clear.

What we need is here.

-Wendell Berry





GOOD FOOD BOX PROGRAM

The Good Food Box Program, (GFB) is a program under the Community Kitchen Program of Calgary, whereby anyone can purchase boxes of fresh fruits and vegetables at an affordable price. The Good Food Box Program offers a hands-up approach, opposed to a hands-out. We offer all Calgarians and those in the surrounding areas, access to sustainable nutritious boxes of fruits and vegetables, to ensure that no one has to go hungry. The boxes are assembled by dedicated volunteers, who along with The Community Kitchen, desire to see individuals and families accessing nutritious fruits and vegetables at an affordable price.

BOX OPTIONS

Small Box: \$25

15-20lbs* of fruits and vegetables

Medium Box: \$30

25-30lbs* of fruits and vegetables

Large Box: \$35

35-40lbs* of fruits and vegetables

Each Good Food Box contains a combination of fruits and vegetable. The content varies weekly due to seasonal availability. The boxes contain the maximum produce to ensure our clients are getting the most value for the price. *Please note weights are approximate.

There are many depots and deliveries!

For further information contact Lorrie Herrick 403 538-7386

or Judy Andersen 403 538-7387

Good Food Box — Community Kitchen Program of Calgary (ckpcalgary.ca)

RDLUC MEMORIES



Lois Ann Milner

June 22, 1929 - Brandon Manitoba

April 4,, 2023 - Calgary, Alberta

Always Remembered

After a long, full and happy life Lois passed away peacefully at the age of 93 in her sleep in her home.

Lois was a prairie farm girl, born in Brandon, Manitoba. Her early education in Brandon was followed by the University of McGill, Montreal and the University of Alberta where she received her Bachelor of Education in Physical Education.

After one year of teaching in Calgary, Lois married and accompanied her husband, a construction manager, to the newly formed town of Uranium City in northern Saskatchewan where she taught a class of 13 students.

Moving back to Calgary, Lois's teaching career was interrupted by having five boys. After the boys were in school Lois went back to the University of Calgary and received her diploma in Library Science and joined the Foothills School Division as a Resource manager for 12 years.

By this time, the family had moved to an acreage south of Calgary where they lived for over 48 years. Lois served for four years on the Board of the University of Calgary, and for six years on the Board of the Banff School of Fine Arts, on the Provincial Curriculum Committee, and on the executives of other groups. With the family grown up, there was more time for Lois's interest in weaving and spinning and community groups such as the Sheep Creek Weavers, Country Lane Quilters, Ridge Riders, and the many friends at Red Deer Lake United Church. Lois raised a dozen sheep, sheared them herself, then washed and carded, spun, and wove the wool.

Lois and her husband enjoyed their horses and dogs and riding with the Ridge Riders in the Foothills with many mountain trails being covered. Lois and girl friends for 20 years would get a wrangler and ride remote mountain trails for a week. Lois loved bonfires, gardening, reading good books, painting, swimming, hiking, biking, walking, sewing, quilting, knitting, and travelling, especially cruising. But her best and happiest times were when she was riding her favourite horse right from her doorstep over the countryside.

After retirement Lois was an enthusiastic volunteer group leader for Elderhostel Travel for over 10 years doing some 50 trips in Alberta, mostly in the mountains.

Lois is survived by five sons: Roy, Bill (Maria), Robert (Diana Stuart), Harold, and Bruce (Anik Champagne); and four grandchildren Phillip, Patrick, Jonathan and Emma. Lois was predeceased by her husband Bud after 66 years of marriage and her sister Loreen Henry.

Always grateful for such a wonderful life and proud of her five sons and their families, Lois lived her final days in her own home on her own with the help of her family for four years enjoying her mountain view sunroom.

At Lois's request there will be no funeral service. A private family gathering will be held later.



Dear Lois,

You have been such a wonderful friend, I'm so glad you came into my life. I have been remembering some of the many things we did together, like Horseback riding , on our trusty steeds (Maude and Kabeer, riding our bikes with The Old Spokes Biking Club , all the continuing education courses, learning to spin wool, hiking, skiing, I could go on and on. We had many fun times and some great experiences. I love you dear friend and won't ever forget you.

Donna Millican

I had the privilege of meeting Lois when we moved to Priddis in 1997 through Sheep Creek Weavers and Country Lane Quilters. I admired her for so many reasons but became exceptionally blessed to journey with Lois over the last few years while I visited with her as a part of the Congregational Care Visitation Team. We had innumerable chats, conversations, laughs, learnings, and hugs when she used to say it is so nice to talk to a woman. I have all these wonderful men in my life but we woman talk about other things. I have always been in awe of Lois's quick wit, her mind, her generosity, and her exceptional ability to use the English language right up until her death. She will be deeply missed by her country community.

Anne Welsh

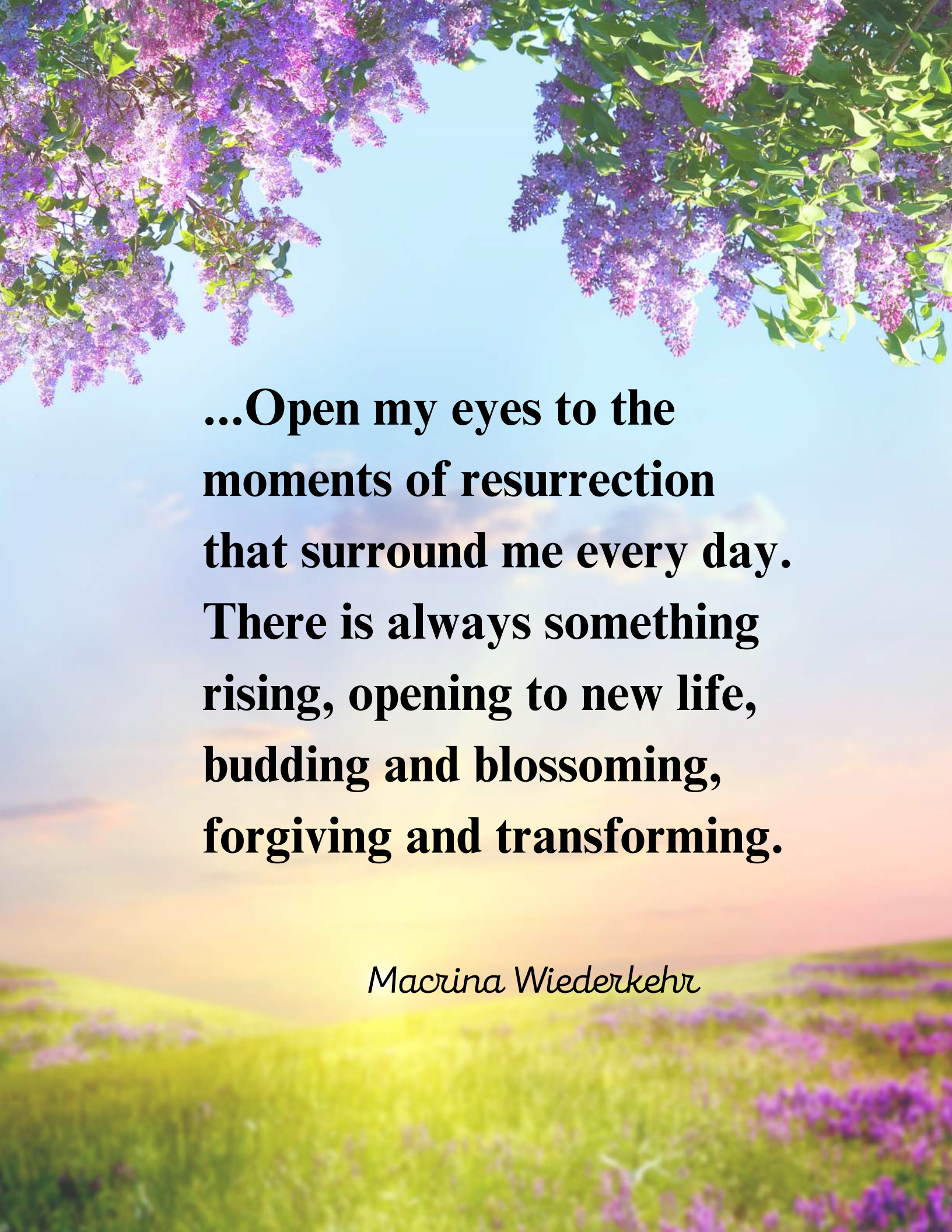


Lois was a long-time and very active member of RDIUC. She was a ready and willing volunteer to help almost anywhere she was needed: kitchen, sanctuary, and assisting in organizing church events. Her husband, Bud, who predeceased her, was a construction foreman and oversaw much of the renovations to our old chapel and construction of the link and the new sanctuary. Lois contributed by cheering on the workers and, at times, helping make sandwiches for the work crew.

During her professional life, Lois ran the IMC (Instructional Materials Centre) for the Foothills School Division. With wonderful efficiency, she monitored the sharing of such materials between teaching staffs and between schools. She would listen faithfully to teachers whenever they made suggestions about ordering new materials, and her caring and dedication to her job made her widely respected throughout the division. FSD missed her greatly when she retired, as RDLUC and her five loving sons and their families miss her now.

Fran Porter





**...Open my eyes to the
moments of resurrection
that surround me every day.
There is always something
rising, opening to new life,
budding and blossoming,
forgiving and transforming.**

Macrina Wiederkehr

IN GRATITUDE

Fran (Porter) has given us permission to share this letter of gratitude with you. It exemplifies some of the love and care Congregational Care team members provide. Thank you, Fran.

Wed, April 5th , 2023

Dear Congregational Care Team,

Just a brief note to express how deeply grateful and surprised I was yesterday, when Doreen (McKinnon) delivered to me the lovely “Caring Hugs” bag from you. It was overwhelming to receive so many little treasures, all so thoughtfully selected. It felt like Christmas all over again, as I unwrapped and marveled at each one!

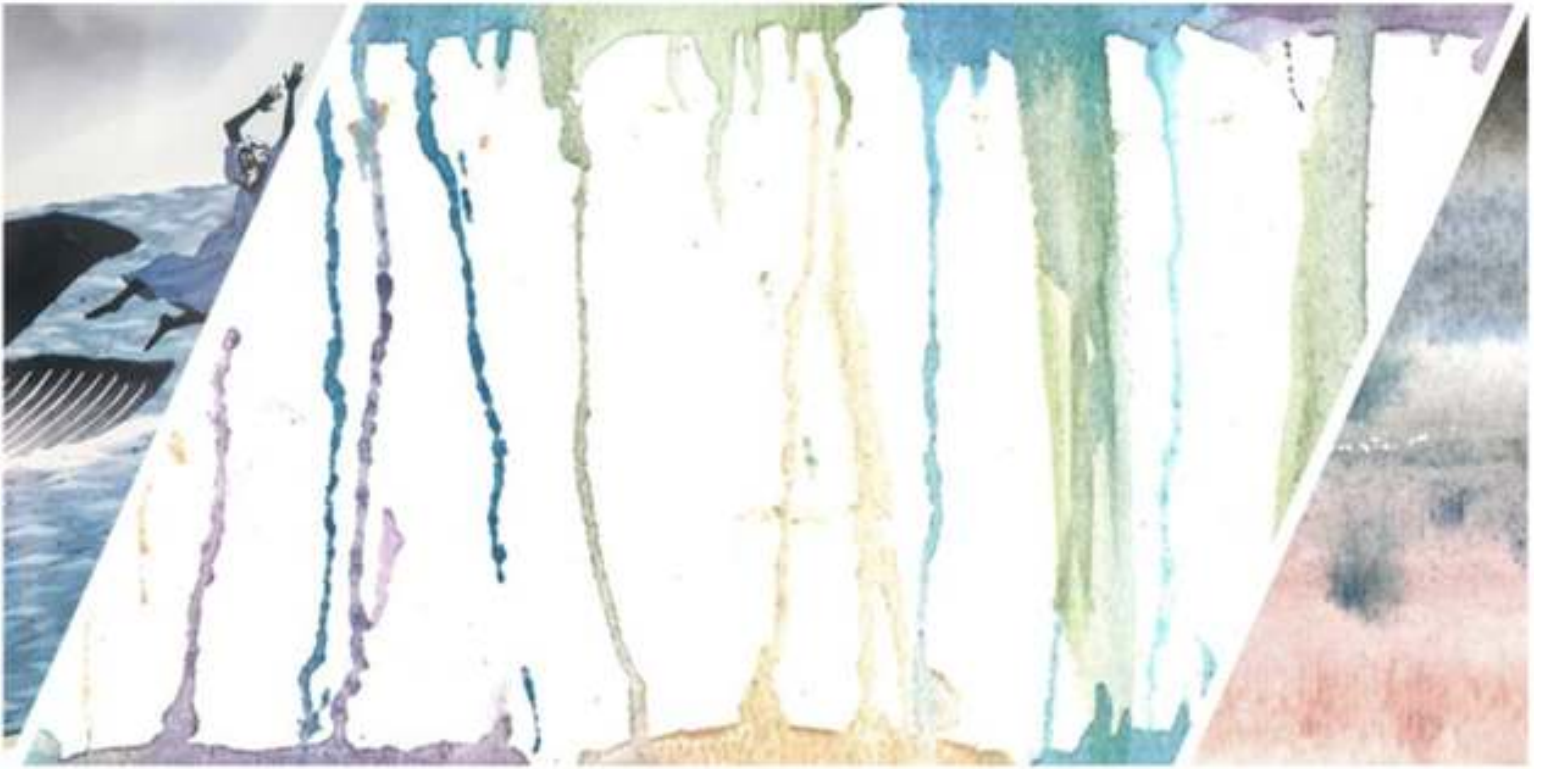
I have been the giver of such bags, assembled by the loving hands of our dear Doreen, and I have seen others shed tears of joy and gratitude at feeling cared about and valued in our church community. But I have never been the receiver of one of these truly wonderful gifts - the gift of knowing others care enough to put time and thought into assembling a personalized collection, each part of which brings true comfort. I now know how “Caring Hugs” recipients feel, and that knowledge reinforces for me what a beautiful and worthwhile mission this is for Cong Care to embrace. I am so, so proud to be a member of a team that engages, on a regular basis and in many different ways, in bringing this feeling to others.

God bless you all for the work you do,
and for the way you care, and
for how regularly you give of yourselves
and your talents so that others
may know they belong and are part of a family.
With heartfelt gratitude always,

Fran



The Resurrected Christ



The Easter Mysteries

Our joy is not confined to ourselves but radiates out to all. Just as Jesus intended to enter into us, that his joy might be in us and our joy might be full (John 15:11), so neither can we contain our joy: our peace and happiness envelop all those around us.

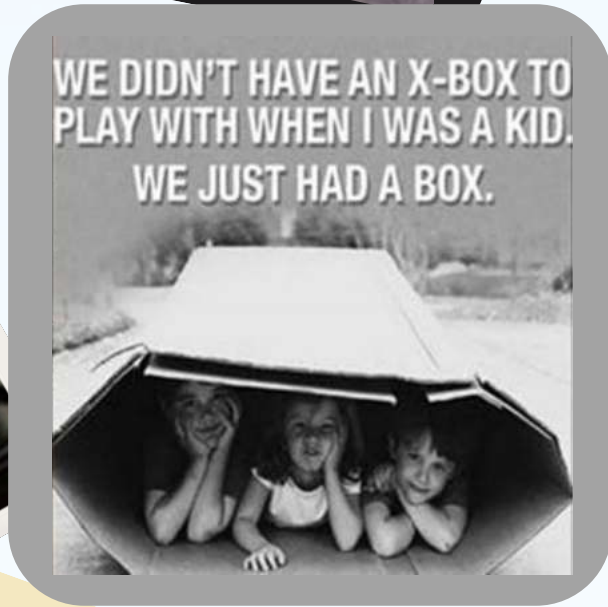
—Beatrice Bruteau

Artwork by Jenna Keiper

YOUR SMILE FOR THE DAY



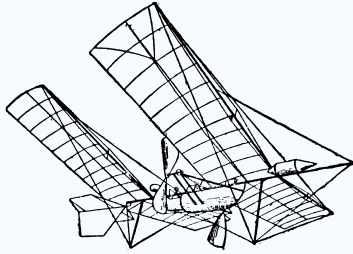
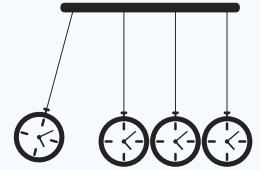
The official sports drink when I was a kid..



If you boil a funny bone it becomes a laughing stock. That's humerus.

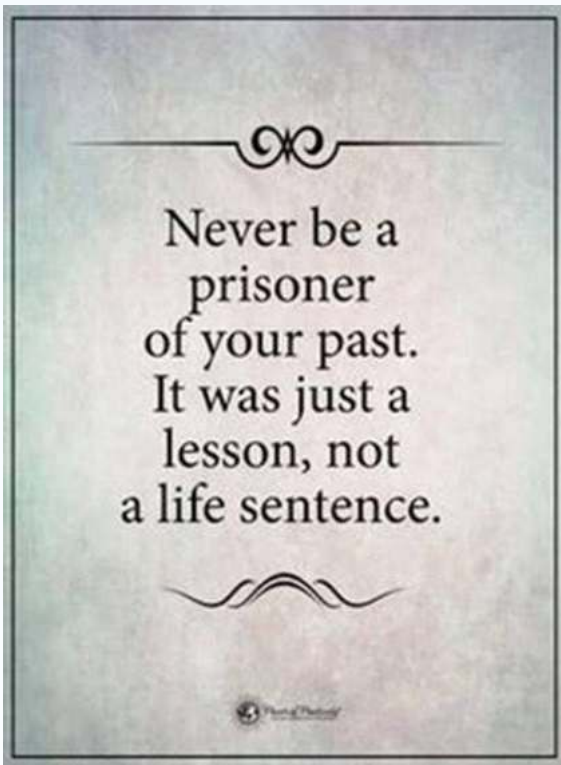


I'm taking care of my Procrastination Issues: just you wait and see



Over 100 years ago 2 brothers announced they could fly. Turns out they were Wright...

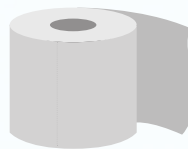
Birthdays are good for your health. Studies show that people who have more birthdays live longer



No one is perfect - That's why pencils have erasers.



A big pack of toilet paper fell on me at the store. I suffered soft tissue damage.



Silence is Golden - unless you have children then silence is suspicious



WE ARE RED DEER LAKE UNITED CHURCH



We are an inclusive and affirming community of faith – people of all ages, perspectives, and stories, who gather to connect with God, each other, and ourselves, and find in Jesus a new way of being human and alive in the world.

**you're welcome, wanted,
and accepted. join us on
the journey.**

Red Deer Lake United Church

96187 Spruce Meadows Green SW
Foothills, AB T1S 2R9

e: office@reddeerlakeuc.com

p: 403-256-3181

w: reddeerlakeuc.com

 red deer lake united church

 reddeerlakeuc

our staff & ministry team:

interim minister

Rev Grant Dawson
grant@reddeerlakeuc.com

congregational care counsellor

Vi Sharpe
ccare@reddeerlakeuc.com

children's ministry coordinator

kids@reddeerlakeuc.com

administrative manager

Angie Johnston
office@reddeerlakeuc.com

communications administrator

Charlee Mac
info@reddeerlakeuc.com

custodian

Bill Holman

CHURCH OFFICE HOURS:

Monday - Thursday
9am - 3pm

Do you have a story to share? A memory? A poem? A photograph? We would love to publish it in the next issue of this magazine.

Please call us at **(403) 256-3181** or send your submission to **info@reddeerlakeuc.com**

**The next submission deadline is
May 5, 2023**