

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER  
2023

# CHURCH @ HOME

staying connected with God,  
each other, and ourselves

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So, the novice went to her teacher and asked, "Wise One, how can you bear to give thanks in this world in which everything and everyone eventually passes away?"

Her teacher paused before answering, and in the quiet time, handed her follower a cup of tea.

The silence continued, making the student quite uncomfortable as she was not sure whether she should speak or not.

Finally, the teacher answered with a question.

"How was your tea?"

"It was very good, Honoured One. Thank you."

"But how can you be thankful when the tea is gone? It has passed away."

"Well, I am thankful because the tea was aromatic and refreshing."

**red deer lake**  
united church

... continued 1

“Ah, so you now understand,” the teacher concluded. “Thankfulness is the memory of the joy-filled events you have experienced, and the loving people you have known. These realities provide us with gratitude. And remembering them, we are able to look forward to the future with pleasant expectation.”

We are the keepers of all the moments of joy and encouragement that have filled our lives. When we hold these realities foremost in our minds, thanksgiving becomes our natural state of being—the appreciation of the life-giving aspects of the world. And yes, everything does change. But if we reflect on what is wonderful as we experience it in life, then that is what our life becomes—a continuing story of thanksgiving.

Grant



## Thanksgiving Greetings, Dear Friends!

As we enter the season of Thanksgiving, I extend to you, as the new Church @ Home editor, my sincerest greetings. Vi's shoes will be difficult ones to fill, but it is such a pleasure to be on board and to 'learn the ropes' alongside Jennifer Aldous, our Communications Administrator. Jennifer arranges the magazine's layout and graphics, and it is thanks to Jennifer that these aspects of its presentation are so lovely.

At this time of year, the phrase 'an attitude of gratitude' seems very relevant. And in that spirit, I especially want to thank Angie in the office, as well as all our wonderful behind-the-scenes volunteers at RDLUC who have contributed to this magazine and to all aspects of congregational care. Your endless dedication and compassion keep our church community vibrant and amazing. That compassion and dedication is what makes our church the animated and dynamic place it is. Please continue to contribute! We so appreciate your submissions, your support, and your contributions.

My heart is full of gratitude to you all: our readers, our assemblers and deliverers of the congregational care packages that go out to those on their own or those who may have difficulty getting to church, the preparers of food and literature for those packages, and the staff and all contributors of various kinds who just keep giving and giving from their hearts. Kudos to you all. As Brother David Steindl-Rast (an Austrian-American Catholic Benedictine monk and well-known lecturer) says, "There is no closer bond than between the giver and the thanksgiver". From the depths of that bond's closeness, I send you all a cornucopia of Thanksgiving blessings.

Fall is a time of harvest, rich colours, and a bracing crispness to the air. May you enjoy all the splendour our beautiful province has to offer at this wonderful time of year. And may we all be truly thankful we live in such a beautiful part of the world.



**Enjoy These Beautiful Photos of the Season**  
Taken in the Millarville/Priddis Area  
by Katherine Matiko



# THE MARK OF A CHRISTIAN

## Sermon by Rev. Grant Dawson

Speaking about the laws and stories of the Hebrew people, Deuteronomy says this:

*"Recite them to your children and talk about them when you are at home and when you are away, when you lie down and when you rise. Bind them as a sign on your hand, fix them as an emblem on your forehead, and write them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates."*

So it was that the Hebrew people were to keep in constant contact with the statutes and traditions of their past. They were to think about them; they were to speak about them; they were to surround themselves with them.

Now this latter idea of fixing them on their foreheads and writing them on their doorposts is a reference to phylacteries and mezuzahs.

Phylacteries are those small metallic boxes worn on the forehead which contain a copy of the passage we read as well as two other short pieces of Hebrew Scripture. And mezuzahs are the tiny containers laid into the doorposts of the Jewish home which are touched on entering and leaving as a reminder that this is a place in which God is loved.

I should add at this point that these customs were probably developed over time and then read back into the Exodus period. One hint of this is the fact that "mezuzah" is the Hebrew word for "doorpost" and, of course, in their earlier nomadic period, the Hebrew people would have lived in tents, so this doorpost idea is most likely one which evolved later during their city-dwelling days.

But no matter when these practices began, they have remained ones which have great power and validity for the Jewish faith as, throughout the years, they helped to define the Jewish persona. One can say, "I am a Jew because I do certain distinguishable, visible things. These give my faith a permanent quality and a recognizable mark."

Now of course, the Jewish people are not alone in this. The Muslims have the veil; Sikhs, the turban, and Hindus, the mark on the forehead. Or in some other cases, people's religious heritage is not expressed in visible ways, but rather in certain patterns of living such as abstaining from caffeine or alcohol.

At times, I must admit, I become rather jealous of such practices. Faiths like these are made so much more definable by such traditions. You can see a skullcap in a room and say, "There is a Jew." or observe a turban and know a Sikh.

And what about us? As Christians what is our definable mark—the sign of our faithfulness? It is true that we do carry out certain specific activities—baptisms and communions. But what about beyond the sanctuary? At the office or on the board of the community association? How do people know us? What denotes us as Christians?

*"Jesus answered, 'The first is, Hear, O Israel: the Lord, our God, the Lord is one; you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength.' The second is this, 'You shall love your neighbour as yourself.' There is no other commandment greater than these."*

That's what we're about. We love God, and we love others as ourselves. That's what Jesus left us as our distinguishing commandment.

But one might argue that love of God in one form or another is certainly not unique. It is the mainstay of most major theistic religions. If you're going to have a god, you have to begin with some sort of love or respect for that being. And love of one's neighbours is hardly peculiar to us either. Most great ethical systems have as a central part of their beliefs some idea of attachment to the larger community in which one lives. But what we can say is that the blend of these two, along with love for the self, is both the genius and the sign of our faith and our faithfulness.

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God loves us, and, knowing this, we are enabled to love. Feeling accepted by God, we can love ourselves, and, if we can love ourselves, then we know how to love our neighbour as well. Thus, all love is ultimately an expression of that love which is from God. There is a sleek symmetry here which speaks well both to our theology and our psychology.

We are summoned to love God first and above all else. This means that we begin with honesty. By that I mean that to love God is to love something beyond ourselves and so we are able to view ourselves in the larger perspective. To begin with self-love, for example, is to begin with the lowest common denominator. All I am interested in is what I can get for myself and what I can do for myself and how I can use others to further myself. But this approach to living lacks any sense of community. I end up as a lonely ego in the midst of a threatening world.

On the other hand, if I start my search for meaning with the opinion that I must love others exclusively, then what can happen is that I can give so much to others that I find myself drained of all energy. I keep doing things for other people and worrying about other people and sharing with other people, only to discover that there is nothing left of me at all. I may have completed what I consider to be my duty to my family or my job or my community, but I am diminished to a point of anger and inward emptiness.

But to love God—to look toward God—is to look toward that ideal which ties all the rest of life together, and puts the parts in their proper place. I need to be a component of the community, that is true, but I can do that only if I am strong within myself. I must love those around me, certainly, but I can carry out that obligation only if I have experienced love and have a joy inherent in myself which can then be shared. To say that one loves God first is to say that one strives to see life from the highest possible perspective. And thus, one has a sense of what one should be doing which is more than just personal egoism or social conscience.

. . . continued

And once we have some overview of what life should be, then we can say that to love God is to trust God, and to trust God is to believe that God will indeed give us the strength to do what must be done. Otherwise, we end up with a great vision of what should be our task and at the same time an overwhelming sense that we are unable to do it.

There is a paradox here, of course, which is that we start with a sense of just how imperfect we are when compared to the highest goals for which we should be striving, but then end up striving for those goals anyway.

Saint Therese of Lisieux once wrote: "If you are willing to serenely bear the trial of being displeasing to yourself, then you will be for Jesus a pleasant place to shelter."

We start by "serenely bearing" our knowledge of our own imperfections and end up by trusting God to work in us and through us in all we do. That statement contains both the mystery and the marvel of the Christian faith.

We are called first to love God and then, having experienced that love, to love ourselves. And God enables this to happen, because God gives us back ourselves, forgiven. Just as clothes are returned from the cleaners unsullied and cars from the body shop repaired, so we come back from God renewed, and ready to set to work. That's what God does. A lot of people wonder exactly what it is that God is supposed to be doing, and that's it. God renews us.

Prayer is primarily a time when we come to realize this. We often get caught up in talking about prayer and devising formulas for it and routines to accomplish it, but really it is just a time when we sit down and honestly evaluate who we are and how we are and then let God renew us so that life can continue with a sense of fullness about it. This is not always something instantaneous. But it is an ongoing process of which we are a part. It is the hope which forms the centre of our lives.



And when we realize that we are forgiven—that the inhibiting effects of our previous experience have been removed from us, it is then that we can stop concentrating on the past and the departed and begin to work on the now and the next.

Of course, the past is still there, but it can no longer hold us. We no longer need to make every decision inhibited by fears that the past will repeat itself or enter into every new relationship fearing that what has been will be again.

In Alberta, any demerit points on your driving record are erased after two years. The infraction still happened, but it can no longer be held against you. The forgiveness we receive from God is like that. God is the one who says, "You're free of that record now. Go out and do something new." God gives us back our power to move into today without dragging the worst of yesterday with us.

And this fact is something which we must constantly remember as Christians, because every time we decide to do something, we can either begin with negativism and say that just as we have failed before we are going to fail again, or we can begin with faith and say that as God is with us, the future is ours. In the Gospel of Christ we are allowed to love ourselves, not because we are perfect, but because we are forgiven.

So the mark of our faith is that we are loved by God, and love God and thus are able to love ourselves and others.

Now loving others is a difficult thing to do because people are so imperfect. We rely on them, and they sometimes fail us. We trust them, and they on occasion let us down. We open ourselves to them and they can hurt us. To love them, we must constantly be able to forgive them, and that is difficult indeed. Some would say that we just have to forgive and forget. We just have to disregard the past and start fresh. That's good advice, but unfortunately dabbles in the impossible. We cannot forget what has happened unless we have a malfunctioning memory or a propensity to lie to ourselves. What happened did happen, and it would be foolish, if not impossible, to forget it.

If you have injured me in some way, I am going to remember that, and to pretend that I don't is hardly an honest way to sustain a relationship.

So how do we forgive?

Scott M. Peck, speaking in Calgary some years ago, said that forgiveness is the relinquishing of anger. It is not the forgetting of what is past, but the giving up of the anger that we associate with what has happened. And how do we do that? Well, first by recognizing those aspects of life about which we have already spoken. We become less angry when we love God—when we look at things from God's perspective. I heard a family therapist recently say that 80% of all family arguments are about the trivial. We squawk about whose turn it is to do the dishes or who was supposed to pick up the milk on the way home. We need to put things in their proper place. It is true that often when we argue about trivia we are really striving to deal with some deeper issues. But if that is the case, then let's get on and deal with the more fundamental questions and stop wasting time on the unimportant.

We must put things in perspective. And we must remember too that we are forgiven and be willing to show the same grace to those around us as God has shown to us. Indeed, it is a fact that often when we do not feel forgiven, we are the most upset with the faults of others. When we feel frustrated with our own imperfections, we are often most irritated by the flaws of our neighbours. It is when we can accept that we are forgiven, that we are most deeply able to begin to forgive. But we can also learn to relinquish anger by remembering that our anger is just an emotion. And when we realize that, we must be willing to trade it in for something more creative.

Anger, just an emotion, is a form of psychic energy. True, it is a very primal and powerful form of energy, and we can become quite caught up in it. In fact, we can become so caught up in it that we are unable to hear anyone else or accept anything else. We can become so excited by being angry that what we say in essence is, "Don't bother me with facts or ideas or comfort, just let me be angry. It's a full-time occupation right now."

And it's true: anger does tend to push out all other passions from our system. It gives us a high. In fact, some people go through their entire lives being angry. But what we have to do is to stop and to realize that this anger is getting us nowhere and to turn that energy to some good use. We can expel our rage like great random lightening bolts of wrath, or we can direct our energy toward some more reasoned end.

The Word of God can be an energy conversion system. If we pause in the midst of a snit and let God touch us, we can discover that the passion of our rage can be turned into something else. "I'm not going to yell at you anymore. I'm going to go out and buy you flowers." "I'm not going to argue about whose turn it is to do the dishes. I'm going to do them." "I'm not going to feel resentful because you have hurt me. I'm going to take some action to heal myself, and then perhaps, in peace, I'll be able to come back and be reconciled to you."

The next time you find it difficult to feel forgiving, go out and release your energy by letting God use you to do something worthwhile, and it will amaze you how much that act will allow you to regain perspective and deal effectively with hurt.

So, what is our mark—our sign as Christians? It is our affection—the endurance of our patience, the extent of our love, the empathy of our compassion, the extremes of our devotion.

When Julian, the nephew of Constantine, became Roman Emperor in 361 CE, he revealed to the world that he had been for some time a covert pagan, and then set about to return the empire to what he perceived as its proper spiritual roots, away from this newly accepted Christianity. But he found himself, in spite of his zeal of neo-platonic ideas, rather jealous of Christians. He wrote this in a letter to Arsacius, the High Priest of Galatia:

*"Why do we not notice that it is their kindness to strangers, the care for the graves of the dead and the pretended holiness of their lives that have done most to increase atheism [i.e.Christianity]? I believe that we ought really and truly to practise every one of these virtues. And it is not enough for you alone to practise them, but so must all the priests in Galatia, without exception. . ."*

With this in mind, Arsacius wrote to his officials:

*"In every city establish frequent hostels in order that strangers may profit by our generosity; I do not mean for our own people only, but for others also who are in need of money. . . ." "For it is disgraceful that, when no Jew ever has to beg, and the impious Galileans [Christians] support both their own poor and ours as well, all see that our people lack aid from us."*

We do not wear the phylactery or touch the mezuzah, but we do have a sign—a distinctive mark of who we are and the One we represent. Our fundamental question, then, is how much do we allow ourselves to be touched by the love of God, and how much do we let our love show? That is both our challenge and our goal.



Our thanks to Jackie Walters for this inspirational submission





## 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: \$30

15-20lbs\* of fruits and vegetables

Medium Box: \$35

25-30lbs\* of fruits and vegetables

Large Box: \$40

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

## SPECIAL EVENTS SINCE THE LAST ISSUE

### Farewell to Rev. Nick

*Fond farewells we gave Rev. Nick.  
(In April, he bade us good-bye.)  
Through many a captured pic,  
Best to you, Nick, we said with a sigh.*



## Celebrating Vi



*A month later, the dear lady Vi,  
Who looked after our pastoral herd,  
Sadly, from our coop did fly  
To retirement, richly deserved.  
From her party, on May twenty-eight,  
Enjoy these mementos. They're great!*



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# Stampede Breakfast

*As always, when Stampede is here,  
Pancakes and fixin's appear.  
Eats and poetry too  
Raise a hearty YAHOO  
Of resounding Red Deer Lake cheer!*





## MEET THE CHILDREN'S MINISTRY TEAM

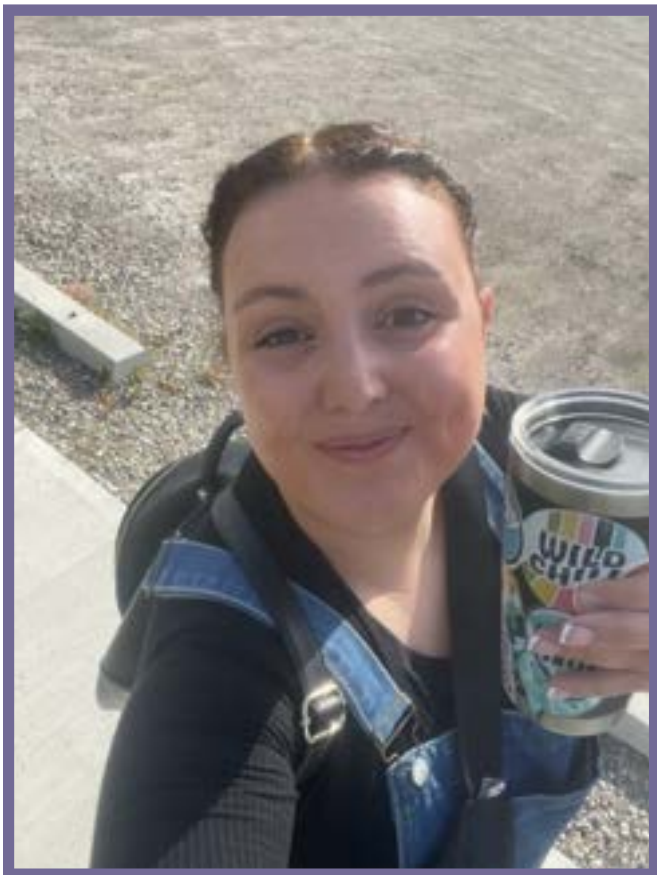


I am Lori Wilson, and I am the Coordinator for Children's Ministry.

My connection to Red Deer Lake United began 30 years ago. It was here that my husband and I were married, and my children were baptized. In 2004, when we moved to Okotoks, we made the decision to attend church in our new town, but I have always thought of RDLUC as part of my church community. When we were welcomed back into the church last year, I felt truly embraced by the caring community.

As time went by, I became aware that there was a need for leadership and guidance within children's programming, and I gradually became more involved with Kids Ministry. Participating in a few 'Dinner Church' evenings and helping organize our Christmas Pageant brought me joy, so when the call came to help organize Children's Ministry, I eagerly stepped up. I am proud to say that we are growing a program that fits the needs of our families, and this is just the beginning.

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Hello, my name is Shelby, and I am the lead Sunday School teacher in our Kids Zone. I have been in child care and education for 10 + years with a focus in mental wellness and inclusion. This past March I volunteered and started to support the Kid zone programs at the church.

It's important to me that our time in Sunday school feels inclusive, welcoming and supportive. My goal is to create a community where we can strengthen our faith together.

I love growing and cultivating an environment that promotes learning, creativity, emotional well-being and faith every Sunday morning. Sunday is one of my favourite days of the week because I get to support Sunday school. You will find me happiest teaching and surrounded by the curious children; the future and next generation. I feel truly blessed that I can help support the kid zone programs. I am excited to keep growing our program together!

I would love to meet you and say Hi!

You can usually find me on Sundays before or after church with my emotional support coffee in hand!



## YOUR INSPIRATION OF THE MONTH

### Fill Your Heart With Thanksgiving Poet: Helen Steiner Rice

Take nothing for granted, for whenever you do  
The "joy of enjoying" is lessened for you -  
For we rob our own lives much more than we know  
When we fail to respond or in any way show  
Our thanks for the blessings that daily are ours . . .  
The warmth of the sun, the fragrance of flowers,  
The beauty of twilight, the freshness of dawn,  
The coolness of dew on a green velvet lawn,  
The kind little deeds so thoughtfully done,  
The favors of friends and the love that someone  
Unselfishly gives us in a myriad of ways,  
Expecting no payment and no words of praise -  
Oh, great is our loss when we no longer find  
A thankful response to things of this kind,  
For the joy of enjoying and the fullness of living  
Are found in the heart that is filled with  
thanksgiving.

Our thanks to Anne Welsh-Baskett for this submission.

## **GOOD-BYE TO SUMMER**

**Bestower of Fruitfulness,  
little pockets of gold  
sing among the green,  
humming the melody  
of autumn's arrival.  
The calendar speaks  
of no such thing,  
but trees rarely lie.**

**Summer's vibrant swelling  
of sweet fruitfulness  
still entices me.**

**Cool mornings and ripe afternoons  
are too delicious for me  
to simply say "good-bye."**

**I grieve again summer's going.  
I struggle once more to welcome  
the dying inherent in autumn.**

**I turn to my heart,  
where you swell in harmony.  
Together we will prepare  
for this never-easy-call  
to say farewell to fruitfulness.**

**Wise Lady of the Seasons,  
you sing a spiraling melody,  
urging me onward with your song,  
the only words of which I hear  
are "let go, let go, let go."**

**By Joyce Rupp**

Proverb 3:15

"She is more precious than jewels and  
nothing you desire can compare with her."

## 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 **Phil and Constance Jackson**.

Most people who are acquainted with Phil and Constance are well aware they’ve been members of the RDLUC congregation for quite a long time. How long? “Well, we purchased an acreage in the Priddis area in 1998,” relates Phil. “We established a tree farm out there. And the church we’d been attending previously was a lot further away than Red Deer Lake, so we decided we’d try out the nearer church.” What they found there was a warm-hearted group of welcomers, several of whom were neighbours and friends from their own neck of the woods.



“For me, a big attraction there was music and the arts,” adds Constance. “At the time, there was a choir, and talk was starting on the subject of expanding the church from the tiny building it was then into a larger building with an acoustically fitted sanctuary that could double as a performance centre. That had me really excited!”

Predictably, the Jacksons’ excitement led to their being active participants in the church expansion program. Phil organized a fundraising dinner specifically for that purpose. He joined the property committee, which he had chaired at his previous church. Two years later found him chair of RDL’s property committee, a position he held for the next eighteen years!

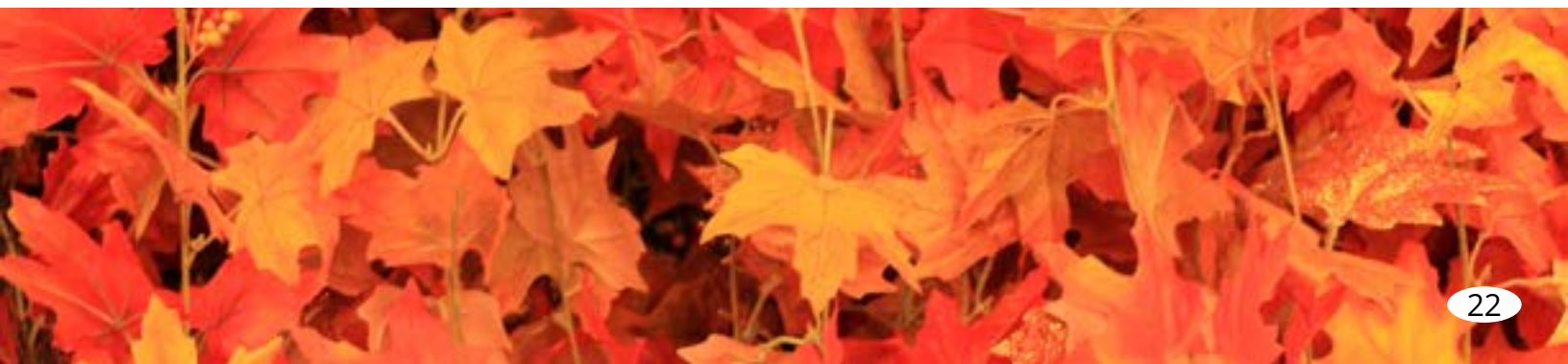
As well, he served a brief stint as Board chair. And with his infectious enthusiasm for everything he undertook, Phil also headed the architectural committee that met to discuss the design and structure of the planned new church. Through the Rotary Club, he secured church volunteers to park cars at Spruce Meadows: a wonderful fundraiser. And he was part of a callout team that did regular 'check-ins' with congregants, just to see how they were doing.

As for Constance, a talented musician, she not only sang in the choir and joined Sisters in Song (a choral group of church ladies) but was frequently church accompanist at Sunday services, and was part of 'The Stringalongs', an instrumental and choral ensemble sometimes leading singalongs before service. Once the new sanctuary was built, she and Phil became part of a committee that sought and booked local talent to come and perform there. Thus came into being another excellent fundraiser: the 'On the Edge' concert series. Looking at the combined endeavours of this fine couple, it is evident that our church owes to them a whole lot of its present success!

After twelve years of owning and running the tree farm, the Jacksons recently opted to retire and downsize. They sold their acreage and moved to a condo in Priddis Greens. "We're still living in the area we love," smiles Constance. "And we're still very handy to the church we love. I think we'll be sticking around awhile."

We, at RDLUC, are very, very glad they feel that way!

Our thanks to Fran Porter for this submission



## RDLUC MEMORIES



Norma Rose Henry (nee Walker) of Calgary, AB, passed away on Friday, August 4, 2023, at the age of 75 years.

Norma was born in the St. Andrew parish of Jamaica, West Indies on the 10th of February 1948. In the 1970's she immigrated to Canada with her family, initially, residing in Ontario and later relocating to the province of Alberta. In the mid 1990's, Norma moved to Australia and lived in Perth, Western Australia for several years.

Upon returning to Canada in 1998, in her early fifties, Norma pursued a dream of hers to become a nurse. She enrolled, then graduated from Bow Valley College with a Practical Nurse Diploma, becoming an LPN (Licensed Practical Nurse).

In her spare time, Norma loved doing needlework, quilting, and baking – especially her well known Jamaican Christmas Fruit Cake. Attending church and bible study was very important to Norma and she found a loving church family at Red Deer Lake United Church.

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I met a woman, whom I later came to treasure as a dear friend, when I sat beside her at Red Deer Lake Church one Sunday morning, not long after the Midlands Congregation (which she originally belonged to) had joined ours. We discovered we had much in common. We were both neighbors, mothers, readers, quilters and bakers. And we both lived alone. Soon we were sharing rides to church, bible study, and Sister Friends get-togethers. Then a love of music and the theater led us to attend events like Lunchbox Theatre, Theatre Calgary, and her friends' musical performances. Soon we were including another dear departed congregant, Margaret Davidge, in our outings, because Norma loved MacDonalds and there was one close to where Margaret lived. I came to appreciate the caring side of Norma when she retired from nursing but continued to visit some former patients.

She was always up for a walk, and, although we joined the Chaparral Walking Group, it was our impromptu walks that were the most enjoyable. She talked about growing up in Jamaica, living in Australia and her later visits with the grandchildren. Aneah would come from BC for the summer. Daughter Helen and her girls came with Norma and me to the DeWinton Hall July 4th Pancake Breakfast and then to their United Church garage sale, as Norma had a nose for "treasures".

Norma prepared for her health issues and fully understood what was in store for her. After we could no longer talk on the phone, I relied on our own Wilma Clark to keep me apprised of her health. Gratefully, Nyla Smith, another congregant and friend, came with me to the hospital and the Chinook Home to see her. Norma always gave us that wonderful smile and seemed happy just to take strength from our presence. She was strong in her faith and an example to everyone who knew her. The lady in the pillbox hat and white gloves who sat by the west windows of Red Deer Lake United Church, will indeed be greatly missed.

-Lorraine Irvine

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Norma was the seventh of eleven siblings in her Jamaican family! I was privileged to have her on my list as one of my regular seniors' monthly visits. During COVID, I delivered the church packages to her residence and then followed up with a phone call. She so treasured reading the Magazine and the 'Daily Bread' booklet. Jesus' light shone through her, as evidenced by the many people at her memorial service who had worked with her in the nursing field. I will miss our visits and the great discussions we had that were always accompanied by that awesome smile.

-Wilma Clark

Our thanks to Lorraine and Wilma for these lovely tributes.



# THANKSGIVING GROANERS

**Can a turkey jump higher than Uncle Jim's house?**

Yes, because houses can't jump.

**What's a Thanksgiving pumpkin's favorite sport?**

Squash.

**What do you call a barnyard turkey on the day following Thanksgiving?**

LUCKY.

**How did Salt and Pepper welcome the guests at Thanksgiving dinner?**

"Seasoning's greetings!!"

**How does Thanksgiving end?**

With the letter G.

**Why do you think Turkeys like rainy days?**

Because they love fowl weather.

**Why couldn't the band perform during Thanksgiving dinner?**

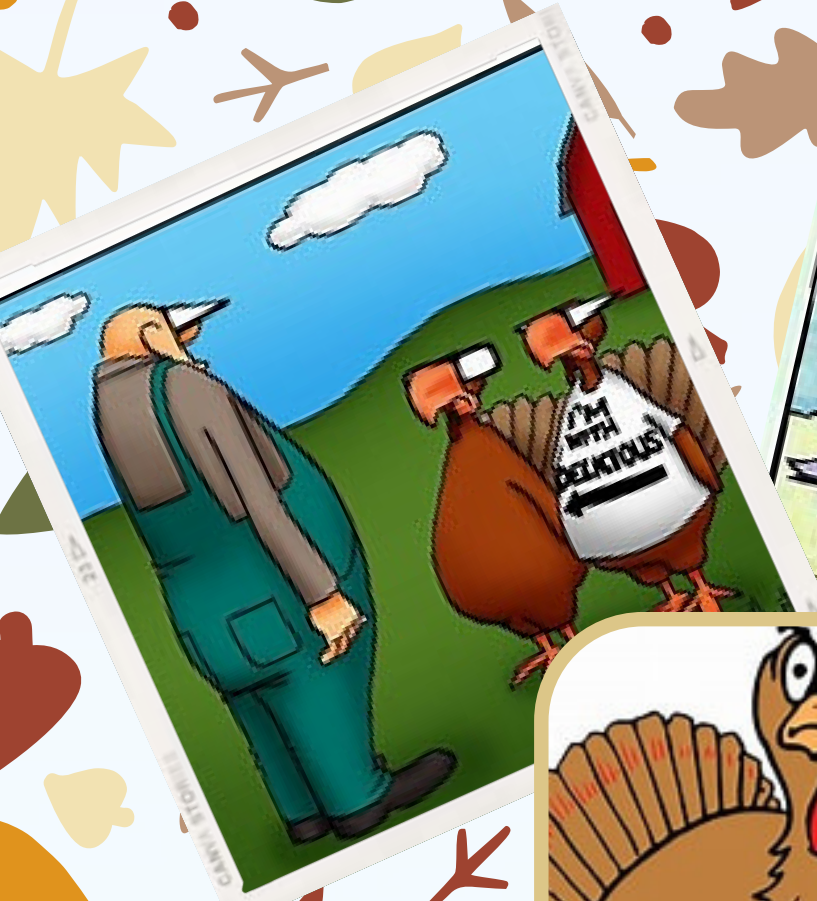
Because someone ate the drumsticks.

**What do you call a turkey you see running away?**

Fast food.



# YOUR SMILE FOR THE DAY



# 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**

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 red deer lake united church

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## **our staff & ministry team:**

### **interim minister**

Rev Grant Dawson  
[grant@reddeerlakeuc.com](mailto:grant@reddeerlakeuc.com)

### **congregational care counsellor**

Anne Welsh  
Wilma Clark  
[ccare@reddeerlakeuc.com](mailto:ccare@reddeerlakeuc.com)

### **children's ministry coordinator**

[kids@reddeerlakeuc.com](mailto:kids@reddeerlakeuc.com)

### **administrative manager**

Angie Johnston  
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### **communications administrator**

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### **bookkeeper**

Carrie Styranka  
[accounting@reddeerlakeuc.com](mailto:accounting@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 [f.porter@shaw.ca](mailto:f.porter@shaw.ca)

**The next submission deadline is**

**October 16th.**