

The Wardens' Wire

EVENTS; WEEKS JULY 30th & AUGUST 6th ...ISSUE 13

Sunday: July 30

10.30 am MORNING PRAYER
2 pm. Hoi Thanh Tin Lanh service

Monday: July 31

9.30 – 11.30 am Craft Circle
7.30 – 9.00 pm HSC Choir practice

Wednesday Aug 2

1.30 - 3.00 pm Bible Study -- Revelation

Thursday, Aug 3

7.00 - -8.30 pm Bible Study - The Holiness of God

Friday, Aug 4

6.00 -9.00 pm AA group meets

Sunday Aug 6

10.30 am HOLY COMMUNION
2 pm. Hoi Thanh Tin Lanh service

Monday: Aug 7 (holiday)

9.30 – 11.30 am Craft Circle

Wednesday, Aug 9

1.30 – 3 pm Afternoon Bible Study

Thursday, Aug 10

7- 8.30 Evening Bible Study

Friday, Aug 11

6.30-9 pm AA group meets

Many thanks to Dr William Renwick and the singers from the Gregorian Institute of Canada who for two days this past week filled up the sanctuary with soothing melody and a living history lesson about pre-Reformation Anglican music from York Cathedral. We enjoyed both Latin and English versions in the printouts which made it possible to find the words that we use today. It was our privilege to welcome many people to share our space and to have lunch with us. Thank you to all of you who helped and attended. Judy

HONING IN ON HYMNS

TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE 1874

*Take my life and let it be, Consecrated Lord to thee
Take my hands and let them move, At the impulse of Thy love
Take my feet, and let them be, Swift and beautiful for thee
Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only for my King.
Take my lips and let them be, Filled with messages for thee
Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold
Take my love, my God, I pour, At thy feet its treasure store
Take myself and I will be Ever, only, all for thee.*

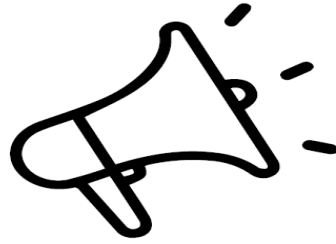
Frances Ridley Havergal 1836-1879

Having been born and raised in a Rectory at St Paul's church in Astley, filled with love and happy times, Frances was an exceptional young child, writing and reciting poetry at a young age. She went on to write numerous hymns, the most noteworthy (perhaps) being Take My Life. At age 36 she felt she was missing something in her Christian experience. When she was given a book called All for Jesus she made a fresh and complete consecration of herself to Christ. Staying for several days in a house with ten others, some unconverted, others not fully surrendered to Christ, she prayed 'Lord, give me all in this house'. She went to work witnessing and by the time she left all were yielded Christians. On the last night she was too excited to sleep and wrote this hymn. She went on to say 'Take my voice and let me sing, led her to give up her profession of singing with a philharmonic, using her voice exclusively for songs to the Lord. She gave all her jewelry, save a brooch and a locket, to the mission society, putting into practice 'Take my silver and my gold'. Frances died at age 42 of supposed peritonitis and is buried at St Paul's churchyard in Astley, Worcestershire, UK.

ALISON

EXCERPT FROM THEN SINGS MY SOUL R.J.Morgan

THANK YOU, THANK YOU
--Thanks to those who helped in the kitchen preparing, setting out, cleaning up, and all that goes along with working in the kitchen at St George's for the



The Wardens' Wire

lunch on Tuesday July 25 for the Gregorian Institute Colloquium

--Thanks for all the heavy duty work that went on by our Work Committee and friends in the basement prior to our new floor being laid ..

--Thank you to all those continuing to make our garden look so beautiful this summer.

Alison

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Thoughts in Mid-summer

I've been wondering how I have the nerve to sing, or even to play, For The Beauty Of The Earth as we did a few weeks ago in the church garden for the passers-by. And All Creatures of Our God And King? Same thing. I love the music and I believe the words but those same creatures have been giving me a run for my money this past while.

I have spent the summer being quite mean to ants. They swagger across the carpet in the sunlight taunting me to do something about them. They are not the tiny ones, nor are they the biggest. They are the in-between ones. Just big enough to see as they walk around like they own the place. I started off thinking "They are God's creatures. I'll be fair to them. Walking through people's real estate uninvited is what ants do for a living."

That gracious idea lasted for a week and then I took to stomping on them. Stomping isn't a Church Lady thing to do but it feels good. I'd be happy to host them on my porch, their families included, but come inside Buster and you're toast.

A few months ago I found three mice under the kitchen sink. I called the exterminators and they died instantly. The mice, not the exterminators. Creatures, I must confess, can do me in faster than you can say "Put up the For Sale sign."

John Rutter's rendition of All Things Bright And Beautiful is a favourite of mine. Last summer the Carpenter Bees drilled through the

wood on my new front porch, made tunnels as long as the Chunnel, laid their pollen in it, then their eggs. See YouTube. The guy explains the process, then describes the things you should do, the stuff you should buy, to remedy it. Too late. Why can't I love those Carpenter Bees whom I'm sure John Rutter was thinking of when he wrote that gorgeous melody?

This summer a red headed woodpecker has brought my little street to ruination by drilling through every piece of wood he can find. (Think John Rutter "...each little bird that sings, He loves their glowing colours, He loves their tiny wings.") I awoke one morning to a pile of wood shavings on the front porch. He had hollowed out a huge cavern in the railing to dig out the pollen that the Carpenter Bees left last summer. See You Tube.

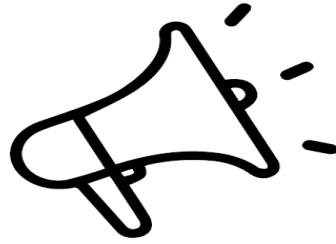
And still I sing about all the beauty of the earth "that over and around us lies." And I love the forested trails nearby my home. They bring me peace. It's just that I'd prefer to invade *their* space rather than have them invade *mine*.

One summer afternoon a couple of years ago I sponsored a massive depletion due to an invasion of huge winged creatures that I believe were a form of ants. Huge, draconian, anthropological throwback ants with wings. They had nested under the floorboards of the porch. They emerged by the dozens. I got out the ant spray bottle and let's just say "the emerging" soon stopped.

My eight year old granddaughter Charlotte was visiting later that day. We sat on the porch and with no prior knowledge of my actions a couple of hours before she said "Grandma, I just love ants don't you?"

"Who wouldn't?" I replied.

Grandmothers. See YouTube. - *Judy*
If you're reading this Jane Koustas your friends at St. George's are thinking of you and hoping you are all better. Miss you! Sending love."



The Warden's Wire

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..That Little Garden Music

“ A Little Garden Music” was great fun and thirty five people came for the BBQ with thanks to Pam and Michael for making that work so well.

We sang several wonderful hymns along with two guitars, a banjo, a clarinet, a cello, a trumpet and a viola played by a friend from another church who enjoyed it so much he says he'd like to join us again. When the light rain began we threw open the two big red doors and the musicians moved into the front of the hall.

We are fortunate to have that beautiful space. When St. George's bought St. Margaret's church the cenotaph was already in situ, having been placed there by the City of Hamilton after WW 1 to honour the many young men from West Hamilton who offered up the supreme sacrifice for our freedom. The heart-broken community at that time raised funds towards it.

St. George's decided that the small patch of land should be beautified and a garden made to honour their sacrifice further and to provide passers-by with a shady sanctuary.

Former Hamilton resident and designer Phyllis Tresidder offered to plan a garden for us and the community set to work. Congregants arrived with spades and shovels as did friends from Adas Israel and the Vietnamese community and Emerson Street neighbours. That was fifteen years ago. It has become more beautiful with each passing summer.

When you look at the garden whisper a small thank-you to James, Pam, Michael, Louise, Alan, Pamela, Keith and all those of you who tend to it.

We hope to have "A Little Garden Music" again come Autumn. It is a perfectly lovely way to celebrate our Front Porch Ministry. All singers, musicians of every level welcome. This is not about perfection. This is about sending out joy into a city that could do with it.

..Come

Judy

Amal

Some of you have been asking about who Amal is since her name has been on our prayer list for a long while.

Amal was a high profile journalist in Syria. She wrote powerful articles against the current regime of Bashar al-Assad. For that reason she fled to Turkey a few years ago only to be caught in the recent devastating earthquake.

President Erdogan is considering a return for all Syrian refugees back to Syria. That would put Amal in imminent danger.

God's Grace led some friends and myself to contact Gateway church in Caledonia who are under the Sponsorship Agreement Holder granted by the federal government to some churches in the Christian Missionary Alliance denomination. Without hesitation they immediately agreed to help bring Amal to Canada. "Why wouldn't we?" they said.

We have met with her several times on Zoom. She is a delight. Last week she was finally granted an interview by Canada after a long, long wait. She now holds a document saying that she is under consideration for refuge in Canada. That paper is meant to protect her should they try to send her back to Syria. She awaits the final step and when that happens she should arrive here shortly thereafter. She will live with her close Syrian friends here in Hamilton.

Those of us who have been involved in this have seen God's wonderful workings every step of the way even in the midst of the slowness of our own bureaucracy.

Your prayers have meant the world to Amal. I took a picture of her name in the bulletin and emailed it to her with a note to show her that her Canadian friends, total strangers, love her enough to pray for her. She was overcome.

We have the power to change people's futures, not by ourselves, but with God's guidance and wisdom.

Although she is sponsored by the church in Caledonia and she has a Muslim background I hope she will come with me someday to meet you all.

What I have told you is public knowledge as her journalism is on the internet so I am not divulging confidences.

Amal is thankful for your powerful prayers. Thank you.

Judy

JPS/AB 13