



Harbour Views

WINTER 2025

SAMBRO JOLLIMORE PASTORAL CHARGE • ST. JAMES UNITED UNITED CHURCH

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*From
Rev. Helene's
Desk*



Dear Friends in Christ,

Gary and I feel blessed to have shared the past year with you and thank you for your caring support in our ministry together.

And now a new season has arrived, a time of planning and preparing inside while outside Jack Frost is nipping at your nose!

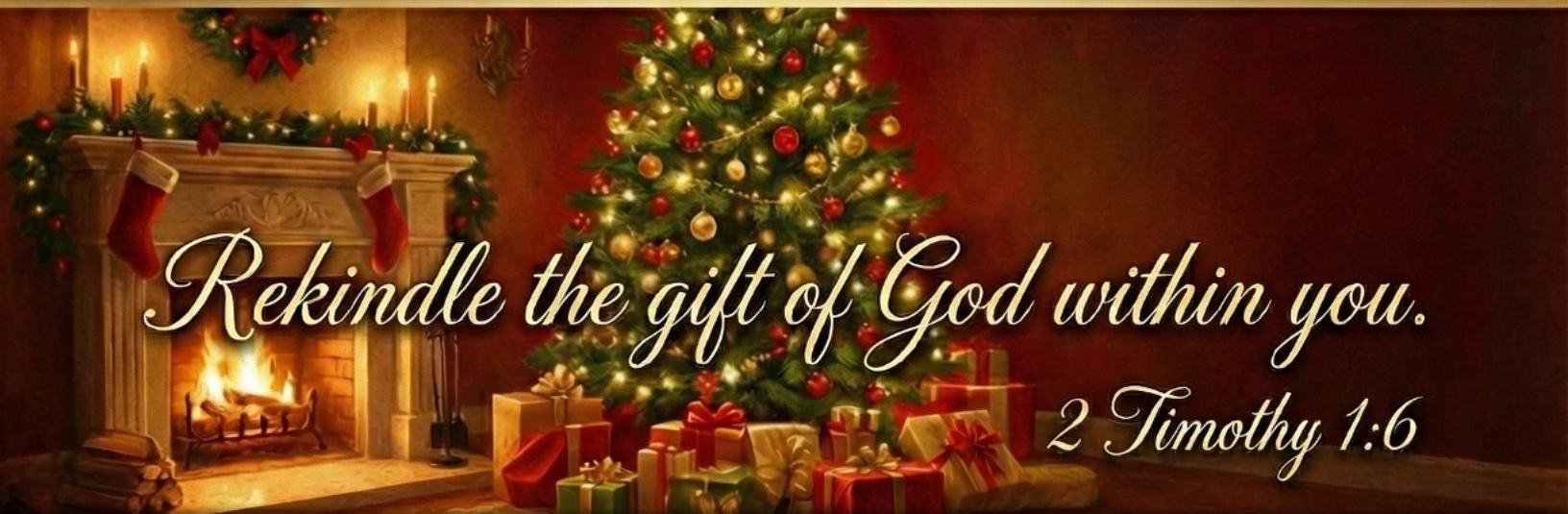
As Christmas approaches, so many things seem possible. It's an ideal time, as Paul tells his friend Timothy, to "rekindle", to make something burn again.

How do you do that? Well, gradually stoke the embers, creating a space for the fire to breathe. Then slowly feed the flames until they blaze into warmth and light and energy.

That rather describes our life together serving Christ, doesn't it? We rekindle the gifts of God within us as people and as a church family, and it makes us wonder: What does our church need to take fire? What gift or ability does each person have that can fuel it? Could you encourage someone with gifts to step up to the fire? What spark will you strike in the coming year?

A blessed Advent time and joyful Christmas to you all!

*Love,
Rev. Helene*



'Twas the Beginning of Advent

By Pastor J. Todd Jenkins

'Twas the beginning of Advent and all through the Church
our hope was a-dying, we'd given up on the search.
It wasn't so much that Christ wasn't invited,
but after 2,000 plus years we were no longer excited.

Oh, we knew what was coming, no doubt about that.
But that was the trouble: it was all "old hat."
November brought with it a series of pains
with carefully orchestrated advertising campaigns.

There were gadgets and goodies and all sorts of toys
to tempt even the best of the good girls and boys.
The priests and the prophets and even the kings
were also consumed with desire for "things."

It was rare, if at all, that you'd hear of the reason
for the origin of this whole holy-day season.
A baby, it seems, once had been born
in the mid-east on that first holy-day morn.

But what can that mean for just plain folks like us
who've lost ourselves in all of the hoopla and fuss?
Can we re-learn the art of wondering and waiting,
of hoping and praying and anticipating?

Can we let go of all of the things and the stuff?
Can we open our hands and our hearts long enough?
Can we open our eyes and open our ears?
Can we find Him again after all of these years?

Where do we begin? How do we start
to make for the Child some room in our heart?
Perhaps we begin by letting go
of our limits on hope, of the stuff that we know.

Let go of the shopping, the chaos and fuss;
let go of the searching - let Christmas find us!
The Christ Child will challenge the way that things are.
He'll teach us to follow a single bright Star.

Can we block out commercials, the hype and the malls?
Can we find solitude in our own holy halls?
Can we keep alert, keep hope, stay awake?
Can we receive the Child for ours and God's sake?

From on high with the caroling host as He sees us,
He yearns to read on our lips the prayer: Come, Lord Jesus.
As Advent begins all these questions make plea.
The only true answer: We will see; we will see.

REVD TREVOR PHILLIPS ADVENT CONCERT

We were blessed to be welcomed for the 3rd consecutive year to use the Sanctuary of Emmanuel Anglican Church on Herring Cove Road in Halifax as the venue for the 17th Revd. Trevor Phillips Advent Memorial Concert. This event took place on November 25th, 2025. In spite of the rainy weather many individuals donned their rain- coats, braved the weather and came out to give us a very great turn out.

The Clergy, Board members and staff at Emmanuel Anglican Church cooperated in every way possible to make us feel welcome and they facilitated the production of one of our best Advent Memorial Concerts to date. Emmanuel's Choir blessed us by singing a very modern version of "Bethlehem".

Persons from several Church denominations participated. Many persons said they would not let inclement weather prevent them from coming out to support our worthy cause. The wanted to add their voices and music in praise and worship of the Lord Jesus Christ who is the reason for the season. The Singing of familiar Choruses lead by Susan Feltmate at the piano and Sharon Paris as the action leader excited and stimulated everyone who participated in demonstrating and saying out loud that "I have a Joy, Joy, deep down in my heart". This was a theme song of Revd. Phillips who encouraged individuals to experience the joy of the Lord in action during his lifetime.

That night was an exceptionally powerful celebration demonstrating rejoicing, outward expression of joyfulness through dancing and clapping and swaying. There was diversity in age of participants, including youth groups singing, praise and worship team, adult choirs, soloists, drummers, pianist, flautist, liturgical dancer, saxophonist, drummers, guitarists and musicians of varying types.

Together they all made a joyful noise to the Lord as participation rose to a fever pitch.

We are especially thankful for the leadership and guidance and participation of Susan Feltmate, Sara Scarf and Jennifer Moss who were our outstanding "songbirds". Special kudos go to the new Sambro and Area Community Choir- Harbour View Voices who stole the hearts of the audience with their wonderful harmony and choice of songs, such as Can You See the Light, When a Child is Born and Amen! Tell It on the Mountain!



The atmosphere in the room that night was glorious and electric, people couldn't resist moving and vibrating to the compelling pulsation of the beat of the African drums lead by Dr. Henery Bishop.

We raised some money as contributions towards the Revd. Trevor Phillips Scholarship Fund at Dalhousie University which has been supporting students from Nova Scotia and from the

Caribbean for the past fourteen years. We experienced wonderful Christian fellowship that night and we look forward to a New Year of hope and many blessings.

-Submitted by Olive Phillips



My Thoughts

- Doug Garrison

This morning, in church, singing Jim Duthie's "The Fisherman's Hymn" got me thinking about Jim (James) Duthie. The first time I saw Jim was in the post office parking lot when Helen Gray had the post office on Martins Point Road. I was about to leave when a guy in a large, overloaded station wagon pulled in. It was loaded with a couple and their three small sons, along with as many of their belongings as could be crammed in. The driver said he was John Fairservice's nephew and asked how to get to his house. I pointed towards Inner Sambro Island and said it was one and three-quarters nautical miles beyond that island. Wanting to be more helpful than that, I told him that Helen Gray worked at the post office and that she boarded the Fairservice's children. She could get in touch with John. They started in Sambro by renting Earl Horne's house across the road from the post office. They weren't long settling in and were immediately a part of the community.

My next memories of Jim were when the Duthie's were renting Vance Schnare's house next door to the school. His wife, Laurie, was a nurse and had gotten work in Halifax. The three boys, Jason, Fraser, and Joshua, went to school right next door. Vance needed to sell the house, and I was approached about it. I bought the house from Vance and, a few years later, sold it to Jim and Laurie. The house is gone now, but the row of trees that Jim planted in front is still along the road. Jim was quite an arborist. I remember him picking all the leaves off the white birch trees.

He said this would promote root growth, and he bucketed the water to them for days.

Jim was also an avid cook. At the time, my wife, Jackie and I owned a general store a couple of doors up the hill. Jim purchased groceries there and usually

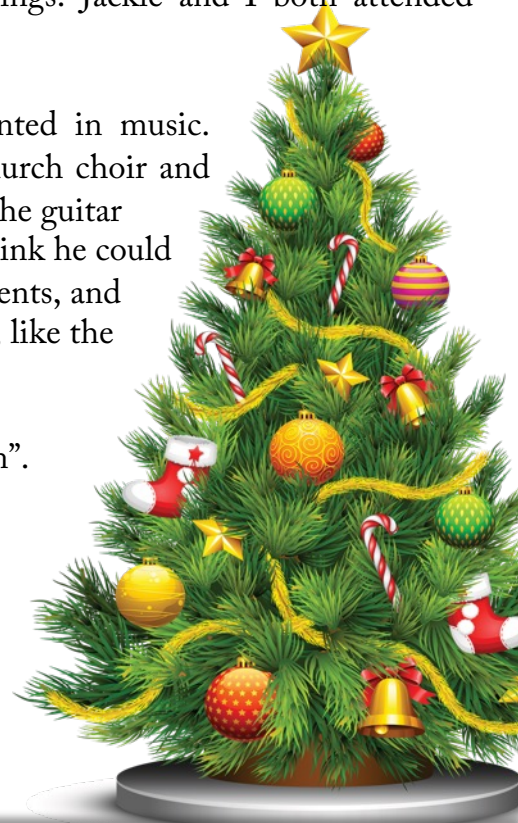
stayed long enough for a chat. He told me about owning a diner in Quebec. He would ask for items that locals didn't use. I had to buy a box of twelve bottles of Tabasco Sauce to get him one. When we closed the store, I took eleven bottles home and used them whenever I had the chance, for years.

In Quebec, Jim had a job blowing insulation into older homes and later sold the insulation for the company. I know of one house, Bernice Hart's, at 39 Martins Point Road, that Jim insulated in this fashion. Jim also worked as cook on a couple of larger fishing boats. His son, Joshua, is just like his dad, laid back and cooking on the Ivy Rose. Jason went into the refrigeration trade, and Fraser joined the military.

But what Jim was known for, was painting. He painted landscapes, wildlife, boats, and portraits.

When he painted, he liked to sneak in a little bit of Disney. On Jackie's portrait, he gave her Cinderella's dress. He also gave adult painting classes at the school in the evenings. Jackie and I both attended those.

Jim was also talented in music. He sang in the church choir and was proficient on the guitar and the piano. I think he could play other instruments, and he did write songs, like the one we sang this morning, "The Fisherman's Hymn". But most of all, Jim is fondly remembered in Sambro for writing "Sambro Beside the Sea".



Cranberry Orange Nut Loaf from Helene Burns

Ingredients:

1 cup granulated sugar
2 cups all purpose flour
½ tsp salt
½ tsp baking soda
1½ tsp baking powder
juice & grated rind of
1 medium orange
2 tablespoons shortening
boiling water
1 egg
1 cup fresh or frozen
cranberries
¾ cup chopped nuts

Instructions:

Step 1: Mix dry ingredients in a bowl and set aside.
Step 2: Place juice and grated rind of orange in a 1-cup measure. Add 2 tablespoons of shortening then fill cup to ¾ mark with boiling water; stir until shortening melts. Add to dry mixture and mix well.
Step 3: Add egg to orange mixture and mix well. Fold in cranberries and nuts. I cut the cranberries in half because it distributes them better throughout the loaf.

Bake in a greased and floured 9x5-inch loaf pan for approx 1 hour at 350°F.

Keeps well 1 week.

Our mothers both loved this loaf at Christmas!

Kris Kringle Cookies

from Gary Burns

Ingredients:

1 cup butter, softened
1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup brown sugar,
lightly packed
2 eggs
1 tsp vanilla extract
2 cups all purpose flour
2 tsp baking soda
1-225 g. pkg white
chocolate chips
1½ cups dried
cranberries (Craisins)
1½ cups chopped
pecans

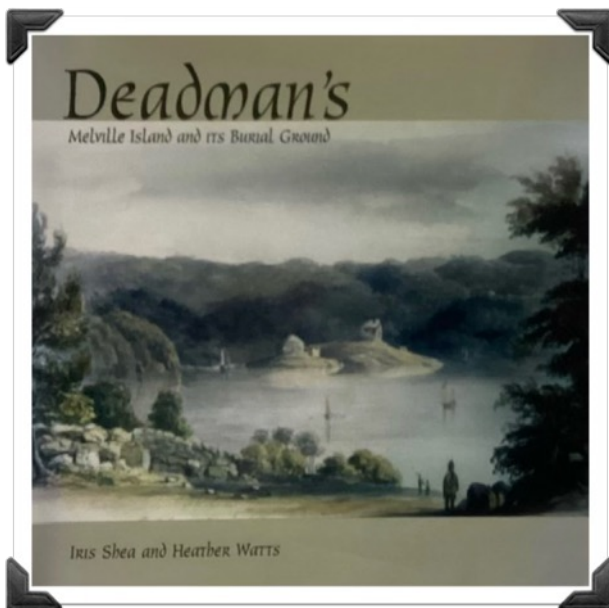
Instructions:

Preheat oven 350°F
Beat butter and sugars until light and fluffy, blend in eggs one at a time, beat in vanilla. In a separate bowl sift flour and baking soda together, then mix with butter mixture. Fold in white chocolate chips, dried cranberries and pecans. Drop by spoon 2" apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake 9-11 minutes or until lightly browned around edges. Cool 3 minutes, remove to wire racks, cool completely, store in airtight container. Freezes well.

Exploring the Melville Island Military Prison and Deadman's Island

By Sheila Kindred

The PUC UCW and Beyond group ordinarily meets at members' houses, but for our annual late summer outing this year we went a bit further afield to Melville Island. Before proceeding to Melville Cove on 10 September, Iris Shea, our guest speaker, shared with us the fascinating history of the Melville Island Military Prison. Iris is co-author with Heather Watts of the book, *Deadmans: Melville Island and its Burial Ground* (2005). **Fig 1: *Deadman's* is a key reference work.**



A prison was initially established on Melville Island to accommodate the growing number of POWs, which included the officers and seamen taken prisoner from French and Spanish warships and merchant vessels captured by the British in North Atlantic waters. Between 1803 and 1813, 1535 Frenchmen were incarcerated on Melville Island.

POWs were treated differently according to their rank, talents and inclinations. The officers fared better than the seamen as they were given supervised parole in Preston or Dartmouth and received a small living allowance from the British government. Some POWs were hired out to provide services to Halifax residents. They were employed as stonemasons, painters,

jewellers, shoemakers, carpenters, domestics, schoolteachers, as well as music, dancing and fencing masters. Some others chose to swear allegiance to the British Crown and subsequently joined the local military, such as the New Brunswick Fencibles.

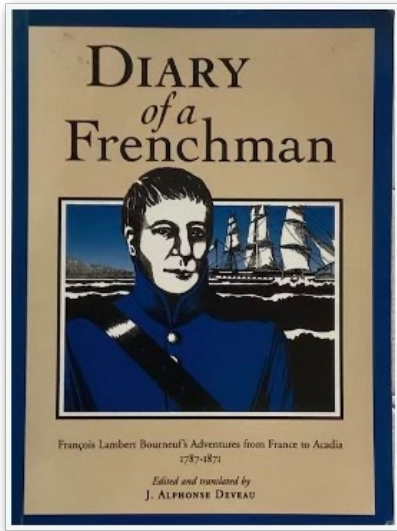
There still remained a considerable number incarcerated within the confines of Melville Island. Few were idle. Many showed considerable skill and ingenuity in making objects to sell to British officers and their ladies and towns people from counters set up in the prison yard. **Fig. 2: Ship's model, c 1810, made by a French POW.**



Visitors could purchase snuff boxes, dominos, knives, forks, spoons, knitted hats, stockings, mittens, gloves, hats made from birchbark, model ships and more. In a single year Halifax butchers supplied 1000 ox bones for use in model ship construction and farmers supplied 4,000 pounds of wool for making clothing. Iris alerted us to a fascinating autobiography of a French POW, Francois Lambert Bourneuf¹ whose narrative provides an intriguing glimpse of what it was like to be a POW on Melville Island during 1809-1811 and part of 1812.

Exploring the Melville Island Military Prison and Deadman's Island cont.

Fig 3: Bourneuf's *Diary of a Frenchman*, edited and translated by J. Alphonse Deveau.



The War of 1812 with the United States accounted for a huge influx of more than 8,000 POWs to Melville Island. Some were marched to Halifax from inland locations where the British had won battles against American troops. Others had been captured at sea by the British navy or Nova Scotia privateers. Many were exchanged for British POWs incarcerated in Boston, others were sent to Britain to be detained in the infamous Dartmoor prison.

A short bridge separated Melville Island from the mainland. The convenience of access to an adjacent peninsula meant that it became the obvious place for burials of deceased POWs, and thus the name, "Deadman's Island" came into use. Of the more than 10,000 French, Spanish and American naval seamen, privateers and soldiers, captured and imprisoned on Melville Island during the Napoleonic Wars, 270 are thought to have been buried on Deadman's. The total included 188 Americans, 9 Spanish and 56 French. It is estimated that a further 137 individuals are believed to have been interred between 1815 and 1856.

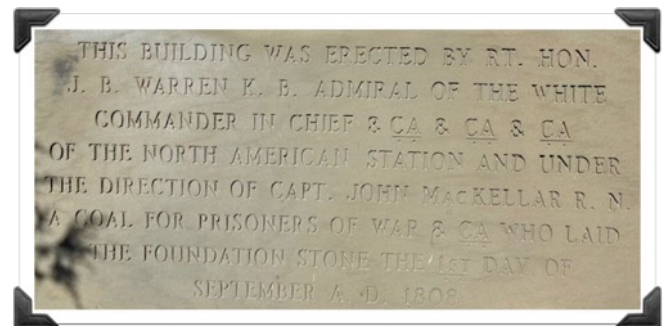
Our UCW group of 16 members, spouses and guests proceeded to Melville Cove after Iris's talk. Just after crossing the bridge to Melville Island, there is an excellent view of Deadman's to the right.

Fig. 4: Deadman's from AYCⁱⁱ.



The hill-top clubhouse of the Armdale Yacht club affords a panoramic view over the Island, including the remaining stone barracks of the one-time prison.

Our group sat down for a delicious meal at the Spinnakers restaurantⁱⁱⁱ, located within the AYC club house. This building is of historic interest as the oldest structure on the site. Built to house the officers of the garrison guarding the prisoners, part of it dates to 1805-1808. **Fig. 5: Corner stone of the officer's house, 1808. Fig.6 : AYC Club House from Deadman's**



Exploring the Melville Island Military Prison and Deadman's Island cont.

A residential development on Deadman's was proposed in 1998, an initiative vehemently opposed by the North West Arm Heritage Association and the War of 1812 Society of Ohio. The Americans expressed serious concern about the unacknowledged graves of their countrymen, who had died as POWs on Melville Island and been buried on Deadman's. In consequence of their interest and that of other Americans of similar concerns, Halifax Regional Municipality purchased Deadman's for \$200,000 and have since developed the area into a park^{iv}. **Fig. 7: Sign for Deadman's Island Park.**

In May 2005 the War of 1812 Society and the American government placed a monument on Deadman's with names of their war dead. **Fig. 8: Historic Sites Canada Monument on Deadman's. Melville Island was the only military prison that existed in Canada during the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. Fig. 9: Memorial to American war dead. Fig. 10: Deadman's with American Memorial on the left. The elevated area to the right was formerly known as Target Hill.**



Appendix:

Stories of some French POWs who settled in Nova Scotia once they were freed^v.

Francois Bourneuf (1787-1871) escaped from the prison in 1811 while working on a road crew, was captured and sent back to Melville Island. He escaped again and made his way to the French Shore, where he eventually settled at St Margaret's Bay, Digby Co. He married a local girl, Marie Doucet, daughter of Amable Doucet, and became a successful businessman and shipbuilder. He was an MLA from 1843-1859.

Louis M tier swore allegiance to the crown and was released on 27 January 1813. He took up farming on a 12-acre property near Hammonds Plains. His three daughters married into the Gibson, Smith and Elliott families.

Dominique Vaumalder pledged the oath of allegiance and was "released to the inhabitants of Halifax" where he became a house painter. His daughter, Anne, married Thomas Brown of Herring Cove in 1840.

Sebastian Richard, a midshipman on the French ship, *La Furieuse*, was sent on parole to Preston where he worked on a farm. He returned to France, age 25, in 1815, to settle his affairs, but soon returned to marry a girl he had admired on the next farm in Preston. The couple settled in Dartmouth. Their descendants are still in the area.

ⁱ See *Diary of a Frenchman: Francois Lambert Bourneuf's Adventures from France to Acadia 1787-1871*, edited and translated by L Alphone Deveau, Nimbus Publishing, 1990)

ⁱⁱ Photo taken on 24 October 2025.

ⁱⁱⁱ You do not need to be a club member to dine at the Spinnakers restaurant.

^{iv} The path to the park begins on Pinehaven Drive, left hand side. The first part descends a steep incline, and some further sections cross uneven ground.

^v Information courtesy of Iris Shea.

CROSS COUNTRY CONTEMPLATION



By Gary Burns

My first night ski trip. Through dark of night the glow of the city lights illumines the rail bed in an orange cast merging with the pool of cool blue light from my headlamp. The wooden slap of my skis on the snow and the soft hiss, as if the earth exhaling as I pass, the only sound.

The arcs of my limbs are pendulums counting out distance in this timeless space I traverse. They glide me past an inky black river as it tries to escape the glassy cage the chill air is weaving. The trees, stripped of their fall raiment, only now reveal the inner beauty of form that is at their core. Now garbed anew in ermine soft majesty, I see them, as they form an archway over my head silhouetted against the deep blue velvet canopy of the heavens. As I approach the lights at the terminus of my journey, each limb is crowned with diamond gems blazing against the dark sky, untarnished by the man-made source of their excitation. My heart racing, my breath a cloud trailing behind, I thank the Maker and head for home.



THE SAMBRO CHRISTMAS CHRONICLE

When Santa Comes to Sambro

-By Susan Feltmate



When Santa comes to Sambro
He won't be riding in his big red sleigh,
He'll be sailing through the night, past the Sambro Light
Over the wind and waves

He's got a pack of toys for all the girls and boys
A Sou'wester and a big red coat,
'Cause when Santa comes to Sambro
He'll be sailing in a fishing boat!

When Santa gets to Sambro,
He'll be docking at the Government Wharf
He takes off his Sou'wester,
and puts on his red hat that he wears up North

He walks down the pier, carrying his gear
But one thing he won't forget -
Are all the toys for the girls and boys
Wrapped up in a fishing net!

So, ho ho ho, let it snow and jingle all the way,
Santa's coming to Sambro, sailing over the waves!
He won't need his reindeer, as he travels through rain, fog or snow
With the Sambro Light to guide him, he'll hear that foghorn blow!

When Santa comes to Sambro, you'll hear the choir of fishermen sing
As they steam along, and sing their song
The jingle bells will ring

When Santa's safe in the harbour, sailing past that last buoy
You'll hear 'Merry Christmas, everyone', as he brings us Christmas Joy!



Harbour View Voices Community Choir

It has been a busy Fall for Harbour View Voices!

This Sambro-Loop Area Community Choir resumed their weekly practices in early October and have been bringing "Christmas Cheer" by singing at several venues throughout the community. In November, the Choir sang at the Annual Sambro Lobster Trap Christmas Tree Lighting and also took part in the Rev. Trevor Phillips Memorial Advent Concert at Emmanuel Anglican Church in Spryfield. In December, caroling events included the St. James United Church Memorial Christmas Tree Lighting, and a visit to Parkland Long Term Care where we enjoyed singing for the residents, and having them sing along to their favourite Christmas carols and songs. A highlight was sharing this time with well-known Sambro residents, Phyllis and Murray Gray. Harbour View Voices will also be taking part in the Annual Down Home Christmas Concert on December 14, where they will sing a variety of Christmas Music, including folk, gospel, pop and traditional Carols.

Harbour View Voices is a non-auditioned mixed-voice Community Choir, directed by Susan Feltmate, with Jennifer Moss as our accompanist. We will begin our next session in March, and new members are always welcome!

For more information contact Susan: sfeltmate88@gmail.com



Ashton's Crafty Corner



