



# HARBOR VIEWS





## From the Desk of Rev. Sean

One of the first books I was gifted when I went into ministry was *Put on Your Own Oxygen Mask First: Rediscovering Ministry* by Bill Easum. And you'll be unsurprised to hear that it's a book about self-care, specifically, the need for caregivers to prioritize caring for themselves.

And as the title suggests the idea behind it is that like on an airplane – where everyone needs oxygen to breathe – we all have basic needs that must be met. If they aren't being met – like when the cabin of an airplane depressurizes – we're in crisis and in need of care.

Fortunately, care is immediately available in the form of oxygen masks dropping from the ceiling. But now you have a choice to make. Whose mask do you put on first? Logically you put on your own. That way your needs are met, and you won't pass out while assisting others.

But when someone you love or see as vulnerable is sitting next to you – like an elder or a child – the answer isn't so obvious. And if you're a caregiver or a caring professional it's even less obvious because what you want to do is help. And from parent, to pastor, to parishioner, to pediatrician, we're so accustomed to putting the needs of others first that we automatically reach out to help our neighbour.

Now while this is undoubtedly a loving and noble thing to do, it's not a very bright thing to do. Why? Because while you're busy helping everybody else your needs aren't being met. And while most of us can set them aside for a time those needs will catch up with us. And if we stick with our airplane analogy if we push it too far, we're going to pass out. And now that we've passed out who's left to help?

Nobody. The elder is unable to assist.

The child doesn't know how. So now everyone in your circle including you is in crisis and potentially far more danger than if you'd just taken the thirty seconds to tend to your needs and put on your own oxygen mask first!

Now, you're probably wondering, why am I sharing this nugget of wisdom with you and why I'm sharing it with you now? Well, for starters, it's quite ancient wisdom and Jesus was a big proponent. How many times in the gospels does Jesus go off by himself to pray, skip town, or climb a mountain? How many times does an exhausted Jesus try to lie low for a while to avoid a crowd?

Loads. Because caring for people – especially when you care with your whole self – is exhausting. And while Jesus was an absolute beast when it came to emotional resilience, even he had his limits. Just like the rest of us Jesus needed time to rest and restore himself if he was going to be at his best. And far from being selfish this was a very selfless thing for him to do. Because what Jesus wanted was to be out and about caring for people. But, instead, he set aside his need to care for some now, so that he could care for more later. So that when he did, he'd do a better job of it.

Which brings me to, why now? It's been another fabulous year in the life and ministry of St. James, but it's also been an exhausting one. For many years now we've pushed ourselves to our limits and beyond to ensure that we've given God, church, and community our very best. But even the deepest well runs dry if you keep drawing on it, but never let it fill. And the same is true of us. We need time to rest and restore ourselves if we're to be at our best when the work of the New Year comes.

So, what I'm suggesting, is that in this time of watching and waiting we be

intentional about taking some much-needed rest. Yes, Jesus is coming, and there is still much to do. But, for now, he's fine with mom and dad to look after him. So, let's take that time to recharge our batteries from the incredible outpouring of energy we've invested in our ministry these past few years. And by few, I mean dozens. And by us, I mean you. Yes, you. I could say you've earned it – because if anyone has it's certainly you. But not as some unlooked-for reward for a job well done, but as a necessity for what comes next.

Because the work is going to get harder, not easier in the short run. Our mental, emotional, and spiritual limits will be pushed and tested not to mention our strength as we build for tomorrow. But that's tomorrow. And, as Jesus says, today has enough going on that we don't need to borrow from tomorrow.

So, take this holiday – as best you can – to rest, relax, and spend some time with the people you love doing the things you enjoy. And don't think for a second, you're being selfish. You need this just as much as Jesus did. And believe it or not, God wants you to. Because the purpose of life isn't just to care, it's also to enjoy. And loving yourself is just as important as loving God and neighbour.

So, take a break from burning out and put on your own oxygen mask first. That way when tomorrow comes – as it always does – you'll be rested and ready for whatever God needs us for next.

Rev.  
Sean







On Sunday October 27, St. James United welcomed the congregation, community and special guests to help celebrate a significant milestone in its history - the 60th Anniversary of the new church building.

The service featured music and memories of the past 60 years, as well as the dedication of the new chancel. The service was followed by a time of refreshment and fellowship in the Church Hall, where a delicious chowder lunch was served by our amazing Kitchen Crew, headed up by Barb Reyno and Aronda Garrison.

In attendance were former ministers Rev. Anne Singer and Rev. Helene Burns, who shared their recollections and stories of their Ministry in Sambro. Rev. Keltie van Binsbergen who was unable to attend, also sent her greetings and memories of her Ministry with us. Remembrances from each decade from the 60's to the present time were shared by Allan Schnare, Shirley Gray, Roxanna Purcell, Sam Ellsworth, and Susan

Feltmate; and Doug Garrison gave a very interesting talk which detailed the history of the Church in Sambro, from 1830 to the present.

The music included a solo from Rick Singer, hymns from the original dedication service from 1964, and anthems old and new from the worship team of Sara Scarfe, Jackie Garrison and Crystal Gilkie with Rev. Helen Burns, Rev. Sean Handcock and John Stewart (on guitar) joining in. Jennifer Moss added flute accompaniment to the congregational singing, and Joyce Henneberry joined everyone in a heartfelt rendition of Sambro Beside the Sea to close the service.

Thank you to everyone who contributed their time and efforts to make this a special and memorable service.

*Respectfully submitted.*  
*- Susan Feltmate*



# What Does Christmas Mean to You?

The Christmas season is upon us, is it busy? Sure, but does it have to be? No. As I inch closer to 50, I find myself reassessing everything. Over the last 2 years I have been decluttering and really accepted The Art of Swedish Death Cleaning. I am not dying, but what if I did? I want to lessen the burden on my children. Last year, I downsized the Christmas collection, and this year I donated a bunch more to a young family that will appreciate it more than I will at this stage of my life. I have decorated with faux greenery, berries, and twinkle lights. Throw in my nativity set and some vintage angels, Santa and Bob's your uncle. I don't actually have an uncle Bob but cousin Bobs a plenty.



The older I get, the less I need. I don't need bright lights or out to be in the shopping crowds. Last year, I bought a beautiful Christmas devotional, but I never got around to reading it, so as kids get their waxy chocolates, I will be cozy and peaceful with my fake fireplace on and fairy lights in my fake cedar, reading Emmanuel and washing myself in the light of the coming of our Savior instead of worrying about presents and parties. Will I go to parties? Yes but will I go to all? No, I won't. I only want to surround myself with close friends and family, to feel the love and warmth of people who care for me as I am, not having to dress up and try to fit in. I might bake, I might not. I will be donating to the food bank and a couple other charities because it would be wrong to have so much and not to share with those not as fortunate.

My favorite part of Christmas is Christmas eve, my kids and their others come for dinner, then we head down to church and then home to take turns reading Christmas books. Its cozy and fun and to me is the true meaning of Christmas.

So, to quote my favorite non-religious icon of the season " Maybe Christmas doesn't come from a store, maybe Christmas means a little bit more"

*-Cyndi Garrison*





# My Thoughts

I have been thinking of Paddy Gray since his funeral on October 16th. I was asked to speak at the event. For some reason, my name was left off the program, and Reverend Hancock was unaware that I was to speak. I didn't want to make a fuss, so I sat and listened to the others. Aware that Donny Hart and Stephen Adams were speaking, I told them to go ahead, and I would fill in some of what was not said. Talking with his daughter, Angie, at the visitation, I said they might say all the nice stuff and I will be left with the not-so-nice stuff. She said, "Go ahead with it, we all know what Dad was like".

Donny spoke of his birth, so I would have picked it up at his home life. Paddy was the second of six children. His father made a modest living as an inshore fisherman, and his mother was a stay-at-home housewife. He grew up in a small three-room house with an oil stove for cooking and heating. There was no plumbing, but it was always clean and tidy.

He started school with my brother David but was a bit of a disruption in class. In grade one he was a handful for Miss Spears, his teacher. He was smart and knew all of what was said, so he was advanced to my grade two class to give him more of a challenge. I don't remember him in high school, and I am unsure when he left school.

I do remember him working at the fish plant. I remember him driving a truck delivering seafood to Boston. His truck driving handle was "Nova Scotia Wildchild". It wasn't long before he was in a supervisory position at the plant. While there he became good friends with Bernie Findley, owner and skipper of the Beverly Faye, the biggest boat in Sambro at the time. They partnered up and had the lobster boat, Alice and Margorie, built. Their next boat, the Missing Link, was built to fill the gap in size between the two boats. Although

many people thought his last boat, the Pic Pocket, was named after him, it was after Marge because she claimed the money she found as she laundered his clothes.

Donny spoke of his many contributions to the fishing community of Sambro and the area. Paddy's sports contributions were mentioned by Donny and Brendon Maguire. Steve Adams spoke of his dealings with Government officials to get things done, but I didn't hear SACA mentioned. This was Paddy's idea, and he persuaded Kim Mackay and Leslie Harnish to take the lead. He also supported the Silver Seas Social Club and fought to the end to keep the liqueur license in the community.

I also didn't hear St James mentioned. Paddy was the liaison between the church and the fishing community. He participated in the fishermen's service, reading the names of those lost at sea. He made the arrangements with the Coast Guard for the Blessing of the Fleet Service. He even for a while was a member of our Board of Management.

So, after saying all of this, how can I say anything bad about the guy? Well, he irked me to no end when he would introduce me to politicians, government officials, and new visitors to Sambro as the Sambro criminal. It stings less after hearing Donny explain this was his way of giving a compliment. I forgave him. I don't know about those ladies. He loved the ladies and when he leaned in to give them one of those fake Hollywood kisses, he would quickly turn to the right and plant one right on the lips. When Princess Margaret was in Sambro to dedicate the memorial to the Lost fishermen, Paddy even claimed to have had a drink with her. As Marge said he's just being Paddy.

We owe Paddy a great vote of thanks for his contribution to the fishing industry, the community of Sambro, and St James. As Marge said, "He's just being Paddy" and I thank the Lord he was who he was.

- Doug Garrison



## GINGERBREAD

2 cups flour  
½ cup granulated sugar  
1 tsp baking powder  
½ tsp baking soda  
1 tsp salt  
2 tsp ginger (I use Epicure gingerbread spice)  
1 tsp cinnamon  
½ cup butter or margarine, softened  
2 eggs  
¾ cup molasses  
½ cup milk



## CARAMEL SAUCE

1 cup brown sugar  
3 tbsp flour  
¼ tsp salt  
2 cups boiling water  
Cook until thick, add 2 tbsp butter and 1 ½ tsp vanilla.



Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Measure all 11 ingredients into mixing bowl. Beat slowly to combine. Beat at a medium high speed for 2 minutes until smooth. Spread into greased 9X13 inch pan. Bake for about 30 minutes until an inserted wooden pick comes out clean.

Serve with caramel sauce and top with whipped topping.

-Baked by Barb Reyno



# Revd. Trevor Phillips Advent Concert

**W**e are very pleased to say that the 16th Revd. Trevor Phillips Memorial Advent Concert which was held on November 23rd ago, at Emmanuel Anglican Church in Spryfield was an amazing success. Undeterred by very rainy weather many persons came out to participate and share their talents as they joined in celebrating the power of God's love within our community in a very dynamic way. The Music, the Solos, the singing Trio, Choirs, the liturgical dancing, the young people's groups singing and stomping, the drumming and spoken word all produced a very high energy and joyful atmosphere where everyone freely expressed their joy and celebration while honouring the true meaning of Advent and Christ's Coming.

We give special thanks to Revd. Bert Chestnut, Church Board, and Choir of Emmanuel Anglican Church for participating and also hosting our Concert in their sanctuary. We also give thanks for the great support we received from St James Church at Sambro especially from Revd. Sean Hancock, Susan Feltmate, Sara Scarfe and Jennifer Moss who played a pivotal role in the success of this Concert, their singing and music were extra ordinary. We were also blessed with the participation of singers and performer from several Churches from other parts of Halifax and Dartmouth.

Sixteen years ago, we started these Advent Memorial Concerts as a way of paying tribute to the legacy of Trevor's life and work in Nova Scotia and in the Sambro-Jollymore-Parkhill and Long Pond United Church Charge. Our hope was that it would continue what he started and provide an opportunity to bring people together to rejoice in the goodness of God as he so often

encouraged us to do. Additionally, we set up a Scholarship Fund in his name at Dalhousie University and contributions from these Concerts would be directed toward building the Scholarship Fund. The report from the Dalhousie University Representative who was present that night at the Concert gave us an overview of the success of the Scholarship Fund and the awarding of two Scholarships annually to students of Caribbean and Nova Scotian origin. We thank you all for your contributions. Food was also collected at the door for Feed Nova Scotia.

Trevor's great passion for music and singing inspired him to share the joy of the Lord with everyone he met. He took every opportunity to bring people together to glorify the Lord with music and song. This was the impetus for his starting Advent Concerts in November 2000, using them not only as a source of spiritual enrichment but also as a way of supporting various local Charities like Feed Nova Scotia, the Salvation Army, Phoenix House and others. On behalf of my daughter, grand-children and myself we thank you for embracing and supporting us throughout the challenging times as well as in the rejoicing times.

Trevor's favourite Chorus was: "I have a Joy, Joy, Joy, Down in my heart"

May we all continue to experience that wonderful Joy of the Lord in our hearts throughout this season and beyond, into the New Year.

I found this quotation (to the right) written in Trevor's handwriting on a piece of Bristol board in very bold print, it reminds us that even the smallest effort on our part can be a blessing to others.

-written by Olive Phillips



“

***I AM ONLY ONE,  
BUT I AM ONE***

***I CANNOT DO  
EVERYTHING***

***BUT I CAN SO  
SOMETHING***

***WHAT I CAN DO I  
OUGHT TO DO***

***AND WHAT I  
OUGHT TO DO, I  
WILL DO.***

”





# ANNIVERSARY SONG

St. James United Church, Sambro 1964 - 2024

S.Feltmate@1984

There's a place that we'll remember as we go along life's way  
A place of quiet holiness, where people come to pray  
A place that brings back memories of childhood long ago  
It is our Church, God's gift to us, and we love her so

*More than just a building, so much more than wood and stone  
It's walls are filled with memories, and each one has their own  
And wherever you may travel, and wherever you may roam  
Our Church, our light, a beacon bright, will always be your home*

Many have walked down this aisle on their wedding day  
And later brought their children, to be baptised in His Name  
And those who have gone on before, who we hold so dear  
In music and in messages, will be remembered here

*And it's more than just a building, so much more than wood and stone  
It is the house of God, where we will never be alone  
And as we come to worship here; to pray or sing a song  
We are part of God's family, we are where we belong*

*And it's more than just a building, it's the people here inside  
And those who*

*many years ago, built her with such pride  
And as we celebrate this day, and all that's gone before  
We welcome all who enter in through these open doors*

*For wherever you may travel, wherever you may roam....  
"St. James" here in Sambro, will always be..... your home*







The Annual Christmas Potluck Supper of the "PUC UCW and Beyond" was held at the home of Olive Phillips on Friday, 6 December. Eighteen gathered together, a group composed of members, their partners, family and friends. It was very good to have Rev Sean and his wife, Cathy, join the party.



We were welcomed to a festive setting, tables laid with cheerful red clothes in the dining room, and a beautifully decorated Christmas tree beside the piano in the living room. Rev. Sean gave the blessing. The food was delicious: ranging from squash soup, Jamaican chicken and rice, to various casseroles, fish dishes, salads and sweets. A highlight of the evening was the traditional carol sing. Thanks to Jennifer Moss for accompanying the singers on the piano.



PUC UCW and Beyond traces its origins to the Parkhill United Church United Church Women's group which, prior to the PUC congregation's amalgamation with St James, enjoyed many decades of bible study, worship and service; charitable outreach within the local community; and the pleasures of fellowship. This new group values the priorities of the old; it warmly welcomes others to any of its meetings and activities. PUC UCW and Beyond meets once a month from January to June, resuming in September for the rest of the year.



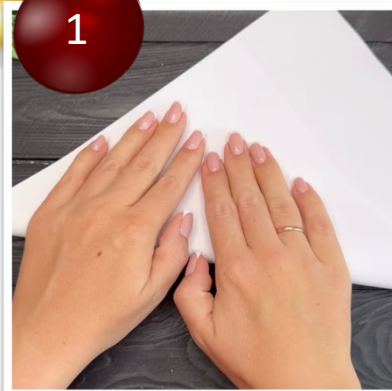
*-Sheila Kindred*



# Santa's Workshop



- Submitted by  
Ashton



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