

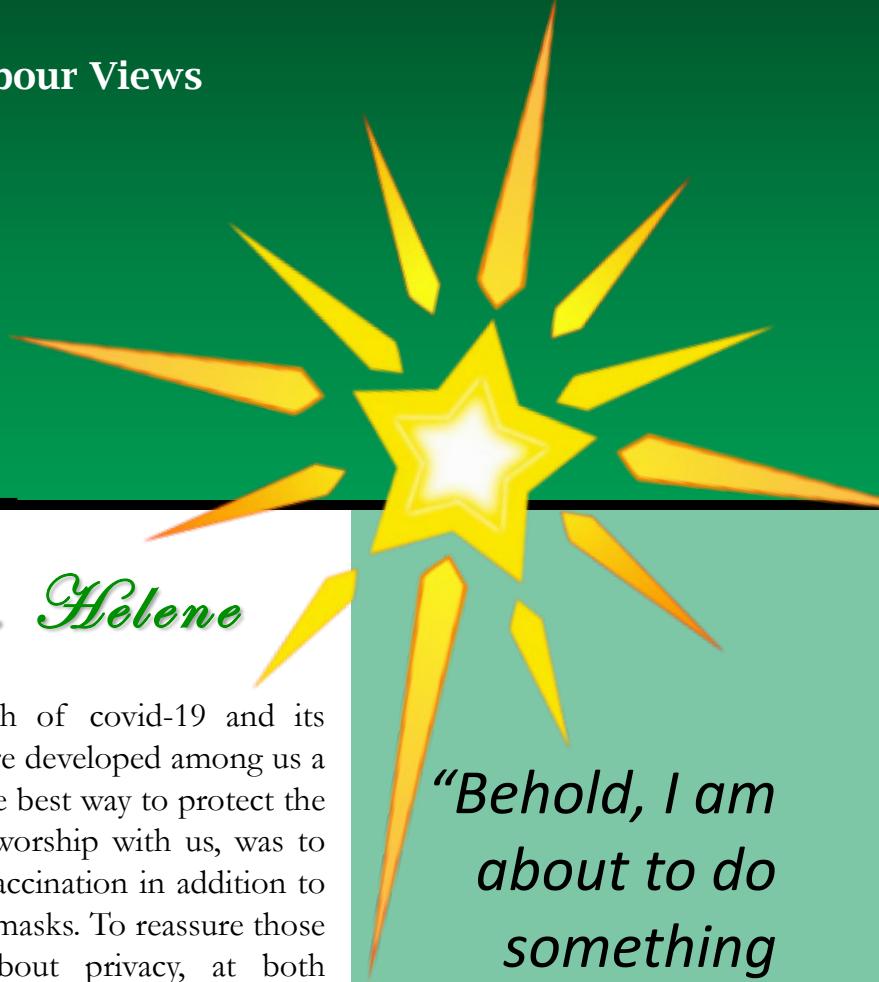


# Harbour Views



**"Behold, the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world!"**

– John 1:29



## *From the Desk of Rev. Helene*

Dear Friends,

During this busy Advent season so often we lose sight of God among the lists of things to do and the many things we think we should buy. We are driven by our obligations and the fear that we might not measure up, or disappointed when we are unable to create the “perfect Christmas” for our family, or saddened when we recall Christmases of the past. Sometimes it takes away our ability to feel joyful.

Yet God is continually opening new pathways and new possibilities. What could be more startling and innovative than for God to come to Earth as a baby? I hope that in the coming weeks you can be open to God's great loving presence. I hope that you will allow it to help you find a path of joy to Christmas.

As you know, we have embarked on a policy of full vaccination of people at worship, effective Dec 12 at St. James and Dec 24 at Parkhill. This came about as we struggled with the

growing reach of covid-19 and its variants. There developed among us a belief that the best way to protect the people who worship with us, was to require full vaccination in addition to wearing face masks. To reassure those concerned about privacy, at both churches we will keep track only of those who have given permission to keep a record of their vaccinations. And we will continue to offer services posted on St. James Facebook page and YouTube account.

Our Christmas Eve Services promise to be wonderful gatherings. We suggest that you arrive early in case of delays as people enter. At both churches a Christmas play will be presented. Children at St. James will be invited to come to church dressed as angels and shepherds and, to be safe, will remain in their seats.

I pray that this season of awaiting Christ's birth fills your heart with joy.

Love and blessings,

*Rev. Helene*

*“Behold, I am about to do something new; even now it is coming. Do you not see it? Indeed, I will make a way in the wilderness and streams in the desert.”*

*- Isaiah 43:19*

# Advent and Christmas at Parkhill Church 2022

by Shelia Kindred

When we decorate for Advent and Christmas at Parkhill, it is time to bring out some cherished items which have a long history within our congregation. By the third Sunday of Advent there is a paper creche scene assembled at the communion table. It is replete with glittering angels, shepherds with crooks, a flock of woolly sheep, a shining star, and Mary and Joseph awaiting the birth of the Christ Child. The baby Jesus is carefully put away until Christmas Eve when he is placed beside Mary in the stable.

One aspect of the Nativity story has already begun. On the first Sunday in Advent, the three Magi begin their journey to Bethlehem. In subsequent weeks they will cross from one windowsill to another, a trajectory which suggests the convoluted travels of the Magi themselves. Their journey ends at the manger in the stable on Epiphany Sunday.

In another sense, the Christmas story is always with us. Amongst the stain glass windows designed and constructed by Sunday School children about 45 years ago, is a festive grouping of angels, a vibrant multicoloured star, and a silhouetted Mary and Joseph, caring for baby Jesus who is asleep in a manger.

Yet an important Symbol of Christmas is created anew every year. In the Hanging of the Greens Service , the advent wreath is described as “ an unbroken circle, which is a symbol of God’s endless love and faithfulness. The wreath itself is made of ivy, a sign of everlasting life.” This year’s wreath is made of ivy from a local garden and Canadian holly from the woodlands. It was created by Molly Anderson.

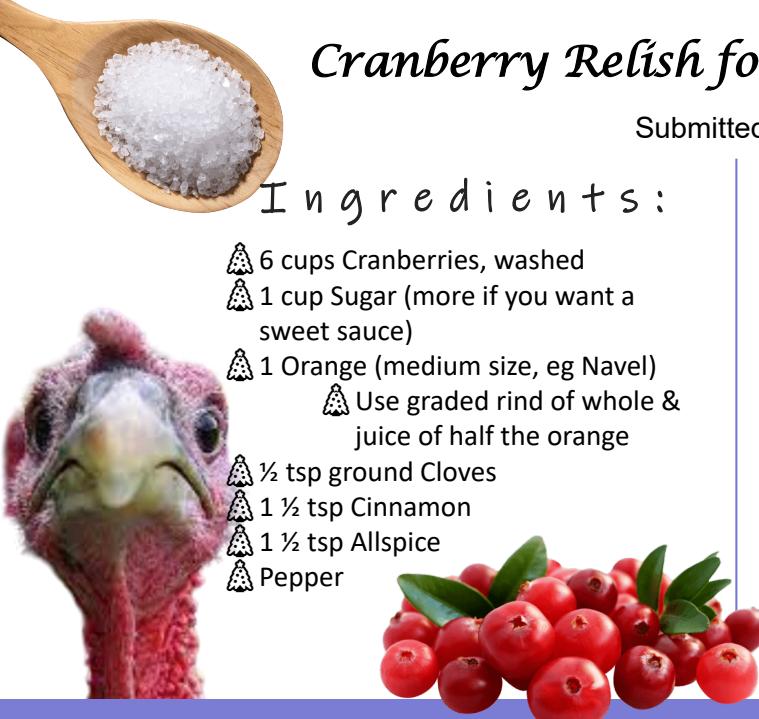


## Cranberry Relish for your Christmas Turkey

Submitted by Hugh Kindred

### Ingredients:

- Ⓐ 6 cups Cranberries, washed
- Ⓐ 1 cup Sugar (more if you want a sweet sauce)
- Ⓐ 1 Orange (medium size, eg Navel)
  - Ⓐ Use graded rind of whole & juice of half the orange
- Ⓐ  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp ground Cloves
- Ⓐ 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp Cinnamon
- Ⓐ 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp Allspice
- Ⓐ Pepper



### Preparation:

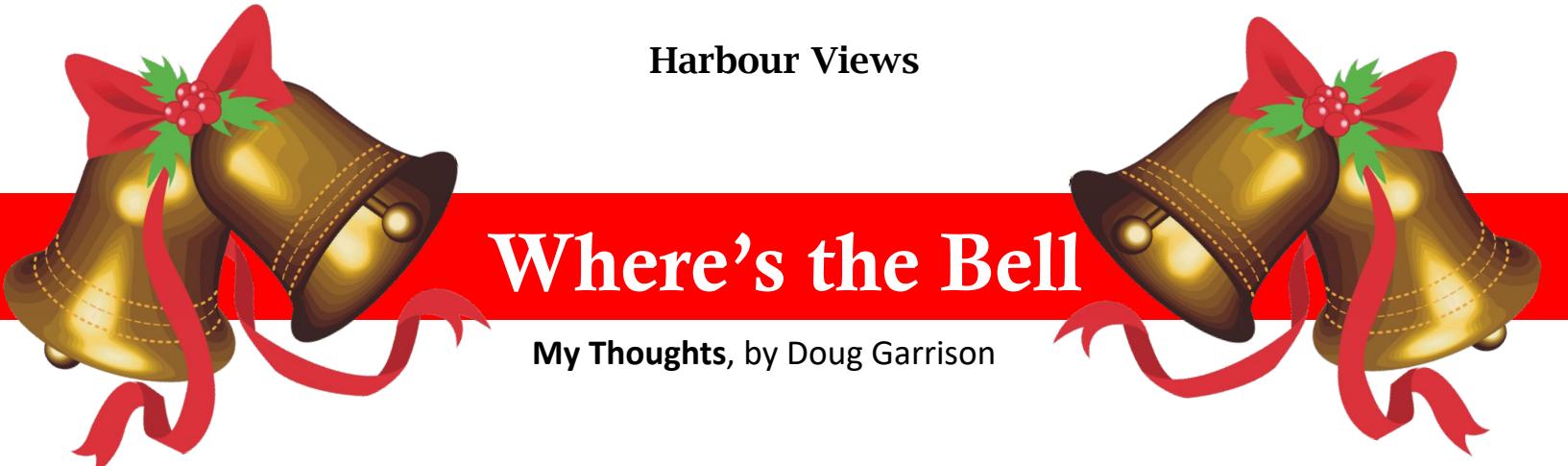
Place cranberries in a large saucepan and add cold water until it reaches nearly to the top of the berries. Stir in all the other ingredients, bring the whole to a boil and continue cooking, stirring frequently, until the cranberries are soft and the mixture begins to thicken (10 mins or so).

Test for the set you desire as cooking continues by fast cooling a little on a teaspoon in your freezer. If it's thicker than you wish, add a little water: if it's too runny, cook it a little longer.

If you don't like the coarseness of cranberry skins, take the saucepan momentarily off the heat and whirr the relish a little with a hand blender.

Bottle the relish while hot. This recipe makes about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  250ml/1cup Mason jars.





# Where's the Bell

**My Thoughts**, by Doug Garrison

I was thinking it is odd that no one mentioned the church bell. You know, the one that was sitting off to the left in the parking lot.

Maybe I should start in the beginning. Back in 1890 the old St. James Church was enlarged by cutting it in two, separating the ends and building a new 20 ft. section in between. A steeple was also added although some members thought this frivolous. The bell, which originally hung in a Halifax firehouse was donated by Mrs. John Smith. You will hear more of her in the next newsletter. Before the final service in that church on April 26, 1964, the LP record chimes were not played. Bill Gilkie, the longtime caretaker of the old church building, rang the old bell calling the congregation to church. On the following Tuesday the bell was carried from the church and the next day the church was flattened.

The present church was built just behind where the old one stood. In front of the church, with just enough room for a wedding or funeral procession to go between, a "bulletin" was erected. It was two local granite pillars spaced with a sign board hung between them. On the top was an iron arch with the likeness of two anchors formed on the flanks. The bell hung between the claws of the anchors. This structure was donated in memory of the Nickersons of Sambro Creek.

We used the structure to support the wires lighting the tree which each Christmas season stood in front of the bulletin. About 15 years ago a van, higher than the wires, went behind the structure and pulled all but the tree down.

The sign board since then has been on the front of the church next to the cornerstone. I used a forklift to place the concrete pillar caps with the arch and bell attached on the entrance roof.

The bell hung there until this spring when brother Kenny and I were repairing a leak over the front doors. I commandeered John Andrews with Oceanview Fisheries' forklift to take it down out of the way. One of the concrete caps was broken and a half came off while setting it down. At our October Board of Management meeting, it was decided to get the rusted parts repaired and a new steel base to support it.

No one has asked "where's the bell?". Does anyone notice or care? The Church board of management didn't think it was worth the cost to put back the pillars when they crumbled (the stones now line Jackie's garden at home). As I get older, I think it is important to maintain as much of our history as possible. If we don't know where we come from, how do we know in which direction we are going?

Oh, yea. Where's the bell? It is at the boatyard in the capable hands of Tony Gray. He will repair the corrosion and attach new base pieces. He will also ask the crew who are coming to sandblast the Halifax ferry if they will sandblast the iron part. I then will take the arch to Dartmouth to have it galvanized. We will reattach the bell and put it back over the front entry. I suspect it will not need attention for the next 100 years or more.

Submitted and  
written by  
**Susan  
Feltmate**

I wrote this in honour of the many families who have weathered the storms and isolation of Sambro Island to keep the light going, and provide safe passage for those on the sea. The Sambro light has been automated since 1988 but was home to many lighthouse keepers since it's construction in 1758, including several generations of the Gilkie family of Sambro.

### The Lighthouse Keeper's Christmas



There's frost upon the windowpane, and the stars shine cold and bright  
As winter holds us tight again, on this dark December night  
But there's a fire brightly burning, and by the lamp light I can see  
The ones I love with all my heart gathered 'round our Christmas Tree

It's a lighthouse keeper's Christmas in our lonely island home  
Where the wind and waves dance endlessly in this world of sea and stone  
And the light that rises from the rock is shining from afar  
And will safely guide the travellers, just like the Bethlehem Star

The house is filled with laughter, with the children home from school  
Their eyes are bright with each new delight, they sparkle like a jewel  
And the joy upon my dear one's face, as she looks at me and smiles  
Makes up for all the lonely times upon this rocky isle

It's a lighthouse keeper's Christmas in this world of ice and snow  
The work is hard but I do my part, it's the only life I know  
And before this night is over I'll make one more trip to the light  
And climb those dark and winding stairs to keep that flame burning bright

They'll be stockings filled with treasures from our humble island home  
A dory carved from driftwood, a doll made out of yarn  
And through the icy windows I see the lights along the shore  
For the families are all gathered home and the boats are safely moored

And it's a lighthouse keeper's Christmas, beneath the tower beaming bright  
Sending rays across the waves, lighting up the night  
And I thank God for my family, all together safe and warm  
And pray He keeps us here for another year, safe from every storm

S.Feltmate, Dec 7, 2013

# Me WIG

The water chortles on the bow of my canoe then slips by to whisper at my passing. Perhaps a private joke at the one foolish enough to believe he is master here. My watery reflection accompanies me offering a shallow glimpse of who I am. The ethereal flute song of a thrush on shore it's high notes joined by the bass of the Bittern in the reeds prods me to wonder where is my voice in this life song. I wonder do I exist separate and apart from all else or do I find true definition only through that which surrounds me? Like sound do I need to be heard to be? I have seen my visage change from one form to another in the selfsame mirror based only on my feelings of the moment so I know I can't trust my own eyes to divulge even my outward appearance, how much more elusive my inner self must be. Most animals I encounter seem to like or at least tolerate me, can I read that as a judgment on my soul? I find myself wishing that it is so, for no less guileless pronouncement could be found among the members of my species. It may be that I am only the sum of the perceptions of my friends, family and co-workers and can find myself mirrored in their eyes. The old adage " you are known by the company you keep" now comes to mind. I take heart that the things that matter most to me are sights, sounds, friends, family, nature and love. These are more valuable to me than money or possessions, although the later afford one the ability to enjoy the former more often.

-Gary Burns

### Parkhill United Church Remembers Johnny Strong: 1927-2021

It is with affection and gratitude that the Parkhill Congregation pays tribute to Johnny Strong's support and service to the church for over four decades.

Johnny, his wife, Ruth and sons John and David, began attending church at Parkhill in the 1970s. He soon became involved in the life of the church. He acted as our treasurer for about 10 years, he faithfully attended Board of Management meetings, as well as those of the Official Board of the Charge.

Johnny's many skills and talents were put to good use. His expertise as an electrical engineer came in handy at Parkhill when issues arose about repairing and maintaining our church building. He was knowledgeable gardener who made many contributions to Church Sales of plants he had grown. At church meetings, he took a balanced approach to issues at hand, sharing his own views of the relevant considerations, but also respecting the opinions of others. He was friendly, sociable and had a great sense of humour. It was a pleasure to be in his company.

Within the spiritual life of the church, Johnny fully participated in Bible studies. In such contexts, he was thoughtful, inquisitive and prepared to do some research on his own, whether it be about the Bible or the history of the Christian church. Singing during worship was a favourite activity of Johnny's. He particularly appreciated "Will Your Anchor Hold in the Storms of Life."

Johnny's was a life well lived, both in his church and in his community.

*Sheila Kindred*





# Animals of St. James and Parkhill

From the home of  
crystal Gilkie



Smokey  
13 years old



Charlie  
7 years old



*A Christmas Past*



Submitted by Theresa Pickart