

Union and Sutherland's River Presbyterian Churches

Thorburn and Sutherland's River, NS

Modelling faith in our communities one conversation at a time

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Sutherland's River



Thorburn

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What Is Ministry?

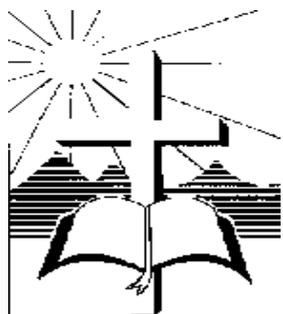
For most of my life, the word ministry seemed to be reserved for the elite, extra-spiritual people among us who felt called by God and went through years of training to answer the call of God. People were “called to the ministry” and to “doing ministry” in ways that always seemed to be in front of a crowd, preferably with a microphone.

But then, as I became a minister myself, I realized that my mentality and beliefs about ministry were too narrow and unbiblical. Today, I can easily see that every follower of Christ is essentially “called to the ministry” because ministry is simply what Christians do for God.

In Acts 6, the apostles made a big organizational decision. When they say that they devoted themselves to the “ministry of the Word,” the word “ministry” in Greek was essentially the same word they used for “serving tables”. The word means, very simply, to serve or execute the command of someone else. In scripture, no matter where we look, we find that the word “ministry” means a type of general service.

So, does that mean that there is no distinction between any type of ministry and that no matter what we do - whether it is serving tables, teaching Scripture, taking out the trash, or watching kids - is all equal in importance?

No. There are definitely orders of importance. The main goal for every believer, every church, and every organized ministry in the church must be to work together to proclaim the gospel to the world around us with our actions as well as words, so that, through the church, the “...manifold wisdom of God might now be made known to the rulers and authorities in the heavenly places”. (Ephesians 3:10)



What Is Ministry? (con't)

We are all called to do ministry and be ministers - but in all kinds of different ways so that the gospel can be proclaimed, the kingdom can be built, and God can be glorified. The important distinction between what kind of ministry we do is not who we are, what job we do, or even what abilities we have — it is the calling of God.

So, ministry is not the calling of some, but the privilege of all believers. It is about giving of ourselves and our time, talents, and resources to bless and help others. The cry of the minister is, “someone’s got to do it, so it might as well be me.”

**Rev. Greg Dickson,
Interim Moderator**

No Time, a Poem of Reflection

NO TIME

I knelt to pray but not for long. I had too much to do.
I had to hurry and get to work for bills would soon be due.
So, I knelt and said a hurried prayer and jumped up off my knees.
My Christian duty was now done, my soul could rest at ease,
All day long I had no time to spread a word of cheer.
No time to speak of Christ to friends; they’d laugh at me I fear.
No time, no time, too much to do. That was my constant cry.
No time to give to souls in need, but at last the time to die.
I went before the Lord and stood with downcast eyes,
For in his hands, he held a book. It was the Book of Life.
God looked into his book and said, ‘Your name I cannot find.’
I once was going to write it down, but never found the time.

Author unknown

Thorburn Kiosk Society

The Thorburn 150th Historical Kiosk Society will be hosting an information session on May 12th at 6:30 PM in Union Presbyterian Church Hall. If you have any pictures, documents, etc., to share bring them along. (There will be a scanner on site.) The Committee, with John Ashton Historian and Graphic Designer, will be there to gather information and answer any questions. Come out and help prepare for Thorburn’s 150th Anniversary.

Union Church Friendship Club (U.C. Friends 2022)



U.C. Friends met for their first evening of fun and fellowship in April! This new group for young people is to provide a positive, caring environment where everyone is respected and encouraged while building confidence and a feeling of value in our community. Themes for the events are based on the Fruit of the Spirit values found in the Bible - love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control. Our first theme was kindness. We also played Group Pictionary, decorated cupcakes and Jillian led us in song with *Peace Like a River*.

U.C. Friends is open for ages 8 to 14 and is a safe environment to make new friends and learn new things while having a good time! The group will meet the last Wednesday of each month at 6:30 to 8pm at Union Presbyterian Church Hall in Thorburn. Please pass the information on to any young person who you think might be interested. For more information or to sign up, please text Darlene Reeves at (902)921-0639 or email darlreeves@hotmail.com.



Top above the group is engaged in an activity with Jillian. On the left they are in smaller groups for refreshments and at the right a couple young people are decorating their cupcakes with Susan.



We offer our sincere condolences to the family of Josie Butler on the death of her husband, Carl, earlier this month. You are in our thoughts and prayers at this sad time.

Also, our sincere condolences go out to the family of Evelyn McKay. Evelyn was involved in our church life for many years and her support and caring nature will long be remembered.

Great Depression Memories

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Recent article about Great Depression stirs memories

To the editor,

Re: Hard times, happy times, The News, Feb. 7. The stories and opinions of those ladies about the Great Depression stirred many memories in me.

I was born in Coalburn in September 1928 and started school at Greenwood in 1934. There was one teacher downstairs with grades primary to six, a total of 63 kids. A room upstairs had grades 7 to 11, one teacher for 47 kids. The nearest drinking water was an overflowing borehole at least a mile away – none was kept at the school. On really cold days the teacher would rotate our seating around the stove in the centre of the room – a chance to take our mitts off for a while.

I always had plenty of clothes: my grandmother knitted my mitts and socks; she would take apart old suits and overcoats to make jackets and pants for me.

Early in the war another lad and I took on the janitor job at \$4 a month, or \$2 each. My father worked for the Greenwood Coal Co. for \$3.45 a day, in the winter two days a week, sometimes only one, and in the summer nothing. One summer the relief work was digging a deep drain up the middle of the highway. My father told the story of the boss informing the workers that if you smoked, roll them at home, there was no time to do it on the job. I remember my father resolving his gum rubbers: he would buy a can of putty rubber and spread it on the soles with a butter knife. I don't remember how long that would last.

My mother had a hard job trying to feed us. We had potatoes most of the time, and seldom meat. She would burn sugar in the frying pan to get brown to make gravy. If we put butter on our bread we couldn't have molasses too.

I was a teenager before I saw a 20-dollar bill. A tough time for me was when the ice cream man came through Coalburn about twice a summer – I think his name was Duncan Stewart – with a horse and wagon, and a bell. We knew that bell and home we would run for a nickel. More than once there were no nickels.

The only bicycle I had was John West's. His mother gave it to me when he was done with it. I scrounged enough to get tires and tubes; it never had mudguards or pedals, just the bolts sticking out to pedal with. Skates were always hand-me-downs that my father sharpened with a file.

We went barefoot in summer, got a pair of sneakers to start school in September and had gum boots in winter. I had socks, but many kids I knew didn't. A family I knew always had mustard sandwiches in school. Christmas we always got an orange in the toe of our stocking and three chocolates. It would be the only orange we would see all year and it had a square of tissue paper on it. I smile now hearing everyone must have five servings of green vegetables a day – we didn't see five servings in a year. Sometimes I took milk to school: it was raw milk on warm days and it always soured. I remember a small chunk of butter floating in the bottle. On the way home from school we walked the drain looking for beer bottles. We got 25 cents for a dozen quarts. A bunch of us walked to town Saturdays to see the show at The Academy, five cents admission. We love Burnem Up Barns, a race car driver, and Hopalong Cassidy, the cowboy. Pete Manus sold pink and white candy, 10 cents a bag. If the day was fine we chipped in and bought a pack of cigarettes – Black Cat, Craven A, Buckingham, Winchester – and smoked as we walked home. If it rained, for 10 cents we got a taxi ride home. Gordon Plum had a seven-passenger Dodge and he would pack a dozen of us kids in at 10 cents each. That was a luxury because no one in the neighbourhood had a car.

My wife remembers in her neighbourhood kids came home from Shelburne reform school with new clothes. Other kids would get into trouble and sent to Shelburne so they would have new clothes too.

That's the way it was and, you know, you never get that out of your system.

Those ladies in that Feb. 7 article were right: we didn't mind because we didn't know any better.

*Bert Martin
New Glasgow*

A good example from the past that certainly gives meaning to the bible quote,
"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." Philippians 4:13.