



Port Carling United Church

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Volume Four Issue 46

Newsletter February 2011

Celebrating the life and work of our Church

Rev. Sue Woods, Minister

Minister's Chat

How often have we spoken words that we later regretted! We respond without thinking, speaking words that wound and hurt. "Tell it like it is" is a phrase many of us have lived by in our daily encounters with family, friends, and strangers. No doubt there is a place for absolute honesty. But there are times when we need to think carefully before we speak and then speak with loving-kindness.

An elderly woman lived her life and governed her conversation by three questions. Is it true? Is it helpful to say it? Is it necessary to say it? These questions no doubt saved her feelings and the dignity of those to whom she spoke. She was well respected and loved by those who knew her and worked for her and with her.

Peter the disciple of Jesus that many of us can relate to had a quick and ready tongue. At times he stood on solid ground, walking with confidence and faith. At times he was blown about like sand. Peter often stood knee deep in the waters of doubt and fear. He blurted things out with little thought to their consequences. Peter was an impulsive man who spoke without thinking. He was also faithful to Jesus and regretted it deeply when he made a mistake. But his enthusiasm made him one of the three disciples closest to Jesus.

Just like Peter, we are creatures of sand. Our lives are a mixture of that heartfelt response to follow Jesus and the frightened response of denying him. We speak words of comfort and healing in times of grief and sadness. But we

also speak words that can be hurtful and mean-spirited.

Our 21st century world at times is a very harsh place to live. Angry words come easily to the lips of too many people. Gestures that are meant to put people in their place - and that place is humiliation - are common. The noise of angry speech fills our ears almost every day. Is there a place in all of this noise for the still small voice of compassionate speech?

There is a prayer found in Psalm 19:14 that I whisper to myself as the choir sings their anthem each Sunday: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable to you, O Lord my rock and my redeemer." If these words were our prayer to begin each day, they could become a part of our very natures. We would speak with gentle words!

Blessings

Rev. Sue

If you need to contact Rev. Sue

Home Office: 705-645-9266
Port Carling United: 705-765-5596
Bala United Church: 705-762-0116

(answering machines at all three numbers please leave a message)
email address: revsue@bell.net

I will try to reply as soon as I can,
Note: Mondays are my day off

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT

On Sunday, January 23, 2011, Jenna Swadzba age 10, had eight inches of her hair cut off. Her beautiful brown hair did not fall on the floor and get swept away. It was carefully collected and given to a wig maker. Now a young person who has lost all her hair as a side effect of chemotherapy, will be able to proudly wear this gift from Jenna. Jenna has been planning this gift for over a year; that's how long it took to grow her hair to the required length. Her before and after pictures will appear on the bulletin board in Hanna Hall. A beautiful gift, Jenna.

Susan Daghish

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

For over 25 years, Ruth Veitch has been helping the Port Carling United Church make a difference. She has been collecting Golden Garbage. It's a win-win program. There are five items we collect. These items are used to help others while reducing the amount of stuff that goes into our sparse landfill sites.

This is what we collect and here's where these items go

- **Eyeglasses:** Your no longer usable eyeglasses are given to local Lions Clubs. Internationally, Lions are dedicated to the problems of sight. They finance eye specialists to go to third world countries where they provide eye care that is otherwise unavailable. Eyeglasses from Muskoka are now being worn all over the world.
- **Campbell Soup** labels are used to buy supplies for schools. Be sure you have the bar code attached.
- **Pop can tabs** are exchanged for wheel chairs
- **Canadian Tire money** is used by our Sunday School. We are currently saving for a CD player to replace the one that is worn out.
- **Pop cans** are taken to the Restore to support Habitat for Humanity. Only uncrushed cans are suitable.

By setting these items aside and bringing them to church, you are doing a lot to help others.

Susan Daghish

PORT CARLING UNITED CHURCH SELLING

'Beaver Tails'
"a bit of Canadiana"
at WINTERFEST



**Visit our Booth in the upper floor lobby of
the Community Centre
on Saturday, February 4
starting at 10:00 a.m.**

A Beaver Tail is a fried dough, shaped like a beaver tail, then coated in cinnamon and sugar with a squirt of lemon – "decadent!"

You must eat them when they are piping hot, fresh out of the deep fryer and with a cup of Oliver's Hot Chocolate it will warm you to the bone.

Thank you to Chef Matthew Toni, Delta Sherwood Inn for mixing the dough; to Oliver's coffee for the donation of hot chocolate and coffee.

Port Carling Lion's Club

WinterFest 2011

February 4, 5 and 6

**PORT CARLING MEMORIAL
COMMUNITY CENTRE AND ARENA**
Winterfest begins at 6:00 p.m. on Friday evening at the arena followed by a march down Bailey Street to Hanna Park for the FIREWORKS and FREE HOT DOGS & HOT CHOCOLATE. Saturday is a full day of activities and Sunday starts off with a Pancake Breakfast in the community centre. followed by THE POLAR BEAR DIP. For a full list of activities pick up a flyer at our local merchants or on the web www.portcarlingwinterfest.ca. All events require a passport or entry fee. \$5 adults, children 13 & under FREE

Wednesday, February 2, 2011 – 7 p.m.
Port Carling United Church Council Meeting
In Hanna Hall

Muskoka Lakes Quilters



“Come Quilt with Us”
Every Tuesday

10:00 a.m. – 2:00 p.m.
(bring you own brown bag lunch)

in Hanna Hall
Port Carling United Church
One Armstrong Point
Port Carling, ON

We warmly welcome
New Members and Visitors
Call Bette Clark 705 765-5049



Monday, February 14, 2011
Valentine’s Day

Volunteers for February

Greeters: Catherine and Bill Dedrick

Kitchen Helpers:

February 6th Lynne Schroth 13th Marge Brown
20th Carol Dion 27th Helen Foreman

When Catherine asked me to write an article for the newsletter on a day in the life of a chicken, I decided to write it from the chicken’s perspective. It pretty much goes like this.

A Day in the Life of Feisty the Chicken

Hi, my name is Feisty, and I’m a chicken living in a coop at the StoneFace Farm, on Stills Bay, Lake Joseph, Muskoka. I live a very exciting life. I wake up a 3 a.m. when the overhead light comes on, eat a little layer crumble, drink a little, lay an egg, poop (a lot), wait for Jim Haller (a.k.a. the Dumb Farmer) to collect the egg, and then go to sleep when the light goes off at 7 p.m. (According to the Dumb Farmer sixteen hours of daylight are required for consistent egg production.) Next day repeat. Next day repeat. Next day repeat, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. The only good thing is that I have a very poor short term memory, so every day is a brand new adventure.

The winter is very restrictive and cold. The temperature in the barn drops below freezing almost every night, and sometimes the water bowl freezes. I keep warm by huddling together with my sisters. I am glad to say the Dumb Farmer comes by every day to make sure we (all eleven of us-there used to be twelve) have plenty of food and fresh water. We can’t go out anymore because a) there’s nothing for us to eat except snow and b) there are predators out there which will try to eat us. That brings me to the story of what happened last week.

After the Dumb Farmer collected the eggs in the morning, he thought we should be able to get some fresh air that day. He left the barn door cracked open. Who should appear shortly thereafter was a big Barred Owl. Well, I’ll tell you as quick as a wink, this owl ripped one of my sister’s head off and ate it! The Dumb Farmer eventually chased it away. (He even lets it still hang around Kathy’s chickadee feeder-see the picture below!)

That’s pretty much all that’s new here. The Dumb Farmer has promised us a road trip in the near future to a town called Abattoir, wherever that is.

Personally, if it was up to me, I wish he would just get us a rooster.



Jim Haller