

Christmas Pageant

It was December 20, the 4th Sunday of Advent and the Advent Candles, including the blue candle representing Love/Animals & Manger were lit. The Senior Choir, directed by Steve Boothby presented "Calypso Lullaby."

It was also the day of the annual Christmas Pageant which had been in rehearsals with the children and teachers from Church School since November 15. The Pageant, which was written, produced and directed by Jessica, the Christian Education Coordinator and Amy was entitled, "Two Cats, a Mouse and The Saviour."

It was a superb pageant, and as you can see from the photos, everyone had a wonderful time. There were a total of 92 people there, including 20 kids. The kids and teachers were rewarded with a pizza lunch after the pageant. To finish off the day, some of the kids went into the Sanctuary after lunch and did some impromptu singing and dancing around the bales of hay. ▶

Christmas Eve

Perhaps it should come as no surprise, but Westminster's family-oriented 7 o'clock Christmas Eve service is one of the best attended worship services of the year.

One hundred people – mostly Westminsterites but also many visitors – filled the church to sing carols and delight in a theatre-style reading of "Listen, Said the Donkey: Tales of the First Christmas," written by Jean Little of Guelph.

We were honored that Jean, an award-winning author of children's books, not only joined us for the service but also signed copies of the Christmas book in the community room afterwards as the congregation sipped hot apple cider and munched on Christmas goodies.

The service ended with what has become a Westminster tradition: the singing of Silent Night by candlelight. ▶

PRAYER SHAWL MINISTRY

By Ellen

During one of the many after church lunches, JR mentioned the possibility of an after church Lunch and Learn for anyone interested in knitting or questions about knitting to Rev. Mary.

.... With a twinkling glint in her eye and a wide smile on her face Rev. Mary quietly asked, "Do you think that there would be any interest in a prayer shawl ministry at Westminster?" Within ten seconds pondering heads were nodding enthusiastically, ideas were casting onto the collective possibility needle as fast as could be knit up and something new was in creation.

Mary notes that she has known other congregations that formed prayer shawl groups as a form of pastoral care ministry. They make and bless shawls as gifts for people who are ill, or have suffered a loss, or are at a turning point in their lives. The shawls provide a warm, comforting and tangible reminder to people that they are cared for, prayed for and surrounded by God's love and compassion. The monthly prayer shawl group meetings provide a time for the members to discuss and work on their projects, as well as an opportunity to bless each shawl when it is completed. More information about prayer shawl ministries is available at the following site: www.shawlministry.com

By the next week with a click of the knitting needles, the slide of the crochet hook, the sharing of patterns and wool, everyone was off to start their shawl.

We decided to meet at 9:30 a.m. on the last Sunday of each month, and only two weeks after the idea was originally knotted, Sunday

January 31st found 12 of us sitting with our projects on our laps and our fingers moving that yarn right along the needles! After a time of gathering and settling in, we lit ... well actually we turned on... a multi-coloured candle as a symbol of inviting Holy Presence into blessing our intentional handiwork of creating comfort and care for others. What an amazing "show and tell" it was!!! Ideas, suggestions and "tutoring" was all happening around the circle as we appreciated the colours and combinations of yarn transforming even simple patterns into unique beauty. Many shawls were in various stages of completion and it looks like we will have quite a few ready for blessing by the end of the Olympics!!! An unexpected highlight was the introduction and demonstration of the Nifty Knitter, an easy to use (even for the kids) plastic looping lap-knitting machine used to create a shawl. There was much enthusiasm and quite some interest in getting to Walmart or Michael's right after church to purchase one!!! Moira read the blessing she wrote for the persons receiving the shawls she created on the Nifty Knitter, and then the shawls were passed around the circle for additional individual prayer blessings.

Come share in the fun, the learning and the blessing. A willingness is all it takes...well that and a stitch or two at your own pace!!! We have lots of stitch coaches who would love to get you started, to encourage you and to troubleshoot when challenges need fixing!!!

If you know of someone who would be comforted by the gift of a shawl, please let Rev. Mary know. ▶

BAPTISM

Adrian Kyle, son of Katrina and Kris was baptized and officially welcomed into the congregation in a ceremony conducted by Rev. Mary Savage at the service on Sunday, January 17. Adrian was born on October 5, 2009. Rev. Mary called all children in the church to the front platform for the ceremony, and each of the children was given a small container of baptismal water to cup in their hands so that it could be deposited into the baptismal font with a nice warm temperature when it was required for the ceremony. Some of the adults assisted. Cheryl, Chair of Church Council presented a lit candle and the baptismal certificate to the family. ▶

ELMIRA MAPLE SYRUP FESTIVAL

The festival takes place on Saturday, March 27. Although the festival usually occurs on the first Saturday in April, that happens to be in the middle of Easter weekend this year, so it's been moved back a week.

Again this year Westminster will have a food booth, serving early morning coffee, back bacon-on-a-bun, sausage-on-a-bun, hot dogs, and hot and cold apple cider. This is one of our biggest fund raising events of the year. In order to make this a success we need lots of help setting up, operating the BBQ's, serving, taking cash, cleaning up and tearing down the booth. There will be a sign up sheet on the bulletin board in the hall before the end of February. Please consider signing up for a shift or two. Anyone interested in helping out on the planning committee, please contact Scott. ▶

Something of a Love letter:

How my toddler's tantrum made me realize I was in love with you Westminster

By Anne

Several weeks ago my toddler had a multi-dimensional -Technicolor-scream-her-head-off meltdown on her way to church. My mom, visiting from out of town, witnessed first hand what happens when Olive forgets to bring the Cozy Blankie into the car. My toddler turns into a small monster and makes me wonder if I might have spawned a semi-large demon. My mom swears none of her children had such colourful tantrums. Parental doubt can set in pretty quickly on days like this.

Cozy Blankie has become a person over the last couple months – a boy in fact. Now Cozy Blankie accompanies Olive all around the house and during car rides. Olive will talk to Cozy Blankie as she roleplays going to the grocery store or hiding in a tent. Whenever she is hurt, she takes Cozy Blankie and rubs the injured spot. I gained the status of small superhero when I repaired Cozy Blankie with the sewing machine. But because of its treasured status, she has never been allowed to bring it outside our house or the car. If something ever happened to Cozy Blankie it might be a true disaster. But on this particular Sunday, we simply forgot it on the back entrance step at home. About five minutes into the drive to church, she wanted to turn back. I choose to keep driving. “Cozy Blankie has got to have boundaries,” I thought. “I’ve got to stick to my guns. If I turn back now...she controls us with a blankie? This can’t be right, right?” So I kept driving and hoped for the best.

I find parenting absolutely rewarding and absolutely challenging on so many levels. My high spirited toddler's personality seems so distinct from mine. When younger, her emotional tantrums sent me running to the library, scouring the internet, asking my parents and others about how to handle them. Apparently it is normal and to be aware of triggers like tiredness, hunger or too much change made too quickly.

But being in public when these tantrums happen is challenging for me. She's thrashed around on the floor of a store. I have carried her over my shoulder screaming down main street. And I don't think my fears of public judgement are unfounded. Recently, a mother and toddler were kicked off a bus in Victoria because her two year old daughter would not stop crying. She was roundly vilified in the media. Underscoring my fears of public melt downs and judgmental looks from passers by, the story went viral with internet chatter of how parents should control their children better.

But having a meltdown at Westminster that morning turned out to be a liberating experience. After trying to entice Olive out of the car, I pried her, limb by limb, out of her car seat, breathed a deep breath, and walked into church. Her tearful screams announced our arrival. But rather than making me feel shamed or embarrassed, you quickly made me feel safe. Many of you gave me reassuring words that you had been in the same boat. Others tried various attempts to distract Olive from her frustration. One of you even went out to see if you had a blanket in your car. But all the toys or promises of church school did nothing to dislodge Olive from her state. It was tempting to go home. It was tempting to call Scott to ask him to bring the blanket. “But if I did that,” I worried, “will she grow up entitled and spoiled?” I chose to stand my ground.

In the end, we called home from the church office. Olive spoke to her

dad. Her dad let her know that Cozy Blankie was safe but would not be coming to church that day. Olive caught her breath and her mood shifted. We had made it to the other side.

It was on the way home that the whole experience started to make me feel elated. Elated because I was safe to make a parental choice that is hard for me to do on the public streets. Elated because rightly or wrongly I made the call that I did and I felt supported. Elated because I felt like I could be me with all my imperfections.

And that, Westminster, is what solidified my growing realization that this is the church where I wanted to be. This is the church I would like to contribute to. This is the church where I'd like to regrow my faith after years of being away. You sealed the deal that day.

Even before Meltdown Sunday, my heart had begun shifting in a new direction, causing me to look around and wonder about the lot of us that attend this church at The Cedars. I grew up in a very different church and left when I was a young adult. The intervening years of travel and study, work and love kept me away, but having a child brought me back. But I needed a church that would accept the fact that I have two gay siblings. I needed a church that would allow a woman to be a minister let alone allow her to be on the church committee. I needed a church that didn't try to capture me by scaring me with burning in hell stories and holding me hostage with the fate of my eternal life.

You, Westminster, are a very different church. I have witnessed that again and again. And I get so excited about the possibilities of who we are and where we might go. But that's where my questions start. I wonder – what brought you to this church? Where have you been and where do you want to go? And who are we anyway? How do newcomers catch up on the history or feel comfortable offering new ideas? How do we stay connected when competing demands of life, work or families can make it difficult to get to church on Sunday? How do we not feel guilty when we can't be here or make large commitments? But also how do we make sure people don't burn out who keep the church going week in and week out?

Over the next several newsletters and church bulletins, I will be putting to the congregation some questions that are on my mind. After the service and over a cup of coffee, I'd love to hear what you think. I want to hear your ideas and the thoughts that you have. I'd also like to share my discoveries so I am going to have a microphone and tape recorder in hand. Yes... you read that right. A microphone and a tape recorder. Don't be scared. Microphones don't bite. They are way more friendly than camcorders. Your hair always looks perfect to a microphone. And if you want, you can remain nameless. That's what I love about radio. you can share ideas and still protect privacy.

What will happen to your recorded ideas? How will I share them? Well I am not quite sure really. We do have a Westminster facebook group. Maybe I will put them there. Or maybe I will make an audio art installation. Or an oral tapestry of Westminster. I am really not sure. But I have faith that it will lead me and maybe even us, somewhere... one sound bite at a time. So stay tuned. The questions are coming. ▶

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Chez Westminster, we dined in style

By Dona

It's been a few years since the Social Committee hosted an Adult Christmas Dinner, but on December 12, Westminster made up for lost time!

The Community Room was transformed into an elegant dining room, with the lights low and the table adorned with cedar boughs, tea lights and festive beads. The Social Committee met to decorate the hall, with J.R. providing the inspiration. J.R. also fashioned Christmas napkins for each plate.

About 20 people attended the multi-course meal, starting with drinks and several tables laden with delicious hors d'oeuvres. Then came the main course. J.R. prepared a magnificent turkey, gravy and stuffing, Dianne cooked the vegetables (corn, beans and potatoes). Guests brought contributions of salads, appetizers and desserts. Paul made a delicious chocolate cheese cake. Kim helped with set-up, preparation and serving.

It was such a superb evening, it's hard to imagine that we won't do it again next year. ▶

Helping Children of Prison Inmates

Six families from Westminster helped make Christmas a little brighter for 10 children from Kitchener-Waterloo who have at least one parent in jail.

For the second year in a row, Westminster participated in the annual Angel Tree program of Prison Fellowship Canada, an ecumenical organization that provides support to families of prisoners.

Participants in churches across Canada buy a gift or gift certificate worth up to \$30 for each child, given in the name of the absent parent. Prisoners and caregivers suggest what the child might like, and what they would like the gift card to say. ▶

Youth Group Report

The Youth Group started off the New Year right by volunteering to help with the Out of the Cold program at First United Church on Friday January 8 and Saturday, January 9. It was lightly attended (some people forgot!) but for those who came, it was very interesting. Some much welcome supplies, such as blankets, mitts and toques were dropped off as well. Scott helped with security after hours. He learned that means playing interminable games of Euchre to occupy the time between events. It was pretty quiet, but one young woman from London was brought in by police because she had no place to stay here in Waterloo. It felt good to know that we were a small part of all the volunteer effort that made Out of the Cold what it is, so there was indeed some place safe and warm for her to sleep. ▶

Canadian Connections to Black History

February is Black History Month. The following articles highlight some prominent blacks with Canadian connections.

WILLIAM EDWARD HALL, V.C.

Victoria Cross recipient Hall was born in 1827 in Horton, Nova Scotia, the youngest of seven children. His parents, Jacob and Lucy Hall, were former enslaved Americans who had come to Nova Scotia as a result of the War of 1812. Hall launched his seafaring career at the age of seventeen, and in 1857, while serving on the HMS Shannon, Hall volunteered with a relief force sent to Lucknow, India, where a British garrison was besieged. Two survived the attack, Seaman Hall and Lieutenant Thomas Young, but only Hall was left standing, and he continued to fight until the relief of the garrison was assured. For this outstanding display of bravery, he was awarded the Victoria Cross. With this award, he became the first black person, the first Nova Scotian and the first Canadian sailor to receive this outstanding honour.

MIFFLIN WISTAR GIBBS

Born into a free black family in Philadelphia, Gibbs moved to San Francisco in 1850 and became one of that city's most prosperous black merchants. Concern about the racial climate in the United States prompted him and other African Americans to head north and seek the protection of British law in Victoria. As a politician, businessman, and defender of human rights, Gibbs was the recognized leader of the black community on Vancouver Island during its early years between 1858 and 1870, and is still a revered historical figure in the black community of British Columbia. Through his political abilities, Gibbs made black residents a force in colonial politics and was elected to Victoria City Council. He acted as a spokesperson for the West Coast's African Canadian community, encouraging their integration into Vancouver Island society and intervening repeatedly when efforts were made to segregate them in the churches and theatres of Victoria. In 1870, Gibbs returned to the United States and enjoyed an equally significant political and business career in the American South before his death in 1915. Gibbs was recently deemed by Parks Canada as a person of National Historic Significance.



Black History Month Poster

HARRIET TUBMAN

Harriet Tubman, a runaway slave from Maryland, became known as the “Moses” of her people and the “conductor” who led hundreds of slaves to freedom along the Underground Railroad. In 1850, when the far-reaching United States Fugitive Law was passed, she guided fugitive slaves further north into Canada. When angry slave owners posted rewards for her capture, she continued her work despite great personal risk. From 1851 to 1857, Tubman lived in St. Catharines, Ontario, where she rescued many relatives of those already in St. Catharines including her own parents, brothers and sisters and their families. Later, Tubman became a leader in the Abolitionist movement. During the Civil war she worked as a nurse and served as a spy for the Union forces in South Carolina. ▶

Citizenship and Immigration Canada is the source department of the above articles. For further information, go to: <http://www.cic.gc.ca/english/notices.asp>

“The battles that count aren’t the ones for gold medals. The struggles within yourself--the invisible, inevitable battles inside all of us--that’s where it’s at.” – JESSE OWENS

“We should emphasize not Negro History, but the Negro in history. What we need is not a history of selected races or nations, but the history of the world void of national bias, race hate, and religious prejudice.” – CARTER WOODSON

Out of the Cold

By Scott

Saturday, February 6, 2010 was Westminster volunteer morning at the Out of the Cold program at First United Church! Seven people signed up, eight showed up, and a ninth (John Lougheed) shows up almost every week anyways.

Kudos to Bryce and JR, Paul, Heather, Sandra, Ellen, Lynn and Scott for their early rising ability on the weekend. All of us were lined up and reporting for duty well before 7 a.m. when the guests woke up. John Lougheed gave everyone a quick rundown of what happens every morning and out we went.

The biggest piece of work was the bedding. The sheets and pillow cases needed to be collected for washing, blankets folded up, the pillows and mats rubbed down with a bit of bleach solution, then air dried and put away. The tables and chairs had to be stacked back up in their corners, and the coffee, tea and mugs taken into the kitchen. Next, the floor had to be run over with a broom and then mopped. All the while, others tried to rouse some of the sleepier guests from their deep slumbers. Finally, the washrooms had to be cleaned, and the front steps swept clear of cigarettes and coffee cups.

The old adage, "Many hands make light work" is as true today as when it was first coined. Despite the record number of guests who slept overnight (and who could blame them on one of the coldest nights of the year so far) we had everything put away and the whole place cleaned up by 8:30 a.m! The time just flew by!

Afterwards, the team went off for a bit of breakfast themselves, to Cora's (in the revamped Waterloo Town Square in the location where Lucy's was) where we assuaged our hunger and slaked our thirst. A great time was had by all, and everyone agreed that we should try to do this again before this winter is out. We had quite a lot of interest for this week, and actually had to turn people away. So watch for the next sign up sheet, as the spots will be going fast! ▶

LIBRARY LIMELIGHT

By Maureen

Here are two books that might pique your interest. Please take a moment to look in the library. Enjoy!

WHERE, OH WHERE, IS FERGIE? by Nancy Cocks

Did you wonder what had happened to Fergie the Frog? Imagine how Jesus' friends felt the day after he died. Imagine how they felt on Easter day when they learned that Jesus was alive and that he had risen from the dead. Enjoy!

JESUS, LIFE COACH by Laurie Beth Jones

The secret to success can be found in the man who changed the world like no other. She uses scriptures and thought provoking questions to guide you. Practical instructions will help you get your life in high gear- at home as well as at work.



LEAVING NORMAL

By Jill

Rev. Mary was away on Sunday, August 30 and the Worship Leader that day was Jill. Westwords is pleased to publish the sermon she presented that day.

In the gospel reading for this week Jesus shows up in his hometown synagogue. The irony of choosing this reading as I stand before my own congregation this morning has not been lost on me. However, I doubt you will run me out of here since I lack the courage to preach a sermon that would really make you uncomfortable, let alone actively hostile.

As the writer of the gospel of Mark tells it, Jesus returns to his hometown having done many miraculous healings and attracted a following. He has preached in many synagogues and struggled to find the time and the peace to nurture his own relationship with God, which is clearly very precious to him. He has appointed the twelve apostles, but even they are having a hard time understanding what their ministry is about.

Here are some of the conclusions Marcus Borg has drawn from his studies of the historical Jesus. Just imagine if someone you had known as a child was standing before you today, carrying on their life like this.

Jesus was Jewish mystic. He had visions, fasted, spent long hours in prayer, spoke of God in intimate terms and taught that God was accessible to everyone.

Jesus was a healer. This was understood by him and his contemporaries as exorcism.

Jesus was a teacher, a social prophet and movement initiator. He preached the Kingdom of God to people who understood that their Kings were Herod and Caesar. He ate with the marginalized and outcasts, ignoring dietary laws and social convention. Each time he did this, it was religiously and politically controversial. More and more as he journeyed towards Jerusalem, the centre of religious and political power in his world, this radical inclusiveness, the message that God's love and care was available to everyone, became more noticed and more dangerous.

Small wonder then, that his neighbours had some questions. "Where did this man get all this? What is this wisdom that has been given to him? What deeds of power are being done by his hands! Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, and are not his brothers and sisters here with us?"

Soon all this talk, as it will, had been whipped up into the taking of offense. "Who does he think he is?"

For the people of his hometown, Jesus had Left Normal far, far behind.

Leaving Normal is the subject of the Summer 2009 Geez magazine and they introduce it in this way.

NORMALCY brings a degree of routine, comfort and security. That's not all bad. Society needs a measure of order.

But normal can also dud out. It can privilege the majority At the expense of the minority. It can demand excessive conformity.

It can lean toward the lowest, most boring, most self-serving denominator.

Every once in a while it's necessary to leave normal behind, to risk the scorn, opposition and gut-tightening awkwardness that comes when norms are transgressed,

Every once in a while it's necessary to walk right to the edge of normal and take a big, AWKWARD step, maybe even a leap ...

The issue of Geez includes some of the entries in their second annual sermon contest, in which they asked for "Daringly Awkward" sermons. Whatever Jesus said to the folks in his hometown that Saturday morning would certainly be a winner, had he submitted it.

Jesus' saying about a prophet being without honour in his hometown has slammed the folks in that synagogue for centuries – but can't we hear their concern about whether he is equipped to do what he seems intent on doing, that he is surely going to come into conflict with some powerful people, even that he should have more respect for them since they are his elders, people who have watched over him, taught him and gotten him this far.

Jesus has to take seriously, and profoundly trust, the assurance from the Psalms, like the two we read and sang this morning, that God is with him. It surely is a turning point in Jesus' ministry. It is a time for assessing who is with him. Even though the disciples

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LEAVING NORMAL *continued from previous page*

throughout Mark's telling of the gospel, never really understand the ministry, Jesus sends them out anyway, together for support, with instructions about how to proceed.

Here's how The Message Bible puts those instructions:

Don't think you need lots of extra equipment for this. You are the equipment. No special appeals for funds. Keep it simple. And no luxury inns. Get a modest place and be content there until you leave. If you're not welcomed, not listened to, quietly withdraw. Don't make a scene. Shrug your shoulders and be on your way.

More than translating this into modern words, we are left to wonder about this time in Jesus' ministry, and what it means for us today. We still need instruction in how to seek justice and resist evil as we make our way in the world. We, as in the United Church of Canada deciding where to use millions of dollars of Mission and Service funds, or as individuals trying to use our resources of time and talent in ways that make a difference. As we daily sift our way through buy local, boycott something else, support fair labour practices, reduce our carbon footprint, ... I could go on...we are called to awareness of whether our normal is serving justice. Sometimes our awareness of the world calls us to take a stand, or refuse to comply. It's not an exact science, indeed it has a great deal to do with following your heart. I recently heard it described by a staff member of the United Church as going out into your neighbourhood and observing what God's already doing there and offering to help. It's a good metaphor. Just change happens in partnership – otherwise it might be a vanity project or an attempt to impose what is normal for us onto other people. You want to be welcomed and listened to by your partners and you also need to be prepared to do lots of listening.

Another metaphor may be the one offered by the edge between NORMAL and AWKWARD. What in the normal world around you feels worth making that step, or even a leap, into that risky place where you offer something of value, helping to make justice NORMAL? Even if it doesn't seem like much, even if it seems like the need is too great, even if it feels like something you should have done ten years or ten minutes ago. There comes a time when the fear of awkwardness will be overcome by the conviction that normal is unjust. With the example of Jesus going before us and Christ among and within us, we take that heartfelt leap with loving support.

Here's another metaphor for doing justice called:

The seven of pentacles – by Marge Piercy

Under a sky the color of pea soup
she is looking at her work growing away there
actively, thickly like grapevines or pole beans
As things grow in the real world, slowly enough.
If you tend them properly, if you mulch, if you water,
if you provide birds that eat insects a home and winter food,
if the sun shines and you pick off caterpillars, if the praying mantis
comes and the ladybugs and the bees,
then the plants flourish, but at their own internal clock.

Connections are made slowly, sometimes they grow underground.
You cannot tell always by looking what is happening.
More than half a tree is spread out in the soil under your feet.
Penetrate quietly as the earthworm that blows no trumpet.
Fight persistently as the creeper that brings down the tree.
Spread like the squash plant that overruns the garden.
Gnaw in the dark and use the sun to make sugar.
Weave real connections, create real nodes, build real houses.
Live a life you can endure, make love that is loving.
Keep tangling and interweaving and taking more in,
a thicket and bramble wilderness to the outside but to us
interconnected with rabbit runs and burrows and lairs.

Live as if you like yourself, and it may happen:
reach out, keep on reaching out, keep bringing in.
This is how we are going to live for a long time: not always,
for every gardener knows that after the digging, after the planting,
After the long season of tending and growth, the harvest comes.

Cries of the Spirit, p 171

Amen. 

*Puzzle question: I cannot be felt, seen or touched; Yet I can be found in everybody;
My existence is always in debate; Yet I have my own style of music. What Am I?*

Answer: I am a Soul

THE **WANTED** LIST

HAITI APPEAL

The United Church of Canada announced on January 13th that it is launching an emergency appeal asking its congregations for donations designated for earthquake relief and reconstruction in Haiti. The United Church's Haiti Appeal will enable global partners in the region to address both the need for immediate relief and for long-term reconstruction following the devastating earthquake that struck Haiti on Tuesday, January 12, 2010. Online donations can be made at www.united-church.ca. Choose "Emergency Response" and specify "Haiti Appeal."

MEN'S CLOTHING NEEDED

Every week the Working Centre holds a Drop-in at Emmanuel United Church on Bridgeport Street. The congregation at Emmanuel are collecting needed items for these visitors. At the moment, they are in need of men's clothing, especially for winter. Socks and hoodies are popular. If you would like to contribute, we have a colourful drop-off box in the hall marked Working Centre Donations.

WESTWORDS DISTRIBUTION

This issue is distributed electronically in colour as soon as it is available to those who have requested an electronic copy. All others will continue to receive a printed copy in their nametag boxes with some additional paper copies available for visitors and those who would like an extra copy. If you would prefer to receive your copy electronically in future, please contact gmelnik@gto.net, leave a note in the Secretary's folder on the nametag files or contact Pamela in the church office.

DATES TO **REMEMBER**

DATE	DAY	TIME	EVENT
February 28	Sunday	9:30 a.m.	Prayer Shawl Ministry in the Sanctuary before the service
March 1	Monday	7:00 p.m.	Church in the City at the Symposium Café, Waterloo
March 26	Friday	TBA	Jesus: The Misunderstood Jew with Amy-Jill Levine-see Bulletin Board for details
March 27	Saturday	7:00 a.m.	Westminster at the Elmira Maple Syrup Festival
March 28	Sunday	10:30 a.m.	Palm Sunday service
April 4	Sunday	10:30 a.m.	Easter Sunday service

"I've seen and met angels wearing the disguise of ordinary people living ordinary lives." – TRACY CHAPMAN

The final submission date for the next issue is Sunday, April 4. Please have any articles, announcements and news items in the folder on top of the nametag drawer before then. Alternatively, e-mail them to gmelnik@gto.net. Scheduled publication date for the next edition is April 18.



westwords

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