

# **GRACEVIEWS**

**May/June 2023**

**Our mission is to worship God, to spread His word, and to serve communities near and far.**



**Graceview Presbyterian Church  
588 Renforth Drive, Etobicoke ON M9C 2N5**

Beginning on April 12, an eight-week bible study based on the series *The Chosen* is being held at Graceview. The first session saw a capacity crowd. Rev. Tim and a few of his congregants from St Giles joined about twelve Graceview-ites in the Adamson Lounge, to watch and discuss Episode 1. The facilitator was Susan Chopp. There were a few kinks that night, not the least of which was that subtitles were not shown and the English dialog in many places was hard to understand. Some of the action was hard to follow. Based on feedback, the next episode was shown on the big screen in the sanctuary, with the subtitles showing. The subtitles helped a lot with the dialog, but the many indoor/night scenes were very dark and it was difficult to follow the action. We are still working on the best way to watch the episodes.

I think everyone should see *The Chosen*. I know the Bible fairly well, and this show truly changed the way I view these biblical characters. They became real people to me, with their own personalities, lives, loves, sins, struggles and disappointments. Most of this, gleaned from the imaginations of the show's creators, is not part of the gospel accounts, but some of it can be assumed or easily imagined from what we know about the historical time and from what little the Bible does include. For example, we know that Simon Peter was married, because his mother-in-law's illness is mentioned in the fourth chapter of Luke. In *The Chosen*, Peter's wife is given a name and a personality and a relationship with Peter that is warm and loving even though she is sometimes exasperated by his impetuous nature. Jesus' mother Mary is a warm presence in his life, and the show includes a scene where she talks about his birth to her friends. But the Bible tells us very little about the personal lives of His apostles and other followers.

The lifestyle Jesus and his followers must have led as they travelled from village to village talking to people and

gathering crowds along the way, also became real. We tend not to think about things like that when we read the gospel accounts of a benevolent Jesus sitting on a mountain telling stories to an attentive and adoring crowd. Where did he sleep at night, what did he eat, how did he support himself, what did he and his friends do for entertainment? We really don't know much about the historical Jesus, but the creators of this series have chosen to depict Jesus and his friends as basically camping out, living in makeshift tents, cooking over open fires as they travel from place to place. His earthly father Joseph was said to be a carpenter, and Mark 6:3 supports the notion that Jesus, too, had carpentry skills, with which he could have earned his living as shown in *The Chosen*. The series shows the widespread use of candles, which I wondered about, but yes, candles were in use at that time, wicked candles made of beef tallow having been developed by the Romans in about 500 BCE.

In this series, the humanity of Jesus is front and centre – his hanging out with a group of children, his behaviour when he arrives at Mary of Magdala's house for Shabbat dinner, his interactions with his mother at a wedding feast... To me, all of this makes sense, given what little the bible tells us about the daily lives of Jesus and his followers.

It's not too late to join us for the remainder of the Bible Study, at 7:00 PM Wednesday evenings. For the most part, each episode of *The Chosen* stands by itself, although there is a thread of character-development that runs through from episode to episode.

The remaining sessions and their facilitators are:

May 3-	The Rock on which it is Built	Lynne Bishop
May 10-	The Wedding Gift	Kathy Twynam
May 17-	Indescribable Compassion	Tim Bruneau
May 24-	Invitations	Susan Chopp
May 31-	I am He	Lynne Bishop

## Outreach



**Hot Cross Bun Breakfast:** Our traditional Good Friday breakfast was held again this year, for the second time since pandemic restrictions started to ease. Last year, about 20 people were present, tables were set well apart from each other, and

many of us wore masks except when actually eating. This year the feeling was one of normalcy, the church hall was full, and the pandemic seemed to be a thing of the past.



### **Loonies for Lent:**

Outreach would like to thank everyone who contributed to this year's Loonies for Lent program. As a result of your

tremendous generosity, we raised over \$1500 which will enable the St James Food Basket to purchase a very large quantity of sardines for their client families. Recent news reports indicate that Toronto food banks are at a breaking point and that the number of clients has quadrupled. We certainly appreciate the support of our congregation in our efforts to provide more funds for our local food bank.

Together we can make a difference in the lives of those trying to put food on their tables.

## Soup By Dave



On Tuesday, April 18, about 40 people were treated to an entertaining and engaging demonstration by our own chef Dave Taylor, who showed us how to make lentil soup. We all then enjoyed a lunch of the delicious soup, rolls, and a variety of dessert cakes contributed by Dave and Jackie's daughter Ashley. A free will donation from participants was gratefully accepted, and a raffle of donated items was held. Net proceeds of \$675 were donated to

the St. James Food Basket. The work of the Food Basket impacts hundreds of lives directly and immediately, every week, and is made possible, in part, by your generosity. Thank you, people of Graceview!



# Grandparents – Heroes of a Happy Childhood

Kathy Twynam

The year was 1958, the summer I turned twelve. My Aunt Betty was getting married that year in Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, her hometown. She had been staying in Toronto with my family and was looking forward to “going home” to Glace Bay for her wedding. Her fiancé, my Uncle Bill, an Irishman born in Belfast, would be joining her there a few days before the wedding.

The original plan was for my mother, her sister, to accompany her and be part of the wedding party, but this was one of those times when “man plans, God laughs.” My Mom happened to be eight months pregnant that summer with my youngest sister and was not able to travel. So, the decision was made to send me, as the oldest grandchild, to the wedding to represent my family. I have vague memories of the discussions taking place in my parents’ living room as they and my aunt were making this decision. In those days, children under twelve could fly for half price if accompanied by an adult, so of course the idea was to make the decision quickly and purchase my airline ticket before my twelfth birthday in mid-July. I remember that Betty and I flew to Cape Breton together on an Air Canada Viscount propeller plane, a trip which took six hours. Today that flight takes about two hours.

That decision and the subsequent month I spent with my grandparents in Glace Bay, was destined to be a turning point in my life...

I have been thinking a lot about grandparents, especially grandmothers, lately. Many of my friends and siblings are happy and proud grandparents who are more than just occasional visitors to their grandchildren. Indeed, almost all are active participants in the care and raising of those lucky

children. My brother Pat, father of two sons and a daughter, had thought he would never be a grandfather until a few weeks ago when his forty-year-old daughter, Laura, gave birth to a healthy baby girl. Needless to say, he was beyond thrilled, and photos immediately began circulating around the family. Sociologists have long known that the bond between grandparent and grandchild is sacred, like no other on earth. They know that alternate generations often feel akin to one another in ways that subsequent generations do not. Sam Levenson once said that “The reason grandchildren and grandparents get along so well is that they have a common enemy.” There may be some truth to this. As a grandparent, you get to say “yes” way more often than you are forced to say “no”, and you are not responsible for any tantrums that may follow. If there is a tantrum, it may even come from your very own baby, the son or daughter who is the parent of that child.

I remember a few years ago, reading a lengthy newspaper article about the frequent and prolonged involvement of modern grandparents with their grandchildren. Many seniors are providing free childcare, in some cases full time, Monday to Friday, in order to relieve their children of the very hefty childcare fees in a city like Toronto where so much of living is unaffordable to so many people. The point of the article, perhaps written by a disgruntled parent who did not have the benefit of such help, was that this is not doing the young parents any favours. What it is doing, according to the grumpy author, is giving the parents a distorted view of the cost of living, enabling them to subscribe to a lifestyle beyond their means as they acquire a big house, two cars, and many luxury items years before their parents were able to afford such things. Perhaps there may be a certain amount of truth to this, but I believe that a close, loving, frequent and prolonged relationship between a grandparent and a grandchild provides such untold benefits to all three generations that a little distortion of the financial picture and

a few unearned luxuries can be accepted as more than a fair trade-off.

I have not been blessed with grandchildren, and the prospect doesn't look promising. I have been okay with this, for the most part, except for the occasional twinge... As I told my sons years ago when one of them asked how I felt about not having grandchildren, I do not believe it is the duty of children to provide their parents with grandchildren. We are close to our boys, we love our daughters-in-law, they all seem to enjoy spending time with us and with each other, and we are very blessed and happy that they live nearby and we see them often.

I may not have grandchildren, but I did have a grandmother whom I loved very much. I never knew my father's mother, who died when he was sixteen, but my relationship with my mother's mother as I was growing up greatly enhanced my life. Although she lived 1200 miles away in Nova Scotia, she was very much in the lives of her Ontario family. She and my grandfather came to visit us often, sometimes in September to care for us when my parents would be away for a week attending my father's work conference in another city. Our family holiday every year was to Glace Bay, to stay with them and visit our large extended family.

Which brings me back to the month I spent with them in August 1958 while attending my aunt's wedding. Before that year, I knew my grandparents from my position as "one of the kids", my brothers and sisters with whom I had to share them. That I was the oldest grandchild on both sides of the family, doted on by many adoring aunts and uncles as a baby, didn't give me any special privileges later when siblings and cousins came along. Spending that time alone with my Nanny and Papa and my uncle Guy, who was nineteen at the time and still living at home, was the greatest gift my parents could have given me. It had a huge impact on my life. It solidified my bond with my grandparents, where



I was the centre of attention. How wonderful it was to spend time in my grandmother's warm, old fashioned kitchen helping her make donuts, frying them in oil in a pot on the old coal stove – no fancy deep-fat fryers for her. My job was to sugar them as she dipped them out of the hot fat onto a clean tea-towel. My grandfather worked in the office at the colliery and often came home for lunch, which was the main meal of the day. My grandmother and I would walk into town in the mornings, to purchase meat and vegetables for the meal. My close friend lived across town, and I was able to walk to her house alone during the day, a distance of about a mile. When it was time to come “home”, my grandfather would walk to meet me halfway. Often, we would stop at Dave's variety store, where Papa would buy me a cream soda from the large red cooler filled with ice that stood in the corner. The store also sold what they used to call “all-day suckers”, and my grandparents had no qualms about sugar rotting my teeth. I was trotted around to visit all the many relatives and spent a few days with my father's sister, my aunt Elizabeth. This, I later learned, caused some friction between her and my grandmother, as both laid claim to me and felt entitled to equal time. I, of course, twelve years old and not accustomed to so much adult attention, loved every minute of it.

My grandmother, Sarah Catherine Harris, (née MacNeil), known as Katie, was born in 1896 in Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. She died in 1990 at the age of 94, and I miss her to this day. Before her marriage, she was a teacher. After my grandfather died in 1968, she started to come to Ontario for a couple of months a year to stay with my family. She was well-read and opinionated, well versed in the politics of the day, and loved Pierre Elliot Trudeau. (Wouldn't she be delighted to see Justin grow up to run the country today!) She didn't mind putting her oar in when it came to the management of children, which must have driven my mother crazy. When it was time for my Dad to take her to the airport to go home, as a teenager I would go into the bathroom,

shut the door, and have a good cry, knowing how much I would miss her. (I'm sure my parents didn't feel quite so devastated at her departure.) She was one of nine children, seven girls and two boys. Both her brothers died young, one in the flu epidemic of 1919 and the other in a tragic house fire, and I never knew them. But I did know all my great-aunts, and what a formidable bunch of women they were! Every one of them lived well into her nineties, every one of them ate whatever she pleased from a diet that was high in fat and sugar and included absolutely no salads, and not a single one ever saw the inside of a gym. None of them died of cancer or heart disease as far as I know. They were certainly a staunch and sturdy breed.

My relationship with my grandmother was a special bond that I cherished during her lifetime, and continue to cherish to this day. Although she didn't live right around the corner and I didn't see her every day, she was very much a presence in my life. She gave me unconditional love in abundance, I knew it, and grew up much the better for it.

All you wonderful grandparents out there whose grandchildren live close by and are often in your arms and always in your hearts, never doubt for a minute the magnitude of the gift you are giving them – or the gift they are giving you back. You are making the world “a little softer, a little kinder, a little warmer” for your grandchildren as they grow, and when you are gone they will cherish your memory for the rest of their lives.

### **A Grandparents' Prayer**

Dear Lord, thank you for blessing my child with children that I love unconditionally. I pray that you watch over, protect and guide them through a long and healthy life. Give my grandchildren the courage to follow their dreams and stand up for their beliefs. When the time comes that I leave this earth, please bless them with the certainty that my love for them is forever and always. Amen.

## Easter Sunday - April 9, 2023



Our old friend Rev. Jan Hieminga was kind and generous enough to lead worship and celebrate Easter with us. We are always delighted to see him. More than 50 people were present, which these days, post-pandemic, is a great turnout.

Our traditional Flower Cross was featured. Thank you, Lynne Bishop, for organizing this again, preparing the cross, and providing flowers for all those forgetful people who didn't bring one, which I think was most of us. Thanks also to those who helped supervise and assist as people came into the church, and to Chris Addison who manfully and reverently carried the very heavy completed cross to the place of honour in front of the altar.



## Mission Team - More opportunities to serve our community

**The Canadian Ukrainian Parachute** needs donations again of the following items:

**Housewares:** gently used pots and pans, cutlery, bowls, plates, cups and small (juice) glasses.

**Linens:** Bath and kitchen towels, sheet sets and new pillows.

**Small Appliances:** kettles, coffeemakers, toasters, blenders, etc.

Donated items may be brought to the church, or dropped off directly at the Canadian Ukrainian Parachute on North Queen.

### Sunday, April 30 - Mission Awareness Sunday

Today's beautiful service was led by Graceview's Mission Committee. Elder Margaret Munene spoke about her native Kenya, and introduced us to a project to support a young Kenyan woman, Jerina, as she continues her studies at Outspan University in Kenya.



## Graceview Sing-a-long

On Friday, March 24, Graceview held its (first annual?) sing-a-long - a fun



night of singing popular, familiar songs, followed by goodies and fellowship in the Adamson lounge. Thanks to Nancy Green for proposing it, to our Music

Director, Kento Stratford, for leading it, and to our guests, the Queensmen male chorus who bolstered the ranks and entertained us so ably.

### Mini Concert Series at Graceview

**7:00 PM Friday, May 5**

Kento Stratford – piano

Jenn Wilson– Soprano

*“Music for voice by Dowland, Ferrabosco, Satie, and Handel.*

*Music is all about providing a space for meditation and reflection.*

*We’re calling the recital “Time Stands Still”.”*

**7:00 PM Friday, May 19**

Kento Stratford - piano

Jun Kang – double bass

***Bach Cello suite no 1,***

***Glière Four Pieces for Double Bass and Piano,***

***Bruch’s Kol Nidrei.***

**7:00 PM Friday, June 2 – TBA**

Come out and enjoy a short concert (30 - 45 minutes), with refreshments and a social time afterwards. A free will offering will be gratefully accepted. Thank you, Kento, for organizing this.

*Bob continues to be busy in his workshop. I thought it might interest some of you to see some of his latest creations. Here, in Bob's words, is a description of how they were made.*

## **More Bowls by Bob**

Bob Twynam

I made this bowl last December. It is one of six similar bowls - 5 of them I gave away, this one I kept. It is made of mahogany, maple, walnut, and bloodwood. It contains 135 pieces of wood.



The next two were made together sometime last May. I gave one away and kept the other. Both are made of maple and walnut and both contain 146 pieces of wood. It is a simple running bond design but surprisingly difficult to make. The thin

horizontal maple rings separating the layers of dark wood (the walnut) are just 1/8" thick and are composed of 16 pieces each. It is quite difficult to assemble and flatten such thin rings.



The next one is made of just one piece of wood. It is English Walnut, and comes from part of a tree trunk. It was given to me by Dave Taylor. When I got it, it was "once turned". That means it was roughly shaped on the lathe while the wood

was still wet. The rough shaped bowl is quite thick - about 1" thick. It was then painted over with a plastic sealant and put

on a shelf to dry. Dave turned this piece sometime in 2018.

During the drying time it warped out of shape and needed turning again to bring it to final shape. I did the final turning and this is the result. It is called a "twice turned bowl."



The design below I saw on a website somewhere and thought quite a while about how to make it. My version is made of walnut, maple, cherry, and white oak. It contains 214 pieces of wood and is by far the most complicated bowl I have made. I started this bowl in late October and finished it in December. I gave it to the guy who supplies me with wood. I also made another one of similar design but using different woods. I gave that one away, too.

Now for all you people who loved Grade 11 Geometry, this is how I made it:



Looking at the design from inside to outside, you see that the innermost part is made of 3 equilateral parallelograms, one each of maple, walnut, and cherry, with acute angles of  $60^\circ$ .

That makes the obtuse angles  $120^\circ$  and those three

$120^\circ$  angles fit together at the very centre to make a full  $360^\circ$  and the resulting hexagon.

Moving out one level, there are 6 “three sides equal” trapezoids with interior angles of  $60^\circ$  and  $120^\circ$ , two each of maple, walnut, and cherry, surrounding the innermost hexagon. The wood is arranged so that the two pieces of walnut are together and opposite the inner piece of walnut. Similarly, the two pieces of cherry are together and opposite the innermost piece of cherry. Likewise for the maple. The object is still a hexagon, and it is then surrounded by 6 pieces of walnut, each  $1/8$ ” thick. All of that is surrounded by 6 pieces of white oak - 4 right trapezoids and 2 rectangles.

There are 10 such objects (they are now cubes) in the centre ring, each one separated by an isosceles triangular walnut wedge with base angles of  $72^\circ$ . The rest is fairly easy, just a top and bottom ring of walnut, and a base.

The next two are experiments or “learning bowls”. They are not perfect as you can see upon close inspection. They are both “bowls from a board”. It’s hard to explain. I will try.



I took a bunch of pieces of wood of different species and glued them together. After cleaning up the glue and trimming to size I wound up with a 12” x 12” square, 1” thick - much like a cutting board. Then I cut the corners off, mounted it on the lathe and

made it round. The result was a laminated circle with a 12” diameter and 1” thick. Then, measuring from the centre, I drew with a pencil concentric circles of radius 6” (that one was right on the outer edge of the circular laminated disk). 5” and 4”. Then at each of these marks I made a plunge cut at





45° to the face using a parting tool. These cuts went right through the disk to make three annular (donut shaped) rings with sides at 45° to the face. Then I stacked these rings one on top of the other, added a solid base and a segmented top, glued it all together to make a form that I turned into a bowl. I made a few mistakes in these last two but I hope when I make the next one I will correct these errors.

These are the things that keep me busy and out of trouble.

### **Brighteners from Cam**

Not long ago, Sandy Taylor gave me a little notebook filled with words of wisdom garnered by Rev. Cam over many years. Many of these priceless gems were written out in his own neat, precise handwriting, others were typed out and pasted in, still others were clipped from newspapers or magazine articles and pasted in. He called it **Brighteners**, and what a treasure it is. Sandy has given me permission to share some of these with you. Here is one I liked from near the beginning of the book. It is dated August 21, 1984, and attributed to Fred Miller. How many of us are guilty of trying so hard to be “nice” that we forget to be real?

*We have made niceness a virtue. But in fact, niceness can be a very destructive game. Niceness means hiding our real selves. We use it to make people think well of us. It creates a good image. It requires very little emotional involvement. When we're nice, people can't touch us. No wonder Jesus said, "Alas for you when all men speak well of you..." (Luke 6:26) Look at Jesus' life. No attempt to be a nice guy. An authentic person who relates honestly and directly to the people he meets. Being nice is destructive. Being open and honest in a caring kind of way touches others with life, and enables us to grow as persons. Be angry sometimes, say "no" sometimes, stand up for your rights sometimes. Be real instead of nice.*



## How is the search going?

We have had a total of 17 applicants to become our new Minister at Graceview. Through a process of reviewing the candidate profiles, listening to them conduct services online, and visiting them as they conduct services in other churches, we have narrowed that down to three candidates of greatest interest. We will be proceeding to interview those three candidates, and those interviews are scheduled to be completed by early May. If we are able to identify through that process a candidate we wish to recommend and that is approved by the full session then that preferred candidate should be available to Preach for the Call by the end of May. If we do not identify a recommended candidate then the process will continue.

Our objective is still to have an ideal candidate in place by mid-year.

***Help wanted - Your church family needs you!  
...to sign up for coffee duty for May and June, so that  
we can continue to have our fellowship time after  
church on Sundays. The list is posted on the door in the  
Adamson Lounge.***

*This is what to do:*

- *Provide a carton of 3% milk and some goodies (store-bought cookies are fine)*
- *Set the table*
- *Pour the tea and coffee (Earl sets it up for you)*
- *Clean up.           **It's easy! You can do it!***

*I got this recipe from my friend Irene, and now I never cook carrots any other way.*

### **Vichy Carrots**

**Prep** 10 min · **Cook** about 20 min · **Serves** 6

#### **Ingredients**

- 2 lb(s) carrots
- 4 Tbsp butter (You can cut this down a bit - I do.)
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 cup water
- pinch of salt
- chopped fresh parsley or a sprinkle of dried parsley

#### **Directions**

Peel carrots and cut them into sticks or coins.

Put them in a sauté pan with the butter, salt, sugar and 1 cup water. Simmer, tossing occasionally, until the carrots are tender and the liquid has reduced to a glaze. Scatter the parsley over cooked carrots and serve.

*Like Mackintosh toffee? The kind that you have to bang on something to crack, that is hard to find these days? Search no more. Here's how to make it:*

### **Mackintosh Toffee**

1/4 cup butter

1 can Eagle Brand condensed milk

1/4 cup corn syrup

1 1/4 cups brown sugar

- Grease an 8 x 8 inch cake pan.
- In a large heavy saucepan sprayed with cooking spray, soften the butter.
- Stir in remaining ingredients and stirring constantly, bring to a boil over medium heat. Candy thermometer should reach 260 ° or hard ball stage.
- Stir constantly so it doesn't stick. Pour quickly into pan and cool.

Dear Graceview Family,

I hope you have enjoyed the May/June issue of Graceviews.

If there is enough material, there will be a summer issue early in July. If not, the next issue will be available early in September.

Susan's weekly newsletters are doing a marvellous job of keeping us up to date, but please don't hesitate to submit to Graceviews anything that you would like included in the next issue. God bless us, every one!

### Church Directory

	Church Office	416-621-0888
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