

# GRACEVIEWS

**July/August 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**

How many Presbyterians does it take to solve the problems of the church, and the world?

At the 2023 General Assembly, it took 203 people – 99 ministers, 91 elders, 11 young adult representatives (called YARS), and 2 students of theological colleges. That's how many people gathered in the large hall at St. Mary's University, Halifax, for almost four days in early June. I was proud and privileged to be one of them.

It was the first in-person Assembly since pre-pandemic days. Anyone who is interested in reading about the interminable committee reports, recommendations, motions, discussions, deliberations, and decisions made, can access all that on the PCC website. I will touch on those things only tangentially, lest I bore you to death, but some of you might be interested in how it was organized, how I came to be there, and how I felt about it all. Since the PCC was covering all my expenses and I had a duty to report to West Toronto presbytery on my return, I feel I also have a responsibility to tell you about it, to let you know what it looked like and what it felt like to be there for four days, surrounded by so many good people all trying to do the right thing and make the right decisions as we lead our denomination into the future.

The annual General Assembly is a very big deal in the PCC. This is where church policy, church doctrine, and church involvement in world affairs is set and many other things are discussed, items which are crucial to our continued survival as a church in a world that doesn't look like it did even fifty years ago. My involvement began with me hearing that it was being held in Halifax this year, and joking to Bob that I should go, since I couldn't resist a trip to Nova Scotia. One thing led to another, and next thing I know, our friend J-P Smit, Clerk of West Toronto Presbytery, was on the phone urging me to go and saying that he wanted to submit my

name. Soon after that, I received a registration form by email, and the rest, as they say, is history. Many more emails from the assembly organizers were to follow.

Susan Chopp, who had attended as a West Toronto commissioner a few years back, had advised me that I would need to print the reams of material that kept coming by email over the next few weeks. This turned out not to be necessary, as a new website (PC-Biz) had been created which contained all the important information and was very easy to use. The organizers were thoughtful enough to provide a training session by Zoom, a week or so before the Assembly, where they taught us how to navigate our way around it, how to quickly find the committee reports and resources needed to fully participate in the upcoming proceedings.

Just the same, at that point it all seemed totally overwhelming, with so much material to read and digest, and

many times I wondered what on earth I was thinking when I told J-P that I would go. I kept telling myself that it would be a new experience, and one should embrace new experiences – but I wasn't sure my brain was up to such a steep learning curve at my stage of life. I have to say, though, that once I got there, in that thoughtful, respectful, collegial atmosphere I quickly became comfortable, and ended up feeling very glad I was there.



The assembly began on Sunday evening, June 4, with a worship service at St. David's Presbyterian Church, not far from St. Mary's University where we were staying. This was followed immediately by the 1<sup>st</sup> Sederunt (a Latin word that simply means "they sat" – the term used for the assembly sessions.) The order of

service was much like ours, very traditional, and featured an excellent sermon by Rev. Dr. Bob Faris, last year's assembly moderator. It was, however, quite lengthy, as it included communion, which took some time. The business of the 1<sup>st</sup>



Sederunt was basically to organize the assembly and to elect and install the moderator. The election of the first Indigenous moderator, Rev. Mary Fontaine, was a historic moment, celebrated with considerable fanfare and included a sacred smudging ceremony and a drum song. We quickly found Mary to be a warm, compassionate, gracious woman, who took the time to provide some Indigenous education, including teaching us a couple of Cree songs as the assembly progressed.

The participants in the assembly were staying in a university residence, which was a novel experience for me that I did not have as a young person, since I went to York U. and lived at home. They were single rooms, containing a bed and a desk and not much else. Bathrooms were shared among a pod of five people. I had wondered how this would work out, but I needn't have worried – everyone was thoughtful and considerate, and there was never an extended wait for the bathroom or shower. Meals were provided at the university. You were not allowed to bring a backpack, briefcase, or any bag larger than a small purse into the dining room, and there were very strict rules about not taking any food out or in – not even a water bottle, as I found out when I tried to enter carrying a half empty water bottle. So if you didn't like the noise in the dining room and wanted to take your meal to

your room to eat in peace, you were out of luck. They posted a guard at the door to enforce this.

Monday and Wednesday were very full days of assembly business, with sederunts from 9:00 to 12:00 in the morning, 2:00 to 5:00 in the afternoon, and 7:00 to 9:00 in the evening. We sat at round tables in groups of seven, with representatives from different presbyteries across Canada. I heard one minister comment that it was like being at a session or presbytery meeting that went on for days – basically everyone’s nightmare – but it really wasn’t that bad.

As a first-time commissioner I really didn’t expect to be as engaged with the proceedings as I was, figuring that I would



just keep my mouth shut and my ears open, raise my voting card at appropriate times, and otherwise lay low, lest I reveal my ignorance. I

guess I should have known better. My mouth doesn’t stay shut for long. Some parts of it were draggy and generated little discussion, which is normal for that kind of thing, but much of it involved lively discussion and I found it fascinating. Every attempt was made to follow Robert’s Rules of Order, and for the most part they were adhered to. Some of the liveliest discussions centred around the church’s response to the 2021 draconian law in Uganda that reinforced harsh punishments, up to and including the death penalty, for homosexual behaviour. There was also considerable attention paid to the language used in a

confession/apology for past and present transgressions in the area of racism, and the language used in a motion made to provide simultaneous translation for our Korean brothers and sisters in the HanCa presbyteries. Many divergent points of view were expressed thoughtfully and respectfully, which I have been told is not always the case. I found myself very interested in everything people had to say. Once, with what I felt were sound reasons, I voted with the small minority who opposed a motion. I even felt comfortable enough to address the assembly myself, twice, and no one was more shocked than I was to find myself at that microphone.

On the Tuesday there was a free evening, to allow us “to enjoy the city of Halifax.” Dinner was not provided that night, so a bunch of us decided to go out for dinner at The Bicycle



Thief, a popular restaurant on the Halifax boardwalk just over 2 km. away. If the weather had been decent we could have walked it, but it was dull and drizzly – so how to get there? Well, before I left home, I had downloaded the Uber app and learned how to use it, just in case I needed to get somewhere on my own without a car. This turned out to be fortuitous, because I was able to call up an Uber van to take

six of us to the restaurant and back. I felt like quite the woman of the world knowing how to do this.

Besides participating in the nine sederunts, the best and most productive times



occurred at meals, when we could talk to each other about our churches, hear of concerns and get ideas that are quite doable and could be implemented at our own churches. One church holds all its summer services outdoors, weather permitting, with hymns accompanied by guitars and drums; occasionally, community members are moved to join them. Another minister told me about her church's Thrift Shop, which she initiated a few years ago and which has been successful way beyond expectations. It sounds like it is kind of an ongoing garage sale, with a large room devoted to donations of clothing and other items, all spotlessly cleaned and nicely displayed. It is open and staffed for two hours a week, Wednesdays from 1:00 to 3:00, and is well supported by the community. The money it generates, which far surpasses what they had hoped for, is used for church needs and worthy charitable causes. Another church removed a few pews to make a play area for children right in the sanctuary. They purchased a number of colourful interlocking rubber tiles and positioned them such that little children could engage in quiet "godly" play within sight of their parents, who could then participate in the service. In these casual conversations I learned a tremendous amount, which I hope will be of some use to Graceview as time goes on.

I felt so blessed and thankful to be there. Every morning started with a half-hour worship service, which included prayers, a hymn, a scripture reading, and a wonderful homily by a different minister. It was so affirming and unifying,

singing hymns familiar to everyone from across the country. I found it quite moving at times to be with this group of more than 200 people, all devoted to their church, all trying to do the right thing and, as the leaders were so fond of saying, “discern the mind of Christ.”

It was very gratifying and empowering to claim some ownership of the important decisions made, and the democratic way - one commissioner, one vote - in which they were made. But, as was pointed out to me by the wise and knowledgeable Dr. Tori Smit, it is actually theocratic, in that at its core, all of the decision-making is guided by the philosophy, “What would Jesus do?” It exemplifies the idea that our church has one head and that head is Jesus - not a pope, or a bishop, or a king. It was an experience which I will long remember.

What happens when my super-competent, detail-oriented husband Bob has to manage at home on his own for a few days? He sends a cryptic text to his wife in Halifax: “Can’t find the ketchup.”

I had to tell him to look behind the two bottles of salad dressing on the top shelf of the fridge. And there it was!

## **An Exciting New Beginning for Graceview**

Since we said goodbye to Rev. Rebekah in April, 2022, we have been without a minister. During that time, we have welcomed a series of guest preachers to our pulpit, including some of our own elders as they preached one of Minister Emeritus Cam Taylor’s sermons, so kindly provided to us by his wife, Sandy. Our session, and others in our congregation, have stepped up to take over many of the functions that are normally the prerogative of the minister - leading Bible



studies, compiling the worship services, often choosing the hymns, much of the pastoral care, composing and praying the Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession (formerly Prayers of the People) at the end of the service, conducting elder-led services, even preaching!

Regarding the final prayer, we have noted with interest the evolving comfort level of those who have done this. Because the Prayer of Thanksgiving and Intercession had heretofore always been done by the minister, at the beginning people were agreeing to do this somewhat nervously and reluctantly, feeling that it wasn't their prerogative. Early in the process, they were simply looking up the lectionary suggested prayer that is available on the PCC website and reading it. But as time went on, a curious thing happened. More and more, those charged with this prayer were adding their own touches, making it personal to Graceview and to themselves, and many are now writing their own prayer mostly from scratch. Did you know, for example, that Ethel Waite, who has done this prayer several times and is also known to be a super ad-lib pray-er, has always written her Prayer of Thanksgiving and Intercession from scratch? She tells me she was quite nervous the first time she did it, but she has done it several times and every time it has been excellent, thoughtful and reverent. Well done, Ethel.

Meanwhile, the search for our new minister was going on and is now happily at an end. Many of us, guided by our Interim Moderator Rev. Tim, participated in the process - our entire session plus a number of volunteers from the congregation worked hard for the past year, first consulting with us, then compiling a church profile, and then visiting and interviewing prospective candidates. This culminated in a call

to Pastor Eric Lee, who will gain the title “Reverend” after his ordination and induction later this summer.

In the past, some of you have wondered about the process. A common complaint is, “How can we make such an important decision after seeing only one candidate who preaches for the call only once?” This is indeed a valid concern, but it is the “Presbyterian way”, for very good reasons. Very rarely, under special circumstances, there might be an exception made where a congregation will be presented with several candidates on different Sundays and asked to choose among them. However, this is heartily discouraged, and deemed problematic because, just as in politics, it could lead to a minister being called with markedly less than 50% support, which means that the majority did not vote in favour and presumably do not support him or her. Not an overwhelming mandate to lead and shepherd, that’s for sure.

This time around, to try to assuage some of the concern about the process and help our congregation to get to know Eric a bit ahead of time, we have done two things that we have not done before when calling a minister - we provided a biography and a picture, and we held a social gathering giving everyone a chance to meet Eric and Iris in a casual setting before Eric preached for the call. We hope this has helped you to trust the process, to trust the collective wisdom of the session and the search committee that they have chosen the candidate whom they deem to be the best fit for our congregation, and to vote for or against that one person. Every member and adherent in a congregation must be accounted for - in our case, 87 members, 28 adherents. All but three signed the call to Eric, and those three were unable to be reached despite repeated attempts to contact them. The call to Eric was supported by more than 97% - an

overwhelming mandate to guide us and walk with us on our continued faith journey. Now our job is to offer him every support we can, as he takes charge and learns the culture of our church. An Integration Team to help him with this has been formed, consisting of Lynne Bishop, Norma Hendershot, Nancy McPherson, and Kathy Twynam. But we are all involved in the process of welcoming Eric and Iris into our church family. Let us do so prayerfully and with good will, trusting that God has led them to us and will continue to bless us in their ministry.

**Afternoon Open House  
June 17**



Pastor Eric Lee, Preaching for the Call, June 18, 2023



## **Biblical Marriage**

### **What do you say we move in together?**

Kathy Twynam

Friends, is your son or daughter, or perhaps a grandchild, living with their beloved partner without, as they used to say, benefit of clergy? Does this bother you, or like most of us have you just accepted that times have changed and what would have caused much tongue-wagging fifty years ago is becoming the norm today and is hardly worthy of notice?

It is true that many of our young people are foregoing legal marriage in favour of simply cohabiting. Our son John and his partner Winnie have been living together for about ten years, with no wedding bells on the horizon. Clearly they are committed to each other, and while we don't understand the lack of interest in making it "legal", we love them both and consider Winnie our daughter-in-law. We might have had something to say about this arrangement if they were teenagers, but both are in their forties and old enough to live their own lives. How they choose to live them is none of our business.

I had occasion to research biblical weddings when we were involved in the Bible study of The Chosen, back in April and May. I was the facilitator for two of the eight sessions. One of my episodes was called "The Wedding Gift" and was based on the story told in John's gospel about the wedding at Cana and the changing of water into wine. I watched that episode several times and was so intrigued by the depiction of the wedding celebration that I wanted to find out more about weddings in those times.

It might surprise you to learn that in the time of Jesus, marriage was not very different from what so many young people, at least in the western world, are doing today— simply moving in together. The custom was for the bride to move into the groom’s home and the two would live with his parents, and I’ll get back to that later. Although getting married was a big deal and there was likely to be a celebration party lasting several days, for most of human history there was no “marriage ceremony”, no marriage licence, no vows, no priest or rabbi, no “I now pronounce you husband and wife” moment. Marriage in the Bible simply consisted of a man and a woman, most often still teenagers, moving in together and, as one source delicately put it, attempting procreation.

There was a bit more to it than that, however. It involved an agreement between two families that the young people should live together, thereby joining two families for the mutual benefit of both. It was not about love, but more about survival, with husband and wife fulfilling specific gender roles designed to support them and their families of origin and of procreation, on their journey through life. If the young people also happened to love each other, or came to love each other, that was a bonus.

The idea that, to be legal, a marriage had to be recognized by the laws of the state and registered with the state, is a fairly recent development - a product, in fact, of the Reformation. Prior to the Reformation, records of marriages, of who was married to whom, were kept only by the church. The great reformer Martin Luther, however, viewed marriage as a worldly matter, and succeeded in turning marriage record-keeping over to the state. While researching this

article, I ran across a very interesting little essay by one Merry Weisner-Hanks, who went so far as to say that “marriage was at the heart of Martin Luther’s break with Rome, and the Reformation that followed.” Luther deplored the idea of celibacy for clergy and advocated for married life as the ideal Christian way to live. He was free with his advice about family life, dispensing it liberally in sermons, treatises, lectures, advice manuals, and casual conversation. His own marriage to a nun who had fled her convent, after both had taken vows of celibacy, in fact put the sanction on married clergy. So it seems that all our clergy men and women who are enjoying life with a beloved spouse have Martin Luther to thank for it.

But I digress. Most marriages in the time of Jesus were arranged by the parents, although marriage was seldom forced upon young people who had no interest in each other. Once a future bride had been chosen for a young man, there was a period of betrothal usually lasting about a year. The couple continued to live apart, while the parents negotiated with each other about the conditions of the marriage. The betrothal was as binding as marriage itself, and would often involve a marriage contract, called a *ketubah*, signed by the parents and other witnesses to the event. Unlike in some other cultures where the bride came accompanied by a dowry paid to the groom’s family, the ancient Jewish custom was for the groom and his family to pay a “bride-price”, or *mohar*, to the bride’s family, to compensate them for the loss of their daughter. It was understood that at least some of this money would be set aside for the woman, in case of the untimely death of her husband.

During the period of betrothal, the groom would prepare a

room, a bridal chamber, in his father's house to which he would bring his bride. (You may remember hearing about this custom from Rev. Rebekah, who liked to tell this story at funerals, linking it to John 14:2-3, "*My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.*")

When everything was ready and all had been agreed upon, it was time for the wedding to take place, usually in the autumn when the harvest was in. On the chosen evening the groom, accompanied by his friends, would go to the bride's house to fetch her back to his father's house. Often a procession would be formed by the young men and the bride would be carried in a litter, while the people of the village would line the route and sing traditional wedding songs. When the procession reached the groom's house, his parents would bestow a traditional blessing and the evening would proceed with games, music and dancing.

The next day there would be a wedding feast, and the festivities would continue for several days thereafter, often with the whole village taking part. There would be general rejoicing, music, games, dancing and singing, and a giving of presents. During the day the bride, surrounded by her bridesmaids, would sit under a canopy, where she would later be joined by the groom. The couple did not go on a "honeymoon" but stayed and participated in the rest of the celebration. When the merriment wound down, the couple came back to reality and took up residence with his parents as husband and wife.



Rev. Ryan Ahlgrim, Pastor of the 1<sup>st</sup> Mennonite Church in Richmond Virginia, in his commentary on biblical marriage, not only described the customs but also went on to discuss the present-day reality of so many of our young people simply moving in together without legal marriage. Today, he says, there are three kinds of marriage – legal, religious, and social. Social marriage, where the couple live together without a formal wedding, is the most biblical. I'll say that again: Social marriage is the most biblical. Sometimes a formal wedding eventually follows, but not always, and it is a known sociological phenomenon that often when cohabiting couples do get legally married, the relationship breaks down not too long afterwards. My sociology background tells me that this may have something to do with the notion that with formal marriage comes specific societal or traditional roles that were not present when the relationship was less “legal”, but that is a discussion for another time.

Our secular society does recognize social marriage, to a degree, in the concept of “common law”, but what would happen if the church once again recognized social marriage? Possibly such couples would feel less alienated from the church and would benefit from its guidance and support. This does not mean that the church should stop advocating for religious and legal marriages, but that it is doing itself no favours by judging and rejecting people who are spending their lives together without the church's blessing. Jesus would have considered them married; maybe we should, too.

How often do you go to see a play or a concert, and as it approaches the final curtain you find yourself wishing that it would never end? That feeling happens very, very rarely, but on Saturday May 27, it happened to me. We went to the town of Drayton to see *The Buddy Holly Story* at the Drayton Festival Theatre, and what an amazing production it was! The absolute best of several we have seen.

Bob and I see a lot of live theatre. We were Mirvish subscribers for several years and have been Toronto Symphony Pops subscribers for many years, but by far my favourite productions have been those produced by Drayton Entertainment. For those who don't know, Drayton is a registered, not-for-profit charitable organization that is a highly successful summer repertory company. This season's playbill consists of nineteen plays which rotate around seven theatres in Southern Ontario. Each year when their season playbill comes out in early Spring, we choose five or six shows that we want to see, and order tickets for them all. The average price per ticket is less than \$50. We've been doing this for years, and we have never seen a bad one.

*The Buddy Holly Story* was no exception. We have seen that show live in Toronto two or three times and also saw the movie, but I am not exaggerating when I say that Drayton's production topped them all. The music was infectious, the acting sparkling, the talent superb, and the theatre was absolutely rocking for the entire afternoon. Where does such talent come from? Almost entirely from Canada, and as was the case with this show, almost always several of the cast members are graduates of Sheridan College's Music Theatre Program. It is impossible to describe the feeling of pure exhilaration as we sat there amid a forest of grey and bald heads – our age cohort with whom we share memories of a more innocent time. I would venture to say that most in the audience were teenagers on the “day the music died” –

that tragic day of the plane crash in Clear Lake Iowa that claimed the lives of 28-year-old J.P. Richardson “The Big Bopper”, 22-year-old newly married Buddy Holly, and 17-year-old Richie Valens, all blossoming musicians, songwriters, and singers. What would they have accomplished if they had lived? I was 12 in February 1959, and I remember it as if it were yesterday.

There were a few younger people in the audience – our son John and his friend Eric, both mid-forties, were with us. I have heard it said that the music that is popular when you are about fourteen years old becomes your music for life. It was our music, not theirs, but they loved it as it grabbed them and transported them, along with everyone else, to another era. They thought it hilarious that the play opened with a preacher in a pulpit loudly proclaiming the insidious immorality of the “new” music, rock’n’roll, that was going to undermine Christian values and send America’s youth directly to hell. We told them that depiction wasn’t far off; much of the adult population was indeed outraged at the advent of that music which today seems naively sweet and innocent. Remember when Elvis appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show and couldn’t be shown from the waist down because his hip-wiggling was considered too sexual for a family audience? I saw that show in 1956, at the age of ten. How far we have come, and not necessarily for the good, since then.

Anyway, if you want to see a fabulous show, at a very reasonable cost, google Drayton Entertainment to see their entire program for the season and order your tickets soon before they sell out. We like going to the 2:00 PM shows, when we pack a lunch and enjoy a leisurely drive in the country to the chosen theatre (the furthest away is the Huron Country Playhouse in Grand Bend). We try to arrive and park the car by about 1:00, when we eat our sandwiches, see the show, and then go out for dinner. I would many times rather do this than head to downtown Toronto to see a show that

may not be as good and whose tickets will certainly cost three times the price.

And no, Drayton is not paying me to advertise for them; I just want you to know about this great opportunity to see amazing shows without breaking the bank, and marvel at the talent that we are producing right here in Ontario. Whatever you choose to see, you are bound to love it.

### **Playing golf instead of going to church? See what can happen...**

One beautiful Sunday morning, the reverend decided that it was too nice a day to spend in church, and he would go golfing instead. So, he told his associate pastor that he was feeling sick and asked her to conduct the church service. He then headed out to a golf course well outside the city, where he knew he wouldn't accidentally meet anyone from his congregation. As he was setting up at the first tee, St. Peter, looking down from heaven, said to God, "You're not going to let him get away with that, are you?" God sighed and said, "I guess not." Just then, the reverend hit the ball and it shot straight toward the pin, dropped just short of it, rolled up and fell into the hole. It was a 420 yard hole-in-one! St. Peter was astonished. "Why did you do that?", he demanded of God.

God just grinned and said, "Who's he going to tell?"



**Elaine's Craft Club, at lunch at The Apple Tree, June 13**

## ***Did you know?***

**The First Council of Nicea:** Isnik, Turkey, is purported to be the site of ancient Nicea, where the council took place in 325 AD. It is a historically significant event because it was the first effort to obtain consensus at which all of Christendom was represented. Among its achievements were the first uniform Christian doctrine in the form of the Nicene Creed, the condemnation of the Arian view of the nature of Jesus,<sup>1</sup> and agreement as to how the date of Easter was to be determined, in an attempt to separate it from the Jewish Passover. (The first Sunday after the first full moon following the Vernal Equinox was the agreed-upon date for celebration.)



**The Ichthus Symbol:** Why do we sometimes see an outline of a fish on the back of some cars? This is called the ichthus symbol, and here's where it came from. At many of the ancient sites in Turkey

can be found a strange carving in the stone. It looks like a circle divided into eight equal segments. It is called the Maltese Cross, and it was a signal to Christians that other Christians lived there and that they could find shelter and safety. It is prominent at Ephesus, for example. In it are hidden the letters of the Greek word Ichthus, meaning "fish" – Iota, Chi, Theta, Upsilon, and Sigma. The English translation is **I X O Y E**. The five Greek letters stand for the words meaning Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. The Greek rendering is **iesous Christos, Theou Uios, Soter**.

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<sup>1</sup> Arian theology holds that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, who was begotten by God the Father, with the difference that the Son of God did not always exist but was begotten/made before "time" by God the Father; therefore, Jesus was not coeternal with God the Father

**From Rev. Cam's Book of Brighteners (not written by Cam but transcribed in his handwriting, ascribed to its original author, and cherished by him.)**

**On age...**

I think God has planned the strength and beauty of youth to be physical. But the strength and beauty of age is spiritual. We gradually lose the strength and beauty that is temporary so we'll be sure to concentrate on the strength and beauty which is forever.

**On sermons...**

The nature of the sermon is often misunderstood by both congregations and preachers. They think that its function is to instruct, to inform, and so they turn it into a lecture, or a lesson, or an essay. It is none of these things. It may instruct, and it may be read, but its function is to move the congregation: not only to instruct the mind but to move the heart, quicken the conscience, and nerve the will. Sermons are, or ought to be, events. They are not words on paper, truth separated from the experience of hearing it. Preaching is not the candle or the wick, it is the burning. A sermon should move the one who preaches it and those who hear it.

**On Holy Communion...**

One becomes increasingly annoyed by the elaborate liturgical trappings in which the Sacrament of Holy Communion is bound. It is generally agreed that the purpose of a sacrament is to act out what cannot be said. The Sacrament of Holy Communion is a sign and symbol of a reality too deep for words. And yet, and this is the paradox, we take hundreds of words to explain the unexplainable. Behind our liturgical complexity there lurks a need for quiet and reflection. Would Jesus recognize His final meal under the ecclesiastical engineering that (is often) brought to the sharing of the bread and the cup?

*This recipe has made a hit at some of our social gatherings in recent months.*

## **Raspberry Coconut Squares**

### **Ingredients**

1 cup flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
½ cup butter  
1 egg  
1 Tbsp. milk  
½ cup raspberry jam

### **Topping**

4 Tbsp. butter  
1 egg  
1 cup sugar  
4 oz. coconut  
1 Tsp. vanilla

### **Method**

Spray an 8" square pan.  
Cut butter into flour and baking powder.  
Beat egg slightly and stir into flour alternately with milk.  
Spread dough over bottom of pan.  
Cover with jam.

**Topping:** Melt butter. Beat egg. Beat sugar and butter together and add egg, coconut and vanilla. Spread on top of jam. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes.

I always double this recipe and bake it in a 9" by 13" pan. It freezes well.

Dear Graceview Family,

I hope you have enjoyed the July/August issue of Graceviews.

If there is enough material, the next issue will be available 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
Clerk of Session	Bob Twynam	416-207-9170
Minister of Music	Kento Stratford <a href="mailto:stratford.kento@gmail.com">stratford.kento@gmail.com</a>	613-328-1865
Church Secretary	Joan Duncan (Addison) office@graceview.ca	416-259-2960
Property Manager	Earl Nixon	416-620-4190
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Chairperson, Outreach	Sheila Thomas	416-239-8520
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Web Site	<a href="http://www.graceview.ca">www.graceview.ca</a>	