

# GRACEVIEWS

**November/December  
2024**

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



*Lest we forget...*

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

# Minister's Message...

## Christlike Wisdom in a Complex World



Dear Graceview Family,

The journey to becoming Christlike requires us to wrestle honestly with scripture, history, and the Spirit's guidance in our present lives. Patriarchy, for instance, has shaped our human development, and there is beauty in the stability it has brought to families and societies throughout history. Yet, our understanding continues to grow, and we need humility to recognize

that our values today are not necessarily wiser than those of the past.

The Bible, after all, is a living word. We need living wisdom from God to navigate today's complex landscape, as we seek to understand what is Christlike, even when scripture seems to present multiple perspectives. Harrell Jordan captures this with profound insight:

- Genocide is biblical. Loving your enemy is biblical. But only one is Christlike.
- Slavery is biblical. Chain-breaking is biblical. But only one is Christlike.
- Patriarchy is biblical. Counter-cultural elevation of women is biblical. But only one is Christlike.
- Retributive violence is biblical. Grace-filled restoration is biblical. But only one is Christlike.
- Segregation is biblical. Unity is biblical. But only one is Christlike.

Christ transforms, not the Bible. Be wary of those who know one but not the other.

Meanwhile, the path of Christ can be challenging and counterintuitive. In Luke 12:51, Jesus tells His followers, “Do you think I came to bring peace on earth? No, I tell you, but division.” This is a hard saying that pushes us to acknowledge that unity and segregation might take on unexpected forms within our church and in society. We often strive for unity, but sometimes, following Christ’s truth can lead to division. This challenges us to rethink our finite understanding of unity and segregation, especially as we interact with the world around us.

Could our understanding of what it means to be Christlike be limited by our own biases or cultural assumptions? May we humbly allow Christ, rather than societal values, to shape our understanding of unity, justice, and love, so that our lives reflect His will—good, pleasing, and perfect—and bring glory to Him rather than to ourselves.

In Christ’s transforming wisdom,  
The Rev. Eric Lee

*“Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind.”* Romans 12:2 NIV



## **Eric and Iris in England.**

Eric tells us that they spent their first few months of married life in this mansion in central London.

# In the Footsteps of Heroes – September, 2016

Kathy Twynam

**Juno Beach**



The beaches of Normandy stretch for many kilometres across the northern coast of France. Miles away, across the Channel, is the southern coast of England. The beaches are calm and quiet on these cool September

mornings, glassy seas lapping on seaweed-littered sand.

Standing on those quiet beaches, thinking back to what it must have been like for the thousands of soldiers, sailors, and airmen who had trained for many months in 1943/44 for D-Day – the invasion of Europe by the Allied forces - was a very moving experience. We thought of Bob’s uncles, Tom and Dave, who were there during those years. Dave was eighteen, Tom was twenty, when they enlisted voluntarily in the Canadian army, as did all of Canada’s troops until the very last stages of the war. Thinking of them, I thought about my own boys at eighteen. Yes, they were tall and strong, their voices had deepened, they had even started to shave, but neither they nor any of their friends could have rightfully been called “men” at that age. They were kids.

Row upon row of crosses in the war cemeteries throughout Europe bear witness to the fact that the two great wars of the twentieth century were fought on the ground, in the air, and at sea, mostly by boys younger than twenty. We must remember that this was true of the German forces, too. Their teenage soldiers and ours, who had to grow up in a big hurry, were fighting for causes that they may have fervently believed in, but probably did not fully understand.

Bob's Uncle Tom had trained for many months to be part of the Canadian assault forces that landed at Juno Beach on June 6, 1944, but by sheer luck and the vagaries of war, he missed it by a day. His brigade was delayed due to a shortage of ammunition and supplies, and this probably saved his life. He landed on the beach on June 7, a day late, driving a truck off a massive landing craft. His job that day was to pick up the bodies, the casualties of the day before. He was a member of The Queen's Own Rifles, which suffered 143 casualties that day. Both Tom and Dave survived the war and came home.

Today, the scars of the battle and the ruins of the German defence system can still be seen at Juno Beach. There are bunkers, observation posts, tobruks (metal structures housing machine guns), and tetrahedrons, rusting but still in place. Canadian university students, who go over for a four or six-month term, staff the museum there. They offer guided tours of the bunkers, and are wonderfully knowledgeable and engaging.



A lifetime of Remembrance Days, with special church services, special school assemblies, flag waving, poppy-wearing, wreath-laying, trumpet playing, veterans telling their stories, two-minute silences – does not equal the impact of standing on those beaches where it actually happened. Walking on Juno Beach – and Sword and Gold Beaches (British) , and Omaha Beach, and Utah Beach (American) – visiting the memorials, the ruins, the museums, watching the grainy footage of events as they took place, movies that were continually playing in all the museums – all I could think of was, “How could this have happened? How could the nations of the world have allowed it to happen, not once but

twice in the same century?" The total number of casualties in the Second World War, worldwide, is estimated to be **70 to 85 million** men, women, and children.

With bowed heads and gratitude in our hearts, let us remember them. May they rest in peace.



\* \* \* \* \*

### **Graceview Welcomes Boris Treivus as Music Director!**



We have already seen the talent and enthusiasm of this extremely well-qualified and consummate musician. His own words tell us all we need to know:

*“I believe that the essence of music in the worshiping service is based not only on its ability to unite the parishioners in the act of*

*worshiping, but also in expressing our deepest feelings far more powerfully than the words alone can do, while refining our spiritual sensitivity in personal connection with the Lord.” - Boris Treivus*



## A Poem for Remembrance Day

### One Thousand Men are Walking

One thousand men are walking  
Walking side by side  
Singing songs from home  
The spirit as their guide  
They walk toward the light milord,  
they walk towards the sun  
they smoke and laugh and smile together  
no foes to outrun.

These men live on forever  
in the hearts of those they saved  
a nation truly grateful  
for the path of peace they paved.  
They march as friends and comrades  
but they do not march for war  
step closer to salvation  
a tranquil steady corps  
the meadows lit with golden beams  
a beacon for the brave  
the emerald grass untrampled  
a reward for what they gave.  
They dream of those they left behind  
and know they dream of them  
forever in those poppy fields  
there walks one thousand men

*Joshua Dyer 2019 (aged 14)*

*Lest we forget*

*As we think about our small congregation, full of (mostly) retired people who are faithful, kind, generous, and caring to one another, it's easy to forget the varied and interesting lives we had before retirement. (This is not to say we aren't still leading varied and interesting lives – they are just different now - but not necessarily less busy!)*

*A few weeks ago, I was given, by Maureen Screen, an article for Graceviews that she thought would interest us. The article is about Beth Smith, one of our regular weekly congregants, and was written by Don Kerr, who is a resident of Parkland on Eglinton, where both Maureen and Beth live. I loved reading this about Beth and thank Maureen for giving it to me. I have adapted it a bit. I have Beth's permission, and permission of the author, to share it with you.*

## **Getting to Know Beth Smith**

Don Kerr

(Those of you who have gotten to know Beth may be interested to know that) Beth spent twenty years as a volunteer in a federal prison, providing programs for the inmates and their children.



Initially, Beth's husband Bob began going into Beaver Creek Institution, which houses over 700 inmates in both minimum- and maximum-security settings, to offer Christian spiritual services. Later, Beth joined the small group of volunteers from the nearby Gravenhurst community. She continued after Bob died to attend weekly meetings with twelve to fifteen inmates.

The volunteers knew the inmates they met with had committed offences ranging from theft to armed robbery and murder. They were never told specifics and never asked, because they wanted to remain objective and treat all of them the same. Some Sundays, Beth picked up an inmate at the prison and drove him to Sunday church services in the



local community. ...“I was never afraid,” Beth says. “I always trusted that the Lord was looking out for me.”

The group meetings focused on Christian spirituality and activities, including bible study and singing hymns. The prison chaplain played guitar and a... volunteer played piano to accompany the singing. Every week, Beth baked a cake to take to the meetings, and “we had sort of a party and laughed a lot.”

Beth is proudest of her work in launching and participating in the Children of Inmates Reading Program (CHIRP) at the institution. Inmates read stories from children’s book that the volunteers recorded on disc. The discs and the books were sent to the inmates’ families where the children get to hear Daddy reading to them and can read along with him. “The dads love it and so do the children. The kids can hardly wait for the next disc to arrive,” Beth says. Sometimes, the fathers break into tears knowing they are reading to their kids, and in gratitude to the volunteers for providing the opportunity to do so...

The prisoners she worked with appreciated Beth’s commitment, and their friendships have endured... She receives birthday cards from inmates who are still at Beaver Creek. The sentiments expressed in cards from three inmates tell you how they feel and everything you need to know about the caring individual Beth is:

*“Beth, our little chapel at Beaver Creek just hasn’t been the same without you. Thank you for always bringing such wonderful sunshine and love into our lives.”*

*“It’s wonderful people like you that give us hope. Thank you for being you. God bless you!”*

*“Thank you for all you do. You mean the world to us, and we thank you for your dedication, your kindness and your thoughtfulness.”*

Are there any opera fans out there? I was very interested to see that the Canadian Opera Company was staging Giuseppe Verdi's *Nabucco* this year, which has never been performed by the COC. Reading the article in the Star, I was intrigued enough to look up the Biblical passages on which parts of this opera are based. One thing led to another, and I found myself researching Nebuchadnezzar in sources other than the bible.



Nebuchadnezzar is the 6<sup>th</sup> century BCE King of Babylon who was responsible for the Babylonian captivity and exile of the Israelite nation. His name, Nebuchadnezzar, is an anglicization of Nabu-Kudurri-Usur, meaning “Nabu, watch over my heir.” Nabucco is an abbreviation of the other name

by which he is known, Nabucodonosor.

In biblical history, Nebuchadnezzar is most famous for the conquering of Judah and the destruction of Judah and Jerusalem in 586 BCE. Judah had rebelled against Babylon in 597 BCE during the reign of Jehoiachin and then again in 588 BCE during the reign of Zedekiah. Tired of the rebellions, Nebuchadnezzar proceeded to completely destroy the temple and most of Jerusalem, deporting most of the remaining residents to Babylon. According to the prophet Jeremiah, Nebuchadnezzar served as God’s instrument of judgment on Judah for its idolatry, unfaithfulness, and disobedience.

Nebuchadnezzar also figures prominently in the Book of Daniel, in the familiar story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego and the “fourth man in the fire.” It’s an interesting story – I encourage you to look it up and learn where the

expression “feet of clay” comes from. Secular history records Nebuchadnezzar as a brutal, powerful, and ambitious king, and the Bible, for the most part, agrees.



Verdi's opera Nabucco has special meaning for me, as it gave to the world what has become almost a second anthem for the Italian people, the iconic “**Va Pensiero**”, better known to us as **The Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves**. The Let There Be Music Choir, which I was proud to be a part of from 2002 until we sadly shut it down during the pandemic, performed this piece several times, and of all the hundreds of beautiful pieces I sang

with this choir, this one stands out as my number one favourite. When we were shutting down the choir and ensuring that our vast music library was going to a variety of good homes, I just had to keep a copy of this one piece for myself as a memento. It was introduced to the choir by Harry Learoyd, the choir's founder and director from its inception in 1989 until his retirement from the choir in December 2013, when the choir was turned over to the competent hands of Susan Chopp and the late David Parsons. I remember Harry saying that it took him a long time to obtain the English choral version. The chorus recollects the period of Babylonian captivity after the destruction of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem in 586 BC. The libretto, by Temistocle Solera, is inspired by Psalm 137. There are many versions on YouTube. I encourage you to have a look.

When Verdi died, on January 27, 1901, onlookers in Milan's streets spontaneously began singing "Va, pensiero" as his funeral procession passed by. A month later, at his burial, a young Arturo Toscanini conducted a choir of eight hundred in the famous hymn. In 1981 journalist and creative writer Giorgio Soavi proposed replacing Italy's national anthem with "Va, pensiero". The proposal was widely

discussed for some time and then abandoned until 2009, when Senator Umberto Bossi took it up again, but to no effect. However, Bossi's political party has adopted "Va, pensiero" as its official hymn and the chorus is now sung at all party meetings.

Below to the left is a literal translation of the beautiful Italian words. The choral version that we sang, on the right, is a loose translation that conveys the same meaning of profound regret and longing.

*Fly, my thoughts, on wings of gold;  
go settle upon the slopes and the  
hills, where, soft and mild, the  
sweet airs of my native land smell  
fragrant!*

*Greet the banks of the Jordan  
and Zion's toppled towers.  
O my homeland, so lovely and  
lost!  
O memories so dear and yet so  
deadly!*

*Golden harp of the prophets of  
old, why do you now hang silent  
upon the willow?  
Rekindle the memories in our  
hearts,  
and speak of times gone by!*

*Mindful of the fate of Solomon's  
temple,  
Cry out with raw lamentation,  
or else may the Lord strengthen  
you  
to bear these sufferings!*

Golden dream, come and show me  
my home again  
Show me hilltop and mountain top  
and meadow  
Send me back to the cool summer  
shadow  
To the sweet air and the soft winds of  
my land.

See the bank of the blue river Jordan  
See the walls of the great city  
Jerusalem.  
Oh my home, are you lost now  
forever  
Precious mem'ry so lovely and so  
sad.

Now the word of the prophet  
resounds no more  
And the harp of the singer is broken.  
How the mem'ries live on all  
unspoken  
In our hearts lives a world that is  
gone.

Raise a cry all you children of Zion  
Like the sound of the fall of our city  
Oh, be with us dear Lord in our  
sorrow  
And provide us the will to be strong  
And provide us the will to be strong  
And provide us the will to be strong  
Help us, Lord, to go on.

## ***Hymn Stories: Angels from the Realms of Glory***

Adapted from 101 Hymn Stories – Kenneth W. Osbeck

Author: James Montgomery 1771-1854

Composer: Henry Smart 1813-1879

*Angels from the realms of glory  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:  
Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the newborn king.*

James Montgomery's parents were Moravian missionaries to the West Indies. While attending a Moravian seminary in England, young James received word of the sudden death of both his parents on the mission field. He left the seminary and for a period lived a life of aimless discouragement. Soon, however, he became interested in newspaper work, and at the age of twenty-three was appointed editor of the weekly *Sheffield Register* in London, where he remained for thirty-one years. While in this position, he championed many different causes and was ever-ready to assist the poor and defend the rights of the down-trodden. In 1825, he gave up his paper to devote himself entirely to his writing and philanthropy.

"Angels from the Realms of Glory" first appeared as a poem in his paper on December 24, 1816. Later, it was published in a hymnal entitled *Montgomery's Original Hymns*. It is considered to be one of our finest Advent hymns. It is commonly agreed by students of hymnology that next to Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley, no writer has made a greater contribution to English hymnody than James Montgomery.

The composer of the tune "Regent Square", Henry Smart, was one of the finest organists and composers in Britain in his day. "Regent Square" was written during the last fifteen years of his life, when he was totally blind. The tune was composed for a hymnal being compiled by Dr. Hamilton, pastor of London's Regent Square Presbyterian Church.

## Reflections on Christmas

Kathy Twynam

As many of you know, I am fond of Victorian children's literature, owning in hard cover such volumes as *Little Women* (1868 - Louisa May Alcott), the entire *Little House* series (1932 - Laura Ingalls Wilder) and the entire *Anne of Green Gables* series (1905 - Lucy Maud Montgomery). I first read all of these as a pre-teen, and have re-read every one many times since. They have places of honour on my bookshelf.

*Little Women* and *Anne of Green Gables* are fictional; The *Little House* series is a somewhat fanciful but mostly true account of the author's pioneering childhood and her travels with her family across America by covered wagon, finally homesteading in the Dakota town of DeSmet, where they were among the first settlers.

Every one of these beloved books contains at least one chapter devoted to Christmas, describing in detail the Christmases enjoyed by the families in the stories. None of the families were burdened by worldly wealth, all lacked many of the material things that we today would consider essential to a happy, easy life, and yet their Christmases were filled with much love and joy. The word that comes to mind as a common thread throughout these stories is "simplicity."

Consider the description of Christmas at the Cratchit's, in Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol". (1843) This poverty-stricken family of seven, possessed of very little in the way of worldly goods, sat down to a Christmas dinner barely sufficient for the whole family – a goose and stuffing, mashed potatoes, applesauce, and, the crowning glory, a pudding! A small pudding for a large family, they considered

it fit for a king, and it was roundly praised and complimented by everyone. When dinner was done and everything cleared away, the family gathered around the fire to simply enjoy being together. Dickens describes them this way: “They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known...the inside of a pawnbrokers. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time...”

The one thing that stands out as common to these different Christmas accounts is the simplicity of Christmas celebrations. There were no Christmas trees to be set up, no frantic searching for a parking place in a crowded shopping mall, no wracking of one’s brains for the perfect gift for Grandma, no Christmas cards to be mailed, no decorations or endless Musak carols to assault the senses in October and November.

When did we start to fall into this modern-day trap? Well, historian Stephen Nissenbaum asserts that the turning point occurred in about 1820, when Christmas revelry became an enormous social problem. Roving bands of wassailing carousers were alarming the upper classes, who retreated to their homes and began to turn Christmas into a family holiday. Buying presents for family members began to play an instrumental role in commercializing the economy. Merchants, who weren’t born yesterday, were quick to capitalize on this new trend by offering commodities specifically manufactured for the purpose of being given as Christmas presents. Our retail economy today is highly dependent on the two most lucrative times of the year for merchants – Christmas, and believe it or not, back to school time. A few years ago, more than two million Americans thought it would be a great idea to give each other land on

the moon and Mars for Christmas (packages starting at \$29.99!) A cynical friend of mine would call this misguided gift-giving “abysmal poverty of mind”. And yet this is how many Americans chose to celebrate the birth of one who wanted us to give everything we have to the poor. Obviously, somebody needs to get a grip!

Christmas is, first, a religious holiday commemorating the birth of Jesus, who according to historians was probably born in April or May but whose birthday celebration was held in December to coincide with the winter solstice holiday of Saturnalia and thus be more accepted by the Romans. Even those who do not recognize the religious significance of Christmas celebrate it secularly, with all the secular trappings – tree, presents, Santa, etc. – including many followers of religions other than Christian. Every civilization has its rituals – they are a part of what makes us human, what grounds us in our society. We may not be able to put an end to the commercialization of Christmas, but perhaps we can tone it down and reflect on a simpler time, when our wants and needs weren’t so great as to necessitate a mad dash to the retail counter during the week before Christmas.

A few years ago, the Twynam family attempted to inject some simplicity into our Christmas celebrations. Originating with our daughter-in-law, Christine, the idea was proposed that we dispense with gift-giving at Christmas and concentrate on family and our love for and happiness with one another. This proposal, to my surprise, was enthusiastically embraced by all of us, and Christmas gift-giving for the most part became a thing of the past. We are all adults; there are no young children in our immediate family; Santa hasn’t visited us for years. All of us had found gift-exchanging extremely stressful, deciding what to get for people who have everything, who, if they decide they want



something, promptly order it from Amazon. Today, Bob and I give cheques to our children, as our parents did for us, and I must admit I still do Christmas stockings for them, filled with toiletries, candy, and other small items. That's it for gift-giving.



**Christmas Day 2023**  
A table full of cousins after dinner

Christmas Day at our house is highlighted by a traditional Christmas dinner with our family, and includes my sister Lynne, brother-in-law Joe, and one or both of their sons and partners; my sister Barbara; Bob's brother Paul and sister-in-law Karen if they are home for Christmas; it may also include a friend of

our sons, whom we have known from infancy and who has no family nearby. After dinner, for many years we have been joined in the evening by my sister Anne, brother-in-law Tony and several nieces and nephews, who as they have grown up and married are now accompanied by their spouses and children. On this special, happy day, we four sisters are together. Our two brothers both live out of town and we don't see them on Christmas Day, but they are with us in spirit. It is a wonderful, joyous occasion for us all. We feel very blessed.

### **Interesting bit of trivia**

Why do some people pray using a string of beads? This practice goes back about 500 years before Christianity. The word "bead" comes from the Anglo-Saxon word "bidden", which means "to ask." The idea for both Christians and Muslims is that the more you ask or repeat a prayer, the more effective it is, and the beads are an aid to keeping count.

## Guest Preacher Tim Connor - Sunday, October 29



Tim was born in Caledonia, Ontario, where he attended the local Anglican Church with his family. From a young age, his passion for music blossomed, leading him to pursue his musical interests at McMaster University, culminating in the attainment of his bachelor degree.

Tim's life took a transformative turn when he felt a profound calling to dedicate himself to ministry. After deep introspection and soul-searching, he embarked on this path by enrolling at Knox College, where he is currently on the journey toward ordination within the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

In 2023, Tim found a spiritual home at St. Giles Kingsway while serving as a student Pastor under Tim Bruneau. Fueled by a love for people and an earnest desire to serve God, he has now embraced a role within the SGK community as a part-time Discipleship Pastor.

### *A Taste of Spain*

**Friday, November 15, 6:00 PM**

A gourmet all-inclusive dinner  
prepared by award-winning chef Keith Hoare,  
teacher of culinary arts at  
Thistleton Collegiate Institute  
and his students.

Tickets: \$30

See poster on bulletin board for contact details.

*Anna Cherniak's mother, Iraida (better known to us as Irene) sadly passed away a few weeks ago at the age of 99. I remember her fondly - she was an exemplary musician, and sang with us in Graceview's choir for a time. Anna says, "In memory of my mother, I am including a part of Iraida Cherniak's memoirs. She originally wrote this in Ukrainian and then translated it into English for the benefit of her grandchildren. It is about her experiences of how she came to Canada, namely, Toronto, Ontario."*

## **My Journey to Canada**

Iraida Cherniak

It was September 1947, almost two years after the end of the war. The days were still warm but one could smell autumn in the air. During one of these warm days our small family, my husband and two-year-old daughter Natalia, woke up early in the morning to get ready to leave our transition camp in Bremenhaven, Germany to sail to Canada. Awaiting us at the pier was a ship by the name of 'General Stuart Hainzelman'. It was an old vessel but comfortable. When we arrived at the ship, a small cabin was assigned to us for the duration of our trip, and we went to unpack our few belongings.

It was hard to describe the impression of the Atlantic Ocean, seeing it for the first time. It was greenish-dark grey, with almost black waters that tossed its waves far away to the horizon. It made us fearful of the long journey ahead. Yes, Canada was far away. We felt that somehow our old life was being left behind and it would never return. So, in the evening we retired to our cabin and we prayed to our Lord to give us courage and protection for a safe voyage and not to leave us at life's crossroads in our new country.

Life on the boat was well organized. The people who could help the crew were taken to do various tasks and there was no time to think of anything else. Because every healthy person was made to work during the day, there were no quarrels or serious misunderstandings between people. Yes, the work was long and hard. Passengers were exhausted by the end of the day and tried to

rest during the night. Time was going fast. There were no major incidents between travellers on the ship and finally we arrived safely at Halifax, Canada. There were a lot of people on the ship. When we enquired, we were told there were 1,500 passengers. All the people were coming to work in every province in Canada and were to be delivered to their destination by agents.

We were assigned to go to the province of Saskatchewan to work on a farm that belonged to a distant cousin of my husband. This cousin left us a one-room log house to live in, two shacks, a horse and wagon with a water barrel, two rifles for protection, some farm tools and half a bushel of root vegetables. The problem was that the fresh water well was located about one and a half miles away from the cabin and our closest neighbours lived fifteen miles away from us. When our duties at the farm were explained to us, I was horrified. What would we do in the wintertime when the prairie would be covered thick with snow? And I was expecting our second child! I was raised in a city so I had to think fast before they sent us to Saskatchewan. What was I going to do?

In Halifax at the railway station all families were inspected and given labels to wear with the name of the province they had to go to work. The label given to us stated 'Saskatchewan'. Quietly I turned our labels over and wrote on them 'Ontario'. My husband was frightened that the authorities would send us back to Europe for that. Somehow it was not noticed by the conductor, and we were escorted to the train going south to Toronto. We did not realize that Canada was such a big country. On our journey south we saw grasslands, lakes, woods, flocks of many different kinds of birds and herds of running wild animals. It took us three days to get to Toronto.

At the railway station in Toronto, the Salvation Army people took us under their wing and found a family which accepted us into their home. We were deeply grateful for our safe arrival in Canada, especially to the people of the Salvation Army who unselfishly spent almost half a day on our behalf. The next day we found a nearby church and gave thanks to our Lord for His guidance and protection.

*Christmas pudding (à la Dickens) is a tradition in our house, a legacy from Bob's family tradition when he was growing up. For years, I had been buying it ready-made, first from Hot Oven Bakery at Cloverdale, and for the past couple of years at A Bit Of Home on Dundas street. It isn't cheap - about \$60 for two puddings, which is what I needed. I still have my mother-in-law's pudding bowls, and her recipe, so last year I decided to have a go at making it myself. But - her recipe calls for suet, which is traditional. Suet does not seem to be sold at regular grocery stores any more - the butcher at Metro said he would have to put in a special order - but suet is fat, and I began to wonder why I couldn't use butter. An internet search revealed the recipe below. It looks complicated, has lots of ingredients, but it's really easy and tastes wonderful. One day in early December I took a measuring cup with me to Bulk Barn and carefully measured out exact quantities of what I needed, and got to work. I plan to make it this again year.*

### **Traditional Christmas Pudding - butter recipe**

- ½ c (113 g) butter
- 1 heaped cup (200 g) dark brown sugar
- ½ cup (70 g) all purpose flour
- ½ tsp baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp mixed spice (see recipe below)
- 2 cups (100 g) fresh breadcrumbs
- 1 cup (150 g) sultanas (golden raisins)
- 1 cup (150 g) raisins (note: I soaked my raisins in brandy, overnight.)
- 1/2 cup (60 g) Zante currants
- 1 small apple, peeled, cored and grated
- finely grated rind of one fresh orange (or lemon)
- juice of one fresh orange or lemon, made up to 5 oz (150 ml) with brandy or rum
- (optional - 3 Tbsp mixed candied peel, chopped)

## Instructions

1. Butter the pudding bowl(s) and line the bottom with a disc of parchment or waxed paper, and butter the paper, too.
2. Beat the butter and sugar together until soft.
3. Then add the flour, eggs, and spice until mixed. Then add the remaining ingredients and mix well.
4. Put the mixture into the buttered bowl and flatten the top.
5. Cut a disc of waxed or parchment paper the size of the top, butter it and place on top of the pudding mixture.
6. Tear a piece of parchment paper and aluminum foil, large enough to cover the top of the bowl, and go halfway down the sides, and place the foil on top of the parchment. Create a pleat down the centre, so that the pudding will have space to expand when cooking.
7. Place the paper and foil over the pudding bowl, then tie some string under the lip of the bowl, leaving extra string to tie over the top to form a handle, tying it on the opposite end. Place the bowl(s) in a pot (I used my small roaster, which held two bowls), fill the pot with water so that it's halfway up the bowl and use a tight fitting lid.
8. Steam for 6 hours, checking the water level once an hour or so, and topping it up.
9. Once you've taken the bowl(s) out of the pot, remove the aluminum foil and waxed/parchment paper, wipe the bowl and replace with clean paper. Store in a cool place.
10. To serve: you can steam it for another two hours, OR simply microwave it for a few minutes until it's piping hot! Let stand for a few minutes before removing from the bowl. **(Optional - I don't do this)** Place on a heatproof serving dish and douse with brandy. Carefully light the pudding (please do this in a safe area), then when the flame

extinguishes, cut and serve with one of the sauces below. (I always have to make both.)

### **Mixed spice**

2 tsp cinnamon  
2 tsp nutmeg  
2 tsp coriander (dried)  
1 tsp ginger  
1 tsp allspice  
1/2 tsp mace  
1/2 tsp ground cloves

### **Butterscotch Sauce**

3 tablespoons butter  
1 cup brown sugar  
3/4 cup water  
1/4 cup cream or milk  
2 tables corn starch  
1/8 tsp salt

Blend butter and sugar in saucepan. Stir and cook on medium heat until brown and bubbly. Slowly add water; heat until dissolved; make paste with cream, cornstarch and salt. Stir into hot mixture. Reduce heat. Stir until smooth and thick. Serve over pudding. (Or forget the pudding and just eat the sauce, it's so good...)

### **White Sauce**

1 1/2 tbsp butter  
2 tbsp flour  
2 tbsp sugar  
1 cup milk

Melt butter, blend in flour and sugar. Add milk gradually over medium heat, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened and bubbly. Serve over pudding.

I hope you have enjoyed the November/December issue of Graceviews. The next issue will be available early in January. **The deadline will be Sunday, December 28.**

If you have anything you wish to share with your church family, please make your editor very happy by writing it up and sending it to me by email. If it interests you it is bound to interest someone else. And don't forget my plea for recipes! I need your help, as my supply of recipes is dwindling.

### Church Directory

Church Office		416-621-0888
Minister	Rev. Eric Lee. <a href="mailto:leefyeric@gmail.com">leefyeric@gmail.com</a> .	778-791-1741
Clerk of Session	Bob Twynam	416-207-9170
Minister of Music	Boris Treivus conductor@rogers.com	416-879-8126
Church Secretary	Halyna Parypa office@graceview.ca	647-881-0439
Property Manager	Earl Nixon	416-620-4190
Chairperson, Outreach	Sheila Thomas	416-239-8520
Editor, Graceviews	Kathryn Twynam kmtwynam@rogers.com	416-207-9170
Weekly News	Susan Chopp <a href="mailto:choppertini@hotmail.com">choppertini@hotmail.com</a>	416-953-7582
Website	<a href="http://www.graceview.ca">www.graceview.ca</a>	