

# **GRACEVIEWS**

**May/June 2026**



**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**

## Minister's Message...



*From Hollow Pursuits to the True  
Light of Hope*

Dear Graceview Family,  
As we transition into a new season of ministry together, I find myself reflecting on our unique identity as children of God. In a world that often feels heavy or disconnected, we are called to be the "**light of the world**" (*Matthew 5:14*). But what does that light actually look like in our daily interactions?

Lately, I have been struck by the amount of darkness hidden behind the "good life." We see people who seem fulfilled and rich, yet many are living a lie, masking a deep-seated void. Without the anchor of eternal hope and the promise of salvation, this fast-lapsing life can feel like a dark road leading nowhere. Many disguise their pain, chasing temporary goals to fill a hollow space, yet we know that such pursuits are ultimately in vain. This understanding should not lead us to judgment, but rather propel us to be a true light in the midst of a world wrestling with wickedness and despair.

In a recent sermon, we explored the "**resurrecting grace**" that holds us together as a body of Christ. Part of that grace involves how we carry ourselves in the world. Scripture reminds us to clothe ourselves with "**compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness and patience**" (*Colossians 3:12*). These virtues are precisely what set us apart. They create the "holy ground" necessary for spiritual revival to take root—first within our own church walls, and then flowing out into our neighbourhoods.

I have often observed a fascinating pattern: the times people seem most spiritually awakened are frequently at life's major thresholds—either as young adults between 18 and 22, or when they are facing the end of life's journey. For me, the most passionate season of wrestling with my faith was when I turned 18 during my college years. It was a time of vigorous questioning that led to a personal, unwavering walk with Christ. When was that time for you?

If Christ truly matters to us most of all, speaking of Him becomes a natural extension of our love. Here are a few ways we can intentionally engage others —

**Listen with Intent:** Be a "safe" person by listening more than you speak. When we listen without judgment, we reflect the patience of Christ.

**Ask Open Questions:** Instead of offering immediate answers, ask, "What has been giving you hope lately?"

**Share Your "Why":** You do not need a theological degree; simply speak from the heart about why your relationship with God matters to you.

**Be Vulnerable:** Do not be afraid to share your struggles. Authenticity helps others feel comfortable sharing their own stories.

**Look for God at Work:** Affirm the good things you see in others and point out gently where you see God moving.

**Offer Prayer:** One of the kindest things we can do is ask, "How can I pray for you today?"

Our goal is not to "win" an argument, but to ***"be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope that you have... with gentleness and respect"*** (1 Peter 3:15).

Let us be a people who are not afraid to be different. Let our kindness be the bridge and our humility be the invitation. As we become intentional in speaking about our faith, we will see a

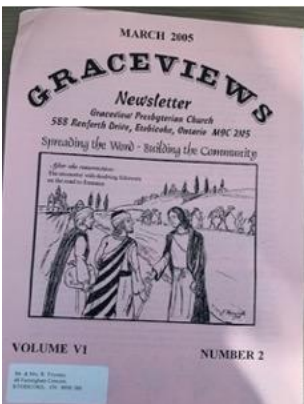
spiritual revival that transforms our community from the inside out.

*"The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it."*  
— John 1:5 (NIV)

Walking with you in faith, Pastor Eric

## The Evolution of Graceviews

Kathy Twynam



There are still a few of us present at Graceview who remember Jack Fenwick and Len Swatridge, the original founders of our church newsletter/magazine Graceviews.. It started its life as “Amazing Grace”. At the amalgamation of the Grace and Hillview congregations in 2000, it was given a new name, and Pat Krieger joined Len and Jack as assistant editor.

The copy that I have chosen as an example is from 21 years ago, March 2005. In it, there is an article by Jack (see The Road to Emmaus elsewhere in this issue) a Minister’s Message from Rev. Jan Hieminga, Len’s monthly article “Quotes and Comments for Concerned Christians”, an article about Out of the Cold, a plea from the editors for more volunteers to provide material and to help with the production, a submission by Harry Learoyd called “Music Notes”, and a story about the activities of

Graceview's Youth Group. It was interesting to see that some of the content of that issue concerned things that no longer exist at Graceview, and some content reported on activities that continue today.

There was an enormously large staff:

**Editors:** Len Swatridge, Pat Krieger, and Jack Fenwick

**Editorial Committee:** Lorraine Brown, Bill Downie, Barb Hayworth, Jan Hieminga, Terri James, Harry Learoyd, Betty Tapping, Heather Wade, Jenna Wilkinson, and Cam Taylor

**Production:** Dale Jarvis, Elsa White, Mary Dobson, Lenore Carty, Loreen McCormack, Kate McDougall, Edna and Harold Schroeder, Marg Antram, Bea Easton, and Nancy McPherson. It is very sad to see how few of these people are still with us.

All these people were needed to handle the work involved in producing a cut-and-paste, non-computerized, meaty and interesting church newsletter to which many congregants contributed. Every issue featured a front cover drawn by resident artist the late Jack Fenwick, an interesting article by Jack, at least one and often several articles by Len, and much interesting news and views from congregants. Len once told me that he and Jack spent at least 12 hours each, working on an issue before it was ready for publication

Jack Fenwick wrote an article for every issue of Amazing Grace/Graceviews until he died in 2010. When in the Fall of 2006 Len reluctantly realized that illness would not allow him to continue, Elaine Chu graciously stepped up and volunteered to take over the production of Graceviews, and I agreed to assist with writing and editing. The first thing

Elaine did was to computerize it and change the format from 8 ½ by 11 stapled sheets, to its present booklet form. This significantly sped up production and made it possible to publish it monthly from October to June. It also drastically reduced the number of people needed to put it together, and Elaine maintained – indeed, improved - the quality of Graceviews, putting out a monthly issue almost single-handedly, with some help from me. During Covid, with the advent of the Weekly News which kept us well informed and up to date, I decided that monthly issues of Graceviews were no longer necessary. I cut production to every second month and introduced a summer edition, for six issues a year.

I continued Jack's legacy of writing an article for every issue on a wide variety of topics that interested me, that I was hoping might interest some of you. I didn't know Jack well, but I know that when he passed away, Graceview lost a cherished member and an exceptional writer and artist, who contributed his authorship and drawing skills to every issue of Graceviews for many years. It was Jack's line drawings that appeared on the illustrated covers, and this heritage was continued for several years after Elaine and I took it over.

I did know Len well, however, and considered him a good friend. He was a talker, and I fondly remember many parking lot conversations on a variety of subjects, struck up as we were about to head home after choir practice. He sang in our church choir for decades, in the days when the back row was full of tenors and basses and the choir could present an anthem in four voices every Sunday. When I first

joined the choir in 2002 my position was right in front of him, and I loved to hear his strong bass voice singing out behind me. I would often find myself smiling, because Len knew most of our regular repertoire of hymns by heart and would sing the words he remembered, not the altered inclusive words that many of our hymns now use. Len died of cancer in 2013, and I miss him to this day.

In January 2013, I was surprised by Elaine's sudden decision to retire from Graceviews. That left me with a bit of a dilemma, knowing that I did not want to let Len's legacy die. Could I continue on my own? Would I need to recruit help? How would I manage without the excellent computer work done every month by Elaine and Joseph? After some thought, I decided to try producing an issue or two on my own and see how it went. There was a steep learning curve to manage the computer work, but Elaine provided me with a basic template for the format and my tech-savvy husband helped me learn what I needed to know. With the use of the computer, the production had become basically a one-person job and I was determined to keep it going.

What should **not** be a one-person job, however, is the content – but over the years since I have been the sole producer of Graceviews, it seems to have evolved that way. As our membership numbers have dwindled, so have the number of people willing and able to contribute content. I am always delighted on the rare occasions when someone gives me something for publication. You will note that there is an excellent article in this issue written by Anna Cherniak, which was most appreciated.

Graceviews is not mine alone, but belongs to all of us, my friends and fellow congregants. It is meant to serve as an open forum, not only to announce upcoming events and report on past events, but to share whatever interests you and, very importantly, to chronicle our history. I will say again, if it interests you, it is bound to interest someone else.

Been on a trip lately? Read a good book? Seen a good movie? Have a particular interest or hobby such as art or music or birdwatching? Want to share a human-interest story about your family? What are your family's holiday traditions? For our newcomers from other countries, we would love to learn something about your country of birth and your life there. All such topics – and any others you can think of - are quite suitable fodder for Graceviews. I love doing Graceviews but would love to include bylines other than my own. I have no plans to discontinue it any time soon, and trust that it is something that continues to be valued by our church family.

### **Soup By Dave - April 14**

Another wonderful lunch was served at Graceview, and

Dave  
Taylor  
did  
not



disappoint. His banter was full of stories about rolling pins and the Weston family as well as fun facts about different foods. Those in attendance listened attentively to the demonstration and enjoyed the delicious beef and barley soup which was followed by chocolate cake! Having such a lunch with dear friends was...priceless. Many thanks to all who worked so hard o make this a success.The proceeds will go to the St. James Food Basket.

**The Master Chef**

**The  
Road**

**to Emmaus**

*Jack Fenwick*

*Graceviews, March 2005*

Over the years, Graceviews'



**The kitchen help**



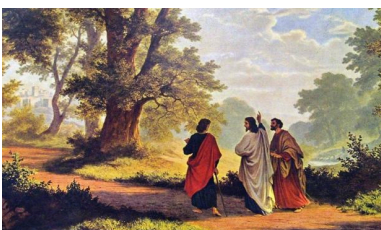
**The guests**

covers have featured the many significant aspects of Easter, Christianity's most sacred celebration, from the utter despair of the Crucifixion

to the eternal promise of the Resurrection. The art world, especially during the Renaissance period (roughly the 14th through the 16th century) saw a veritable flood of paintings depicting the grim dark time leading to the final day and the aftermath of salvation. While their art techniques in oil and gesso can only be described as awesome, their imaginative and striking depictions of the many notable events of Easter can be overly stylized. Wealthy patrons and authoritarian churchmen often dictated the content of the artists' religious work. The result was some very strange and excessive tidiness into sombre scenes. Oddities such as highly ornate Grecian columns and lavish buildings provided unreal backgrounds, and often poor peasants were exceptionally well dressed. The only major artist who painted Luke's Emmaus account was constantly badgered by strict authorities.

His name was Caravaggio, an independent and reckless man whose life was a series of confrontations with Church and State because of his natural approach to religious themes. His vivid portrait of Christ having supper in the village of Emmaus with his disciples before he finally blesses them and is carried to heaven, roused the ire of prominent churchmen. They railed against his portrayal of the disciples in peasant like clothing, tattered and worn, as demeaning and irreligious. Though he sometimes yielded and made appeasing changes he generally resisted and caused much controversy. Other less talented and subservient painters received more commissions but his striking portraits using chiaroscuro (strong light and shade) inspired future generations of artists.

Some theologians and religious historians have divided opinions of the origins of the Gospels, surmising that



Matthew and Luke took much of their information from the Gospel of St. Mark. They reason that Mark actually wrote his accounts based on the memories of Peter shortly before the disciple's death under Nero's persecution and that his writing was earlier than the others. Researchers contend that the other two gospels contain similar incidents obtained from Mark. In those days it was not considered plagiarism but rather a mark of respect for the other author. All speculation aside, Luke's Gospel *does* contain many of Jesus' inspiring parables and the lapse of faith of two followers walking to the village of Emmaus.

On the third day after the Crucifixion they are expressing doubt after the discovery of the empty tomb and the apostles' rejection of the women's (Mary Magdalene, Joanna and Mary) astounding encounter with the two men in shining garments. While they are grumbling to each other, they are approached by Jesus in human form. Somehow, they do not recognize him. When asked what is troubling them, they voice their despair and disappointment because the prophecy that Jesus of Nazareth would set Israel free will not be fulfilled. Jesus chides them for *being* foolish in not believing the prophets. He then declares, " Did not the Christ have to suffer these things and then enter into his glory?" It is then that they *know* who he is. Later in the village he rebukes the disciples for their lack of faith, then after a final blessing He is carried to heaven. The account can be interpreted in various ways, but Luke's message is surely one of redeemed belief in salvation despite the lapse of faith as a human frailty when confronted by the miracle of the Resurrection...

**The Mission Team's work for the children of Puvirnitug**  
(an Inuit village in Nunavik, the northern most part of Quebec)

Anna Cherniak

I wish to express great thanks to the Mission Team and our Graceview congregation for helping the Inuit children of Iguarsivik School in the village of Puvirnituk. I had taught there for 10 years. A good number of those years were made easier and considerably more fun for the students through the wonderful 'gifts' sent up to Iguarsivik School from Graceview Presbyterian Church via the Mission Team. These 'gifts' came in the form of school supplies and food that kept the children in school and learning.

The children benefited from such great supplies as workbooks, pencils and erasers, scissors, pencil crayons, coloured markers and beautiful boxes to keep all writing and colouring materials together in one place. These boxes had printed on them, "DONATED BY GRACEVIEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH", so the students got to know about our church. As there were several colours of boxes, the children got to choose their favourite colour and were very proud of their box, taking care to look after it. Each box had a sticker on it, for their name, that was removed at the end of the school year, before washing, and was used the following year for the next group of students. Every time the children received something from the Mission Team, I let them know it was from our church and gave them a little lesson about Jesus. All supplies were shared with other classrooms so children throughout the school benefited.

The Mission Team also sent up various art supplies that allowed for different experiences in creating some very nice artworks. Many of the children were quite artistic and imaginative. They came up with some lovely pieces that were displayed both in the classroom and the hallway. Several children from other classes and grades would stop to admire them on their way to their classrooms and during recess breaks. We even did corking, working with wool and corks, to make pot holders for their mothers as a gift for Mother's Day. The students enjoyed it so much that they would always be busy corking when they finished their work. When I was going to school, corks were made from empty spools of thread with four nails hammered into them, sticking up from the wood. We would wrap the wool around the

nails, then lift it over the nails to eventually produce a long round tail of wool that came through the bottom hole of the spool. Some of you may know corking under a different name.

Other supplies were used in reading, math, science and geography classes. Sadly, one year we had a large number of suicides in the village. So, to keep the children together socially, to prevent them from feelings of isolation, the Mission Team provided the means for the students to watch popular movies appropriate for their age group in our school. The movies were shown after school and on weekends. That kept the children off the streets and together. It was a very effective strategy that really did help the students. Thank you Mission Team for thinking of the students!

Many of the children came to school hungry so again the Mission Team came up with a great answer—peanut butter and crackers. The children came to school looking forward to their breakfast. That helped with attendance. Sometimes, if we had some time at the end of the day, my students would look forward to making butter. We would have two groups of children sitting on the floor in circles that would compete with each other to see which could make it the fastest. They would shake the jars vigorously ten times and pass it on to the next person. Once made, they would eagerly line up to get the butter spread on crackers. They enjoyed it even more because they made it themselves.

The Mission Team at Graceview has, over the years, done a wonderful job of helping the students stay in school, learn and socialize in a peaceful and happy way. I am sure the students will carry good memories of their school days as they go on in life. I wish to thank, with great appreciation, the efforts and contributions of the members of Graceview Presbyterian Church. Since my retirement from teaching in Puvirnituk, the government and Inuit support organizations have stepped up and taken a broader responsibility for the students of Puvirnituk. Now the Mission Team is placing its support for children in other parts of the world, namely Guatemala, Kenya, Malawi and other countries where it is felt there is a great need for help. Thank you to all who support

God's work, through Graceview and the Mission Team, for the children.

**Plan to be present on Mission Awareness Sunday, May 3, when the service will be run by the Mission Team and will include a very interesting speaker.**

### **Flower cross - new and updated for 2026**



For more than 10 years, Lynne Bishop has been fashioning a cross to which could be attached fresh or artificial flowers to beautify our chancel area on Easter Sunday. We have enjoyed bringing in fresh flowers, or choosing from available artificial ones, to decorate the

cross, and most of us were happy to contribute a flower. Creating the cross was very labour intensive, and the finished base, made of wood and containing a large chunk of water-soaked oasis, was very heavy. Lynne has now passed that responsibility on, so Music and Worship sought an alternative. A trip to Michael's craft store revealed no suitable cross substitutes, but we found a grapevine wreath that would work, added a small wooden cross to it, and on Easter morning our congregation created our own original Easter Wreath. We hope the finished product is pleasing to everyone.

**Fools Rush In...Florida, 2026**

Kathy Twynam

Okay, okay, I know there are those of you who would question a Canadian setting foot in the USA these days given the current political climate, but after much reflection I was not willing to sacrifice a holiday we loved, that had been a large part of our family history since Bob and I honeymooned in Miami Beach in 1969. (Holiday Inn, right on

the beach, \$12.00 a night in those days.) So, after much discussion, and consultation with our son John who always likes to come with us, we decided to go as usual. For the record, Bob didn't want to go but knew that John and I did, so in the end he reluctantly agreed to make the trip. Part of his reluctance had to do with thought of the two-and-a-half-day drive, which we have done scores of times but which he really does not enjoy any more.

So, to save that drive we decided to fly this year. Porter Airlines out of Pearson was great. Right on time at 7:30 AM, ample room in the seats, lots of leg room even for our 6'4" son, a delicious breakfast served gratis en route...the best flying experience we have had in years. The "Porter Reserve" class even allowed two free checked bags each, which was more than we needed. I had been a bit nervous about crossing the border after hearing horror stories about how some people were being treated, but there were absolutely no issues. We were quickly through security, through US customs, and on our way.

There was something magical about being whisked out of this land of cold, gray February days and mountainous snowbanks, to that land of blue skies, palm trees, and flowers. I felt like Dorothy must have felt, opening her black-and-white farmhouse door and finding herself in dazzlingly beautiful Oz. The weather was a bit cooler than usual for February/March, ranging between 15° and 24° C, but I didn't care as long as the sun was shining. We stayed in our usual condo, in a resort in the Kissimmee area at least an hour and a half from either coast. We are not beach people who sit on the beach all day, and all we wanted was sunshine, warmth and no snow.



That holiday turned out to be one of our best. A highlight was a Blue Jays pre-season game in Lakeland, Fla. at the spring training home of the Detroit Tigers. The woman sitting beside me was from Detroit, there to cheer on her Tigers, and we engaged in a friendly rivalry as the game progressed. It ended in a 4-4 tie, no extra innings in spring training games, so we were both reasonably satisfied with the outcome. We also did several day trips to nearby pretty little towns and drove over to Cocoa Beach one day to get a glimpse of the

ocean and a walk on the beach. A distinct non-highlight was a flat tire on our rental car, which had no spare tire and which took most of a day to sort out with the rental company.

A second non-highlight was an ill-advised seven-mile bicycle ride, on a trail in and around the beautiful little town of Celebration. Seemed like a fun idea at the time. What were we thinking?? Well, let me tell you, riding a bike was not as easy as it used to be! In fact, it proved to be very difficult for me, involving traversing many boardwalks over marshes, whose side rails my bike kept doing its best to propel me into, sometimes succeeding. And seven miles is a lot farther than you might think. Took us two hours, from

which I was thankful to emerge unscathed with nothing more than a few scratches and a very sore behind.

But what I really wanted to share with you is the attitude of the Americans we met along the way. To a person, they were warm, friendly, welcoming - and often apologetic.

Some examples:

- The lovely woman in Aldi's, one of the few Florida grocery stores that requires a coin to release a shopping cart. Not having any coins, I joined the queue at the cash register to get some change, when the woman in front of me handed me a quarter. I offered her my dollar bill, but she refused to take it. When she learned I was Canadian, she said it was the least she could do.
- The couple we met in Mount Dora, with whom we had quite a lengthy chat as we ate our picnic lunch. Their primary home is in Florida, but they own a cottage in New Brunswick and spend five months there every year to escape the Florida summer heat. Sort of reverse snowbirds. They love Canada and apologized profusely for their government's behaviour toward us.
- The elderly shaggy-haired and bearded fisherman, sitting on a bench beside Lake Dora at the end of the day, looking tired and hungry after a less than productive fishing trip. We approached him and struck up a conversation. His last words to us, totally unprovoked, were, and I quote, "There are a lot of idiots around here. Unfortunately, many of them are running the country."

There were others, too. Several people at our resort also apologized for their country's behaviour and told us how

happy they were that we had come. All of this in Florida, the very reddest of red states.

Experiences like that restored my faith in the general good will of the American people and strengthened my hope that one day, all of this will be over and our good relationship with them will be restored – although it may take years to repair. We are not sorry we went. Even Bob, who didn't want to go in the first place, by the end didn't want to come home to face the rest of the winter.

### **Wise counsel from Mother Teresa**

People are often unreasonable, illogical and self-centred. Forgive them anyway.

If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives. Be kind anyway.

If you are successful, you will win some false friends and some true enemies. Succeed anyway.

If you are honest and frank, people may cheat you. Be honest and frank anyway.

What you spend years building, someone could destroy overnight. Build anyway.

If you find serenity and happiness, they may be jealous. Be happy anyway.

The good you do today, people will often forget tomorrow. Do good anyway.

Give to the world the best you have, and it may never be enough. Give the world the best you have anyway.

You see, in the final analysis, it is between you and God. It was never between you and them anyway.

## Hymn Stories

### Precious Lord, Take My Hand

**Thomas A. Dorsey**

Kathy Twynam

A couple of weeks ago on April 12, the choir sang, as an anthem, hymn number 675, “Precious Lord, Take My Hand” – a beautiful hymn that is one of my favourites. If you look it up in your hymn books, you will notice the lyricist and the arranger - one Thomas A. Dorsey. When I first saw this years ago, I was surprised – was Tommy Dorsey, acclaimed trombonist and band leader that some of you may have danced to in the forties and fifties, a closet gospel writer? If so, I had never known this, and I wondered what other sacred songs he may have written.

So I did some research, and it’s amazing what you can find out if you just ask the folks at Google. The story goes that Tommy Dorsey wrote the song “Precious Lord” in response to the death of his wife and child. Here is an adapted version of the account of the writing of “Precious Lord”, by its author :

*Back in 1932 I was 32 years old and a fairly new husband. My wife, Nettie, and I were living in a little apartment on Chicago’s South Side. One hot August afternoon I had to go to St. Louis, where I was to be the featured soloist at a large*

*revival meeting. I didn't want to go. Nettie was in the last month of pregnancy with our first child. But a lot of people were expecting me in St. Louis. So I kissed Nettie goodbye...Something was strongly telling me to stay. But eager to get on my way...I slipped out of the room...*

*The next night...the crowd called on me to sing again and again. When I finally sat down, a messenger boy ran up with a Western Union telegram. I ripped open the envelope. Pasted on the yellow sheet were the words: YOUR WIFE JUST DIED. People were happily singing and clapping around me, but I could hardly keep from crying out. I rushed to a phone and called home. All I could hear on the other end was, "Nettie is dead. Nettie is dead."*

*When I got back, I learned that Nettie had given birth to a boy. I swung between grief and joy. Yet that night, the baby died. I buried Nettie and our little boy together, in the same casket. Then I fell apart. For days I closeted myself. I felt that God had done me an injustice. I didn't want to serve Him any more...But then...I thought back to the afternoon I went to St. Louis. Something kept telling me to stay with Nettie. Was that something God? Oh, if I had paid more attention to Him that day I would have stayed and been with Nettie when she died. From that moment on I vowed to listen more closely to Him. But still I was lost in grief. (One quiet evening) I sat down at the piano and my hands began to browse over the keys. Something happened to me then. I felt at peace. I felt as though I could reach out and touch God. I found myself playing a melody, one I'd never heard or played before, and the words...just seemed to fall into place:*

*Precious Lord, take my hand  
Lead me on, help me stand,  
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn  
Through the storm, through the night,*

*Lead me on, to the light  
Take my hand, precious lord,  
Lead me home.*

*The Lord gave me these words and melody. He also healed my spirit. I learned that when we are in our deepest grief, when we feel farthest from God, this is when he is closest, and when we are most open to His restoring power. And so I go on living for God willingly and joyfully, until that day comes when He will take me and gently lead me home.*

*-Tommy Dorsey*

Beautiful story, isn't it? Bet you didn't know that side of Tommy Dorsey. But is it true? Did Tommy Dorsey really write that beautiful hymn? The answer is yes...and no.

The hymn was NOT written by Tommy Dorsey, the American band leader who in 1939 hired Frank Sinatra away from rival bandleader Harry James, and who died by accidental choking on 26 November 1956, at the age of 51.

The song was written by gospel great Thomas Andrew Dorsey (aka Tommy), a contemporary of the other Tommy, who did indeed weather the deaths of his wife and newborn child. The song has since been translated into 32 languages, and was the Reverend Martin Luther King's favourite, sung by Mahalia Jackson at his funeral. It was also sung by Leontyne Price at Lyndon B. Johnson's funeral.

Thomas Andrew Dorsey was born in Villa Rica, Georgia, on 1 July 1899. He was a blues bandleader for singers, but after becoming a Christian he turned to writing gospel music, over the course of his lifetime writing more than a thousand gospel hymns. "Peace in the Valley" is one you may know – Johnny Cash and the Carter family used to like to sing it. This Tommy Dorsey died in Chicago on 23

January 1993, of complications arising from Alzheimer's disease.



It is not hard to see how the two musicians could be confused – they had the same name and were on the music scene at the same time – but it would have been easy to tell them apart if they stood side by side. Tommy Dorsey the bandleader was Caucasian, and Tommy Dorsey the gospel singer and song-writer was African-American.

## **Flashbacks from Graceviews...Remember?**

### **Pancake Jamboree**

**March 2005**

On Feb. 8, 2005, a Pancake Supper was sponsored by the Graceview Choir. The fundraiser, to defray the choir gown costs, was a success...Attendance was over 100! The pancakes were plentiful, satisfying everyone's taste buds. The singsong led by Pat Krieger, Tish McSwain and Jim Brew was enthusiastically received by all. Doris Bryce accompanied the singing. With hearts full of song and tummies full of pancakes people went home ... happy..

*Betty*

### *Cruickshank*

*(Ed. Note: This was the first time Janet Ottewell and I made the pancake batter from scratch, and we have been happily doing it ever since.)*

## **Christmas Angel Programme**

**December 2004**

There are going to be seven very happy families in Etobicoke this Christmas thanks to the loving hearts... of the members of Graceview. Our hearts have been warmed by your giving and we thank you for your response to the Christmas Angel Programme. We will be delivering your gifts in early December...We will be sure to tell them that these gifts are a tangible sign of God's love for them, and we are the vehicle through which that love is shown...Thank you for the love you have shown to some of the less advantaged of God's children.

*Outreach Team*

## **New Clerk of Session**

**January 2006**

After many years of dedicated service, Joan Kohar has stepped down as Clerk of Session...Recognizing the enormity of the commitment, the session has initiated a rotating system of a one year term of Clerk, from January to January. Graciously agreeing to be first in line is Bob Twynam...We thank Bob for stepping up to the plate and hope your year as Clerk will be both rewarding and enjoyable.

*Heather Wade*

*(Ed. Note: This is the 21st year of Bob's "year")*

### **Greetings from Glen DeLine**

In 30 days God is directing me to go down another path which doesn't include Graceview. I would like to thank Pastor Eric, Choir Members and everyone else for your kindness and Christian love, while we worshiped together for the last 10 months. I have put you on my permanent Prayer List and I hope you will consider praying for me on my new journey. I will be starting a Bible Study and Prayer Meeting every Friday evening at 7pm. Several individuals are going to attend by Zoom, because they enjoy the ideas of including Archeology and History to each book of the Bible that we will be

studying. You are most welcome to join.  
Many Blessings and many Prayers, Glen

*I found this in a folder of potential fodder for Graceviews, bequeathed to me by Len Swatridge many years ago. I thought it funny and appropriate, given the times we live in.*

### Naval Intelligence

The following is the transcript of a radio conversation of a U.S. naval ship with Canadian authorities off the coast of Newfoundland in October 1995:

**Americans:** Please divert your course 15 degrees to the North to avoid a collision.

**Canadians:** Recommend you divert YOUR course 15 degrees to the South to avoid a collision.

**Americans:** This is the captain of a U.S. Navy ship. I say again, divert YOUR course.

**Canadians:** No, I say again, you divert YOUR course.

**Americans:** THIS IS THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER USS AMERICA. WE ARE A WARSHIP OF THE U.S. NAVY. DIVERT YOUR COURSE NOW!

**Canadians:** This is a lighthouse. Your call.

*This appeared in the April 8 Weekly News. I thought it was too good not to preserve in Graceviews.*

### Susan's Reflections on Easter

Susan Chopp

“He is Risen! Hallelujah! There is just something about Easter Sunday morning. I often feel like it is the time of rebirth. Not only spiritually, but seasonally as well. I remember my childhood Easters. More often than not it was the time when boots no longer had to be worn. That feeling of freedom from heavy boots is very

fondly remembered. It felt like my feet and legs could fly unencumbered. It was also the first time when I could go outside and draw that wonderful hopscotch grid on the road and play hopscotch for hours on end. It was a time of wearing my Easter hat which was usually white, with a small brim and a small pink flower in the brim and best of all, a ribbon flowing down my back. I loved those hats and wore them proudly as my mom and I walked to church for Easter Sunday worship. Dinner was always a ham with scalloped potatoes. It all felt like a rebirth and an awakening.

The season, itself, is also being reborn. All that was dead over the winter, suddenly comes back to life with a beauty that makes one stop, just to take it all in. When those tiny heads of the crocus and hyacinth plants peek through the dirt, it just tells us all that more is yet to come. It will be colourful and vibrant and will last all the way to Autumn. And so it is with Christ being risen from the dead. All that he spoke about, all the good, all the glory that is God was about to come to fruition. His love, His message will take us through our lives until we can all see the glory of God when we ascend to heaven. Yes...the best is yet to come. It represents the promise of eternal life, the resurrection, and the ultimate restoration of all things in heaven. It signifies moving from earthly struggle to divine glory, with God wiping away every tear, where the future holds unmatched joy, purpose, and renewal over past trials.

**"He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death' or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away."** Revelation 21:4

I hope you have enjoyed the May/June issue of Graceviews. The next issue will be available early in early July. **The deadline will be Sunday, June 20.**

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. Anyone can submit anything, either written by yourself, or something you have found interesting that you think would interest others. I try to provide a variety of rich and interesting reading, and am always happy when I can publish a piece with a byline other than my own.

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