



PITTSBURGH ZOO & PPG AQUARIUM

## LOGOFEST

The design of company logos can be very sophisticated, a fact which is

lost on us sometimes. Can you spot the arrow in the familiar FEDEX logo, for example? How about the cyclist bending over the orange front wheel of his bicycle? Get the idea – can you see the gorilla and lion facing off in the logo for the Pittsburgh Zoo?



## English As It Is Spoke • Signs of the Times

*In a Laundromat:*

**AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINES: PLEASE REMOVE ALL YOUR CLOTHES WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT.**

*In an Office:*

**WOULD THE PERSON WHO TOOK THE STEP LADDER YESTERDAY PLEASE BRING IT BACK OR FURTHER STEPS WILL BE TAKEN.**

**AFTER TEA BREAK, STAFF SHOULD EMPTY THE TEAPOT AND STAND UPSIDE DOWN ON THE DRAINING BOARD.**

*At a Conference Centre:*

**FOR ANYONE WHO HAS CHILDREN AND DOESN'T KNOW IT, THERE IS A DAY CARE ON THE 1ST FLOOR.**

*In a Newspaper:*

**MAN KILLS SELF BEFORE SHOOTING WIFE AND DAUGHTER. POLICE BEGIN CAMPAIGN TO RUN DOWN JAYWALKERS.**

With thanks to Stan L.

## Well Put

"His mother should have thrown him away and kept the stork." - Mae West

"Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go." - Oscar Wilde

"I've had a perfectly wonderful evening. But this wasn't it." - Groucho Marx

"He is simply a shiver looking for a spine to run up." - Paul Keating

## Apt Anagrams

*Can you rearrange the letters of each sentence to create a single word definition? For example, "Life's aim" becomes "Families".*

- |                     |                      |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. A rope ends it.  | 2. Our men earn it.  |
| 3. Nine thumps      | 4. Sea term          |
| 5. A stew, sir?     | 6. Restore plush     |
| 7. Let's rush       | 8. Often sheds tears |
| 9. Endless ambition | 10. Apt is the cure  |

## Still Bored?

*Try saying this phrase a few times over!*

"The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep is sick."



## CHRISTMAS BAZAAR 2018

### MARK YOUR CALENDAR!

**Saturday, November 17<sup>th</sup>, 9.00 a.m. – 12.00 p.m.**

**Books, baking, baskets and baubles galore!**

**Don't miss it!**



• Editor: [dlpater@videotron.ca](mailto:dlpater@videotron.ca)

# THE CHURCH OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST MESSENGER



Telephone: 514.697.1714 • Email: [stjtheb@videotron.ca](mailto:stjtheb@videotron.ca) • [www.stjtheb.ca](http://www.stjtheb.ca) October 2018



## Remember the Sabbath day?

**The Sabbath, or more commonly for us, Sunday, is a day mandated for rest and worship. It is perhaps interesting to consider how we interpret that mandate in the present day. It was not so long ago that Sundays were indeed different from the other days of the week.**

Where, and when, I grew up, the differences were quite obvious, even to a young child. All stores were closed, as were the bars. In the most "puritanical" situations, no music would be played indoors, let alone outside in public places. In the most religiously fastidious families, blinds or curtains would be drawn, at least until noon, often for most of the day. Children were admonished and warned to behave in ways which were foreign to most of them. In any child's mind, I am sure, Sunday was a day of gloom, broken only by one, or often two visits, to church or mission hall. Even for many adults, Sunday was an inconvenience, or at best a nice idea substantially at odds with the reality of life as it was increasingly lived.

**As we sit in emptying churches, we can contemplate that Sunday has indeed become a day pretty much like all the others, with advantages to offer in our busy lives – but also some disadvantages.**

William Black, a History professor at Western Kentucky University, wrote that, "when taken seriously, the Sabbath has the power to restructure not only the calendar but also the entire political economy. In place of an economy built upon

the profit motive – the ever-present need for more, in fact the need for there to never be enough – the Sabbath puts forward an economy built upon the belief that there *is* enough."

It is unknown (unlikely) that the "ten commandments", have ever been followed to the letter by any societal or religious groups in the Judeo-Christian era. In any case, they are certainly not now. As we all know, Sunday has been rolled into a weekend which is a simple extension of the rest of the week. The "mobile" work-place is paving the way for the disappearance of the weekend altogether. Black suggests that "the decline of good full-time work and the rise of the gig economy mean that we must relentlessly hustle and never rest."

**Why haven't you answered that email? Couldn't you be doing something more productive with your time? Bring your phone with you to the bathroom so you can at least keep busy."**

We are expected to compete with each other for our own labour, so that we each become our own taskmaster. Offer your employer more and more work for the same amount of pay, so that you undercut your competition – metaphorically making more and more bricks, and even bringing your own straw to make them, if needs be! In this 'fluid' economy, we are worth no more than the labour we can perform, and the value of our labour is being ever devalued. Sunday, as a (holy) day of relaxation, scarcely exists any more. "We can never work enough. A profit-driven capitalist society depends on the anxious striving for more, and it would break down if there were ever enough." Black concludes, "It is time for us, whatever our religious beliefs, to see the Sabbatarian laws of old not as backward and pharisaical, but rather as the liberating statements they were meant to be. It is time to ask what our society would look like if it made room for a new Sabbath – or, to put it a different way, what our society would *need* to look like for such a day to be possible."

William Black, Visiting Instructor in History, Western Kentucky University

David L. Paterson, Editor.

**Hi Ho. Hi Ho. It's off to work we go!**

**It ain't no trick, To get rich quick**

**If ya dig dig dig with a shovel or a stick!**



With thanks to Lyn Priestley



A huge vote of appreciation to all those who made the Parish Supper on September 15<sup>th</sup> such a resounding success. The talents and hard work of many individuals often go unnoticed but, on this occasion, they could be seen, tasted and enjoyed! Thank you to all concerned!



## Super Supper 2018



### A Cautionary Tale

*In the wake of the open choir rehearsal held on October 4th, we need to take stock of any health problems which may have arisen as a result of any trauma occurring. This is a particular imperative given the distribution, in the days prior to the rehearsal, of advice outlining the benefits of communal singing which may have encouraged a number of unsuspecting parishioners to attend without checking first with their doctor or health professional.*

**A visibly worried Olivier refers all parishioners to this newspaper report, gleaned from the local press in Huron, South Dakota.**

### Hundreds Hospitalized After New Hymn Introduced in Church

Hundreds were hospitalized and scores more traumatized for life in the wake of a disastrous hymn roll-out this past Sunday. Recklessly acting in a way contrary to all Lutheran sensibilities, Pastor Norman



Schroeder inserted a previously unsung hymn, "Through Jesus' Blood and Merit," into the church service. "I remember paging to hymn 372 and thinking that it looked unfamiliar," said helpless victim Delores Hamilton from her hospital bed. "My heart started pounding in my chest! My vision narrowed! As we started singing my hands trembled uncontrollably. I felt lightheaded! I don't even think I made it through the first stanza before I passed out."

First responders were overwhelmed by the chaotic scene. Ambulances struggled to make their way through the terrified congregation streaming through the church parking lot. Inside the sanctuary, hundreds were incapacitated, many still frozen with their hands clutched over their ears in a vain attempt to shut out the unfamiliar tune. The few conscious congregants were in such a weakened state they were unable to assist their more gravely injured Lutherans.

*"We haven't seen such a tragedy since the Reformed Church tried to introduce a contemporary version of the Song of Simeon," lamented local Police Chief Richard Johnson. "Thank goodness there was no loss of life. If we hadn't*

### Recycling Anglicans

*Having been actively involved with our rummage sales for many years, we have seen many articles returned over the years which have been donated and resold.*

However, this year I was surprised when I saw in the children's area, a doll's carriage which had been purchased by my mother, imported from England in 1978. Alison is seen enjoying her first springtime stroll with this carriage when she was just one and a half years old. We had eventually passed this on to Lyn P. for her granddaughter when our girls decided it had been stored in our house and only grandsons had appeared for us. So this 40+ year old item is now for re-sale, with various blankets and covers, and even a hand-crocheted one, crafted by my mother in law. One never knows what may appear, but certainly this carriage



longevity has become a conversation topic in our family with many fond memories.

With thanks to Brenda Dewar *(The 'pram' was indeed sold to a local resident - so the history of the toy perambulator continues! Editor)*



Photos: Penny Muller

*tasered the organist, the death toll would have been truly catastrophic.*”

The investigation is only beginning, but already red warning lights are flashing in the eyes of any common sense Lutheran. Why didn't Pastor Schroeder run his plans through the worship committee? Why wasn't the hymn tune introduced as postlude, prelude, and offertory? Why weren't congregants warned the standard three months in advance that a new hymn was being introduced? Only a fair, impartial investigation and the immediate excommunication of Pastor Schroeder can ensure such a tragedy never occurs again.

Admittedly, we live in the era of “fake news” – but, given trends in the modern church, fair warning nonetheless!

Johannes Bugenhagen • DLP, Editor  
With thanks to Olivier Lavoie-Gagné

## Vicar's Vignette

**“Just because you can doesn't mean you should”**



*By the time you read this vignette, it will be legal in Canada to use marijuana recreationally. According to a June 2018 CBC Radio news report, as of Wednesday, October 17, 2018, Canadians will be permitted to possess and use a certain amount of cannabis without fear of breaking the law.*

Specifically, “Canadians, depending upon the province they live in, will be permitted to:

- purchase fresh or dried cannabis, cannabis oil, plants and seeds for cultivation from either a provincially or territorially regulated retailer, or — where that option is not available — directly from a federally licensed producer;
- possess up to 30 grams of dried legal cannabis or its equivalent in public;
- share up to 30 grams (or its equivalent) of legal cannabis and legal cannabis products with other adults;
- cultivate up to four plants at home (four plants total per household); and
- prepare various cannabis products (such as edibles) at home for personal use, provided that no dangerous organic solvents are used in the process.

In general, people will have the right and freedom to light up on private property and in private residences.

There are those however who argue that legalizing marijuana may very well lead to the same concerns

that opponents to the legalization of marijuana in Colorado voiced a few years ago, namely; “increased consumption, higher addiction rates, increased treatment and societal costs, including the need for drug treatment and prevention programs, emergency room visits, increased crime, health care, traffic accidents, school dropout rates, etc.” (LawNow; relating law to life in Canada, Oct 27, 2016).



*The question that comes to my mind with the advent of the legalizing of pot in Canada is this, “Just because you have the legal right to do something, is it the right thing to do?”*

As the apostle Paul argued in 1 Corinthians, Chapters 6 and 10, having the right or freedom to certain actions does not mean that exercising that right or freedom is beneficial to you or those around you. For Paul there was a bigger picture to consider than individual rights and/or freedoms. He argued that for Christians their ultimate consideration and first priority was their responsibility to God, “...do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you, which you have from God, and that you are not your own?” (1 Cor. 6:19) A Christian's relationship with God is of paramount importance in his or her life.

Following on the heels of that ethic is the Christian moral principle, “Do not seek your own advantage, but that of the other.” (1 Cor. 10:24). The decisions we make and the actions we take must take into account their effect on the spiritual and moral well-being of those around us. “I do what is best for others so that many may be saved.”

A first principle for Christians is to edify fellow believers, “For you were called to freedom, brothers and sisters; only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for self-indulgence, but through love become servants to one another.”

*If there is some concern that the recreational use of pot may cast a shadow on one's ability to hold to a higher ethic, that of seeking the overall well-being of others as a first principle, then as Paul suggests, it may be better to forgo the right to a reefer and indulge in the pursuit of the common good.*

Yours faithfully,



Lorne +



## First Day

**How many of us remember our first day at school?! In a country like Canada, it will not be unusual to find that the occasion will offer a variety of experiences unique to the individual, depending on where that first day took place, the customs and requirements of the type of school and, of course, how long ago that fateful day occurred. The following short article outlines how one person remembers how her first day going to school unfolded. Perhaps her description will ring a bell clearly with some who read it; for most of us, some memory of the degree of apprehension may still linger.**

**The year is 1953** and I am five years old. It's barely 7 a.m. on an early September morning and I'm already wide awake. There is a strange nervous feeling in my tummy. I remember that today is to be my first day at School.

On the chair, near my bed, lies my new school uniform, all neatly folded and with every single item bearing my name. Some items have white tags stitched to them with slanting, red writing; others, like my shoes, have my name scratched deeply in black ink.

My mother comes to help me dress. I feel like I'm suffocating under my stiff collared shirt, tie, gym slip and cardigan. I long for the comfort of my old cotton dress and my sandals with the toes cut out. My bedroom is full of intoxicating smells. The newness of my leather satchel, the crepe bottoms of my

indoor sandals, freshly sharpened crayons in a new wooden box. My eraser even bears my initials!

At the front door my mother helps me into a blazer and a felt hat that is a little too large. The elastic is tight under my chin and I have to lift my head to see properly. She gently fuffs the bows that hold my plaits in place, smiles and we are off out of the door, with my brother and heading to the Railway Station.

We arrive on the platform that seems like a sea of bobbing caps and hats. I find myself looking down the platform, transfixed by a woman who appears to be gliding towards us like some magnificent galleon. She seems to me very, very tall. Her eyes are hidden behind rimless spectacles that



catch the light. Her hair, beneath her neat hat, is wreathed in a plait kept in place by sparkling clips. Everything about her is immaculate, perfect, from her cream leather, buttoned gloves to her neat matching, low heeled court shoes. She carries a large

music case and umbrella. She introduces herself as Miss Buddle. I can feel that strange feeling in my tummy again. This woman is someone you instinctively respected. I cast my eyes downwards and focused on my new lace-up shoes.

I am whisked away to join a group of small girls, all dressed identically to me. Miss Buddle raises her voice. It's full of authority but not harsh. We are to walk in twos, holding hands and to follow her. She calls this a "crocodile". A girl beside me grasps my hand and tells me she is Gloria. We hurry after Miss Buddle.

There is a hooting noise in the distance followed by a wonderful cloud of steam. The Cornishman appears out of this mist like some great and wonderful dragon. The carriages are gleaming in their cream and brown livery, the guard hanging out of a window with a red flag in his hand.

We follow Miss Buddle along until she finds a suitable carriage for us all. It's very busy and we finally cram into our seats, sharing our carriage with an elderly gentleman who appears to be making lace! There is a faint smell of rice pudding but it's warm and feels safe and somehow welcoming. The gentle clackety-clack rhythm and motion, for now, quells the strange feeling in my tummy. For the first time I allow myself to feel excited at what might lie ahead, on my first day at school.

Pie Louis-Smith, FIVE ALIVE, September 2018



*Twice a year, thanks to a lot of hard work by the Women's Guild and other individuals, we can shed a light on some lost treasures from our attics and storerooms. Many get a new lease on life, at least for a time, although they may reappear when the next sale comes along. However, the trading at the recent sale raised approximately*

*\$3000.00 for the Guild which ultimately will help pay for needed church projects of one kind or another. Without such enthusiasm and effort, upkeep or enhancement of the building and property would be very difficult. Thank you to all concerned.*

*(More pictures can be found on page 5. Editor)*