



## A PAR-fect Way of Giving

A number of churches in our local area have offered their parishioners the opportunity to make their financial offering to their church automatically. We will call this pre-authorized remittance “offering” program PAR for short. If you have automatic debits from your bank account to pay for insurance, cable TV, taxes, fuel, or a mortgage, then you understand the PAR principle. The PAR programme is administered by the United Church of Canada but the service is offered to any denomination wishing to participate.

### About PAR

PAR, or Pre-Authorized Remittance, is a “direct debit” program that allows you to support your church through an automatic monthly withdrawal from your bank account. The program follows the giver’s wishes e.g., a stated amount for local church expenses and a stated amount for Missions or specified other Funds. Once a month, all PAR givings are debited from parishioners’ accounts and then the total is electronically transferred to the church accounts. An increasing number of people have found that monthly direct debiting allows them to consistently plan and honour their financial commitments to their church. You can join this number.

### Benefits

The PAR system helps parishes regulate their income. If many members are away for the summer or winter, this helps them to keep their commitment without having to ‘catch up’ on their givings. In this sense, PAR givers are strong givers!

### If you decide to join, what is involved?

#### How to participate

Those in our parish who wish to “enroll” in this program can obtain an authorization form from the parish office.

The signed forms will then be returned to the Church office accompanied by a voided cheque. On the authorization form you will indicate the date that you wish to start the program, and you will also state how you wish to allocate your offering, for example, general giving, a separate Mission and Service Fund account or Building Fund account. Those monies will then be directly credited to the appropriate account to reflect your wishes. PAR can accommodate up to three different accounts.

#### When are the transactions processed?

The debits from individual accounts and the lump sum credits to the congregational accounts happen on the 20th of each month or the next business day, if the 20th falls on a weekend. This date is not variable.

#### Does the church require a minimum number of people to participate in PAR?

There is no minimum number of givers required for the parish to start the PAR program, but the more people on the program, the more beneficial it is for the church.

(Continued overleaf)

## All Saints?

In my adult years, it has often struck me as strange that all around us children and adults in our secular society get so wound up about celebrating a day which has its origins, at first reading, in the Christian calendar. Of course, we could say the same about Christmas, and perhaps to a lesser degree, Easter. It can’t be that a common component is “the giving of gifts”, in this case, *treats*. The *tricks* part seems to have lost some prominence since I went ‘guising’. However, is there really a Christian perspective on the observance of Hallowe’en or is it all just another commercial boondoggle? Where did Hallowe’en come from anyway?



Historically, some of today’s popular celebrations associated with Hallowe’en have pagan roots stemming from ancient Celtic festivals. This harvest festival of the druids ushered in the New Year, beginning on the evening of October 31st, with the lighting of bonfires and the offering of sacrifices. As the druids danced around their fires, they celebrated the ending of the summer season and the beginning of the season of darkness. It was also believed that at this time of year the invisible ‘gates’ between the natural world and the spirit world would open, allowing free movement between the two worlds. Ah, hence the ghosts, ghoulies and goblins!

At any rate, during the 8th century in the diocese of Rome, Pope Gregory III moved All Saints Day to November 1st, officially making October 31st “All Hallows Eve,” some say as a way of claiming the celebration for Christendom. However, this feast commemorating the martyrdom of the Saints had already been celebrated by Christians for many centuries prior to this time. Inevitably, some of the pagan practices associated with the season persisted. As I recall from my history lessons, druids, for example, were most likely to be found in Wales. This certainly would explain the Welsh penchant for gathering in largish groups (mainly of men) to *howl at the moon* at the least opportunity. In Scotland, we wisely adopted an instrument to do the same!

There are, no doubt, those among us who can quote from Deuteronomy, Chapter 18, “*And do not let your people practice fortune-telling or sorcery, or allow them to interpret omens, or engage in witchcraft, or cast spells, or function as mediums or psychics, or call forth the spirits of the dead.*”

Without doubt, strong words of warning but they do not really specifically warn against observing Hallowe’en – which may be just as well. The Martyrdom of the Saints, while ‘observed’, is probably only distinguished nowadays by some great hymns – and may suffer from its proximity to Remembrance Sunday which, for most people, is still a more tangible cause for commemoration. However, try telling that to the Mall managers who are busy making their own *killing*, selling candy-bars and costumes.

David L. Paterson, Editor

### **How much does PAR cost the parish?**

The PAR program costs the parish 50 cents per giver per month, up to a maximum of \$45.00 (90 or more people); this is deducted at the time of transfer which helps to defray the administrative costs incurred. Individuals pay the normal chequing/debit fees to their local bank or credit union, if applicable.

### **How does a giver change the amount of his/her gift or change to a different bank account?**

All changes of this nature go through the congregation office. Forms will be available to facilitate changes, additions and deletions to the offering within 15 days. When there is a change of bank or account number a new voided cheque must be provided.

### **What do we do about our members who feel uncomfortable about not putting something in the offering plate?**

The PAR program offers small cards for the offering plate. The cards are printed with the words: My offering has been given by Pre-Authorized Remittance. They can be recycled from the offering plate and kept in a central place for people to pick up when they finish their own supply. About 10 cards per family is usually more than sufficient if cards are recycled. All materials are provided free of charge to participating congregations.

## **Parish Council recommends Par**

The Parish Council and the Corporation have discussed the PAR programme and would like to recommend it to you. Further information can be obtained by reading one of the copies outside the church office. St. J. the B.'s brochure will be distributed with the Sunday bulletin and by email shortly. As mentioned above, the greater number of members of the parish who opt to join, the more the congregation will feel the benefits of PAR.

### **Deacon Marjerison urges parishioners to use PAR**

Deacon Marjerison is a strong supporter of the scheme, describing it as *"a win-win situation ... where one-twelfth of your annual pledge comes out of your bank account once a month, automatically, with no fuss, no muss, no bother. Contrast this with having to get a box of 52 weekly envelopes, each week having to find the correct one, or ones if you have missed any, getting out your cheque book, writing a cheque, entering the cheque, inserting it in the envelope, sealing the envelope, and putting it in your pocket or purse to bring to church. PAR saves you all that. What you do with the saved time is up to you - sleep in another five minutes, enjoy a second coffee, wash the breakfast dishes, or whatever - it's saved time - and perhaps also saved money, if your bank charges you for cheques and transactions. For you, PAR is a win situation. For the parish, it is a win situation, because we save time for our sides people, envelope secretary and treasurer, and our cash flow is steady and regular, regardless of vacations and holiday times. I plan to enroll."*

Tom Fisher, Deputy Warden

## **Atonement**

Yom Kippur is the Day of Atonement in the Jewish faith, the one day each year when all Jews are expected to believe in God—with or without evidence! From a Christian perspective, the idea of *atonement* is one of the most difficult in the Bible to explain; however, it is also one of the most important of all spiritual truths. But do we really understand what it means? We know atonement involves forgiving others and being forgiven by

God, but most people would also have a difficult time defining and explaining exactly what that means. Yet both Judaism and Christianity hold this important teaching in common and both faiths are built on this concept. As Christians, the idea that Christ died for our sins cannot be understood without grasping what the Bible teaches about atonement.

Essential to the concept of atonement is that there is a personal God who made us, loves us, desires to have a relationship with us and who also holds us accountable for our actions. For some reason, no moralist or philosopher has been able adequately to explain why we continually stray from the divine guidelines found in the Bible. Ignoring these guidelines is called sin. Sin is endemic to the human condition – no one is perfect.

We might try to earn atonement by personal sacrifice for we innately know we should seek forgiveness for the wrongs we have done. However, from the Bible's point of view, no one among us is capable of achieving the depth of repentance that would enable us to meet God's standards. It is only by accepting what God has accomplished on our behalf that we can be truly free from sin. In other words, forgiveness is our unmerited and unearned gift from God.

Dr. Daniel Goldberg, *The Chosen People* Vol.XVI, Issue 7  
(with thanks to Don Leith)  
Editor, DLP

## **Funny you should ask!**

A Jewish businessman in Chicago sent his son to Israel for a year to absorb the culture. When the son returned, he said, "Papa, I had a great time in Israel. By the way, I converted to Christianity."

"Oy vey," said the father. "What have I done?" He took his problem to his best friend, Ike. "Ike," he said, "I sent my son to Israel, and he came home a Christian. What can I do?"

"Funny you should ask," said Ike. "I too, sent my son to Israel, and he also came home a Christian. Perhaps we should go see the Rabbi." So they did, and they explained their problem to the Rabbi.

"Funny you should ask," said the Rabbi "I, too, sent my son to Israel, and he also came home a Christian. What is happening to our young people?"

And so they all prayed, telling the Lord about their sons. As they finished their prayer, a voice came from the Heavens.

"Funny you should ask," said the Voice, "I, too, sent my Son to Israel . . . ."

With thanks to Don Leith

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**BRING YOUR FRIENDS**  
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**Saturday, Nov. 20th, 9:30 a.m. to 2.00 p.m.**

## Feeling thankful

What a beautiful Thanksgiving Sunday it turned out to be! A solid sermon preached, it was said by not a few at Church, followed by a quick home visit to a senior in residence, a light lunch, nap and then off we drove!

Carol and I have finally slowed down enough to breath it seems. The drive to the home of Mary and Walter Cartwright, former parishioners now living near Williamstown, just past the border in Ontario, was filled with the unbelievably vibrant Fall colours of deep red, burnt orange, and brilliant yellow alongside highways 20 and the 401 on Sunday afternoon. The temperature was in the mid teens. The sun was shining in that wonderful Fall crisp way. Great Grandma Glencross was in the back seat enjoying the view with us, as well as Pudge who was cuddling up to Grandma and didn't give a whit about the trees.



We made it there by 3 p.m. and first walked a bit of the 1840's Scottish farm taking in the view of the vineyard vines, in their second year now, on one side of the house, just past the front yard and pond, on a slight southern faced rise in the land placed to catch the sun. As we nattered our thanks for being there we proceeded up the drive, first to the chicken coop where organic chickens, from Quebec no less, are laying golden brown organic eggs full of omega something or other from the organic feed they're fed. We were gifted with a half dozen by the end of the day. The barn was next and the rescued ponies seemed in fine form from the last time we saw them. Was it last Easter or last Thanksgiving!?! Boy, time flies. The ponies were given an organic carrot each, from the garden to which they had con-

tributed the fertilizer, and were bemused by and even nuzzled noses with Pudge who seemed to adore them, quietly wagging his tail, while sniffing noses met under the lowest bar of the fence.

We next saw the eight heifers in the field close to the barn. Some wandered over and were rewarded with a quartered apple grown from the two trees on the land. Walter and Mary will only have the cattle for this season before the owners take them back. The garden was next. Being only slightly less than two acres, using the word garden might not be adequate. All the garlic had been harvested and sold to shops in Cornwall and Hudson. We're promised some seeds before next spring, to throw someplace in our place in Clairville, NB.

Walter and Mary have finished two years of renovations at the farm. This year the wood and mortar of the house had been pressure hosed and treated. The stain of the treatment should last five or so years and makes the flat cut face of the log wood look amber. The mortar has been filled in and flattened level to match the wood face but its colour has an ever so slightly off-white tinge; a perfect match to the wood, in my estimation. We spent an hour or more sitting in the screened veranda enjoying a 'wee cuppa' or a single malt. I'll leave you to guess who had what! I had two.

Whoever thought the countryside was a quiet place was quite wrong. Sights and sounds galore accompanied our gabbing as the sun began to send late day shadows in to the fields. The Cartwrights' very black cat was caught by the honey-hued late afternoon sunlight in the field as it pounced on this or that. Canadian geese regularly honked their way towards the St. Lawrence through the lightly clouded sky for their overnight stay on the water from the fields of feed corn and grain they had been in for the day. An occasional car was heard passing by on the two lane road that passed for a highway nearby. Occasionally the rooster crowed, or the free ranging hens clucked, and Pudge whined when they did.

The local birds chirped or sang as they chose from time to time.

Turnip, parsnips, carrots, onions, fennel and Yukon Gold potatoes roasted to perfection, accompanied the large organic turkey baked and basted over several hours at dinner. Mary's stuffing was her Mother's recipe. A good French white wine, actually chosen by moi-même, complemented the meal. (Actually it was French wine that turned out to be good to be honest about it!) Seconds at supper were not obligatory, but were enjoyed by most. It was decided that Grandma's pies would have to be consumed straightway after supper, it was thought, that if we stopped for a break we might not get back to them, so full we were! Exquisite is the only word to describe them. One was lemon merangue. The other was her unique strawberry-apple-rhubarb. Both were to die for. The apples and rhubarb were from her backyard. (The apple tree hadn't produced edible fruit for a couple of years.) Strong decaf tea and coffee were served. Walter and I retired back to the front screened-in porch where we completed the catching up on life.

Doggie bags were filled with Turkey delights. Thanks were mutually given and received. Goodbye hugs were shared and the drive home was thoughtful and quiet. Carol's cough had returned and she calmed her throat through silence for the hour drive. I even drifted off course while following my thoughts from the day. They carried me away as we neared the Island of Montreal and I missed the turn off for Highway 20 and sheepishly had to drive up to the Trans-Canada and over that bridge there towards home, several extra kilometers off course, dropping Great Granny Glencross first at 1825 Denton in Dorval and then slowly into the driveway at 69 Brunet, Pointe Claire, a day very well spent.

Rev. Bruce Glencross, Rector  
Photos: Carol Glencross



## Here is the Church ...

I recently rented the big hall for a University Women's Club event. Close to fifty women enjoyed an afternoon with an author from Westmount talking about her recent book, *The Heart Specialist*. Over the tea that followed, one of the ladies said to me, "You have such an active church as your parking lot always seems to be full of cars!"

On that afternoon I overheard people saying that their children had gone to Busy Fours; another said, "This is where I come for Low Vision." Several said, "I'm here every week for Cantabile, and L.L.O." Yet another mentioned, "I think this is where my husband comes for the stamp club."

On that Wednesday morning, as I was setting up the hall for our function, the kitchen was very busy with Meals on Wheels, the Allen Lounge was in discussion mode with the participants in our Bible study, Busy Fours Pre-School was in full swing and parents were picking up their charges with cheerful chatter. It was indeed a busy place. Later, in the early evening, I went back to collect something left behind, and again the church was ablaze with lights and activity – a meeting in the basement, risers being set up in the hall for a choir, cheerful ladies in the kitchen and a happy buzz throughout.

I must admit on Sunday morning, as I gaze out from my vantage point in the choir, I'm discouraged. Where are all the people?

The people who come to our church for various activities are not parishioners but, with their rental money, they do contribute to our outreach programmes. Everyone loves to come to our building. It is clean, warm and welcoming. This reminded me of the old hand and finger nursery rhyme

*Here is the Church,  
Here is the steeple;  
Open the doors, and  
Here are the people!*



They are here - maybe not in church on Sunday but somehow knowing the church is appreciated and used by so many, makes me feel better.

Margaret Nicoll-Griffith



**Oh, Mr. Green Team! Where were you when we needed you?  
40% of the Leaf Rakers move 10% of the leaves!**



Frère André

## *In memoriam*

**Harold Barber** passed away on October 24th. Harold, born in 1918 on the family farm in Brome, near Knowlton in the Eastern Townships, was the second of Harry and Annie Barber's two children. Harold worked most of his career for C.I.L., both in Brownsburg and in Plattsburg, NY. He lost his first wife, Shirley, to a car accident. A few years later, he met and married Fern, living first in Plattsburg and subsequently in Pointe Claire. Harold was an active member of Saint John the Baptist who will be missed.



Photo: Carol Glencross

On Sunday, 24th October, Bishop Larry Robertson, Bishop of the Yukon, attended and participated in the 10.00 a.m. morning service. He was accompanied by his wife, Sheila. Both were attending a House of Bishops conference here in Montreal. In his sermon, Bishop Larry described the difficulty of supporting Anglican parishes in a territory which covers an area larger than Spain, all the more challenging since there are only four full-time paid priests to cater to the twenty congregations in his charge. He was encouraged and inspired, however, by how local Anglican laity were finding the means to sustain worship in the many small communities, many of which are made up of First Nations peoples. Overall, the Yukon 'boasts' over two thousand Anglicans.

DLP

## Let sleeping dogs *lie*

*A minister was walking down the street and saw a circle of boys who were laughing, then quiet, then laughing. Curious, he walked toward them and observed a puppy in the middle of the circle. Thinking they might be teasing the little dog, he asked the boys what they were doing. One boy answered that the puppy was a stray they all wanted. They were having a contest; whoever told the biggest lie would win the puppy to take home. The pastor chided the boys saying, "I am surprised at you. When I was your age, I never told a lie." The boys grew very quiet, looked at one another, and then, one of them spoke up, "OK, Reverend, you win the puppy."*