



OLive

The Newsletter of Gordon United Church

THEME: Hymns - The Music of Our Faith

March 2020

Vol. 41 Issue 1

My Life Flows On

*My life flows on in endless song, above
earth's lamentation.*

*I hear the sweet, though far off hymn that
hails a new creation.*

*Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear
the music ringing:*

*It finds an echo in my soul – how can I keep
from singing?*

*What though my joys and comforts die? My
Saviour still is living.*

*What though the shadows gather round? A
new song Christ is giving.*

*No storm can shake my inmost calm, while
to that Rock I'm clinging:*

*Since Love commands both heaven and
earth, how can I keep from singing?*

*When tyrants tremble, sick with fear, and
hear their death knells ringing:*

*When friends rejoice both far and near, how
can I keep from singing?*

*In prison cell and dungeon vile, our
thoughts to them are winging:*

*When friends by shame are undefiled, how
can I keep from singing?*

*I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin, I see the
blue above it;*

*And day by day this pathway smooths, since
first I learned to love it.*

*The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a
fountain every springing:*

*All things are mine since I am Christ's –
how can I keep from singing?*

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

Those who spend much time around me tend to find out fairly soon that music, especially vocal music, has an important place in my life and my faith. I've been singing in choirs since kindergarten; junior choir kept me in the church when most teenagers were leaving; many of the most basic teachings and scriptures in Christian faith were taught to me in song and have stayed with me for decades. I have a song for the order of the New Testament books, a song for Jesus' disciples names, several songs for The Lord's Prayer, songs for grace and songs for bedtime.

One of my favourite hymns in *Voices United* is "My Life Flows On" - #716. I first came across this hymn in a version recorded by Irish singer Enya on her *Shepherd Moons* album back in the early 90s. Enya's rendition was based on the adapted words Pete Seeger learned from a family friend in the 60s. Either the friend Doris Plenn or Seeger himself took out explicitly Christian references and added a verse emphasizing social justice. Despite the editing, it still comes across in the Enya/Seeger version as an anthem of faith and hope – and with Enya's flowing instrumentals and multi-layered vocal arrangements it is haunting and beautiful.

The version we find in *Voices United* is a compilation of the original Christian poem published in the *New York Observer* in 1868 by a Pauline T. with the adaptations of the 60s, returning the Christian content to what is now a popular hymn. The music is attributed to American Baptist minister Robert W. Lowry. There's some question whether Lowry actually wrote the music or not: it was common practice at that time (the mid 1800s) to say a hymn was written by the person who included it in their published hymn collection. Some believe it may have been an old Quaker hymn.

Why do I love this song? The music is gentle, flowing, and very singable – and yet combined with the powerful words it makes a statement of faith and courage that inspires my own living. This



song has seen me through many difficult times, from the angst of youth to the sorrows of maturity, and will take me to the end of my life. I sincerely hope it will be sung – and sung well! – at my memorial service whenever the time comes. If there could be a theme song for my life, this might be it.

I am looking forward to reading about your own beloved hymns. We'll likely find that some of the ones one of us loves the most, another can't stand, and vice versa. Some of us care about words, some of us pay attention to melody or harmony, some of us like a certain kind of rhythm or tempo, some of us have associations with certain pieces that will never go away, positive or negative – which is why music is always both a gift and a potential minefield in worship! There are always new favourites to be learned, too. The list I might make today would be very different from the list I made 20 years ago – yet some would still be the same. This is one of them.

Happy singing! ~ Rev. Heidi (sources: classicat.net and umcdiscipleship.org)

My Favourite Hymn: In the Bulb There is a Flower



Anyone who has been to Tish's Garden Party and Plant Sale knows that it is a wonderful way to start the gardening season. Even on a rainy day, the garden is full of people admiring her beautiful plantings, or sitting in the sun room enjoying tea and goodies, or finding exactly the right plant on the sale table.

I love gardening and my dearest garden memories usually relate to parents or grandparents. My older sisters told me they remember seeing the sightseeing bus stopping in front of grandmother's rose bushes, so they were sent out to "dead head" each day.

But the most wonderful memory is of my parents "Open Gardens" that they did each year by announcement invitation in the paper for any & all to come and walk through and have cookies & iced tea. This was years before anyone ever thought of "Garden Tours".

Interestingly, when they lived in Wenatchee, Wash. about 1927, a man named Mr. Ohme came to their first "open garden" and was so impressed by all the people pulling up in their cars that he said, "Clarke (my father's name), do people really like to come and see Gardens?" So that was the start of the famous Ohme Gardens of Wenatchee, originally built by Mr. & Mrs. Ohme and is still carried on to this day by their son's family. A wonderful place to visit.

So when the church asked for fund raising ideas, I thought I could do a garden party. Hence the "Open Garden & Plant Sale, which has been very successful for the past 14 years. I will be having another "Open Garden" on May 7th, 1-4 & 7-8 PM. Come & enjoy the garden & refreshments at 999 Loch Glen Place. Any questions call me at 250-478-1350.

Submitted by Tish Portelance

HYMN MEMORIES

When you grow up in a church community, it is very easy to associate special events in one's life with a hymn in the background. In the 40's and 50's I think the two hymns sung the most were *Holy Holy Holy* and *Jesus Loves Me*. Those hymns take me back over the decades every time.

I grew up in Manitoba and Rock Lake Camp near Pilot Mound was the United Church Camp for youth and families. Evening vespers was often down at the lake and at the end we climbed back up to the camp area singing *We are Climbing Jacobs Ladder*. Hymns can be moving.

Kum ba yah was popular in the 60's and 70's. It was the song I hummed to our daughter when her tummy was upset. I think I walked miles at times in our little suite. Hymns can be soothing.

In the mid 90's the hymn *She Comes Sailing on the Wind* was a very popular hymn here at Gordon United. When I had the opportunity to be with my Mom the last couple of weeks of her life – it was the perfect hymn to hum in the background. Hymns can be healing.

In 2010 we joined friends on a Christmas River Cruise down the Rhine River. On Christmas eve we were in the city of Cologne and joined thousands of others for Midnight Mass in the Cathedral. It was truly amazing to stand there at the end of the service, singing *Silent Night*, and hearing it sung in other languages all around us. Hymns can be memorable.

Submitted by Judy Muir

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This edition of the OLive has been a real joy to put together. So many wonderful stories, so many memories and so much sharing – all pertaining to the hymns we sing. I hadn't realized what an impact hymns have on all our lives. One of my earliest memories is of my mother singing "Abide with Me" as she tucked me into bed, and years later, hearing her sing "Pull for the Shore, Sailor" as she tucked in my son, Nathan. Many of us still remember our Sunday School hymns and as I read Rose's story of "Jesus Bids Us Shine", I was transported back to a dusty church basement, filled with children singing that hymn with great enthusiasm. The other day, I put on a CD of well-loved hymns and was surprised at how many I knew, words, harmony and all! I think that all of our lives have been enriched beyond measure by the music of our faith. So for this issue of the OLive, I decided to leave out the fillers and oddments I usually use, and devote it entirely to your stories. Read on, enjoy, and sing along if so inclined.

Pat Wilson





There have been scientific studies that show human beings are healthier, happier and more likely to overcome difficulties if they receive at least one hug a day. So... make it your goal to give and receive a hug a day!

HUGS

It's wondrous what a hug can do.
 A hug can cheer you when you're blue.
 A hug can say, "I love you so"
 Or, "I'm sad to see you go."
 A hug is, "Welcome Back Again",
 And "Great to see you. Where've you been?"
 A hug can soothe a small child's pain,
 And bring a rainbow after rain.
 The hug, there's just no doubt about it...
 We scarcely could survive without it!
 O need to fret about your store of 'em;
 The more you give, the more there's more of 'em.
 So stretch those arms without delay
 And give someone a hug today. (Author unknown)
 Submitted by Pat Flack

SINGING HYMNS MEANS HAPPY MEMORIES

My earliest memory of singing hymns is from Sunday School days, and of course, "Jesus Loves Me" stands out as a favourite.

In elementary school, I have recollections of standing outside my Winnipeg school on Remembrance Day, (we didn't have an auditorium), and vigorously singing in the freezing cold, "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past".

In 1950, having been evacuated from Manitoba due to the Red River flood, my family and I spent the summer in Calgary with my Granny. Other cousins in the area sometimes came and stayed the night. I have fond memories of all of us sitting around on Granny's bed in the morning singing hymns. Afterwards, she sometimes rewarded us with coins "for being such good singers".

I also recall, as an easily embarrassed teenager, going to church with my other Grandma who was a monotone, but loved to sing and did so at the top of her lungs. Attending Nursing School at a Salvation Army hospital meant singing rousing hymns such as "Onward Christian Soldiers" at morning prayers, then marching off to work, fully energized. My favourite hymn from Nursing School is "Blest Be the Tie That Binds", and that remains my overall favourite.

Singing hymns brings back fond memories and now more memories are being formed thanks to Tim and the choir.

Submitted by Deanna Robb





We aren't known for our excellent voices in my family, but we all love to sing.

When Mom (Ellen Foley) passed away in 2014, we included in the service what we knew were some of her favourite hymns. Unfortunately, we found a note that mentioned a specific hymn that she wanted and which none of us remembered ever hearing. We checked with Heidi and Tim and neither of them knew it either.

Now what?

We referred to Google for the answer and Tim found a 'public domain' version of the hymn written in 1886. He was able to rehearse it with the choir on Wednesday night and at Sunday's Celebration of Life for Mom, we all sang "Leave it With Him". This is the last verse:



*Yes, leave it with him; 'tis more dear to his heart,
You will know,
Than the lilies that bloom, or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow;
Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with him; for you are in his care.*

It was a wonderful tribute to Mom.

Submitted by Mary Ellen Hodgetts

Sunday school teacher:

What is God's name?

Student: "Andy"

Sunday school teacher:

Why do you think that?"

Student: "Because in church we sing

"Andy walks with me, Andy
talks with me"

submitted by Karen Hicks

"My name is Harold and I have my very own angels," the six-year old said proudly. We sang about them at Christmas...

"Hark the Herald angels sing..."

I wonder how many of us remember having strange ideas about what we were singing in Sunday School! They sounded all right at the time...

"I think Jesus is very kind to mothers," the five-year old told her Sunday School teacher.

"Why is that?", the teacher asked.

"Because we sing, 'When mothers went sailing, their children brought to Jesus...'," the child replied. "It was kind of Jesus to babysit for them."

(For those of you who don't know that old children's hymn, the first line is actually, "When mothers of Salem, their children brought to Jesus."



COUNCIL HIGHLIGHTS – MARCH 2020

We made it through the winter and the flowers popping up everywhere are a welcome sign of SPRING!!

No matter what the season, life at Gordon United Church continues to run smoothly with assistance from the council, an army of volunteers and a congregation that appreciates the work that goes into the services every Sunday.

We are excited to welcome a number of new faces and families to GUC and invite them to join us in the programs and experiences provided at Gordon:

- Sunday School Program
- Messy Church
- a first-class Choir
- Wednesday morning Yoga class
- Get Acquainted Group (GAG) activities
- the endeavours of the United Church Women
- our Stewardship Team and their fundraising projects
- the U.C.W. Penny Auction & Poinsettia Tea
- Soup Sundays, Bunwich Sundays, Community Dinners
- our commitment to a Syrian refugee family
- the Westshore Interfaith Group
- the Monday Study Group
- Prayer in a Minute
- a caring Pastoral Care Team

Apologies if I have missed anything or anyone. I believe that this list shows the commitment of not only the Council but the congregation of Gordon United Church members, both young and old, to follow in the footsteps of Our Lord and to provide Gordon United Church members with the tools to fully embrace a life dedicated to God.

Respectfully submitted, Dianne McDougall, Council Secretary

JESUS LOVES ME for Seniors

Jesus loves me, this I know,
Though my hair is white as snow
Though my sight is growing dim,
Still He bids me trust in Him.

CHORUS

Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me.
Yes, Jesus loves me; the bible tells me so.

Though my steps are oh, so slow,
With my hand in His I'll go
On through life, let come what may,
He'll be there to lead the way.

(CHORUS)

When the nights are dark and long,
In my heart He puts a song.
Telling me in words so clear,
"Have no fear, for I am near."

(CHORUS)

When my work on earth is done,
And life's victories have been won.
He will take me home above,
Then I'll understand His love

(CHORUS)

I love Jesus, does He know?
Have I ever told Him so?
Jesus loves to hear me say,
That I love Him every day.

(CHORUS)

submitted by Karen Hicks

JESUS LOVES ME

While watching a little TV on Sunday instead of going to church, I watched a Church in Atlanta honouring one of its senior pastors who had been retired many years. He was 92 at that time and I wondered why the Church even bothered to ask the old gentleman to preach at that age. After a warm welcome, introduction of this speaker, and as the applause quieted down, he rose from his high back chair and walked slowly, with great effort and an unsteady gait to the podium. Without a note or written paper of any kind he placed both hands on the pulpit to steady himself and then quietly and slowly he began to speak....

"When I was asked to come here today and talk to you, your pastor asked me to tell you what was the greatest lesson ever learned in my 50 odd years of preaching. I thought about it for a few days and boiled it down to just one thing that made the most difference in my life and sustained me through all my trials. The one thing that I could always rely on when tears and heart break and pain and fear and sorrow paralyzed me... The only thing that would comfort was this verse.....

*"Jesus loves me this I know.
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong,
We are weak but He is strong....
Yes, Jesus loves me...
The Bible tells me so."*

When he finished, the church was quiet. You actually could hear his footsteps as he shuffled back to his chair. I don't believe I will ever forget it. A pastor once stated, "I always noticed that it was the adults who chose the children's hymn 'Jesus Loves Me' (for the children of course), during a hymn sing, and it was the adults who sang the loudest because I could see they knew it the best."

Submitted by Karen Hicks

THREE SECULAR HYMNS



When I awoke and saw this small flower signalling the beginning of spring, Cat Stevens' rendition of *Morning Has Broken* filled my ears. His recording made it to the top of folk rock charts and firmly fixed the hymn in the mind of a host. It also marked the beginning of a faith search of this Greek born singer.

When I hear tales of racial intolerance, the strains of Oscar Peterson playing his *Hymn to Freedom* fills my mind as perhaps one of the best jazz odes. It takes one with the skills of our own Tim Offert to play this piece.

As Good Friday approaches, Glen Yarbrough's brilliant voice sounds the Crucifixion as written by Phil Ochs. I feel sad that Phil was not able to add a couple of verses and begin to move to the resurrection side of the cross, instead of losing his life to depression. Cat Stevens was much luckier.

Submitted by John Nanson

MY FAVOURITE OFFERTORY HYMN

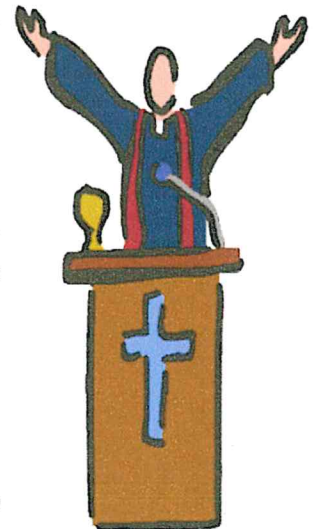
Each time we have a Minute for Mission, I want to sing my very favourite offertory hymn.

"Your work, O Lord, needs many hands
To help you everywhere.
But some there are who cannot serve,
Unless our gifts we share.
Because we love you and your work,
Our offering now we make.
Be pleased to use it as your own,
We ask for Jesus' sake.

Submitted by Pat Flack

There is a story told in my family about a Great Uncle who was the rector of a small parish in England. He was much beloved by his congregation who happily put up with his many idiosyncrasies. Apparently, his favourite hymn was "Once in Royal David's City". If he didn't like the tune of the hymn chosen by the organist, he would substitute the tune of his favourite hymn. If he didn't like the words either, he would sing a full rendition of "Once in Royal David's City", and since it has a good number of verses, the congregation was often left to silently enjoy the solo performance.

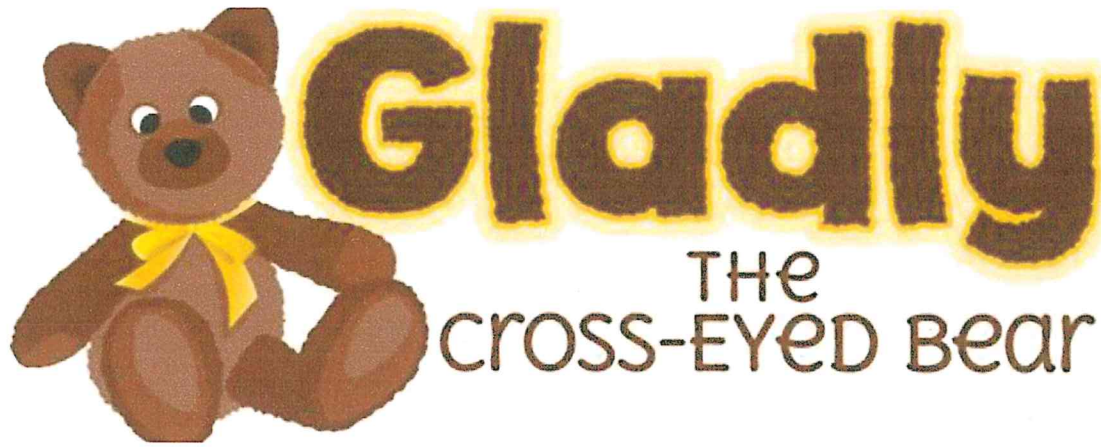
Submitted by Pat Wilson





We pass these every time we come into the church or go into the church hall, but how often do we stop and see the wealth of information that is presented for us? A big thanks to Rose Justice and Carolyn Matheson who keep all three boards tidy and up to date. Next time you pass one, take a few minutes to peruse the bulletin board.





Gladly The Cross-Eyed Bear was created by Jean Patty Armstrong (GTCEB CEO's mom), the Preacher's Kid who sometimes misunderstood what her dad said during his sermons - like "the cross-eyed bear" instead of "the cross I bear". Gladly was created to give folks who were dealing with unfriendly cross-eyed bears a bit of joy and comfort and a sympathetic ear to talk to about those issues or problems causing them one too many "crosses to bear". Gladly Ambassadors are shipped to those in need anywhere in the world.

Gladly Ambassadors now reside in all 50 states in the US; 6 Canadian provinces; and 30 foreign countries (England, Ireland, Northern Ireland, Scotland, Portugal, Germany, Spain, Australia, Finland, Malawi, Uganda, Mexico, Costa Rica, New Zealand, Afghanistan, South Africa, Peru, Egypt, Tanzania, Honduras, Colombia, Morocco, Mozambique, Fiji, Nepal, Ecuador, Guatemala, the Philippines, China and Singapore.) We have shipped or delivered over 3400 Gladly Ambassadors in the past 5 years and, every day, Gladly makes new friends and gains new followers. Gladly Ambassadors live with and bring comfort to former US Presidents and First Ladies, with cancer patients and their caregivers, with veterinarians and animal care & control professionals, with kids entering foster care and with lots of folks who are grieving the loss of a beloved relative, friend or pet.
<https://www.gladlythecross-eyedbear.org>

Thanks to Tim Olfert who found this website for me.

A kindergarten teacher was observing her classroom of children while they were drawing. She would occasionally walk around to see each child's work. As she go to one girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was about.
 "I'm drawing God," the girl replied.
 The teacher paused and said, "But no one knows what God looks like."
 Without looking up from her drawing, the child replied, "They will in a minute."

Submitted by Curtis Sage in memory of Anne Sage

Many years ago my husband and I went to Painters Lodge for "Painters at Painter's. Many of the artists gave talks and demonstrations. While Keith Hiscock was giving a demonstration he told us a story of volunteering to demonstrate his art at his daughter's preschool. While he was painting, one child became quite upset and said, "Mr. Hiscock, you went outside the lines!"
 This child's words always come back to me when we sing #138 in More Voices – "My Love Colours Outside the Lines."

Submitted by Betty Guiney

HYMNS THAT HIT ME

After a childhood of church-going, I had the indelible ink of "Jesus Bids Us Shine" written on my heart and mind. The tune is lovely and simple but the words really hit me. The song influenced my developing self-concept and helped me understand my place in the world. That's quite a payload! It has come into my mind often in the decades since childhood. It is a comfort but also a call to action ~ a sweet memory but a singular, brilliant idea that has given me food for thought my whole life.

Fast forward to 2012 and my father's funeral. I was heartbroken, along with my mother and brother, at the death of a truly wonderful person. He loved us unconditionally and what a gift that is! Two men, from Mom & Dad's Rivers Baptist Church, sang at the service: "If We Never Meet Again (this side of Heaven)" and "The Old Rugged Cross". My heart felt like it was being torn apart with grief. I cannot hear those songs without being transported back to that hard day but, thankfully, as each year passes it feels more poignant than painful. I suspect they will always be special to me, along with the memory of my Dad's friends singing them for him.

Today, my life is absolutely stuffed with music! As well as the Pacific Edge Chorus and Chrysalis Quartet, I sing with the Gordon United Church Choir. I don't know how I could possibly choose a favourite of all the gorgeous hymns and anthems we've sung since Mom and I began attending in 2017. I usually get the music and think "hmmm, ok, ordinary..." Then Tim plays it for us and it is transformed into something else entirely. We learn to sing it and, often, learn more about the song itself – its meaning, its writers, the context of its time. Suddenly it is extraordinary and we are so happy and grateful to be able to share it with you all on Sunday.

In harmony, Rose Justice

"Jesus Bids Us Shine" is a children's hymn with words by Susan Bogert Warner (1819-1885) and music by Edwin Othello Excell (1851-1921). It was first published in the children's magazine *The Little Corporal* in 1868.

*Jesus bids us shine,
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night.
In this world is darkness,
So let us shine--
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.
Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim;
He looks down from heaven,
To see us shine--
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.
Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around
Many kinds of darkness
In this world are found -
Sin, and want, and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.*

HYMN: OPEN MY EYES

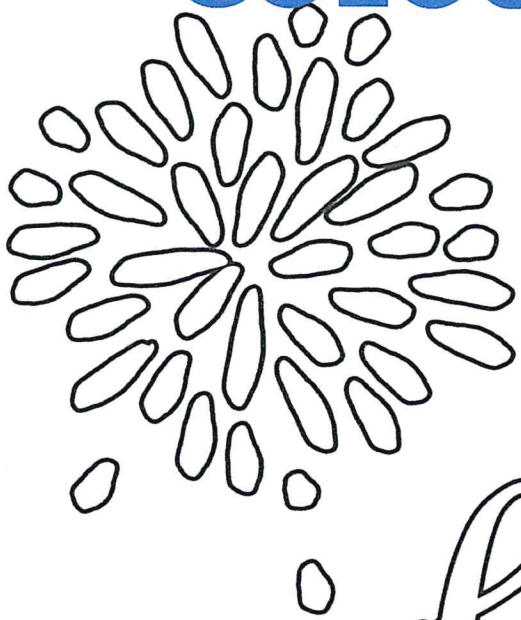


Quote from my testimony of Surrey, BC ... eye surgeries totaling 21 surgeries and I was finally able to see the lights of the highway out of both of my eyes. Truly a miracle!

From being cross eyed in the right eye and my left eye that had fallen out of its socket onto my cheek in the 1997 car accident, I was originally told that I may never recover my full sight. But God provides many miracles in our lives and for that I am truly thankful.

Submitted by Adele Morley

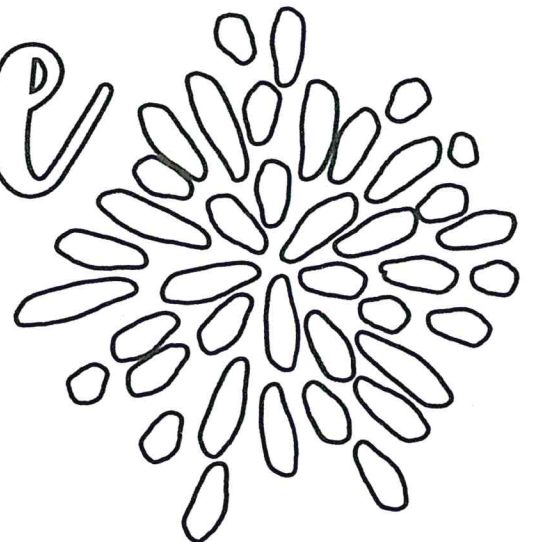
COLOURING FOR KIDS



TUNE
MY
heart
TO
Sing
THY



grace



STRANGER AT THE DOOR

One Monday night, I was hosting a potluck get-acquainted (GAG), with a \$5.00 gift exchange. The party was to start at 6 PM, but at 5 PM, I had a strange call from someone I did not know, who asked if she could come earlier to the party. She said she was tired of walking around the Mall. I asked if she knew where I lived and she said someone at church gave her directions. I thought maybe someone from Pilgrims Church was coming. Well, within 5 minutes she had arrived. After my initial shock, I welcomed her in and she handed me a Christmas card that read, "Thank you for having the Xmas Social, thanks, Taylor". She also bought a Christmas mug for the gift exchange, and asked me if I would wrap it for her. My husband, Jim, had disappeared, but he did overhear Taylor's story of her sad life (we had the time), and that she was now living in her van with her dog and was looking for a place to park her van.

Finally 6 PM came, with the members arriving with food. Two persons recognize & greeted Taylor by name. That's when I realized Taylor was part of the Community Dinners. The ladies were all very gracious and welcoming and Taylor had a great time.

Follow up: No one gave Taylor directions to the house, she saw it on the Advent Calendar at the church. My address was there and it was below the Community Dinner.

Submitted by Tish Portelance

Tish originally wrote her piece "Stranger at the Door" for the Christmas issue of the OLive, but it was lost in cyberspace when I switched publishing programs mid-stream. When I read it for this edition, I immediately thought of Johnny Cash's gospel hymn, "Poor Wayfaring Stranger". There are many like Tish's unexpected guest in our community. Jesus has called us to welcome the wayfaring strangers in our midst.

*I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world below
There is no sickness, no toil, nor danger
In that bright land to which I go.*

*I'm going there to see my Father
And all my loved ones who've gone on
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home.*

*I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is hard and steep
But beauteous fields arise before me
Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep.*

*I'm going there to see my Mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
So, I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home.*

*I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home.*

An old farmer went to the city one weekend and attended the big city church. He came home and his wife asked him how it was.

"Well," said the farmer. "It was good. They did something different, however. They sang praise choruses instead of hymns."

"Praise choruses?" asked the wife. "What are those?"

"Oh, they're okay. They're sort of like hymns, only different," said the farmer.

"Well, what's the difference?" asked the wife.

The farmer said, "Well it's like this ... If I were to say to you, 'Martha, the cows are in the corn,' well that would be a hymn. If, on the other hand, I were to say to you, 'Martha, Martha, Martha, Oh, Martha, MARTHA, MARTHA, the cows, the big cows, the brown cows, the black cows, the white cows, the black and white cows, the COWS, COWS, COWS are in the corn, are in the corn, are in the corn, in the CORN, CORN, CORN, COOOOORRRRRNNNNN,' then, if I were to repeat the whole thing two or three times, well that would be a praise chorus."

FAVOURITE HYMNS

A random list from some of us at coffee time on March 1.

Helen Andres	I Need Thee Every Hour (favourite of her husband)
Pat Wilson	Blessed Assurance
Nancy Tulk	There is a Balm in Gilead
Mike Boutilier	The Old Rugged Cross (from his grandfather)
Adele Morley	Will Your Anchor Hold
Betty Pellaers	The Lord is My Shepherd
Keith Morley	(He says he likes them all!!)
Frango DiMambro	Morning Has Broken
Josie Downs	In the Bud There is a Flower
Hilda Duddridge	Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah
Bill Sturrock	I, The Lord of Sea and Sky (also Buck's favourite)
Allan Duddridge	On Eagles' Wings
Melissa Hill	Walk with Me
Kendall	Thank You, God
Andre Audette	In the Garden
Gerry Sage	Tell it to Jesus
Lance Sage	Go Tell it on the Mountain
John Nanson	Fairest Lord Jesus
Pauline Haley-Lyons	Be Thou My Vision
Rose Justice	Jesus Bids Us Shine
Annie Wright	O Come All Ye Faithful
Mary Ellen Hodgetts	Take It to the Lord in Prayer
Norene Thomson	In the Garden
Evelyn LeQuesne	Jesus, You Have Come to the Lakeshore
Pat Flack	Will You Come and Follow Me

We are not alone – we live in God's world.

Gordon United is a friendly, accepting congregation blessed with members diverse in background. We meet for Sunday services beginning with a time of singing at 10:15 and the worship service at 10:30 a.m., and for fellowship and coffee immediately afterward.

“We want to deepen our connections with our God, our neighbour and ourselves, expanding our capacity to love as taught and embodied by Jesus.”

Gordon United Church, 935 Goldstream Avenue, Victoria, BC, V9B 2Y2