



SUMMER 2014

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FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK...

Scripture: Exodus 13:17-22; Matthew 4:1-11

What kind of traveller are you? Are you the type who plots out every moment or the type who likes spontaneity? We probably all remember trips where everything goes wrong.

There is a story of a motel guest who found his bed already occupied by an all but invisible intruder. And he wrote a protest against insect-infested beds. By return mail he received such a gracious apology that he was ashamed of having made such a fuss about such a trifling matter and said so in a second letter. Turning over the company's letter to get the writer's name he came upon this pencilled notation: "Send this guy the bug letter E-w3, 8w5." We have all taken trips where things are not quite up to par. Despite the best laid plans, some vacations don't quite live up to our expectations.

Life has often been compared to a trip or a journey. It begins at birth and ends at death. The Bible is full of such imagery. One of the images is found in Exodus 13. It is the experience of the people in the wilderness. The Israelite people were in slavery in Egypt calling out to God to deliver them. They had gone up to Egypt in search of food during the famines and now they were working for Pharaoh, a cruel man who would not let them go. But along comes Moses to be their leader and we read that God did not guide them by the road toward the Philistines, although that was the shortest. He said **"The people may change their minds when they see war before them and turn back to Egypt."** So God made them go round by way of the wilderness. They spent years wandering in the wilderness for they disobeyed God and did not always trust him. They were not led quickly to the Promised Land but forced to learn some hard lessons in the wilderness. Yet God went before them for we read of the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night which guided them.

In the New Testament we read about Jesus going into the wilderness. It was a place to be alone and reflect upon what direction his ministry would take. At other times in his ministry we read of him going up into the hills to be alone or out on a lake. But at this crucial point at the very beginning of his ministry according to Matthew's gospel he goes out into the wilderness. This wilderness experience shaped him, taught him things, and gave him a chance to plot his journey - his life.

It is often the wilderness experiences of our lives which lead us to tremendous growth, forcing us on farther in our journeys of faith. Life is a journey and not meant to be lived totally without plans. To be carefree is often to also be irresponsible. We all need those times in our lives to reflect upon which paths we will choose to go. Jesus agonized in the wilderness. The Israelites wandered in the wilderness and we too must go into the wilderness.

May you find peace in all your wilderness experiences.

Rev. Trent

The Cover Photo was taken by the editor, Holly MacIntosh, outside her mother's home in Dundee, Cape Breton.

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POETRY

The Coffee Group

Two times a month we go for coffee and tea;
 Familiar faces, smiles and friends I am glad to see.
 It is a privilege to meet everybody; you are all so sweet;
 Plates of cookies or cakes and yummy sweets to eat.

We go to different houses; they gladly invite us in;
 Lively conversation and sentimental stories begin.
 We find nice comfy places to relax and sit;
 Sometimes I got lots of pain but when I go it helps to deal with it.

They make sure everyone has a drive that day
 Some of us need help; they make sure we are all okay.
 They stop for the summer for vacation and family visits.
 I can't wait for fall and get together; I miss it.
 God Bless you all.

*-Yvonne Sampson
 June 2014*

The French Girl

I was a French girl from the country
 Running and playing by the sea,
 Getting up early to hear the birds singing
 And the robins digging their meal for the day;
 I thought my life would always be that way.

Time went by and I had to go to work in the city;
 A place I didn't want to be.
 I couldn't speak or understand the words they would say;
 I had to learn to speak their way.

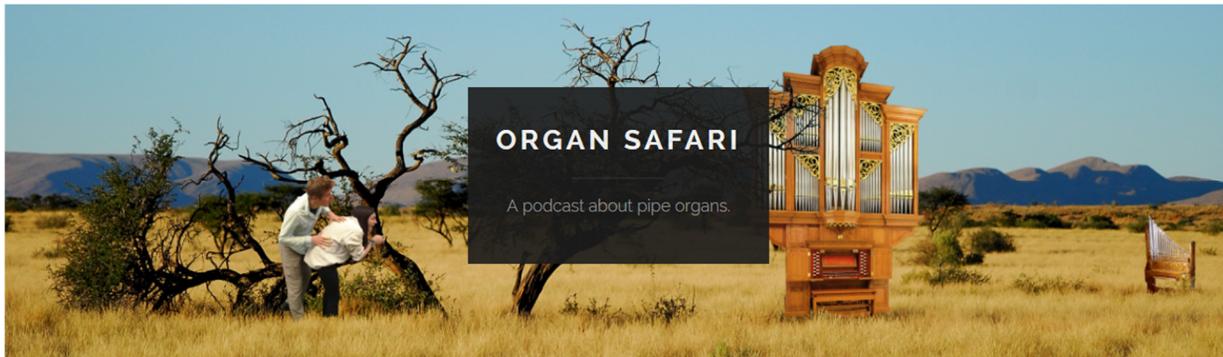
I stayed in the City, had a lovely husband and raised a family.
 In the summer we took the children to the country;
 Watching them running and playing by the sea.
 We would bring a picnic and stay all day;
 I smile when I think my life turned out this way.

They all had to go to work so they had to leave home
 And start a life of their own.

My children and grandchildren visit and call everyday;
 When they come over I enjoy their visit and—
 When they leave I'm very sad I must admit.

And my black hair has turned grey.
 I thank God for my life that turned out this way;
 I think I did very good for a French girl from the
 Country that used to run and play by the sea.

*-Yvonne Sampson
 2014*



Best wishes to music director Simon Abbott and accompanist Leah Collins Lipsett, who have set off on a two-month tour of cathedrals and organs in Europe. Their tour has an educational component to it.

On the first leg of their trip, they've journeyed deep into the mountains north of Lisbon to track down the colony of organs of Mafra.

You can follow their adventures and subscribe to the pod-cast, a radio show broadcast over the Internet, by going to: <http://organsafari.wordpress.com/>

I WAS HOME SCHOoled

My mother taught me about RELIGION

"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

My father taught me about LOGIC

"Because I said so, that's why."

My mother taught me about FORESIGHT

"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."

My father taught me about the science of OSMOSIS

"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."

My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM

"Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"

My father taught me about HYPOCRISY

"If I told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate!"

My father taught me about HUMOUR

"If you fall down and break both your legs, don't come running to me!"

My mother taught me about my ROOTS

"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"

Submitted by Holly MacIntosh