



**August 14, 2022**

Melville United Church

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Minister of Worship, Pastoral Care & Outreach

Faith Formation & Youth

Ministry of Music Team

Office Administrator

Custodian

Chair of Church Council

Chair of Pastoral Care & Prayer Chain Captain

Office hours

E-Mail

Web Site

Pastoral Care Numbers

Rev. Lynda Goy-Flint

Martha Duncan

Suzanne Flewelling, Colleen Weber

Lynda Rivet

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Alison Rainford, Rev. Lynda Goy-Flint

9:00 a.m.-3:30 p.m. T., Th. & F.

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Presiding today - Rev. Tom Watson

**Words Of Welcome**

Good morning! For those I haven't had the privilege of meeting, my name is Tom Watson. Melville's minister, Lynda Goy-Flint, is on vacation this month, and I am pleased to fill in for these last three Sundays in August.

Melville United Church continues to gather in worship both in person and online, with printed copies being distributed to those without internet access who are unable to attend in person. We encourage people to come out to worship in the sanctuary. There is ample room to socially distance, and you are welcome to wear masks if that is comfortable for you. For those who are joining us online or by reading, we invite you to have a candle or tea light available.

**Announcements**

- **Away on Vacation** – Rev. Lynda will be away on vacation from **August 10th to September 5<sup>th</sup>**. If you have a pastoral care emergency in that time, please contact Alison Rainford and she will connect you with the ministry personnel who is covering at that time. Worship services will be covered by Tom Watson and Ruth Cooke. Many thanks to all those looking after ministry matters in my absence. Blessings for the remainder of your summer!
- **Melville Photo Directory**: There have been two sessions of photos taken for the directory. There will be another session on **Wednesday, September 21st**. Please contact Lorna for your appointment. Everyone who has their photo in the book gets a free book and an 8" x 10" photo.
- **Kairos Blanket Exercise – Save the Date!** The Kairos Blanket Exercise has been developed in collaboration with Indigenous Elders, Knowledge Keepers and educators. It is an interactive and experiential teaching tool that explores the historic and contemporary relationship between Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples in the land we now know as Canada. It is a 2 to 3-hour workshop and will be offered **at Melville on Saturday, October 1<sup>st</sup> 1:30-4:30pm**. It is intended for those 14 and over, and is limited to 25-30 participants. Please contact Rev. Lynda to reserve a space.
- As more and more people find their dollar shrinking, and having to decide between rent and three meals a day, the demand for food bank assistance rises. We ask you to prayerfully consider if you are able to **support the food bank**, either with a donation of food, or financially.
- **Indigenous-Themed Summer Reading List** – for anyone who is interested Shining Waters Regional Council offered a list of recommended readings on Indigenous history and contemporary relationships. The list is located on the bulletin board across from the Chapel.
- **Ukraine Appeal**  
The invasion of Ukraine is costing precious lives and creating a humanitarian crisis as people flee to safety. Many millions of people, displaced from their homes, are seeking refuge in neighbouring countries. Many have lost friends, loved ones, and property; struggle to meet their basic needs; and face an uncertain future. **United Church Mission & Service partners are responding to the rapidly unfolding crisis—visit our website at <https://united-church.ca>, scroll down to Ukraine Crisis and click on the Act Now button to find out how you can show your support and make a gift.**
- **Gifts with Vision** These gifts are perfect for those difficult to buy for people. There's no going out, no standing in line, no wrapping. And you will be helping out those in need near and far.

Items address healing and reconciliation, leadership, counter racism, wellness and safe spaces, education, poverty and hunger, the future, Mission & Service. Gifts range from \$5 to \$140. Gifts include food for the north, help build a well, purchasing Covid vaccines for the Global South and East, and much more. You can find the full catalogue at [www.giftswithvision.ca](http://www.giftswithvision.ca).

- **New Gifts with Vision for Ukraine**

**A gift of \$25** will provide families fleeing Ukraine with a **hygiene kit** containing items like toothpaste, laundry detergent and disinfectant

**A gift of \$38** will provide **one food basket** with staples such as cooking oil, buckwheat, canned fish and more

**A gift of \$40** provides **one hygiene kit plus a supply of incontinence products**

You can find the full catalogue at [www.giftswithvision.ca](http://www.giftswithvision.ca)

I invite you to join us now for a time of worship and contemplation.

**Land Acknowledgement** *Peter Chynoweth, Gathering: Pentecost 1 2022, p.33. Used with permission.*

This land on which we gather is the Traditional land of the Petun, Haudenosaunee, Anishinabewaki, Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation, Odawa and Mississauga people. We worship Creator on this land and acknowledge with respect the thousands of years of ceremony and relationship that are etched in footprint, fire, and faithfulness on the soil and rock that surrounds us.

**Lighting the Christ Candle:**

*(If you are watching this on-line or reading it from a page I invite you to take a moment to light a candle, centre yourself and prepare to enter in to a time of worship and prayer. As you light your candle repeat the following words)*

We now take a moment to centre ourselves for worship as I light the Christ candle.

I light a candle

in the name of the God who creates life,

in the name of the Christ Presence who loves life,

in the name of the Spirit who is the fire of life.

**Call To Worship:**

Up and up the stairs of time...

**The pilgrims climb, traveling in faith...**

Carrying with them a bucket of hopes and dreams—

**Dreams that everyone will find the goodness in life.**

Those pilgrims are us—

**The people of God.**

Come, people of God, let us worship together.

**Hymn — Oh, Sing To Our God (VU 241)**

Oh, sing to our God, oh, sing out a new song.

Oh, sing to our God, oh, sing out a new song.

Oh sing to our God, oh, sing out a new song.

Oh sing to our God. Oh, sing to our God.

Oh, dance for our God and blow all the trumpets.  
Oh, dance for our God and blow all the trumpets.  
Oh, dance for our God and blow all the trumpets.  
And sing to our God, and sing to our God.

Oh, shout to our God, who gave us the Spirit.  
Oh, shout to our God, who gave us the Spirit.  
Oh, shout to our God, who gave us the Spirit.  
Oh, sing to our God. Oh, sing to our God.

### **Opening Prayer:**

Gracious, ever-present Creator God, once again we gather as your people. As we do, help us to see all that surrounds us as holy, part of your wondrous creation. Help us to see that all of us are on the same human journey—called to live in faith, hope, and love. Be with us now in this time and place. We come in the spirit of the living Christ. Amen.

### **Ministry Of Music: He's Everything to Me** *words and music by Ralph Carmichael*

#### **Scripture Reading — Luke 12:49-56**

In the middle of a lengthy speech to the crowd of listeners, and in response to a question from Peter, Jesus said, "I came to bring fire to the earth, and how I wish it were already kindled! I have a baptism with which to be baptized, and what stress I am under until it is completed! Do you think that I have come to bring peace to the earth? No, I tell you, but rather division!

From now on, five in one household will be divided, three against two and two against three; they will be divided: father against son and son against father, mother against daughter and daughter against mother, mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law and daughter-in-law against mother-in-law."

He also said to the crowds, "When you see a cloud rising in the west, you immediately say, 'It is going to rain'; and so it happens. And when you see the south wind blowing, you say, 'There will be scorching heat'; and it happens. You hypocrites! You know how to interpret the appearance of earth and sky, but why do you not know how to interpret the present time?"

### **SERMON SERIES "SEARCHING FOR GOOD NEWS"**

#### **1. In the Invitation to Love the Unlovable**

Over the next three Sundays, I am going to do a series of sermons, under the broad title of "Searching for Good News."

This morning, we'll be searching for the good news in the invitation to love the unlovable. Next Sunday, we'll be searching for good news in words and touches that heal. Two Sundays from now, there'll be a 'Life in Our Town' story/sermon and there'll be a search for good news in—well, to be perfectly honest, I'm not sure what else to say because I haven't written the Life in Our Town story yet...but it will all come clear in due course, as do all things that happen in Our Town.

So, if we're on a search for good news, where do we find it?

Listen again to a piece of the gospel lesson I just read:

Jesus said, "Do you think that I have come to bring peace to the earth?  
No, I tell you, but rather division!

From now on, five in one household will be divided, three against two and two against three; they will be divided: father against son and son against father, mother against daughter and daughter against mother, mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law and daughter-in-law against mother-in-law."

Having heard that twice now, I have a question for you: Do you hear good news in that reading?

In the summer of 1978, my late wife, Janice, and our daughters were on vacation. We had gone to New Orleans and were working our way back home. We spent the weekend in a campground in a state park near Washington, Mississippi.

There we met a young United Methodist minister by the name of Karl Mertz—he had come for a swim at the park pool—so we went to his church service the next morning in Washington, Mississippi.

Before church began, the woman sitting next to Janice told her how much they were enjoying having Karl as their minister, and how fortunate they were to have him.

In the service, the scripture passage was what I read this morning. The sermon followed. The sermon was about race relations. In his sermon, Karl highlighted the words "I come not to bring peace but division."

He talked about the ways that Jesus taught. Then he said these two things: (1) Jesus would not have seen a difference between white and black people, and I do not believe there will be two sets of pearly gates in heaven, one marked "white" and the other marked "black", and (2) I don't understand why when we send our buses out to pick up children for our Sunday School we pass right through all of the black neighbourhoods so that we make sure we only have white children in our Sunday School.

You could feel the temperature rising in that church. There were 9 men in the choir. 3/4 through the sermon, those 9 men got up and left. At the end of the sermon, the woman next to Janice—the woman who was praising him before church—turned to her and said, "Well, he cut his throat today. We may have to have them in our schools, we may have to have them in our places of business, but we don't have to have them in our churches."

At the end of the service, the church elders gathered around Karl and demanded his immediate resignation. "We will not tolerate that kind of preaching here!" In mid-week, the Bishop of the United Methodist Church for the State of Mississippi put him on an involuntary leave of absence. And Karl Mertz never preached in a pulpit again.

Karl believed that Jesus invited him to love those who others found unlovable. The people in the congregation didn't like that invitation. It wasn't good news. You mean God's love includes him...or her...or them?

Is that why Jesus said that he came bringing division? Because his invitation to love the unlovable is not only difficult but divisive?

Let me tell you a story once told by James Koch, a Presbyterian minister from Chicago. It's a story about a widow. A widow named Sadie.

Sadie mostly hangs out at the hospital. Often she can be found wandering the hallways. Especially when the weather gets cold. Not just any hospital, mind you, but the University of Chicago Hospital.

Actually, to look at Sadie standing alone, you would never know whether it was cold or warm outside. She always wears the same floor length wool coat and scarf. Year round. Sometimes she wears six layers of clothing underneath, sometimes not.

In fact, it was her clothing...or lack of it...that brought her to the hospital in the first place. A few years ago, the police found her walking down North Michigan Avenue dragging her coat behind her...wearing nothing else.

She spent a few months in W3, the psychiatric ward. Sadie learned that, compared to some other places, W3 wasn't that bad. They fed you when you got hungry; they let you sleep with your coat on; you had a real bed instead of an outdoor grate or dumpster to sleep in. She even made a few friends, mostly among the staff, and especially with one particular social worker.

The social worker arranged for Sadie to get a green card during her hospitalization. Sadie learned that after she was released, if she ever felt sick, she could bring her green card to the Emergency Room and get medicine. Sometimes she had to wait six or eight hours, but that didn't matter much to Sadie.

The social worker also arranged for Sadie's small Social Security cheque to be mailed to the hospital. She would find Sadie once a month and, since Sadie couldn't write, the social worker would have her make an X on the cheque, and she would give Sadie the money after she'd cashed it.

It's no surprise that most anytime you can find Sadie at the Hospital, even now. She will be in the cafeteria, tearing ads from the Chicago Tribunes and Wall Street Journals she finds laying around. She puts the ads in her bag, in which she also keeps six dresses, a second pair of tennis shoes, an empty glass case, a sock in which she puts the money the social worker gives her, an old Gideon New Testament she found in the hospital chapel, and a toothbrush. Sadie works very hard keeping both of her teeth clean.

Of the small amount Sadie gets from the Federal Government each month, the social worker keeps 20 or so dollars and gives it to the short order cook in the cafeteria. Both he and Sadie know that Sadie gets a hot tray of food every night at around 8:00 O'clock and also at about 4:00 O'clock in the morning.

As you might expect, Sadie is a night owl. So in many ways, it is not much different now for Sadie than it was when she was on W3. In fact, the W3 chaplain arranged for Sadie to sleep on an old bed the nurses stored in a corner utility room. Its mechanical controls didn't work anymore, and before Sadie started using it fairly regularly, it mostly gathered dust. Sadie likes it; it feels like the only home she can remember.

When Sadie is not in the cafeteria, or sleeping on W3, you will find her in the Emergency Room. Not because she's sick...although from time to time she is...but because that's the best place to find newspapers.

She also likes the cop who sits near the door. You see, he makes sure that Sadie doesn't get "rolled"—robbed—while she's in Emergency.

Not that she doesn't get robbed. If you were to check, you would find that Sadie never has more than three or four hundred dollars in her sock, and she never spends anything, so the money goes somewhere.

Anyway, it's the Emergency Room that Sadie likes best. Most of the people sitting there have enough troubles of their own without troubling Sadie. She collects and tears newspapers, and smiles. Now and then someone talks to her. Often they have been crying.

Sadie never talks back; actually, she never talks at all. She just stops tearing up newspapers and listens.

Sometimes, when the people leave, they squeeze Sadie's hand, or even give her a hug. Sadie likes that, so she hangs around. At least she used to.

I say "used to" because she is not at University of Chicago Hospital anymore. Some time back, Sadie died. It was about two in the morning, just after the bars closed. Uncharacteristically, Sadie left the hospital, went for a walk, and got lost. South of 59th street, things get a little rough in Chicago. It was a drunk, probably, who rolled Sadie. She fell and hit her head. It had started to rain. Sadie fell face down in a puddle and drowned.

A cop who knew the Emergency Room cop found her. He also found the social worker's card in Sadie's bag. So he called for an ambulance to bring her back to the hospital. When the social worker came in for work later in the morning, it was the cop who gave her the news. She cried. So did the cop.

The hospital chaplain had a memorial service for Sadie a week or so later. Her body had gone to the Hospital Medical School. About a dozen people showed up. The cop, the social worker, the short order cook, a nurse or two who were on break, and a young woman who said she talked to Sadie once in Emergency.

The social worker still gets Sadie's checks every month. One time, she sent in a notice saying Sadie had died, but the notice must have been lost. So she makes Sadie's X herself. She still gives the cook in the cafeteria twenty or so, and puts the rest in a box she keeps in the back of a filing cabinet.

There are kids around who need book money for college from time to time, and she gives the money to them. When she goes to the box, she thinks of Sadie—who maybe never even went to school.

At one time or another, she'd probably been baptized, maybe more than once. Who knows?

Now and then, someone comes into Emergency, looks around, sits near where she used to sit, and asks the cop, "Where's Sadie?" The cop just says, "She's around. She's around."

No, she didn't have much money. She didn't hold down a job like some of the rest of us. She didn't pay taxes. For goodness sake, she likely never went to church.

And yet, the people at University of Chicago Hospital miss her. Especially a cop, a social worker, a cook, and those who work the Emergency Room. They miss her because...well, because they loved her.

Most folks wouldn't give Sadie the time of day. She wasn't their kind. She was...well...unlovable.

Remember, we're on a search for good news here. So let me leave you with three questions:

1. When you hear Jesus' invitation to love the unlovable, is it good news?
2. Do you find it easy to love the unlovable?
3. What about Sadie? Would you have loved Sadie?

I suspect most of us know a Sadie. Today's story is an invitation to love her.

### **Hymn — Put Peace into Each Other's Hands (MV 173)**

**OneLicense #A-740237**

Put peace into each other's hands and like a treasure hold it;  
Protect it like a candle flame, with tenderness enfold it.

Put peace into each other's hands with loving expectation;  
Be gentle in your words and ways, in touch with God's creation.

Put peace into each other's hands, like bread we break for sharing;  
Look people warmly in the eye: our life is meant for caring.

Give thanks for strong yet tender hands, held out in trust and blessing  
Where words fall short, let hands speak out,  
the heights of love expressing.

Reach out in friendship, stay with faith in touch with those around you.  
Put peace into each other's hands, the peace that sought and found you.

### **Joys and Concerns**

- Birthdays
  - Joan Foster will celebrate her 95th Birthday on Monday, August 15, 2022

### **Prayers of the People**

#### **Lord's Prayer**

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kin-dom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:  
For thine is the kin-dom, the power, and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

#### **Offering**

I know that Melville members continue to support the church through PAR or electronic means. Your ongoing support is sincerely appreciated. Thank you for all that you do.

What can I do? What can I bring?  
What can I say? What can I sing?  
I'll sing with joy. I'll say a prayer.  
I'll bring my love. I'll do my share.

What can I do? What can I bring?  
What can I say? What can I sing?  
I'll sing with joy. I'll say a prayer.  
I'll bring my love. I'll do my share.

### **Offering Prayer**

#### **Closing Hymn — Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah (VU 651)**

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, pilgrim through this barren land.  
I am weak, but thou art mighty, hold me with thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain, whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar lead me all my journey through.  
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer, be thou still my strength and shield,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction, land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee,  
I will ever give to thee.

### **Commissioning & Benediction**

Knowing that just as God's hand had guided us in the past, God's hand will guide us in the future...

**We go to be God's faithful people in our time and place.**

With the encouragement of the past, and the promise of the future as a source of energy...

**With the love and caring of this community of faith to support us...**

We live our lives into the future together.

**May the spirit of God go with us and remain with us always.**

### **Postlude**