



**Celebrating
177 Years**



September 10, 2023

Melville United Church

300 St. Andrew Street West, Fergus, ON N1M 1N9

Mailing address: PO Box 41, Fergus, ON N1M 2W7

519-843-1781

Team Ministry

Minister of Worship, Pastoral Care & Outreach	Rev. Lynda Goy-Flint
Faith Formation & Youth	
Ministry of Music Team	Suzanne Flewelling, Colleen Weber
Office Administrator	Lynda Rivet
Custodian	Suzanne Flewelling
Chair of Church Council	Allan Hons
Chair of Pastoral Care & Prayer Chain Captain	Alison Rainford, Rev. Lynda Goy-Flint
Office Hours	9:00 a.m.-3:30 p.m. T, Th, & F
E-Mail	secretary@melvilleunited.com
Web Site	www.melvilleunited.com
Pastoral Care Number	519-843-3841

Melville United church
Sunday September 10, 2023

Presiding today: Rev. Tom Watson
Music Ministry: Colleen Weber

Prelude

Welcome

Good morning! Welcome to worship at Melville United Church. How wonderful to be together—both in person here in the sanctuary and online.

Announcements:

- **If you are worshipping with us for the first time, welcome!** Please join us for refreshments and conversation in the parlour after the service.
- Join Ruth Sproule on **September 15, 29, October 6, and 13 from 9 AM to 12 PM** along with Coffee Time to attach poppies to the netting, preserving last year's and filling a new piece.
- **We are in need of welcomers and counters.** Onsite training will be provided. Please see Ralph Rainford to volunteer.
- **Rise and Shine Breakfast.** The GrandWay Events Centre 7445 Wellington County Road 21 Elora. Join us on **September 21st, 8:00-11:00am** for a morning of entertainment and support for youth and adults in our community with a Learning Disability and ADHD. Their gifts add so much to our lives and community and this event will help ensure everyone can reach their full potential. For more information and to purchase tickets visit <https://ldawc.ca/rise-and-shine-breakfast.html>
- **SMART Exercise Instructors Needed.** Are you looking for a fun way to stay active and help your community? VON is seeking individuals interested in helping facilitate community based exercise classes for seniors! All training will be provided and will work to build a schedule that is suitable for you. See the flyer on the Community Bulletin Board outside the Parlour or contact Kelly at Kelly.Gee@von.ca for more information.
- Mark your calendars for **November 18th at 7:00pm**, because the King is coming to Melville! Join us for an unforgettable evening with the incredible **Elvis Tribute** Artist, Garry Wesley! Tickets will be \$25 and will be on sale soon. More details coming soon.

Land Acknowledgement

Let us take time to acknowledge the peoples who have lived on and stewarded these lands since time immemorial.

God, help us to be thankful, and to become better neighbours and stewards that we might continue to honour these lands.

Lighting the Christ Candle

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:

In September, the mists of the morning begin to hang thicker...

The lank grass bends under their weight...

Water drips through leaves, leaving a lacy pattern...

And when the sun burns through, the world is jeweled with light.

Praise be for the light!

Praise be for each new morning!

Together, let us gather in worship of God who brings each new morning into being.

Hymn: Oh, Sing to Our God VU 241

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

Gathering Prayer (in unison):

Creator and ever-creating God: all around us nature surges and changes. Green and warmth start to give way to browner days and colder nights. But leaves still dance as they begin to fall.

And birds still sing. And the morning grass still bends in welcome. And, in it all, we see the tracing of God's handiwork, so we come to give thanks. Amen.

Hymn: It's a Song of Praise to the Maker MV 30

1. It's a song of praise to the Maker, the thrush sings high in the tree.

It's a song of praise to the Maker, the gray whale sings in the sea,

And by the Spirit you and I can join our voice to the holy cry

And sing, sing, sing to the Maker too.

2. It's a call of life to the Giver, when waves and waterfalls roar.

It's a call of life to the Giver when high tides break on the shore,

And by the Spirit you and I can join our voice to the holy cry

And sing, sing, sing to the Maker too.

3. It's a hymn of love to the Lover; the bumblebees hum along.
It's a hymn of love to the Lover; the summer breeze joins the song,
And by the Spirit you and I can join our voice to the holy cry
And sing, sing, sing to the Maker too.

4. It's the chorus of all creation; it's sung by all living things.
It's the chorus of all creation; a song the universe sings,
And by the Spirit you and I can join our voice to the holy cry
And sing, sing, sing to the Maker too.

Children's Time

Ministry of Music: My Song Will Wake the Dawn *by Eugene Englert*

Scripture Reading — Matthew 18:15-20

If another member of the church sins against you, go and point out the fault when the two of you are alone. If the member listens to you, you have regained that one. But if you are not listened to, take one or two others along with you, so that every word may be confirmed by the evidence of two or three witnesses.

If the member refuses to listen to them, tell it to the church; and if the offender refuses to listen even to the church, let such a one be to you as a Gentile and a tax-collector.

Truly I tell you, whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven. Again, truly I tell you, if two of you agree on earth about anything you ask, it will be done for you by my Father in heaven. For where two or three are gathered in my name, I am there among them.

SERMON: Life in Our Town...Keeping Molehills From Becoming Mountains

Well, it's been a busy week in Our Town. It's been especially busy for Bridie Stevenson, Our Town's most avid gardener.

As you will remember, Bridie's favourite garden crop is zucchini...and, back in July, Bridie was complaining to her neighbour, Freda Nugglesworth, about being worn out from hoeing weeds out of the zucchini rows.

Then she had an idea—a brilliant inspiration she called it. She bought one of those Roomba vacuum cleaners and had Pete over at the garage weld some sharp claws on it. Then she searched the Internet and bought a drone from Amazon.

The idea was to hook up the drone to the Roomba by wi-fi, and then she'd be able to sit back, use her iPad to operate the drone by remote control, guide it in and out of rows to do the weeding.

Now, Bridie knew that the first step, before she got to do any weeding with the Roomba, was to learn how to use the drone. So she took the drone and her iPad out into her back yard, and began to read the instruction booklet:

- Connect the drone to the iPad by blue tooth.
- Using the iPad, gently lift the drone off the ground.
- Using the visual controller on the iPad...and tilting the iPad up or down, or to the right or left...guide the drone where you want it to go.

"Sounds easy enough," she thought to herself. She turned things on and began to experiment. Taking it pretty easy at first, she slowly lifted the drone off the ground, figured out how to raise and lower it, have it move from right to left.

After she'd played with it a bit, Bridie became bolder...had the drone flying up and down...moving right and left...then a little further away...then further still...until she had the drone hovering over houses a couple of blocks away.

She was really pleased with how well she was getting the hang of it. But it was getting on to lunch time so she decided to bring the drone back, and have another run at it after lunch.

She was just nicely in the house when the phone rang. It was Lula Cameron. "Bridie, I remember you mentioning that you were getting a drone, to work as some contraption to weed your zucchini rows. Was that your drone that flew around our place a few minutes ago?"

"Yes, quite likely," replied Bridie, "I was practicing how to use it."

"Well," said Lula, "I thought you should know that you scared the dickens out of Cindy Bowers' little dog across the street. And you were also pretty close to our front porch. I think you'd best be careful not to fly that thing too low or you're apt to smash into somebody's house."

"Oh, Lula," replied Bridie, "I'm so glad you phoned. I'll try and be careful."

After lunch, she went outside again. She thought to herself, "Flying the drone around this morning was fun. I'm going to play with it a bit more before I hook it up to the Roomba."

So she fired things up, had the drone flying higher and higher, and further and further away until...until it was too far away for her to see it.

But, of course, she should still be able to guide it with the visual controller on the iPad, even if she couldn't see it in the air.

However—and anyone who has used an iPad knows this—in bright sunlight, it's hard to see the screen.

And that's what happened. Suddenly, Bridie had no idea where the drone was, or how to get it back. She frantically moved the iPad up and down, from side to side, trying to get it to come back into view on the screen.

Then, she heard something that sounded for all the world like...well, like glass breaking...somewhere...and then silence. ... And no contact between the iPad and the drone.

Bridie didn't know what to do. She shut her iPad off and went into her house, got a glass of water, sat down at the kitchen table, and just sat there thinking. ... And shaking. ... "Oh, mercy, wonder what I have done?" she thought to herself.

Then the phone rang. It was Mabel Barnes.

"Bridie Stevenson," said Mabel, "I heard that you recently bought a drone."

"Welllll, yes, I did," stammered Bridie.

"Do you happen to know where it is right now?" asked Mabel.

"Uhhh, not exactly," replied Bridie, "have you seen it?"

"I'm looking at it right now," said Mabel. "I was having a shower when I heard my bathroom window smash. Scared the wits out of me! I pulled back the shower curtain and there was a drone lying on the floor."

Right then, Bridie remembered what Lula Cameron had said—about her being careful or she'd be smashing the drone into somebody's house. It was almost as if Lula had planted the seed for something to happen.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mabel," said Bridie, "I'll come right now and get my drone. And I'll take care of fixing your window."

"Well, you'd just better do that!" replied Mabel. "And the sooner the better!" She slammed down the phone.

Not much more than a minute later, the phone rang again. It was Mabel Barnes calling back.

"Look, upon thinking about this a bit more, I'm not so sure you ought to get your drone back at all. Our Town used to be a peaceful place to live, and now we've got people doing all kinds of stupid things—people like you...carelessly flying drones around and smashing into people's houses.

"This kind of thing has to stop. I've a good notion to get up a petition to take to the next Council meeting, and have them do a bylaw prohibiting the flying of drones within the town limits!" With that, Mabel slammed down the phone again.

The news of this spread like wildfire through Our Town. The next morning, over coffee at Al's Café, it was all the old guys talked about.

When Frank Birstead went home for lunch, he told Myrtle about it. Myrtle rocked back and forth in her rocking chair and then said, "I don't think this is the way to settle things, Franklin. Bridie might have been careless, but she surely didn't mean any harm.

"And Mabel Barnes...she's often in a snit about one thing or another. I sure hope she cools down."

With that, Myrtle got up and headed for the kitchen. She stopped and said, "Having a window broken is really a molehill, Franklin, but if Mabel goes through with her petition the molehill will become a mountain. It's just the kind of thing that can divide a town right down the middle. Wonder what can be done to head this off before it gets out of hand?

"Anyway, right now Franklin, it's time for lunch. I'll go fix our wieners and beans."

Well, that's the news from Our Town for this week. At least, from the stories that I've heard.

Now, it seems to me that Myrtle Birstead is right on several levels.

She's right about Bridie Stevenson. Flying her drone close to other people's houses was careless. On the other hand, Bridie didn't mean any harm—she certainly had no intention of smashing through Mabel Barnes' bathroom window.

She's also right about Mabel Barnes. Mabel is always in a snit about something. So, is it possible she's taking things too far, making a bigger issue of this than it needs to be?

After all, Bridie did say she'd pay to have the window fixed. Might it not be better just to let it go at that, rather than, as Myrtle says, turn a molehill into a mountain, and become a divisive issue in the town? Is one smashed window really worth that?

In the grand scheme of things, this is pretty minor. And yet, as we all know, minor things have a way of looming large.

Jim Taylor lives in the Lake District of British Columbia. Recently, he was one of many who had to leave their home, in order to keep safe from an approaching wildfire. Jim talked about his experiences over the last three weeks in his weekly blog.

He stuffed the cat into its traveling cage, grabbed a box of valuable papers, packed two days worth of clothing, and his medications, and left. With less than 15 minutes notice.

Fortunately, he was only away a few days. Even so, that was a very big thing. The little things happened after he got home...and they were the things that bugged him.

1. For some reason, his computer wouldn't work properly, and anyone who uses a computer regularly knows how frustrating it can be when they act up. On top of that, for some unknown reason, his email program had lost 8 months of correspondence. Doubly frustrating.

2. Before he left, he had turned on the sprinkler system to keep the grass wet, make it a fraction more fire resistant. Just in case. But now back home, the grass needed to be mown.

3. There was a problem with the lawnmower, so he got down on the ground to fix it, but as he was getting up again, his Apple Watch issued an alarm. What was it trying to tell him? This was when things got testy.

Jim had cataract surgery several months ago. He now has perfect distance vision for the first time in 85 years. But he can't read fine print up close. So he couldn't see what his Apple Watch wanted to tell him. And it kept alerting him. It seemed important. So he headed to the house to get his glasses.

He walked the length of his lawn, up the front steps into the house, up a flight of stairs, and into his office. When he put on a pair of reading glasses, he saw that his watch was asking if he had fallen and should it call 9-1-1 for an emergency ambulance.

One of the benefits of having an Apple watch is that they have fall detection built in...but sometimes the watch thinks you 'may' have fallen, so it checks. I've had it happen to me. And that's what happened to Jim.

None of these things—the computer acting up, the lawnmower needing fixing, the alert from the Apple watch—none were major, earth-shattering, life-changing things, but they were the things that got to him.

Here's the way Jim concludes last week's blog:

All this suggests to me that minor inconveniences are often more difficult to deal with than major ones.

We can cope with a sibling's cancer, a spouse's death. But we fall apart when our dog dies or the newspaper's crossword doesn't get delivered.

My wife, Joan, never wept over her impending death from leukemia; her meltdown came the day we ran out of Tim Horton's cappuccino.

We can tough out the big stuff; it's the little stuff that gets under our skin.

Hear that line again. We can tough out the big stuff; it's the little stuff that gets under our skin.

And we know that to be all too true.

In any kind of human relationship, no matter how good it is, there are little things that crop up and just grind our gears.

I remember a woman once telling me that she was so looking forward to her husband retiring. And when he finally retired it was great. Until about two weeks later when he told her he'd been thinking about the kitchen, and had worked out a way to make it more efficient. Then, she was no longer glad he retired. "As a matter of fact," she chuckled, "right then I wasn't sure what I'd like most: for him to go back to work, or for us to get a divorce."

It happens in communities. Even churches. Problems creep up that get in the way of keeping everybody on the same page. Listen again to a slightly paraphrased piece of that passage we read this morning from the book of Matthew.

If another member of the church does something wrong, go and point out the fault when the two of you are alone.

If the member listens to you, everything is fine. But if you are not listened to, take one or two others along with you.

What's the point? The point is the restoration of relationships. You do whatever is needed to keep the relationship strong. Beginning with talking it out. And you keep talking until it's sorted out.

Otherwise, if you don't do that... Well, otherwise what? Otherwise, it sits there like a burr under the saddle, it festers, and it becomes worse than it ever should have.

We can tough out the big stuff; it's the little stuff that gets under our skin.

The Our Town council meets next week. So, let me ask you: Do you think there's time, and a way, to keep this matter of a drone smashing through a window from dividing the town?

Can the molehill be kept from becoming a mountain?

If so, how would you go about it?

Hymn: Put Peace into Each Other's Hands MV 173

1. Put peace into each other's hand

And like a treasure hold it;
Protect it like a candle flame,
With tenderness enfold it.

2. Put peace into each other's hands

With loving expectation;
Be gentle in your words and ways,
In touch with God's creation.

3. 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.

4. 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.

5. 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.

Poem — "The Resurrection of Love" (by James Clarke)

As the bells of aging toll, a mellowing light descends.
We begin to iron out the wrinkles of living,
pray to Earth, our Mother, to open wide our hearts.

Music, more than sound, lingers in the soul.
Morning by morning, the sun returns to restore our trust.
As a new warmth enters our lives,
we put to flight bitter memories and regrets,
winter thoughts and old grudges dissolve.

Slowly, slowly, we turn our attention
away from our frayed, transient selves to the
suffering and needs of others.

Our book-of-days reveals the sanctity of laughter
and we cease to judge so harshly our cold, clanky world.

At last we find the peace we've long been seeking—
a new heart's ease in the resurrection of love.

Prayers Of The People And The Prayer Of Jesus

Sharing Our Joys And Concerns

- Birthdays
 - Marguerite Ancliffe celebrates on Wed. Sept. 13th

Offering Invitation

Offering Hymn: VU # 541 Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise God, all creatures high and low;
Give thanks to God in love made known,
Creator, Word and Spirit One.

Offering Prayer

Minute for Mission

Hymn: Bless Now, O God, the Journey VU 633

1. Bless now, O God, the journey
That all your people make,
The path through noise and silence,
The way of give and take.
The trail is found in desert
And winds the mountain round,
Then leads beside still waters,
The road where faith is found.
2. Bless sojourners and pilgrims
Who share this winding way,
Whose hope burns through the terrors,
Whose love sustains the day,
We yearn for holy freedom
While often we are bound.
Together we are seeking
The road where faith is found.
3. Divine Eternal Lover,
You meet us on the road.
We wait for lands of promise
Where milk and honey flow.
But waiting not for places,
You meet us all around.
Our covenant is written
On roads, as faith is found.

Benediction

As we leave this place of worship and return to our daily lives...
May the earth be warm under everyone's feet,
The wind bring fresh breath,

The rain refresh all things with gentleness,

And peace accompany us wherever we go.

May it be so.

Amen.

Postlude — Kum ba yah

1. Kumbaya my Lord, kumbaya

Kumbaya my Lord, kumbaya

Kumbaya my Lord, kumbaya

Oh Lord, kumbaya

2. Someone's crying Lord, kumbaya

3. Someone's praying Lord, kumbaya

4. Someone's singing, Lord, kumbaya

5. Come by here, my Lord, come by here!

Come by here, my Lord, come by here!

Come by here, my Lord, come by here!

O lord, kum ba ya!

Household Prayer:

Wondrous God, I am in awe that you would choose to be born among us, revealing your divineness enlivening the ordinary things of my life.

I thank you for the gift of Jesus who walked among us, wept with the suffering and raged in anger at the injustices of his day. I thank you for the vision you etched in his heart, a fullness of righteousness for all the world.

I thank you that he called others to follow that they too might know the joy of new life. As Jesus' disciple, help me to walk in the way. Help me to carry the vision in my heart, however discouraged I get. Help me to see through eyes of faith, my life, my relationships, the world you so love. Help me day by day, in my words and deeds to reflect your light.

Through your wisdom and Spirit, may I grow in my capacity to love you, my neighbour, and myself, as you so love. Amen.

Worship Schedule

September 17	16 th after Pentecost	TBD
September 24	17 th after Pentecost	TBD