



**July 27, 2025**

**Melville United Church**

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

Mailing address: PO Box 41, Fergus, ON N1M2W7

519-843-1781

Team Ministry

Minister of Pastoral Care

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

Rev. Linda Butler 905-884-1763

Ann Ward

Suzanne Flewelling, Colleen Weber

Lynda Rivet

Suzanne Flewelling

Lara Johnston

Alison Rainford 519-843-3841

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

[secretary@melvilleunited.com](mailto:secretary@melvilleunited.com)

[www.melvilleunited.com](http://www.melvilleunited.com)

**Melville United Church**

**Sunday July 27, 2025**

---

*Presiding: Rev. Tom Watson*

*Ministry of Music: Suzanne Flewelling*

**Prelude**

**Welcome & Announcements**

**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**

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**

We come together in community, seeking friendship...

**Seeking comfort and affirmation...**

Seeking support and understanding...

**Seeking a connection with the greater reality of which we're all a part.**

In this community of faith, we gather in worship of God.

**Hymn — Come In, Come in and Sit Down (vv. 1,2,4) VU 395**

*(refrain)* Come in, come in and sit down,  
You are a part of the family.  
We are lost and we are found,  
And we are a part of the family.

1. You know the reason why you came,  
Yet no reason can explain;  
So share in the laughter and cry in the pain,  
For we are a part of the family. *(refrain)*

2. God is with us in this place,  
Like a mother's warm embrace.  
We're all forgiven by God's grace,  
For we are a part of the family. *(refrain)*

4. There's rest for the weary and health for us all;  
There's a yoke that is easy, and a burden that's small.  
So come in and worship and answer the call,  
For we are a part of the family. *(refrain)*

### **Gathering Prayer:**

**Loving God, we are drawn to this place because of your love for us—the love that joins us as a family of faith...the love that nurtures us in our relationships...the love that heals old scars and touches us with the gift of tomorrow. Be with us in this worship time, as we gather in this special community of faith. Amen.**

### **Hymn — A Place in the Choir** (*congregation sings refrain, Tom sings verses*)

(*refrain*) All God's critters got a place in the choir,  
Some sing low and some sing higher,  
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire,  
Some just clap their hands or paws, or anything they've got now.

1. Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom  
Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus  
Moans and groans with a big t'do  
And the old cow just goes moo. (*refrain*)

2. The dogs and the cats, they take up the middle  
While the honeybee hums and the cricket fiddles.  
The donkey brays and the pony neighs  
And the old coyote howls! (*refrain*)

3. Listen to the top where the little bird sings  
On the melodies and the high notes ringing.  
The hoot owl hollers over everything  
And the jaybird disagrees. (*refrain*)

4. It's a simple song, a little song everywhere,  
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear,  
The dopey alligator and the the hawk above,  
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove. (*refrain*)

### **Children's Time**

### **Ministry of Music — Loving and Forgiving Psalm 103** by *Suzanne Flewelling and Rene Crespo*

#### Refrain

Loving and forgiving are  
You, O Lord; slow to anger,  
rich in kindness, loving  
and forgiving are You.

#### Verse 1

All my being, bless our God,  
bless the holy name of God.  
All my being, bless our God,  
remembering the goodness of God.

### Verse 2

Good and gracious is the Lord,  
slow to anger, rich in love.  
God remembers not our sin,  
forgiving and loving is God.

### Refrain

Loving and forgiving are  
You, O Lord; slow to anger,  
rich in kindness, loving  
and forgiving are You.

### Verse 3

As heaven soars above the earth,  
so great the love of God for us.  
As far as east is from the west, Our  
God takes our sins from us.

### Refrain

Loving and forgiving are  
You, O Lord; slow to anger,  
rich in kindness, loving  
and forgiving are You.

### **Readings: Colossians 3:12-17** *reader Susan Barth*

Therefore, as God's chosen ones, holy and beloved, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, and patience. Bear with one another and, if anyone has a complaint against another, forgive each other; just as the Lord has forgiven you, so you also must forgive.

Above all, clothe yourselves with love, which binds everything together in perfect harmony. And let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to which indeed you were called in one body. And be thankful.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly; teach and admonish one another in all wisdom; and with gratitude in your hearts sing psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs to God. And whatever you do, in word or deed, do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God through him.

### **James 1:19**

"Everyone should be quick to listen, slow to speak, and slow to become angry."

### **Sermon: Life in Our Town...The Beautiful Messiness of Being Human**

I'm going to talk this morning about "the beautiful messiness of being human." And I'll do that telling you about a happening in the lives of Hank and Mildred Vickers. But first, we'll begin in the usual way.

Well, it's been a busy week in Our Town. Lots of things happening. For example, take Pastor Willy Flugel—Willy's the pastor over at the Church of the Reluctant Apostle. Willy was quite busy on Monday.

When he sat down for coffee with the old guys at Al's Café on Tuesday morning, he was still chuckling to himself.

Finally, Fred Bowers said, "What's up, Willy?"

And with that out came Willy's story.

Willy had a warranty issue with a new iPad he bought about 6 months ago. He couldn't find his receipt, but he thought he bought it from Costco. Online. So he decided to phone Costco Customer Service.

Well, you know how those things go. You press this and that...finally get connected to a robot voice...then put on Hold. Finally, a live person answers who says you can be transferred to somebody who can help. Then "*click*," and the line goes dead. So you're frustrated...but decide to phone in again.

All of this happened to Pastor Willy. And it took a full hour and a half before he was finally connected to somebody who could help.

Willy explained his problem.

Attendant: "Sir, you say you bought the iPad 6 months ago. I don't see any orders at all during that time."

Willy: "No orders at all! I just bought something 2 days ago."

Attendant: "Online? Or at the warehouse?"

Willy: "Online."

Attendant: "Hmmm. That's strange. How be we check returns? Have you returned anything lately?"

Willy: "Yes. Last week I returned some men's underwear."

Attendant: "Underwear?"

Willy: "Yes. You see, I'm a pastor, and bought some underwear made especially for pastors. But I returned them because they didn't feel quite right when I was doing a sermon. I think maybe they were made for Baptists or Presbyterians."

Attendant: "Hmmm, no returns show. You say you bought something just 2 days ago. What was that?"

Willy: "Well, I read e-books on my Kindle, and two days ago I bought Fredrik Backman's latest book, *My Friends*."

*(big hesitation on the other end of the line)*

Attendant: "Sir...you mention buying an e-book for a Kindle. Costco doesn't sell e-books. Are you sure you shouldn't be calling Amazon?"

Lights should have gone on earlier...but they sure went on now. You could have knocked Willy off his pulpit with a feather. He started to laugh. The guy on the other end was already laughing.

Willy said: "Well, there you go. The joke's on me. I've just wasted your time and mine. Thanks so much for being patient."

Attendant: "Have a good day sir! You've certainly made mine!"

The old guys had a really good laugh when Willy finished his story. ... All except Hank Vickers.

Hank Vickers hadn't been paying attention to Willy's story. Just stared at his coffee, muttered something occasionally, shook his head.

Finally, Milt Prosser said, "Hank, you're not yourself this morning."

Hank sighed, leaned back in his chair, and said, "Right. I'm not. It just that it doesn't make any sense, that's all."

"What doesn't make sense, Hank?" asked Jack Cameron.

With that, here's what Hank told them.

"As you guys know, I have a cribbage tournament once a month, so had to leave early yesterday morning to go to it. When I backed the car out of the garage, I noticed that the lawn was really long and needed mowing.

"So I thought I'd help Mildred out. I took the lawnmower out of the garage and put it at the edge of the lawn. That way, she could just come out, start the mower and get right at it. Save her several minutes so she could get on with the rest of her work."

"Youze sure is thoughtful, Hank." said Eddie Pletsczyk.

"I try," replied Hank.

Milt Prosser said, "Ummm...Hank...you said it didn't make any sense. You still haven't said what you meant by that?"

"Well," replied Hank, "when I got home from the cribbage tournament, the lawn mower was right where I left it in the morning.

"My first thought was that Mildred wasn't feeling well when she woke up. So I rushed into the house and called her name. ... That's when I saw it."

"Saw what?" asked Jack Cameron.

"The note," replied Hank. "The note on the table. A note from Mildred. ... Just a minute; I have it here in my pocket."

Hank read from the note: "Hank, I have to go to the city for a few days to see my cousin Agnes. Sorry about not getting the lawn done...I know it's getting long...but I'm sure you can deal with that. As for meals, there's lots of stuff in the freezer. See you sometime Thursday or Friday. Love, Mildred."

Hank took another sip of his coffee, and continued, "What's got me, fellas, is that Mildred's never done anything like this before. If she was thinking of going, she might at least have mentioned it on Sunday night, but nope. Not...a...word." Hank leaned back and sighed.

"Any idea why she went to see her cousin Agnes, Hank?" asked Jack Cameron.

"Mildred didn't say," replied Hank, "so, nope, I have no idea."

"Can you call Agnes?" asked Fred Bowers.

"I tried...several times...but there's no answer," replied Hank.

Milt Prosser smiled and looked at Hank. "Well, Hank, I'm sure you won't have any trouble mowing the lawn. How are you at cooking?"

"Never cooked a meal in my life," replied Hank. "Meals were Mildred's job. ... As, of course, was cutting the lawn."

"With all Mildred has to do, Hank, maybe she just got worn out and needed a break," said Milt. "Can't see that, Milt...given all ways I try to keep her in good shape."

Suddenly, Jack Cameron said, "Well, fellas, I have some errands to run for Lula, so I'd better go." "Me too," said Milt Prosser, "I have to stop at the Post Office on the way home." With that, all the old guys got up and left.

When Hank got home from coffee on Tuesday, he mostly just sat around the house, hoping that Mildred would call. At supper time, he looked on the internet to see how to fry an egg...and had an egg and a slice of toast.

On Wednesday morning, he went out for about an hour and cut some of the lawn...then went back in the house so he'd be there in case Mildred phoned. Tried Agnes' phone number again. Still no answer.

Come supper time, he had an egg and toast again. He went to bed early. Tired. Didn't sleep that well either.

On Thursday morning, Hank slept in. He had some cereal for breakfast and then went out to mow some more of the lawn, but it started to rain so he went back inside. Just moped around the house. Couldn't keep from wondering why he hadn't heard from Mildred.

Then he drifted off into a nap. Just before noon, he was startled by the phone ringing. He ran and grabbed the phone...hoping it was Mildred. It was a woman wanting to know if he'd like his ducts cleaned.

Hank hung up the phone. Sighed. Went and looked out the window to see if it was still raining. The phone rang again. This time it was Mildred.

"Hi, Hank. How are things?"

"Better now that I hear from you, Mildred. I've been worried sick. It wasn't like you to rush away like that."

"I know, Hank. And I'm sorry. But I was so flustered when I heard about my cousin Agnes."

"What happened to Agnes, Mildred?"

"Her neighbour phoned to tell me Agnes had a stroke and was in the hospital. You know how close she and I have always been, so I was just sick about it. I had to go to see her. I left immediately."

"Why didn't you phone me, Mildred, to say where you were going?"

"Well, you were at your cribbage tournament, so I didn't know how to get in touch with you there. Anyway, Hank, I've been staying at the hospital, day and night since I went on Monday."

"So how's Agnes doing, Mildred?"

"She's got a long way to go, Hank, but she's beginning to come around. So I'm coming home this afternoon."

"Oh, Mildred, I've missed you so much. And I've had a lot of time to think."

"About what, Hank?"

"I'll tell you all about it when you get home, Mildred."

If you'd have been standing there when Hank hung up the phone, you'd have seen that he had a small tear trickling down one cheek.

Late Thursday afternoon, Hank heard the garage door open. Mildred was home. He rushed, put his arm around her and gave her a big hug.

They went inside and sat down on the chesterfield. Mildred started the conversation, "Hank, I was sorry to have to leave you with the lawn..."

Hank cut her off in mid-sentence. "That's one thing I've been thinking about. I realized how big a job it is, Mildred. It's too much for you. Especially on hot days, so I wondering about something."

"Yes, Hank," replied Mildred.

"Jack Cameron's teenage grandson is looking for work. How be we hire him to mow the lawn for the rest of the summer?"

"Oh, goodness, Hank...wouldn't that come to quite a bit of money?"

"We have to do it, Mildred. As I said, it's too much for you...and you're not getting any younger, you know."

"Oh, Hank...that's why I love you so much. You're so thoughtful."

"There's another thing, Mildred."

"Yes, Hank."

"Some guys I know are really comfortable around the kitchen, but when I had to get my own meals, I realized I'm surely not. So I've talked with Al at the Café, and she's agreed to give me some cooking lessons."

"Wow! Hank! That's super!"

"Just basic stuff for now, Mildred. Just basic stuff. Like how to make good sandwiches, heat up soup, stuff like that. Who knows...if I get good at those things, I might graduate to something more exotic. Make hot dogs or something."

"Well, Hank Vickers. The longer I live with you the more sides I see to you. You're just so wonderful. Just wonderful. That's all."

"Gee thanks, Mildred."

That night, Hank had the best sleep he'd had in several days. Before they went to sleep, they had a good long cuddle. On towards morning, Hank woke up, just lay there for several minutes, watching his wife sleep. The words to an old song by Ed Ames, of the Ames Brothers, came to mind:

Sometimes in the morning, when shadows are deep,  
I lie here beside you, just watching you sleep,  
And sometimes I whisper what I'm thinking of:  
My cup runneth over with love.

On Friday morning at Al's, he told the rest of the old guys all about things. When Frank Birstead went home for lunch, he told Myrtle.

Myrtle rocked back and forth in her rocking chair, thinking, then said, "Well, Franklin, it's just like I've often thought: there's a beautiful messiness to being human."

"Not sure what you mean, Myrt," replied Frank.

"What I mean, Franklin, is that sometimes being human gets pretty messy...but it also has some beautiful surprises to it."



"Yes, I can see that, Myrt," replied Frank.

"Take Hank and Mildred. Sometimes we wonder about what kind of glue it is that keeps those two together. The way Hank seems to treat Mildred—leaving all the work for her to do. That's the messy part.

"But then we see that those two really do love one another. And Hank would be totally lost if something were to happen to Mildred. That's the beautiful part of it.

"It's like what Pastor Willy read from the Bible last Sunday—about love binding everything together in perfect harmony.

With that, Myrtle got up from her rocking chair. "Well, Franklin, it's time for lunch. I'll go make our wieners and beans."

Frank sat there thinking. About what Myrtle said.

About love. And about how being human can be really messy and yet also beautiful. Sometimes both at the same time.

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

### **Hymn — God Who Gives to Life Its Goodness      VU 260**

1. God who gives to life its goodness,  
God creator of all joy,  
God who gives to us our freedom,  
God who blesses tool and toy:  
Teach us now to laugh and praise you,  
Deep within your praises sing,  
Till the whole creation dances  
For the goodness of its King.

2. God who fills the earth with beauty,  
God who binds each friend to friend,  
God who names us co-creators,  
God who wills that chaos end:  
Grant us now creative spirits,  
Minds responsive to your mind,  
Hearts and wills your rule extending,  
All our acts by Love refined.

### **Sharing our Joys and Concerns**

- **Birthdays**
  - Diane Maloney celebrates on July 29<sup>th</sup>
  - Rev. Tom Watson celebrates on July 29<sup>th</sup>

### **Prayers of the people and the Prayer of Jesus**

*(our prayers begin with an adapted paraphrase litany on The Lord's Prayer...we'll do the familiar version after our Prayers)*

Dear God, you are closer to us than the beating of our hearts,

**And yet farther from us than the most distant star...so far that you are beyond naming.**

Yet, may your powerful presence become obvious not only in the undeniable glory of the sky...

**But also in the seemingly ordinary, common processes of the earth.**

Give us what we need, day by day, to keep body and soul together...

**For, as clever as you have made us, we still owe our existence to you.**

We recognize that to be reconciled with you, we must live peaceably and justly with other human beings...

**Putting the things that lead to mistrust, discord and bitterness behind us.**

Often we find ourselves torn between our faith in your goodness,

**And our awareness of the evil in your creation,**

So deliver us from the temptation to despair,

**For yours alone is the universe in all its majesty and beauty.**

### **Offering Invitation**

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

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**

### **Reflection**

**Hymn — All the Way My Saviour Leads Me VU 635**

1. All the way my Saviour leads me.

What have I to ask beside?

Can I doubt his tender mercy,

Who through life has been my guide?

Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,

Here by faith in him to dwell!

For I know, whate'er befall me,

Jesus doeth all things well.

2. All the way my Saviour leads me,

Cheers each winding path I tread;

Gives me grace for every trial,

Feeds me with the living bread.

Though my weary steps may falter,

And my soul athirst may be,

Gushing from the rock before me,

Lo, a spring of joy I see.

3. All the way my Saviour leads me;

Oh, the fullness of his love!

Perfect rest to me is promised

In my Father's house above.

When my spirit, clothed immortal,

Wings its flight to realms of day,  
This my song through endless ages:  
"Jesus led me all the way."

### **Benediction**

We have a calling in this world:

**A calling to build each other up...**

A calling to honour the diversity among us...

**A calling to respect differences with dignity.**

May all that we say and do reflect that calling.

**And may the peace of God, the compassion of Christ, and the courage of the Holy Spirit, rest with us always.**

**Amen.**

### **Hymn — Go Now in Peace**

Go now in peace. Never be afraid.

God will go with you each hour ev'ry day.

Go now in faith, steadfast, strong and true.

Know God will guide you in all you do.

Go now in love, and show you believe.

Reach out to others so all the world can see.

God will be there, within, around, above.

Go now in peace, in faith, and in love.

Amen, Amen, Amen.

**Postlude — Do, Lord** *traditional spiritual (Suzanne Flewelling & Tom Watson)*

**Welcomers:** Alison Rainford, John Cuming

**Counters:** Lynne Lamb, Chris Hopewell

### **Worship Schedule**

|                         |                                  |                   |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| August 3 <sup>d</sup>   | 8 <sup>th</sup> after Pentecost  | Rev. Jeff Hawkins |
| August 10 <sup>th</sup> | 9 <sup>th</sup> after Pentecost  | Rev. Linda Butler |
| August 17 <sup>th</sup> | 10 <sup>th</sup> after Pentecost | Rev. Tom Watson   |
| August 24 <sup>th</sup> | 11 <sup>th</sup> after Pentecost | Rev. Linda Butler |