



## Manotick United Church

### Our Mission:

We welcome all, who with God's help, work to build a better world.

# “WEEKLY UPDATE”

Friday, October 9<sup>th</sup>, 2020

**SPECIAL MESSAGE**  
**RE: Music Leadership**

**Deb Protsack** – “WELCOME BACK DEB” – visit our YouTube to see Deb's weekly Mini-Meditation/Music services!

**Office Administrator:** Lisa Richards at 613-692-4576, Ext 221 [admin@manotickunitedchurch.com](mailto:admin@manotickunitedchurch.com)

**Pastoral Supervisor:** Rev. Ed Gratton



“What if, today, we were grateful for everything?”  
– Charlie Brown

“Give thanks not just on Thanksgiving Day, but every day of your life. Appreciate and never take for granted all that you have.” – Catherine Pulsifer

“When asked if my cup is half-full or half-empty my only response is that I am thankful I have a cup.”  
– Sam Lefkowitz

### PASTORAL CARE & PRAYER:

Please continue to pray for each other, our community, our city, our province, our country and the world. Please pray for our incredible doctors, nurses and staff who are doing such an outstanding job; for leaders that they may provide compassion and direction. To those who are alone at this difficult time, for those who are facing treatment, surgery, and those who are recovering from surgery and for those who are grieving. Let us pray to continue to work together and support each other through these unprecedented times. **Rev. Ed Gratton** has graciously assured us that as long as he is well and is able, he will continue to provide **pastoral emergency care** for our congregation. His contact information is 613-822-6433, South Gloucester United Church.



## Inspiring Stories

Taken from <https://petalsandsepals.wordpress.co>



**Being Thankful:** One day the father of a very wealthy family took his son on a trip to the country with the express purpose of showing him how poor people live. They spent a couple of days and nights on the farm of what would be considered a very poor family. On their return from their trip, the father asked his son, “How was the trip?” “It was great Dad.”

“Did you see how poor people live?” the father asked. “Oh Yeah”, said the son. “So tell me, what did you learn from this trip?” the father asked.

The son answered “I saw that we have one dog and they had four. We have a pool that reaches to the middle of our garden and they have a creek that has no end. We have imported lanterns in our garden and they have stars at night. Our patio reaches to the front yard and they have the whole horizon. We have a small piece of land to live, and they have fields that go beyond our sight. We have servants to serve us, but they serve others. We buy our food, but they grow theirs. We have walls around our property to protect us, they have friends to protect them.”

The boy’s father was speechless, then his son added, “Thanks dad for showing me how poor we are.”

*Isn't perspective a wonderful thing? Makes you wonder what would happen if we all gave thanks for everything we have, instead of worrying about what we don't have.*

### **THE CARPENTER’S GIFT:**

Once upon a time, two brothers, who lived on adjoining farms, fell into conflict. It was the first serious rift in 40 years of farming, side by side, sharing machinery, and trading labour and goods as needed, without any conflict. Then the long collaboration fell apart. It began with a small misunderstanding, and grew into a major difference, and finally it exploded into an exchange of bitter words, followed by weeks of silence. One morning there was a knock on John’s door. He opened it to find a man with a carpenter’s toolbox. “I am looking for a few days’ work. Perhaps you would have a few small jobs, here and there that I could help with? Could I help you?” Yes, I do have a job for you”, said the older brother. “Look across the creek at that farm. That’s my neighbour; in fact, it’s my younger brother. Last week there was a meadow between us and he took his bulldozer to the river levee and now there is a creek between us. Well, he may have done this to spite me, but I’ll do him one better. See that pile of lumber by the barn? I want you to build me a fence; an 8 foot fence, so I won’t need to see his face or place anymore.” The carpenter said, “I think I understand the situation and I’ll be able to do a job that pleases you.” The older brother had to go to town, so he helped the carpenter get the materials ready and then he was off for the day. The carpenter worked hard all day measuring, sawing, nailing. About sunset when the farmer returned, the carpenter had just finished his job.



The farmer’s eyes opened wide, his jaw dropped. There was no fence there at all. It was a bridge – a bridge stretching from one side of the creek to the other! A fine piece of work, handrails and all and his neighbour, his younger brother, was coming toward them, his hands outstretched. “You are quite a fellow to build this bridge after all I’ve said and done.” Said the younger brother with a catch in his voice. The two brothers stood at each end of the bridge, and then they slowly walked and met in the middle, taking each other’s hand. They turned to see the carpenter hoist his toolbox onto his shoulder. “No, wait, stay a few days. I’ve a lot of other projects for you.” Said the older brother. “I’d love to stay on”, the carpenter said, but I have more bridges to build.”

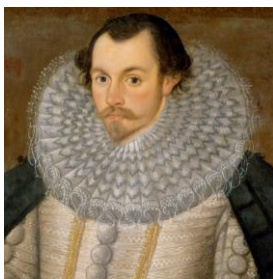
*Do you have any bridges that you need to build?*





Ever wonder how this holiday even got started in this country given that the Mayflower, Pilgrims, and whatnot have pretty much nothing to do with Canada? Why do we celebrate in October and not later on in November? Also, if our celebration isn't based off the American one, why does our holiday meal similar to theirs? Well, good news! I have some answers for you.

The act of coming together with loved ones to express gratitude over a large meal existed long before Canadians and Americans appeared on the scene. Centuries before Europeans showed up on North American soil, First Nations gave thanks for successful harvests. For example, the Iroquois had a three-day celebration that honoured corn, beans, and squash. In the Plains, Wild Rice Festivals were celebrated because the grain was so crucial to their survival. Some First Nations included cranberries and maple syrup in their feasts too. Meanwhile in Europe, farmers gave thanks for successful harvests as well by celebrating with large feasts. So, while Canadians and Americans didn't invent the fundamentals behind Thanksgiving, we did put a capital "T" on it thus making it an official holiday.



*A Man, Called Sir  
Martin Frobisher –  
Artist Unknown (c. 17th  
century*

There are two separate events in which the history of Thanksgiving in Canada can be traced back to. The first, and the one that most view as the start of the holiday, stems all the way back to 1578—more than 40 years before the Pilgrims arrived. Martin Frobisher, an English explorer and privateer, was on his third and final expedition through northeastern Canada in search of the elusive Northwest Passage. He was back for a third time because previously he found gold ore and this time around he was hoping to establish a small settlement on Baffin Island. Unfortunately for Frobisher, the third voyage was marred by terrible weather, ice, and the loss of one of his ships. A freak storm in July separated his fleet of 15 ships. Fortunately, they were able to reunite in August in the area that would become known as Frobisher's Bay. To give thanks to God for reuniting them, Robert Wollfall, an Anglican priest and the chaplain of the

voyage, brought everyone together have a communal meal and Eucharist mass. No turkey on the menu though. Instead they most likely dined on salted beef, crackers, and mushy peas. Yum?

Frobisher never established a successful settlement, nor did he find the Northwest Passage. Also, all that ore he found turned out to be iron pyrite aka fool's gold. He technically did have a happy ending though. Frobisher was knighted by Queen Elizabeth I for helping to fight off the Spanish Armada and he made a fortune by joining Sir Walter Raleigh on his expedition to the Azores.

The second event occurred in 1606. In the previous year, Samuel de Champlain and the settlers in Port-Royal, Acadia (Nova Scotia) had suffered an awful winter where several men died of scurvy. With winter on the horizon, Champlain came up with the idea to keep everyone's spirits up by establishing a social club called the Order of Good Cheer. Baron de Poutrincourt, Intendant to the King of France in North America, was expected to arrive on November 14th, so that was set as the date for their first club meeting. Champlain also invited their Mi'kmaq neighbours to the festivities. Champlain wanted the day to be about both food and entertainment. As a result, Poutrincourt had one heck of a reception. "Theatre de Neptune en la Nouvelle-France" by Marc Lescarbot (French author/poet) was performed, making it the first European theatre production in North American history. Officially, only 15 men (of higher social ranking) were welcomed into the Order, but participating in the communal feast was always open to everyone in the settlement. The Order's feasts occurred weekly throughout that winter and then later became an annual tradition in the fall.



*"We spent this winter very pleasantly, and had good fare by means of the Order of Good Cheer which I established, and which everybody found beneficial to his health, and more profitable than all sorts of medicine we might have used." – Samuel de Champlain, The Voyages, 1613.*



When the British took over in 1763, the date of and reason for celebrating Thanksgiving began to vary and became particularly dependent upon one's location. For example, that year Halifax (who were by and large English) held Thanksgiving to celebrate Great Britain's victory over France. Naturally, citizens in Montreal did not celebrate that in their own city. Reportedly, Lower Canada and Upper Canada observed Thanksgiving on different dates and when they merged the holiday was not celebrated annually. Once it was even held in April to mark (the future) King Edward VII's recovery from an illness. Even after Thanksgiving was made an official holiday in 1879, the date still bounced around between October and November because the government used to tie the holiday to a certain theme or event each year (a harvest, special anniversary, etc). It was even combined with Remembrance Day for a short while.

It wasn't until 1957 when Parliament said enough was enough and settled on the second Monday of October as the official date. The proclamation by the government states that Thanksgiving is, "A Day of General Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the bountiful harvest with which Canada has been blessed – to be observed on the 2nd Monday in October." The harvest aspect is important; it is why the holiday is in October as that date is closer the time in which Canadian farmers actually harvest. Also, it was felt that Remembrance Day deserved a day of its own and that separating the two would be best.



**Note:** We do have the Americans to thank for some of the hallmarks of our Thanksgiving meal. Loyalists continued to celebrate American Thanksgiving (eating turkey, pumpkin, and squash) when they came up here to escape the War of Independence. Thanks guys. The holiday wouldn't be the same without pumpkin pie.  
*What are you thankful for this year?*



<https://cdnhistorybits.wordpress.com/2015/10/11/the-history-of-canadian-thanksgiving>



*"Thanksgiving is a time to give, a time to love,  
and a time to reflect on the things that matter most in life."  
~ Danielle Duckery ~*

# ***HAPPY THANKSGIVING!***