



With Sympathy

*The life of a loved one  
is never lost, their memory  
carries on through  
the lives they touched.*

# Susan Bairstow

For 18 years Susan was a soprano voice in our choir.

On Sunday August 13<sup>th</sup> God called Susan home to be a part of the great heavenly celestial choir.

We will miss her voice Sunday mornings from the choir and her presence at St. Andrew's events.

There will be a Celebration of Life Service at the church

**SATURDAY SEPTEMBER  
2<sup>ND</sup>**

**3 IN THE AFTERNOON.**

## Heaven's Open Door

*At the top of the world  
Far above the clouds  
Way, way into the beyond  
Our depictions of heaven  
Show a stairway  
Reaching up and up  
Higher and higher  
Even the light  
Unseen through fog  
We speak of "piercing the veil"  
And "the pearly gates"  
Guarded by a Saint  
We're told of a Judgement Day  
And a Book  
That lists the moments of our  
lives  
Our misdeeds and good actions  
The balance of which grants us  
safe passage  
And eternal home in heaven  
Miracles are spoken of  
In hushed tones  
Some in disbelief  
Because our human perception  
Cannot fathom  
Does not "know"  
In absolute certainty  
The way we would go  
When we leave this earth  
But our faith knows  
And our belief shows  
Our trust in God's promise'  
Heaven's gates shall be opened  
wide*

*To the children of God  
Those that believe  
And are not afraid  
Those who shed the doubts  
In their hearts  
And embrace the Truth  
And those whose purposes and  
acts  
Reflect the teachings of the Lord  
Our attempt, all the days  
We have here on this earth  
To point the way to others  
To give hope we will see the Lord  
To know His love is guiding us  
All the way  
To Heaven's open door!  
Believe and See  
With inner trust  
And all will be revealed  
Heaven waits for us  
In good time.*

*Dedicated in  
remembrance of our  
faithful choir member  
and friend  
Susan Bairstow,  
quietly taken from us to  
sing in Heaven's choir!  
Make joyful music, Sue!  
We will miss you so  
much.*

*©Denise Neuhaus,  
August 2017*

# SHORT STORY

by EVERETT BRIDGES

## The Clock

It was now mid July and the only leaves in this park full of trees were last year's elm and maple harvest now decayed and suffocating any grass stubbornly hanging onto life. The decay accompanied the pungent stench of organic material that once provided a canopy in the hot summer. This park, however, hadn't seen a human being in several months. The birds and the animals had gone long before man. They knew something was very wrong.

The sun was making its daily appearance, today less than four hours and each appearance shorter than the day before. As the source of survival through light and heat, it was now like the security blanket being slowly taken from a baby. Old soil continued to weaken leaving the ground fog that was born from the earth's core of molten lava fighting the coolness of the sun starved land. That ground fog was now a permanent part of the landscape and had become an eerie blanket waiting to fully wrap the planet as soon

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as humanity's clock stopped ticking.

People reacted savagely to the world's leaders holding back news of the catastrophic events that were pushing the sun further away from earth. By the time that the whole story was known, rioting, looting and civil disobedience was worldwide. This lasted for a few months until people realized that any hope they had to extend their life would be to get as close to the equator as possible. This was the point where the sun stayed the longest and could give people a few extra precious moments of life. Major cities in both the northern and southern hemispheres were abandoned leaving centuries of monuments of cultures lifeless. Armies of people, men, women and children trudged through incomprehensible elements trying to have a few more days of life. Many died of starvation on the way.

As a realist, it didn't matter if the earth had six months or six hours left, or I was here or at the equator, mankind was doomed. Anyone in my situation reaches for something good and from a makeshift home among the trees, I could see my favourite view. It was one of the park benches that had a bouquet of plastic yellow daisies sitting there. It was a reminder of the times I spent with my girl friend picking wild flowers. She was now gone with her parents. Those flowers not only reminded me of her, but also that everything I could see wasn't brown with death.



My decision to remain in the park was not regretted. There were a number of abandoned stores nearby that provided an existence, regardless of how meager. Only recently had the news on the shortwave radio stopped. I knew the end was near.



It was the same scene every day, until today. Through the mist there was movement. At first I thought it was my eyes playing tricks. Was it something the brain wanted to see or was it actually movement? No, there was more movement. I rubbed my eyes. There it was again. Then I heard a voice. The voice got louder and louder and louder. The voice was accompanied by a hand on my shoulder. The voice, then the touch, then the voice, then the touch. I ran slicing through the cool fog slipping on the wet dead leaves, arms pushing back the hand on my shoulder.

Wake up Johnny. Your clock stopped and it's time for school.

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Do you know about  
**Crieff Hills?**



Crieff Hills is a Presbyterian Retreat located south of both Guelph and the 401.

In 1950, Col Maclean donated 250 acres of a farm and its buildings to the Presbyterian Church in Canada, along with money invested to be used "to maintain and develop the several properties at Crieff ... as a model and example to other communities." The property began to be developed into a retreat and conference centre for the church under the Directorship of the Reverend Robert Spencer and the Maclean Estate Committee.

The property has sleeping quarters for those committees looking to get away for a couple of days for some team building exercises.

Something unique at Crieff is the prayer labyrinth. An intricate walking path where one can go to just walk and talk with God in prayer.

The home made food at Crieff is provided by some ladies from nearby Presbyterian churches.

Programs include Manna days where topics are discussed, a worship service and some singing occurs and of course lunch. The October event is listed below.

There are free days like Bird Banding as listed here. Something to fill a morning with the kids or grandkids. Something educational but something not everyone has seen. Might prove interesting.

These are the two events for this fall that might be of interest to the people of St. Andrew's.

## Bird Banding and Fall Hikes

*Saturday September 30<sup>th</sup> 2017*

Drop by anytime between 8:30 am and Noon

Meet at the Picnic Shelter by the House of Prophet (laneway 7094)

**Join Certified bird bander Brian Pomfret for a close up look at migrating birds.**

Mist nets will be set up in the fields at Crieff to catch birds. The birds are weighed, measured and banded before they are released.

Bring the whole family to see the birds and hike the trails all while enjoying fall colours in the country.

Don't forget your camera! There is no charge for this event, but donations are appreciated.

For more information of these and other events at Crieff contact the center at

[info@crieffhills.com](mailto:info@crieffhills.com)

Or by phone toll free

**1-800 884-1525**

## "What the Reformation can Teach us about Change"

*Thursday, October 12<sup>th</sup> 2017*

10:30 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.

\$22 for the day (lunch included)

Speaker: **Rev. Dr. Stuart Macdonald**  
Professor of Church and Society, Knox College, Toronto

The day will focus on the themes of change and how the reformer successfully transformed the religious lives of their followers, through a clear vision, preaching, education, and other strategies.