



# At Saint David's

Presbyterian Church of Saint David, Halifax, NS.....Fall 2012

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## Open Doors

Wherever you look around here you'll find open doors – and I think that's what I like most about the Presbyterian Church of St. David.

We do have some imposing doors, like those on Grafton Street. It must be hard for a newcomer to walk up all those steps and then open the massive doors, but, once inside, the warmth and hospitality we've been cultivating the past couple of years is ever so evident. And each one of you has found that you are part of this ministry of welcoming (not just our Sunday greeters!) For some this is a special ministry indeed. And what a gift it is that some of our congregation help children through those open doors!

Around to the Brunswick Street entrance we find the most widely used doors from Sunday to Sunday and every day in-between. Through these doors come the curious and the questioning. Worshipping communities know how warm is the

welcome on the other side – communities like our own congregation gathering at 9 am and 11 am to the Nova Scotia Korean Congregation ever-so-early many mornings and then on Wednesday evening and Sunday afternoon.

The Muslim community consisting mostly of university students will be here for Friday prayer, and at any other time you can find film crews, nationally renowned artists, the Halifax Pop Explosion, exercise classes, comic adventures, Occupy Nova Scotia, and various church programs like our Coffee and Conversation, Circle of Prayer, and Bible study to name just a few of the latest.

But I really do love the open doors that open around 7 am on Friday and stay open well past noon. Through these doors come an amazing group of volunteers and guests. Our volunteers range from university students to great grannies. Their backgrounds are ever so varied – from former street people to professors and each

one has a story of what brings them to David's Place

We have many new volunteers this September to mix with folk who have been here since the doors opened wide almost ten years ago. David's Place is simply a place where community comes and gathers and is created new week after week. Guests do come for the great meals being served, while others probably come for some of the food bank items or articles from the clothing bank while many regulars are monitored under the watchful eye of the VON who co-sponsor the program and have plenty of personnel all around the place. No place or program is perfect but the atmosphere at David's Place is what sets it apart. Every table has its own personality and people gravitate toward old friends or new transients, or simply find a place to be by themselves. When church people think doors have been closed to the work of the church in the community around us, they need to come and experience what I do and I hate missing even one morning at David's Place.

Yes, there are some 'tentative' conversations at times. And maybe a couple of folk are leery of the clergy guy sitting next to them but that doesn't seem to last long. Soon deep conversations are being held and some serious problems being expressed and often the conversation offers concrete steps that can be taken in

dealing with housing authorities, social workers, police and a host of other problems. I'm amazed how many people who have no other connection to anything 'church' seek me out! I'm just as amazed that many who walk through the door of David's Place end up walking through those more imposing doors on Grafton Street and join in worship.

We have other doors that connect us to the world outside and they too are open doors for folk – with wheel chair access to the sanctuary and to the hall from Blowers street. Our kitchen door has often been where people lean in the evenings and under which many have slept for lack of other open doors in the city.

Yes, I like these open doors and we open other doors for people, not physical doors but doors just the same, as Coverdale Foundation is funded so women in conflict with the law can walk through welcoming doors and doors are kept open as Out From the Cold is funded and supported by our congregation, and the Refugee Clinic has found our doors wide open to help them reach a wider community and ...

And there are many other doors I could walk you through but these will do to remind us here at the Presbyterian Church of Saint David that Christ invites us to help open many doors, doors behind which he

stands and knocks until they are open wide to his love.

## **Kenn Stright**

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### **Margaret Pace**

Rev. Kenn said it best last Saturday morning when he said that John came on a Sunday morning with one last call for Margaret to come home, as he had so many Sundays through the years.

Friends and family gathered on Sept. 22 to bid a fond farewell to a lady who was an integral part of our church's fabric since the day she and John began their ministry in April 1976.

Margaret Pace was one of a dying breed – the traditional minister's wife who presided over teas, acted as hon. President of the Guild, and pitched in when and wherever she could.

Even after John retired, Margaret kept singing in our choir – acting as the 'official' timekeeper on Thursday evenings as long as she was able. Whenever there was a choir gathering, we knew Margaret would bring sweets, often her delectable butterscotch/marshmallow squares. We even had a standing joke that the washroom off the ladies' choir room was

*Margaret's Office* and suggested that it required an official plaque.

In our choir room is a portrait of our two stalwart altos of days gone by, Margaret and Marj, our own M&Ms, recognizing their dedicated service to our church.

At the end of the day, the most appropriate words are "Well done, thou good and faithful servant..."

Margaret, we'll miss you,

### ***The Senior Choir***

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### **Enter the Sacred**

As sound instills a message to receive,  
Reason only prospers if open minds  
believe.

A hand of thoughtful transmission offers  
help, Progressed by calm reaction  
forwarding self wealth.

Willful and reliant our service be arranged,  
Grace defines each mission when honesty  
remains.

Coming to conclusions without hopeful  
purpose felt, such wasted time defying true  
blessed result.

Never is dishonour placed upon the free  
who have found their way into sanctity  
One may close a door on the trespasser, but  
to close the mind denies one their own  
entrance to wise possessions

***David MacEachern,  
Volunteer David's Place***

## **Report from Canada Youth 2012**

Canada Youth 2012 was an important experience for me. It gave me another look at my faith and what I would look for in church services.

The people I met were incredible and I learned so much from them. To be in a room with 500 other Presbyterian teenagers who shared the beliefs I have was unlike any other experience I've ever had. We talked about issues facing Christian youth and our experiences at our churches, our schools and in our families. Everyone seemed to have the same experience of not feeling comfortable talking about religion at school.

The music at CY was more modern than the music we're used to at Saint David's. We learned new songs nearly every day. One of those songs is still stuck in my head. I've been looking, but can't find it online.

The speakers all talked about their faith, and how it had helped them in their lives. They related to us really well.

So much of what I learned stayed with me when I got back and I'd like to thank the congregation for supporting me in going.

**Katie Campbell**

## **I want you to always have the ability to look at your life through the eyes of a child'**

I remember the first, or one of the first times at least, that I thought of graduation. I was in Grade 4 or so, and I noticed that the year was 2004.

Then I thought ahead a bit and I did some math and I realized that when I was in Grade 5 the year would be 2005. A pattern was forming. Yeah, we all had that moment!

We never had to remember what grade we were in or what year it was because they corresponded. So the next logical conclusion I jumped to after that discovery was hey, that means in Grade 12 when I'm graduating, the year will be 2012. At that time, 2012 seemed so impossibly far away, futuristic even. I mean, what would the world be like?

Here we all are on the other side. I am still standing, you are still standing; the world is still standing.

Give yourself a well-deserved congratulations. We call this a high school graduation, but we're not just graduating from high school, we're graduating from everything we've known up until now, from a 13-year Monday to Friday grind. To fully grasp how long a ride it's been to this day, and just how much we've all accomplished, I'd like to ask you folks to journey all the way back to Grade Primary.

To be honest, I don't have any real memories from Grade Primary. I'm not sure if my brain could even form long-term memories yet. None of us was the picture of independence at that age. We couldn't read, write, or zip things. I don't know about you but I ate a lot of dunkaroos that year.

Next comes elementary. We were still young enough to pee our pants without shame, yet tall enough to go on rides at Atlantic Playland. Arthur was our philosopher, with his intuitive solutions to third grader problems.

We broke a lot of bones, lost all our teeth, and if we fell down, Baby we got back up again and put a decorative Band-Aid on it.

Elementary was a strange time because everyone was a beginner, we were all on square one. A lot of you probably started to play the sports that define you now, and became interested in subjects you have a passion for today. You were friends with someone if he lived close to you, or if your moms were friends.

Your Discman running out of batteries made for a bad day. *I'm Blue* was a chart topper. Mr. Dress-up was alive and kickin'. And having Lunchables for lunch or knowing about the birds and the bees made you instantly popular. Boys, all you had to do to get the ladies was have the fastest spinning bay blade. Or you could try to play your you-gi-oh cards right. Alright, let's leave this world of mighty beans and fruit rollups. There's just too much to say, I could never cover all of it.

Now, middle school. If someone told you high school was a roller-coaster, it is the puny green one at Crystal Palace in comparison to junior high.

For one, we all hit puberty. I think I speak for everyone in this arena, especially your parents when I say...that was a little rough.

It was also a time when the world was beginning to be swallowed by social media. Facebook began its global proliferation. So luckily that just meant there's tons of pictures of us...hitting puberty...online. Not to mention we made piczo sites on piczo with embarrassing html addresses and even more embarrassing content.

A turning point in the world as well as our lives occurred from 2005 to 2009. The U.S. elected the very first black president, Justin Beiber's voice changed, reality TV shows popped up fast and furious, and gas prices went on the rise.

It didn't faze us though, we did our middle school thing. It wasn't all awkward and horrible. It was freedom with our first taste of real world responsibility.

We got babysitting jobs and bikes for transportation. We could go to movies alone, playdates turned into "hanging out." Papermill Lake was still safe to swim in and wheel shoes or "Heelies" were the invention of the year. Everybody wanted 'em because who doesn't want to kick back on their heels and roll around the hallway? I know I did.

As hormonal and wild as school was during those years, it shaped us. The hardships that came along with braces and cliques built character. Without all the cringe-worthy, dumb things we did and said we'd have nothing to laugh about. Think about all the all-night, hyper, sleepovers you had, the choreographed dances you made up, and presented in phys-ed, and the instrument you butchered in Grade 6 band.

It was worth it. I'm personally happy it's over, but I'm also very happy it happened.

Lastly, here we are. High school! We've gone from knock kneed trembling tenners to the beautiful young people I am looking at right now.

Check us out. We survived the 1 a.m. starting of an essay due the next day. We survived the food regret of Bedford McDonalds too late at night. We've survived the spin of Plato's Wheel and the three flights of stairs at C.P.A. that make your legs burn no matter how often you hit up Good Life.

As Grade 12s, we've been lucky enough to be in the same graduating class as Mike MacDonald, assuring that none of us was ever short a role model. Our junior varsity team are provincial champions; our golf team are provincial champions.

We've had one of the most successful musicals in C.P.A. history.

We beat our own personal record, and six other schools in HRM, by raising \$3,000 to

fight AIDS in Africa as well as funding the building of a school in Ecuador on the side. So not only did we survive, we thrived.

We're a generation of feisty individuals. We are movers and shakers, connectors and uploaders. We don't sit around and wait for change to happen. No sir, we grew up with Harry Potter, we can teach you how to dougie and were the last graduating class before the world ends.

So get out there. Do what you've been doing for the last 13 years because it's pretty awesome.

Here is my hope for you. If you remember one thing from my speech I want it to be this. We've reflected on our lives thus far today. As you grow up and spread out all over the world, I want you to always have the ability to look at your life through the eyes of a child.

Always make friends as spontaneously and excitedly as you did in Grade 1. Value those friends as if they were the only people you had to sit with at lunchtime.

Always fight for what you want. Fight for it as persistently as you did when your mom was this close to not buying you that toy in the department store.

Embrace aging, when you were 10 and a half, there was no way anyone was getting away without knowing you were 10 AND A HALF, so why should that change when you're 29?

Always let math, science and art blow your mind, not just when Mr. McIntyre tells you they're going to.

Finally, let the simple things in life amuse you. It doesn't mean you have a simple mind, that's a myth. It means you appreciate the small things.

With that, class of, 2012 we did it.

***Kathryn Blaikie***

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

*Kathryn Blaikie is the 2012 valedictorian at Charles P. Allen High School in Bedford.*

**The Helen M. Watson Fund of The Presbyterian Church of Saint David**

Applications for financial assistance from the Watson Fund will be received before October 31, 2012.

*The Helen M. Watson Fund of The Presbyterian Church of Saint David generates funds, to be used "exclusively for local missionary work in Nova Scotia".*

Application forms and guidelines may be obtained from the church office;

Telephone: (902) 423-1944, by:

E-Mail: [stdavids.office@ns.sympatico.ca](mailto:stdavids.office@ns.sympatico.ca).

Website: [www.saintdavids.ca](http://www.saintdavids.ca)

**Transitions**

**Deaths:**

Dr. Jim Haldane

Margaret Pace

*Blessed are they who die in the Lord*

**Correction:**

Katie Blaikie and Jessica Boone graduated from C.P. Allen High School, not Sir John A.

**Congratulations**

To William Nickerson, Saint David's newest tennis ace! See you at Wimbledon soon.

**New Address:**

Fred and Diane McClintock

21 Beckwith Drive

Berwick, NS B0P 1E0

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**Church School News**

Church School will commence on October 7, which is World Wide Communion Sunday and Thanksgiving. Two of our young people, who attended CY 2012, Katherine Campbell and Cara Lappin will be providing much of the leadership, with Dr. Susan Lappin, parents of the students, and the members of Session supervising and assisting as needed.

We will be focusing this year on the "Big" stories of the Bible, and look forward to an interesting year with the young people.

Did you know that when we looked at our congregation statistically, we found about 20-25 church school age children and if

those under 18 were included, we found between 40 and 45 young people. Wouldn't it be wonderful if they all showed up regularly?

Just imagine what extra programs and classes we could offer.

We encourage all the children to come to church school and then go out and invite their friends to join them.

## **Pulpit Exchange Sunday**

**Between  
Calvin  
and  
Saint David's  
October 21**

# *Support ur Singers*

*Here at Saint David's we are blessed with a number of talented young musicians who are supported through the music line on your Sunday envelope.*

*So, if you enjoy these wonderful singers contributing to our services Sunday by Sunday, please consider supporting them in your weekly givings.*

*Thank you*