

• GO INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOOD NEWS TO ALL CREATION •



YPBC NEWS

December 2012



FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY

A SAVIOUR WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD.

Published by:

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TIME TO PONDER -

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. (Luke 2:19)

A number of years ago I had a wedding to conduct on the Saturday before Christmas. It was no ordinary wedding either. The Queen's representative in this land was slated to be seated in the front row and a number of other important leaders and dignitaries would be there in their finest.

The wedding was to be a late afternoon affair and so I hesitated ever so slightly when I was asked if I could conduct a funeral at the church earlier on the same afternoon. It was an unusual request and I didn't have the heart to say no. Gerry who used to dress like Santa and sit on a stool outside Starbucks to pedal his newspapers was at my study door with the bad news that his wife had succumbed to cancer wondering if I would do the funeral at the church.

There couldn't have been a greater contrast between the crowd who would be arriving late afternoon for the wedding and the one that would be leaving shortly before. What's more, it would require a complete emotional turning within my soul to weep with those who were weeping at 2 p.m. and then rejoice with those who would be in a festive frame only a few hours later. But with Gerry at my door my heart had already turned. How could I say no? I can only imagine how uptight I must have been with all of this on the day before one of the busiest Sundays of the year, but I have no recollection of anxiety or stress.

When the day arrived there was quite a crowd of the poor and humble at the funeral service for Gerry's wife. Gerry's reputation as the community Santa combined with his great personal loss at Christmas had become a human interest story that had made the news. The mourners were no doubt dressed in their best, yet nonetheless, by their attire alone no one would have mistaken them for a church crowd.

Among the mourners sat a well-positioned parishioner bundled up in a fur coat with her husband alongside in business attire. I couldn't help but wonder if they had arrived early for the wedding. What connection could they possibly have had with the homeless woman who'd lost her life. "She was the daughter of my cousin," the woman in fur replied.

The cover page - a window from the sanctuary at Park Road Baptist Church, now in the Heritage Room at YPBC. We continue the PRBC theme with brief biographical sketches of the Ministers.

It is the Christmas season and in this issue we are warmed by Christmas stories, experiences and traditions of our Ministerial staff.

The next newsletter will be published on 21 March 2013. Submissions to be received by 07 March 2013.

Comments and suggestions for future editions of the YPBC News are welcome. Please send them to:

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Wishing you a Merry Christmas and all the best in the Year 2013.

Paul R. Hill

“Few have known of her whereabouts for years until the story in the paper.” She was saddened by the death of this lost sheep of her family and by the years of estrangement, yet at the same time learning this lost child was known and called by name by the shepherd of her same flock seemed to bring peace and good will to her soul. I was glad for their surprise appearance. It was a sign to me that underneath it all, whatever our station in life, whatever our creed or colour at Christmas we all are children of God.

Christmas is a wonderful time for a wedding. One doesn't even have to decorate the church. But when a casket is processed down the aisle you almost want to cover the decorations for fear Christmas will never be the same. It wasn't my first Christmas funeral, nor will it be my last, but almost every time the bereaved have the same question, “Why did it have to be at Christmas?” But coming to the church that day gave us opportunity to proclaim the meaning of Christmas afresh. This pain and grief is why there is a Christmas – God came to us in Christ to share in our brokenness and love this world back to life.

It was a cold day for a wedding, but love was in the air and the wedding guests entered the church with gifts and presents and smiles to bear. None had any idea who had just left and just as well. After all they'd come for a wedding. The bride and the music and everything was lovely and beautiful and when the final note of the recessional sounded and the last of the guests had turned and left I sat down on the Chancel steps and took a deep breath. In those moments I pondered Christmas as perhaps never before. I was tired and still had Sunday to face, yet I was filled with warmth and joy and peace. And then it dawned on me, I'd been to Bethlehem.

I'd been with the poor shepherds who like Gerry and his friends rarely had much more over their heads at night than the twinkling stars. Like the shepherds of old these mourners wouldn't often have been offered a welcome by most places in their tired attire. But at the manger they were honoured guests and here at Yorkminster Park they had taken the same seat which was reserved for royalty that day. And most important, the Good Shepherd was here to comfort their hearts and carry their loved one home. The fragrances of the day had been as good as frankincense and as bad as a barn. Truly we were in Bethlehem.

You see, I'd been with the magi too. Despite all their wealth they were just as much in search of the One who might bless a new beginning in life and love. As I sat on the steps of the chancel and pondered the empty pews, I could still see the faces of the poor and the rich and realized in Bethlehem there is room for everyone and in a deep and profound sense as testified by the one woman in fur we are all one family at Christmas.

But looking back, it wasn't that I'd been to Bethlehem. It never is. But more important still, Bethlehem had been to us. The Risen Christ was and is with us. This Christmas may God bless us all with time to ponder and discover a new awareness of Immanuel – God with us!

Merry Christmas!

Peter

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
*Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honor to this day,
That sees December turned to May.*
Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile, like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like a meadow newly-shorn,
Thus, on the sudden? Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives life and luster, public mirth,
To heaven, and the under-earth.

*We see him come, and know him ours,
Who, with his sunshine and his showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.
The darling of the world is come,
And fit it is, we find a room
To welcome him. The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart.*
Which we will give him; and bequeath
This holly, and this ivy wreath,
To do him honour, who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.
*What sweeter music can we bring,
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?*
Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

MUSINGS FROM THE MINISTER OF PASTORAL CARE

“Yet their voice goes out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.” (Psalm 19:4)



A popular program on television these days is a show called *The Voice*. It features amateur singers who compete for a chance to work with a celebrity musician. It differs from *American Idol* in that when the celebrity judges are first introduced to the contestants, they cannot see them. They can only hear their singing voice. So they make a judgement based solely on the person's voice, not on appearance or mannerisms. The show has gained a large following, and it really highlights the beauty of the human voice.

One of the wonders of the human body is our voice. It helps us communicate. It enables us to identify the people we know and love. It creates wonderful music and harmonies. It helps in the recognition of various emotions. Everyone has a distinct voice, almost like a fingerprint. And our voice is a delicate instrument, as I well know. After years of preaching, my voice can struggle at times, and on occasion I have used a voice therapist to help restore

it. As the Christmas season approaches, I am often reminded of the power of voices in our lives. I think of the voice of my father – a voice of strength, of wisdom, of faith – a voice that has had a profound influence on my life. This will be the first Christmas without my Dad, who passed away earlier this year. I will no longer be able to call home on Christmas and hear his voice. I think of the voices of other significant people in my life – teachers, pastors, mentors – those who have helped to shape and mould my character and values over the years. These are the voices who have spoken truth into my life – sometimes encouraging me, sometimes challenging me, but always stretching me to become a better person.

It seems to me that the Christmas story is a story about voices. Many of the characters in the nativity hear the voice of God, but in different ways. Joseph hears God's voice in a dream. Mary hears the voice of an angel. The shepherds are the first to hear about the baby in the manger, through the voices of an angelic chorus. The wise men sense God's voice in the stars. Some people literally find their voice in the Christmas story. Zechariah, the father of John the Baptist, is unable to speak for a time because he doubted the angel's message. But after the birth of John, he recovers his voice and praises God. There is the voice of prophecy in the words of old Simeon and Anna in the temple. And there are even some in the story who seek to silence the voices of faith. Herod tries to silence the voice of God by attempting to kill the Christ child. This results in different voices of suffering: *“A voice was heard in Ramah, wailing and loud lamentation, Rachel weeping for her children.”* (Matthew 2:18)

What voices will you hear this Christmas season? In Charles Dickens' classic *A Christmas Carol*, Ebenezer Scrooge must confront the voices of his past, present and future in the form of three spirits. I believe that Christmas can be a time when people are more attuned to the voice of God in their lives. What are the voices you need to be listening for this month? Maybe it is the voice of unfinished business in relationships – the need to bring the voice of forgiveness and reconciliation to another person or community. Perhaps you need to hear the voice of Sabbath in your life – to slow down and find rest and renewal. Maybe you need to listen for the voice of reason in the form of a friend or mentor to guide you through the deep waters of your present experience. I don't know what voices you will be listening for this advent and Christmas. But I hope somewhere, amid the cacophony of sounds, you can discern the still, small voice of God.

In this wonderful season of Christmas, may you hear God's voice in all of our worship services and special events. And may you find your voice, as you seek to serve the Lord. May the words of Isaiah be said of us: *“They lift up their voices, they sing for joy; they shout from the west over the majesty of the Lord.”* (Isaiah 24:14)

Rev. Dale Rose
Minister of Pastoral Care

CHRISTMAS GREETING - CHERYLE



No one in the Hanna family worked between Christmas Eve and New Year's Day. Michael and I worked for the auto-industry and the union negotiated holidays insured a leisurely winter holiday. After I accepted the call into ordained ministry, my schedule was flexible and I continued to spend large amounts of time with the family during the Christmas holidays.

Our Christmas rituals usually began on December 23, rd called Christmas Adam, trimming the tree together along with holiday baking and last minute shopping. Christmas Eve was the night that family friends joined the fun for a night of Latin-American inspired dishes – tacos, guacamole, bean-dip and salsa. Christmas day we rose early, had a quick bowl of oatmeal (with raisins of course) and headed to church. The presents waited until our return and no one seemed to mind because we were together.

We used the celebration of Kwanza to reinforce our Christian values and to maintain our culture and heritage. Kwanza is a holiday when African-Americans celebrate family-hood and heritage. The holiday begins December 26th and ends on

January 1st. The word Kwanzaa is from the African language, Kiswahili and it is pronounced *Quan-zuh*. Each of the seven days is represented by the Nguzo Saba (en-GOO-zo SAH-bah) or Seven Principles: Umoja (*oo-MO-jah*) meaning Unity; Kujichagulia (*koo-jee-cha-goo-LEE-ah*) meaning Self-determination; Ujima (*oo-JEE-mah*) means Collective Work and Responsibility; Ujamaa (*oo-jah-mah*) means Cooperative Economics; Nia (*NEE-ah*) is purpose; Kuumba (*koo-OOM-bah*) means Creativity and Imani (*ee-MAH-nee*) means Faith.

These were more than words to our family as we tried to think about the principle of the day and live them out with our lives throughout the year. We believe that we were connected to one another, our ancestors and to God in a very special way. The celebrations of Christmas and Kwanzaa helped shape us into the people of God we are. We are blessed and loved by God, shown to us in the self-giving, self-sacrificing love of Jesus Christ born into the world to bring to all the message of hope, peace and love to everyone who believes.

Merry Christmas!

Cheryle

CHRISTMAS GREETING - MIRIAM

A church member told me the story of her then 4 year old son. As they hurried out of the grocery store on one of those days when there is too much to do and tempers are a little frayed, he looked up at his mom and said, "Aren't we going to buy some food to give to the food bank for the hungry people? "

At this time of year the newspapers print some good news stories, which is a welcome change! Recently I read two stories about children which reinforced my view that children can 'lead' us.

One story in the Burlington Post is titled "Siblings Hosting Lemonade Sale to Benefit SickKids" and as I read the article it referred to Caroline and Cameron who are 7 and 4 respectively. They raised \$450! Another story told of a young boy who loves Justin Bieber and was given tickets to go to his show. Instead, he told his mom he wanted to donate the tickets to a child who has cancer and also loves Justin Bieber.

At times I prefer to shut my eyes to the needs around me. But a child... a child has the time to see and the impulse to help, without thinking of the impossibilities attached to the need.

May we have eyes to see with childlike compassion, not just at Christmas but all year round!

Blessings to you and your family,

Miriam Little

Director of Children's Ministries

*And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying
in a manger. Luke 2:16*

YPBC WOMEN'S MINISTRIES...

In her beautiful book of poems, "Kneeling in Bethlehem", Ann Weems writes:



*What do I want for Christmas?
To see in that stable the whole world kneeling in thanks
for a promise kept:
new life.
For in his nativity we find ours. (34)
And...
Only God would send a baby King,
And we are on our knees,
Where we are in reach of our full personhood. (80)*



The Gift of Christmas - the possibility of new life and full personhood through a transforming relationship with Jesus, our Emmanuel, born afresh into our everyday present! Filled with his Spirit and rooting our lives in His radiant truths we look forward to new discoveries and possibilities for growth as we increasingly become Gods intended gifts to one another.

In **JANUARY** - Mission Fellowship is looking forward to The Great Canadian Bible Study 2013: "Miriam, The Singing Sister", written by Faye Reynolds for Canadian Baptist Women. Miriam is much more than a behind-the-scenes woman; she is acknowledged as a key leader in the story of Israel and their exodus from Egypt. Faye's prayer is that as we study Miriam's story God might reveal the occasions on which he has used each of us to lead and influence change in ways that we may not have previously recognized.

In preparation for this study we can reflect on Exodus 15: 11-13 remembering a time that we experienced Gods deliverance or faithfulness and take a moment to express prayers of praise for God's character and unfailing love. In our study we will look at Miriam as a child (Exodus 2:1-10); Miriam as a prophet and musician (Exodus 15: 19-21) and Miriam as the over protective sister (Numbers 12). As we will see, Miriam, the joy-maker, was more than the woman behind the man - she was a prophet, a musician and a caring but sometimes meddling sister!

In **FEBRUARY** - A day long retreat is being planned for women, at the North York, Novotel, Saturday February 2, 9 am-3:30 pm. Refreshments and lunch will be included. Rev. Cheryle Hanna will lead us in "Getting Naked", a study based on Brian McLaren's book, "Naked Spirituality - A Life With God in 12 Simple Words". A copy of this book will be placed in the YPBC Gladstone Library and books will be available for sale on the day of the retreat.

What could be simpler than: O - sorry - help - please - when - no - why - behold - yes and silence?! And what if our prayers were part of a conversation? McLaren helps us to stay true to Jesus' core message while engaging faithfully with our postmodern world and sustaining a meaningful relationship with God. Cheryle's dynamic leadership will surely inspire us toward this end. All YPBC women as well are warmly invited to what promises to be a day apart. Watch for further details in the bulletin and on the bulletin boards and be sure to save this date.

*It is not over, this birthing.
There are always newer skies into which God can throw stars.
When we begin to think that we can predict the Advent of God,
That we can box the Christ in a stable in Bethlehem,
That's just the time that Christ will be born in a place we can't imagine and won't believe. (Weems, 85)*

submitted by Jonanne Fenton

PARK ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH - MINISTRY

The origins of the church congregation came from Jarvis Street Baptist Church. The new church was formally organized in June 1922 at a business meeting held in the Central Y.M.C.A. on College Street and took the name Central Baptist Church. Having no church building, arrangements were made with McMaster University (then in Toronto) to hold services at Castle Memorial Hall, the University's Chapel. The Rev. Ira Smith agreed to be the interim minister; until a permanent minister could be called.

The Rev. Dr. Harold Woodward Lang (1923-1937)



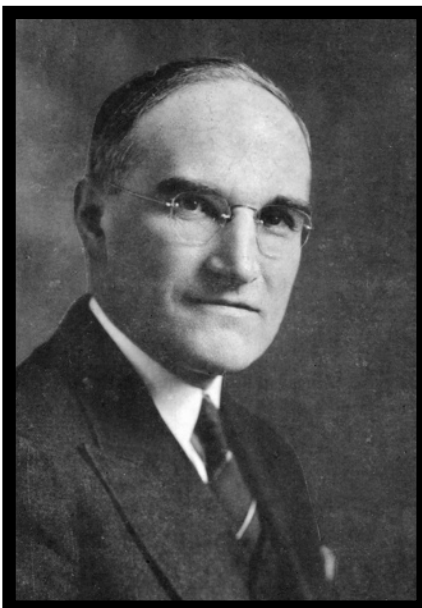
Mr. Lang, a recent graduate of McMaster University, became its first Minister and was ordained in November 1923. He was born at Berlin, Ontario, now Kitchener, on 23 June 1897; into a faithful Baptist family. He entered McMaster University in 1916 on two scholarships, and graduated with B.A., M.A. and B.Th. degrees in 1923. In 1925 he married Miss Winifred Mallagh and had three children Donald (our member), Mary and Margaret. In the years 1925-26 he was on leave to study at Oxford University, specializing in New Testament studies. He was Minister of the congregation until 1938.

Under his leadership the land was acquired and church building constructed at the corner of Park Road and Asquith Avenue in central Toronto. The name was changed to Park Road Baptist Church and the corner stone was laid in May 1926. In addition to his duties as Minister of the congregation he was active in wider Church and Community activities including Chairman Religious Education Council of Canada, Vice-President Canadian Council of Churches and Chairman Neighborhood Workers Association, Toronto. He

was a much sought after speaker in various cities, particularly at Lenten services.

From 1938 to 1942 he was Editor of Baptists Publications of Canada; writing numerous articles, Lesson treatments and study courses. In 1942-43 he did graduate studies in New Testament at Union Theological Seminary, New York. Following these studies he was Professor of New Testament Interpretation at McMaster University until 1965. He was President of the Convention in 1959-60 and was awarded a D.D. degree by Acadia University in 1961. He died on 10 June 1999, just days short of his 102nd birthday.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Gerald (Kelly) Stone (1938-1955)



Mr. Stone was born in Shoal Lake, Manitoba on 28 September 1893; the son of Harry George Stone and Isobel Mowat. He was educated in the Manitoba school system, then served in the Royal Air Force and graduated from Brandon College in 1921. He was ordained in Moosomin, Saskatchewan on 08 September 1921. Following that he attended Rochester Theological Seminary for two years. As a student he was musically inclined and was a member of the Brandon College and Rochester Seminary Evangelistic Bands. Further studies included summer terms at Union Theological Seminary and the Divinity School, University of Chicago. He received a D.D. degree from McMaster University in 1947.

Summer pastorates were in Saskatchewan, Alberta and Rochester, New York. He was minister at First Baptist Church Brandon from 1922 to 1928 and First Baptist Church Edmonton from 1928 to 1939. He became minister of Park Road Baptist Church on 01 May 1939. He guided the church through the difficult war years then stayed on until 1955, at which time he received a call from Fairview Baptist Church, Vancouver. He retired in 1963 and lived in Vancouver until his death in 1981.

On 19 June 1928 he married Christina Turnbull, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Turnbull. They had two children, David and (our member) Barbara Cooper.

He was active in educational and church organizations, serving as Chairman of the Brandon College Board, the Executive of the Baptist Union of Western Canada, the Western section of the Hymnary Committee and the University Christian Committee, Canadian Council of Churches. He was vice-President of the Ontario Baptist convention in 1950-51. He was an active member of the Kiwanis Clubs in the cities in which he served.

The Rev. Dr. Murray John Stanley Ford (1956-1962)



Mr. Ford was born on 23 February 1923 in Calgary, Alberta; where his parents had settled in 1912. He enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1941, serving in Canada and overseas until 1945 (attaining the rank of Flying Officer and was an instructor in bombing and gunnery). Immediately after military service he entered McMaster University on the Veteran's Course and obtained a B.A. in Philosophy in 1948. He obtained a B.D. from McMaster Divinity College in 1951 followed by an M.A. from Columbia University in 1953. At the time of graduation he was Minister of the Baptist Church of the Redeemer in Brooklyn, New York. He returned to Canada in 1956 and became Minister of Park Road Baptist Church.

When the church was partially destroyed by fire in 1961, Park Road Baptist Church joined Yorkminster Baptist Church to form Yorkminster Park Baptist Church. With the resulting union all ministers resigned and in 1962 Mr. Ford joined the faculty of McMaster Divinity College, with responsibilities in Christian Education. In 1966 he was appointed Director of Field Education and in 1969 was made a Full Professor in charge of the department of Christian Ministry. In 1967-1968 he was on study leave and was awarded the

Doctor of Religion degree by Chicago Theological Seminary.

He was the author of several books and publications; several available on the internet. He died in Hamilton on 13 February 1995 and was survived by his wife Gwen and children Donald, Margaret and Jane.

Interim Ministers, in addition to Rev. Ira Smith mentioned above, included Rev. Bowley Green, Rev. W. A. Cameron and Rev. Harry B. Noble

Sources: Canadian Baptist Archives at McMaster Divinity College, *History of Park Road Baptist Church*, by Miss K. E. Martin and *Yorkminster Becomes Yorkminster Park*, by Merrill C. Stafford



Yuletide Carol Festival
Park Road Baptist Church
c 1938

photo by Peake & Whittingham, Toronto

CHURCH LIFE



Ontario's
Lieutenant
Governor,
David
Onley,
visits
YPBC



TRANSITIONS

Since the last newsletter there have been several milestones in the life of the church.

Births

Kate Flora Anne Howey, *d of Ian and Susan Howey*

Andrew Thomas Xia Klima *d of Tom Klima and Cher Xia*

Nozomi Ruth Cosby, *d of Peter and Mariko Cosby*

Infant Dedication

Katherine Rose Yip, *d of Christopher and Jen Yip*

New Members

Chris Edwards

Simone Galvao

Deaths

Camilla Cameron

Esther Lovrics

Bertha Hubley



Remembrance
Day
Sunday



YORKMINSTER PARK GALLERY'S 5th ANNIVERSARY RETROSPECTIVE

Opening Remarks by Douglas Brown - Sunday, November 18, 2012

In preparing a few words to be delivered at the opening of the Fifth Anniversary Show of the Gallery, it occurred to me as an alumnus of three previous artist-run non-profit galleries, that some attention should be paid to the conditions required for the birth and nurture of such an undertaking. That being the case, I would like to suggest five conditions that need to be present, and indeed were present, at the founding of this gallery.

The first is *a community of interest*. This probably has been latent in the congregation for many years but was given expression by the Art Show held in the gym in 2004. This was followed by some Art Classes open to church members and friends, and uncovered a good number of enthusiasts. This groundswell of interest was in need of a more formal expression and a home. Fortunately at about this time, building alterations and additions had just been completed. For a variety of practical reasons, the Centre Entrance was designed, and as a bonus, the space met many of the requirements of a small supervised gallery. And so the second of my suggested conditions came into being, *a facility* just waiting to be outfitted with a hanging system and lights.

At this point some formal structure or responsible body had to be created. And so Sue Ericsson and Ellie Pattillo were recruited to gather interested Volunteers to form an Art Committee. This committee went on to gain formal approval to proceed and to

supervise the initiation of the Gallery. This *volunteer committee* then becomes the

third and most critical condition for success. In addition to general supervision, Art Committee members must act as administrators, curators, recruiters and publicists. Only those who are acquainted with a

volunteer-run art space can appreciate the enormous time and energy required. All the while the committee is dealing with potential hazards: What artwork will be shown? What quality level will be demanded?

How will this level be maintained? This brings me to my fourth condition, *the exhibitors*. Organizing and working with such generally independent and opinionated individuals is about as easy as herding cats. Almost all are secretly convinced of the supremacy of their own work, and suspect of the work of others. That our Art Committee has been able to stay on good terms with its exhibitors is evidenced by the fact that several have or are planning to return for a future show.

This brings me to the final condition, the presence of *a wider audience*. A community of support includes not only patrons and direct supporters, but the whole church membership whose backing and enthusiasm for this project has truly made it a valuable extension of the ministry of Yorkminster Park Baptist Church.



photos by Donna Willett

submitted by YPBC Art Committee