

The Barnet Messenger

A Newsletter from the Barnet Presbyterian Church



August 2016

Volume 16, Issue 3

Hope gives wings to our dreams...
Faith gives them flight

Pastor's Corner
Rev Howard Gaston

This is the Article I referred to in my sermon on August 14 from 2 Cor 12:19. I hope Samuel Son's thoughts will help you with how you encounter your own "Racism." SAMUEL SON is co-pastor at New Life Triangle, a new multi-ethnic church/1001 new worshipping community of New Hope Presbytery in Raleigh, North Carolina. He is also a columnist for North State Journal. To read the entire article go to <https://pres-outlook.org/2016/07/gospel-end-racism/>

The gospel is the end of racism

July 25, 2016 by The Presbyterian Outlook
Guest commentary by Samuel Son

I stood up, saw my family, my congregation and with a voice that rose from somewhere deeper than myself, I said:

"Black lives matter. Every life matters, because every life matters to God."

A few days later, our praise leader sent an email attached with screenshot of a Facebook comment on the sermon from the Kiser family. It was their second visit. Nervous, I scanned the subject line for

a hint, and even considered ignoring it. I expected heat.

I opened the email and enlarged the photo attachment. Rachel and Colin Kiser. They were blond, blue-eyed and white, with a dimpled-smiling toddler and an infant. They could have graced the cover of Good Housekeeping. A deep breath. I read Rachel's words: "The first words out of our pastor's mouth this morning were, 'Black lives matter.' So grateful to hear those words and see them in action." Colin liked it and added, "And with no qualification. It was breathtaking and emotional. Can't stop thinking about the power of his message and the true hope we have in Jesus."

The church has been timid and ineffectual in racism because we have lost confidence in the gospel. (Italics mine)

Colin's one-sentence comment captures why the church must battle racism head-on and with hope – with the gospel. Sadly, we whisper the gospel, as if we are ashamed of it, or we talk of the gospel as an old "outdated" uncle whom we tolerate but never talk about.

I called my friend BonJin Ku in New Jersey, curious to see the tragedy from his atheist, anarchist, Marxist horizon. "I know the importance of social analysis. I'm a Marxist! But I know I bring something to the table if I am confident about my narrative, that it's all class. If I adapt myself to all the other narratives, then I don't have any explanatory power. It's not that I can't bring other

narratives,” he accelerates and stutters, “but if I explain my narrative with other narratives, I don’t have one anymore. Your Kingdom-of-God as social justice has nothing new to give. But the church has this unique narrative about the crucified God! But you don’t tell that story. Instead, you only talk about social roots of racism, which any undergrad can parrot!”

The Christian narrative roots the value of human beings in the image of God, a location deeper than human experiences and expressions. This deep immanent valuing of the person radically challenges all pricing of humans by social categories. Racism is evil because it contradicts God’s values.

After this deep diagnosis, the Christian narrative goes in and removes the cancer with a most invasive surgery, the crucifixion. Christ dies a historical death on the most gruesome human torture machine. That death dismantled all enmity built on denial of God’s image in others and reinstated the full value of all humans so “there is no longer Jew or Gentile, slave or free, male and female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus” (Galatians 3:28). Not a single brick of division is left standing after the earthquake that is Christ. There is now only one human community: “Christ reconciled both groups (Jews and Gentiles) to God by means of his death on the cross, and our hostility toward each other was put to death” (Ephesians 2:16). The work of reconciliation is not an ideal to be wished for, but a reality to be lived. That is Good News!

So why are we hunched when we should be marching? Murmuring when we should be proclaiming this gospel that ended racism? Because this is not the story of most of our churches. We are not one church of Jews and Gentiles, but fragmented to white churches and black churches.

Eighty percent of American churches are monocultural. Ninety percent of Presbyterians are white. Whites are 65 percent of America. There is more ghettoization in the church than the society. We lack confidence in the gospel because we haven’t found it true in our own

communities.

The gospel is a strong enough epoxy for all our differences. Church, be more confident!

The Sunday after the shootings was followed by a terrorist attack at Nice, France. It felt like the end was near. On July 17th, our children’s pastor, Andrea Chapman, invited people to pray at her home after worship. She felt helpless and needed to be with others who felt helpless.

Eight of us sat around that small living room, sharing our fears and worries, reading scripture, desperate for the tiniest spark of hope. Jamila Simpson, a black woman in an interracial marriage, joined us late. She was feeling under the weather and had missed Sunday worship but felt the same desperation to pray.

After prayer she told us of a heart searing recent realization that even some of her best friends did not know what she was going through as a black woman. Then wiping tears with both palms, she told us, “I worry that if I were to be shot, my life won’t matter. That no one will care that I died. That most will look for why I might have been shot, searching for some criminal record. My life won’t matter.”

That is when I realized why the Spirit had me say, “Black lives matter.” Because Jamila needed to hear the gospel, from the church.

Deacon’s Message

We continue to serve our Church and our community during times of joyfulness and sadness. Coffee Hour is appreciated by our Congregation and visitors alike. The picnic on Children’s Sunday went well, and a new year of Secret Pals has begun. Remember to write your Secret Pal!

The service for Aline Faris was well attended. Ted graciously gave each of her helpers a beautiful yellow corsage. The Deacon’s and helpers fixed a very nice variety of cookies, fruit, etc. after the service for Aline Faris. The deviled eggs were particularly good!

We begin and end each meeting with a prayer.

Here is part of a recent prayer: *"I commit my work to you, Lord, knowing You will establish it. May it always be that I love the work I do and be able to do the work I love. Establish the work of my hands so that what I do will be a blessing for many. May it always be glorifying to You.* From A Book of Prayer

Keeping Tabs on Tabs
Ed and Nancy Brower

Who would ever think that removing the small tab from a container to help handicapped children could have such far reaching results!!

Once the okay was given by Pastor Howard Gaston of the Presbyterian Church of Barnet, VT to have this as one of their outreach ministries response has been so exciting!

Not only does the church fellowship support this ministry, but also community members and organizations also. The Shriners Hospitals for Children in Massachusetts receive the monetary benefit from the sale of aluminum tabs to aid their assistance to the "kids!" Loving care; medical equipment, therapy and many advanced techniques are provided by doctors, nurses and staff of these hospitals.

Tabs have also been a "bridge of caring" between Canada and the United States. Horace and Jackie Young of Pennfield, New Brunswick have been faithful helpers in collecting tabs from the Birch Grove Restaurant in Georgetown, New Brunswick, Canada. Jackie is a cancer survivor and her husband Horace is very supportive in driving her to Georgetown regularly to pick up the tabs. The entire staff, owners, managers, cooks and servers want to help the children and the amount collected has grown steadily.

Eddie and Nancy Brower, close friends of the Youngs, take a trip each year to bring the tabs back for the August "turn-in" date. The Birch Grove is very serious about this project. Once when Jackie had been unable to pick up the last batch, she told the Brower's to just go in and

ask for them. The gal in charge there was quite emphatic that they only gave them to the Youngs. It was soon straightened out and the tabs were brought back to join those collected by the Presbyterian Church.

A real bond has been made between the Canadian collectors and the friends and families who assist in collecting tabs from both countries. The children at the Shriners Hospitals for Children are the very grateful recipients of the services these tabs provide.

This year the Birch Grove Restaurant collected almost 15 pounds of tabs. There are 56 small tabs in one pound, so this equates to (approximately) 13,440 tabs that their crew saved. We thank each person who took time to help. Keep up the good work.

It is never about how many tabs are collected, it is definitely about how many people save tabs! God Bless each and every one who helps with this wonderful ministry. Locally, anyone can call the Browsers to pick up tabs, or clean cans that need to have the tabs removed (802-633-3618). Together we can achieve great results.

Thoughts.. Remembering Old Friends
Merle Fitzgerald

An elderly friend recently remarked to me, "Most of the people that I know are dead." Giving it some thought, while I realized that there is obviously some hyperbole in the concept, there is also an inherent element of truth in this statement. But beyond that lies the loss of direct personal knowledge of local scenarios and events that have had a significant impact on us all.

We in the West Barnet area have recently lost some valuable members of our church and our community, depriving us all of great wisdom, and great historical recollection. I think of people like Margaret, Iris, and Aline, to name a few, who gave us

so much and requested so little in return. Each of them has given to me and to many others, wonderful images of the past.

Looking back, I also remember critically important church and community leaders like Bernice Mackay, Joseph and Vera Roy, and Howard McLaren, and many others who have held such important roles in our lives and who have offered so much to help us complete our vision of our communities, our church, our demographics and our very lives.

I am thankful for all that I have learned from these people over the years. I sincerely regret all that I did not learn, simply because I did not take enough time to listen. These were people who lived through a lifetime of wars: WWII, Korea, Vietnam, etc. They survived a terrible depression, witnessed an Industrial Revolution and experienced an age of technological innovation. Slowly they watched the face of their environment and of their village change, not always for the better, but always different. They were also participants in, as well as observers of, these changes.

They could and would have told us, had we asked, of days when there were six schools in the town of Barnet and three active Presbyterian churches; when there was a blacksmith shop across from the West Barnet church and two horse sheds behind it. There were two stores in West Barnet. No one went elsewhere for groceries. These stores often, when asked, provided home delivery.

Certainly they would have told us of a local establishment that served, all at once, as a general store, a funeral parlor, a U. S. Post Office, a gas station and a home for the owners. They would have told us as well of a Pavilion dance hall at the lake that held weekly dances on Saturday nights to "big band" music, and roller skating on Sundays. The building, once known as Steele's Filling Station, was later sold to a family named Landry. The Steeles had a "dancing" bear chained to a stake that entertained all. They also had a water system that drew from the lake and provided all the cottages along the west shore. It was later owned

and operated by Lynwood "Buddy" McLam.

They might well have told us about a time when Ben's Mill was not Ben's at all, but was owned and operated by an extremely talented craftsman named Fenton Judkins. The mill was powered by water, which was stored by a dam behind the mill. Looking carefully today, one can still see the outline of the small pond that held the water. Vital to the community, this mill was the source of repairs for all broken farm machinery as well as for many other totally creative wooden and metal products.

They would have reminded us that all of the tools inside the mill—saws, drills, sanders, planers, joiners, etc.—were powered by the water that passed through the penstock on the dam. In the 1930's, coincidentally, Mr. Judkins took on a young apprentice by the name of Ben Thresher, who was the brother of Aline Faris. The establishment known as Ben's mill for many years became, after Ben's tragic death, Ben's Mill.

They would also have told us of an active farm right here in the village, at the site now owned by Sue Clark, complete with a yellow barn and a herd of cows. (The yellow barn, they might add, now stands near the Somer's Vegetable Stand on the West Barnet Road where it was moved over fifty years ago.) The original owner D. A. Blaine, Jr. hanged himself in the barn in the late 1950's.

Who remembers that there was a school in West Barnet where there is now a basketball court and an informal parking lot? Who recalls that the school later became a furniture store, and how it burned to the ground in the late 1980's? Who knows that the local Fire District #5 and interested local citizens funded and furnished the basketball court and that the Fire District dedicated the site to the eternal memory of Bernice Mackay?

Some would remember Frank Granger. Frank, a native of Detroit, Michigan, was a World War II pilot for the Canadian Air Force. He bought a cottage at the lake in the early 1940's, and after the war he bought what became the Harvey's Lake Dance Pavilion from the Landry's.

While the band played on Saturday nights, Frank provided slow and romantic rides around the lake, running his Chris Craft speedboat at “idle.”

Later on, Frank acquired a small sea plane and gave rides. Shortly after this began, a small group formed an organization known as “The Lake Harvey Make-Sure Club.” The club’s main purpose was to retain the traditional peace and quiet for which the lake was noted. That included developing a rule prohibiting the commercial use of seaplanes on the lake. The “Make-Sure Club” eventually became the “Lake Harvey Association.”

Most of the people from whom I have learned have passed on, and these notes reveal a few things that I have gleaned from them. Some of my notes may be inaccurate—certainly arguable—but all are as I heard them, saw them, or remembered them over the years.

It seems to me that while the events mentioned here are not of great historical significance, they do provide some points of reference as to why and how we arrived at where we are today.

More important, perhaps, is the need for us to see, hear, and value the remembrances of those who are still around us in order to maintain and honor our heritage.

Joys and Concerns

Joys: Gail Brown’s sister – Sally, surgery went well; Marvin and Virginia’s daughter – Marire, Amanda (young person in Verna’s family injured in car accident this spring)

Concerns: Family of Ed Ryan, Gene Redfield, Caleb Freeberg, Clint Duncan, Mary Faris and her mom, Pat Fitzgerald

Better know your neighbor
Celina Wright

Jean McPhee is a local girl. She was born

in Woodsville, NH at Cottage Hospital, which was the only hospital available at the time. She grew up on a farm in Ryegate, at the top of Symes Hill, (near Symes Pond), the eldest of 3 children. Jean worked with the horses – her little sister got the dishes and she got the outdoor work, which she liked better!

She attended a two room school in Ryegate Corner, and Woodsville High School. Dwight White’s father drove five of them to the high school. During her last two years and for a year after high school, she worked for and lived with a lady in Woodsville. She started Lyndon Normal School (which became Lyndon State College) and graduated in 1948, with a degree in teaching. She filled in at the Ryegate schools and then taught at Ryegate Corner. She was in charge of eight grades, but her favorite part of teaching was working with the younger students, who were so eager to learn. Jean’s longest employment was for Clyde Davidson, who owned a granite shed in South Ryegate. She was office manager there for 20 years.

She has a son and a daughter and found happiness in her marriage to Ken McPhee. Ken excelled in sales of milking parlors and other barn equipment.

Jean and Ken moved to Barnet in 1970 for his business. They built the house she lives in today. Ken passed away in 1977. Jean joined the Church soon after moving to Barnet, and has been a Deacon. She now is president of the Women’s Fellowship. She enjoys her Church family and friends in West Barnet. She raises gladiolus and other flowers. Jean knits washcloths and gives them away, and makes the best peanut butter fudge in town!

Building Community
Tess Conant

Funerals are a difficult time for a family. The members of our church are a family, a family related by our faith. When a death occurs the church comes together, the same way a family comes together, to support the core family and the church family. And death seems to happen at the most inconvenient time!

One of the duties associated with being a deacon is to prepare a luncheon to allow both families to gather to offer each other support and celebrate the life of the deceased. As you all know, we ask people from the church community to serve as deacons and many or most of those who accept have lives as complicated as your own, many with jobs outside the home.

Another concern is financial. The church lives under a budget the same as every individual family lives under a budget. The price of presenting a luncheon, even a modest luncheon, can be quite high if we simply order prepared plates from a local store. And let's face it, homemade is much better than store bought!! And we have so many talented cooks among us!

Many of you have expressed your willingness to donate items for a luncheon if you are called at the time. The deacons are creating a list of people willing to contribute to a luncheon for a funeral. If you are willing to be on the list to donate food at the time of a funeral, please contact one of the deacons with your name and phone number. The easiest one to recognize in any given month is the deacon on duty at the coffee hour after each Sunday service.

Thank You So Much
Tess, Celina, Verna, Lauren, Melody, Deb

Walter Harvey Meeting House
walterharveymeetinghouse.blogspot.
com

We recently held the traditional summer service at the Walter Harvey Meeting House in Mosquitoville. Below is some of its history, which will be continued as space allows.

Barnet and Ryegate have the distinction of being the only two towns in Vermont that were settled by Scots who came directly from Scotland.

The first Covenanters to band together in a formal church organization in Vermont were the Scottish settlers in the town of Ryegate known as the Scotch-American Company in 1773. These people made their homes on a tract of land owned by Dr. Witherspoon, who encouraged them to settle there . In 1774, encouraged by Walter Harvey, a group came to West Barnet and were known as the United Company of Farmers for the Shires of Perth & Stirling.

The Covenanters gained their nickname in Scotland after signing the Covenants of 1638 and 1643 in protest to the attempts of King Charles I to change the form of worship in the Church of Scotland to an Anglican form of worship.

Presbyterian Church of Barnet
279 West Main Street
Barnet VT 05821