



THE BEACON

Brought to you by St. John's Communication Committee

AS WE WALK TOGETHER



God shelters us from the storm when we, on our own, begin to blow about. When the rain starts to fall, the Holy Spirit is over and around us. Albeit not always fully waterproof. The shelter is often porous, and we get a little wet.

Some ask, "Why can't it be impenetrable?" I think it is because the Spirit is also in the storm, and wettened clay is more manageable to mold.

The Spirit will sometimes wash away the old ways, ways that must be let go, let die. Let me shift metaphors.

Why do the leaves have to wither and fall from the trees? Science explains it as a manner of controlled self-preservation. Layered by the frozen waters of winter, photosynthesis would be impossible to manage, and the weight of snow would cause significant breakage.

Secondly, the thin, hard-working leaves are, by summer's end, used up, insect-eaten, diseased, or beaten up. Letting them go opens regeneration in the spring, and the nutrients from the decay are recycled back into the earth.

God has our backs despite the storms. And the Holy Spirit has nothing but good intentions as time changes all manner of the known.

May the changing seasons of your life and of our life as a community be graceful and fruitful.

- Rev. Jim Innes, Rector

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WHERE WE ARE



Now that summer is officially over, and we are well into the spectacular colours of fall, many changes are underway. Although we have said goodbye to our seasonal parishioners our prayers are

with them all for a safe winter season and return to us in the spring. I would like to also welcome all the new parishioners that have joined St. John's and invite them to join us in the many activities that occur at our busy parish throughout the year.

Once again, we participated in the Grand Bend Village Farmers Market by providing Rev. Jim's famous breakfast sandwiches and hamburgers. The market has proven to provide us with good exposure for St. John's with many patrons asking to see inside the church. Involvement in the community is a vital part of our mission and ministry, and the market has provided us with a doorway to succeed in this.

Now that our music director, has brought the St. John's choir together, the music at St. John's has never been stronger and that's not because yours truly is in the bass section. Knowing your music preferences greatly helps Catherine and the choir make selections that you appreciate, so keep those suggestions coming. I know there are great ideas for Christmas that you won't want to miss.

It's also that time of the year when upcoming changes in your Congregational Council need to be considered for 2024. With my 5-year term as your Rector's warden ending in January (yes that's not far away), new positions will be open for nominations at the annual vestry. I invite you to think and pray about serving in this important ministry.

I look forward to seeing all of you on Sundays, at outreach programs, and events at St. John's. The fellowship of our parish makes every gathering a special time for everyone to bond together as our Lord and Saviour truly intended.

MUSIC TO MY EARS



"In a world full of noise, be the melody. Sing from the depths of your soul and come alive." The world needs far more voices raised in song, fewer raised

in anger. So much is in chaos in our world right now. Looking out at the state of affairs is terribly upsetting, not in our control. But what we can do; is look inside of ourselves, find those things that bring joy, peace, all that is good and brings us hope.

St. John's-by-the-Lake Anglican Church offers us this opportunity. In our church family, we sing with joy regularly. Our gifted choir friends lead us through music learned and celebrated at rehearsals on Thursday nights at 5:00pm. We enjoy the community: the rich tenors and basses, the angelic altos, and sopranos. Our Sunday services bring us beautiful moments to sing our well-loved favourite hymns, new jubilant songs of faith and joy, and we are so excited to be branching out to include more modern songs from life's journeys. So fun to sing "What a Wonderful World," "Blowin' in the Wind," and looking forward to 'Put Your Hand in the Hand' and 'Day by Day.'

This summer and early fall, we were blessed to welcome guest soloists Sherrie, Shelley, Katie and Charm, Linda, Judy, Jean, Tim, Pat, Janine, Phil, Eldon, and the Dreams Come True Music Studio performers. We so appreciate our gifted choir member, Jim Malcolm, who shared his gift of music in communion song, and at Thanksgiving with his violin. So much more to come this season! Please feel free to share your hymn requests, and suggestions for songs and performers.

"Sing to the Lord a new song, sing to the Lord all the earth." (Psalm 96)

~ Catherine Taylor Hayden, Music Director

NEWS FROM THE PEWS

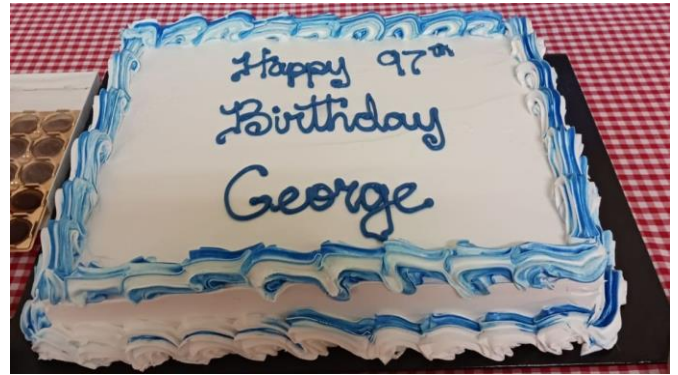
Anne Smith welcomes her first great-grandchild!
Myles Kennedy was born 6.5 weeks early, on June 29, 2023, at 3:54pm weighing 4lbs. He spent 2.5 weeks in NICU but continues to do well and is beloved by his entire family!



Eldon King celebrated his 90th birthday!



George Pauling celebrated his 97th Birthday!



COMMUNITY GROUPS

The Better Dayz Band was formed about five years ago in Grand Cove by two guys named Bill and Eldon.

The group now consists of Bill Neely on electric guitar and banjo, Dan Harding on rhythm guitar, Bill Morley on bass guitar, George Jenkins on drums, Eldon King on keyboard, Shirley Bane as lady songstress, and Jim Graham as guest vocalist.

Weekly band practices are held in St. John's Parish Hall, and to show their appreciation, the group performs a backyard concert every summer with all proceeds donated to the church.

The band has played at various other venues in the area, including the Rotary Stage at the Main Beach. They enjoy performing for people and offer a wide variety of music. Be sure to watch for their upcoming show at the Grand Bend Legion, Saturday, November 25th.

We are fortunate to have a few of the band members as parishioners at St. John's. Hmmm, maybe Catherine will put them to work on a Sunday morning!

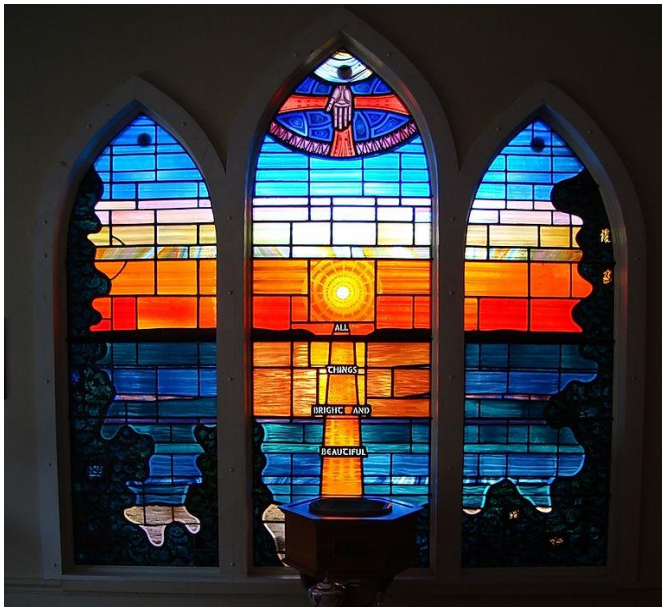
~ Lisa Gumb

THANK YOUS

To St. John's Anglican Church

Thank you for sharing your space with us.
We are learning and growing together.

~ Women's Group



On 10 October I met with Joe Wooden and his daughter Deb Homuth, at his new home in Exeter. I was there, on behalf of the congregation of St.-John's-by-the-Lake to thank him for his many years of service to the church and to the Diocese. This thanks was expressed in a letter from the Wardens, a "Thank You" card signed by the members of the Parish and a framed picture of the Narthex window. Both Joe and Deb deeply appreciated this gesture and asked me to thank the congregation on their behalf.

~ Art Smith-Windsor

OUR PARISH

Meet Eldon and Dawna King



On Saturday, September 9, there was an Open House celebration for Eldon at the Cove. The occasion was his 90th birthday!! Fun for everyone!

A few days later, he had knee replacement surgery in Sarnia. The procedure went very well, an epidural needle was used and of course he didn't feel a thing. He was sent home the next day. Sixteen years earlier, he had experienced the same surgery in Woodstock and spent a full week in hospital. AMAZING! He is a brave man.

Eldon was born in Wallaceburg, known at that time as "the glass town". He attended the local schools and proceeded to enroll in Olivet College in Olivet, Michigan. He graduated with a B. A. Degree in Business Administration in 1986. He worked in Sales until he retired in 2003. Eldon followed his retirement days driving a school bus for 10 years that must have been fun!

Dawna was born in Toronto and attended the local school system. She worked for Canada Post in London, starting in the Finance Department, retiring from Human Resources as a Supervisor in 2010.

They met in 1990, when both attended an Accounting Class at the Centre for Lifelong Learning in London. In 1994, they were married in Wallaceburg at the Anglican Church. Eldon had 7 children and Dawna had 3. "Yours and Mine" brought together a new family of 10.

They lived in St. Thomas for several years and attended St. John's Anglican Church in town. They moved to Grand Bend in 2011.

One day they were driving through Exeter, and noticed a sign in front of Trivitt, welcoming a Rev. Jim Innes. They were of course surprised, there couldn't be 2 of them, could there? The Internet came to the rescue, and indeed, Jim Innes was the same priest from St. Thomas. Two St. John's and two Rev. Jim Innes, what were the odds?

Rev. Jim had made more than an address change! His long hair and beard were gone, and a new image appeared. Someone in our kitchen whispered. "He looks a little like George Clooney!"

Dawna had been a Foster Parent for 20 years. Eldon had to be approved by the Children's Aid Society before they were allowed to be married and continue Foster Care together. They had many great experiences for years to come. Dawna was a Foster Parent for 41 years and Eldon for 16 years.

They enjoyed travelling to Cuba, the Caribbean, and several cruises after retirement. Since many of their children live out West, there were several trips to the mountains and the East Coast.

Dawna and Eldon have had busy lives in Grand Cove. Dawna was the Social Director for 5 years and an active member of the Homeowners Association for 8 years. She has had many years of successful committee work in the Cove and in our Church. She is currently in her second year as People's Warden. And she wears really cute shoes!

Eldon is a very creative man. He writes poetry, short stories, and teaches a water colour painting

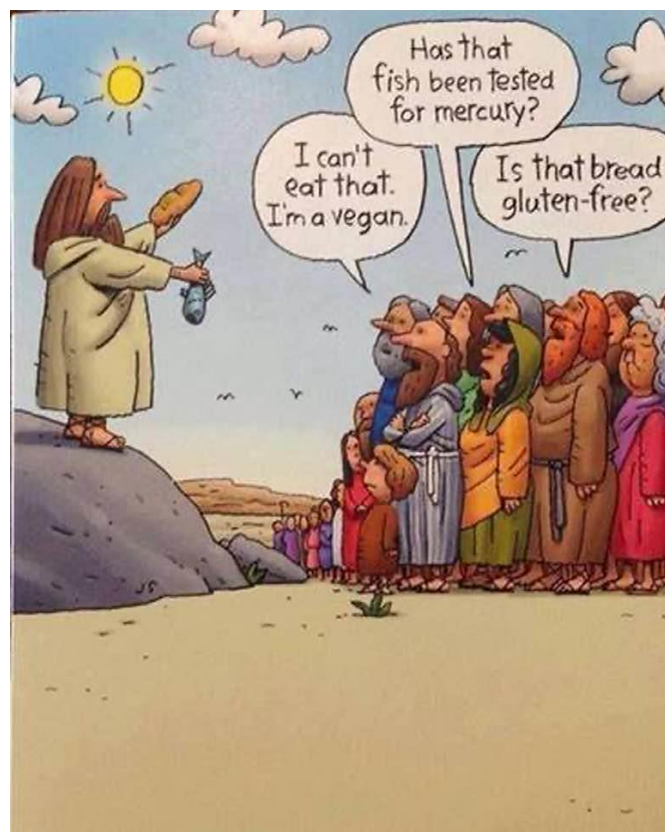
class in the Cove. His greatest joy comes from music. He loves to play the keyboard and is a member of the Better Dayz Band. He started piano lessons when he was 8, learned to read music and has had classical training.

Grand Cove has offered many activities to their residents; lawn bowling is a favourite for them both. It provides activity as well as social time. Eldon is eager to return as soon as possible.

We are grateful for their participation in our community and St. John's by the Lake. Thank you. Oh, almost forgot, they have the cutest dog, Snooper!

~Carole Mathers

HOLY HUMOUR



Grandma and God

My grandson was visiting one day when he asked, "Grandma, do you know how you and God are alike?" I mentally polished my halo and said, "No, how are we alike?" He replied, "You're both old".

Shirley Goodnest and Marcy

A mother was concerned about her kindergarten son walking to school. He didn't want his mother to walk with him. She wanted to give him the feeling that he had some independence but yet knew that he was safe.

So, she had an idea of how to handle it. She asked a neighbor if she would please follow him to school in the mornings, staying at a distance, so he wouldn't notice her. She said that since she was up early with her toddler anyway, it would be a good way for them to get some exercise as well, so she agreed.

The next school day, the neighbor and her little girl set out following behind Timmy as he walked to school with another neighbor girl he knew. She did this for the whole week.

As the two kids walked and chatted, kicking stones and twigs, Timmy's little friend noticed the same lady was following them as she seemed to do every day all week. Finally, she said to Timmy, "Have you noticed that lady following us to school all week? Do you know her?"

Timmy nonchalantly replied, "Yeah, I know who she is." The little girl said, "Well, who is she?"

"That's just Shirley Goodnest", Timmy replied, "And her daughter Marcy."

"Shirley Goodnest? Who is she and why is she following us?"

"Well,", Timmy explained, "every night my mom makes me say the 23rd Psalm with my prayers, 'cuz she worries about me so much. And in the Psalm, it says, 'Shirley Goodnest and Marcy shall follow me all the days of my life', so I guess I'll just have to get used to it!"

May Shirley Goodnest and Marcy be with you today and always!

Church Ladies with Typewriters!

Thank God for the church ladies with typewriters. (These sentences appeared in church bulletins) To be read with suitable reverence:

The Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 PM. Please use the back door.

The eighth graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7 PM. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.

Don't let worry kill you off -- let the Church help.

Miss Charlene Mason sang 'I will not pass this way again,' giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.

For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

~ Lightheartedly submitted by Church Ladies

STORY TIME



Ollie The Oak Leaf

In the spring, the oak tree stretched out its roots, branches, and was soon covered in leaves. The weather was perfect, just enough rain, just enough sun, and just enough energy in the soil. This would be a successful year of growth.

Oak leaves were famous for being the last of all the leaves to fall. This year Ollie would be determined he would win. Every day, he would check the strength of the branch that held him and encourage him to hang on to him as tightly as he could.

Brent, the branch, said one day, "What's in it for me?"

Ollie replied, "You will be famous and named the strongest branch in the forest!"

"That's good enough for me, let's do it"

Ollie whispered to Brent, "I get anxious when the squirrels run up and down the branches."

"I can help, said Tony the trunk, I'll bark at them and scare them away!"

"Very funny, that's a good one!" replied Terry.

"But, we have a little problem, explained Trunk, you see, squirrels provide a valuable service; oak trees need the squirrels to spread the seeds so new growth can happen!"

Ollie felt a little ashamed, "I guess I better apologize to all the squirrels".

Spring became summer, summer became fall. All was well with Ollie and Brent.

They had survived thunderstorms with windy days, no problems, Ollie was getting more and more alarmed; all the leaves around him were falling. Pine needles and colourful maple were making a carpet beneath him.

Fall eventually turned to winter. The ground was now white, inviting Ollie to join them and slide down the hill. It was fun, but Ollie refused.

Christmas was suddenly upon them, bringing in a powerful storm. The winds were high, roads were closed, and travellers were at the mercy of the elements.

Ollie and Brent refused to give up; they hung on with all their strength. When it was over, they opened their eyes to discover they were still on the tree! How was that possible?

All of the trees around them shouted and cheered, the squirrels happily joined in the celebration!

January replaced Christmas celebrations. Ollie and Brent were over delighted. How much longer would their good fortune last?

It is now the last day of January and Ollie is still hanging on to the branch.

Early February brought more worries. Another storm rolled through with strong winds and more road closures. By morning, everyone rushed to check on Ollie, he was still there, happily waving to everyone.

Ralph the racoon looked up and said, "I googled you Ollie and do you know, that oak leaf clusters made of gold or silver are used in the military as a symbol of rank?"

Steven the squirrel said, I googled you too, you represent strength and wisdom.

A stray cat stopped to see what was going on, my google search read, "You are known for honour and nobility!"

Oscar, the owl flew down and added, "Did you know King Arthur and his Knights sat around a table made of oak?"

An opossum waddled over to the group and grumbled, "Thanks for waking me up early; I heard that if you knock on an oak tree, you will get a message from an angel. Now can I go back to sleep?"

A flock of crows was passing overhead, so they decided to check out the scene.

"What is so exciting?"

"We are all watching Ollie and encouraging him to stay strong, we don't want to see him fall." said Ralph.

"We will help and keep other birds from getting too close!"

"Thank you said Ollie, you are good friends."

It was now the middle of February, and unusually warm. The snow had mostly melted; it felt like spring. Ollie was feeling very positive about the days ahead.

The usual friends gathered beneath the Oak tree and chatted about the local news. Another visitor showed up, William the woodpecker

"I have a great story to tell everyone, gather round, you will be amazed."

"Has anyone ever heard of an acorn woodpecker? They are a unique bird and I am proud to say they are my cousins. The oak trees are very important, in fact, they are life saving".

"When the acorns start to fall, the woodpecker prepares for the winter. The birds peck holes in the bark of the oaks, many holes, hundreds, even thousands!"

"Yah, I bet.", everyone laughed. Oscar winked and Ralph fell over giggling.

"No, this is true, then the woodpecker pushes an acorn in each hole, it's the truth! The trees are

completely covered with acorns. Just like that, their food is ready and easy to find all winter. Here's the best part, the trees become known as granary trees!! How cool is that?"

Ollie could hardly believe the story. He was so proud.

One morning, a family of deer came to visit.

"Hi Ollie, we wanted to visit and thank you for all the tasty acorns you have given us every year, we are very grateful. And we love your shade when the sun is really hot!"

"You are welcome replied Ollie; I like to help all my friends".

The next day was a scary one for Ollie and his support group; it became very windy and warm, very unusual for the middle of February. Ollie had to be an acrobat; sometimes he would remain quiet as usual, then he would suddenly be swept sideways feeling like a bird in flight. The weather alerts were correct. It's really windy!

"Oh oh, this could be trouble, will I be able to hang on?"

He could hear his friends "ooh and ahh" every time the wind huffed and puffed! He got through the day, every muscle in his little leaf body was sore, but he was happy and his friends performed "THE WAVE" for him first thing in the morning.

A few days later, Oscar, the owl flew in on a branch beside him and asked,

"Do you mind if I ask you a few questions? "Fine with me, it's always fun to talk to someone."

"These are sort of personal".

"Ask away."

"How old is your Mother Tree?"

"She is about 80 years old, but that's young for an oak. When we are all out in leaf every summer, we tell her she is beautiful."

Oscar smiled, "You are correct, and in the fall, she is even more colourful, striking colours of red, yellow and even orange!"

"Did you know that oak trees can live to be 1000 years old?"

"That is remarkable!" Oscar replied. "And because there are about 600 types of oak trees, we can be found all around the world!" Ollie said proudly.

"You have quite the Family Tree!" Oscar said with a giggle.

The weather became the topic of conversation again. This time a mixture of rain, snow, and freezing rain came, followed by wind! Everyone worried about Ollie.

Many neighbouring trees in the forest were becoming aware of the excitement Ollie was causing. One tree in particular was very aware; the Tree Of Records was watching every day and every hour. It was her responsibility to record and guard accurate details. One day, she had a special visitor; Oscar the Owl who was respected for his honesty and integrity. Oscar whispered to her, "I think the time is very close for Ollie to become an entry into your Book of Records."

She whispered her reply, "Yes, very soon it will come to pass."

The chatter among the animals was becoming more intense and exciting.

Ollie's brothers and sisters made a thick leaf carpet in the ice and snow to catch him.

Everyone was looking up. When would it happen? And then, the sun burst forth, the rain stopped, the wind stopped, and time stopped for Ollie.

Suddenly, he felt himself suspended in time for just a second, then softly drift towards the forest floor towards the centre of a soft carpet. Time stood still.

For a second, no one dared to breathe, and then a volcano of joy burst forth!! Laughter, screams of delight, shouts of happiness, filled the forest. Oscar flew directly into the midst of happiness, shouting his great news.

"The Tree of Records has made her decision, Ollie has broken all the records, he will be written in history; he has stayed on his branch longer than any other oak leaf in recorded time. We were chosen to witness this wonderful moment. We are indeed blessed.

Congratulations my dear boy! Ollie felt a wondrous glow around him which overflowed through all his friends. It was pure joy.



~ Carole Mathers

POET'S CORNER

Winters Approach

Leaves are entering into the irreversible ebbing of death as the oncoming pitch and albino days approach. Desperate rays of weakening calories attempt to warm the cooling side of the hemisphere of insistent temperature decline.

Creatures frantically gather harvest for safe relocation while others have since fled or are in final preparation for deep sleep. Days grow shorter in contrast to their opposite and birds of flight have since given flight. The long season is approaching stealthy creeping upon disillusioned hopefuls.

High buttoned boots, heavy garb, toques, and scarves become the norm as the Northern giant makes nomadic gestures throughout his time.

Doors are no longer spread eagle to daily treading and windows remain in tight lipped sill.

The season has come before and quarterly take a turn knowing that a new inception will soon be born.

~ Eldon King

Think

It's not what's on you,
It's what's in you.
It's not important where you came from,
But where you are going.
It's not important what you drive,
But what drives you.
It's not important what you have,
But what you are!!

Author Unknown

~Submitted by Dawna King

Cricket Song

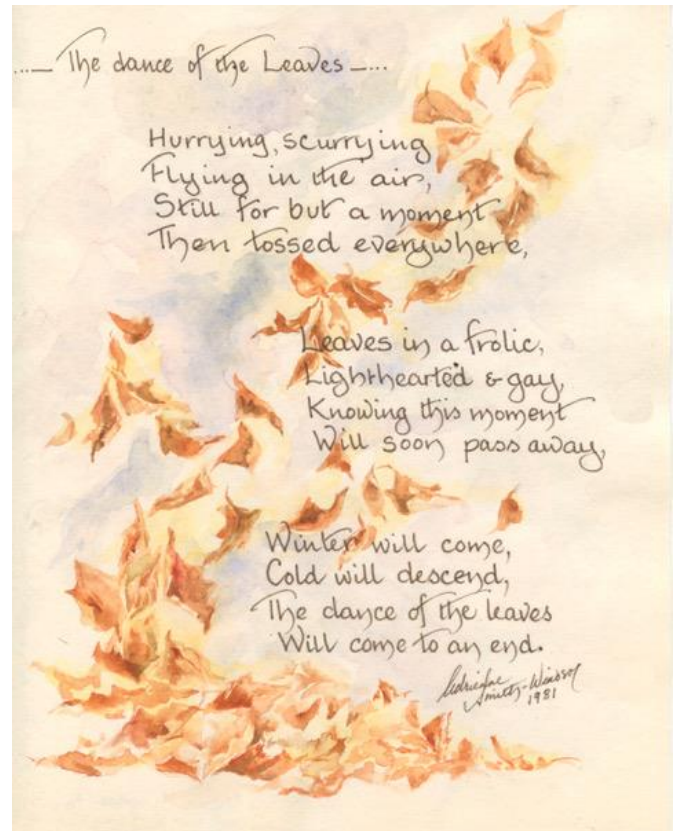
Sing to me a song of summer, cricket by the wall,
Sing to me a song of summer, not a song of fall,
Sing to me of summer days that lengthen into night,
Of birds that share my garden, not of those in flight.

Sing to me of blossoming flowers bathed in summer rain,
Sing to me of green eared corn, not of full ripe grain,
Sing to me of azure lakes caressed by fragrant breeze
Sing to me of cool green shade not of falling leaves.



Alas, I know your song too well and all that it portends,
It tells me, Oh so gently, the time when summer ends,
So, sing to me your cricket song as you nestle by the wall,
I have loved the summer well and now I welcome fall.

Adrienne Smith-Windsor ©2023



--- The dance of the Leaves ---

Hurrying, scurrying
Flying in the air,
Still for but a moment
Then tossed everywhere,

Leaves in a frolic,
Lighthearted & gay,
Knowing this moment
Will soon pass away,

Winter will come,
Cold will descend,
The dance of the leaves
Will come to an end.

Adrienne Smith-Windsor
1981



Books of the Bible Word Scramble



1. svrbproe _____
2. ervleaonit _____
3. smtletanaoni _____
4. omrnas _____
5. gnse sie _____
6. bwserhe _____
7. euxsd _____
8. haeos _____
9. snaaltagi _____
10. ojnha _____
11. eudtermooynd _____
12. rcahahezi _____
13. nbuesmr _____
14. nsppailiiph _____
15. seiephans _____
16. oieplmnh _____
17. eihemjra _____
18. eugjds _____
19. hobaaid _____
20. hrtsee _____

PHOTO GALLERY



Dreams Come True Music Studio shared their talents.



Back to School food drive was a huge success, thanks to everyone who donated!

PHOTO GALLERY



St. John's adorned for Harvest Thanksgiving. Guest musicians Tim Raeburn and Jim Malcom.



Please submit contributions for the Winter 2024 newsletter by January 15, 2023
to **Carole Mathers** at dncmathers@hay.net

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