

LAKESHORE LINES

Free – and worth every cent!

Easter Reflections



The empty tomb

As we get closer to Easter Sunday, we realize, at DLUC, that there have been many Lenten opportunities before you. There was the book study group, the Lenten Calendar with daily activities (and one designed for the children and youth), and the extensive Lenten Challenge Book with daily reflections and questions to ponder. We have also been invited to South Burnaby United Church for their Lenten Lunches for the community. There was the pancake supper and Ash Wednesday service as well as Maundy Thursday and Good Friday events. So many options. So many chances for a Lenten transformation.

“No matter how small you feel your change during this season has been, no matter how personal and limited, it affects the world. Because we are relational beings, constantly engaged with our environments, our orientation toward the world affects the world for good or ill. Even our inner work changes the world, because it changes our orientation; it alters the messages we send out and our response to messages received. As we have done our own personal reflection and hard work, we have allowed more of God’s love to flow through us, like light through clear water, into the world. By creating this sort of transparency, even on such a small and personal scale we contribute more to the kingdom than we can comprehend. A soul in deeper communion with God draws the entire world a little closer to God.

Continued on page 2...

Vision Statement

Deer Lake United Church welcomes you into a Christian community for all ages that explores and expresses spirituality through:

- worship and music
- fun and fellowship
- caring and outreach
- involvement and growth

Inside this issue

The End of an Era	1
The Story of Easter Eggs	2
A Journey of Contrasts	5
Christmas Tree in February??	9
Your Donations to DLUC	11
Task Force on Homelessness	11

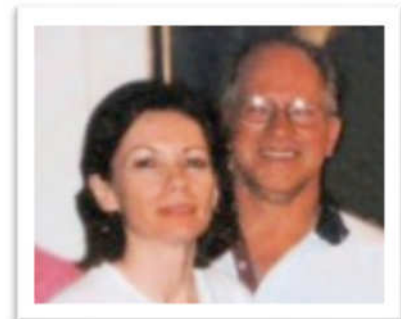
And much more!

End of an Era

By Garry F

I hear quiet sobbing coming from somewhere nearby. Oh, it’s me! Jim Y has stepped down from the Communications Committee and it just won’t be the same without him. It’s the end of an era.

It was 17 years ago that Pauline Fong, Jim Young and I agreed to take over production of Deer Lake United Church’s newsletter, at that time called *Newsline*. Neil Parker was our minister and Alice was our church secretary. Our first edition was published in April 1998 and it was the first to proudly declare that it was “Free – and worth every cent!” That was Jim’s idea.



He was always the creative genius on the committee. He was the one who, in December 1998, suggested

Continued on page 3

The Story of Easter Eggs

Easter Egg Tradition

Eggs have been associated with the Christian festival of Easter, which celebrates the death and resurrection of Christ, since the early days of the church. However, Christian customs connected with Easter eggs are to some extent adaptations of ancient pagan practices related to spring rites.

The egg has long been a symbol of 'fertility', 'rebirth' and 'the beginning'. In Egyptian mythology, the phoenix burns its nest to be reborn later from the egg that is left; Hindu scriptures relate that the world developed from an egg.

With the rise of Christianity in Western Europe, the church adapted many pagan customs and the egg, as a symbol of new life, came to represent the Resurrection. Some Christians regarded the egg as a symbol for the stone being rolled from the sepulchre.

Eggs as an Easter Gift

The earliest Easter eggs were hen or duck eggs decorated at home in bright colours with vegetable dye and charcoal. Orthodox Christians and many cultures continue to dye Easter eggs, often decorating them with flowers.

The 17th and 18th centuries saw the manufacture of egg-shaped toys, which were given to children at Easter. The Victorians had cardboard, 'plush' and satin covered eggs filled with Easter gifts and chocolates. The ultimate egg-shaped Easter gifts must have been the fabulous jewelled creations of Carl Fabergé made during the 19th century for the Russian Czar and Czarina, now precious museum pieces.

Chocolate Easter eggs were first made in Europe in the early 19th century, with France and Germany taking the lead in this new artistic confectionery. Some early eggs were solid, as the technique for mass-producing moulded chocolate had not been devised. The production of the first hollow chocolate eggs must have been painstaking, as the moulds were lined with paste chocolate one at a time.

<https://www.cadbury.com.au/About-Chocolate/The-Story-of-Easter-and-Easter-Eggs.aspx>



“Easter” continued from page 1

On Easter morning, we celebrate Christ's resurrection, which is more than just a return to life; it is a new, stronger never-ending life. At the same time, we emerge from Lent as new people, transformed by our time in the wilderness and by the work we did there. We partake of Christ's eternal life because we have chosen to make room for it in ourselves. We begin to live not merely as physical beings but to tap into the spiritual source of our life. This transformation, from old to new, from chaotic to cleared, culminates in the breaking of light on Easter morning.

As you celebrate this Easter, think back to your experience of the wilderness early in Lent. Remember how you cleared space, gradually, sometimes painfully, and other times joyfully. Now enjoy the freedom you feel in your clearing. You are closer to God; you are deeper in your relationship. Celebrate its ongoing transformation into a garden, and know that God guards and tends this garden with you today and every day.”

(excerpts from “a clearing season” by Sarah Parsons)

Remember that the stone of the tomb of Jesus rolled away three days after his crucifixion for his resurrection, and so, too, will your stone roll away, allowing for growth and resurrection, new life, new promise. This will happen in God's speed, and may be longer than the three days Jesus experienced, but you will be transformed, your stone WILL roll away. May you be open to the transformation and the hope and promise it offers. May you embrace the struggle and challenges you faced during Lent and be transformed with the message and meaning of Easter, whenever that takes place in your life.

*Peace,
Rev. Tracy Fairfield*



End of an Era continued from page 1

holding a contest to rename the newsletter. The winner was announced in the June 1999 edition and the name *Lakeshore Lines* has stuck ever since. Jim came up with a fresh new design for our newly named rag and created a Word template for the three of us to use. He taught Pauline and me all about picas and text boxes and layout techniques, and I've never known anyone who can proofread as well as he can.

Jim has a twinkle in his eye and a ready smile. He writes with sincerity, thoughtfulness and humor in a way that engages the reader. His mischievous side has never come through as cleverly as it did in the 2007 April Fools special edition of *Lakeshore Lines* that he produced all by himself. If you haven't read it or would like to enjoy it again, it's available on the website at

http://www.dluc.ca/download/newsletters/Lakeshore_Lines_April_1_2007_WEB.pdf#9de189.

OK, so I'm not really sobbing, Jim, but I will miss you on the committee. I hope you'll continue to contribute the occasional article while Kristy and I do our best to maintain the high standard of excellence you set. Here's to you!

Laughter in the Cardiac Ward

By Glenn L

February 19, 2015 was like no other day. Audrey dropped me off at the front door of Vancouver General Hospital. With the aid of a map of the building, I arrived a half hour early for my 7:15 am appointment to have an angiogram and learn my fate.

The burning feeling in my bronchial tubes and upper lung area which I had experienced after a mid-December bout with the flu, was an atypical symptom of a blocked cardiac artery (the widow maker). In January I had had several tests and two MPI's. My heart specialist in Burnaby, Dr. Mervin Lee, had determined that there was a blockage and that a large area of my heart was not getting enough blood. I was informed of this on January 30th. Dr. Lee had said that he would ask for the "Fast track" at VGH for an angiogram. He said that it would be determined at that time what would have to be done. It could be open heart surgery. It could be medication, or it could require the implanting of one or more stents which would be inserted at the same time as the angiogram. Cancel any travel plans.

The check-in was quick and efficient. At 7:30 am, I was ushered into the pre-operative room. I was the third one there. A middle-aged no-nonsense nurse said, "Take everything off. Put your things in these plastic bags and then put on this gown. Don't worry about tying it up, we are going to shave you." I had been led to believe that the catheter would be inserted in my upper leg. Turns out, it goes in a bit higher.



Jim with a few of "The Brethren"

Then the intravenous connection, the ECG connections, and I was wheeled into the procedure room.

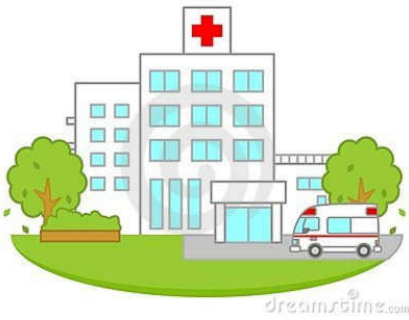
Promptly at 9:00 am, I am moved onto a narrow operating table. A nurse offers me a sedative if I am feeling nervous. I say that I am okay. A voice from behind a screen informs me that he will now inject a local anesthetic into my groin and that it will be the most painful thing I will experience here today. The nurse says to swallow three pills. "If the x-ray camera gets too close to your face - just duck." Then a take-charge-voice from about ten feet away and out of sight begins giving instructions to the "Driver" who will maneuver the probe into my groin and up an artery into my heart. From time to time, the lights are dimmed. Then I sense that the probe has been removed and then reinserted. At some point, something is injected through my intravenous connection and I feel like hot water is rushing through my veins. I am asked to take several deep breaths and to hold them until asked to release them. I feel the same burning feeling I had in my chest a month ago. That must be the stent expanding into place in my heart, I think.

At about 9:45 the take-charge-voice is beside me. He says that he is Dr. Woods. "Everything went well. Your left anterior descending cardiac artery was 100% blocked. We have given you a double stent. I thanked him and he disappeared. I asked someone why I didn't have a heart attack or any pain if the artery was totally blocked. He said that the heart has an amazing ability to grow new arteries into the heart muscle, over time, if it is not getting enough oxygen.

Back in the recovery room I was hooked up to the monitors and the blood pressure cuff. "Lay flat - do not move your right leg." Nurses checked my groin for bleeding every ten minutes or so. After two hours I was allowed to sit up in bed and have something to eat and drink, having not had anything since yesterday. "No, you can't go to the bathroom until 12:30 noon. You must not move." Later, I was moved back to the pre-operative room where I first had been and was placed in a reclining chair.

I was sitting across the room from some men who were in beds, some with wires and tubes attached and some were reading books. I notice that some of the men had long sad faces while others had happy faces like they had just won the lottery. I deduced that the

Burnaby Gogos Swags and Bags



Laughter continued from page 2

sad ones were yet to learn their fate and the others, like me, were finished and happy to be going home. About this time, a jaunty woman in a red jacket, a blue cap, and big glasses swept up to the sad man lying in bed with his eyes closed. "Are you ready to go home, honey?" she asked. He raised his head and after a long pause, said, "You have the wrong man." At this, she looked around, said, "Sorry," and proceeded down the line of beds to her embarrassed husband. At this point we all had a good laugh.

A nurse announced that Mrs. L was now in the building and that I must demonstrate that I could walk before I could leave. My right leg was still numb from the freezing so I had to stay another hour. Then Audrey was let in to have a briefing on how to look after me and help me get dressed.

The \$9.00 parking meter was almost finished. Audrey picked me up at the front door. One stop at the pharmacy and we were home by 4.00 o'clock.

**Find out more about
the Grandmothers to
Grandmothers
Campaign at**

**[http://www.stephenlewisfoundation.org/
get-
involved/grandmothers-
campaign](http://www.stephenlewisfoundation.org/get-involved/grandmothers-campaign)**



The Burnaby Gogos worked hard for months to plan, produce and present the Christmas Swags and Bags fundraiser, as an arm of the DLUC Outreach Committee. All the Christmas swags were beautifully crafted by the approximately 25 members of the Burnaby GOGOs (part of Stephen Lewis Grandmothers to Grandmothers Campaign.) The signature tote bags, Safari Denim children's clothes and dozens of bracelets and jewelry items too were all crafted by this industrious group. The many baking items were augmented by DLUC bakers, along with the rest of the Pinterest items from our own sale.

Over \$5,000 was raised! The Burnaby Gogos wish to thank our church for all the help received from our congregation, including the use of the Hall.

Should you wish to discover more about this dynamic group of "Grand Others", please speak to Claire S, Marj R, Phyllis S or Pat Y.



Phyllis, Claire and Marj – Burnaby GOGOs

A Journey of Contrasts

By Tony W

Monday January 26th

As I write this, I am sitting on Brussels Air # 465 en route to Kigali and Entebbe, which is our stop in Uganda. I am travelling with Peggy and our friends, Doug and Kathy R. The plane is only half full, so we have spread out and occupy a different row each. So it's economy in style! We travelled across a cloudy Europe, across the Mediterranean, and then hit the vast sandy expanse of the Sahara, which was clear. Currently heavy clouds are obscuring the huge forests of the Congo.

...



We have spent 6 days in England, staying with my sister, Hazel and her husband, Wilson, in the small village of Ampport in Hampshire, southwest of London. We decided to spend this amount of time in England to get over jet lag, but we also managed some trips. On Thursday we dressed up (mandatory jacket and tie) to accept an invitation from my "step aunt", Celia, for lunch at the House of Lords in London. We found our way to the "Peers' Entrance", and had to go through heavy security and ID checks by the police, before Celia (Lady Thomas of Winchester) found us. She invited us past grand paintings of Kings, Queens and England's various victories in battle over the centuries (which seemed to all be against France – she said it is embarrassing when French politicians visit!). Bubbly in the members bar, overlooking the Thames, and overlooked by more kings in oil, was followed by an elegant lunch. A new member was being introduced that day, and at the next table sat "Garter", the official who oversees this. I can't remember when I last had lunch with someone in full military dress, carrying a sword. Celia sits as a "Lib Dem" member of the coalition government, and chairs a committee of the House, responsible for reviewing legislation on pensions and disabilities. She is disabled herself, and works very hard on her committee issues. Indeed lots of business was being done in various corners – Lords, Bishops, journalists and lobbyists were all over the place. After lunch we were able to sit in a small section of the floor of the Chamber reserved for visitors, and listen to a debate. This was not our finest hour – we all fell asleep (the debate was on how autism is handled by the criminal justice system), but I don't think Celia noticed.



Wednesday 28th January

Do you believe in the spiritual world? I think you should, because I think that I am writing this from the Other Side.

It is midday, and the sun is beating down the brightest light you can imagine. It is hot, but there is a breeze wafting up from the River Nile, which is a few hundred metres below us. Of course I am in the shade, and when I am thirsty, I need to swim across the pool to get a glass of cold water from the swim-up bar. We are staying at the Paraa Safari Lodge, a beautiful old wooden building which dates from colonial times. In fact Queen Elizabeth was staying here in 1952, when she heard the news that her father had died and she was now queen. The lodge has about 50 rooms, but there are only a dozen people here at the moment. It is very quiet, except for the birds and the guys preparing lunch. A lizard has run under my chair – bright orange head and purple legs. Doug is across from me, standing in the pool, leaning on the bar, watching the ferry crossing the river. He doesn't look too stressed. Kathy is napping in her room and Peggy has just finished email.



Yesterday morning we were up while it was still pitch black to meet our 7am ride north. Dan, from Matoke Tours came with his Toyota Landcruiser. ... After leaving Kampala traffic, we cruised at 90 kph on a good tarmac road. Our first stop was the Zima rhino sanctuary. I expected a kind of zoo plus, but it turned out differently. This is a very large area (70 sq kms) which contains 16 rhinos which are breeding fast. The goal is to reintroduce rhinos into the wild in Uganda – they were wiped out in the civil wars of the 1980s. We got out of our vehicle, and accompanied our guide, Nuru. We walked in single file through dry brush round thickets of trees for about 20 minutes. Nuru told us to be quiet. And then we saw. 30 metres away, were a large female rhino and her baby, lying in the shade, resting. The only thing moving were the Mom's ears, and the only sound was breathing, like a surfacing whale. She was huge, and weighed 3 tons. And we were 30 metres away. Gulp. But this is what they do here. As long as we stayed quiet and moved slowly, Nuru said she wouldn't be bothered by us. We decided to be quiet and not move. Nuru asked if wanted better pictures. He took our cameras and went 10 metres closer. We watched for 20 minutes, and then we walked back quietly, trying to understand what had just happened. This is Uganda, land of amazement.

...

Wednesday morning we were up while it was still jet black, and grabbed a cup of coffee, before we headed out on our first game drive with Dan and park ranger, Emma (an experienced male guide –his name is short for Emmanuel). Emma carried an automatic weapon (“just in case we have a problem with an elephant – I will fire over its head and we will be OK”). The days are very hot, so we had dressed lightly, but the pre-dawn was cold as we drove with the vehicle's top popped up. Animals were everywhere. By the hundred.



A hippo trotted along the track in front of us, making his way back to the river for the heat of day. So much to see! ... I won't belabor the animals, but it was spectacular. We quickly had seen all the African “Big Five” – a big leopard in a tree, which lazily climbed down as we approached, 2 sister lions lying under a bush after a night's work, many elephants and Cape buffalo, as well as the rhinos we had seen the day before. 2 hyenas trotted across the savannah on some mission we didn't understand, which was bad news for some animal. Wart hogs all over. Water bucks, hartebeest, giraffes, elephants etc., etc. And the sun rising was awesome – a big red ball turned orange and then yellow as the light went from perfect to blinding. I stood in the vehicle as we bumped along with the roof up. Perfect temperature, perfect light, animals everywhere – I was overcome by one of those magic moments of total happiness!



I have done game drives in Kenya, but this was different. We drove through herds of animals for 3 hours, and didn't see another vehicle until we were coming back close to camp. If you want to see animals, truly wild and free, come to Uganda, “The Pearl of Africa”! And Uganda is cheaper!

Back at the lodge, Kathy said over dinner “You know, until you come here, and see things, and talk to people, you can't understand Africa at all.”



For the full story and more pictures of this remarkable adventure, go to <http://www.dluc.ca/wpfb-file/africa-journal-pdf/>.

Living with Celiac Disease

By Donna P

I was probably born with Celiac Disease but was only diagnosed a couple of years ago. I had a blood test done for something else and my doctor told me it also revealed that I had Celiac Disease. Everything she said after that was a blur. I remember thinking how can this be? I love wheat and was consuming a lot of it at that point. Not to mention that my Great Great Grandfather, Samuel Larcombe was known as the Wheat King in Manitoba. He developed a type of rust proof wheat, but I digress.

For the next year, I struggled with trying to avoid wheat a little bit but not completely. I was in denial. I had only had minor symptoms until then. But finally, my body said "No more!" I'm not sure why it happened all of a sudden, but it did. I had severe reactions after I'd eaten gluten. Painful stomach cramps and diarrhea usually occur 3 hours after eating something with gluten. It is not fun and makes going out to eat almost impossible. Some restaurants offer gluten free foods but I'm never sure how safe it is.

I am constantly learning about the disease. It was a lot to take in at first so I started with baby steps – eliminating the obvious things like bread, pizza, cake, donuts (you know, all of the fun stuff!) I found that there is a difference between wheat free and gluten free products. Apparently if something is wheat free, it doesn't mean there won't be any gluten in it. Also, gluten is in things you wouldn't think of, like some store bought salad dressings, soy sauce and way too many things to list here. I now read labels. All of them. I still get "glutened" as I call it even when I'm trying to be careful. There's also a thing called contamination. That's when I use a knife that has been used to prepare something with gluten. If I use the same butter someone has used to butter their muffin and gone back for more, or the mayonnaise, I can have a reaction. It's sort of like double dipping. If you take the mayo on your knife, spread it on your bread and then go back to the jar for more, you're contaminating the mayo. I now keep my own butter in a separate dish and I have my own jar of mayo so that they're safe for me. Gluten is invisible so it can't be detected. If there's a crumb of 'wheat' bread on the counter and it makes it's way onto my plate or into my food, I could be contaminated. I am still trying to determine just how sensitive I am to these smaller things. My sister, a health enthusiast, says that some research suggests wheat is not good for our bodies. That seems so hard to understand given the fact that so much of our diet contains wheat or gluten. Why is something that is used to create such tasty things not good for us? I still think it's ironic given the fact about my Great Great Grandfather. God must be having a chuckle at that one!

When I come to church, people I care about and who care about me surround me. You are my extended family. Many people are aware of my disease and go out of their way to make sure that there are gluten free options at coffee time for myself and others in the congregation who are eating gluten free. Here are a couple of helpful hints for those working in the kitchen or preparing the snacks:

- It is important that gluten free foods don't come in contact with non-gluten free foods. They can't share a plate, or be cut with the same knife.
- When baking gluten free foods, if it calls for butter, it must be butter that hasn't been touched by a knife with gluten on it.
- Rice crackers used for communion shouldn't share a plate with regular bread, as they will be contaminated.

Living without gluten is a constant challenge but there have been many advances in gluten free products in the stores in the last few years. Brands like Udi and Glutino make some great breads and I tend to buy different types of flours and blend them to make my own muffins or cookies. Trial and error helps me figure out which flours are best to use.

If you have any questions about celiac disease or how to make church a more welcoming place for folks with food allergies, please ask! More information about celiac disease can be found at <http://www.celiac.ca/>

Social Committee

Are you interested in volunteering in our church family but can't make a long-term commitment?

We need volunteers for social events throughout the year. Volunteers for social events can volunteer for one event or many. Some upcoming events that require volunteers include

- Movie nights
- Congregational Picnic in June

If you would like to join the Social Committee, or volunteer for just one event, please speak to Donna Phillips



CALLING ALL GARDENERS!

Our garden is in need of some tender, loving care. Our regular volunteers have spent many hours on the garden, but now we no longer have the full complement of gardeners we used to have.

It would be most helpful if one person could step in to coordinate volunteers and oversee the garden's specific needs.

If anyone is interested, either in overseeing or in volunteering time to help, please contact anyone on the Pastoral Care team: Shirley McG, Mary C, Trish S, Kellee M.

Thank you.

Bits and Pieces from the UCW

By Janice C

The Difference

I got up early one morning
 And rushed right into the day,
 I had so much to accomplish
 That I didn't have time to pray.
 Problems just tumbled about me
 And heavier became each task,
 "Why doesn't God help me?" I wondered,
 He said, "But you didn't ask,"
 I wanted to see joy and beauty
 But the day toiled on, gray and bleak,
 I wondered why God didn't show me,
 He said, but you didn't seek."
 I tried to come into God's presence,
 I used all my keys at the lock.
 God gently and lovingly chided,
 "My child, you didn't knock."
 I woke up early this morning
 And paused before entering the day,
 I had so much to accomplish
 That I had to take time to pray.

This poem was found on the cover of the Westminster Presbyterian Annual Report of 1997. It was carefully clipped out and saved by a very special woman named Mary B. Mary was a member of Deer Lake United Church and the Deer Lake UCW for many years.

Mary was a collector of poems, sayings and stories, some were thoughtful like the one above and some clearly illustrated Mary's quick wit and subtle sense of humour. A little while ago I began to clean out one of the cupboards in my basement and I found a very pretty shopping bag. I quickly remembered this bag being given to me by Mary. With some sadness I began to sort through all of the papers that had been collected into this bag but my sadness quickly turned into laughter as I read the bits and pieces of collected knowledge. Poems and sayings, articles about stewardship and pages and pages of notes about food! These papers reflected many years of work by many women of the church. These papers were the essence of the UCW of Deer Lake United Church.

The UCW was in operation from the very beginnings of Deer

Lake until it folded in the late 1990's. The UCW Units from Douglas Road and St. Matthews worked together with the UCW from Deer Lake, while maintaining their own groups, during the amalgamation of the three churches. It took several years for these units to fully integrate, although they supported each other in the work for the new Central Burnaby United Church (now DLUC). The UCW began as the women gathered together to assist with the work of the church, to share reflections and prayers and to enjoy fellowship and, of course, food! There were countless notes about meetings and each meeting ended with a special thank you to whomever had provided the "treats" of the day. There were notes about Rummage Sales – with bake tables – there were notes about Strawberry Teas and about who was bringing what. There were notes about how the women could help those in need, about cards to be sent and notes about finances. These women provided large sums of money to help the church operating funds, to help with special projects and to assist with needs in the community. It was all very impressive.

The women of the UCW knew Stewardship and promoted and lived good stewardship. One very yellowed scrap of paper reads:

Sez I to myself as I grumbled and growled,
 "I'm sick of my church," and then how I scowled!
 "The members unfriendly, the sermons too long.....
 In fact, it seems that everything's wrong.
 I don't like the singing, the church – a disgrace,
 For signs of neglect are all over the place.
 I'll quit going there, I won't give a dime,"
 Then sez my conscience to me, sez he,
 "The trouble with you is, you're too blind to see, Christians
 That your church reflects you, whatever it be.
 So, come, pray and pay and serve cheerfully,
 Stop all your fault finding and boost it up strong.
 You'll find you'll be happy and proud to belong.
 Be friendly and willing to sing as you work,
 For churches aren't built by those who shirk."

These women got it, they lived it, and they loved their church! They will always be remembered for all that they gave to us and to their church. To name these women who were so important to the history of Deer Lake seems important now. May they always be remembered for the love, pastoral care, stewardship – and food! - that they so willingly gave to Deer Lake.

Donna Baker Mary C

Edna B Elsie C

UCW continued from page 8

Edith C	Kay E	Evelyn H	Terry M	Vilda S	Rita T
Edna C	Shirley E	Mildred I	Mary P	Betty S	
Myrtle C	Florence H	Eileen K	Gladys R	Loretta S	
Nora E	Dot H	Marguerite L	Bonnie R	Shirley S	

And many others not named in Mary's papers

And, of course, Mary B!

I found that I was unable to throw away many of the papers that I found. I did throw the pretty shopping bag away and carefully placed all of the bits of papers into a sturdy plastic storage container and put it away in the cupboard. So much humour and wisdom needs to be saved.

Christmas Tree in February??

By Janice C

Many of you were probably surprised to enter the Sanctuary on the first Sunday of Lent to find a beautiful Christmas tree once again placed at the front. The scent of the Christmas season wafted throughout the Narthex. But wait it was Lent, not Christmas!

We began Advent eagerly awaiting the birth of Jesus, the decorations were in place and the beautiful Christmas tree was center of attention. Now as we entered Lent the tree was once again the center of attention. The Christmas tree reminds us of the birth of the longed for baby. As the tree was transformed into a cross we are forced to remember the coming crucifixion. As the lush beauty of the tree changes to the starkness of the cross, we are made very aware of the coming of Good Friday and the associated sadness that we feel.

What will happen on Easter morning as we celebrate the resurrection? We will just have to wait and see.

The tree was our beautiful Christmas tree that was in our house from December 11th until January 8th. It was then placed outside until that first Sunday of Lent. It survived the heat of the house and then the January/February weather outside. I think that it was waiting to be used for Lent because it received no special care from my family, just daily water through the indoor time and nothing was done to it afterwards. It awaited the birth of Jesus and now it awaits His crucifixion, His death and finally His Resurrection. A life well lived.





Is My Life in Balance?

Women's Retreat May 1 - 3

Do you feel like you are able to give enough time to all the aspects of your life – work, family, community, physical, spiritual, etc.? Join with other women from the congregation to explore the idea of moving towards more balance in life. There will be time for sharing and learning in community, for individual reflection, and, of course, for fellowship and fun.

Place: Rivendell, a beautiful and peaceful retreat centre on Bowen Island

Costs:

- Food and general expenses - \$70.00
- Room (with en suite) – pay what you can (for anything over \$70 a night Rivendell gives a tax receipt)
- Transportation – we will help to arrange carpools to keep this to a minimum

For further information or to offer to help with any aspect of the retreat, please speak to Joanne A, Gloria F, Cathy M, or Kathy R.

A sign-up sheet will be posted soon. Hope to see you there!

This is a tribute to all the Grandmas & Grandpas, Nanas & Pops, who have been fearless and learned to use the computer..... They are the greatest!



We do not stop playing because we grow old; we grow old because we stop playing!

The computer swallowed Grandma,

Yes, honestly it's true!

She pressed 'control and 'enter'

And disappeared from view.

It devoured her completely,

The thought just makes me squirm.

She must have caught a virus

Or been eaten by a worm.

I've searched through the recycle bin

And files of every kind;

I've even used the Internet,

But nothing did I find.

In desperation, I asked Mr. Google

My searches to refine.

The reply from him was negative,

Not a thing was found 'online.'

So, if inside your 'Inbox,'

My Grandma you should see,

Please 'Copy, Scan' and 'Paste' her,

And send her back to me.

Your Donations to DLUC

By Cathy M

The ministries of DLUC are supported to a large extent by the generous financial contributions of members. Your contributions are gratefully received, and will always be spent in keeping with our mission and purpose. All donations go towards Local, unless they have been otherwise designated (earmarked for a particular project or purpose). Donations may be designated towards the Building and Contingency Fund, or several other funds that exist for special purposes.

Local: Most donations are made to Local, and are used for all the daily operations of the church. They pay for staffing, office operations, building maintenance and repair, committee expenses, and an allocation to Westminster Presbytery. A budget for these is laid out each year, recommended by the Board and approved by the congregation at the AGM. The budget indicates how much money is needed from our members to cover our operations. Any expense which deviates from the congregationally-approved budget requires Board approval.

Building and Contingency Fund: This fund exists to ensure the long-term viability of DLUC. Should we run into a deficit situation, need to make a significant repair or upgrade to the building, or have a major unanticipated expense, funds would be drawn from this account if necessary. Once this fund has reached its target amount, any surplus will be used for outreach purposes in our neighbourhood or throughout the world. Use of this fund requires Board approval.

Other Funds: Gifts can also be targeted to other funds which either exist for a particular purpose or which support various Board-approved charitable organizations.

At this time, gifts may be designated to the **Mission and Service Fund, First United, Dixon Transition Society,** and the **Burnaby Youth Hub.** Gifts designated here are always passed along to the charitable organizations in their entirety, according to the donor's wishes.

Gifts may also be designated to funds that are under the control of DLUC, and are used to fulfill a particular purpose. These funds currently include **Hope for Families, Homeless Lunch Fund, Garden Fund** and **Student Ministry Fund.** Gifts designated to any of these will, as far as is possible, be used for the donor-intended purpose. DLUC may re-designate any such gift if the given need has been met, or where the project is complete. In this case, funds would be re-directed to support the general mission and charitable purpose of DLUC.

Your gifts to Local support the day-to-day operation of our church, from which all our outreach flows. They are crucial to our long-term existence. If you have any question about how your donations are used, or about designating your gifts, please speak to Cathy M.

Men's Retreat

Fri May 22 – Sun May 24

Tony and Peggy's place, Sechelt

Reserve those dates and keep your eyes open for the sign-up sheet, guys. As you know, this weekend fills up fast!

Task Force on Homelessness

On March 5, 2015 four members of Deer Lake United Church attended a meeting of the Burnaby task force to end homelessness. While many of us were aware of the problems of homelessness in Burnaby, we were unaware of the actual 80% of people who are homeless who remain unknown to services who provide assistance. Some of the barriers to accessing support include stigma, pride, and embarrassment. Clothing, Food, Financial Support and Housing were some of the supports that were discussed. Many Churches, ours included, provide a bag lunch for 72 recipients once a month. It was noted that more support is needed during July and August, as well as during months that include 5 weeks (April, July and October).

Our Church has helped in the past during the summer, but more community help is needed. Southside Community Church runs an outreach resource on Thursday mornings. A few Churches such as West Burnaby United and a local mosque plan hot meals regularly; more hot meals offered by churches would go a long way in helping to meet the needs of homeless people in Burnaby.

Reverend Stuart Lyster (retired) from Cliff Avenue United spoke of a project that could materialize if more Churches and members from other faiths volunteered and partnered with them to provide meals. Presbytery would be willing to provide a substantial amount of money, but a sharing of this project is a necessity. Wanda Mulholland, Community Development Coordinator of the Task Force was very complimentary of the work done by Deer Lake and presented a certificate recognizing our support. This event was a key meeting involving Burnaby's interfaith network. Donations and increased awareness about homelessness in Burnaby are both necessary to assist in these crucial endeavours. If anyone is interested in hearing more about the issue of homelessness and how you can help, please contact Claire S.

Catch DLUC member Sean Kyer in his new TV show The Odd Squad. Mondays at 7:00am on KCTS



Celebrating talents and success within our community



DLUC member Barb Dawson is a producer for Little Charmers – airing on Treehouse and Nick Jr.



Annual General Meeting



Shrove Tuesday Pancake Supper

Submissions

Lakeshore Lines is published four times each year. Submissions may be made to one of the Communications Committee members (preferably by email):

newsletter@dluc.ca

Next Issue: June 2015

Submission Deadline Sunday, June 7