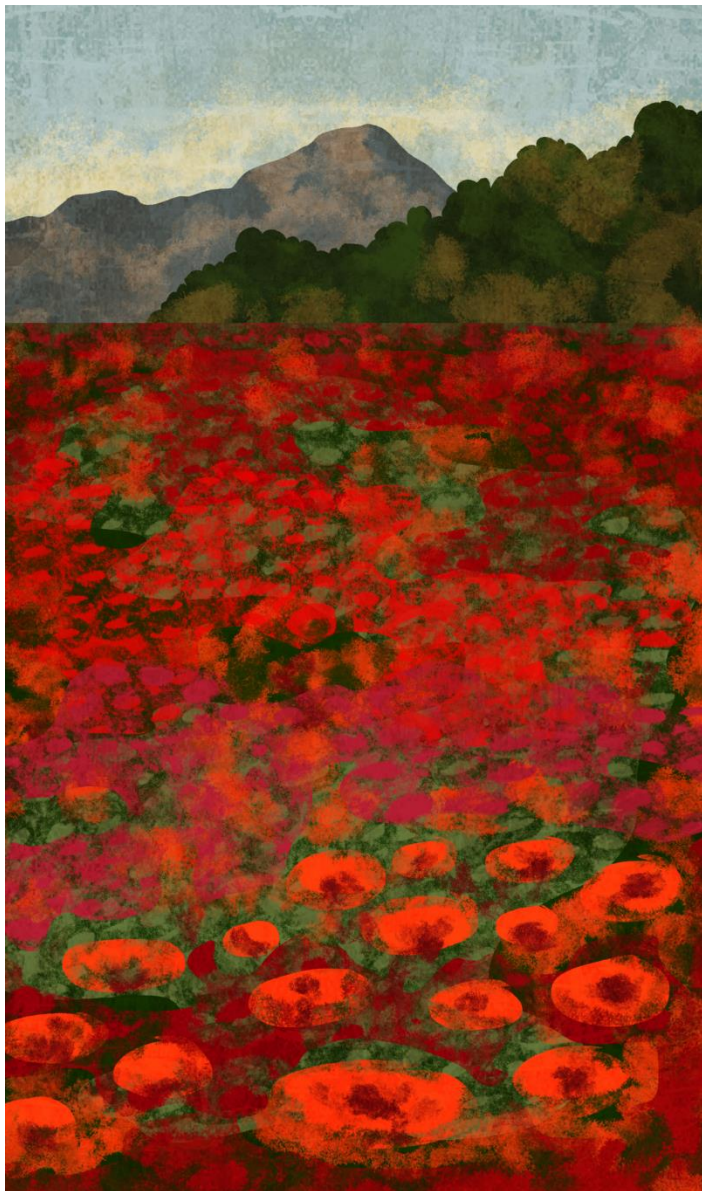




FAIRLAWN

Connect with what matters in life.



**Fairlawn Avenue
United Church
Remembrance Sunday
November 10, 2024 10:30am**

Rev. Dr. Cameron Watts
Eleanor Daley,
Director of Music
Sam Cancellara, Trumpet
Fairlawn Avenue Senior Choir

2.

*Indicates when the congregation is to stand, as able.

Congregational responses, singing and readings in unison are indicated in bold text.

Welcome and Acknowledgements

***Processional Hymn** O God, Our Help in Ages Past

VU page 806 (verses 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6)

**O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home.**

**Under the shadow of thy throne
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defence is sure.**

**Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received its frame,
from everlasting Thou art God,
to endless years the same.**

**A thousand ages in Thy sight
are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.**

**O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be thou our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.**

Invitation to Worship from Psalm 146

Praise the HOLY ONE!

Praise the HOLY ONE, O my soul!

I will praise the HOLY ONE as long as I live;

I will sing praises to my God all my life long.

Do not put your trust in princes,
in mortals, in whom there is no help.
 When their breath departs, they return to the earth;
on that very day their plans perish.
 Happy are those whose hope is in the HOLY ONE, their God,
 who made heaven and earth,
the sea, and all that is in them;
 who keeps faith forever;
who executes justice for the oppressed;
who gives food to the hungry.

The HOLY ONE sets the prisoners free;
the HOLY ONE opens the eyes of the blind.
 The HOLY ONE lifts up those who are bowed down;
the HOLY ONE loves the righteous.
 The HOLY ONE watches over the strangers;
upholds the orphan and the widow,
but the way of the wicked are brought to ruin.

The HOLY ONE will reign forever,
your God, O Zion, for all generations.
 Praise the HOLY ONE!

Introit

Prayer for Peace

E. Daley

Give peace in our time, O Lord,
 for there is none other that watcheth over us,
 but Thou, O Lord.
 (Book of Common Prayer, 1549
 adapted by E.D.)

Scripture

Mark 12:38-44

New Revised Standard Version

As he taught, [Jesus] said, "Beware of the scribes, who like to walk around in long robes and to be greeted with respect in the marketplaces and to have the best seats in the synagogues and places of honor at banquets!

They devour widows' houses and for the sake of appearance say long prayers. They will receive the greater condemnation."

4.

He sat down opposite the treasury and watched the crowd putting money into the treasury. Many rich people put in large sums.

A poor widow came and put in two small copper coins, which are worth a penny.

Then he called his disciples and said to them, "Truly I tell you, this poor widow has put in more than all those who are contributing to the treasury. For all of them have contributed out of their abundance, but she out of her poverty has put in everything she had, all she had to live on."

Anthem

Bringing Peace to Earth

Text and melody – Morrey Ewing

Arr. E. Daley

God Creator, we adore You
Calm our raging, we implore You
Make us agents working for You
Bringing peace to earth

Jesus show how love can free us
To see us as others see us
Make us open to agree, thus
Bringing peace to earth

Spirit blow Your wind right through me
Teach a love of concord to me
Make me ready and renew me
To bring peace to earth

God, though peace is our ambition
We must reach a firm decision
Make us grasp Your great commission
To bring peace to earth

Keep us true to what we're made of
Help us build a nest for Your dove
Make us known for spreading Your love
Bringing peace to earth

Reflection

'Everything She Had'

Rev. Dr. Cameron Watts

I saw the rich ones, I saw what they gave
the widow who offered two pennies she'd saved,
and I saw she was smiling, I knew she was glad,
and I wondered because she gave all that she had.

*But with God the world is turned upside down,
the poor are embraced and the lost they are found.
Let's work for a world where all people are free,
where it's good to feel good about God loving you and me.*

I saw Zaccheus, a sinner they said,
but to his house I saw Jesus go to break bread,
and I knew something special had happened that day
when Zaccheus gave half of his riches away.

*But with God the world is turned upside down,
the poor are embraced and the lost they are found.
Let's work for a world where all people are free,
where it's good to feel good about God loving you and me.*

The men in the vineyard were grumbling one day,
I knew they weren't happy with what they'd been paid,
for the ones who came later were paid just the same
as the workers who greeted the dawn when they came.

*But with God the world is turned upside down,
the poor are embraced and the lost they are found.
Let's work for a world where all people are free,
where it's good to feel good about God loving you and me.*

Act of Remembrance

*O Canada O Canada! Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all our lives command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
the True North strong and free!
From far and wide, O Canada,
we stand on guard for thee.
God keep our land glorious and free!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

6.

Reading

For the Fallen[1]

They shall grow not old,
as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them,
nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

We will remember them.

Reading of the Names of the Fairlawn Avenue United Church War Dead

1914-1918 WWI

Bond Street Congregational Church

William Adams
Charles Henry Fay
S. Hetherington
H. G. Kinchen
C. E. Larkin
Roy Robertson Riggs

**St. James Square Presbyterian
Church**

Robert Clifford Darling
James Montrose Murray
James Dewer
John McKay Coulter
John Hannaford Symons
Richard William Rankin
James Rodger Bulk
John Heron MacDiarmid
William MacKay Carlyle
Harold Gladstone Murray
John Robinson Woods
Murray Grant Gunn
John Gordon Douglas
Reginald Edgar Gray
William Lindsay
William Alldritt Keillor

1939-1945 WW II

St. James Bond United Church

Gordon Bain
Bruce Black
James Bradley
Norman Brown
George Chapman
Harlan Keely
John Kerwin
Clifford Maw
Andrew McNaughton
Jack Mosey
Alexander Smith
J. Alvin Smith
A. Gordon Williams
Harold Young

Fairlawn United Church

Ernest Cannon
Henry Crowther
Peter Fleming
Hugh Grant
Kenneth Miller
George Molesworth
W. Ralston Roberts
Donald Standfield
J. O. Stewart
James W. White
Harold R. Wright

***Last Post**

***Two Minutes of Silence**

***Reveille**

The Passing of the Peace

Pasternoster for Peace[2]

Our Father, Our Mother, Our Caregiver,
 who art in heaven,
 slow to anger,
 and of great mercy,
 lover of all peoples of the earth,

Hallowed be thy Name.

Remind us that
 "all the nations are as nothing before thee,"
 their governments but a shadow of passing age;

Thy kingdom come on earth.

Grant to thy children throughout the world,
 and especially to the leaders of the nations,
 the gift of prayerful thought and thoughtful prayer;
 that following the example of our Teacher,
 we may discern what is right, and do it;

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Help us to protect and to provide
 for all who are hungry and homeless,
 especially those who are deprived of food and shelter,
 family and friends, by the tragedy of war;

Give us this day our daily bread.

Forgive us for neglecting to "seek peace and pursue it," and finding ourselves in
 each new crisis, more ready to make war than to make peace.

8.

“We have not loved thee with our whole heart;
we have not loved our neighbors as ourselves”;

***Forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.***

Let us not seek revenge, but reconciliation;
Let us not delight in victory, but in justice;
Let us not give ourselves up to pride,
but to prayer;

Lead us not into temptation.

Be present to all thy children ravaged by war:
Be present to those who are killing
and to those who are being killed;
Be present to the loved ones of those
who are killing
and to the loved ones of those who are being killed;

Deliver us from evil.

Subdue our selfish desires to possess and to dominate, and forbid us arrogance in
victory;

***For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.***

Introduction of the Offering

Offertory Anthem In Flanders Fields

E. Daley

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
between the crosses row on row
that mark our place; and in the sky
the larks, still bravely singing, fly
scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
we lived, felt dawn, sunset glow,
loved and were loved, and now we lie
in Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
 to you from failing hands we throw
 the torch; be yours to hold it high.
 If ye break faith with us who die
 we shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 in Flanders fields.
 (John McCrae, 1872-1918)

***Presentation of the Offering**

**In gratitude and humble trust
 We bring our best today,
 To serve your cause and share your love
 With all along life's way.
 O God, who gave yourself to us
 In Jesus Christ, your Son,
 Teach us to give ourselves each day
 Until life's work is done.**

***Recessional Hymn** God, Make Us Servants of Your Peace

VU #676 (verses 1, 2, 4 and 5)

**God, make us servants of your peace:
 where there is hate, may we sow love;
 where there is hurt, may we forgive;
 where there is strife, may we sow love.**

**Where there is doubt, may we sow faith,
 where there is gloom, may we sow hope;
 where there is night, may we sow light,
 where there are tears, may we sow joy.**

**May we not look for love's return,
 but seek to love unselfishly.
 For in our giving we receive,
 and in forgiving are forgiven.**

**Dying, we live and are re-born
 through death's dark night to endless day;
 God, make us servants of your peace
 to wake at last in heaven's light.**

(St. Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226
 paraphrased by James Quinn, 1919-2010)

10.

***Sending Out** November 11th

City trucks blocked the streets around the cenotaph
protecting those who shuffled to form their own cordon around
strangers who were neighbours.

Protection, in case of a threatened lunacy
as those gathered tried to bring meaning
to old lunacies.

Lunacies of arms merchants and egocentric leaders and those who believed their
call was to cull
the herd of its most vulnerable.

The vulnerable stood between the trucks and the veterans to shield them
and in silent grief and thanks stand with them in the cold.

The cloud ceiling blocked the view of the flypast of Harvards.
Their thrumming engines bounced off the buildings as the echoes of a war
never seen.

Necks bent heavenwards in hope of a glimpse
of the flying boxcars on which so many trained to be above and in
their own fray.

The sound system filled the void left by the planes
with names and prayers and poems and choruses.

Offered by adults who were children only after the conflicts
and children everyone sent to bed each night with a prayer they never would
know conflict.

"How?" one asked, how did they fight in those big black hats?"
No answer came from the four in field dress on each side of the monument,
nor anyone on the dais,
nor the man nearby in a thousand-dollar topcoat
nor the woman in braids with bare tattooed legs
nor those whose graves were kissed
by a poppy in every village and town and city.

Without prompting heads bowed at the first notes of a bugle
except for the clear-eyed uniformed aged who stood at attention, eyes forward
peering into past glories that were tragedies
and tragedies that were glories.

Something like the cold wind squeezed tears down smooth and pockmarked and stubbled cheeks, licked from the corners of their mouths or wiped on a sleeve.

After silence new notes from the bugle.

Released from their place in the frieze, some slipped away during the slow parade of wreaths. Most stayed awkwardly. More words, then the drums beat the retreat, the not-fallen marched off.

What now?

****Choral Commissioning**

E. Daley

(The choir will sing through once, and then the congregation is invited to join in.)

**May God's love surround you,
may God's wisdom guide you,
may God's light shine upon you,
until we meet again.**

Postlude

Gabriel's Oboe (from *The Mission*)
Sam Cancellara – Trumpet

Ennio Morricone (1928-2020)

Sam Cancellara holds a Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance from the University of Toronto where he studied with Professor Stephen Chennette. He has studied at the Banff School of Fine Arts with the Canadian Brass, Armando Ghitalla, Robert Nagel and David Hickman as well as in Toronto with Larry Weeks. Further studies have taken him to The Aspen Music Festival in Colorado with members of The American Brass Quintet. Sam has performed professionally with The Canadian Opera Company, Hannaford Street Silver Band, numerous brass ensembles and Symphony Orchestras, and is currently Principal Trumpet of both the Mississauga Symphony Orchestra and the Etobicoke Philharmonic Orchestra. **Thank you Sam**, for sharing your gifts with us this morning!

[1] Laurence Binyon, excerpted

[2] Wendy Lyons, with permission

12.

THANK YOU to all who submitted photos of family members and loved ones and allowed us to share these memories in the photo montage created for this Remembrance Sunday worship service. Lest We Forget.

The Senior Choir of Fairlawn Avenue United Church

Eleanor Daley, Director of Music

presents the Ontario premiere of

Magnificat

by Taylor Scott Davis

with chamber orchestra

Sunday, December 1 at 10:30 am

Minister – Rev. Dr. Cameron Watts
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Director of Music – Eleanor Daley
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Maintenance Services – Salto Grande
Jimena Noquiera, Flor Gutierrez

Website

<https://www.fairlawnchurch.ca/>

Events Calendar

<https://www.fairlawnchurch.ca/events/>

Online Worship

<https://www.fairlawnchurch.ca/spirituality/sermons/>

Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/FairlawnAveChurch>

Instagram

<https://www.instagram.com/fairlawnavenueunited/>

Video

Pizza Boy Productions Inc.
Josh Dela Cruz, Amanda Phillips



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