

**NOVEMBER
2018**

SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

35 County Route 33
Madrid, New York 13660



PARSON—TO—PERSON

*Of course, there is great gain in godliness combined with contentment;
for we brought nothing into the world, so that we can take nothing out
of it.*
(1 Timothy 6:6-7).

The Russian author Tolstoy tells the story of a rich peasant who was never satisfied. He always wanted more. He heard of a wonderful chance to get more land. For 1,000 rubles he could have all the land he could walk around in a day. But he had to make it back by sundown or lose all his money.

He arose early and set out. He walked on and on, his greed driving him just a little farther as he saw new territory. Finally he realized that he had to turn back and he had to walk very fast if he was to get back in time to claim the land. As the sun got lower in the sky, he quickened his pace. As the sun neared the horizon, he began to run. Finally, he saw the starting place. His heart was pounding rapidly and he was gasping for breath, but he gave it everything he had and plunged over the finish line, fell to the ground, and collapsed, just seconds before the sun disappeared below the horizon. A stream of blood poured out of his mouth and he lay dead. His servant took a spade and dug a grave. He made it just long enough and just wide enough and buried him.

The title of Tolstoy's story is "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" He concludes by saying, "Six feet from his head to his heels was all he needed."

Although Tolstoy penned his tale in 1886 in Russia, it speaks to our times. A T-shirt put it: "All I want is a little bit more than I'll ever have." Let's face it: the world instills in us the attitude, "To be happy, I need more."

Wealth is uncertain. Stuff is unreliable.

We eventually lose all our stuff, either before we die or after.

Underneath our desire for more there is a good desire: a desire to make our lives better. But if we spend our lives just trying to get more, eventually it will all be taken away. We need to put our hope where it belongs. Paul says we brought nothing into the world and we can take nothing out of it.

There is one thing that can't be taken away from us, and that is Jesus' love and forgiveness. That's our firm foundation. Putting our hope in Jesus is how we take hold of the life that is truly life. We can't take any of our stuff with us, but hope in Jesus Christ is the one thing that we can take with us.

He is the giver of all good things, including his own life. Doesn't it make sense for us to put our hope in that?

Peace, my friends,
Pastor Rich



The Power of Gratitude *Praising, Loving, Serving, Giving*

Therefore, since we are receiving a kingdom that can't be shaken, let's continue to express our gratitude. With this gratitude, let's serve in a way that is pleasing to God with respect and awe. (Hebrews 12:28 CEB)

Most of us have seen the Capital One television ads with the theme "What's in Your Wallet?" It is almost tempting to use that slogan as a stewardship theme. (But I won't.) However, let's keep that rolling around someplace in our brains as we consider some important stewardship principles from a Reformed perspective.

Ownership: God owns it all. All "our" money and possessions are in fact owned by someone else, our God.

Stewardship: Our role is manager of that portion of God's resources that come under our control. This is just as relevant for the money we spend at the grocery, and add to our retirement plans, as it is for giving to the church's collection on Sunday.

Perspective: So, then, every financial decision becomes a spiritual decision, a part of our response to our Savior. This is a wonderful, but possibly overwhelming insight.

Choice: With each of our financial decisions, we can ask ourselves, "Who will we serve?" We know it is not possible to serve both God and money. We get to choose.

Direction: Fortunately, there is a lot of help for the journey. God's Word speaks often about money and we can seek God's direction in prayer.

Over the years, I've become strongly convinced of two things: Money and possessions are impossible measures by which to judge others (as though we should be trying in the first place). But I am equally convinced it is a useful topic to use to look into our own hearts. Our introspection will identify reasons to rejoice as we see the ways in which our decisions about money show that we truly, like King David, are after God's heart. But it can also show us our sin and selfishness, often in blunt ways. If you're like me, you may realize that most of your financial decisions have been quietly guided by cultural norms rather than by a Godly perspective. Fortunately, we can lean on grace, then learn to subject our financial perspective to match God's, just one step at a time.

Peace my friends,
Pastor Rich

Presbyterian Women's annual Thank Offering is being collected this month. Women who would like to participate can hand in their envelopes (or request one) to Grace or Mary Jane; or return it at the PW meeting on Thursday, November 15th.



Presbyterian Women working together!

Stewardship Brunch

The Stewardship Committee invites you and your family to the annual worship service and brunch on Sunday, November 18. Our annual stewardship pledge drive is a special time in the life of our church. We give thanks to God for our blessings, and look forward with the hope and optimism to serve our Lord in the coming year. Our friends, members, and families are invited to join us in the celebration of our Christian fellowship.



STEWARDSHIP SUNDAY November 18, 2018

Generosity opens our hearts
Generosity connects us with God and others
Generosity changes lives
Generosity embodies love
Generosity becomes a witness of gratitude
Generosity is a never ending adventure
Generosity puts God's purposes first
Generosity is not a transaction it is transformation
Generosity begins and ends with God
Generosity multiplies our time, talent and treasure for God's glory

You should have received the Stewardship brochure and a pledge card for 2019. Pledge cards will be dedicated during the worship service on November 18. If you are not able to attend, please prayerfully consider your pledge as God guides you. Then, mail it back to the church (Scotch Presbyterian Church, 35 County Route 33, Madrid, NY 13660). Thank you.





PW Annual Christmas Luncheon

Presbyterian Women are again hosting the Annual Christmas Luncheon, to be held on **Wednesday, December 5th** at the Lobster House in Norwood.

Please feel free to bring a friend or relative with you to enjoy a chance to have lunch together and relax during the holiday season. It is always an enjoyable experience that has become a holiday tradition for the women of our congregation.

Gathering time is 11:30 am at the Lobster House.

Please call Diana Fisher at 322-5610 or Mary Jane Thompson at 322-8923, to RSVP as we need to give the restaurant a number to set up for. Thank you!



We find many things to be thankful for.... Take a few moments of every day to thank God for his grace and the warmth of his love. He enriches our lives every day.

The Journey

Walking the Road
to Bethlehem

Come on Monday evenings from November 26 – December 17 as we journey with Rev. Adam Hamilton as he travels from Nazareth to Bethlehem in this fascinating look at the birth of Jesus Christ.

Each exciting and informative DVD session contains 10-15 minute video vignettes as Rev. Hamilton retraces the actual path of Mary and Joseph's journey to Bethlehem. We will explore the Biblical texts surrounding the journey as we gain new and fresh understandings of the Christmas story.

Along the way, we will step into the shoes of Mary and Joseph and ultimately make our way to Bethlehem. **Please join Pastor Rich as he guides this study beginning Monday, November 19 at 7:00 p.m. in the Upper Room.**

UPCOMING DATES

Nov 12... Adult Study: The Call:

Called to be Faithful, in Upper Room at 7:00 pm. Next series begins Nov 19th on Monday evening. See the calendar on page 4 for more info on "The Journey".

Nov 15 ... 10:30 am, PW meets in Upper Room. Carolyn Hinkle will lead bible study of the book, "God's Promise." Thank Offering envelopes may be returned at this meeting.

Nov 15 ... Free Will Community Dinner at St. Mary's, Waddington, 4:30—6:00 pm.

Nov 17... St. Mary's Fall Bazaar, 9 am—3 pm at St. Mary's Parish Hall, Waddington. Vendors/craft/bake sale/silent auction included. Soup & sandwich lunch served.

Nov 18... Stewardship Sunday. Luncheon to follow the worship service.

Nov 18... 7:00 pm, Ecumenical Thanksgiving Service, sponsored by the M-W Ministerial Association, held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Waddington.

Nov 22... Thanksgiving Day

Dec 2 First Sunday of Advent

Dec 5 Annual Christmas Luncheon at the Lobster House, 11:30 a.m. See page 3 for more information.



IT'S NEVER TOO EARLY TO MAKE PLANS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS!!!

Mark your calendars for Saturday, December 22 from 4:00-7:00 p.m. and plan to attend the Hinkles' Christmas Open House. More details to come in the December newsletter.



A Memorial Service for Helen "Marion" Acres, age 91, was held at 11:00 am on November 3, 2018 at the Scotch Presbyterian Church.

Marion passed away on Tuesday, October 9, 2018 at the Maplewood Healthcare & Rehab in Canton, New York.

Our sympathy has been extended to her family. Marion's absence is deeply felt by her church family.

The eulogy presented at the memorial service by Marion's son-in-law, Michael Thexton, has been re-printed on pages 8-12 of this newsletter.





All are invited to attend an Ecumenical Thanksgiving Worship Service on Sunday, November 18, at 7:00 p.m. at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Waddington. This service is sponsored by the Madrid-Waddington Ministerial Association.

FOR SALE!!

**"BEST EVER" BROOMS
@ \$10.00 each**



Call Mindy Fisher, the new
"Broom Lady" at 315-323-2642; or
email melindaf70@gmail.com to secure
a new broom. Our thanks to
Betty Crump for her many years as
"Broom Lady" and keeping us
supplied with brooms!

November CELEBRATIONS

We celebrate your special day !

HAPPY "November" BIRTHDAY to...

1 Trudy Fisher
10.... Judson Easterwood
19 Paula Allen
19.... Tom Fife
20.... Janet Hargrave Emmett
21 ... Greg Fisher
21 ... Pastor Rich Hinkle

**There are no "November"
ANNIVERSARIES submitted.**

Please call or email your dates to me to be added to the calendar so that we can recognize your family's special days.

~ Mindy Fisher 322-5585

Or email me at fisher@potssdam.edu



Pastor's Contact Information....

**Pastor Rich Hinkle
315-742-7561
preacherman1121@gmail.com**



November 2018

Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat

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|--|---|---|---|--|---|---|---|
| | | | | | 1 Happy Birthday <i>Trudy Fisher</i> | 2 | 3 <i>Memorial Service</i> for Marion Acres, 11:00 am |
| 4 <i>Daylight Savings</i> <i>Ends—turn clock</i> <i>back</i> | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 <i>Polar Plunge</i> | |
| 11 <i>Veteran's Day</i> 32nd Sunday in Ordinary Time | 12 Adult Study, 7 pm The Call: Called to be Faith- ful | 13 <i>Presbytery of NNY</i> meets 10:30 am in Ogdensburg | 14 | 15 PW meets in Upper Room at 10:30 am St. Mary's Free Will Dinner 4:30- 6:00, Wadding- | 16 | 17 <i>St. Mary's Fall</i> <i>Bazaar, 9-3 pm,</i> <i>Waddington</i> | |
| 18 STEWARDSHIP SUNDAY , lunch- eon following wor- ship | 19 Happy B'Day Paula Allen & Tom Fife Adult Study, 7pm The Journey: Mary | 20 <i>Happy Birthday</i> Janet H. Emmett | 21 <i>Happy Birthday</i> Greg Fisher Pastor Rich | 22 Happy  Thanksgiving | 23 | 24 | |
| 25 <i>Christ the King</i> Sunday Session Meeting <i>after worship</i> | 26 Adult Study, 7 pm The Journey: Jo- seph | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | |  |

EULOGY FOR MARION ACRES ~ Lovingly delivered by Michael Thexton
3 November 2018

We were on our annual visit to Marion's in the summer of last year, 2017, when she turned to me with that way she had, and said, "Now then Michael". I fully expected to be asked to do some little job around the house that had been waiting for a pair of stronger hands to be available. When she said, "I would like you to speak at my memorial service," I was just about lost for words. Honoured, yes; a little nervous; most of all, quietly confident that I would not have to deliver on this promise for several years. She always seemed to me to be permanent, a fixed point in all our lives.

You won't be surprised to hear that Marion gave me one or two instructions. She didn't like the idea of a eulogy. She thought it would involve a "bragging list" – her words. I promised not to brag. But I told her that, like it or not, her memorial service would mostly be about her. I think she accepted that was how these things are.

Marion was born 5 April 1927 in Richmond, Ontario, to Bert and Florence Hartin who had a 100 acre dairy farm. They christened her Helen Marion, but always used her second name, Marion. Earlier this year, when she moved into the nursing home in Canton, the nurses made the usual assumption and called her Helen. At the time she had gone through a bout of severe illness and had been unconscious for several days. The first thing she said on coming around, on being asked, "How are you today, Helen?" was "I prefer to be called Marion."

She was the second child of four: Sisters Lois, Bunny, and younger brother, Gilbert, have all gone before her. She described her childhood as poor, but happy, surrounded by an extended family that included two grandmothers and one grandfather. She walked two miles to elementary school, and later went on to high school in Richmond. She had a summer job two years running with the Royal Mounted Police in Ottawa, then took her teaching certificate and started to teach.

Things changed when she met young Carman Acres at a dance in Manotick. They were married on 25 March 1948 when Marion was not quite 21. The Acres family farm was not big enough to support the whole of the next family generation, so Marion and Carman looked for a farm in the USA – in those days you could get a better farm for less money over here. They had to take a test for a temporary visa, and negotiated to buy their farm on Brandy Brook Road from Walter and Stella Short. Marion recalled that Stella interviewed Carman's mother, Olive, before approving of the sale.

Carman moved to the States in May 1948 with \$11,000, 11 cows, and a team of horses. Marion followed shortly afterwards after finishing her teaching job. There was no bridge then - she came over on the Prescott to Ogdensburg ferry on 18 June 1948. They had to live in the States for 7 years before they could apply for naturalisation. Kathy came across the papers when she was clearing out some of Marion's cupboards. Marion was recorded as weighing 120 lbs and Carman weighed only 140 lbs. This is all so long ago that Carman and Marion were also recorded as British citizens rather than Canadians. We learned a

little history that day – Canada only introduced its own citizenship on 1 January 1947, and Marion and Carman's papers must have predated that change. She really did grow up in a different world.

Marion continued to teach for 2 more years in a one room school house on the Madrid Waddington Rd, grades one through 12, and then came many years of family and farming. Wendy was born in 1950, then Beth, Laurie, Fay, Trevor, Kevin, Brian, Kathy, Mardi and finally Mark in 1965. In the early years, they kept chickens and sold eggs in town – Marion used to say that the eggs paid for the farm. Marion milked cows in those early days and Carman equally never hesitated folding and changing the many cloth diapers of the ever-increasing numbers of children. They managed the childcare in part by sharing the younger ones amongst the older ones. She recalled the tremendous sense of community life when farmers shared machinery and helped each other get the crops in during the fall months.

What was it like growing up with Marion and Carman as parents in a family of 12? Those early family photos tell a certain story – the children are either very dressed up, or, looking a little feral, often barefoot and enjoying holding a small animal. There was the dressed up side where the children were taught how to behave respectfully to others, went to church every Sunday, got decent grades, and absorbed the unspoken expectation that they were going on to further education. Marion was very pro-education and interested in the world beyond St Lawrence County. There were subscriptions to two daily newspapers, Newsweek, and consumer magazines to read around the house; books on politics appeared. She always kept up with the latest developments. Even in February of this year when she was showing signs of decline, Marion said with some excitement, "We're getting Uber in Potsdam!"

At home, Marion and Carman never used physical force to impart discipline, only the allocation of yet more work. As teenagers, the Acres children were never given a curfew at the weekends, but could fill up the car with gas as they wished and come home any time of the night – as long as they were able to contribute to the collective workforce that was Sunny Acres Farm. The work was constant and the only reprieve was on Sundays, but even then the cows needed feeding and milking. Learning to drive: here's the keys to the car, and Carman pointing to an open field. The children even convinced their parents to put in a swimming pool in return for giving up their Christmas presents the next Christmas, but of course presents appeared anyway! There were snowmobile parties and skating on the pond in the winter. On a few occasions Carman and Marion managed to get away from it all on proper vacations, but what the children got up to while they were gone may have put them off leaving again.

There were plenty of bruises, broken bones, and crashed bikes. There are memories too of the dangers that a farmer's life brings such as Carman losing the tops of three fingers in machinery, and days when he lay on the coolness of a vinyl sofa after a hose split and sprayed him with boiling water, scalding him all over his chest.

Marion said that the community was important to her in the hard times as well: people would rally round and look after each other. Two barn fires and a house fire, no one hurt,

but rebuilding to be done and children to be put up in friends' houses in the meantime. Trevor had a brain tumour age eight which resulted in significant learning difficulties throughout his life and severe strokes which he died of at age 25 in 1982. Laurie died of another serious illness in 1991. Mark developed schizophrenia when he was barely a teenager, a mental illness which to this day still is not scientifically understood. Marion tirelessly championed the cause of the mentally ill for years until his death in 2005. She bore most of Mark's care alone, as Carman had also died far too young in 1986 when he was just 63. Marion was married for 38 years and a widow for 32. For many years she made a regular donation to a charity which organises memorial walks, arranging for someone to carry the names of Trevor, Laurie, Mark and Carman.

While raising her family she was deeply involved in many activities which served people of all ages in her community. In 1994, Marion was deemed worthy of the DeWitt Clinton Award, which is the highest award a Masonic Lodge can give a non-Mason.

- She has been a member of this church for 70 years, and when we last checked she was still listed on the church's website as the Clerk of Session! She held the office for 25 years, and we suspect that she may have kept herself going until she was satisfied that Pastor Rich had been properly installed as the minister this summer.
- She served as leader of the Chipman 4-H Club for 18 years overseeing a membership of 60 children with 20 overall leaders under her supervision.
- For 13 years she was on the Committee of Children's Education, serving as the parent advocate for children with special needs in the Madrid-Waddington school district.
- For many years she worked as a volunteer and member of the Alliance for the Mentally Ill and travelled to their national conferences. It was here she found information on a new medication that helped Mark.
- She took the annual test to be qualified to act as an election worker on voting days, serving at elections right up to the 2016 Presidential. I'm sure she would have been scrupulously impartial when on duty, but she was disappointed not to live to see a woman elected president of the United States.
- Up until recently she worked as a home service volunteer with Hospice, giving families respite care and in several years clocked up over 1,000 miles. All that care for other people came back to her in the end, with the love and attention paid to her by the hospice nurses in her final stay at the Maplewood home in Canton.
- Marion was one of the group of local church people who opened the "New Beginnings" thrift store in Madrid, which helps those in need to obtain food and clothing, a cause that

she was passionate about. She loved working with the other volunteers there and hated to miss a Saturday visiting with the customers. Her motto was always “Focus on the mission!”

It was in the last third of her life that I met her. I was always astonished by her energy and her industry. She had given up the Chipman Stitchery, a fabric store which she started in her living room. Instead she ran a bed and breakfast business, The Chipman Acres Guest House, for 25 years out of her newly built home, having kept a plot of land from the sale of the family farm to son, Kevin. When we jokingly asked why she finally gave it up at the age of 86, she said, “I’m tired of working weekends!”

The Acres siblings descended on Brandy Brook Road for a week or two most summers from when I married Kathy in 1990 to this year. Marion provided the accommodation and the food, and also the reason for us all meeting up. The cousins have developed lifelong friendships as a result of these gatherings, and have grown to really love their aunts and uncles. Fay has a fun relationship with Molly and Isabel, playing “Truth or Dare” (the girls trust Fay absolutely to keep their secrets, and we have no idea what they have told her). Isabel still remembers Kevin taking her skating at the Massena Mall, being very impressed that he didn’t even have to lace his skates, and could go backwards just as easily as forwards. Kevin has put in many hours towing Izi and Molly around the St Lawrence River on a tube – first a small one, then Molly told him he needed to get a larger size as they grew up, but didn’t grow out of wanting to go tubing. Marion often watched from the shore, maybe a little nervous about the screams of delight, but enjoying her grandchildren having fun. And always wearing an enormous pair of sunglasses.

Only this summer, Mardi overheard Zoe saying to Brent in the back of the car, “When we have children we are going to have to get together like this each summer”. I hope they do manage to maintain that tradition. I often wondered how Marion felt about the change of her usual routine and peace, to having a house full of children telling her what to do, and grandchildren playing games all over her floor, and trays of delicious bread rolls disappearing almost as soon as she made them. Of course, she said that she loved it; she said she was lonely when we all left.

In the summer of 2017, Kathy and I remarked that Marion seemed if anything to be more with it than ever – a little more bent, a little less mobile, but whizzing about with a walker and not apparently slowing down at all. It has been hard to see her decline over the past year. Phyllis and Kevin have been a tremendous support for her, showing wonderful patience and kindness, first while she was still living at home, then through stays in hospital and eventually taking up residence at Maplewood. The care she received there, especially from the hospice nurses, was a comfort to all of us as well as to her.

Kathy asked her this year, “are you afraid of dying?” She simply answered, “I have my faith.”

There, I have sketched for you 91 years of a remarkable woman who would have told you she was just an ordinary woman. I found a passage entitled “What is a Presbyterian Woman?” in a file of family papers, and I guess it was something Marion kept as an inspiration and a challenge.

What is a Presbyterian Woman? (taken from “The Torch”)

God borrows from many creatures to make a Presbyterian Woman. God takes the voice of a meadow-lark, the stubbornness of a mule, the curiosity of a cat, the spryness of a grasshopper and the strength of a packhorse to create a Presbyterian Woman.

A Presbyterian Woman can be found anywhere. She can be found in the Church choir. She might be found in the Church kitchen. She’s often found in the Church office and on Sundays, she will be found in the Sunday school program. She is also found in boardrooms, behind a cash register, or at a school PTA function. She quilts, bakes, knits and volunteers at the hospital. She even bowls!

A Presbyterian Woman is comfort with a casserole in her hand. She is service cleaning up after a luncheon. She is compassion with a pledge card in her purse. She is friendship with a cheerful smile on her face and she is very hungry for knowledge armed with a Bible and a Study Book. Church Sessions include Presbyterian Women. Church secretaries slave for them. Husbands despair for them, and Heaven protects them.

A Presbyterian Woman is a dreamer and a worker, dreaming great dreams for her children, her church and her country, and she’s working to make those dreams come true. She’s a link with the past, a powerful force in the present and an investment in the future.

I thought that was written for Marion.

This church is built on such as her. We will all miss her.

