
ROXBORO REVELATIONS

Volume 87

Editor: Cynthia Snow

Fall 2026

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Fall 2025



MESSAGE FROM YOUR MINISTER

Greetings Friends,

As the evenings lengthen, the temperature gets cooler and the autumn smells drift through the breeze, we find ourselves back into the activities of our Faith Community. Roxboro comes alive in the fall with Thanksgiving, our Harvest Dinner and Bazaar as well as other various activities and events. It is good that we can continue to enjoy each other and foster new and deeper connection in our community.

This fall we will be facing some major decisions that will impact our future, but, I and our Council believe, in a good way. We will face questions like; How can we be accommodating? What are we willing to give up? How can we make space for others? What can we do as individuals and as a community to grow deeper relationships with those who share our building and ministry?

I am not daunted by these questions. I see them as an opportunity to find a deeper connection to our call to be the people of God. I encourage you to read the letter sent out to you by email and included with the Thanksgiving letter. I further encourage you to come to the meetings in person, if possible, and ask questions. This is a time to be involved with your Faith Community as a full participant in our future.

Our first meeting will take place September 27 following a brief worship. The second meeting and vote will take place Sunday, October 4 following worship. Then we will continue with our Thanksgiving celebration

with communion on Sunday, October 11 with Wayne Johnson accompanying our music and Irene singing for us once again. It's going to be a great autumn.

Peace and love in Christ

Rev. Darryl Macdonald



MESSAGE FROM COUNCIL

I hope you had a wonderful summer, the weeks certainly did fly by. This summer we once again joined the other members of the West Island and Beyond United Church(WIBUC) Cluster to travel from Hudson to Rosemère for our Sunday services. The theme was Good Neighbours. It was great to meet up again with our many good neighbours. On many of the weeks a pop-up choir provided extra oomph to the music. I am not sure who enjoyed the choirs more....the choir members or the congregations, probably a tie. Over the summer our finances did take a bit of a downturn as we are many of us are on vacation. Please consider looking at your Pre-Authorized Remittance (PAR) donations and if you use envelopes and were not here over the summer perhaps you might be able to play a little catch up for the weeks away.

Now is also a good time to start using PAR if you aren't already. If you go into the kitchen, you will notice a couple of changes, a new microwave and refrigerator. Both items were provided by Meals on Wheels, a big thank you to them.

As we head into the fall months our activities will start to ramp up, we have the Bazaar coming up first, followed shortly by a couple of concerts that you can read about under Special Events.

On a sad note, we lost one of our long-time members this summer. Jim Madsen, passed away in July shortly after his 97th birthday. Jim was a cornerstone of this congregation for many years, quietly providing service and support in many ways. In addition, Jim was one of the founding members of the Trailblazers. With the Trailblazers he provided music monthly to our congregation as well as entertainment at many of the local senior's residences and local shows. Jim's funeral this past week was a beautiful testament to a man who lived his life in a way that many of us can only aspire to do.

Blessings,
Janet St-Pierre
Roxboro United Church Council Chair



Submitted by Bev Baker

To glance at us is to see silver hair, reading glasses, a slower walk across a parking lot. To truly know us is to understand that we are survivors of a vanished world. We were born into kitchens with rotary telephones bolted to the wall and radios humming in the background. We learned to dial by touch and to wait by habit. And somehow, without losing ourselves, we crossed into an age of satellites, smartphones and artificial intelligence whispering answers from the clouds.

We survived the crossing!

Our story began in the forties, fifties and sixties, when the world was just catching its breath after war. Cities were rebuilding. Families were mending. Hope felt cautious but determined. We grew up in neighborhoods where front doors were rarely locked and summer evenings stretched long beneath streetlights.

We were children of scrapped knees and open fields. We played marbles in the dirt, jacks on the sidewalk, checkers on scarred wooden tables. We wore bicycles without helmets and drank water straight from the hose. We had no idea that one day our grandchildren would swipe glowing screens, their games stored inside glass thinner than a notebook.

Saturday mornings meant cartoons on a single television channel. If you missed a show, you missed it. Music lived on vinyl records that cracked softly before the first note. Later, we carried cassette tapes in our pockets, rewinding them with pencils when the ribbon tangled.

We were teenagers when the world seemed to vibrate with change. The golden haze of the fifties gave way to the turbulence of the sixties, and the neon rebellion of the seventies. We saw protests in the street. We heard speeches that shook governments. We gathered in muddy fields for outdoor festivals where hundreds of thousands believed music could bend history towards peace. Towering speakers sent sound rolling across open skies. Strangers locked arms and sang the same chorus as if harmony was possible.

We studied with ink-stained fingers. Our notes were handwritten, each word shaped deliberately. Research meant libraries and card catalogs. If you wanted knowledge, you searched for it. There was no cut or copy or paste. No instant search bar. Information was not disposable. It was earned.

We fell in love slowly. We waited by telephones for calls that might or might not come. We wrote letters folded carefully into envelopes. We danced in living rooms, socks sliding across polished floors, while records spun and time felt generous.

Then came careers, mortgages, children. The eighties and nineties were years of building. We learned to balance cheque books, to fix broken appliances, to stretch pay cheques. We raised

families through recessions and recoveries. We watched the Berlin Wall fall. We saw old enemies become trading partners. We did not read about history in textbooks. We walked through the fire.

Consider the bridge we crossed!

We are the only generation to have lived a fully analog childhood and a digital adulthood. We remember waiting days for a handwritten letter to cross the ocean. Now we see a loved one's face instantly on a hand held screen, their voice traveling through space in seconds. We moved from typewriters to laptops, from punch cards and filing cabinets to gigabytes of memory carried in our pockets.

We spanned two centuries. We watched the calendar turn from 1999 to 2000 with a mixture of awe and uncertainty. We have lived through eight decades of invention, upheaval, reinvention. Our clothing alone tells the story: stiff Oxfords and pressed dresses, then bell-bottoms and denim jackets, then comfortable blue jeans, and sensible shoes of hard-earned wisdom.

Our bodies carry their own timeline. We remember the fear of polio, the caution around tuberculosis. We lined up for vaccines that felt miraculous. We later heard of swine flue and other outbreaks that stirred our anxieties. And when COVID-19 brought the world to a sudden global hush, we understood something about endurance. We had seen fear before. We knew how to wait it out, how to check on neighbours, how to endure silence.

We saw scientists decode DNA, unlocking the blueprint of life itself. We watched medicine move from house calls to robotic surgery. We drove cars that once rattled and coughed, and now see vehicles glide almost silently down the road powered by electricity.

We have buried friends. Too many. Each farewell a reminder that survival is both a privilege and ache. Those of us still here carry their stories. We remember the jokes they told, the songs they loved, the way they laughed with their whole bodies. In that remembrance, we form a quiet brotherhood and sisterhood that only shared decades can create.

We watched the first moon landing on grainy screens, holding our breath as a human footprint pressed into lunar dust. We watched the rise of

the internet, unsure at first what it would mean. We learned email. Then texting. Then video calls. Each time the world changed, we adapted. Not perfectly. Not instantly. But faithfully.

And now, in these later years, we are not relics – we are architects!

We remember when time moved more slowly. We remember the taste of lemonade from a glass bottle sweating in the heat. The snap of a vegetable pulled fresh from the garden. The sound of conversation uninterrupted by notifications. We know that speed is not the same as depth, and that connection requires more than a signal.

What a life we have led! Breathtaking! Exhausting! Beautiful!

If you belong to this era, pause for a moment. Look in the mirror not for wrinkles, but for resilience. See the decades reflected there. See the child who once played in the dirt and the adult who learned to navigate satellites and screens.

We are not simply getting older.....we are becoming legend.

A generation that began with landlines and now speaks to machines that answer back. A generation that crossed from steam to silicon. A generation that remembers, adapts and endures.

We are one of a kind!

UCW NEWS



Hello Everyone,

Our next Three Sisters Luncheon will be on Sunday, October 18th, 2026, at 11:30 a.m. We will hold the Installation of your Executive and play a friendly fun game of Fall Family Feud. Sure to be fun!

Before that, on October 17th, 2026, we will host our annual Harvest Dinner. Our annual Christmas Bazaar will take place on Saturday, November 7th, 2026, 9 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

More information to follow regarding updates and future meetings. We have some fun gatherings near Christmas.

Blessings, Cindy Snow, President U.C.W.



Love is sharing your popcorn.
-Charles M Schulz



The Harvest Dinner will be held **Saturday, October 17th, 2026, at 6:00 p.m. for the welcome punch and 6:30 p.m. for dinner.**

The Harvest Dinner is a fundraiser coordinated by the UCW, prepared by our Chefs extraordinaire, Janet and Francois St. Pierre and their team. Monies raised go to the General Funds of the church and are used to support the church in their ministry. Tickets are \$25. There will be no program following the dinner. Come out and enjoy a delicious meal with family and friends and an evening of catching up and reconnecting after the summer. Should you wish, please bring your own beverages.

For more information, please speak to Bev Baker. Please consider volunteering, we need your help, however small.



MESSAGE FROM YOUR EDITOR

Hello everyone,

Autumn is officially here! I hope you all had a blessed summer.

As far as Revelations moving forward, please continue to submit stories, activities and information to share. Maybe you would consider interviewing someone for "Our Church family"? The sky is the limit!

Happy Thanksgiving to you and your family.

Cynthia Snow – three.ms@sympatico.ca



In loving memory



July 2nd, 1929 – July 12th, 2026

Jim Madsen

It is with heavy hearts that we announce that Herbert James (Jim) Madsen passed away peacefully in his sleep at home the morning of July 12th, 2026.

He was born in Findlater, Saskatchewan on July 2nd, 1929, to his parents Axel and Mary (Pridmore) Madsen, predeceased by them and his sister Evelyn Spencer.

Jim leaves to mourn, his loving wife Margaret (married 73 years) their three children Rhonda, Donald and Karen (Karl Reiter) Madsen, nine grand children and fourteen great grand children.

He was so loving and kind to them all and cherished their visits. He was a wonderful family man for us all. He approached life with wisdom, positivity and humor. Friends and family will miss his big smile and friendship. Jim worked for CN Railway for forty-three years and enjoyed his work very much.

In loving memory



March 6, 1933 - July 23, 2026

Beth Phillips

Known to many Roxboro United Church members and many cherished friends and family, Beth Phillips passed away on July 23rd, 2026. Beth was a Sunday school teacher and sang in the choir and loved her Roxboro United Church family.

She leaves behind her adored children, Kim (Doug), Karen (Tom), Edward (Brenda), Bruce (Joyce) and Wendy, nine grandchildren and seven great grandchildren. She will be sadly missed by many.

**Those we love don't go away,
They walk beside us every day.
Unseen, unheard, but always near.
Still loved, still missed, and very
dear.**



My story with Scouting in Canada

Submitted by Vivien Lapa

While the memory of Jim Madsen's funeral is still in my mind, I wanted to let others know about my world of Scouting.

Born in Ottawa to newly arrived Polish immigrants, many of their friends decided to build their summer cottages in the mid-50's, near the town of Barry's Bay Ontario, some 50km away from the east gate of Algonquin Park. They suggested that I attend one of the newly created Polish Girl Guide camps, in 1956 with the idea that I would spend the month of July there and then in August stay at one of their places.

Later when our sons joined the Scouting movement, in the early 80's, at St. Barnabas. We had not yet become members of Roxboro United. And so I became a Beaver Leader, a post that lasted for 8 years, with lots of meetings locally and then district-wise.

It was at those occasions that I met Jim, Claudia and others, sharing great events such as volunteering to man the crowds when Pope John Paul II, (a fellow Pole) at Jarry park or for me especially, the meeting in 1983 Robert Lord Baden Powell, the grandson of the Scouting movement.

But why Scouting was important for me is that I always felt left out, speaking with an accent that no one could define or did not know/

adhere to the usual ways of life in Canada. It was when I attended camp the first time, in the "middle of nowhere" with fellow Polish Canadians, that I felt normal, not different. Thus, I shall always be grateful to that special time in the wilderness with fellow followers of Scouting.

Jim was such a gentle and honourable man to meet and know during those years. R.I.P. Jim and Thank You for your Scouting guidance.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Mark your calendars for two upcoming events:

The Lakeshore Players

November 19th to November 22nd, 2026, the Lakeshore Players will once again be putting on a one act play at Roxboro United. We provide the space for the show, and the Lakeshore Players do all the rest. Roxboro United receives 25% of the sales (after expenses). Get a group together and enjoy an evening out or a Sunday matinée. More details to follow.

Kirkland Concert Band (KCB).

Saturday, December 5th, 2026, an annual Christmas tradition at RUC will come to our church once again! Every year the band puts on a new selection of Christmas music to delight all ages. Followed by a dessert reception provided by the members of the band. Profits are shared equally between KBC and RUC. Don't forget to bring a non-perishable item or money donation for the food bank.

Janet St-Pierre
Special Events Committee



Our Christmas Bazaar is approaching and will be held on Saturday, November 7th, 2026, between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m.

Please start collecting items for the bazaar as we need your contributions to make it successful. You can begin dropping off items after the Harvest dinner, on Monday, October 19th, 2026. Please leave items by the freezer area on the stage.

If there is anyone who wants to help, please see me or call me. We always need an extra pair of hands.

Lynda Scardocchio, Co-ordinator



FOND D'AIDE, ON ROCK AND RICOCHET

Our church supports Fond d'aide, On Rock and Ricochet all year. Every third Sunday is food Sunday at RUC. Last December, we collected money for ON Rock to help purchase toys as their toys were flooded and were ruined. We also support Ricochet in the West Island. Today they continue to need our assistance. Please consider gift cards from Fundscrip through our church. It's a wonderful way to support our Outreach Program and it helps the church too. You can send your cheque payable to Roxboro United Church, 21, 9th Avenue, Roxboro, QC, H8Y 2M7. You may also e-transfer your donation to bevbaker@sympatico.ca. If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact Claudia at (514)684-0114.

Terry's Corner Submitted by Terry Wong

- When life throws you a curveball, turn it into coffee.
- We never really grow up. We only learn how to behave in public.
- Not sure if life is passing me by or just trying to run me over.
- Life is like looking at your phone. Most of the time it's in your hand.
- I tried to lead a healthy life, but my kitchen had other plans.
- Life is 10% of what happens to you and 90% of how you react to it.
- Sometimes good things fall apart so that better things can fall together.
- Making one-person smile can change the world. Maybe not the whole world, but their world.
- Not all storms come to disrupt your life. Some come to clear your path.
- If only vegetables smelled as good as bacon.
- When a kid says, "Daddy I want mommy", that's the kid version of "I'd like to speak to your supervisor".
- Reading gives us some place to go when we have to stay where we are.
- I don't drink coffee to wake up; I wake up to drink coffee.
- Childhood injuries; Fell off my bike, fell out of tree, twisted my ankle.
Adult injuries: Slept wrong, sat down too long, sneezed too hard.
- Teaching is a walk in the park: Jurassic Park
- I hate things when you lose things at work like pens, paper, life, sanity and dreams.
- A best friend is like a four-leaf clover, hard to find and lucky to have.

All quotations and jokes are shared by anonymous writers.

**JIM THE TRAILBLAZER
BY FRANCOIS ST-PIERRE**

FROM THE PRAIRIES HE CAME WITH THAT LOW WARM VOICE SO TRUE,
GUITAR, BANJO, BASS IN HAND — HE BLESSED ME AND YOU.
WITH MARG RIGHT BY HIS SIDE THEY BUILD A LOVING FAMILY
AND IN SINGING OR SQUAREDANCING DONE IN PERFECT HARMONY.

CHORUS

**JIM THE LEGEND MAY BE GONE, BUT HIS LEGACY LIVES ON,
IN THE MUSIC THAT HE PLAYED AND THE FAITH HE LEANED UPON.
A HUMBLE MAN OF KINDNESS, WITH A QUIET STRENGTH INSIDE
HE GAVE EVERYONE A CHANCE TO PLAY AND SING RIGHT BY HIS SIDE.**

C N TRAINS AND PRAIRIE WINDS SHAPED THE STORY OF HIS DAYS,
AND THE CHURCH BECAME HIS CHANNEL FOR THE TRAILBLAZERS TO PLAY
SINGING COUNTRY GOSPEL SONG ON SOME SUNDAY MORNING'S BRIGHT
AND FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS HE BROUGHT US JOY AND PURE DELIGHT

CHORUS

SONGS OF WORSHIP WITH CURSILLO AND IN LOCAL SHOWS IN TOWN,
LIFTING HEARTS AND HELPING FOLKS, HE SPREAD HIS MUSIC LOVE AROUND.
YES HE WAS AN INSPIRATION, STEADY AS THE PRAIRIE GROUND,

CHORUS

BRIDGE

JIM, MAY NOT BE WITH US NOW, BUT HIS LIGHT STILL LEADS US ON,
IN THE SONGS WE KEEP ON SINGIN' AND THE FAITH WE BUILD UPON.
TRAILBLAZER SPIRIT LIVES — IN EACH AND EVERY PART,
AND WE'LL KEEP PLAYIN' TOGETHER, JIM'S SPIRIT IN OUR HEART.

CHORUS

**JIM THE LEGEND MAY BE GONE, BUT HIS LEGACY LIVES ON,
IN THE MUSIC THAT HE PLAYED AND THE FAITH HE LEANED UPON.
TRAILBLAZER SPIRIT LIVES — IN EACH AND EVERY PART,
AND WE'LL KEEP PLAYIN' TOGETHER, JIM'S SPIRIT IN OUR HEART.**