
ROXBORO REVELATIONS

Volume 86

Editor Cynthia Snow

Summer 2026

MESSAGE FROM YOUR MINISTER

Greetings friends,

This summer promises to offer opportunities to be good neighbours and get to know our neighbours better. We will, once gain, travel from church to church, worshiping together, singing together and celebrating our faith together with friends we know and friends in the making.

It is tempting to “take a break” and just attend the church you know, yet it is so enriching to experience different worship and preaching styles, as well as fostering good relations with our neighbourhood churches.

I encourage you to make a good showing for Roxboro; your enthusiastic and friendly presence is very much appreciated by all. The following is the schedule for our summer worship series “Good Neighbours” starting July 4th and ending September 6th:

July 5

RIVERSIDE UNITED CHURCH
200 Chemin de al Grande-Côte, Rosemère

July 12

LAKESHORE TRINITY UNITED CHURCH
98 Aurora Avenue, Pointe-Claire

July 19

STE. GENEVIEVE UNITED CHURCH
4697 Boulevard St-Jean, DDO

July 26

VALOIS UNITED CHURCH
70 Belmont Avenue, Pointe-Claire

August 2

ROXBORO UNITED CHURCH
116 rue Cartier, Roxboro

August 9

SUMMERLEA UNITED CHURCH
225, 50e Avenue, Lachine

August 16

COTE ST. CHARLES
2503 Côte St-Charles, St-Lazare

August 23

CEDAR PARK UNITED CHURCH
204 Lakeview Avenue, Pointe-Claire

August 30

MERGING WATERS
24 Maple Street, Sainte-Anne-de-Bellevue

September 6

EDGEWATER PARK, Pointe-Claire

Check out our website for more details
Rev. Darryl Macdonald

MESSAGE FROM YOUR COUNCIL

As we come to the end of another season and look forward to our summer break, I would like to thank all our council members and their committees for their work throughout the past months.

Over the summer we look forward to meeting back up with the congregations of our sister churches and catching up on their news. I very much enjoy participating in the different styles of worship that we get to experience over the summer. The details of all the various services will be in this newsletter as well as on the RUC website. We have always had good participation from our congregation. Have a great summer.

Janet St-Pierre, RUC Council

MESSAGE FROM SPECIAL EVENTS

In the spring we held two events, thought you might like to see the results.

Easter Breakfast

\$548.00 - ticket sales

\$235.45 – expenses

\$312.55 - profit

All profits were donated to the Fonds D'aide de l'Ouest de l'Île.

Kirkland Concert Band Mother's Day Concert

Nonperishable food items were collected and sent to On Rock, along with a monetary donation of \$117.00. We provide the space for the band to perform, and we receive 50% of the tickets sales in exchange. They also bring all the goodies for the reception that is held following the concert. Our share of the ticket sales was \$825.00.

No events are planned over the summer, but we will be back in the fall hopefully with some fun events for all.

Take care, Janet St-Pierre, Chair Special Events

UCW NEWS



Hello Everyone,

Oh, the beauty of sounds and wondrous scents of flowers in summer!

We have a few Three Sister's Potluck luncheons coming up in the Fall starting with a Welcome Back Luncheon on September 13th, 2026. Details to follow on all gatherings in the Fall newsletter.

We will host the annual Harvest Dinner in October, and our Christmas Bazaar will be held on Saturday, November 7th, 2026. Please see Lynda Scardocchio for any information regarding the bazaar.

Enjoy all the moments this summer ladies!
Blessings, Cindy Snow, President, UCW

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

A big THANK YOU, to all the contributors to the newsletter this month. Our members and friends will be inspired and moved by your stories.

We resume in the Fall with a Welcome Back newsletter, and we look forward to your ongoing articles, personal stories, and yes, messages that make you smile or laugh. We are blessed with this community, and we need to share this gratitude with each other.

Have a wonderful summer!
Cindy



Jasper, AB Summer 2019 - Cindy Snow

Quotations and funnies

Submitted by Terry Wong

1998: Don't get in a car with strangers.

2008: Don't meet people from the Internet alone

2019: UBER .. Order yourself a stranger from the Internet to get into a car with, alone.

I neither have time nor the crayons to explain this to you.

We learn from history that we do not learn from history.

All my life, I thought air was free, until I bought a bag of chips.

Remembering
Mrs. Peggy Hermanson and
the “Presbyteens”

Peter Chen, May 2026

The last half of the 1960's were my teenage years. We were new immigrants to Canada, however we quickly became quite well versed in North American western society, spoke English fluently, and knew more-or-less how things worked. One aspect of our family's life was our involvement in the West Point Grey Presbyterian Church, in Vancouver. Dad became an Elder, and also led weekly adult Bible Study. We, the teenagers, were gathered in a group called the *Presbyteens*. Our teacher and leader was an extraordinary Mrs. Peggy Hermanson. Mrs. Hermanson is the mother of Rev. George Hermanson, who served as U.B.C. Campus Chaplain for several years, and later a UCC Minister and director in Ontario. Mrs. Hermanson's sister-in-law, Hildur Hermanson was a nurse and Presbyterian Church medical missionary who served many years in Taiwan.

Mrs. Hermanson loosely followed a church school curriculum, however she always used “another voice” to address our many concerns of the period, and through Bible teachings. She was always gentle, listened to our youthful complaints, and helped us weigh different points of view, and reconsider our tendency to early conclusions. In the 1960's, the Vietnam War was raging, the Hippie and protest movements were in full swing, and it felt stressful growing up. She promoted Peace,

which was something my parents were in total agreement. I learned a great deal from her caring, sometimes in her subtle catalyst role.

I believe she also learned a great deal from our questionings, and our perspectives. She became a second mother to many of us. The parents consulted her, sometimes behind our backs, on our social behaviour, such as late night parties, and even choice of clothing fashion, such as plaid or bellbottom pants, and heels for boys. “Peggy” was a truly loving and caring “senior” to us. I felt particularly trusting of her, as the other source of advice. The *Presbyteens* convened on Sundays in parallel with the adult services, and on some special occasions held parties at her home, or ran a carwash or other fundraisers. I remained in touch with Peggy for many years after leaving home, until her death.

In 1994, Mrs. Hermanson, in her early 80's, still living in Vancouver, showed herself in a wonderful story. Monique and I, and kids were living in D.D.O. then. A long-time work colleague contacted me to ask if I knew anyone of my friends in Vancouver where her sister and teenager niece could stay for a week; the niece was invited to a National competition for violin. They did not want to stay in the UBC Campus housing, which would have been too difficult for concentrating on preparations. Monique and I talked about this request, and decided to call Mrs. Hermanson for suggestions. At this point in time, she was widowed, and lived alone in a

condominium, not too far from the UBC Campus. Peggy agreed to host, even though she knew the visitors were French speaking from Québec, and herself spoke no French. From recent contacts with the mother and her daughter, they spoke only of how wonderful their one-week stay with Mrs. Hermanson was, not only the pleasure of meeting and exchanging, and having meals together, but particularly about Peggy's gentle ways toward a struggling teenager, who was deeply unhappy and in some distress about her violin teacher. Today, that young teenager is a First Violinist with the Montréal Symphony Orchestra.

In case you're wondering how the youth members of those *Presbyteens* have turned out... they had careers in banking, finance and accounting, nursing and health care, teaching and in academia, Law, and in Sciences. Today, we are all retired, while two have tragically deceased in mid-life. Mrs. Peggy Hermanson passed away in 1997.



(Photo: Monique and Peter, Mrs. Hermanson with a granddaughter. 1980, Vancouver, B.C.)

Thoughts for your day. Submitted by Misty MacLaren

Just when the caterpillar thought the world was over, it became a **Butterfly**.

It's not what we look at that matters, What matters is **WHAT WE SEE**.



The Day I Saw God by Robin Lewis

“When I was a child, I saw as a child, I spoke as a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child. But when I became a man...” What words of wisdom there are in the Bible!

“When I was a child,” we went to church regularly. Sometimes on Sunday mornings, on a lovely bright summer's day like today, my sister would take me to church, while my parents stayed home for another type of communion. It was always fun to go out with Marsha. Just walking down the street with her was fun for an eight-year-old like me.

On Sundays, Marsha and I would walk down Victoria Avenue to a beautiful old stone church surrounded by tall green trees. We would go up the wide stone steps and enter by the big carved wooden door. Inside, the church was carpeted in a beautiful deep red. Our home had a tatty old brown carpet and a piece of well-worn linoleum for decor. By comparison, the church seemed quite impressive, even a little intimidating. That beautiful red carpet in the church was an awe-inspiring sight. It ran 'way up the aisle to the altar, the holy

of holies, where the minister preached, where communion was taken, and where God himself might easily appear.

To my child-like mind, God was a mystery. He lived “up there” in the sky of course. He was all-powerful, but no one knew just what he looked like. The heavenly father was even more severe and threatening than our real father, but unlike the earthly father, “He” never slept, and could never be fooled. In a child’s world, God rewarded the good and punished the bad. On earth, dealing with an earthly father, a boy could get away with a little something now and then, but with God...? Well, a boy had to be pretty careful!! I am now in my seventies. How I wish the problems of good and evil were so simple today!!

In the church we repeated the same rituals each week. We asked for forgiveness for our sins. We heard a little “Childrens’ Story”. The minister talked about the Bible. Then they took up collection. It was all very interesting. It was much better than school. You could listen if you wanted to, or dream, or just enjoy the sunlight streaming through the beautiful stained-glass windows, and nobody would yell at you. But the best part of the service was the taking up of the collection. It was like magic.

The four wardens would walk down that red-carpeted center aisle and pass large wooden plates along the pews. The adults would put paper money on the plates, and we children would add our thin little dimes. Then the four wardens would start at the back and march down the aisle in step, just like the handsome young soldiers we sometimes saw in the street. The red carpet...the men in their dark suits...the slow cadence of the long march down the aisle...It was an impressive spectacle, but the best part was yet to come.

When the men got to the altar, the minister would take the plates, two in each hand, and would raise them up high over

his head. And then, the miracle! We would bow our heads reverently, and in the hush of the church the minister would speak directly to God. Impressively he would intone, “All things come of thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee”. We would all reverently chorus “Amen,” and when we raised our bowed heads, the wooden plates and the money were gone! Obviously, God had swooped down from the high vaulted ceiling and had taken them. And each week the miracle occurred again. It was amazing! Just amazing! It made a child think...

One day, what I thought was, “I wonder what God looks like?” And being a boy who sometimes put something over on his earthly father, I thought perhaps I could get away with a little something with the heavenly father. It might be dangerous... But it could be done. Just a little peek, maybe. Surreptitiously, carefully, silently. Yes! The deed was almost done. I had resolved to see God!

So the next Sunday, we knelt in our pew and bowed our little heads almost down to the back of the pew in front of us. The minister held the wooden plates of money high over his head, and when all the heads were reverently bowed, he spoke that thrilling line as usual, directly to God. “All things come of thee O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee.” And at this moment, one little head was raised - just a hair - and one little eye was opened - just a slit - to see God. And what I saw was amazing!

At the back of the altar, just behind the organ, the wooden paneling parted and a little door opened. A tiny non-descript old man with wire-rimmed glasses, scurried silently across the red-carpeted altar and grabbed the wooden plates from the minister. Quickly he turned and scurried, just as silently, back across the red carpet, back behind the organ, and the wooden panels closed quietly and seamlessly behind him. “Amen” chorused the congregation, and all the heads were

slowly raised. But one little boy had seen what had happened.

Many years later, as a grown man, with little boys of my own, I attended Roxboro United Church. At coffee hour I bought a church coffee cup and made the mistake of paying for it with a fifty dollar bill. I don't think God was watching, but someone else was, and in the way of such things, I soon found myself a member of the Finance Committee. After church services I would collect the wooden plates of money, count it, total it, take it to the bank, and put it in the night deposit slot. On Wednesday nights I would often sit at a dull Finance Committee meeting, discussing how we might spend "God's money". But God has never spoken to me directly, I have never seen him, and the nature of God is still a vast and intriguing mystery to me.

In the life of a child there are many revelations. Some are disillusioning. Some are wonderful bursts of understanding. And some in retrospect, are quite amusing. One of the later that was a little of each, is, of course, "The Day I Saw God."

Community Outreach

Part of our mission here at Roxboro United Church is to actively support our community. We collect food on the 3rd Sunday each month to donate to Fonds d'aide. Please consider a monetary donation and place it in a clearly marked envelope "FONDS D'AIDES." You may also do the same with gift cards. Gift cards can also be purchased through Bev Baker and the church benefits too. All donations are welcomed.

If you can help or have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact Claudia at (514)684-0114.

Things to think about.

Submitted by Terry Wong

A good relationship is with someone who knows all your insecurities & imperfections but still loves you for who you are.

We do not see who we are until you see what we can do.

We're all a little weird, and when we find someone, whose weirdness is compatible with ours, we join up with them in this mutually satisfying weirdness and call it love. True Love.

The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds. The pessimist fears that this is true.

Healing means you stop touching the wound to see if it hurts.

Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be.



(Photo: Alexandre Bourgeau Park, Pointe-Claire; taken July 9, 2026 by Rev. Darryl Macdonald)