09 August 2026

‘Count your Blessings’ - A Words and Music Service led by Spirit Sisters with Sandra Sinclair

16 August 2026

Collaboration Joint Service with United, Anglican, Lutheran churches at Lake Ontario Park.

Rev Michelle will be leading with other clergy

This Week's Schedule for ERMUC Events

All events and room bookings are not on this page; please check ERMUC's online calendar at www.ermuc.ca/event/event-calendar for more info.

Please note:
Rev Michelle & Stephanie on vacation 10-16 August
Please contact Alanna at pastoralcare@ermuc.ca

Sun 09 Aug

10:00 a.m.	'Count Your Blessings Worship	Sanctuary

Mon 10 Aug

11:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Limestone Ringers	Sanctuary

Tues 11 Aug

2:00 - 3:00 p.m.	Tuesdays at Two	Back Gardens
5:30 - 9:30 p.m.	Limestone Ringers	Sanctuary

Wed 12 Aug

11:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Pastoral Care Gathering	Zoom

Sun 16 Aug

10:00 a.m.	Collaborative Service	Lake Ontario Park

Mon 17 Aug

9:30 - 11:00 a.m.	Safe Access Committee	Library
11:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Limestone Ringers	Sanctuary

Tues 18 Aug

2:00 - 3:00 p.m.	Tuesdays at Two	Back Gardens
5:30 - 9:30 p.m.	Limestone Ringers	Sanctuary

Wed 19 Aug

11:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Pastoral Care Gathering	Zoom

Aug 9 **ERMUC open with Guest Preacher Michelle off**

TECH TEAM IS OFF ON VACATION FOR THE NEXT FOUR CONSECUTIVE SUNDAYS WITH OUR THANKS AND GRATITUDE FOR ALL YOU DO WITH AND FOR ERMUC!

Aug 16 **Collaboration Joint Service with United, Anglican, Lutheran at Lake Ontario Park. Michelle will be leading with other clergy also. ERMUC IS CLOSED THIS DAY**

Aug 23 **Collaboration Service at Cookes-Portsmouth ERMUC IS CLOSED THIS DAY**

Aug 30 **Collaboration Service at Cookes-Portsmouth ERMUC IS CLOSED THIS DAY; Michelle off**

Sept 6 **ZOOM SERVICE ONLY – REPEAT OF SPECIAL SERVICE ERMUC IS CLOSED THIS DAY; Michelle off**

Sept 13 **Welcome Back Sunday – ALL RETURN TO WORSHIP IN SANCTUARY!**

August Short Stories Series

The Secret Island Expedition

To a ten-year-old, the clump of pine trees and jagged rocks sitting three hundred yards off the cottage shore wasn't just a shoal—it was an uncharted continent.

We packed our provisions into a faded blue cooler: four squished peanut butter sandwiches, two warm juice boxes, and a bag of potato chips. We loaded everything into an old aluminum canoe that my dad varnished every year. My brother Leo took the bow, and I took the stern.

The lake was glass. The only sound was the rhythmic dip-and-glide of our plastic paddles and the distant, haunting cry of a loon. Halfway across, the sheer depth of the water beneath us felt thrillingly dangerous. When the canoe finally scraped against the gravel shore of the island, we felt like true explorers. We spent the afternoon hunting for smooth skipping stones, mapping out "forts" among the roots, and eating our sandy sandwiches. We returned before the dinner bell rang, our skin sunkissed and our minds full of imaginary empires.

Grandma’s Rainy-Day Fish Fry (and the Secret Cornbread)

By 3:00 PM on Tuesday, the sky above the bay turned the color of an old cast-iron skillet. The wind picked up, whipping the lake into angry whitecaps, and the screen door of the cottage began to rattle against its frame. The beach day was officially ruined, but Grandma Helen didn't mind one bit.

"Perfect," she declared, tying her favorite flour-dusted yellow apron around her waist. "It’s too miserable to swim, which means you two have no excuse. Wash your hands, boys. You're on kitchen duty."
Grandma’s lake meals were the stuff of family legend. They weren't fancy, but they were massive, comforting, and designed to fill the hollow bellies of kids who spent eight hours a day treading water. Today’s menu was the crown jewel of the summer: a traditional rainy-day fish fry, featuring the yellow perch Grandpa Joe and Sam had caught off the rocky point the evening before.

Our job was the assembly line. Grandpa had already done the messy work of filleting the fish down at the cleaning table by the shore, leaving us with a mountain of cold, translucent white fillets.

"The secret to a perfect lake fry," Grandma said, tapping Sam’s knuckles with a wooden spoon when he tried to filleting-snitch a piece early, "is the crunch. If it isn't loud enough to wake the neighbors, you did it wrong."
She set up three shallow pie tins on the Formica countertop. The first tin held flour seasoned with a generous amount of salt and black pepper. The second held a shallow pool of buttermilk. The third tin—Grandma’s secret weapon—held crushed saltine crackers mixed with a handful of cornmeal.

Sam was the duster, I was the dipper, and Grandma was the executive chef. We worked in perfect rhythm while the rain began to lash against the cabin windows, drumming a cozy, steady beat on the tin roof. I dropped the damp fish into the flour, Sam dunked it into the buttermilk, and Grandma lovingly pressed it into the cracker crumbs until it was completely coated.

Meanwhile, a giant black iron skillet sat on the ancient propane stove, the vegetable oil inside shimmering and sending up tiny wisps of smoke. When Grandma dropped the first batch of fillets in, the kitchen erupted with a furious, glorious hiss-crackle. The smell was instant and intoxicating: hot oil, savory batter, and the sharp, clean scent of the lake.

While the fish turned a deep, golden brown, Grandma moved on to the main event: her cast-iron cornbread. She never used a recipe. She just dumped yellow cornmeal, flour, sugar, and baking powder into a bowl, cracked two eggs from the local farm stand, and poured in a massive glug of melted butter.

"Grandma, how much sugar did you put in?" I asked, watching her pour a very unscientific mountain of crystals into the bowl.
"A lady never reveals her measurements, sweetheart," she winked, sliding the heavy skillet into the oven. "Just know it’s enough to make your mother shake her head."

By 6:00 PM, the storm was howling outside, but inside the cabin, it was warm and glowing. Grandpa Joe set the table, clinking the heavy mismatched stoneware plates, while Sam and I carried out the food.
The center of the table was dominated by a massive platter piled high with the crispy, golden perch fillets, flanked by a bowl of creamy, tart coleslaw and a mountain of home-fried potatoes. Right in the middle sat the cornbread, steaming hot and pulled straight from the iron skillet, its edges beautifully dark and caramelized.

We ate like wolves. The fish was so hot it burned our fingers, but the meat inside was sweet, flaky, and perfectly fresh. Every bite of the cornbread was a mix of salty butter and sweet crunch. Grandpa ate five fillets before he even paused to wipe his mustache.

"Helen," Grandpa said, leaning back and patting his stomach as the wind rattled the windowpanes, "if the storm keeps up, we might have to eat like this again tomorrow."

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Joe," Grandma laughed, passing the butter dish back to Sam. "Tomorrow you're cleaning the dishes."

We sat around the table for hours as the storm rolled on, completely safe and warm, our bellies full of the best meal on the lake, listening to the rain beat against the roof while Grandma started brewing a pot of chicory coffee.

Happy Birthday to our Classics !

Frank Marshall	01 Aug
Lois Butler	02 Aug
Rupert Howse	08 Aug
Brenda Gray	09 Aug
Diane Hickling	09 Aug
Carole Bleecker	11 Aug
Mary Catherine Robb	14 Aug
Mel Hazell	19 Aug
Anne Byron	23 Aug
Jean Martin	24 Aug
Joan Martin	25 Aug
Don Mallory	28 Aug
Edie Raymond	31 Aug

Volunteer Request

The Parkinson Group are looking for a volunteer to come in on the second Thursday of each month from September to June, at 2:00 p.m., to set up tables and chairs for their meetings.

If you can take on this responsibility, they would be grateful. Please contact Ruth Morrison: ruthmorrision 'at' sympatico.ca.

CARING CONNECTIONS

Pastoral Care Updates from Alanna

What makes a perfect summer day?

At first, it seems like an easy question. Sunshine, blue skies, warm temperatures, perhaps a gentle breeze. But as I've reflected on some "perfect" days this summer, I've realized that my favourite days have looked surprisingly different from one another.

Several memorable days have been spent in the water with friends. There is something about floating that allows me to let go completely. The water holds me up without asking anything in return, and in those moments, I often feel like I am being held in God's embrace. Conversations seem to come more easily in the water. We laugh, splash, tell stories, and sometimes share things that are difficult to say anywhere else. The water reminds me that God carries us, even when we stop struggling and simply allow ourselves to be held.

A few other great days involved helping a friend. Washing dishes, cleaning cupboards, packing boxes; none of these tasks would usually make anyone's list of ideal summer activities. Yet working side by side transformed chores into companionship. The work became lighter because it was shared. We encouraged one another, sought the perfect item to fill a space in a box, and found ourselves laughing along the way. Isn't that how God's love works? We share one another's burdens, and in doing so discover that our hearts become lighter, too.

Recently there was also a beautiful day spent with friends at a music festival. A ferry ride across the water, the breeze on our faces, a picnic by the lake, wonderful music, and then dinner followed by a peaceful walk by the lake as the sun began to set. It was one of those days when gratitude seemed to arrive naturally. Beauty has a way of opening our hearts to God's goodness.

Other days have been spent hiking with a friend. We were never in a hurry to reach a destination. Rather, we took time to listen to the birdsong, admire the wildflowers, and pause to take in the views. Walking side by side, conversation came easily. There were moments of silence, too. Not awkward silences, but peaceful ones, where words weren't necessary. Faith is often described as a journey, one we are never meant to

walk alone. God meets us on the path, in the beauty of creation and in the companionship of those who walk beside us.

But there have also been rainy days. Certainly not the picture most of us have in mind when we think of a perfect summer day! Yet spending the day downtown with a friend, dodging puddles, hunting for bargains and special treasures, and catching up between the showers still proved to be joy-filled. The weather never really improved, but our spirits certainly did. Joy, it seems, isn't always dependent on sunshine.

This seems like a good lesson to learn this summer: a perfect day isn't really about perfect conditions. It's about noticing God's presence in whatever the day brings. It is found in friendship, in shared work, in music, in laughter, in honest conversation, in acts of kindness, and even in rainy afternoons.

As summer continues, my prayer is that each of us will discover our own "perfect" days, not because everything goes according to plan, but because we remain open to God's presence in every moment. May we notice the beauty around us, the people beside us, and the quiet grace that carries us through each day.

And for that, all God's people can say "AMEN!"

Some Upcoming Pastoral Care Activities:

Tuesdays at Two: Join me for cookies and lemonade in the shade for conversation and connection on the beautiful banks of Collins Bay. In case of inclement or extremely hot temperatures, we will meet in the Welcome Centre.

Breakfast Bunch: The August breakfast will be back to the first Wednesday of the month. We will meet on **Wednesday, September 5 at 9:00 AM at Rhodes Restaurant** for breakfast and conversation.

Wellness Walking: There will be no Wellness Walking through July and August, the sanctuary is simply too warm. We will resume as soon temperatures permit in September!

I will be available for Pastoral Care visits throughout the summer months. Please contact me using the information below to make an appointment.

HOW TO CONTACT ALANNA: PASTORALCARE@ERMUC.CA · 613-389-2530 X 102

Tuesdays at Two

Lemonade • Cookies • Conversation

Tuesday afternoons at 2:00 PM

In the shade behind the church with a view of Collins Bay.

Come to connect and share with your church family in a beautiful setting.

Everyone is invited to the table!

In the event of inclement weather, we will gather in the Welcome Centre.

HOLD THE DATE!

JTRAG hosts John Olthuis from September 24-29 to help us prepare for the 2026 National Day for Truth and Reconciliation.

You may be aware of John Olthius' extraordinary work on treaty rights and land claims over many years and of his new book On Dismantling Settler Colonialism.

It advocates for a true reconciliation: one that fosters the creation of political, economic, social, and cultural spaces where Indigenous nations can self-govern, restore their traditional lands, and live in harmony with the earth according to their own values and beliefs.

Through deeply personal reflections on over five decades of activism in the communities of the Dene Nation, Grassy Narrows First Nation, Temagami First Nation and the Innu Nation of Labrador, John shares his powerful journey of working to dismantle settler colonialism.

He brings to light the many neglected blueprints for true reconciliation, including discussions of over 700 recommendations for systemic change put forth by the Penner Report, The Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples, the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, and the National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls.

John’s book offers a powerful exploration of how the challenging work of dismantling settler colonialism can be a transformative and deeply healing process for both Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples alike.

HOLD THE DATE!

JTRAG hosts John Olthuis from September 24-29 to help us prepare for the 2026 National Day for Truth and Reconciliation.

JTRAG has invited John to spend the week leading up to the National Day for Truth and Reconciliation with us in the Kingston area and to help us reflect on the theme "Beyond Land Acknowledgements: How Can I Act?" Here's an early glimpse of John's program:

• **Thurs Sept 24**: noon hour lecture at the School of Policy Studies at Queen's

• **Fri Sept 25**: a full day with students and staff at the Limestone District School Board

• **Fri Sept 25 at 4:30:** a talking circle at Kanhiote Library on the Tyendinaga Reserve

• **Sat Sept 26**: a gathering at All Our Relations Land Trust

• **Sun Sept 27 AM: a joint service with JTRAG congregations at Sydenham Street United Church**
• Sun Sept 27 PM: a public lecture/discussion at The Spire.

EDITH RANKIN WILL BE PART OF THE COLLABORATION SERVICE ON SEPTEMBER 27 AND WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN US FOR WORSHIP AND THE AFTERNOON WORKSHOP.

Slightly Lazy, 100% Reliable Summer Dinner Recipe

Grilled Peach & Apricot Salad

Ingredients
1 bunch kale, destemmed
4 apricots, halved
4 peaches, halved
1/4 pound prosciutto, thinly sliced.
1/4 cup feta cheese
1/4 cup olive oil
1 tablespoon lemon juice, more to taste

Directions
Step 1
Preheat the grill. While it warms up, tear or chop the kale leaves into bite-size pieces and place those in a large salad bowl. Add a pinch of salt and a tablespoon of olive oil and massage the kale, kneading it for a minute or so until it softens. Whisk together the remaining olive oil and the lemon juice, adjusting to your taste. Set the dressing aside. Tear or cut the prosciutto into smaller pieces and set those aside too.

Step 2
When the grill is reasonably but not overwhelming hot, brush the apricots and peaches very lightly with a neutral oil and grill, cut side down, until deeply caramelized.

Step 3
When the fruit is grilled, toss the kale with the prepared dressing and then crumble the feta on top. Add the prosciutto and then the still-hot peaches and apricots, letting their juices seep down into the kale. (If there are any extra juices on the plate you put them on after grilling, add those too.) Eat with crusty bread.

Attention Vendors

United MarketPlace Tour 2026

Saturday, November 21st
10am to 2pm

Announcing our 4th annual United MarketPlace Tour - a holiday bazaar with a difference. A citywide collaboration between local United Churches. Open to the community.

Saturday, November 21st, 10am to 2pm

As one of the host churches, Edith Rankin Memorial United Church will be celebrating the work of local artisans.
We encourage you to come and join in the fun as one of our vendors!

Rental Fees
6' x 6' space with one 6' table – $50 / additional 6' table – $20

For further information or to reserve a space, please contact:
Florence Niven fniven7@gmail.com

Deadline for application, September 4, 2026

East Central Ontario Region UCW

Fall Leadership Workshop

Thursday, October 8th, 2026

Frankford United Church

61 Mill St., Frankford

Morning Speaker

Fiza Kalhoro

Member of the World Sindhi Congress, Canadian Chapter

Fiza will share her advocacy for Sindhi Women's Rights in Pakistan.

Afternoon Speaker

The Rev. Dr. Jackie Harper

Retired United Church Minister

Jackie will provide insight into why we use pronouns.

Registration: 8:30 a.m. (Refreshments available)
Workshop begins at 9:30 a.m.
Cost: $20.00 per person (payable upon arrival)
Lunch provided by Frankford UCW

Contact: Peggy Fillier – bwfillier@gmail.com – 705-750-1504
to register by Sept. 30th

Dietary Concerns required in advance.