

# Friday News from South West

February 10, 2023

## [Faulty Wiring and Empty Buckets](#)

My 13-year-old grandson stayed with us this past week. My husband and I are not breakfast people - but he is. At six a.m. on the first morning, I realized that, as modern as my kitchen may look, you cannot plug in the kettle and the toaster at the same time. And, being it was dark at six a.m., struggling in the blackness to get downstairs to the breakers proved to be a challenge. It was a simple case of electrical overload, in a house which was rewired and re-plumbed top to bottom sometime in the early 2000's.

It suddenly occurred to me that I really am in my last half of my life. In the 60's and 70's if we plugged in the toaster and the kettle, it was expected that a trip to the fuse box would be necessary. The same applied to the blow drier and the radio at the same time. You see, the apartments I lived in were built in the 1920's or so. The rent was cheap. They were built at a time when there were no blow driers, electric kettles and, the wiring was a little "dodgy".

After my grandson left (late for the bus), I sat with my tea and thought about it. In this day and age, we are truly living in a state of faulty wiring and electrical overload.

With the lingering aftermath of a Pandemic, increasing tensions between Israel and Palestine, the beating death of a black motorist by five black police officers, the on-going war in the Ukraine, our children being stabbed or shot in and around their schools and everything else we are bombarded with daily on social media and nightly on the news, it seems our own wiring is becoming faulty as we struggle to keep up and choose where to place our actions and prayers. In 2023, there is just so much demanding our immediate attention.



This brought me to empty buckets. As a child, I clearly remember my dad telling me that I was born with a bucket, filled with luck or maybe it was water. He explained that as I journeyed through life, the bucket would begin to empty as I used it up on what I deemed to be important. And I have. In the 60's I used a little of my bucket in my involvement in the Save the Seals Campaign, brought to our attention by an animal rights activist and crusader called Brian Davies. I used up a little more of my bucket protesting against the US involvement in Viet Nam. And more still protesting against the testing of nuclear weapons in the waters off Amchitka Island, Alaska, by the United States in 1971.

Over the past few years, the remaining contents of my bucket has been devoted to issues such as Indigenous rights and decolonization, the Residential School fiasco, and locally to the lack of facilities for the homeless and addicted people living on our streets.

In spite of this, social media continues to hint that if I do not get on board with climate issues, blatant dis-information posted by political parties with their own agendas, right wing ideology, the world-wide refugee crises, the loss of Constitutionally guaranteed rights, etc. then I am the problem, not part of the solution.

So, with emotional circuit breakers which keep overloading and buckets which are almost empty or have holes in them, where does all this leave those of us whose parts were built for an older, simpler time?

Doing nothing is simply not the answer. That, in itself, can and does bring on feelings of guilt and anxiety.

**Suzanne Stabile\*, a highly sought-after speaker and teacher, known for her engaging laugh, personal vulnerability and creative approach to Enneagram instruction has suggested that, every day, we ask ourselves three discernment questions:**

What's MINE to do, and what's NOT mine to do?

What's MINE to say and what's NOT mine to say?

And the third one is harder:

What's MINE to care about and what's NOT mine to care about?

To clarify, that is not to say that a thing is not worthy to be cared about by someone, only that our effectiveness in the world cannot extend to every situation which requires care.

The bottom line is, we get to a certain age when we have almost no water left in the bucket and, unless we can find a way to refill it, we have to choose where to throw it. So, it is okay to do what is yours, to say what is yours to say and to care about what is yours to care about. That is enough. Be at peace with that.

And I pray

Dearest God,

help us to know when our wires are becoming frayed and overloaded.

Help us to know when there is but a little water in our buckets and which fires to throw it on.

Help us to be patient and trust that you will give us what we are to keep and what we are to give away.

Please be merciful when we are anxious and overwhelmed, and help us show this same mercy to ourselves and others.

Amen.

In peace

Pastor Beryl, DLM

*\*Suzanne Stabile, [The Enneagram Godmother](#), [Road Back to You](#), [The Path Between Us](#), [The Enneagram Journey Curriculum](#), [The Enneagram Journey Podcast](#), teaches invaluable lessons on what to look out for in our own behavior, thoughts, feelings, and motivations, while giving ourselves and our families and friends.*

## [Lily Uyeda's Journey](#)

### United Church Deaconess had Crawford Connection

On a Wednesday afternoon in June of 1950, seventeen women met at Crawford Park United Church. It's superfluous to say they met in the hall (basement) because that is the only part of the building that existed at that time; the sanctuary on the upper level was only completed in 1952.

This was the Women's Missionary Society, formed in 1948 when the church that would become SouthWest United much later, was formed. The WMS was a forerunner of the UCW: a group of women from the congregation whose monthly meetings included informal worship with scripture readings and hymn singing. The Society was involved in good works, both locally and abroad. They also often had a guest speaker at their meetings.

According to the hand-written minutes from June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1950, "Miss Lily Uyeda, a graduate of the United Church Training School conducted the devotional service. After the singing of a hymn, Miss Uyeda read from 1 Corinthians Chapter 12 to end of chapter. In her message, Miss Uyeda spoke of

the Unity in Christ which is to be found in the Training School at Toronto, where students from many parts of the world are studying.”

I was curious about this young woman, so I Googled her name and lo and behold, found an entry about her on a website called [Deaconess History](#), from the United Church of Canada.

Lily Yuriko Uyeda was born in British Columbia in 1922 to Japanese immigrants. “At age 18 she began at the University of British Columbia,” reads the bio on the website, “where she was involved in the Student Christian Movement. She was unable to finish her BA at the time however, as the events of the world were about to shatter her young life.”

We all know this shameful bit of Canadian history. When Japan became an enemy in World War II, Japanese-Canadians were sent to internment camps in the BC interior. Lily Uyeda, her parents and two siblings, were among them. They lost their successful silk business, and most of their possessions.

Towards the end of the war, the family moved to Montreal. I think they may have lived in Crawford Park, as it seems to me I have seen the name elsewhere. According to the website, “after completing a business course at Sir George Williams, Lily took a secretarial job with the Quebec Religious Education Council.”

And then comes the line that makes me certain this is the same person mentioned in the Missionary Society minutes: “In 1948 Lily entered the United Church Training School, graduating in 1950”. So when she spoke to the ladies of Crawford Park United in June 1950, she’d have been 28 years old and *very newly* graduated.

In 1952, Lily Uyeda was designated a Deaconess in the Montreal and Ottawa Conference. In 1954, she obtained a Bachelor’s Degree in Toronto. She also received an honorary degree from UBC (posthumous) in 2012 along with several other Japanese-Canadian students who had been unable to finish their studies there because of the racist internment policies.

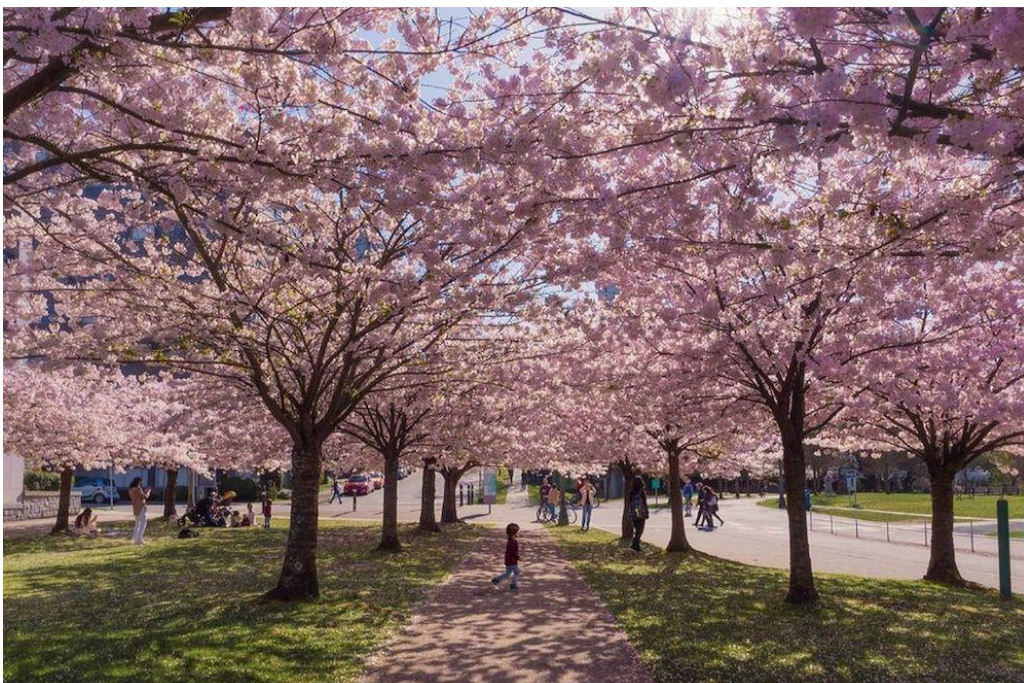
She devoted her life to Christian Education, serving congregations in Ontario as Deaconess. It was not until 1977 that a congregation in Manitoba offered her the position of Associate Minister. Lily was well-loved at Knox United in Brandon, and she served there until 1982 when ill health forced her to retire. Lily passed away in 1987 at age 65.

One last quote from the article online:

*In 2010, Leslie Uyeda, a noted Vancouver composer and musician, dedicated a concert “Sakura Songs” at the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre, in memory of her family: her father, Yutaka Uyeda; her aunts, Mariko and Lily; and her grandparents Bunjiro and Kimi Uyeda, who, in the 1930s, donated a thousand cherry trees to the City of Vancouver.*



This photo of Lily Uyeda is probably from the UCC training school, and therefore depicts very much what she would have looked like that day in Crawford in 1950.



## Announcements

Our service is at 11:30 this week. Combined coffee time with Summerlea is at 11:00.

LENT begins Wednesday, February 22<sup>nd</sup>.

EASTER falls on April 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> this year.

**Please note: the new office phone number is 514 538-0624**

### *Our Prayer List*

Bridget McCarthy

Phyllis Luther

Shirley Mitchell

Patrick O'Leary

Natalie Lalonde

Doris Smith

Maurice Tringle

Gilles Gauthier

Helen Cameron

May Cook

Donna Cobb

Keith Wood

Violet L'Esperance

Roberta Roberts

Sylvia Vallee-Girouard

If you would like your name added to the prayer list, or if you are requesting on behalf of a family member, call the office or contact Pastor Beryl directly.



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