

February 11, 2022 Offering #87. “The first mark of Love is “TELL.” When we receive good news, we can’t help but share it. Even at times of sadness or loss our friends console us by their presence. WE share these moments not because we want to boast or need to be consoled. WE share it because we can’t help it. Signs of grace need to be shared.” *Society of Saint John the Evangelist*

In this offering you will find conversation of the first mark of love – TELL. Telling the “Good News” that we are beloved by God. The “Aha” moment is something personal about my family, my parents. I have included a newspaper article that appeared in a Montreal newspaper in 1945. My parents were among the 80 families to live in the barracks. They lived at “Peterson Residence” as it was called, for three years while my father completed his post graduate studies at McGill University. My parents always spoke with fondness about their days in the barracks. I had not taken time to really “read” this article until a few days ago. Certainly, explains why my father would only let us have a bathtub with water only three fingers deep (2 inches). I hope you enjoy the read.

With blessings and affection, Deacon Kate Ann

Each day pray for opportunities to proclaim the Good News. Ask, “God, show me how I can be helpful this day and keep alert.” I usually add, “And please make it crystal clear, otherwise I’m liable to miss it. I’m sometimes not that quick.”

There is a saying in the Eastern tradition that when the student is ready, the teacher will appear. But the reverse is true as well. When the teacher is ready, the student will appear. Pray for ways to serve, pray for opportunities to serve, and stay alert. Our mission will not often be grand. It’s the little things, the small ways that we serve, a smile, a handshake, a hug, being kind to someone in customer service, especially when things aren’t going our way. Each and every day we’re acting as ambassadors of Christ, and we should imagine that we’re wearing that kind of nametag on our chest, so that people come away from interacting with us feeling better, hopeful, like there is kindness, and goodness, and love in the world. That’s our real vocation. That’s what we are called to be and to do. But in order to know what to do, and to have the power to carry that out, we’ll need God’s help, so say your prayers. *Br. John Braught*

When we teach, nurture, and baptize, we proclaim the Good News.

When we respond to human need by loving service, we proclaim the Good News.

When we seek to transform unjust structures in society, we proclaim the Good News.

When we guard, sustain and renew creation, we proclaim the Good News.

As we celebrate this first mark of Love and look for new and creative ways to proclaim God's Love, ponder these words of Saint Francis of Assisi, "Preach the Gospel at all times. When necessary, use words."



You will see a handprint with five fingers. Choose one name to write at the tip of one finger for five people who have been your channels of God's Good News to you. Take a moment to "proclaim" to these five people what you have seen in their lives.

During this week, in person, by phone or email, ask them to share their faith story with you. How did they come to know God's love? What for them, is "God's Kingdom?" How does this affect the way they live?

Tell them how they inspire you and how their lives demonstrate God's love in the world. Express your gratitude.

May we all be the incarnation of God's love, the channel of God's forgiveness, and the messenger of God's hope and healing. *Society of Saint John the Evangelist*

“People may look at you and only see success. Success is just the tip of the iceberg, but underneath is all your experiences that made that iceberg. You are the only one who knows what really is down there.”

Recently, I found an old newspaper 1945 clipping that my mother had framed for display with a display of other experiences that were significant parts of my parent’s life. The above quote about success made me actually “read” this article written on newsprint, now the crisp brown newspaper, my mother had so carefully protected. After my father’s wartime term, he and my mother and brother David, moved to Peterson Residence. My father studied and completed his MSc. and PhD. in geophysics during their 3 year stay at Peterson Residence.

Peterson Residence “Home is Still a Barracks”

written by Jacqueline Sirois 1945

“80 families get together but life is not too hectic”

For some 80 veterans now studying at McGill University, home is still a barracks. They live with their families in renovated Airman’s huts at what was once Lachine Manning Depot and travel to the university by express bus.

McGill’s solution to the housing shortage went into high gear during the latter part of September, when veteran and families began moving into four Air Force huts. These blocks are not yet full and more families are expected to move in as the project matures.

It’s rugged living, and the feminine problem of what to wear is restricted to skirts and sweaters or choice of slacks. Husbands are likely to be found working in or studying in battle dress and an old football sweater.

Bathtubs have not yet been installed so mothers wash their indignant kids in communal wash basins and rinse themselves in showers. These are relics of Air Force days, dressed up with a new paint job. Because the facilities are communal, husbands and wives separate to wash. Though most couples are happier at Peterson than they thought they would be, they agree it's "like living in a fishbowl." "You can't sneeze without at least six neighbours hearing you," one wife explained sadly.

There's not much noise in the evening since there are so many children around. Any loud playing is done in the recreation hall; a huge room in which ping pong tables, easy chairs and sofas appear completely lost. A rather wilted looking chintz has been used in the windows to give the hall a "homelike atmosphere."

Each couple pays \$85 a month for two rooms and three meals a day. They get a couple of army cots, a kitchen table, two chairs and a chest of drawers. They draw blankets and mattresses from the common storeroom and eat cafeteria style in a communal dining room which is a large recreation hall.

Most vets and their wives have made an effort to brighten up their quarters. All the walls are pale green, so colour combinations are planned around green. One couple has made a bookcase out of boards and bricks. The shelves are held up with the bricks. Another couple developed a bookcase out of boards propped up with what looks like wrought-iron but which the vet's wife admits is something her husband "picked up in the chemistry lab."

There's a young wife who moved the army cots together and made a double spread for them. She and her husband painted a couple of orange crates for bedside tables and put a white muslin ruffle around them. Most Peterson residents had a rough time with their floors and vets were set to sanding and varnishing. Now, the scratches are barely visible. There are no cupboards at Peterson, so the wives have rigged up curtain arrangements in the bedrooms.

When their husbands leave on the bus for university, the wives do their housework, wash their hair and wrap it in a bath towel, have Cocoa-parties for the youngsters or just relax outside. The view is rather monotonous and nothing to write home about but the air is good.

A barbed wire fence encloses the residences but the wives have used it to good advantage. It keeps the kids from wandering. It's not too bad for banging a mop on and it's great for beating carpets.

These vets' wives have a lot in common and their shared experiences tend to soften an otherwise tough living schedule. They are enthusiastic about the way Peterson is working out and quite willing to overlook the obvious discomforts.

"I wouldn't want to live in town for anything, this is really swell," one wife said happily. They spend a lot of time washing clothes in pails and this is one of the main beefs. They have not lived together long enough yet to take advantage of communal effort but they are beginning to talk about it.

"I think we're going to chip in and buy a washing machine for the block," a wife said hopefully, looking down at her wash-reddened hands.

The families in each block take turns answering the payphone for each other but they have not yet devised a way to circumvent the kids whose favorite game is to hide in the phone booth, eventually frustrating the efforts of would-be-callers.

There is a continual uproar in Peterson what with vets' offspring asserting their personalities and families scraping floors, moving furniture or phoning, but the noise is rationed. You could hear a pin drop when the kids are in bed and supposed to be asleep. If the noise is too much for studious fathers, however, they can get away from it all in the "study rooms" thoughtfully set aside for the purpose.

The residents have none of the aura of regimentation so commonly ascribed to government-sponsored housing units. There are so few house rules that the wives could only remember one offhand: No liquor in the suite.

When 80 families live in a communal set up, there are bound to be upsets, gossip, feuds and minor crises but the wives shrug them off.

“We’re fine here,” they say. We get on beautifully. “I hear there is someone in the next block who is difficult to cope with, but not here.” It’s the same story in every block and you can’t track down the elusive “difficult one.”

Peterson is by no means the perfect solution to housing problems. The vets themselves are looking forward to the day when they have a place of their own and their wives don’t have to iron on a trunk, but in the meantime, Peterson is better than a converted Store or no home at all. *The end*

**On the flip side of the newspaper article, I discovered this
Chocolate Sauce Recipe by Bakers Semi-Sweet chocolate. Circa 1945**

4 squares (4 ounces) of Baker’s Semi-Sweet Chocolate

1 ¼ cups water

1 cup of sugar

¼ tsp. salt

½ tsp. vanilla

Chop chocolate into small chunks

Combine chocolate and water in a saucepan.

Stir over low heat until chocolate melts and mixture blends.

Add sugar and salt and stir while bringing to boil and boiling gently for 4 minutes.

Remove from heat and add vanilla. Cool. Turn into jar, cover tightly, store in refrigerator. Recipe makes 2 cups.

For Chocolate Drinks: Add 2 tablespoons to hot or cold milk. Stir.

BAKER’S FOR TRUE CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR: 8 ounces in each package.

“Baker’s gives chocolate flavour so rich, so true, so delicious, that it makes a new thrill for every dish in which it is used.”

***Special note: 2022, 8-ounce package consists of 2 wrapped bars (4 oz each)**