

Lifestyles

Knox church's Rev. Rod Lewis finds a lot of pleasure in seeing people grow with God

By **FANNIE SUNSHINE**
The Champion

At the age of 17, Rev. Rod Lewis knew what he wanted to do with the rest of his life.

"I attended a youth worship event and the message really struck a cord with me," he recalled.

Thirty years later, that message has stuck. Because his father was a reverend, Rev. Lewis had an idea of what becoming a member of the clergy involved.

"I grew up in church," said Rev. Lewis, who's been a member of the clergy at Knox Presbyterian Church for eight years. "It was a big part of my life. I knew about the worship and the gospel. Nothing surprised me, (of becoming a reverend) but one's hardly prepared for everything."

Some things, he said, like preparing for Sunday worship is routine.

Every week Rev. Lewis knows he must select music and the scripture reading for Sunday's sermon.

But his day-to-day activities vary.

"I don't know what I'm doing until I get into my office in the morning," he said.

"I'll be looking over the plans for the day and the phone will ring. Somebody might have a problem or there might be a death. These things require re-scheduling, re-shaping of plans. Some things can't be put off."

Rev. Lewis can be found visiting the ill in the

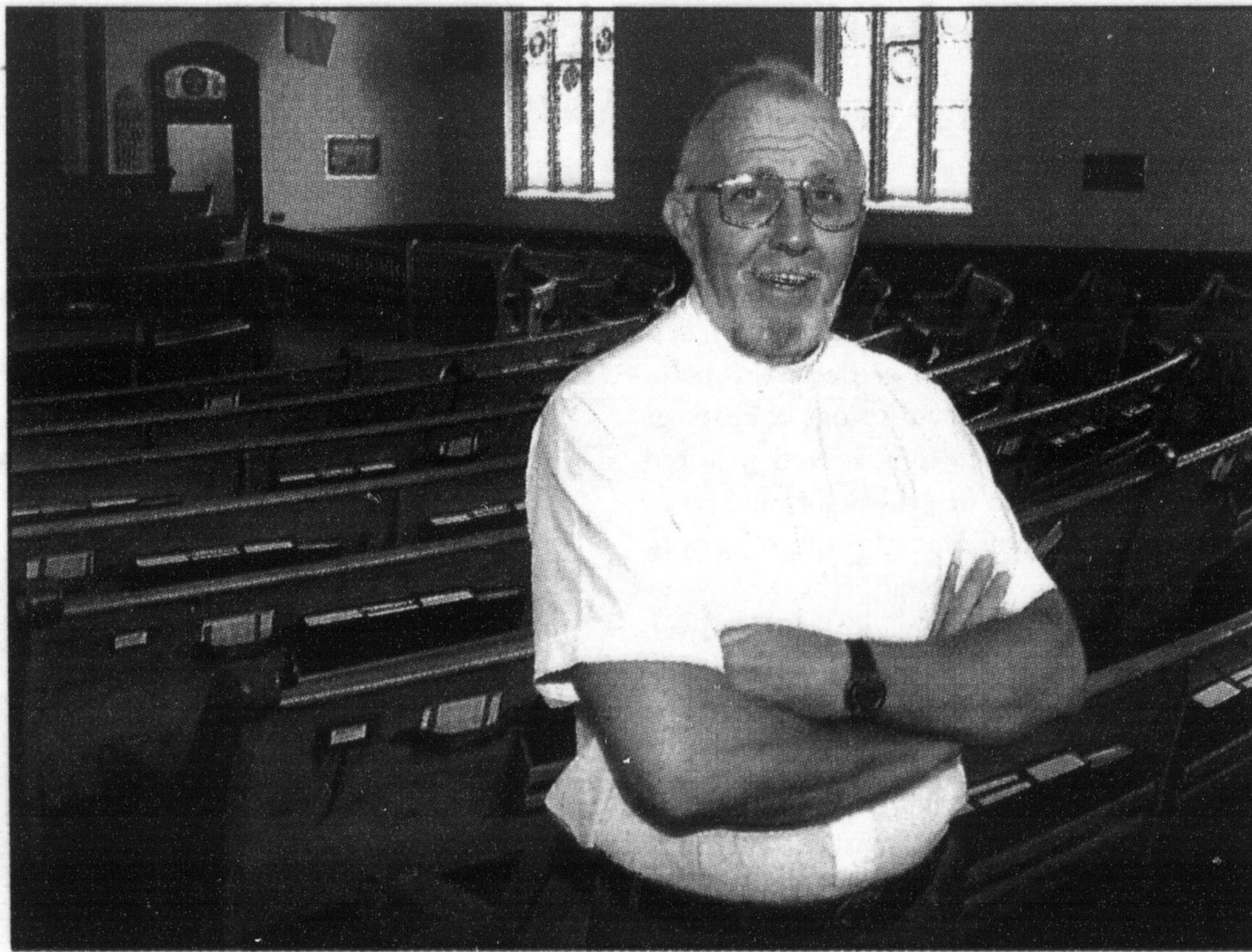


Photo by GRAHAM PAINE

The Church has always been a big part of Rev. Rod Lewis' life.

hospital on a regular basis or meeting with new congregation members at their homes.

"With baptisms, I usually meet with the parents in the evening because they both might

work during the day. If I'm doing a wedding, we'll usually have the rehearsal the Friday night and the wedding the Saturday. If I commit myself to that I can't say something's come up

and I can't do it anymore; that commitment has to be factored in (to his schedule)."

Other times people will wander into the church or into the minister's office looking to chat for a while, which also requires shuffling of the day's plans.

"People want to talk on a whole variety of things," he said. "I listen and support, encourage and advise if I'm asked to. Some people are looking to share their burden. In other cases, people are looking for help — with relationships with their significant other, children, employer or God."

But at the end of the day, somehow all the juggling of the day's events work out.

"My whole day can change with one phone call."

According to Rev. Lewis, one of the challenges constantly facing him is dealing with an "un-churched" society.

"People don't know what the Church is all about," he said. "Folk who aren't actively connected with the church have all kinds of thoughts with what the clergy do. People joke and say they wish they had my job because I only work one day a week."

Rev. Lewis said he finds pleasure in watching individuals grow with God and how they express that growth within their lives.

"It gives me a great sense of satisfaction being out and about with people. It gives me an opportunity to listen to where they're at in their lives. Overall, every day has it's own life."

This sticky weather is driving me absolutely crazy

If you can't stand the heat, stay out of Milton. Short of jumping in the pool, that's about the only relief we can expect to get from this blast furnace summer.

I hate the heat. It makes me irritable. If you see my name in the news section of this newspaper soon it's because I attempted to strangle somebody who dared to say, "Isn't this lovely weather?"

Little things bug us when we're hot, and bigger things bug us more than normal.

Take mosquitoes. They bug all of us, and there's nothing we can do about that, but it's the mosquito repellents that set me off. If they don't

smell bad, they don't work; it's almost as if we need repellent for the repellent.

The best repellent for the little pests is a good stiff breeze so they can't fly. Wind is great for heat, even the sound of it going through the trees is enough to make you feel cooler.

But, then there are wind chimes. There's no logical reason to hate wind chimes — they just go with the breeze, and are soothing to some people. For me, they're an unnatural intrusion. Just having the wind should be enough. The chimes to me are like having one too many drinks, one slice of pizza too many, or one ride too many on a roller coaster. They spoil an



On the loose

with MURRAY TOWNSEND

already good thing.

Speaking of noise, another thing that bugs me most about the summer are people and their

radios. I don't understand why somebody would think it okay to intrude constantly on everybody else's air space. A party or a barbecue, sure, or even the occasional teenager when their parents aren't home, or somebody working in their backyard. But I'm talking about playing the radio so loud that the whole neighbourhood has to suffer. And doing it on a regular basis. How is it possible to be that selfish? My father had one of those people in his Toronto neighbourhood and recently the man's house partially burned down. I don't know if there's a lesson in there or not.

A good way to cool off in the heat is to go to

• see WATCH OUT on page 13

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