

MR. EVANS

William Evans was "just the ticket". He was 34 when he arrived in Schreiber and his experience in life had seasoned him for just such a position as this. He had come to the ministry fairly late, entering St. Bee's College, England in his late twenties for theological training but he had done a variety of things before that and his experience, combined with his training and youth made him ideal for the challenge of Schreiber. Besides that he came cheap! Students weren't paid at the regular rate and that suited the parish fine. He arrived late in 1888, to a situation which immediately tested him fully. No church, no parsonage and winter coming on! He threw himself into the work.

The church was the first priority of the parish and it became his first priority too. He worked hard, as did everyone and things soon began to take shape. Hammering on the roof, nailing down flooring or sometimee applying a paintbrush, his energy seemed limitless and it soon earned him the respect of his congregation. They had a man of God alright but they learned they had a workman too! His energy matched their own and, working together they soon had the church complete. It was a proud and thankful congregation that met in the new St. John's Church for their first service in 1889. Snug the building seemed, and just the right size too for their present needs with a little left over for future expansion. Of course it still needed the odd thing. A chimney, chancel, pews, furnace, pulpit, font, choir seats, tower and a bell might help to make it seem a bit more church like but, still and all, they had made a good beginning and, as everyone knew Rome wasn't built in a day! Besides, a congregation needs something to aim for in the future.

With the congregation under cover Evans now turned to his own needs. The time had come to get a place for himself. It was all well and good to live with the various parishoners for a while but it wasn't a thing that one could stand indefinitely. Sometimes you just didn't feel like shaving when you first got up in the morning. Sometimes you just wanted to sit at the table with your suspenders hanging down while you took in that first cup of coffee or two. Sometimes you just wanted to lay on the settee of an evening and read a good