

Grand River Mission - Past and Future (cont'd from page 3)

At Grand River several experiments were tried to bring church and congregation together. On one hilarious afternoon, a huge moving truck loaded the Sunday school kids up at Martin's Corner and hauled them down to the River Church and back. In foul weather, Sunday school was held in Mary Jamieson's school at the corner. Several meetings were held, in berry-picking time, at the small hall hard by Allan Martin's house.

A ne'er-to-be forgotten occasion was when the hydro came to New Credit! An evening service was held with standing room only. (This was before TV and Gomer Pyle.) A more solemn and stirring occasion was when the New Credit Church was filled with AA people from on and off the reserve. All aimed at "contented sobriety" as they sang "What He's done for others, He'll do for you."

Finally, on June 29-1953, a lil ol' Ford snuck out of Ohsweken in the grey dawn. Past Stone Ridge it went, turning right to sleeping Hagersville. On it went to Sarnia and the West. It was the first, Reserve-born, minister and his family, leaving after seven hectic but interesting years. Other ministers would come to carry on the work.

What of the future? well, "so far have ye come." Someone has said "The world has yet to see what God can do with lives fully committed to Him." A great future is assured for our Mission simply by loyalty to the Faith, co-operation with your Minister and love for the old Home Church, with all its memories!

Poem

THE REWARD

(by Carl Froman)

Who can say now, what might have been,
Had I not helped, our Gracious Queen.
This Country's name, what would it be,
What language too, were it not for me.

Where waters fall, from the highest rocks,
My life was lost, along with Brock's.
A little village, now Stoney Creek,
I died there too, but did defeat.

I gave my life, and tears were shed,
One hundred years, deeds little read.
For help I gave when, battles won,
I was rewarded, as a faithful son.

A once great river, flows through my land,
How beautiful once, was the River Grande.
Famous words, that once were said,
Have access still, and can be read.

As long as the Grande, continues to flow,
As long as green grass, continues to grow.
This is your land, for grateful we,
A tax free land, may it ever be.

May none invade, your Native Land,
Six miles each side, the River Grande.
In grateful token, this we endorse,
Throughout the length, from the river source.

And so it was, that is, at first,
Till lust of those, for land did thirst.
My trust was great, my knowledge weak,
But still my pride, none can defeat.

Within my Lodge, I'm beset with tears,
For now has passed, one hundred years.
When history told, -- in future see,
What might have been, -- if not for me.

A man can still do well, working with his hands - if he also uses his head.