**Canaan Union Church**

**314 Main Street**

# Canaan, Maine

**August 04-10, 2013**

**Sunday School 9:30 AM**

**Sunday Morning Worship 10:15 AM**

**Pastor: Diana J. Perkins**

**Send your letters to: Canaan Union Church**

**P. O. Box 1642**

**Waterville, Maine 04903-1642**

**Thank you so much for thinking of our ministry this summer. Many of you have sent notes, cards, and letters to let us know that you are praying for us. We appreciate your concern for this ministry.**

**Summertime is such a wonderful time of year. People seem to plan time to get together for family gatherings more during the summer than any other time of year. I have looked forward to our family reunions all year. A few weeks ago, we went to the Giles reunion in Garland and what a wonderful day it turned out to be. The only sadness I felt was when the Giles siblings stood in front of my Uncle Rodney’s refurbished old pickup truck to have a family picture taken. My Aunt Mable and my mother were not there to be in the picture and to mingle with all the relatives that they so enjoyed seeing year after year. My Aunt Mable was one of the relatives that just loved to kiss and hug everyone and she would get so excited to be with family that she hadn’t seen for a long time. My mother was a bit more reserved, but she was always happy to be with her brothers and sisters. I was thinking of her this week and thought I would tell you a bit about her. At my mother’s funeral, the district overseer of the United Pentecostal Church called my mother, Phyllis Webber, a “legend.” I would have to agree with that description for I have seen my mother accomplish things that seemed impossible for her to achieve. Things that were way beyond her reach, she found ways to grasp and bring it to pass. As a child many times I would see her set a goal and somehow she accomplished it even when everything was stacked against her. Sometimes, it was as simple as coming up with money for gasoline so she could take a bus load of people to Pea- Cove camp meeting. She called all of us in for a prayer meeting and soon all of us teenagers were going door to door selling pumpkins from her garden and in no time at all, we were packed in that van and headed to the gospel meeting.**

**When Christmas came, she always found money to celebrate the holidays with us. One year, my dad was laid up with a back injury and a few days before Christmas, a knock came on the door. There stood volunteers from the Baptist Ladies Club called the “Sunshine Club” with boxes of food, toys for all of us and some cash to help with the holidays. We were taught that God will provide if you ask in faith believing. Over and over again, I have seen the needs of our family supplied by a totally unexpected source and what a blessing it always brings to know that God feeds the sparrows and we know that He watches over us.**

**I remember the day that Mom and Dad went to pick up a baby on March 17 at a sanatorium. The baby girl’s mother had tuberculosis and the infant had to be removed shortly after birth. My parents had agreed to take care of the little baby until the mother was able to care for her. When the baby was a few months old, the natural mother came and took baby Cindy home. My mother was heartbroken. She declared that God had spoken to her that he had given that baby to her and that he would return her to our family. Phyllis packed a bag with new clothes, diapers, and blankets and placed them in the back of our car. She wanted to be ready on a minute’s notice when the call came to go pick up baby Cindy. Three months went by and many people felt sorry for my parents as they struggled with the disappointment of having lost a baby that had become so much a part of our family. Yet one day, a call came and the mother asked Mom if she would be interested in adopting Cindy as it was just too much for her to take care of a new born for she was very weak and unable to handle caring for her. What excitement filled our house and congregation as the testimony went forth of how God had answered the prayer and our baby was coming home.**

**When Phyllis started talking about building a new church on the corner of Pleasant and Main Street, few people believed that it would ever happen. The congregation consisted of mill workers and retired people. Some lived on disability checks. There were no large contributors that could put up the kind of money that would be needed to build a church. Some town folks worried about her tearing down the old Advent Hall as well as other problems that they felt needed to be addressed within our town so ordinances were passed that would have prevented her from being able to accomplish her goal. Within a short time a well known lawyer volunteered to fight the Zoning Ordinance free of charge and many of us worked to get it placed it on a ballot to be voted on by the people. Mom was full of joy and gladness when the townspeople voted against the Zoning Ordinance and the way was cleared for her to start her building project. Needless to say, people were amazed when the beautiful building was erected and the first service was held on the corner of Main and Pleasant Street. Builders, masons, electricians, and roofers donated materials, time and expertise and before long the work was done. My mother knew how to motivate others to buy into her dreams. She was a person who thought outside the box! Her visions were beyond the scope of most people and her faith remained steadfast to the end of her life. She pushed the barriers of common sense to the remotest corner of her brain and she dared to step out where most men would be afraid to tread. Mom was the Samson of our day. She would tackle removing the gates to the city and walk away with them if they interfered with her purpose. Many times I have seen her leave people speechless. When men tried to stop her, she sped away leaving them groveling in the dust. I remember going to a special meeting where it was discussed that ministers needed more training in teaching the standards held by the United Pentecostal Church. The leaders chose to meet on Friday nights and every pastor was expected to attend. My mother spoke up and said that would interfere with her family night and she got permission to be excused. As we were driving home, I asked her what family night she was talking about. She said “It is going to start next Friday night!” She seemed to enjoy the challenges of life. She had amazing faith and she accomplished wonderful things in her life. I like to think that she has found freedom in heaven that will bring her great joy. Heaven was created for people who believe that “With man it is impossible, but with God all things are possible.”**