

Reflection by Ann Rich

When Lynda was our minister, we used to have a weekly prayer and study group, and one day she asked us all to tell something that we remembered about prayer, as a child. Here is my story: I was on my way to take my Grade 3 Music exam – and was very worried about it. Then I remembered my Mum telling me to just tell God my troubles, so I knelt down on the sidewalk – and prayed that I wouldn't have to take the exam, and off I continued to my teacher's house. As I was going up the steps, she came out the door, and told me that I wouldn't have my exam today. I was ecstatic, until she said, "The Examiner was killed in a car accident on his way to New Glasgow.".....Well, needless to say, I thought it was all my fault, and believe me, it was long time before I felt comfortable praying again!

And to think that I was a church organist for over 50 years – with my Grade 2 piano!

This past week was the 75th anniversary of the end of WWII – as of course, you knew! I can remember that day vividly, as our little family (my Mum, her half-sister Olivia – who was a 17-year-old War Guest from England) and I went to the War Memorial in New Glasgow, NS. Livy, who was more like a sister than an aunt, was a Ranger (the oldest group of Girl Guides), and I was a Brownie, at age 9. And, as I was the only Brownie in my troop who's Dad was overseas, I was chosen to lay a wreath in Remembrance of all the War casualties. I was very proud! (And still would be to do the same thing today.)

Thanks for listening to me.

Ann