WESTMINSTER UNITED CHURCH

PRESENTS

MEMORIES

CELEBRATING 150 YEARS

AS A CONGREGATION

"PULLING TOGETHER TO GET THINGS DONE TO THE GLORY OF GOD"

MEMORIES

Now, we look forward to the development of much-needed affordable housing for this, our Queenston neighbourhood. And, we look back, as our members celebrate their memories of the strengths of Westminster Church as they've experienced them. We thank all who contributed.

MEMORIES BOOK

We begin with memories submitted by our longest attending Westminster Church member, Lily Backous.

Lily Backous

Lily is the eldest member of our church. She shared that on July 25th of this year, 2025, she has turned 102. She has many great memories from her times at Westminster, and has known ministers, Paul Miller, Elliston Bridger, Debbie Shanks, Ron Pocklington, Stephen Shantz, Gordon Geiger, Norman Hair and Elmer Ashley. She recently shared many of her life's experiences with Henry VanBreda and with me, Jan Tanouye.

Lily has always been creative, working as a seamstress and sewing her family's clothes, creating artwork like the owl on her family room wall and earning a living as a hairdresser. As a young woman, she left Bagdad, Iraq when it became dangerous and then lived in France for twenty-five years. When her husband's brother emigrated to Saskatchewan, Lily and her husband, Sam, came to Canada, but they found Saskatchewan too cold. They established their business on Queenston Street to the west of Westminster sanctuary, with her Hair Salon side by side with her husband's Barber Shop. They later moved their business across the street and were situated there for many years. Lily felt that God was watching over them when that property became available as it was affordable and many of their customers lived nearby. Lily and Sam joined the church by transfer from Memorial United at the invitation of Rev. Ashley.

Lily shared that the members of the Mary McCalla U.C.W. group made her welcome, and they worked together, creating church dinners using beef from Meatland, added to salads and desserts the women made. They prepared teas for the nurses, and they raised funds for many church projects. They took on Outreach projects like supporting the work of a woman in Brazil and contributing to a Toronto home for unwed mothers. At Westminster, Lily and Sam worked with Glenna Eldridge's husband Ray, Bruce Lilley and the Property Committee to create the handicapped washroom. For many years, Westminster was their second home, and Lily feels that it gave her life meaning.

Lily's husband, Sam, was on Westminster's Welcoming Committee.

Lily's husband has now passed as have many of those she knew at Westminster. Betty Smith had called her frequently to update Lily on church happenings, and Lily sure misses her now. Lily sees her life as a ladder, and she believes the time will come when she moves on as well.

Linda Anderson

I came to Westminster when Rev. Ashley was here. He was amazing. He knew everyone by name, and he remembered their birthdays, christening dates and marriages. I had been to Westminster with all my friends, and we felt we belonged here.

My kids were baptized here in 1976 and 1979, and my husband and I renewed our vows.

Beginning in 1974, I taught Sunday School for 37 years. Our teachers were great to work with, and we had total teamwork as well with our ministers over the years. Many people had left the church over the years, but in time many have returned.

I've been a member for 50 years and I'm still here.

Cynthia Barrow

The fall of 2013 saw us make the big move from Scarborough to St. Catharines. Before we left Scarborough Bluffs United Church, several members advised us to 'shop around' before we decided on a church.

With this in mind, we checked the locations of United Churches in St. Catharines. Westminster United happens to be the closest to us, so we decided to give it a shot.

So, one Sunday in October the three of us found ourselves in the Narthex of Westminster. One of the ushers that morning happened to be Elaine ~~[~~Payne~~?] Paine~~. The warm and friendly welcome we got from Elaine was genuine and made a lasting impression on us. After the service, she introduced us to Rev. Elliston Bridger who welcomed us just as warmly and invited us to coffee hour in the gym. where we were introduced to some friendly members of the church.

We went home that afternoon and unanimously decided that we didn't need to shop around and that the Lord had guided us to the right place. Westminster was to be our church. The fact that we are still here is testament to the friendly and warm reception we received from day one and the lasting friendships we have made over the years

Stetin Barrow

It was a cold and dark evening when we attended our first Christmas Eve Service at Westminster United Church. We entered a warm and beautifully decked out church and upon entering, everyone was given an unlit candle. Members of the congregation with family and friends in tow soon started to fill the pews. The numbers must have swelled to well over two hundred by the time the service started.

Towards the end of the service, the choir descended from the loft and fanned out at the front of the nave while the congregation moved out of the pews and stood single file in the aisles. The members closest to the Christ Candle lit their candles from the Christ Candle and passed the flame around. While this was happening, the lights in the church gradually dimmed and by the time the last candles were lit, all the lights were out.

In a sea of flickering candle lights, we sang the perennial favourite, Silent Night. A sense of peace and calm enveloped the church. Something I had never experienced before and it has etched itself in my memory.

Nostalgia kicked in and I was transported to my youth, in India, when before Christmas, we would go on our bicycles, carol singing from house to house with only candles or torches (flashlights) to light our music sheets. Boyhood memories transformed to memories of Westminster!

I hope Westminster never loses this beautiful tradition.

Pamela Bilodeau

I had the privilege of being Sunday School Leader to a great bunch of children. Together with the support of Rev. Elliston and Jude, we decided that the children could contribute to the worship service one Sunday in June 2015 and present one of the lessons that we had studied in Sunday School this year. Joshua and the Walls of Jericho would be our presentation. The Sunday School worked extra hard making cardboard bricks for the Walls of Jericho, a replica of the Ark of the Covenant and paper spears and horns. I was the narrator of the scene, and several children memorized lines to say. Everyone learned the song Joshua fought the Battle of Jericho and the Wall came Tumbling Down. While we were singing, we all marched around the front of the sanctuary until it was time to shout and knock down the wall with unsurpassed enthusiasm. We had great fun re-enacting the Bible story of Joshua and the Walls of Jericho for our church family.

Rev. Elliston and Joy Bridger

Thank you, Jude. Our organist at Westminster is also our organ repairman, saving our church a big expense. His tools are very creative and inexpensive…paper clips, chewed gum, elastics, duct tape and paper spit balls to name a few. Believe it or not, the organ is still in working order. The choir and congregation appreciate you Jude for your music, humour, dedication, and faithfulness to Westminster.

Betty Smith's Daughters, Carol Smith and Janie Wallace

Our mom was a member of Westminster Church for over 70 years. She married Roy in 1955, baptized her two daughters who then went to Sunday School and spent years singing in the church choir. Our Mom never missed a Sunday service, participated in bazaars, receptions, and teas, and she attended many parties with you. She saw many ministers come and go and served with Reverend Ashley to Reverend Miller. She documented almost everything that went on in the church as you see in the binder that we gave to Rev. Miller.

After our mom passed away from cancer peacefully in her sleep on Saturday March 3rd, 2025, her Celebration of Life was held on April 12, 2025, followed by a wonderful reception in the (Fellowship) Hall. We'd again like to thank the men and women who spent hours preparing, serving, and cleaning up after a fantastic luncheon afterwards. You all went above and beyond, which is probably one of the reasons why our Mom loved it there.

While she may not have expressed it at times, you were the light in her life and a gift in her heart. She is with some of your friends now in her next life, and I'm sure she will be there to greet you in yours.

Paulette Chesebrough

The main reason I came to Westminster Church was to once again hear Rev. Elliston Bridger, whom I admired and loved to hear. His sermons were deep and meaningful for me. Now I feel that Rev. Dr. Paul Miller has continued this journey for me.

Barb Murphy Coplen

Westminster Church, a place where everyone is welcome.

I came to Westminster in the summer of 2022 when the Covid pandemic was still in place. At that time, the service was held in the gym, and everyone was seated spaced apart, still wearing masks.

The people there I did not know. I quickly came to know Lisa and Bruce, when they said their first hello.

My desire was to become a member of the choir. I inquired about singing because I felt I could contribute to the music. Concerned about auditioning, I learned it was not necessary. (What a relief!) This year, our choir participated in a mass choir of 100 voices to celebrate the centennial of the United Church. Although we are small in number, the Westminster members are so involved, whether it's Rummage sales, Penny Sales, Bazaar, Sunday Refreshments, music or the Neighborhood Children's Shopping Day. The Westminster Family is an example of Faith, Hope and Charity ensuring that the children of Connaught School received boots and warm clothing over the winter months.

I have made a lot of new friends over the last three years.

Westminster was the first Sunday School I attended at the age of three, since we lived across the [street?] school from the church. My brother, Jim, was two years old. My sister, Peg, was five. Mr. Ashley's daughter would walk us to the church.

It is ironic that I have returned to my roots after seventy- nine years.

All I can say is that I have been blessed to know so many wonderful and thoughtful people. It's as if they are saying, "Welcome Home Barb."

Nancy Crompton

I remember back as child, it seemed like every Saturday night a ritual started for church the next morning. We would have a bath and then get our hair in rollers that we wore to sleep. While Mom did the hair, Dad was busy polishing shoes. We had nine kids in our family, so you can imagine the work it was at Christmas. Our family took up a whole pew. Back in the 60's, the church was packed every week. Rev. Ashley was the minister (who baptized me as a baby and married me 20 years later). Every Sunday, there was Sunday School for the kids and the parents would go upstairs to church. Most of the time my brothers would skip going to church and use

the collection money they were given, to buy ice cream at Fosters close by. Sunday School was always busy, so they were never missed and always waiting in the car.

Glenna Eldridge

We moved to St Catharines in 1970 and went to Westminster in 1971. Rev. Ashley was the minister at that time. We have two daughters, Debbie and Cathy. Debbie married John Maheu in 1981, and Cathy married Kevin McCabe in 1985. Rev. Geiger was the minister for their weddings. Our grandchildren were baptized at Westminster Church.

I joined the Mary McCalla Group after receiving a letter from Mary Eller inviting me to come out to a meeting. I still have her letter. Then, it was Unit 5 Group. Then, it was U.C.W. We did lots of Funeral Teas and Luncheons. Over the years, I have served as President, as Secretary, and Treasurer of the group.

Ray joined the Property Committee. He spent many hours working at the church and helped install the handicap washroom. A friend called once asking for Ray. I said he was not at home. Then the friend asked, "Is he at church?" Ray played guitar, and he had a group of lady singers, Bev Tenbroeck, Janet Matthews and Shirley Horner. They sang during the church service a few times a year. They needed a name for the group. "Ray and the Hens" was suggested, but they thought that would not be used, and they called the group Ray and Friends. They recorded a CD. Janet Lilley wrote the lyrics to a signature song, "Westminster". Terry Walsh and Ken Andrews were also part of the group when the CD was recorded.

Sadly, Ray passed away on December 15, 2013. His memorial service was held at Westminster. Rev. Elliston was the minister.

We celebrated our 50th Anniversary at Westminster on July 1, 2009.

Janet Graham

Thank you for allowing me to tell you about a couple of the memories I have from a long time ago.

These memories surface around the time I was in my middle teens. My parents were not regular church goers, and I never attended Sunday school here. When I did start attending church, it was with a group of neighborhood girls, and we all sat squashed together because at that time Westminster was packed on Sundays. Our weekly donations to the collection plate were probably ten cents, or a quarter if we had a good week in our allowance. We were all dressed up in our good clothes, little hats and white gloves, and we remained as good friends all our lives for about seventy years – some even longer – and all remained living in St. Catharines almost all our lives. It sticks in my mind that I am the only one left from that little group.

There was a lot going on here in Westminster on the other days of the week. There was Brownies, Girl Guides and I'm not sure about the Boy Scouts and Cubs. Minstrel shows were a regular event for a while until they became socially unacceptable. After the gym was built, there was basketball

and badminton with dinner meetings for AA and the hospital auxiliary lunches and many other social users.

Reverend Ashley spoke about Confirmation one week as recognition that we had been accepted into the Christian fold as a member of the church, and I presumed he did this on a regular basis. Anyway, our little group of girls – five or six of us – decided it would be a good thing to do. Confirmation is the affirmation that I have accepted Christianity and been accepted into the fold of Christian members of the church. We girls gathered for two or three weeks for about an hour or so while Rev. Ashley coached us about the Eucharist, the seasons of Lent, and other celebrated days throughout the year such as one we have had recently, Pentecost in Dr. Rev. Millers' recent sermon. The only problem was that after this coaching, I was the only one not qualified to be confirmed as I had never been baptized.

At that time, Rev. Ashley held baptismal services on Saturday which I attended with about fifteen or twenty others. There were babies, young children, adults and me. All together we were a large group which of course was too large to be accommodated during a Sunday service. In due time, I was acknowledged to have completed my Confirmation qualifications and was accepted into the church with the rest of my friends.

Another good memory I have after I married and moved back to the east end, I found out there were two services on Sunday – one in the morning and one in the evening at 7:00. The lights would be turned down when Rev. Ashley was starting his sermon and probably a few people had a little snooze for a while. I did close my eyes and felt a sense of peace while listening to the sermon. Rev. Ashley was a down-to-earth preacher, and his sermons were about everyday living. Altogether, I found them to be quite calming, and it often seemed to me his sermons contained scenes of nature with a moral included as well. I was very sorry when the evening service was cancelled because not enough people were attending to make it all worthwhile.

Durning the summer months, for the ministers to have time for some holidays, we would go to Memorial Church on Niagara Street for two weeks, and then their congregation would attend Westminster for two weeks. We would meet on the railroad tracks at Berryman Avenue and walk along the tracks to Niagara Street to Memorial Church.

Georgia A Hole

Wow! It's hard to believe I have been attending Westminster Church for ten years. I remember like yesterday the time our former minister welcomed people from Carleton. We still have eight of us attending. The congregation are a very welcoming group. I did my stint doing coffee time. At first, I thought, how am I going to remember names, but little by little, it didn't take too long. These were a very caring people when it came to the loss of my daughter.

I think how grateful I am to have a second family – Westminster.

Michael Hole

Ten years ago, we were looking for a church family after Carleton United sadly closed its doors. My Mom prayed about this and mentioned she talked to Rev. Elliston at McDonalds.

So, in a snowstorm in January, we went to church where we were warmly welcomed by Myrtle and Joe Hoba, (formerly from Carleton). My Mom and I were very honoured to be asked by Rev. Elliston to represent Niagara Presbytery. At my past churches, I never had any REAL TRUE FRIENDS. We have laughed together, cried together, prayed for each other, and been there for each other unconditionally.

I was touched to see how many people came out to honour my sister at the celebration of her life. Keep in mind these people NEVER met her. By the end of the service, it was as if they knew her all along.

God bless my Westminster family.

Shirley Horner

More than 40 years ago, - after seeing all four of our daughters married and off on their own - my husband Gordon and I bought our house on Wills St. Shortly, we found that there was no Sunday morning bus service to get us to our usual Anglican church service downtown.

Following a visit from the minister, we decided to take a chance on "that big church around the corner on Queenston Church", across from the restaurant (now gone) and next door to the General Hospital (now gone as well). We found a warm welcome, and shortly thereafter, we could be found weekly at Sunday service or often standing, (before that) just outside, recording the sound of the chimes over the neighbourhood from the bell tower above.

For a while, 4-6 of us joined together as a musical group known as Ray and Friends, then after known as Ray and the Hens. Occasionally, at one performance, there was a visit by a 5 'squawking yellow chicken who was escorted to the door by a "security" man! We even made a sound studio CD with copies available to the congregation- just like "real" stars.

After my husband passed away, I joined the choir under the direction of Jude Kudera, our patient, tolerant, and often humorous director and organist. It's still one of my favourite things to do.

Members come and go; neighborhoods change e.g, the demolition of the big gym making way for the newest project offering much needed rental units. Things change but our motto remains- "Pulling together to get things done to the glory of God for 150 years."

Go Westminster!

Anne Hunter

When Carleton United Church closed and after visiting various churches in the neighbourhood and signing the visitors book, the only follow up we had was from Westminster Church. Then

some few weeks later, after one or two visits to Church, I was in hospital and Rev Elliston Bridger visited with words of comfort and a prayer which helped my recovery.

A more recent memory was the support given to our Family by Rev. Paul and the Congregation when my Husband Andrew died.

These caring occasions helped to make Westminster United Church a good place to call my Church home.

Bonnie Jackson

Our family of four moved from Belleville to St Catharines in 1968. Living on Queenston Street, we naturally joined Westminster Church. Our first impression was the beauty of the church, the architecture and the windows.

On our first visit to Westminster, we were welcomed by Rev. Ashley. The usher had to locate a place to accommodate four people, as the church was filled to capacity. I recall the twelve men all lined up at the back of the church, each wearing black suits and shiny black shoes. You could hear the pounding of their footsteps, as they marched forward in unison and broke off into pairs to pass the offering plate.

The gymnasium was divided up for Sunday School classes, and the overflow utilized other rooms in the church. I was pleasantly surprised when our ten-year-old daughter, Susan, made a speech on Mother's Day to all the mothers. After our son, Rob was confirmed, he assisted with the large Sunday School classes. The children all enjoyed playing basketball in the gymnasium.

In 1982, our family moved to Toronto and returned to St Catharines in 1986 and attended Westminster Church. One of my most moving experiences was Christmas Eve in 1987. Everyone stood shoulder to shoulder around the church, and down the church aisle. It was a beautiful sight to see and hear. With the candle lights flickering in everyone's face, we sang Holy Night.

In 2003, our children had all moved on, and they had families of their own. I moved to the north end of the city and joined Grantham United Church where Rev. Miller preached.

I later moved to the Queenston area and again joined Westminster Church in 2024. I cannot begin to express the joy and pride I felt on my first Sunday back at Westminster. I was finally home, and to once again hear Rev. Miller preach was priceless.

Calvin Jessome

My name is Calvin Jessome, and I have been a life-long member of Westminster United Church since I was born 68 years ago (on Oct. 12th, 1957). My earliest recollection of Westminster isn't actually a personal memory, but a black and white photograph of my baptism with my parents, Carolyn and Henry, and my godmother and her husband at the church. I was being baptized by the legendary Rev Elmer E Ashley, who served almost 40 years as our minister.

As a 13-year-old, I attended grade eight at Queen Mary school, and my music teacher was Rick Wyatt - who also happened to be our Choir Director at Westminster. Along with Rick, his wife Earlene, and the other choir members, we used to process and recess up and down the aisle during each service. I recall that we also *successfully* tackled the Hallelujah Chorus during one Christmas (which, coincidentally, is one of the songs I'd liked played at my own funeral). The church was typically full nearly every Sunday, and I will never understand how many families and children these days can go through life without the benefit of attending church on a regular basis. I remember the gratitude of Rick playing the organ at my stepfather's funeral (d. Jan. 30th, 1990), only to be surpassed by my grief when Rick himself passed away only months later, on October 3rd, 1990.

A memorable highlight was attending one of our large pot-lunch choir lunch (pre-Covid) parties at then-Board Chair Ben Southam's house and being impressed by his large-scale train set, which ran on tracks behind his Vineland home. He built the replica of Westminster which survives to this day, usually found on display near the stairs up to the sanctuary.

As young boys and men, my brother David and I were members of (solely *male*, at that time) Cubs and Scouts, and I still remember (and try to adhere to) the basic Scout Law: "A Scout is helpful and trustworthy, kind and cheerful, considerate and clean, and wise in the use of *his* resources" – words and principles to live by, perhaps especially today. One bonus of membership was the opportunity to play numerous sports, including ringette, basketball, and especially), floor hockey in the gym (no doubt our stepping-stone to the NHL, in some of our minds!) I recall Doug MacLean and Fred Fishleigh being two of our coaches.

David and I also attended the massively successful Sunday School downstairs, taught by (among many other gifted and dedicated teachers, musicians, parent-helpers, and volunteers), Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Sherby, Mrs. Kerr, and so on. There were so many activities, songs, skits, religious lessons, drama, music, songs and crafts designed to both teach us about the life and lessons of Jesus (AND to keep us out of our mother's hair during services!)

Many years ago, what a thrill it was for an impressionable young man like me to actually see and hear Roy Bonisteel, celebrity host of then-popular CBC TV and radio show, *Man Alive (*which ran for 22 years), present a sermon to the congregation, as well as experiencing many other politicians, media and radio personalities, etc. sharing their views with us over the years , which were often also covered by the media.

In addition to regular "serious" church work, I remember the excitement of attending and supporting bazaars, bake sales, concerts, and many other celebrations and fundraisers which took place over the years in the Elmer E Ashley gym, honouring the man and his legacy (until it was recently demolished, to make room for our new 39-room rental units.)

A number of years ago, I was happy to rejoin the choir as a tenor (old joke- they asked me to sing ten or twelve miles *away* from the rest of the choir, because I was such a bad singer!), and have even had the privilege of both playing guitar and singing during services (especially in front of my daughter, son-in-law and three grandchildren), including summer services in the gym before it closed. More recently, I am proud to have been elected to both the Board, to share in the

guidance and continuation of both our congregation and our magnificent place of worship, hopefully into the *next* 150 years.

Thanks to the leadership of past Board Chair, Colin Matthews, I've been entrusted with the responsibility of changing the hymn numbers on the boards, along with thematic banners during the church year (such as Easter, Christmas, Remembrance Day, and so on), and in conjunction with Karen Watson, I help to decorate the sanctuary consistent with those themes. I also enjoy giving back, in some small part, by contributing to coffee hours after the service, driving others home, and so on.

Most importantly, I am and will ALWAYS be eternally grateful to my mother, life-time church member (until her tragic passing only three weeks past her 61st birthday, on January 5th, 1999), Mrs. Carolyn Fraser, for not only introducing myself and my brother David (and eventually our younger brother, Alex Fraser), to Westminster, but more importantly for encouraging and strengthening our faith by regularly attending services with us, by modelling Christian behaviour for us, and by understanding that the blessing of FAMILY extends beyond blood, to the "family" that I will always have here at Westminster.

Marilyn Johnston

I enjoy all of my church friends and my time with all of you. Rev. Dr. Paul Miller has made me feel moved by his sermons, and coffee time helps me know more of the congregation as does the church directory. Since I worked at the General Hospital for years, I wish I had gone to church here earlier. I get a ride faithfully by a special church member every Sunday. This shows there are caring people amongst all.

Isabel Keating

I am fairly new to Westminster and feel very welcome. The congregation has been very supportive of my journey of my little granddaughter and her many surgeries. The kind words and prayers meant so much, and this has definitely helped her to heal.

Jerome Kudera

I've been attending Westminster since 1974, the same year my family immigrated to Canada. Church life was quite different back then. All I remember from those early years was Sunday School, where I made many friends, including Dean Jones, the son of Mr. Bob Jones.

In the fall of 1983, Mr. Jones, who was serving as the Property Committee Chair, approached me with an offer. He had a job at the church for which he thought I might be a good fit.

Mr. Jones was a respected member of our congregation. He always wore a three-piece suit and had a calm, mild-mannered demeanor. The Property Committee had just purchased a snow

blower and needed someone to operate it on snowy Sunday mornings before the worship service, as well as during the week if meetings or events were scheduled.

Since I lived just a five-minute walk from the church and was 13 years old, I seemed like a perfect candidate. Mr. Jones explained that my responsibilities would be to clear the side and front entrances, shovel the front steps, and spread salt in the general area. I had never used a snow blower before, and this was my first ever job, but he patiently trained me. He also mentioned that the church would pay me $300 for the entire winter season, which felt like a fortune to me at the time.

As the winter months went on, I recall each Sunday during silent prayer time, passionately praying for clear forecasts!

I'm grateful to the late Mr. Bob Jones for involving me in church life at such an early age.

Jude Kudera

I have numerous memories here at Westminster. However, one that stands out is a quick conversation I had with the late Mr. Ben Southam. I was around sixteen years old, and I had just finished reading scripture for the first time at church. My brother had recently helped with the collection. After church, Mr. Southam approached me and simply said, "One day, you and your brother will be leaders in this church. "

Myrtle La Pointe

One of my first memories is that when we first attended Westminster, we were so warmly received and felt so welcome. Joe and I joined the church, and I joined the choir. I made some good friends, and the choir director is a gifted person who makes time in the choir for fun. When Joe passed away in 2017, my church family was there for me and provided an amazing lunch. I was so grateful for the support.

Gideon and Weena Laurino

We were married here in 1973 by Rev. Harvey, and I still remember wearing elevator shoes and tripping on my way down the aisle. In 1975, we brought our whole family to what was then a full church.

Janet Lilley

One Tuesday, while I was working on the Property Committee, they needed the large wooden manger to be brought downstairs. With no one doing it, I guessed it was my job. So, I brought it to the top of the stairs. With all the men working down there, I assumed someone might help me.

No, so I started, one step, then two steps, then off the manger went, tumbling down the stairs. When finally, it landed at the bottom, it went there with me in it. They all started to laugh. From then on, they used to ask me if I could handle what I was asked to do. I never had a regret. I really enjoyed my time on this committee.

Sinclair (Sandy) and Jean MacNevin

My wife, Jean and I started going to Westminster Church in 1965 when we heard Rev. Ashley was from our birth province, P.E.I. I'm sure that was our attraction to this beautiful church. I have served on the board many times over these years, mostly leaning toward the property committee starting with Glen Waite. I finally succumbed to pressure and became chair. We had the best crew ever. We really enjoyed our Tuesday morning get- together, and we did a lot of work to property.

I remember the bowling teams we had bowled on Wednesday evening at Merriton Community Centre. Our two children, Sherry and Brian were baptized and married at Westminster, and our four grandsons were baptized here as well. My wife Jean helped out a lot as well at the church bazaar, Children's Shopping Days, Palm Sunday breakfast, etc.

We've seen a lot of changes over the years and are now looking forward to new housing. I believe it will be a great benefit to our community and to our church.

June Mayer

We used to go to St Thomas Church on Ontario Street. When our eldest daughter, Debbie, wished to get married, the minister at that time would not marry her. He had her in tears, not because she was marrying a Catholic but because she had not continued going to church after she was confirmed. They got married at Balls Falls in a little church. Then they got their two girls baptized at Westminster. So, after that, we started coming to Westminster and we've been coming ever since. Even our youngest daughter got married here, and they continued to bring all six of their children to school here.

Karen Mayer

I came to be a member of Westminster Church because my parents were always members, so it just made sense to attend church there. Otherwise, I wouldn't be going to church. I also have a love of singing, and where better a place to sing than in church. I was wanting to join the choir but was also nervous about doing that. It was Barb who convinced me to sing after a Christmas sing along that we had at the church. She said, "You have to join the choir", and so I did just that, and I've not had any regrets about it. I love being a member of the choir and the church. I have recently moved to Welland.

Carol Ann McGarr

In Mrs. High's Sunday School Class, we had Bible Verses to learn each week. If we memorized the verse, we received a small ticket. After collecting a certain number of small tickets, we could trade them for a larger card. After collecting several large cards, we traded them for a Book we could keep.

When I was 5 years old I was invited to a UCW meeting to play a piece on the piano. All went well till one of the Ladies asked if I would like a cup of tea. Much to the horror of my Mother (Hazel Cox) I told them my grandma gave me beer in a shot glass. I can't recall being asked to play again.

Valerie McLean

I have a lot of Memories of the thriving youth groups that were at Westminster in the 60's when I was a youngster. We joined the church in 1960 when I was 4. We had transferred from St Paul United. The Sunday School filled the entire Gymnasium, and Hazel Cox, Carol Ann's mom was the superintendent. There was always a Vacation Bible School. I always went because it was so fun with games and crafts. Stan Brickell, Hazel's brother and his wife, Rosie were very involved with the youth. They ran a club on Saturday mornings called Junior Messengers. I remember there being crafts, games and films while we learned about Bible stories. Kids from all over the neighborhood came, even if they didn't come to church. They were wonderful people. Rosie was the Explorer leader then. I remember Marion Scherby was one of the leaders then too. I was a shy kid and the first time I went I was kind of scared because I didn't have a nice white blouse or any stars on the sleeve. Mrs. Scherby gave me a big hug and brought me into the group, and everything was ok after that. When my own children were young, I taught Sunday School for a few years. I remember that they couldn't get anyone interested in taking the grade 5 and 6 kids. The little ones were cuter, I guess. What I learned was how smart and interesting kids are by the time they get to Grade 5 and 6. I found out how much I enjoyed them.

Rev. Dr. Paul Miller

My first memory of Westminster was of bringing a group of youth from Grantham United to participate in the Niagara Presbytery Youth Volleyball Tournament. That was in 1997 or 1998. What I remember when I came into the cavernous gym is, "I wonder what their heating bill is!"

My next memory was of representing the Presbytery on a search committee to find a minister when Rev. Elliston Bridger announced his retirement in 2014. The result was that the congregation requested that Rev. Bridger's appointment be renewed. Shortly after, I began my job as a staff person for Waterloo Presbytery.

Around 2015 or 2016, I started to come to Westminster every Tuesday night to rehearse with the Avanti Chamber Singers. My impression of the building was that it was a little bit dreary and in need of brightening up.

I didn't have much to do with Westminster other than choir rehearsals until the fall of 2019 when I was invited to conduct two workshops and preach two Sunday sermons. My impression was of a small, committed core of people trying to keep congregation going without a regular minister.

I remember that the Board raised four concerns:

- Attracting new people
- Overcoming resistance to change
- Finding a good minister
- Maintaining an aging building.

The same concerns as a lot of congregations.

But something else struck me. The people who took part in the workshops described a community with two core strengths:

- A deep capacity for friendship.
- A deep concern for the community.

These two commitments really impressed me.

I went back to my busy life, which included joining the Board of Start Me Up Niagara. But what I experienced from that group of leaders at Westminster stuck with me. By the following summer, when it was clear they were going to have a hard time attracting a minister, I remember thinking, "You know what? I could do this." I reached out to the search committee (I think it was Carol Ann) and said I would be interested. And in September 2020, I started my first appointment – agreeing to try it for six months.

I remember the first time I read Westminster's mission statement – "Pulling together to get things done for the glory of God" – and thinking, wow, that's one of the best mission statements I've ever heard.

I remember my first year being deep in the on-again off-again world of COVID with masks and distancing and worship services moving online twice when public gatherings were prohibited.

Since then, we have struggled to attract new people. Resistance to change has not proved to be an issue, as the congregation readily agreed to embark on our project to build rental apartments, even though it meant the end of our gymnasium. We've done our best to hold this grand old building together.

And those two core values – friendship and care for the community – remain the foundation of our life together, both of these values rooted in a deep Christian faith.

When I first retired in 2018, I vowed I would never, ever take a retired supply appointment. But God had other ideas, and I have been grateful for the blessing of Westminster United Church.

Keith Newell

I first went to Grantham United Church where Rev. Paul Miller was preaching. I truly enjoyed his sermons and the person he was. When he left there, I could not find where he went. One day, while I was reading the newspaper, there was an advertisement for Westminster United Church on Queenston Street. The minister there was Rev. Paul Miller.

I went right away to church the next Sunday. I have never left or regretted my decision to follow him. Westminster is friendly; the church is lovely, and the people are nice.

Roberta Noble

When my old church, Carleton United, closed, I was at a loss as to what church I should go to. A friend called me and invited me to join her at Westminster. I enjoyed the sermons, and everyone made me feel welcome, so I joined and I haven't regretted it. I enjoy being a member of Westminster United Church.

Debra Parks

I am a new member at Westminster Church coming after my church closed. My first impression of the church was how welcoming and friendly everyone was to me. The second impression came when I walked into the sanctuary. I was overwhelmed by the size and by the beautiful wooden rafters and arches. The stained- glass windows shone welcoming me. I am very glad I've come to Westminster.

Marilyn and Jim Price

Ten years ago, our church, Carleton United, closed, and so we came, with some of our friends, to Westminster United. It was a good move as we've found the Westminster people very kind and caring.

Vera Ross

I've been a member of Westminster United Church for 65 years. It was a busy church in the 60's when I joined, well attended with large Cubs, Scouts, Explorers and C.G.I.T. groups for the youth. There was a large U.C.W. group, which I never joined, but I would lend a helping hand when needed. Reverend Ashley was the minister back then. I eventually became the Explorer leader for a time and Ver Pietracupa was leading the C.G.I.T. at that time. We both did it for a number of years, and we worked well together. We always had a table at the Church Bazaar in the fall, and we sold crafts, Poppycock and Nuts and Bolts in 10 oz. instant coffee jars to raise money for the craft materials for the two groups. We ended our year with a mother and daughter banquet for both groups. We would also have an annual sleepover at the church for both groups. One year, our sleepover was on a Friday night and the U.C.W. was hosting a banquet for the Niagara

U.C.W. on the following night. After the girls settled in, my helper, Angie and I were in the kitchen where there were some bags of potatoes for the dinner. We decided to peel the potatoes for something to do. On the Saturday morning, after the girls left, we cleaned up and some of the ladies came to the kitchen. They were very upset that no one had got any potatoes for the dinner. Angie started to laugh. When they realized what had happened, they were happy that their potatoes were already peeled and Angie and I were thankful for something to keep us awake to watch the girls.

Harman Sabean

I came to Westminster Church because of the friendly people and the minister. This nice lady keeps giving me food to take home. I had to tell her my sugars are rising so. Thank you. Because of Westminster, I am a happier person.

Shirley Smith

Seeing the Westminster Church auditorium being torn down, brings back many memories of events that took place there over the years.

The first event was in the late fifties, when the Kiwanis Music Festival took place, in the spring. Many students who took music lessons in the region came here to compete. There were competitions for singing, guitar, wind and string, instruments, and for me it was piano. I took piano lessons for eight years.

In 1961 I entered nurse's training at the Mack Training School for Nurses at the nearby General Hospital and every November the students presented Mack Follies. We had about 2 months for all three nursing classes to come up with a form of Entertainment for the public to enjoy. It could be tap dancing, choir, singing, solo, violin, baton twirling, skits. It was a lot of work.

In March of each year, the auditorium was the scene for "Capping Ceremony." Students who came into training prior September and passed probationary training received their nursing cap. This was a very special event for all students who received their cap.

Sadly, we have to say goodbye, but the future looks bright for the up coming apartments that are much needed, especially in the Queenston street area.

Ryan Stevens

I, Ryan Stevens, am honoured to be a member of Westminster United Church for over 15 years with wonderful sermons every week and amazing family gatherings full of love and support. I was baptized fifteen years ago with my God mom, Shirley Horner and John Dyck.

I was also a member of the choir which was fun. We are all family for life. These lifetime friends are now my family.

Bob Tanouye

My first memories off Westminster happened before we even became members of the Church. Working with Bruce Lilley as members of the Start Me Up Niagara Board, Bruce recruited me to help make breakfasts for the Out of the Cold Program, when you had sleep overs in your hall. I would often be the scrambled egg guy. But one time, Tony Venditti decided that we should make bacon and special eggs. He had each serving of eggs in individual bowls, and I would cook each one of these bowls as a serving of eggs. Another volunteer who I will call the Baconator, was responsible for cooking the bacon. With 2 large frying pans on the go, he would only cook 3 slices of bacon at a time. However, for each serving of eggs, we were plating 2 slices of bacon. You see where this is going.

With my experience in the Westminster kitchen, Bruce would recruit me to help in the kitchen for other Westminster functions. I became a familiar volunteer at Westminster.

So, when Trinity United Church in Thorold closed and we joined Westminster, I was already a seasoned and experienced kitchen volunteer.

Jan Tanouye

One time when Bruce Lilley visited our garden, he saw a plant hanger that Eric Adamson made some time ago at Memorial Church. Bruce said that his friend, Sandy MacNevin could make some of these as a Westminster fund raiser. Soon, Sandy was involved, willing to create these. Each plant pot was to sit in a niche carved into the side of a piece of wood. Creating that niche so that it would hold a pot was a challenge, and Sandy worked long and hard at this. After we sold the initial 8 that he made, Sandy asked that we stop the sales. Production ceased.

Beverley Tenbroeck

I remember times we connected drama to our events. One time, Janet, my sister, dressed like a big yellow chicken while Ray and friends were playing at a church function. Janet went back into the boiler room, and she struggled to put on the outfit. She then called John Tenbroeck to help. Then Bruce came in and said, “You are never going to fit into that!” Janet replied, “The show must go on”, so, on she did go out the door. At that time, Ray started to play the chicken dance. Janet had already instructed me to squawk like a chicken when her arms went up and down, which I did. What fun times we had! How I miss Janet Matthews and Ray and the fun we had.

Barb Vale

Although I’ve been attending Silver Spire United Church, a big part of me will always hold wonderful memories of Westminster. My son, Jeffrey Kenneth Vale was baptized at Westminster and sang in the choir. He was also married in the church, and later his twin boys were also baptized there. After his move to Welland twenty years ago, he missed Westminster and the

many supportive members. Jeff is buried at Victoria Lawn along with his father, Ken who was a lifetime member (1928 – 2000). I wish you the best in your future endeavors.

Henry Van Breda

I remember when Mom and Joanie took part in the Explorers program for young girls. They looked forward to going every week. I remember when they came home with a Christmas craft they had made…an angel made from a Reader's Digest with folded pages, a Styrofoam head, wings and everything spray-painted gold. Mom put that angel out every Christmas.

I remember that dad loved helping out at Westminster United. He was a member of the Property Committee, and he enjoyed working on the church with all the other men. Dad was an usher, and he loved counting the collection. He was a member of other committees, and he served with joy.

I remember Reverend Ashley. We came to Westminster when I was about five years old. Mom was pregnant with Joanie, and Reverend Ashley was the minister at that time. He was a wonderful minister, a wonderful man. I remember him dropping in to visit us at home. Home visits were important to Rev. Ashley and to the congregation. He was a very kind and gentle person.

Karen Watson

As we celebrate 150 years of Westminster Church, I'm reminded of the many special moments that shaped my connection to this wonderful community.

Some of my fondest memories are from my time as a member of the Explorers led by the caring and dedicated Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Pietracupa. I especially looked forward to our annual Explorer C.G.I.T. sleepover at the church, - a night filled with laughter, friendship and memories that have stayed with me through the years.

Growing up in the neighborhood just behind Westminster Church was always a place of excitement and belonging. Every summer, all the local kids could count down the days to Vacation Bible School. The last day was always our favorite because it meant ice cream and celebration.

Westminster has always been more than a building; it has been a place of warmth, joy, and lifelong memories.

Andrew Whitely

I came to Westminster when I had a health issue. Rev. Paul came often to see me and see that I was okay. People are nice to me, and the coffee hour is great. Thank you, Westminster Church, and people.

Kathy Wilson

It was 9:30 am on a Thursday morning. Shirley Warner and I had just arrived at Westminster, and we were preparing coffee for the morning. Better make 20 cups, some for Bruce and the minister. We then opened the door, and Duncan, my guide dog, settled down for a much needed rest, as he had gotten up early this morning. Marion and Jennifer came in with fruit cake and banana bread, Duncan's favorites.

No one was surprised when Bruce came in with an empty coffee cup and then he said, "This room is way too small for all this stuff" after the students had left the larger room.

Shirley did not ask any questions, and off we went down the hall. Then a light went off in my head…where was Duncan as he was not used to such a change? We looked in every room. Marion proclaimed, "Duncan, you cannot hide from me!!!"She looked through a small glass window, and there he was. Duncan did not care a fig.

Duncan came into the new room, saw my bag, and sat down beside it. All was well, and tonight, we would be back for choir as our voices were lifted up to the gates of heaven, only to be accompanied by Jude's temperamental organ.

Stained Glass

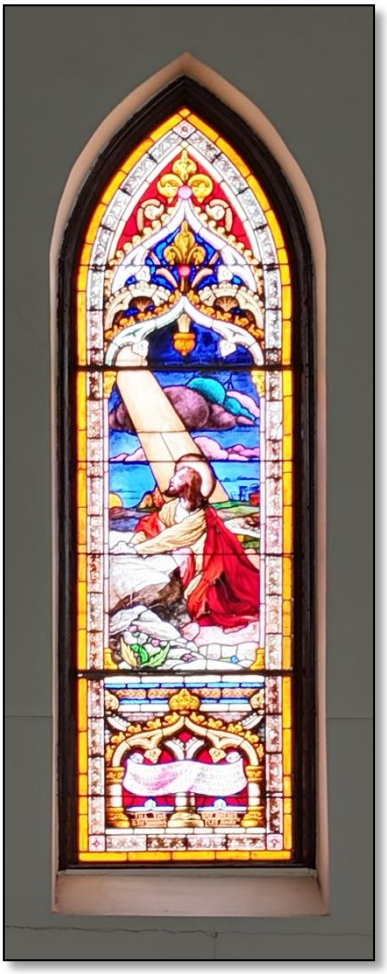
(Work in Progress)

Harold E Baumann, Dedicated 1918-1930?

Because of colour printing costs, we have not printed the windows in colour. The colour Windows project is coming later.

This first window was part of a sermon by Rev. Dr. Paul Miller, which follows.

From Rev Dr Paul Miller,



Since I came to be your minister in 2020, one window has captivated my attention. I'm talking about the window over my right shoulder. I spoke about this window last year around Remembrance Day.

Like most of the windows in the church, it was donated as a memorial. The inscription reads, "In ever loving memory of Harold E. Baumann, Gunner 71st Battery C.E.F. (Canadian Expeditionary Force) who died at sea on the Transport Victoria Oct. 8, 1918, in his 22nd year. Only son of Mrs. May Baumann." You might not think this window has much to do with theology, but I hope to show you that it does – that this window makes a most profound theological statement.

It commemorates a tragic event – the death of a 22-year-old man. It connects his death with the passage we heard today from the Gospel of Mark – Jesus praying in the Garden of Gethsemane the night before he died. He is alone. His disciples have all fallen asleep. Jesus will very soon be betrayed by one of them, Judas Iscariot, and arrested by Roman soldiers. His closest followers who vowed to stick with him through thick and thin will soon scatter like scared rabbits, leaving him to face his fate alone. Jesus is surrounded by darkness but a light shines on him from above.

This window brings together a story from the Bible and the story of a young man who died during World War I and his mother who wanted him to be remembered. The biblical story gave deeper meaning to the young man's story – and his story made the biblical story more real, more concrete, more substantial.

Harold Baumann was born in 1896 in Merriton to Edward and May. When Harold was only nine, his father died at the age of 39, leaving May a widow with a young son. They lived in this house at 5 Capner Street, just off Oakdale Ave. They were members of Haynes Avenue Presbyterian Church – the building at the corner of Queenston and Oakdale that is home to Westview Christian Fellowship – where Harold sang in the choir. He worked as a carpenter in a factory in Merriton.

In May of 1918, he enlisted in the army. He was posted to Petawawa north of Ottawa. On October 5, 1918, his battalion left camp on a train bound for Quebec City where they would board a ship for England. Three days later, he died.

You might assume that, since he died at sea, his ship was attacked and sunk. I spent quite a bit of time on my computer googling "Transport ship Victoria, sunk, World War I" and came up empty. Then I found his obituary notice, published in the St. Catharines Standard, which stated that he didn't die as a result of an act of war but of "bronchial pneumonia."

This was late in 1918. A global pandemic, popularly known as "Spanish flu," was in full swing. First detected at a military base in Kansas, his terrible disease soon raged around the world, eventually killing an estimated 20 million people. Unlike COVID 19 which is most dangerous to the elderly and the immune-compromised, this flu preyed mercilessly on healthy young adults. Crowded army camps were perfect breeding grounds, and the military tried to suppress information about it so as not to hurt morale.

On the Canadian Department of Defence website, there is a transcript of a court of inquiry held aboard the transport ship Victoria to determine the circumstances leading to the death of "No. 3036411, Gunner Baumann, Harold E." Three senior officers questioned the doctors and other medical personnel who had contact with Gunner Harold Baumann. It tells a heart-breaking tale.

Soon after departing Quebec City, Harold was admitted to the ship's hospital suffering from pneumonia. The medical officer on board the ship testified how his condition deteriorated rapidly on the night of October 7. When asked how long Gunner Baumann had been ill, the medical officer replied, "at least ten days" – in other words, well before boarding the ship. In fact, several men exhibited flu-like symptoms on the train ride from Petawawa, including Harold Baumann.

The conclusion of the court of inquiry was that **"Gunner Baumann was suffering from Spanish Influenza before leaving Petawawa military camp and went on board in critical condition."** He "received all available treatment" – but we forget today just how few options were available in 1918. "All available treatment" consisted of doses of quinine, rations of whisky and lots of fresh air.

Lieutenant W. S. Quint, an orderly officer, was asked, **"Do you consider that [Gunner Baumann] was a fit subject to be placed on Board this ship?" "No," Lt. Quint replied.**

The court concluded that **"this troopship should not have been permitted to sail."**

What a sad, sad story – the story of a member of this congregation memorialized in this window. We can only imagine May Baumann's anguish when she learned that her son had died, not on the battlefield, but in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean only five weeks before the end of the War. Would Harold Baumann have survived if he'd stayed in Canada? Who knows? So many died in that pandemic in the prime of life and there was little that the medical science of the time could do. But he was buried at sea so she did not even have the consolation of receiving back his body.

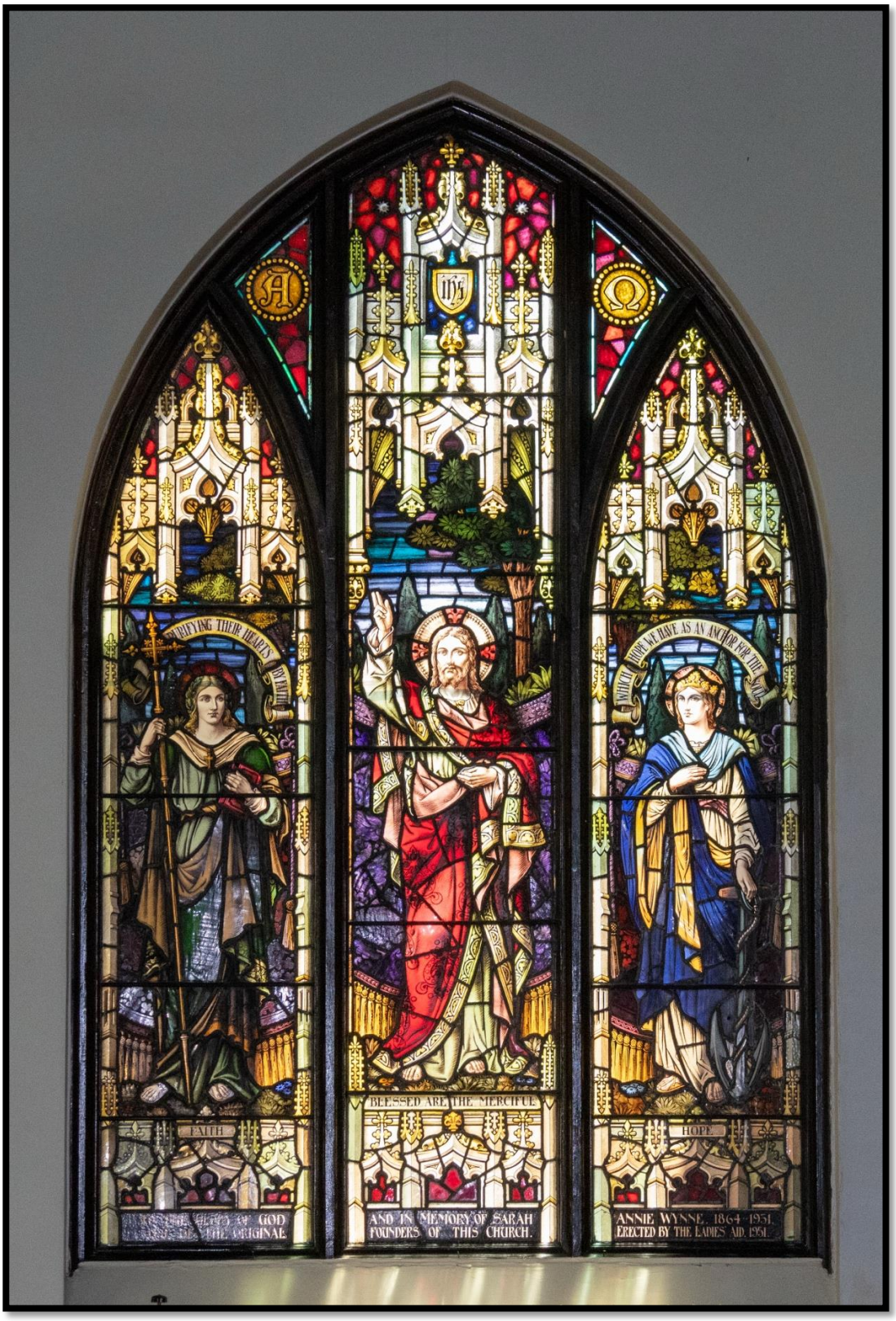
May Baumann continued to live at 5 Capner St. After Harold's death, her mother and step-father moved in with her. She remained there until her own death in 1947.

I wonder – was this window a way of finding peace in the dark night of grief, loss and loneliness? Did she find strength in the God who, in the words of the Apostle Paul, "did not withhold his own Son, but gave him up for us all"?

Did she identify with Jesus praying alone in the Garden? More importantly, did she trust that Jesus identified with her – that he felt her pain, that he was acquainted with her grief?

Did she imagine her own dear son's fear and loneliness as he lay dying, a trust that Christ had been with him, giving him peace as he went through the valley of the shadow of death? Did this time of year when the church remembers Jesus' suffering and death bring her pain and grief back to her? Luke's version of this story says that **"An angel from heaven appeared and strengthened Jesus." (Luke 22:43)** Did she draw comfort from the conviction that God would strengthen her?

So much of the New Testament is devoted to discovering the meaning of Jesus' sufferings. There are several different ways in which his arrest, crucifixion and death are interpreted. One is through the image of the suffering servant that we find in the Book of Isaiah. According to Isaiah, God would save his people not by a sending a conquering warrior but a lowly servant.



Sarah A. Wynne, Dedicated September 1931

From the St. Catharines Standard Newspaper, September 1931:

On Sunday morning, a beautiful stained glass windows is to be unveiled in memory of one of the founders of Westminster United Church. Miss Sarah A. Wynne, daughter of Captain Reben Wynne, was born in St. Catharines, Septebmer 9th, 1864, and passed away on March 30th, 1931. She was educated in the schools of this city and spent her life here, devoted to the best interests of the community. She was one of the original members of the Haynes Avenue Mission, then located on Seneca Street, and she continued a staunch and loyal supporter through the changes which culminated in the new church on Queenston Street, now known as Westminster United Church. Her work for the church was of many kinds and always done in a gracious spirit. Many of the men now in middle life and holding responsible positions in the church and community will vividly recall her as their teacher in the Sunday school of the Haynes Avenue Church.

For a number of years, she was secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society, in which office she served the organisation faithfully and well. The whole church felt keenly the loss occasioned by her death, and this memorial windows is an attempt to express in some permanent way the high regard in which Miss Wynne was held.

Miss Wynne was connected for many years with the firm of J.D. Tait and Co. She was a member of the Local Council of Women and was deeply interested in welfare work. She actively co-operated in the support of the Children's Shelter, the Orphan's Home, the Welland Ship Canal Mission and in many other works of benevolence. She travelled extensively, recently spending three years in New Zealand and another three years on a world tour.

She was a woman of gracious and kindly spirit, and while the circle of her intimate friends was not large, she was favorably known to thousands in this city, to whom she gave of her best in unselfish service.

Through the kindness of Mr. A.J. Killip, the Ladies' Aid Society of the church are able to dedicate this memorial which will forever speak eloquently of the love and esteem in which Miss Wynne was held in Westminster Church. The window has been designed and produced by the church art department of Robert McCausland, Ltd. Of Toronto, who are justly proud of the result of their labors.

In the centre and main position, is a figure of Our Lord in an attitude of teaching. The rich ruby robe makes this the dominant figure in the composition. The text underneath is "Blessed are the merciful." And there is a small shield at the top of the window with the Sacred Cypher, I.H.S. This is based on the first three letters of the Greek word "Jesus,". On the left hand side is the figure of Faith holding the book of Holy Scripture in one hand and a staff surmounted by a cross in the other.

Albert Tomlinson, Presented 1963

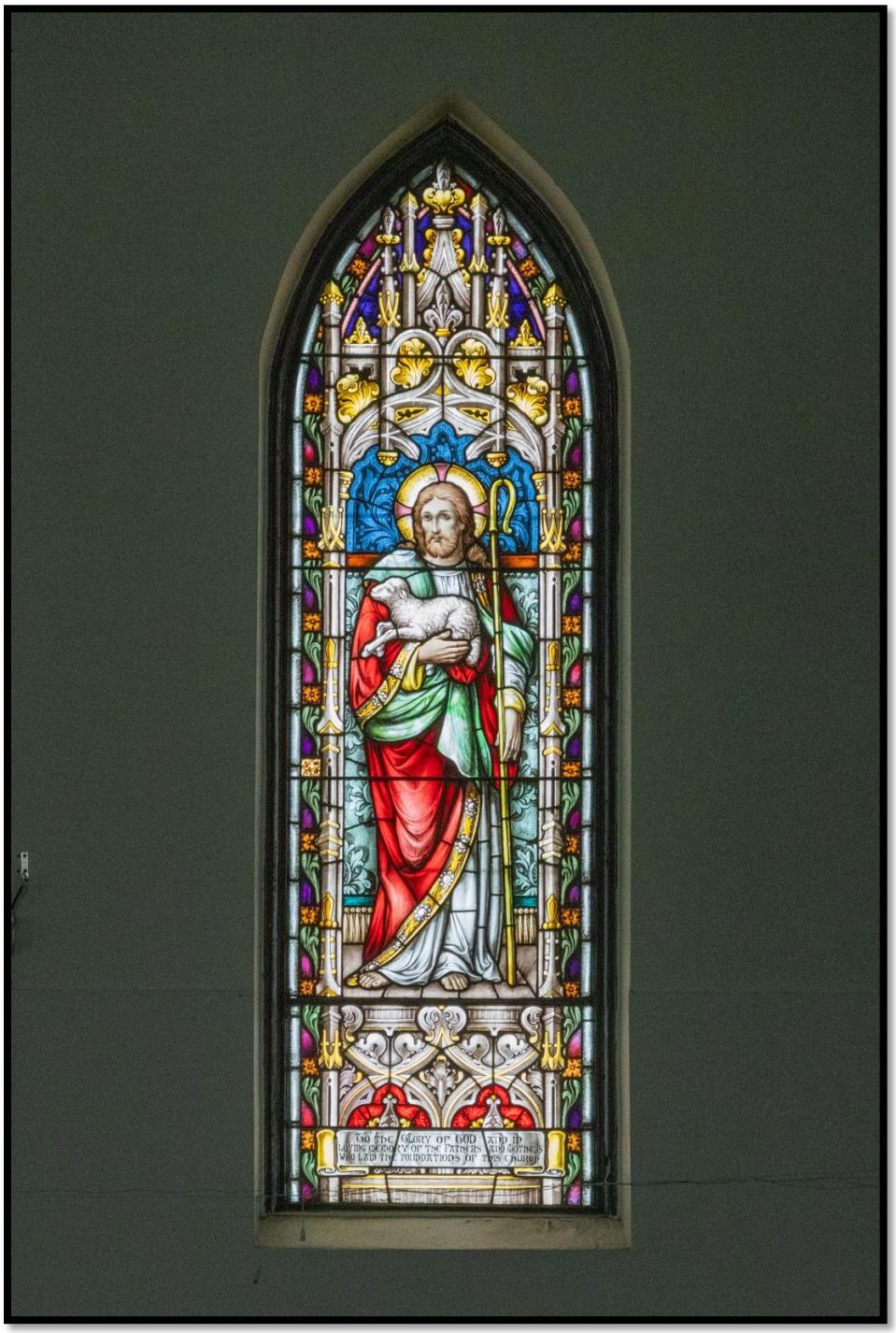
Albert Tomlinson was a Friend and Benefactor of Westminster United Church. He was born November 11, 1882, and passed away on May 2, 1957. His wife, Consuelo Morrow Tomlinson presented this window in his memory in 1963.

Mr. Tomlinson was born in Brantford, Ontario where he was educated in the public schools and the Brantford Collegiate Institute. He moved to St. Catharines where he was active in the building business and in the social welfare life of the city. He was a member of Welland Avenue and Westminster United Church having been a steward for many years and a member of the Men's Club.

Mr. Tomlinson was a prominent Mason, being a member of St. George's Lodge No 15 A.F. and A.M., Elgin Lodge of Perfection, Niagara Falls, Hamilton Chapter, Rose Croix and Moore Sovereign Consistory, 32 Degree of the Scottish Rile, Hamilton. He was also a charter member of the Kingsmen Club, an active member of the YMCA, and the St. Catharines Lawn Bowling Club and the S. Paul Street Bowling Club.

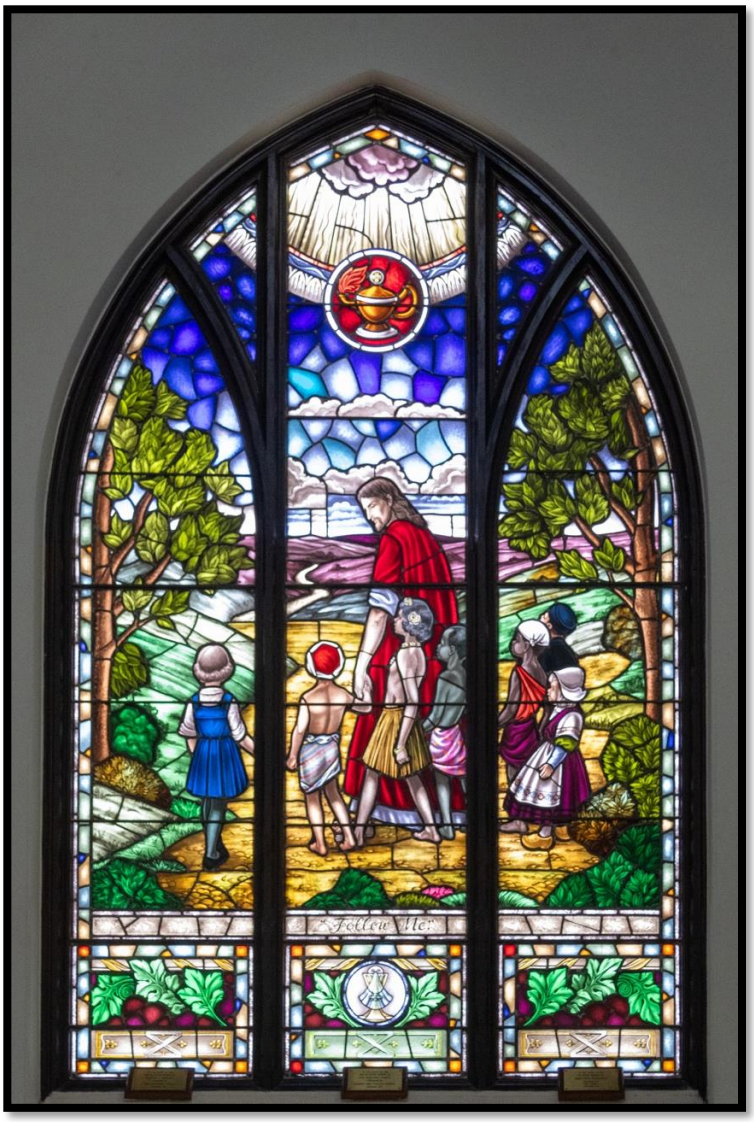
Anne Wildgust Kadwill

This stained glass was unveiled by William H. Kadwill in memory of his wife Anne who was our organist for 21 years. Anne passed away on October 21, 1957, and this window was unveiled in 1967. Anne Wildgust was born in 1889 in Norfolk, England, United Kingdom. In addition to being our organist, Anne was active in the Women's Missionary Society and the Women's Association at Westminster. Both groups would later become the United Church Women (UCW) in 1962.



No Information

We do not have any information on this glass. It is located at the front right. We have info on the far left (Harold Bauman), the center (Anne Kadwill) but nothing on this far right glass.



This stained-glass window was dedicated in September 1976 in memory of Dorothea Fishleigh, The Eckford Family and Marion E. Barley

Marion Elizabeth Elliot Barley was born on August 12, 1918, and passed away on March 24, 1975. Her husband Fred (April 6, 1909 – August 10, 1991) and sons Chris and Jim presented this window in her memory. Marion was our United Church Women president from 1967 to 1969.

Murray and Phyllis Corbin, September 1976 presented this window in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Eckford

Dorothea Elizabeth Dickson was born on February 2, 1891, and passed away on May 20, 1973. Her husband Francis John Fishliegh, daughter Marion, Leslie and son Fred presented this window on September 1976.

Clara McKay, Dedicated November 21, 1976

This memorial window was dedicated on November 21, 1976, to honour Clara McKay. Clara was the wife and mother of David B. McKay and daughters Joan Borgstrom and Helen Rastin.

Clara McCay passed away at the age of 91 years old. She was born in Toronto and lived in St. Catharines for 37 years. She was a veteran member of Unitas Rebekah Lodge N. 266; she was a past Noble Grand and was a past president of the United Church Women of Westminster United Church.

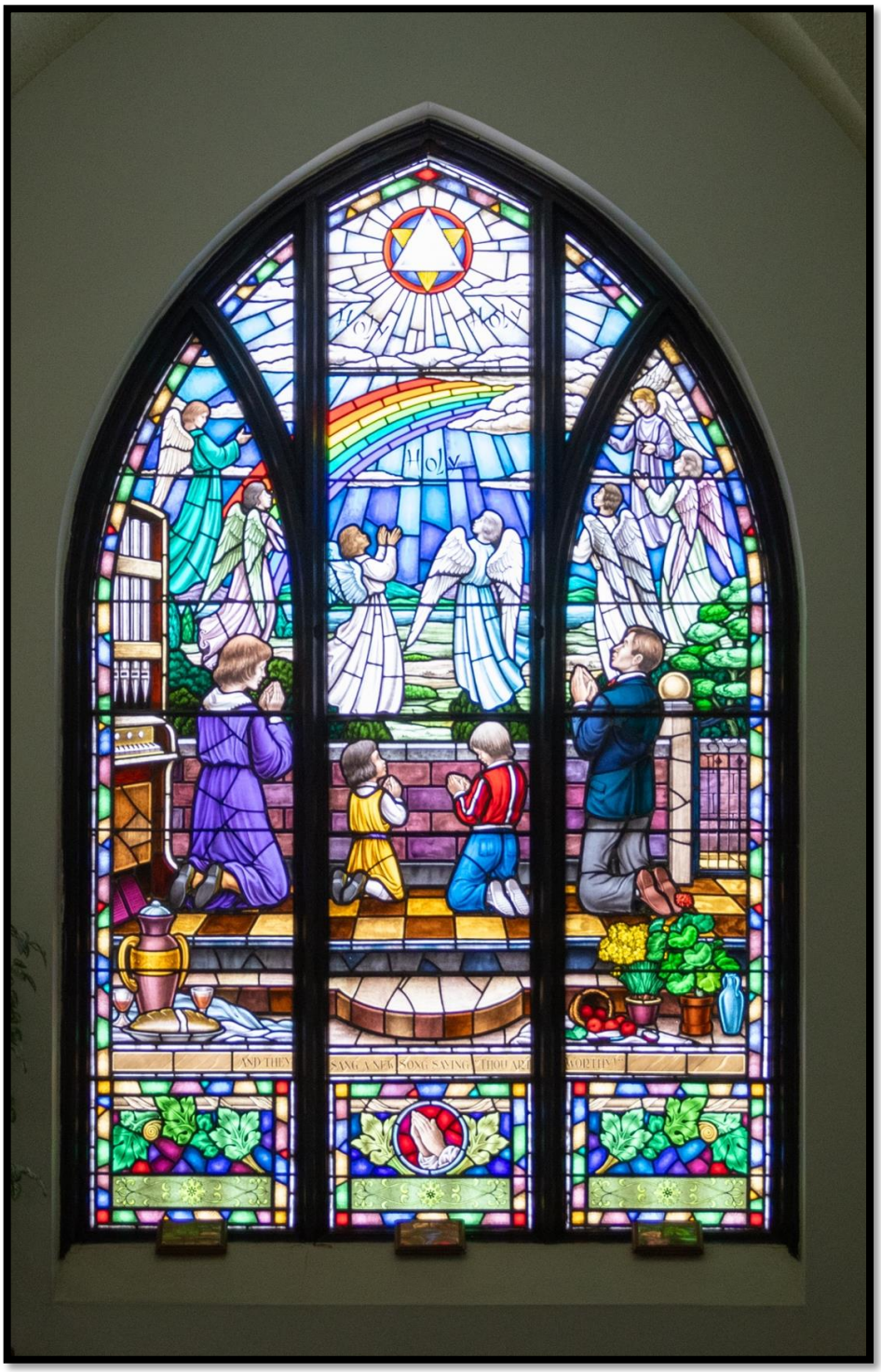
Westminster's second church was located at 124 Queenston Street, at the corner of Queenston Street and Tasker Street where Westview Christian Fellowship is today. This 2nd location served our congregation from 1895 to 1927. After the sale of that property, our congregation moved to our current location at 180 Queenston Street. Proceeds of the sale of 124 Queenston Street were saved and a fund was started most notable by Miss Ellen McPherson (July 16, 1897 – June 13, 1985) and her Sunday School class and together with the gifts of many individuals in memory of loved ones was used for these stained-glass windows as part of Westminster's Centennial Celebration in 1976.

Ellie and Fanny McPherson

Annie M. Somerville, Dedicated 1992

This memorial window was presented by George Somerville and family to honour the life of Annie McLean. Somerville.

Annie M. Somerville was born on August 29, 1909, in Nova Scotia and died on September 28, 1991. Her husband George, children Bud, Patricia and Vernal were members of Westminster United Church.



Richard J Wyatt, Benjamin G Southam, Lawrence Robert Jane

Dedicated May 3, 1992

All three families donated to this stained-glass

Richard (Rick) Johnston Wyatt passed away on October 3, 1990, after a courageous battle with Cancer. He was our church organist for 22 years. His wife Earleen was a prominent member of our choir where she would often perform solos. Sons Tim and Scott also sang in our choir. He was a teacher with the Lincoln County Board of Education for 27 years and was a member of the Canadian Progress Club. Rick was our organist when our current Rodgers Organ was installed and dedicated in 1967. He worked with our Sunday school and created a Junior Choir to sing with our main choir each Sunday. Rick was also a mentor to a teenaged Jude Kudera who would become our future organist.

Ben Southam was a lifelong member of Westminster United Church who served as Board Chairman and a Trustee for many years. The Southam family was prominent in Southern Ontario. His father, Ed Southam was our church's first 100-year-old member (Jerome says this is not verified but is accepted as common WUC knowledge)

Lawrence Robert Jane passed away on May 15, 1987, leaving behind his wife, Ruth S. McPherson Jane and daughters Barbara Anne and Nina. Robert was a veteran of World War II with the Royal Canadian Air Force.