

January 2, 2026

An illustration of the Three Kings of the East, also known as the Magi, standing in a row against a dark blue night sky filled with stars. The king on the left has a long yellow beard and wears a green and white crown with a blue and gold robe. The middle king has a long white beard and wears a red and gold crown with a blue and red robe. The king on the right has a long blue beard and wears a red and gold crown with a red and gold robe. They are all holding golden scepters. In the background, there are faint outlines of a city with domes and minarets. The text 'The Wee Voice' is written in a large, white, stylized font with a blue outline, and 'Newsletter' is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font below it.

# The Wee Voice

Newsletter



# The Donway Covenant United Church



## Our Mission

**"To follow Jesus by sharing God's  
unconditional love as  
the Spirit empowers us."**

## Our Vision

**We will follow Jesus...**

- By being a local Christian church within the United Church of Canada; a community anchor for spiritual exploration and growth where life, worship, knowledge, service and song all contribute to our larger story.
- By welcoming and involving people of diverse faith, ethnicities, abilities, ages and stages of life, economic situations, sexual orientation and gender identities.
- By caring for all members with compassion, empathy and joy.
- By acts of service, reaching out to engage and support our community, the country and the world.
- By building bridges within our community, as a congregation recognizing the variety of religions and spiritualities in the most diverse city in the world.
- By using our facilities for religious, social, cultural, educational, or other programs that reflect our values.

## We are an **AFFIRMING** Congregation



***Meet Him at the Manger***

# Beannacht

**a Blessing for the New Year**

**by John O'Donohue**

On the day when  
The weight deadens  
On your shoulders  
And you stumble,  
May the clay dance  
To balance you.

And when your eyes  
Freeze behind  
The grey window  
And the ghost of loss  
Gets in to you,  
May a flock of colours,  
Indigo, red, green,  
And azure blue,  
Come to awaken in you  
A meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays  
In the currach of thought  
And a stain of ocean  
Blackens beneath you,  
May there come across the waters  
A path of yellow moonlight  
To bring you safely home.

May the nourishment  
of the earth be yours,  
May the clarity  
of light be yours,  
May the fluency  
of the ocean be yours,  
May the protection  
of the ancestors be yours.

And so may a slow  
Wind work these words  
Of love around you,  
An invisible cloak  
To mind your life.





# JOIN US THIS SUNDAY

Isaiah chapter 60: verses 1 to 6  
Matthew chapter 2: verses 1 ~ 12

## “Guided By The Star”

The word epiphany means “to show forth.” And interestingly, most epiphanies - big or small - tend to happen very quietly. They’re deeply personal moments, even though they often carry meaning far beyond ourselves. Trying to explain an epiphany to someone else can be tricky. The words never quite land the way we want them to, and even the most compassionate listener can’t fully step into what it felt like to be there. Because of that, many of us hold our experiences of the Holy close to our hearts. Who would really understand? Who would believe us? And yet, that’s the irony - epiphanies are meant to be shared, even when they can never be fully put into words.

That’s very much the case with this weeks gospel story. We celebrate the visit of the wise ones - the magi - from the East. These travellers are outsiders, Gentiles, people who didn’t “belong” by the usual

standards. And yet their presence tells us something important: the good news of Jesus is for everyone. They are people of curiosity and openness, willing to listen for God’s voice and brave enough to follow it. They trust a star, even when they don’t



know exactly where it will lead. There’s something wonderfully hopeful about them - open-hearted, starry-eyed, searching for truth and for a joy deeper than anything the world alone can offer.

If we are willing to be wise in the same way - to watch for the light and follow where it leads - we too may find ourselves changed by the journey. Like the magi, we may be led by unfamiliar paths

into the presence of the Christ child: the Light of the World, the Prince of Peace, the one who gathers up humanity’s deepest longings for justice, love, hope, and peace - and makes them real.

**Rev Lorrie Daly-Price**

## A Prayer for the New Year

*O God, please give me...*

*A few friends who understand me  
and remain my friends;*

*A work to do which has real value,  
without which the world  
would be the poorer;*

*A mind unafraid to travel,  
even though the trail be  
not blazed;*

*An understanding heart;*

*A sense of humor;*

*Time for quiet, silent meditation;*

*A feeling of the presence of God;*

*The patience to wait*

*for the coming of these things,*

*With the wisdom to recognize them  
when they come.*

# JOIN US for **CAKE** at **COFFEE TIME** after Worship (January 4)



We will be gathering at **Coffee Time** for a piece of "Celebration Cake", as we celebrate the arrival of the New Year, as well as all the birthdays, anniversaries, voyages and other special occasions that will be taking place in January

**Fellowship  
Committee**



## "FRIDAY COFFEE DROP BY" *We're back!!!!* *This FRIDAY* *(January 2nd)*



*Bring a friend ~ Meet a friend!*  
*Have a coffee! (or tea, or juice!)*  
**Help us celebrate**  
**New Year and Hogmanay!**  
Between 1:00 pm & 3:00 pm  
*in the Living Room*

## The Church Office (regular hours)

is open four days a week

**Monday to Thursday,**  
**9:00 am to 4:00 pm.**

**Closed Fridays**

If you plan on visiting it is best to 'phone ahead so Emily knows you are coming. If you leave a voice message Emily will get back to you as soon as she is free. **(416) 444 - 8444**



**Want to know what's going on?**  
**What's coming up?**  
**Go to our web site and find out!!!**

<https://www.donwaycovenant.com/>



## SERVICES for the SEASON of EPIPHANY

- Jan 4 Epiphany Hymn Sing  
10:30 am "Guided By The Star"
- Jan 11 Baptism of Jesus  
10:30 am "Jesus Comes to the Jordan"
- Jan 18 Second Sunday after Epiphany  
10:30 am "A Special Invitation"
- Jan 25 Third Sunday after Epiphany  
10:30 am "Turning Points In Life"
- Feb 1 Fourth Sunday after Epiphany  
10:30 am "Blessed"
- Feb 8 Fifth Sunday after Epiphany  
10:30 am "What Is Your Purpose?"
- Feb 15 Transfiguration Sunday  
10:30 am



**Join us for Worship  
in our Sanctuary**

**The Worship Committee**

## *My Door Is Always Open*

**Drop by anytime during the day,  
Monday to Thursday**

**You should be able to catch me every morning and some afternoons. Call ahead to ensure I am at the church. Lorrie Daly-Price**

## WANT TO STAY UP TO DATE?

Follow us and Like us on

**Facebook**

**Donway Covenant United Church**







## Serenata Singers

### Celebrate Their 50th Anniversary in 2026

*Serenata Singers* are a well-established non-professional mixed group of approximately 60 singers

who love the simple joy of four-part choral singing. Choristers value both the discipline and the fellowship of singing in a structured, yet welcoming, environment under the accomplished musical direction of Michael Morgan. The choir ranges in age from 55 to 98 years with the average age being 75.

Fresh from their guest artists' appearance with the **Scarborough Philharmonic Orchestra**, The **Serenata Singers** members are gearing up for their golden anniversary performances. On Thursday, May 7th 2026 at 2:00 pm and Friday, May 8th, 2026 at 7:30 pm at the **Scarborough Bluffs United Church**, 3739 Kingston Road **Serenata Singers** will commemorate 50 years of "singing the years away" in two concerts for our supporters and the community.

For tickets (\$25.00) to the **Anniversary Performances**, or information on how you can join the **Serenata Singers** contact

[charlotte.judd55@gmail.com](mailto:charlotte.judd55@gmail.com)

**Did You Know?** There is a strong connection within the ranks of **The Donway Covenant United Church!** Margaret Taylor is a 'lifetime' member, and Alister McGrady and Les Pearce are/were past members!



Thanks to Jean McGrady for suggesting

## Ladies' Fellowship

Our *Ladies' Fellowship* will meet on the second and fourth Thursday of the month at 10:30 am on ZOOM under the leadership of Maureen Smith.

We will all be taking a break to enjoy Christmas, then back together again on January 8th, 2026!

You are certainly welcome to attend. Ask Emily (church office) for the **Zoom** link.

## LOVE SINGING? JOIN OUR CHOIR?

*Have you always wanted to try it out but never got around to it? Well now's a great time to give it a go:*

*The choir rehearses Wednesday mornings at the **Donway Covenant UC** from 10:30 to 11:30 am, but if you can't make that time don't fret! We meet in the Sanctuary at 9:30 am on Sunday mornings as well to give us ample time for reviewing hymns and anthems.*

*If you'd like to sing with the choir, please send me a quick email at*

[scottpietrangelo@gmail.com](mailto:scottpietrangelo@gmail.com)

*letting me know you're interested and inquiring about next steps. Looking forward to making harmony together!*

**Scott Pietrangelo**  
Music Director

## DCUC Knitting Group

Our meetings are on the second and fourth Mondays of the month, from 2:30 ~ 3:30 pm in our Living Room. This season we are knitting scarves, mitts and hats for the unhoused or, you are welcome to bring any project you are working on.

Andrea Sloan

**Our next meeting is  
Monday, January 12th**



# FOR THE YEAR BEFORE US

Rev. Lorrie Daly-Price

As we step into a new year, I carry each of you with me in prayer. I give thanks for who you are, for the journeys you are on, and for the ways you show care and love in this community. My prayer is that God will meet you in the everyday moments of this year as well as in the moments that take you by surprise.

When the path ahead feels uncertain, may you sense God's light guiding you. When change feels heavy, may you be given strength enough for the day. And in all things, may kindness - both given and received - shape the way you move through the world.

I also invite you to take time to reflect as the year unfolds:

*What might God be asking you to release?*

*Where is new life beginning to stir?*

*Who is God placing on your heart to notice, to care for, or to walk alongside?*

My hope is that we will continue to walk this year together - listening deeply, supporting one another, and trusting that God is already at work among us. May this be a year of growth, healing, courage, and shared joy, as we follow God's leading into all that lies ahead.



## Our Annual Cookie Day

Our **Annual Christmas Cookie Day** this year was another very successful time honoured tradition. Grateful thanks to our very generous bakers, our helpers who happily filled the cookie tins and last but definitely not least, our friendly delivery folks. We shared our Christmas caring with 27 members and friends. Due to the overwhelming generosity of our bakers we have shared Christmas cookies at **Coffee Hour** during December.

Here are a few notes from grateful recipients.

*"To all of the Donway Covenant Bakers, Thank you so very much for your kindness, thoughtfulness and of course the cookies. We are very thankful"*

*"I would like to thank all my friends at The Donway Covenant United Church for the wonderful "tin" of cookies that they gave me for the Christmas season. I was able to share them with guests, they really added to my celebration of this wonderful time of year."*

Thanks for being a truly caring and sharing congregation. **Pastoral Care**





*A long time ago, when I was in my high school English class my teacher, who was teaching us the art of the short story, introduced me to The Gift of the Magi, by O. Henry. (I'm sure it must have been at Christmas time!).*

*All these years later, it is still one of my favourite Christmas stories.....a simple message of Love. I like to reread it each year, especially at the time of the visit by the Wise Men.*

*If you would rather listen than read*  
**CLICK HERE**

**Tom Joyce**

**The Gift of the Magi** , by O Henry

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X-YQSBvEQhs>



# The GIFT of the MAGI

by **O. Henry** (published in 1905)

ONE DOLLAR AND eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young." The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already

introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result.

Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling - something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair.

**continued**



# The GIFT of the MAGI *continued*

Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade. "Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation - as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value - the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home

with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends - a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do - oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two - and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

***continued***





# The GIFT of the MAGI *continued*

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again - you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice - what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, labouriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you - sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year - what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate

employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs - the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims - just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men - wonderfully wise men - who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

*The End*





# Minutes for Mission

## BUILDING ON A YEAR OF CARE



Credit: Christel | Pixabay

As we step into a new year, we pause to celebrate the faithful work of our **Mission and Service** partners around the world. These partners - farmers, educators, community leaders, and local organizations - are on the ground responding to needs, creating opportunities, and building stronger, more resilient communities.

Through your prayers and your support of **Mission and Service**, they are able to focus on what matters most. Financial support helps ease the practical challenges of running programs, providing meals, training leaders, and responding to emergencies.

Your partnership allows them to carry out their work with steadiness and care.

As 2026 begins, our partners have already been looking ahead with intentionality and hope. They are preparing to support people seeking stability, respond to crises both local and global, strengthen communities, and equip people with the skills, confidence, and opportunities to thrive. Each partner continues to adapt and innovate, finding new ways to meet the needs of their communities today, while preparing for the challenges of tomorrow.

This year, and in the years to come, your support helps ensure that these efforts can continue. Together, we walk alongside partners who are living out God's call to justice, care, and hope - creating spaces where people are seen, supported, and empowered. As we look forward to 2026, we do so with gratitude for what has been achieved, and with intentional hope for all that is yet to come.

From the United Church of Canada website

<https://united-church.ca/stories/building-year-care>

## Join Us for *Lunch with Lorrie*

**Thursday, January 22nd  
from 11:00 am to 1:00 pm  
IN THE NEW YEAR!!!**

*Lorrie and I are looking forward to starting our **Lunch with Lorrie** gathering on Thursday, January 22nd. We will gather at 11am in the Church living room.*

*More information to follow. Anyone is welcome to join us (men included) for a relaxed and friendly time. Please advise Emily if you are planning on attending.*

*If you have any questions or suggestions please contact one of us.  
In friendship,*

**Lorrie and Marian**



## Programs you might find of interest!



### **Wednesday Night Movie** **"Ordinary Angels" 2024**

**Wednesday January 7th**  
**from 6:00 to 8:00 pm**

A struggling hairdresser finds a renewed sense of purpose when she meets a widowed father working hard to care for his two

daughters. With his youngest critically ill and waiting for a liver transplant, the fierce woman single-handedly rallies an entire community to help.



### **Travelling Solo** **as an Older Woman** **Wednesday January 14th** **from 6:30 to 8:00 pm**

Solo women travellers are changing the face of travel, and women represent the largest single cohort of travellers. For those women who acknowledge some barriers to embracing this phenomenon and cite 'fear' as the reason, this presentation will help them understand how they can travel safely, wisely and fearlessly. LauraLee Monica Giliberti has travelled extensively, having volunteered and worked overseas, and currently travelling as an International House Sitter.



### **DIY Stained Glass** **Art for Older Adults** **Monday January 19th** **from 2:00 to 3:00 pm**

Explore your creativity and learn how to make your own dazzling masterpiece, created with foil and paint. Please note that the panels may need to dry overnight.

### **Tech Help**

**Every Monday from 2:00 to 3:00 pm**

Need help setting up your library eBooks? Have questions about your tablet, phone, laptop, email or eBooks? A librarian will be available to help you with your technical questions.



### **Build & Brand Your Online** **Shop: WordPress** **Essentials-Women** **Entrepreneurs Edition**

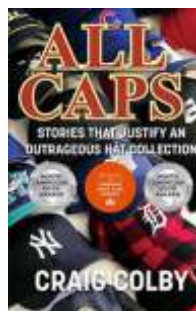
**Starting Wednesday January 21st**  
**from 1:00 to 3:00 pm**

This beginner-friendly workshop is designed for women entrepreneurs starting or growing their small businesses. Learn the essentials of building and branding a **WordPress** website, from setup and design basics to practical strategies for building trust and connecting with your audience. Registration begins January 2, 2026.



### **January's Book** **"The Brilliant Life of** **Eudora Honeysett"** **by Annie Lyons**

**Tuesday, January 20th**  
**from 7:00 to 8:00 pm**  
**or**  
**Thursday, January 22nd**  
**from 2:00 to 3:00 pm**

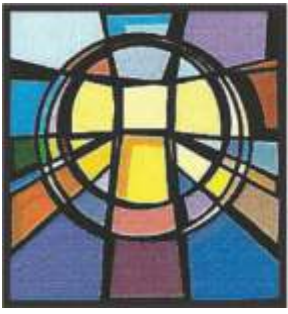


### **ALL CAPS: Finding the** **important things in life** **through headwear**

**Wednesday January 21st**  
**from 6:30 to 8:00 pm**

Craig Colby reads from and discusses his book "ALL CAPS : stories that justify an outrageous hat collection" a personal story of resilience during hardship. Craig will talk about the origin of his book during the early days of the COVID pandemic when wearing a different hat every day and posting it on Facebook resulted in a group of isolated hat lovers bonding over caps. The story also reveals what Craig learned about his own life and the importance of human connection and what happens when it's severed.

**Please call 416-395-5710**  
**for further details**  
**and to reserve your spot!**



# The Donway Covenant United Church



## ***Need pastoral care?***

Call the church office and  
Emily will direct your call.

**Minister:** Rev. Lorrie Daly-Price

**Music Director** Scott Pietrangelo

**Church Administrator:** Emily McLean

**Custodian:** Kim Morgan

## **Celebrating 11 years of being an Affirming Congregation**



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