

Gerald and Marguerite PAULEY
at **LA VIEILLE ÉGLISE** (THE OLD CHURCH--1840)

Home (450) 247-2329 cell (450) 230-7318

From Marguerite : We will be sending another letter next week because we have other things to tell.

I started a prayer letter several months ago on a bright, sunny morning. I had an appointment with our family doctor, but I wanted to get the letter well under way to get it in the post office that afternoon. Gerald had already addressed and stamped the envelopes. I told him, laughing, "It's great to not have a crisis, an adventure, etc.! Just a normal report of how things are going. I hope no one will be disappointed."

I left the doctor's office and drove down the 4-lane boulevard toward the highway home (35 miles). I was driving our Dodge Caravan. The traffic was heavy and slow because of construction on the exit to the highway. I was in the left lane behind 4 cars at a stop sign. There was a flag man to signal which lane could move. In the right lane were 3 cars, a city bus and a line of cars. The bus driver was leaving an opening for a Ford Transit van to come out of a driveway and turn right into the street. He did not know that the driver of the Transit van intended to cross the lanes and turn left.

I was stuck in the row of cars and there was no opening in my lane. I looked over at the van and wondered why he was just waiting there. The flagman waved forward the cars in the lane beside me. The Transit van moved out a little into the street, gunned its motor, drove out in front of the bus and plowed into my front passenger door. The bus was able to stop. The van driver was a young immigrant from Morocco. He backed up into the driveway and I managed to maneuver into the driveway. He kept saying, "I didn't see you!" To make my story shorter – I took pictures of everything, including his driver's license and his company's name and telephone number. (The door was destroyed but I was just knocked around a little and a little shaken.),

I drove home. We notified the insurance company and a tow truck was sent to tow the car to their garage. After several weeks I was cleared of any fault but the adjuster declared our van "totaled". The replacement of the door would cost almost \$6,000, more than the van was worth (a 2011 with rust but a well-cared-for motor). Since I was the "victim" the adjuster talked to me. I explained that we do not want to make payments on another car. The Caravan meets our needs—it has a hitch for a small baggage trailer, the seats go down in the floor, and we have running boards. When we moved to Saint-Bernard, we bought a small Dodge truck, a 2013, to handle the moving and down-sizing involved. I said we could save them money by using our truck instead of a rental car (the repairs took 2 months). The truck is hard for Gerald to get into, but he manages.

They accepted to replace the door if the frame wasn't damaged. The frame was alright and the garage found a door.

We certainly are glad to have a new door! The old door was rusted and the hinge was not working very well and was hard to open.

Improvements on the property: There were 6 trees along the property line beside the road. On the church building side there was a long hedge of cedars, costly to trim. We didn't have enough money to remove the trees. One day Hydro-Quebec came down the road topping trees. They stopped in front of our trees and a workman came to the door and asked for permission to top them. They had grown up into the wires. I said that the trees would look pretty bad topped and asked, "What if you cut them down?" He looked at us, surprised, and said, "All of them?" We said "Yes!" and he said "Why not? It would make it easier for the snow plows". They took away all the trunks and big branches but left the stumps. **Free tree removal!**

We found a small company—a father, son and son-in-law—to pull the stumps for a reasonable price. I was watching them work and had an idea. I asked Gerald what he thought. I wanted to pull up the whole hedge of cedars. We were thinking the church should be more visible and we want to put up signs, one at each end of the property. He was taken aback but after thinking a bit came to the same conclusion... the property would be completely open. The men pulled up every cedar carefully and took all of them (5 pick-up truck-loads), **planted them at their house** and gave us a very reduced price for the work.

We are amazed at what has happened to Quebec. In the commercial centers, there are so many immigrants that we see more different races than white and hear many different languages (The Quebec we came to was only French-Canadian –we blended in until we spoke with our French from France and Switzerland accent).

The war between Russia and Ukraine and the terrible trouble in Israel has caused bitterness in the many Immigrants here who are from those countries. An example: A very nice lady helping me put my walker in the van said "Merry Christmas"! And I said with a smile, "Thank you! We will have a *glad* Christmas because we will be celebrating the birth of the Son of God, our Savior! I hope you will, too!" Her face scrunched up and she said, "Huh! A Savior! If there is a God and a Son of God they would be doing something about the suffering in the Ukraine". I said, "You mustn't blame God for what wicked people, enemies of God, do in their striving for power! God doesn't force anyone to turn to Him—not even me or you!" As she started to walk away angry, I heard her say, "He should force the Americans to do something."

With grateful hearts and appreciation for God's faithful people,

Marguerite

(This letter was read and edited by Gerald Pauley)