



Fall 2019

Dear Friends:

While exploring Canada's east coast on our summer vacation, my wife Rosemarie and I found ourselves on the windswept shores of Whalesback near Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia. Site of the **Swissair Flight 111 memorial**, this picturesque spot also bears witness to the brave actions of those who assisted with the recovery. Wasting little time in answering the *call* for help, these local folk showed remarkable *compassion* toward the relatives of the deceased, while providing essential *care* for their needs. Yes, much like the ministry of airport chaplaincy!

**Call:** "Our parents and brother are dead," said the voice over the phone. "Can you help us?" Needless to say, I was stunned at the news that a horrible tragedy had claimed the lives of a former airline employee, her husband, and their young teenage son. Instinctively, I set out to help the **three surviving daughters**—two of them teenagers! Funeral arrangements were made and a legal expert was found who could help with the estate settlement. Pastors from my home church, relatives, and friends all answered the "call" for help. Indeed, would you do the same by upholding these dear ones in prayer?

**Compassion:** Passenger 'T' showed up at the Terminal One Chapel one morning. Concerned for her aged mother's fading health, 'T' found herself in need of "compassion" and care. In fact, here's an excerpt of an email message that I received from 'T' recently:



*Dear Peter King,*

*My name is T. H. and I am writing to you from Germany. I don't know if you remember that I attended one of your services at Pearson Airport. I was there because I was waiting for the flight back home where my mother's condition had worsened and she was about to pass away. Our prayers that my mother would still be with us when I returned were heard . . . she recognized me when for the last time she briefly opened her eyes and raised her hands for a little hug. This still means a lot to me. I will never forget the kindness by you and the dear ladies that hugged me and prayed for my mother and our family.*

*T. H.*

Truly our privilege!



**Care:** I met 'B' one afternoon outside the Terminal One Chapel. "Is this a place of prayer?" she asked, pointing toward the chapel. "Yes," I replied. "That's good," she said, "I need prayer." Next thing I knew, 'B' was in my office pouring out her heart to me. Sadly, this lady had become ensnared in a lifestyle that stripped away her God-given dignity. Yet, praise God, not only did 'B' discover genuine "care" through our ministry, but even more, she found hope in the life-changing message of the Gospel!

Needless to say, dear friends, your heartfelt prayers and faithful support are vital to the chaplaincy ministry at Toronto Pearson. Thank you so much!

Yours in His grace,  
Peter (& Rosemarie)