



STAYING CONNECTED

A WEEKLY NEWSLETTER FOR OUR MCIVOR CHURCH FAMILY

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OUR STORIES – TERRILYN GOERTZ



I've been asked to share a brief reflection on how God has been at work in my life through my several careers. When Sherryl first approached me about speaking, I was a little apprehensive. I found myself wondering what I

would even talk about. But I agreed—who can say no to Sherryl?

As I began to reflect, I realized that God's work doesn't always show up in big, dramatic ways. More often, it's found in the quiet unfolding of everyday moments—the kind we might otherwise overlook.

For 42 years, I ran a private daycare in my home and had the privilege of helping raise over 220 children. Through those years, I learned how to be patient, to remain calm, to encourage and praise, and to bring a sense of peace into what could easily become a chaotic household. We would bake, play outside, and be silly—and the kids brought pure joy into our home.

But it wasn't always easy. There were long days with challenging behaviours and moments where I wondered why I was doing this. I also walked alongside many families during difficult times—times of going through a separation and divorce.

I often found myself sitting with parents as they shared their struggles, sometimes quietly listening as they worked through their emotions and even their tears.

And I witnessed the impact it had on the children in my care, as shifts in their behaviour often reflected what they were going through—calling me to respond

with patience, sensitivity, and understanding. Looking back, I can clearly see that God was there with me—steadily shaping me, strengthening me, and building a resilience I didn't even know I had.

In those 42 years, lasting friendships have developed, and I've been deeply blessed by the wonderful families who trusted me with their children—each one a unique and special little soul.

Meanwhile, 20 years ago I became a motorcycle instructor with Safety Services Manitoba. What could be better than riding a motorcycle, sharing my passion, and getting paid at the same time?

My daycare kids would leave at 4 p.m., and I would change into my leathers and ride to work at 4:30. There, I taught adults of all ages, and I quickly realized that the same patience and encouragement I had learned in the daycare were just as important. Through the many students I've taught in the courses, I've also made lasting friendships.

That eventually led me to become a certified driving instructor—and that brought a whole new level of challenges. Because now I'm sitting in the passenger seat...very much at the mercy of my student behind the wheel. Thankfully, I do have an extra brake! My students range in age from 15 ½ to 87 years old.

There's something different about being in a car with someone. There's a certain closeness—an unexpected intimacy—that creates space for conversation. Over a few lessons, people begin to open up.

I've had teenage girls share struggles with their moms, heartbreak from a boyfriend. I've had students talk about being bullied, dealing with anxiety, or carrying the weight of past trauma.

My little red Corolla becomes a safe, non-threatening space—somewhere they can talk and be heard. I'm like the hairdresser—I get to hear people's stories. But instead, I'm sitting beside them, guiding them down the road.

And sometimes, right in the middle of something heartfelt, I have to gently interrupt and say, "Okay—we will be turning left at the lights."

Over a year ago, I met a young man who had recently come to Canada from Haiti with his wife and 7-year-old son, and they were also expecting a baby.

He already knew how to drive, but like many newcomers to Canada, he needed to pass a Manitoba road test. By the time I met him, he had already failed three times.

After three test attempts, MPI requires that a student must hire a driving school for a minimum of five hours before they can apply again. So we began a series of lessons—totalling about 10 hours altogether—covering many kilometres across Winnipeg. Our conversations went far beyond driving.

He shared what life had been like in Haiti—living with uncertainty, fear, and concerns for his family's safety.

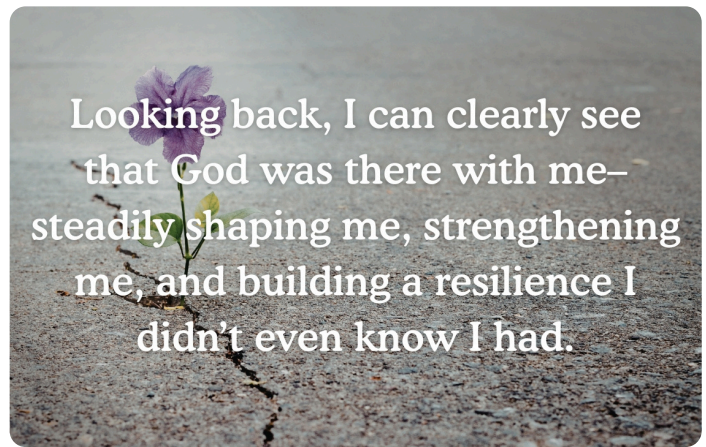
And then he talked about Winnipeg. He spoke about how kind people were. How grateful he was for things I had never really thought about—the ability to let his son play freely in a park, the sense of safety, the quiet.

And I found myself thinking how easily I complain about potholes, traffic, and long cold winters—while he is simply thankful for peace. That was a humbling realization.

Somewhere in those conversations, we discovered that we shared a common faith in Christ—and that seemed to deepen everything.

When his next test day came, I let him use my car. I sat in the waiting area, quietly praying that this would be the time he passed.

And this time...he did. He was overjoyed. When I drove him back to his home, he said, "I don't want



this friendship to end."

He stayed in touch. Peter and I met his wife and his son and now their new baby girl. Gradually, what began as a professional interaction became a genuine friendship.

Since then, we've shared meals together as families, gone bowling together, and they've attended our church on several occasions and events. I've had the opportunity to bring his wife and baby to ESL classes here at church, where she loves learning English and has become more confident in conversation and meeting new people.

The other day, while driving her home, she asked how many grandchildren I had. "Five," I told her.

Well she said, "Now you have seven."

So thank you, Sherryl, for this challenge to reflect and share. As I wrote this all down, I can now clearly see that God has been there all along. Not in big, dramatic ways...but in the people He places in our lives. In the conversations we didn't plan. In the relationships we never expected.

I often think about wanting to be a blessing to others, asking God to use me in some way, but sometimes, those very people become a blessing to me. God is working in their lives...and through that, He is shaping mine. And for that...I am truly grateful.

GIVING

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Mclvor Avenue MB Church

200 Mclvor Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R2G 0Z8

mcivorchurch.com | 204.339.1691 | mcivor@mcivorchurch.com

Office hours: Tuesday to Friday, 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.



@mcivorchurch2407



@mcivor_church

