

### **Tom Browne**

(who passed away at University Hospital on Tuesday, January 20, 2015, in his 84th year. The following story was shared by Tom on June 25, 2014 at a special gathering of senior Metropolitan United Church members.)

I've been a member of Metropolitan almost as far back as Dorinda (Dinnie) Greenway ... the 1930s. Today is the first time I've been at Metropolitan when my brother (Ted Browne) hasn't been here.

My story goes back to the years when Rev. Dr. W. E. MacNiven was our minister. As a young boy about 10 or 12 years of age, I became a very close friend of David Reeve, who passed away in 2013. David and the Reeve family were members of Metropolitan. David and I would play together and come to church together. In those days I was a full-time "attender" and earned a Bible which I still have at home. My father was very active in the church because his father had been a member of this church also. His name is up on the wall. He helped install the bell in the church tower. When my father put more time into serious golf and stopped attending church services, I came ... sometimes with my brother, and most often with the Reeves. David and I were such good friends that Mr. & Mrs. Reeve didn't trust us together, and tried to keep us from acting up in church. I sat on one side of Mr. Reeve, and David sat on the other side. David and I had a favourite name for Rev. Dr. MacNiven ... Wild Bill. One day, when Dr. MacNiven came to the door to see Mrs. Reeve about something, David went around the corner and yelled up the stairs to his mother, "Mom, Wild Bill's here!" Then, one Sunday around Easter, when Dr. MacNiven was preaching about Jesus coming into town, Dr. MacNiven said, "Jesus came into town on his ass as most people did in those days." David and I chuckled somewhat. Mr. Reeve laughed so much that he could hardly stop!

All three of my children were baptized and married at Metropolitan. My wife Joanne, a former Anglican, may have felt that she had to join Metropolitan after we married. I have many fond memories as a member of Metropolitan.

### **Joanne Browne**

(April 21, 2015)

During Tom's tenure at Metropolitan, he collected the Sunday offering, counted the money, packed it into pouches, and drove down to the bank where he made the deposits into the bank slot. Tom took his duties at Metropolitan very seriously and played different roles in his quiet way. We attended Church quite regularly until Tom retired. Then, winters were spent in a warmer climate. For the remainder of each year, we were at our cottage. Little time was spent in London until the dreadful post polio took over his body. Tom was the most honest, compassionate and humble man that one could ever meet.

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