

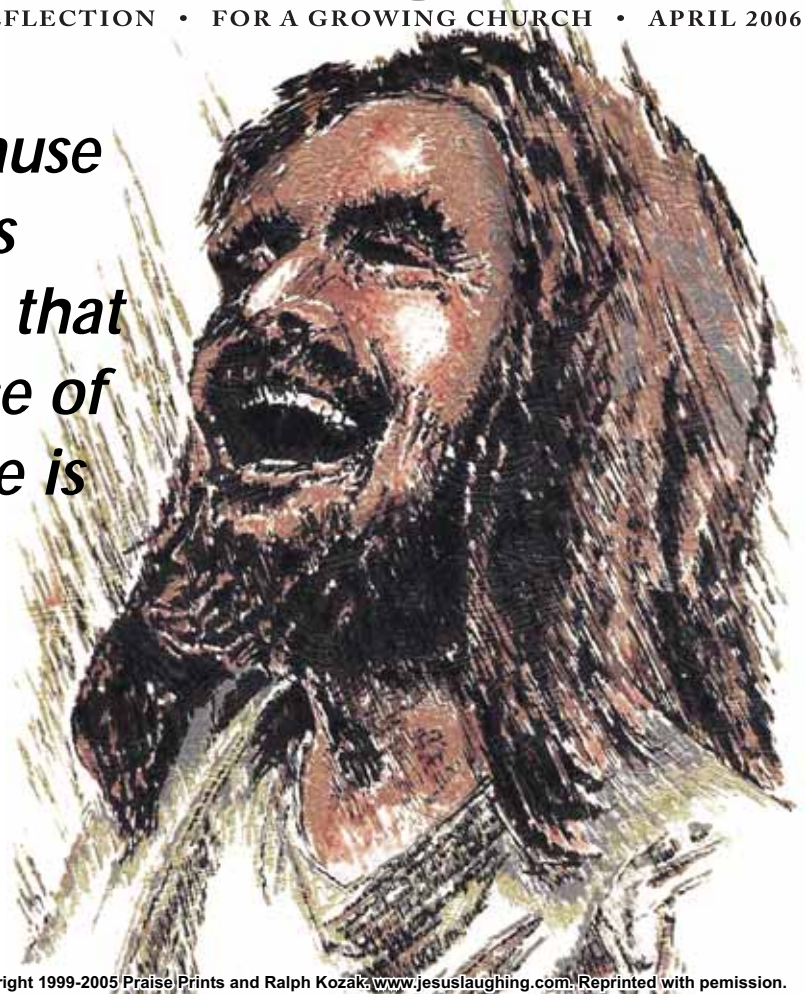


Niagara Anglican

NEWS • PERSPECTIVE • REFLECTION • FOR A GROWING CHURCH • APRIL 2006

"Angels can fly because they take themselves lightly. Never forget that the devil fell by force of gravity... A good joke is the closest thing to divine revelation... They who have the faith have the fun."

(G.K. Chesterton)



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Easter Letter from the Bishop

RALPH SPENCE

Dear Friends, When the editor of the Niagara Anglican told me that this April issue would contain a component of humour and laughter, it really struck a chord. For most of my life, it has been humour and laughter that have helped me to live as a follower of Christ. In fact, you may or may not know that I have often been called the "funny bishop." I'm not sure if every one means it in a complimentary fashion, but I know that it is a great gift for me.

God wants to relate to us

For all too long, many of us have seen our faith as something that is sombre or perhaps even burdensome. Preachers for too many years preached the "negative" side of Christianity. Some call this the "right hand of God." This is the side that imposes rules and regulations upon Christians and even others. The side which is so much

more important, sometimes called the "left hand of God," is the view of God that attracts me the most. It speaks of the God who wants to relate to us, who teaches us about love, compassion and joy. The world around us hands out enough sadness and stress - I think God wants to give us the opposite.

While you are reading this letter, we're still in Lent and soon will be in the midst of Holy Week. We must be careful not to take any part of Holy Week out of context. Everything that we "celebrate" (including Good Friday) must be seen in light of the Resurrection. I often say that the tone of Good Friday is "solemn joy" - not sadness. It is true that Christ died a horrible death - and many people that we know have done the same. But death is only passage to life. This is our faith. Death has no power over us.

Enjoying gifts of laughter, joy and hope

Yes, even though it's Lent and

even though we have a Good Friday, we must always know that God plants the seeds of joy, laughter and hope within each and every one of us and calls us as a community to nurture those seeds within ourselves and each other.

I like being the "funny bishop" and hope that I can always live up to it. I hope that each of us can be considered "funny people", enjoying the gifts of laughter, joy and hope that have been given to us and that we so desperately need.

My Holy week and Easter wish is that each of us in Niagara will open ourselves to the gifts that God wants us to enjoy and that together we will truly celebrate the Resurrection and the joyful life that we have been given in Baptism.

In a true spirit of joy...

PARISH NEWS



Pass theoutine: one part evangelism, two parts fundraiser.

Jolly Friars a Fixture at Fergus Fairgrounds

NIGEL BUNCE
PRIEST, ST. JAMES, FERGUS

As the days grow longer and the sun gets warmer, the thoughts of the folks at St James' Fergus turn to summer and fundraising activities with their Chip Wagon. The chip wagon - known as the Jolly Friars - is a favourite food venue for many of those who attend events at the Fergus Fairgrounds. Altogether, the Jolly Friars are food vendors at about half a dozen major events through the summer, including the Fergus Truck Show, the Highland Games (now known as the Scottish Festival), and the Fergus Fall Fair.

The brain-child of the Rector, Canon Steve Witcher, the chip wagon became an integral part of fundraising for the extension to St James' church that was completed and dedicated by Bishop Ralph in 2003. Of the total cost of nearly \$260,000, about two-thirds was raised by pledges and donations from parishioners, and the parish agreed to "work off" the remaining debt through fundraising activities, of which the chip wagon is a major part. The unit was designed

and built in-house, and is fully compliant with the codes of the Health Unit. In the year 2005 alone, the chip wagon contributed over \$20,000 towards retiring the debt on the building fund. The parish hopes that when the debt on the building is completely retired, profits from the chip wagon can then be directed towards outreach activities.

Should you be up Fergus way for any events this summer, be sure to stop in for refreshment with the Jolly Friars. They can supply you with all your summer favourites: burgers, hot dogs, beef-on-a-bun, soft drinks, and more. And as for French Fries, no soggy frozen ones for the Jolly Friars; all the fries are hand-cut and deep fried on the spot!

Parishioners are enthusiastic about the sense of fellowship that comes from working together on the chip wagon. But it's hard work: the three days Truck Show, for example, involves teams of at least six taking shifts over three full days from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. And that doesn't include buying in the supplies, preparing the chip wagon, and cleaning up

afterwards. So, dear reader, would you like gravy with those fries?



Detailed replica

Ken Hutchinson, a member of St James' Fergus, won First Prize in the woodworking section of the Fergus Fall Fair in 2005 for his detailed replica of the Jolly Friars Chip Wagon. Complete in every particular detail, down to the awning that keeps the sun off the volunteers and the sign that advertises the Jolly Friars, this labour of love took 20 hours of work in Ken's workshop. In the picture above, Ken is seen presenting his prize-winning exhibit to Canon Steve Witcher, for display in the parish office.

Church Alarm

REV. DAN BENNETT
HOLY TRINITY, WELLAND

I was a first-year theology student and my parish placement was with the parishes of St. Brendan's, Port Colborne and Christ Church, Wainfleet. With the support of both parishes, the rector entrusted the first Sunday worship of the New Year into my care. I would lead Morning Prayer and she would be able to enjoy a rare Sunday with her family during the holiday season. Equipped with keys and enthusiasm, I arrived to open the church bright and early. I let myself in the front door and in a moment or two heard a high-pitched beeping noise. "That's right," I thought to myself, "we have an alarm system and I don't know the code to disarm it." The beeping was soon followed by a very loud siren. I opened up the rector's office because I just knew that the phone would ring. I was right. It was difficult to hear the nice woman from the security company, what with the siren and all but she was very good to inform me that the police were on their way. After speaking with her, the gentleman from next door arrived. He was a parishioner who agreed to respond when the alarm sounded. He punched the code into the keypad and the siren, mercifully, fell silent. Soon we were joined by other church members, poked a little fun at "the new guy", invited the policeman to stay for church (he had to work) and got ready for the service. It was that Sunday morning that I discovered the value of an alarm system as an evangelistic tool and learned that you can use any means at your disposal to bring people to the church.

St. John's, Thorold



The Shrove Tuesday pancake dinner included a Mardi Gras Entertainment for the young and young at heart. This picture was taken after their parade through the St. Andrew's Church Hall. Thanks to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church for the use of their facilities, while our new hall is under construction.

St. Cuthbert's, Oakville



Members of St. Cuthbert's Outreach Ministry Team in Oakville gather for one of their regular community dinners in partnership with Kerr Street Ministries. Members of the parish cook and serve about sixty people who come for a free meal, community and some prayer time. St. Cuthbert's sponsors about seven meals annually as part of its outreach to the wider community.

**An
On the Spot
REPORT...**

"Christianity and Islam"

By the
Most Rev. Dr. Josiah Idowu-Fearon
Archbishop of Kaduna, Nigeria

Join us at **St. Peter's Church**
705 Main St. East
Hamilton

An open offering will be received

**Sat., May 6th
9:00 am
to noon**



Now is the Time to Invite Your Friends

MICHAEL PATTERSON
DIRECTOR OF EVANGELISM

Did you know that the most effective means of getting someone to come to your church is by inviting them? Certainly, evangelistic programs and advertising campaigns have some effect but if you really want to build up the body of Christ, invite a friend, colleague or neighbour to join you next Sunday - after all Easter is coming!



Michael Patterson

However, we really must get better at this invitation business because someone quoted to me recently that we Anglicans invite someone to church on average about once every twenty seven years. I would say that we are probably overdue and we need to do a much better job! Why is it we are perfectly capable of inviting folks to the theatre, to our homes, to social engagements but when it comes to inviting people to share in our Christian communities, we seize up. Well, there is an event coming to our diocese next month that will provide all of us the opportunity and the practice we need to comfortably invite someone into the life of the our beloved Church.

Making the Gospel relevant and accessible

Bruce Kuhn is coming to the Diocese of Niagara to present *The Gospel of Luke*. Bruce is a Broadway actor who has performed all over the world and we are indeed fortunate to have him coming into our diocese. *The Gospel of Luke* is a solo performance of the ancient

stories of Jesus, memorized word for word from the New Testament gospel and 'told with the same passion and surprise as the first telling'. (from Bruce Kuhn's biography). Bishop Ralph Spence wrote, "Bruce interprets *The Gospel of Luke* using traditional King James' language effectively making the essence of this Gospel relevant, accessible and meaningful for the 21st Century."

Bruce will be performing on four nights in various communities (details can be found elsewhere in this paper) and it is our hope that the entire diocese will embrace this as a wonderful opportunity for evangelism. How can you and your parish get involved and what do you need to know in order to make that happen?

- We hope and expect that everyone will see this as an opportunity to invite someone who may not be involved in a faith community. This is a very effective and safe way to introduce someone to the Christian story. None of the venues are in church buildings. This was no accident because it will feel less threatening for you to make the invitation.
- Those of us that have seen this performance know that it is not just a religious performance of *The Gospel of Luke*, it is very good theatre! Most theatre-goers will love it!
- Many parishes are buying up blocks of ticket and providing "free tickets to their guests."
- Following Bruce's performances, throughout the diocese there will be a four week study program offered.

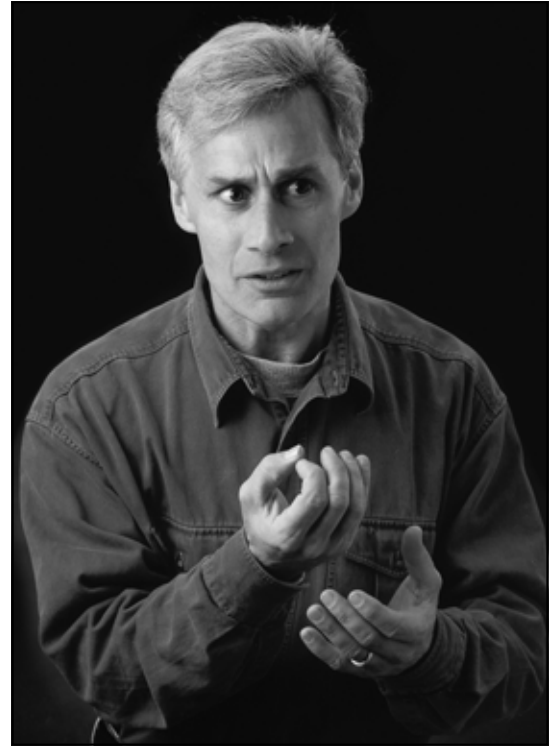
It has been designed for explorers, seekers and those who wish to further examine what this experience may have meant for them. (Details will follow)

- In addition to the performance of *The Gospel of Luke*, Bruce will be leading two workshops. First primarily for clergy in preaching and storytelling (May 9, St. Matthew's, Burlington). The other designed specifically for lay people on public speaking, dramatic readings, and communications. This workshop would be ideal for anyone involved in worship; readers, liturgists etc. (Saturday, May 13 - St. George's, Lowville)
- Some churches are grouping together and renting buses for transportation.
- Each parish has received brochures, posters and a promotional DVD for your own publicity. If you need more, please contact the evangelism office.
- Tickets are available from the Diocesan Resource Centre at (905)-527-1316 (ext. 200) or emailing Ruth Anne Martin at ruthanne.martin@niagara.anglican.ca or from TicketWeb www.ticketweb.com, 1-888-222-6608
- It is our dream and we see this as a challenge to have every parish in our diocese participate. This will be the largest diocesan event undertaken in many years.

This is a terrific opportunity for all of us to engage in evangelism; our role is simple, we make the invitation and the Holy Spirit does the rest.

Visit the website

Please visit the re-vamped evangelism website. You will find links to some of the more popular



Bruce Kuhn's one-man performance of *The Gospel of Luke* transports his audience back to the days when Christ walked the earth.

resources for evangelism, power point presentations for the development of an evangelism blueprint, and the template for our diocesan evangelism strategy. There is a video of a life long Anglican who is struggling with our church; what can we learn from her? The evangelism tool kit re-

mains available, reading lists and more.

If there is something you are in need of and it is not there, please be in touch. Or if you have something you believe could be useful, please send it in. michael.patterson@niagara.anglican.ca. We'll see you in May!

Lent: A Journey to Oneness with God

GRAHAME STAP
RECTOR, ST. ALBAN, GLEN WILLIAMS

As you read this, Lent is almost over and we are approaching the wonder of Easter, but I thought it would be interesting to reflect on the origin of Lent, and perhaps shed new light on how it all began.

The fast called Lent started sometime during the first three centuries after the birth of Christ. It did not however last 40 days. In the beginning lent lasted two or three days. The first mention of 40 days does not occur until the Council of Nicea in 325.

Forty days of Lent

Most of what we know of the Council of Nicea is derived from the only authentic documents surviving - the Nicene Creed, the Synodal Letter, and a collection of 20 Canons. We do know it was a council summoned by the Emperor Constantine and we do know that one of the Canons relates directly to Lent. From this canon, we learn that it was the 40 day fasts of Moses, Elijah and especially Jesus Himself that helped the council to come to the conclusion that Lent should also be 40 days. Today we know that referring to 40 days does not mean 40 days exactly, it just means that it was a long period of time. Just as today if we read the sentence, "They lived down the street from us," we know they lived on the same street. We know they

were not directly next door, but we do not know where they lived on the street, nor do we know the number of the house. It was not confirmed by the council as to whether or not Saturdays and Sundays should be included in the 40 days or whether these days should represent a reprieve from the fast.

Eventually about the 7th century, Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday became the period of the 40 days of Lent. Sundays became an exception to the fast, although most Christians did not feast on Sunday. They observed Sundays during lent as Holy Days. Also during this period of time it was decided that only one meal a day should be allowed towards evening. Meat and fish and in most places eggs were absolutely forbidden. Towards the 13th century, this practice became somewhat relaxed and fish was allowed. The meal became more of a noontime meal and eventually became three small meals eaten during the day. Today, Lent is generally observed as a time of penance, by abstaining from festivities by alms giving, and devoting more time than usual to religious exercises.

Reinforcing oneness with God

The times are changing and we are looking at our relationship with

God differently than we have in the past. God is no longer the stern taskmaster that demands from us total obedience to the laws of the Bible and the Church. We are beginning more and more to understand that God loves us as a parent loves a child, so we start to look at Lent differently. We begin to understand that when Christ went into the wilderness, He went into the wilderness not to give something up, but to get something. He asked God to give him the strength to do what He had to do. He wanted to reinforce His oneness with God, and perhaps this is how we should be looking at Lent also, not as a time of giving something up, but as a time of getting something, a closer relationship with God, and the strength to live our lives as Christian people, taking risks, thinking outside of the box and encouraging others to come to the same understanding that we are fortunate enough to have come too. This in no way lessens the solemnity of Lent or our knowledge that Lent leads to the death of Christ, but it also leads to the wonder of the resurrection. The resurrection that tells us in no uncertain terms, that we all rise from the dead. I cannot think of a better reason to invite friends to come and experience the love of God in their own lives so they too can feel the power working within them just as Jesus did.

A Humorous Lenten Word... or Two

IAN DINGWALL
RETIRED EXECUTIVE ARCHDEACON

For many Lent is a period of great solemnity. And, of course, we too often equate that mood as something dire, drab and humourless. Should that be so?

Not for me. In fact, perhaps one of the holiest days of Lent this year will be April the First. You may recognize it as the Feast or Festival of All Fools. Mark Twain, referring to this feast day, said:

"The first of April is the one day of the year when we remember who and what we were the previous 364 days." So, in the midst, of our "solemnities" perhaps we need to lighten up. Let's be prepared to laugh a little at human foibles.

But before we think about other folks' foibles, we ought to start laughing at ourselves: not only at the occasions when we really know we are being foolish but at those other times when we presume to be seriously religious and wish to debate the "big" questions of the day. It seems to me that if we could inject humour and laughter into some of our discussions about religion and the church and world, we might come closer to the real truth of things - and closer, to boot, with each other.

And while we are at it, let's take a humorous view of the church.

My goodness, I can think of countless meetings of parish councils, vestries, synods and clergy gatherings - when things happened, words were spoken and convictions paraded, and if I had not laughed, then I would have wept. Next time you are present at one of the above mentioned meetings, sit back and objectively critique. I am certain you'll find something to smile or laugh about.

The above is not to deny that our world isn't full of serious stuff that we need to heed. But a little jocularity might perhaps create a more creative mood to practice our faith more realistically.

Saint Paul said, "We are fools for Christ's sake." Who's Fool are you? Have a Happy and Meaningful Lent.

The Gospel According to Donny

John Robbins is a member of Saint John's Church, Ridgemount (Fort Erie). He is the Fort Erie Bureau Chief for the Niagara Falls Review (local newspaper) and has given permission to reprint this article.

JOHN ROBBINS

I'd like to tell you a story about a little boy, who, most Sundays, sits in the front most pew closest to our organist, Bill. In almost every way, he's a normal, average, eight year old, who likes to do the things eight year old boys do - listen to music, play sports, and snowboard. But the thing he looks most forward to every week is going to church. Yeah, I know, sounds incredible. It defies everything we have heard about kids thinking church is a boring place. Honest, it's true.

Donny, my son, loves to come to St. John's at every opportunity. It doesn't matter what the occasion is - Sunday services, play practice, spring clean up, Shrove Tuesday - he gets his coat on and begs to go.

A couple of weeks ago, both his mother and I had a bad cold, and decided it might be wise to stay home from the Sunday service. Donny called his grandfather, Vern, and asked him to pick him up for church. A week later, Donny had our cold, but he went to church anyway.

Some of you may remember seeing Donny at our annual vestry meeting. After an hour's worth of Sunday school, Donny passed up a chance to go home and play with his friends. Instead, he asked if he could stay for the meeting - not a word of which he understood. For two hours, he hung out with his "church friends," including spending a little bit of quality time with Ed in the kitchen (thanks again Ed).

It's got to make you wonder what's going on with our kids when they want to go to church. It makes his mom and I wonder.

Wait! The story gets stranger, still. One day in January, I went to pick Donny up at his after-school program, and his day-care teacher stopped me and asked: "What the heck is going on at your church tonight?"

I stared blankly for a moment. Honestly, I had just come from work and I was drawing a blank. "Ummm... well," I said, biting my lip.

Donny came to the rescue saying, "You remember Dad, Father David invited us all to dinner to talk about Sunday school."

Donny's four-year-old brother, Ethan, jumped into the conversation: "Yeah, we're going for supper at God's house, and the minister wears a dress, and he tells us stories and we get cookies and colour pictures, too."

The teacher replied: "Well, you should have a good crowd. Donny invited everyone in the class."

I recoiled in horror: "Everyone?" I asked.

"Yep," the teacher said.

Just then, one of Donny's friends came up to me and said: "Hi Mr. Robbins. Donny said we could go to his church for dinner tonight."

Oh no! What had Donny been doing? What was I going to tell the kids? This was supposed to be a pot luck supper for the parents of the kids in the Sunday school, to talk about the future of the children's ministry. This wasn't a special event. What if these kids told their parents and they showed up for the meeting?

Flush red in the face, I quickly took Donny aside and said: "Donny, you shouldn't have invited your friends to dinner at the church without asking me first."

Donny's smile disappeared as he uttered two simple words I haven't stopped thinking about since: "Why not?"

My jaw dropped. I didn't know what to tell him. I opened my mouth to say something, but no words came out.

He persisted. "Why not, Dad?" said Donny. "Why can't my friends come to church with us?"

It was there and then that I finally got it. I had just heard the Gospel According to Donny.

It goes something like this: God loves me. The people at church love me. I love them. I want my friends to come and join us for dinner. Wow.

The Gospel According to Donny - every bit as powerful as that of Luke, John, Mark and Matthew. No theological debates, no fuss and feathers, no worrying about what people think. So that's how it works, I thought to myself.

Now, in my younger days, I had gone to Bible College. I not only knew the gospels, I used to be able to

read them in Greek. I had spent a lot of years studying the Good News.

Donny, a Grade 3 student, was spreading the Good News. I guess I shouldn't have been so surprised. After all, Donny's the reason I'm a member of St. John's.

Donny's grandfather, Vern, is another great evangelist. He'd blush to hear himself called an evangelist, but it's true. Two years ago, Vern invited Donny to St. John's and then started coming around to pick him up every Sunday. At first, my wife and I figured Donny was going to church just so he could spend the day with Grandma and Grandpa.

Every week, Donny would ask me to come to church with him, and every week, I'd say "we'll see, maybe next week."

Donny never gave up, and finally, one Sunday Donny said, "Dad, don't you believe in God?"

I was startled. Of course I believe in God. I have a diploma hanging on the wall that proves I believe in God.

"Sure I do," I said turning my face away from him.

"Great," said Donny. "Get your coat on and come to church then!"

That was the day Donny made his first disciple, me. A half hour later, I found myself in a pew at St. John's - the first time I had been to a church in 12 years. Simple, eh?

Vern invited Donny. You, the people of St. John's, loved him and welcomed him into your lives. He brought me out to church, and with me, his mother and his little brother.

Today, I'm trying hard to practice the Gospel According to Donny. I'm setting a little time aside each week to invite people to Supper at St. John's. Sometimes, I'm a little embarrassed talking to people, but Donny isn't, and he's a great help.

If you listen carefully, you'll hear a lot of other Good News stories going on at St. John's.

Set aside your preconceptions about what you think evangelism is and you'll begin to feel the Holy Spirit working through our evangelists, big and small. Vern and Donny aren't ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Neither should we be.

CHRISTINE PRIESTMAN PARISHONER OF ALL SAINTS, ERIN

There is hardly a challenge that I have not taken seriously and given it my best shot. So when my priest asked me a year and a half ago if I would consider preaching a sermon it turned out to be a little more daunting than I had expected. I spent 3 months compiling the first draft before I tried it out on her. After 17 minutes of expounding the many insights I had gleaned, she said it was very good; however, I should probably save some things for another time and make it a little shorter. I went back to work with greater gusto than ever and managed to get it down to 14 minutes. That's pretty good for someone who was accused daily by her children, "Mom, you don't have to repeat yourself six ways from Sunday to make yourself understood." Well, any of you who have raised teenagers know you do have to repeat yourself and keeping the repetitions down to only six times can be very difficult at times.

As it turned out, the scripture lesson at that time was about Elijah and Elisha. In particular about the time when Elijah passed his cloak to Elisha just as Elijah was whisked away in a whirlwind. It is quite a daunting passage because there is lots of room for imagination that enables one to apply it to many walks in the Christian life. I decided, if I should only ever get one chance to preach, I'd make sure I said what I really felt. And what I really have passion about is the Church of the Future and the Church of the Here and Now.

Getting nervous

I kept getting a little more nervous as the weeks passed and the Sunday for my sermon approached. First of all, I had never preached to anyone before, except my kids, and they don't count because they never listened. But to think that I was going to suggest to my church peers that, like Elijah passing the mantle of ministry on to the new prophet Elisha, perhaps those of us who have been doing church a certain way for a long time should get prepared to pass the mantle of ministry to those who would do church in a different way. Well, I had decided this was the message for my first sermon, and there was no way I was going to back out of either delivering the sermon or the message. So I continued to get more and more nervous.

Coffee with a cap of Bailey's

When the fateful Sunday morning arrived I was definitely more than a little nervous. In fact, I was really, really nervous! So I decided that perhaps I could use a little something to calm my nerves. I don't know whatever possessed me, but I decided a little capful of Bailey's Irish Cream in my very large cup of black coffee would perhaps help to take the edge off. Now you've got to know, that my idea of needing a drink after a Parish Council meeting is hot chocolate with a side order of toast and jam. Bailey's was only for Christmas to put in the in-laws' coffee to help them relax a

bit! So, about 7:45 a.m. that morning I put a capful in my coffee and sipped away at it while I finished getting ready to leave for the early service. Along about 8:00 am, I decided I really wasn't feeling any different and perhaps one more capful would help. So, I plunked another Bailey's in my now only half cup of coffee and quickly swallowed it down. Then I grabbed my sermon and purse and made my usual five minute walk over to church.

By the time I got there I was definitely starting to feel relaxed, and perhaps a little more enthused for a Sunday morning than anyone has a right to be, even for me. I didn't say anything to my unsuspecting priest that day. As the time for the sermon rolled around, I was gung-ho and ready to go! I rattled that sermon off like a woman let loose with a gatline gun for the first time. Yet I got through it and didn't miss a word! When the service was over and I had the privilege of standing with my priest and shaking hands at the door, everyone was very kind with their remarks. But I suppose the greatest comment was that perhaps I could have said it a little slower.

This time no Bailey's

From where I was standing at the door while shaking hands, I could see the bakery across the street. By then, I had a one track mind and that was to beeline it to the bakery to get a black coffee. This time, no Bailey's! It was quite a relief as I drank the coffee to feel my brain and my eyes finally focusing in the same direction again. I returned to the church and took a few deep breaths as I tuned in for the 10:30 service. I must confess I was a little less sure of myself this time when it came to delivering my sermon than I was at the 8:30 service. You see, the full effect of Mr. Bailey was finally hitting home. When I stepped up to the pulpit, I grabbed both sides of the platform where my sermon lay spread out before me and hung on for dear life. (I was never so thankful that one of my strong suits in school was memorization.) Again, I took off like a shot out of a gun! From the words I could catch that were not moving on the page by this time, I managed to get Elijah in the chariot and off to glory and Elisha to stay on the ground where he belonged. I turned and sat down and a grin started to form on my face that would not go away no matter how I willed it to. I must confess that the glow that I was feeling and the mischievous twinkle in my eye were not the work of the Holy Spirit.

Prayer is the only way

I am sure it is only by the grace of God and because God has a sense of humor and wanted to see how this would all end up that I managed to get through the morning. By the way, my priest has asked me to preach again since then. But from first hand experience, I can tell you this, prayer is the only way to go when you are looking for the courage to preach your first sermon, or any sermon, for that matter. And leave Mr. Bailey at home!

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ANONYMOUS

When Canon Smith picked up the phone, Auditor Struzik from Revenue Canada was on the line.

"Hello, Canon Smith?"

"Yes, this is."

"I'm calling to inquire about a member of your congregation, a Dr. Jones. Do you recognize the name?"

"Yes, he is a member of our congregation. How can I be of service?"

"Well, on last year's tax return, the doctor claimed that he made a sizable tax-deductible contribution to your church? Is it true?"

"Well, I'll have to have my bookkeeper verify this information for you. How much did Dr. Jones say he contributed?"

"Twenty five thousand dollars," answered Auditor Struzik. "Can you tell me if that's true?"

After a long pause, Canon Smith replied, "I'll tell you what, call back tomorrow. I'm sure it will be."

Slivers from the Deacon's Bench

Newly-ordained deacon, Ron Hubbard has a connection to the Church that stretches through decades and overseas

DAREK SWARTZ
PELHAM NEWS STAFF

Ron Hubbard didn't set out to become a deacon. He simply committed to his church and kept wanting to do more to help it and its parishioners.

Hubbard was ordained a deacon in the Anglican Church of Canada at a ceremony in the Hamilton Cathedral on March 21, 2004. It was a tremendous honour. But even a short visit with him reveals he is more comfortable when he is helping people than he is talking about himself. He is a self-confessed people person. "It just gives me a good feeling. In this day and age of hustle and bustle contact with people is very important. The older you get the more important it is," he observes.

Hubbard's involvement with the church stretches back through the decades and across an ocean. He was a choirboy growing up in Willenhall, a small English town near Birmingham. When his voice

broke he became a bell ringer. Growing up during the Second World War he spent most of his formative years with his grandparents while his parents worked to support the war effort. He believes his upbringing moulded his personality, especially his ability to relate to the elderly.

His involvement continued when he immigrated to Canada in 1962. Once here he met his wife, Diane, who grew up in a town prewar Willenhall. They married and three years after he arrived in Canada they moved to Fonthill. Hubbard found work as an electrician at General Motors in St. Catharines.

Hubbard got involved with Holy Trinity's church council. He became a church warden, and later a rector's warden. (Hubbard is also a past president of the Masons and the Niagara Shriner's Club.) All the while the growing family attended church. His three sons have grown and moved out of town. Hubbard

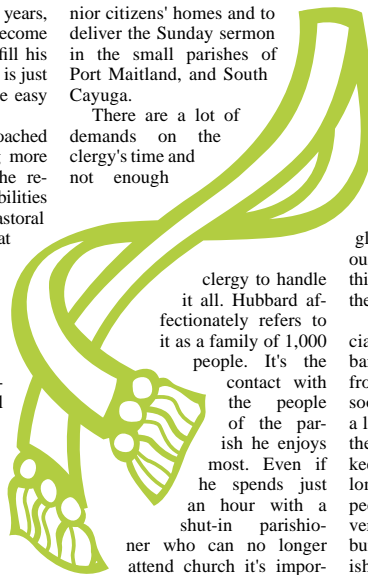
has been retired for nine years, but he hasn't had time to become bored - his pastoral duties fill his days. "People think (church) is just about Sundays, but that's the easy part" he laughs.

After retiring he approached the bishop about becoming more involved in the church. The request led to more responsibilities within the parish as a lay pastoral assistant and terms of study at Wycliffe College in Toronto where he earned his diploma in ministry.

As a deacon he can perform many of the same rites as a priest. He can perform home communions, baptisms and funeral services, as well as marriages and prayers for the sick and dying. His main duties are to help out the priests by visiting parishioners who can't attend church, those who are hospitalized or living in se-

nior citizens' homes and to deliver the Sunday sermon in the small parishes of Port Maitland, and South Cayuga.

There are a lot of demands on the clergy's time and not enough



clergy to handle it all. Hubbard affectionately refers to it as a family of 1,000 people. It's the contact with the people of the parish he enjoys most. Even if he spends just an hour with a shut-in parishioner who can no longer attend church it's impor-

tant, "just to let them know we haven't forgotten them. It's a long day when you're stuck inside."

As much as his visits are appreciated, he's certain he gets as much out of it as those who receive him. He has heard stories of veterans who served in wars and tales from different corners of the globe. "The stories are marvelous," he says. "There are people in this village who have been all over the world."

And though he has been officially retired for nine years, Hubbard has no intention of retiring from his other duties any time soon. He'll turn 65 later this year, a little too old to be ordained into the priesthood, but he plans to keep with his present duties as long as his health permits. "The people of the parish have been very supportive. I've had nothing but great support from the parish," he says.

A Vision with Purpose

TESSA RYAN-LIPP
LG ONTARIO, HUMAN RESOURCES CONSULTANT

As we entered BCE Place in Toronto, the ominous drumbeat of the Morningstar River Drummers and Dancers echoed into the cathedral-like rafters of the main concourse. It was an astonishing juxtaposition: the ancient rhythm of the big drum and the muted hum of the city's commercial life, as office workers moved through the concourse, on their way to the subway and home. It was a sign of our incurious times that only a very few paused to look, or turned their heads to see what was going on, as they hurried past.



Tessa Ryan-Lipp

We had been invited to the Allen Lambert Galleria, for the launch of *Summer of Hope*, an exhibit of black and white photographs. The exhibit is a lyrical and moving record of the summer of 2005, when five Aboriginal literacy summer camps for First Nations youth were launched in remote areas of Northern Ontario, by the Lieutenant

Governor of Ontario, the Honourable James K. Bartleman (see sidebar). The pictures were the work of five photographers associated with a non-profit collective of photo-journalists, known as PhotoSensitive.

The brainchild of former Toronto Star photographer, Andrew Stawicki and former graphics editor, Peter Robertson, PhotoSensitive brings together the talents of some of Canada's best professional photographers to document issues that affect the social wellbeing of our society. Since it was founded in 1990, PhotoSensitive has provided compelling social comments on issues such as AIDS, child poverty, hospital care, and Canada's cultural diversity, with a focus on realities with which we are all too familiar - poverty, illness, injustice - and on their antidotes - hope, laughter, and love.

PhotoSensitive's first major exhibition was launched in 1992. *It's in Their Eyes* drew attention to the plight of the

homeless and hungry in Toronto, one of the most prosperous cities in the world. Many of the photographs were taken at the Daily Food Bank, which was the principal beneficiary of the project. Some of the images are soul-searing - the vacant gaze of a homeless young mother, absent-mindedly nursing her baby; a heap of bodies lying in drunken stupors by the side of a busy road, as cars roar past. But they are countered by the steady gaze of a young pan-handler; the wisdom in the face of an elderly man, whose poverty is belied by the neatness of his dress; a bare-footed little girl proudly showing off her clean dress.

The photographers of PhotoSensitive have teamed with David Suzuki, to portray the use and abuse of water, and with Stephen Lewis to document the HIV/AIDS crisis in Africa. They have ranged far and wide, from Indonesia and Sri Lanka, where they bore witness to the effects of the 2004 tsunami, to Amsterdam, Krakow and Gdansk, to document the lives of those cities. Closer to home, they have worked with the United Way, the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, and the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto to produce vivid portraits of the resilience of the human spirit in adversity.

With one exception - an exhibit designed to show that Toronto's colour and vibrancy was undiminished in the wake of the SARS scare - all of PhotoSensitive's exhibits use black and white photographs. The aim is to compel the viewer to concentrate on the image, rather than the photograph itself. The photographers contribute to PhotoSensitive projects as volunteers, donating their time and talents to the collective's stated aim of "harnessing the power of the camera to achieve social goals."

The powerful images captured by the lenses of PhotoSensitive can be seen on their website, at www.photosensitive.com

Sidebar

LG's literacy initiative

In January 2004, the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, James K. Bartleman, launched his aboriginal literacy initiative, with the aim of addressing the high suicide rates and low education levels in First Nations communities.

1.2 million used books

The initiative began with a province-wide book drive, with the aim of raising 60,000 gently-used books to help stock school libraries serving First Nations communities in Northern Ontario. Ontarians responded by donating 1.2 million used books - enough to enable His Honour to offer books to every First Nation and Native Friendship Centre in the province. With the help of the Ontario Provincial Police and the Department of Defence, books were sorted and shipped into remote communities, accessible by road only over the ice in the dead of winter.

Buoyed by the success of the book drive, the Lieutenant Governor launched a second phase in January 2005, twinning Native and non-Native schools, which was later expanded to include twinned schools in Toronto and Nunavut. The aim was to encourage students to become pen-pals, arrange student exchanges, and run book drives to replenish First Nations libraries.

Summer literacy camps

In July 2005, with the support of the Ontario Trillium Foundation, Scouts Canada, YMCA Ontario, Frontier College, the National Indigenous Literacy Association, Toronto District School Board, World Literacy of Canada, PhotoSensitive and numerous donors, five summer camps were launched as a pilot project. The Lieutenant Governor's Aboriginal Literacy Summer Camps were established at North Caribou Lake, Fort Albany, Kingfisher Lake, Muskrat Dam, and Neskantaga, communities in the farthest reaches of Northern Ontario. 325 aboriginal children, aged 6 to 14, were given the opportunity to build literacy, self-esteem, and leadership skills through reading, crafts, games and sports activities.

The 2006 literacy camps, based on the model tested last summer, will host more than 2,000 young people and will also include an adolescent drop-in centre. They will be administered by Frontier College, one of Canada's oldest teaching and literacy institutions.

Literacy camps in all northern First Nations communities, and the 'Club Ameer' Book-A-Month Club for Aboriginal youth are the next two phases in the Lieutenant Governor's literacy campaign.

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Carnal Love



Our bodies are sacred, not sinful.

TIM SMART
DIRECTOR OF LAY EDUCATION, DIOCESE OF MONTREAL

Next to having sex, a good bowel movement rates pretty high on most people's scale of things that satisfy. In fact, as you grow older, a good poop can be as rewarding as a good romp under the covers. You know the relief that comes after having been frustrated for so many days to finally stand proudly before your accomplishment floating in the toilet bowl and congratulate yourself on a job well done.

Having sex and going to the bathroom are just two reminders that we are people living in the flesh who have certain needs and desires. We are not angels, we have bodies. And it's good to enjoy them while they last.

Eating is another bodily need and desire. It too is often a pleasurable experience, delighting the palate while nourishing the body. Eating, having sex, and having good bowel movement - on a good day you might enjoy all three events, but most of us have to settle for just one or two on any given day.

The New Testament tells us that Jesus ate a lot. He went to wedding banquets, to people's homes for dinner and he apparently ate a lot of loaves and fishes. After all that eating and drinking, do you suppose that he waited until he was seated upon the heavenly throne to take a crap? Or, did he squat down behind a bush with James and John, farting and pushing like the rest of us?

Did Jesus defecate while he was here on earth? Of course he did! I suppose if we knew the exact spot where he laid down his 'load', today a shrine would be erected to remember the event; the Church of the Holy Sh_t.

So even though the Evangelists never recorded in their gospels those frequent times when Jesus went out back to relieve himself, we can pretty well agree that it must have happened. So, we've established (through this scholarly argument), that Jesus ate food and eliminated bodily wastes. But did Jesus have sex?

Again, like crapping, the gospels are silent on the subject of Jesus' sex life. But just because they don't mention it, it doesn't necessarily mean that he didn't do it. Some scholars today suggest that Jesus had the hots for Mary Magdalene. With their fertile academic imaginations, they read between the lines of scripture and picture them as lovers. But maybe these academics are reflecting their own middle-age desires more than any scholarly excellence.

My personal opinion is that Jesus probably kissed a few girls when he was young, had a crush on that nice Jewish girl from the Nazareth synagogue when he was older, and maybe later in life, as popular teacher and preacher, he did have sex with some of his women admirers. But I'm just guessing, basing my theory not on anything biblical or

scholarly, but on what I know about guys.

What I am asking is this - would it be such a bad thing for you to imagine a Jesus who not only eats and craps, but also perhaps, maybe, even had sex? Or would Jesus having sex, make him less than perfect for you? Like his Mum, the Virgin Mary (and for some she is 'ever-Virgin') does Jesus need to be a virgin to be your Saviour?

If Jesus has to be a virgin and his Mum has to be a virgin, and monks and nuns and Roman Catholic priests are supposed to be celibate and sex before marriage is always bad and sinful for everyone - then what is our message to the world about sex and the body?

The Song of Solomon, that sexy love poem from the Hebrew Scriptures, celebrates love and desire and bodily longing. Pretty quickly though, the Church decided to interpret it as an allegory, a love poem between God and the church. Of course, talk of sex makes us nervous and self-conscious. We sense danger here as well as promise. Knowing the power that accompanies our strong desires, our Church has tried through the years, to channel, proscribe, limit or prohibit our sexual desires and actions into what it considered Godly avenues. Not surprisingly, we have screwed up.

The remedy, I think, is in the message of the Incarnation. The Word became flesh and dwelt among us - and ate, and crapped and maybe even had sex. When we lose sight of love expressing itself through the body, then we become suspicious and fearful of our own bodily needs and desires. When we make Jesus less than human, then we become less than human. And when we do not honour who we are in the flesh, we often try to meet our needs in less than ideal circumstances with less than spectacular results.

Now, I'm not saying that we should turn our churches into swingers clubs now that they've been legalized. But what I would like to sign up for is a more full-bodied Christianity that meets us here on earth and doesn't just wait for us to appear in heaven. I want to hear some Christian teaching that understands both the power and the promise of our desires and needs; that in our bodies we search for love, meaning, and hope. I want to belong to a Church that is more comfortable in its own skin, literally.

I would like to see a faith that helps us to affirm our bodies as sacred and not sinful. To be less suspicious of our humanity and more confident in our potential. And I would like to know more about this flesh and blood Jesus who hallows our human form and does not disdain it.

I need to discover a love that reveals itself in the flesh - in the flesh of Jesus and in my own flesh, indeed. (Reprinted with permission from *The Montreal Anglican*)

Time Flecked with these Three Days

MICHAEL THOMPSON
RECTOR, ST. JUDE'S OAKVILLE

Whispering hate behind shutters and hosannas in the street driven by the same and selfish hopes for things to be restored, for life's return (in memory, at least, at most) to golden morning, shining afternoon now darkening, shadows spreading into brooding and uncertain dusk.

The mainly silent rabbi from the distant - not exotic - Galilee, (more curious than regal) swivels side to side across the dusty crowd wondering perhaps (and hoping, maybe) not that the creeping dark can be detained, but that this face or that might see beyond the edge where light and shadow meet.

In temple, street, and porch he gathers with the curious and the murderous to approach something like Truth, be something True together -

truth as healed and healer carry one another deeper into dance of light and shadow, deeper into caves of fire and ice, deeper into hearts of love and hate.

Whispering hate behind shutters and hosannas in the street remember mud and spit for blinded eyes

remember Sabbath grain and Sabbath healing, remember lepers clean as Naaman, remember this new thing that God is doing (or must be undone).

John's rabbi, not so silent as the Other, unwinds a ball of mystery like yarn we bend in, hungry to know more - and horrified.

Kneeling with towel and basin at this (last) meal together (who knows it is the last, who ever knows and says 'this is the last kiss-shout-coupling-tear') but all the same, he kneels and serves a path through fear and self-regard to holy hope and (fed by his own life) we kneel and serve a path for now, for here, for this fear-sharpened world (but brittle, all the same, and easy to snap off). We kneel.

Staggering under the beam of violence nailed cross-wise to a shaft of airless fear, from Pilate's house to Golgotha, from Rome's tempered power to annihilation's ragged gasp - he staggers

as we stagger caught in fear and violence, the weather-stripping of our souls imperfect, leaking in and leaking out - we stagger, caught in our own fragile (and if not fragile, foolish) selves against the chill of death.

Then lifted up, and seen, as not before - seen by the women and the soldier both, grief - and recognition that this is the time and place where God occurs, broken and hollowed-out by power - power that has spent its last foot-pound to thrust him through to death.

Then darkness, drained of light, of life, of hope - the triumph of just the way things are there's nothing you can do I wash my hands -

darkness that gathers all the darkness that has been, is, that will be darkness full and thick and endless (almost) that piles up hells imagined and accomplished

concerted darkness, more than just no light, whose gravity draws heavy on our souls our streets, our cities, our desires who steals our loves by death, and by indifference, who steals us from ourselves.

Now darkness' lord, delighted that this magic collects all darkness in one place, giggles (there is no other word), giggles, and does not see

what one surviving fragment of the love that founded this (the feast of life) will do - will shatter darkness, shadow it with light wherever it is found, from now forever.

Time, flecked with these three days will always shine - in torture, tomb, in trouble, shame and fear, the shards of these three days will shadow darkness - (I breathe) will shadow darkness with the work of love.

One Palm Sunday Morning

STEVE WITCHER
ST. JAMES FERGUS

Several years ago, as I awoke early on the morning of Palm Sunday, I realized much to my chagrin, that I was experiencing the onset of a cold. The symptoms were there sure enough; rough throat, stuffy nose, pressure in the sinuses. Great, I thought; this was all that I needed at the start of a busy Holy Week. As the rector of a two point, rural parish, it was my responsibility to provide several services at two churches over the course of the week. A difficult enough challenge without the encumbrance of a cold!

As the day went on the symptoms worsened and I could feel the cold progressively moving to my chest. There was only one solution; to go to the local walk-in clinic and seek medical help. The next morning I showered and dressed and made my way to the clinic. The lack of parking places was my first clue. Parking on the road, I entered the clinic and found myself in the midst of at least twenty adults and children coughing and sneezing. Wonderful, I thought; at this rate I'll be here all morning and who knows what else I my catch. As I stood gazing around

the waiting room and wondering what to do, I suddenly realized I had another option. I had forgotten that one of my parishioners, a semi-retired physician, operated a clinic in the nearby city. I'd give him a call I thought, and ask if he could see me that day.

When I arrived at my office I called the doctor's home immediately. Fortunately he was still there. I described my symptoms over the phone and wondered if he would be able to see me that day at his clinic. "Are you sure you want to come to my clinic?" he asked rather reluctantly. "Why not?" I replied. Responding after a long pause he replied; "I think perhaps that some of your parishioners might get upset if they were to discover that you visited my clinic." "Oh, why is that?" I questioned; "Do you suppose they would be upset because I didn't go to the walk-in clinic like most of the people in the village?" "No, it's not that at all" was his gleeful reply; "You see, I operate a V.D. clinic."

Feeling embarrassed, I thanked him for his time, put on my coat, and drove back to the walk-in clinic, and patiently waited my turn.

This Stick is made for Walking

A sermon of introduction for the interim time

This sermon was preached at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Hamilton, on Sunday, March 5, 2006 (the first Sunday of Lent)

MARNI NANCEKIVELL
DIRECTOR OF INTERIM MINISTRIES

You may have noticed this morning that I entered the church with a walking stick. I have brought this with me not because I have arthritis in my knees (although I do)... but because this day, I begin a unique journey with you as part of the Interim Team that will walk with this parish in the coming months while you prepare to receive a new Rector. My walking stick, crafted by my cousin Bill Nancekivell, up at the cottage at Wood Lake, will stay here during the time we are together a symbol of my call and that of Archdeacon Paul Jackson, to walk beside you in the wilderness time that is called "transition" in parish life.



Marni Nancekivell

The scriptures we hear this day couldn't be more appropriate for beginning an Interim Time... a time between Incumbents. Because the scripture we read is full of reference to both wilderness and promise.

In the first reading we hear the story of the flood - and the rainbow that God set in the sky as a promise, a covenant, that God would be with us always. Both in times when we are flooded with our own personal terror - and in times when life is flooded with good - there is a promise of God's abiding presence.

We have all had wilderness times

We hear today from the Gospel of Mark of Jesus' journey into the

wilderness. He goes there, but not without first receiving the gift of the Spirit in his life. Jesus goes into a place of testing and temptation and formation - but immediately before that, Jesus has tasted God's vibrant presence within him. Is that what makes it possible for him to

journey through that wilderness in faith?

Each one of us knows what it is to have wilderness times, in our own lives. We go through times of despair, or perhaps times of questioning. Our wilderness may be in the form of a job loss, or depression. We may have

received a diagnosis that we have dreaded. Or perhaps the shrill ringing of the phone has punctuated the middle of the night, with the information that someone we love has died tragically. Our wilderness moments, like the wilderness time of Jesus may be an occasion of temptation or upheaval. Our personal wilderness could be about physical limitations or it could be a time of inner desolation. Each human life is touched by time in the wilderness.

It is no coincidence that the image of being in the wilderness - of being on a quest, is a basic metaphor in literature.

Wilderness is about transformation

Today, as we recall the story of rainbow and covenant, I think of another story about a rainbow. There is the story, *The Wizard of*

Oz, by L. Frank Baum, in which we meet the characters of the Lion, the Scarecrow and the Tin Man. All of them are seeking something they believe they don't have from an all-powerful source - and so they journey along with Dorothy through a wilderness - with all of its dangers. Those wilderness companions began as solitary outcasts in a dangerous place. By finding one another, they discover courage in the journey - courage to encounter the Dark Side.

Eventually, each of those heroes discovered that they already had what they wanted all along, and as for Dorothy, she awoke safe at home, and to use Rilke's phrase "knew the place for the first time"

Like Dorothy and her friends we have all walked through wilderness. And, we have all survived our own wilderness times. Perhaps we're a bit worn and battle scarred, but we have survived.

Not only have we "survived" but are changed; transformed. We are never the same emerging from the wilderness journey as we were when we entered it.

That is the essence of the journey. We have reflected on personal wilderness. And we have talked about Jesus' experience in the wilderness.

Do you know that parishes have wilderness times too?

Temptations

One of the most seductive wilderness temptations, encountered by parishes in transition is the drive to "move on" as soon as possible. There is the temptation to fill the vacuum left by the departing Rector "immediately, if not sooner." (And if immediately isn't possible, a new Rector by next Sunday would do just fine.)

The temptation to "plug the

hole" is perhaps, a reflection of what it is to be in a parish system.

All beings, all organizations, all systems (and a parish is a "system" as well as a loving, living community of the faithful) crave stability. That is part of nature. That is the place from which the longing for a replacement for your last Rector comes. People say things like: "We want to "move on." We want to get the "show back on the road." When there are acute financial pressures, that longing for permanence is especially heightened.

There is an incorrect sense that Interim time is "lost time." Nothing could be further from the truth.

But we know this through the art and science of interim ministry: the greatest healing and growth in a congregation comes in the openness of the time of transition. Interim time is a liminal moment when through specially designed processes (such as Fresh Start) there is a transparency - and yes, a vulnerability - that helps the Spirit work for healing and growth. Parishes that are "hell bent" to move on quickly will find themselves not having given time to the Interim tasks. The result often is that they make an incorrect choice in their next incumbent, because they have formed the vision of "what comes next!", based on the specter of their former Rector. That is when the next Incumbent becomes an "unintentional Interim." Someone who stays for two or three years and moves on because they find that the fit is not a healthy one.

Grieving is not easy

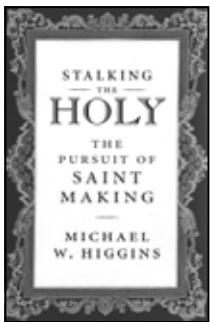
To move too quickly in selecting the next Incumbent is to fail to encounter the loss of the per-

son who has left. To move too quickly means not taking the time to grieve. Grieving is not easy. It is painful, and that is why individuals - and parishes - sometimes try to avoid it. It is difficult to say "goodbye" to hopes and dreams that were attached to the leader who has left. And it is difficult to encounter what might have been. If the departure of the last priest has been complicated by conflict or unresolved feelings, another layer of complexity is added to the mix. You see, by moving too quickly, a congregation doesn't have the opportunity to discover who and what they are at this point in time "without" that person who has departed. Many members of a church community may remember what things were like before Canon X arrived. Who is this parish "after" this cleric has left? What has been their influence? What needs doing now? Where do we grow from here?

Walking beside you

That is why, as your trained Interim, and the Diocese's Director of Transitional Ministry, I carry my walking stick with me when we gather for worship. It is, I suppose, rather like the Bishop's crozier in its function. (Although, let me be clear, I have no aspirations to Episcopal Office!) It is only its use as "a walking stick" that is the same. It enables me to prod a bit when we're slowing down - and perhaps it will help me to act as an agent of restraint when we're moving a little too fast. But for the most part, this is simply a walking stick. It will enable me to walk beside you, as a loving friend as we journey with together through the wilderness - and into new Life. Amen

Book Review



Stalking the Holy
The Pursuit of Saint Making
Dr. Michael W. Higgins
House of Anansi/Groundwood Books, Toronto
January 26, 2006
Hardcover: \$29.95

Stalking the Holy is truly hot off the press. Dr. Michael Higgins who has recently resigned his post of President and Vice-Chancellor of St Jerome's University, Waterloo, Ontario has tackled an exploration of the process of saint making in the Roman Catholic Church. This has been no easy feat, but Higgins combines his areas of expertise in English and Religious Studies, which he has taught to produce a work that brings the many facets of sainthood under examination, while at the same time throws light on why saints have continued to fascinate, intrigue and inspire people through history.

He notes that saints are not so much made by elaborate processes as they are simply recognized by the Church. This is somewhat born out by the processes of acknowledgement of sainthood by the other churches in the

apostolic and sacramental tradition, namely Anglican and Orthodox.

Pope John Paul II is credited with being the saint maker par excellence being personally responsible for more beatifications and canonizations than all of his predecessors combined.

Michael Higgins examines really five very prominent and highly controversial candidates for canonization. Beyond Pope John Paul himself, they are namely Padre Pio, saint and stigmatic and number 457 on J.P. II's list of canonized personalities, Mother Teresa of Calcutta, the controversial Pius XII, who occupied St Peter's chair during World War II and the founder of Opus Dei, Josemaria Escriva de Balaguer, who's rapid ascent to sainthood disturbed his critics.

Dr. Higgins draws from a wealth of political, theological and historical influences. He has co-authored a number of books, and his own works include *Heretic Blood: The Spiritual Geography of Thomas Merton*; Higgins is a Thomas Merton Scholar and *The Muted Voice: Religion and the Media*.

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The Church in Crisis

Responding from lessons around us



Equipment is taken inside in preparation for the Sunday service.

PAUL TINKER
THEOLOGY STUDENT, DIOCESE OF NIAGARA

The Anglican Church in Canada is in crisis! While this may not be news to anyone attentive in the last several years, it is the focus of a great deal of recent attention from the press both in and outside of the church. Our very existence is at stake.

The spark of this attention comes from a presentation to the house of Bishops, where the alarming comment was made "that the last Anglican in Canada will turn out the lights in 2061." Our existence is in question and the current trend is a very negative one. Is this alarming? Certainly. Newsworthy? Absolutely. But new information it is not.

Empty pews

It is easy to see the decline in our churches weekly. Most of us attend churches that are not overflowing with people; if we happen to go to a well attended church, we certainly know that many of our sister churches are not so fortunate. It doesn't take much digging to discover stories of how each of our churches were planted (started), how they grew, and how they met the needs of the community. The Anglican Church was once planting

churches rapidly throughout our diocese and country. The church was once so active that in downtown Hamilton, there was a seating capacity for 10,000 people in Anglican churches alone.

The answers to why our pews are emptying are numerous. One answer that can be most difficult to accept is that the church is no longer relevant to modern people. It is difficult, firstly, because we confuse 'the church' with 'the gospel of Jesus Christ': no Christian is willing to accept that Jesus is irrelevant. It is difficult to accept secondly, because for most of us attending church the church is relevant. There are certainly enough other things we could be doing, yet we have chosen to be in church. Finally it is difficult to accept because our church has been relevant for generations past. Yet, if we are honest, we have to admit that the church struggles with declining financial resources, declining influence and declining attendance.



Paul Tinker

How do we respond?

Stanley Hauerwas, a professor at Duke Divinity who was named "America's Best Theologian" by *Time* in 2001, is noted as

saying: "Mainline Protestantism is dying and God is killing it." We can certainly see how God is not blessing us numerically, at least not in North America. So how are we to respond to such a provocative comment?

The first response is an attitude change. We simply have to do things differently if we want different results. I have heard our Bishop say on numerous occasions that "the definition of insanity is doing the same thing yet expecting different results."

Priesthood of all believers

I think that what we as Anglicans, a sub-section of the whole Christian body, need to do is discuss and gain a different view of the word 'church'. Put simply, we need to start to think of 'church' as people, and not a building or a specific denomination. We need to capture some of Martin Luther's zeal for the Holy Christian Church as the priesthood of all believers. This will liberate us dramatically. We will start to think of what we do as ministry and mission to ourselves and others. Then we can start to think how best to reach and serve people. John Stott, one of the top ten preachers of our day and an Anglican, has said that if he were to start today as the new rector for a parish, he would spend the first year preaching solely on the meaning of 'church'.

Some Churches are growing

The next thing we need to do is look around. We need to get our heads out of our own environments and look around us. We live in an age that is spiritually starving; the fastest growing section of most book stores over the past couple decades is the spirituality section. Yet mainline churches continue to decline rapidly. Clearly there is a disconnect between the need and what we offer in response. Clearly we are not responding in a way that allows people to experience the gospel of Jesus Christ... Closer analysis indicates that it is mainline churches that are declining, not all churches; in fact, some are growing rapidly.

Last summer, instead of doing a typical theological student summer internship at an Anglican parish, I spent my time at The Meeting House. The Meeting House is a Brethren in Christ church located in Oakville that is the fastest growing church in Canada. Between the three services at the main site and the four regional sites (Hamilton, Yorkdale, Brampton and Downtown Toronto) over 3000 people attend Sunday worship each week; attendance continues to grow. The church started as a 'church plant' into suburbia, unknown territory for a typically small church model denomination. By learning from churches across North America, they have developed into a very meaningful Christian presence in the Hamilton/GTA corridor.

I went there with the encouragement of both Archdeacon Marion Vincett and Bishop Ralph Spence. I went there to learn good practices, which would be transferable to the Anglican Church, and not merely to copy what they are doing. To copy something out of context would not work, but to determine the principals behind what they are doing is very valuable. They now fit into a big church model, yet most of what they are doing well is not limited to big churches.

I have created a presentation and would be willing to meet with any interested group or parish, and I am open to whatever questions you may have about the church and my experiences there. But I will share with you briefly three areas where I have learned the greatest principals.

Expectation of involvement

The most important principal is the view of church and expectation of involvement. Their view of the church is rooted in people, thus there is a strong belief that all members should in some way (big or small) be involved in the church as volunteers. They have taken each need of the church (which is constantly evolving) and created 'small steps'

of duties. This allows a sharing of the tasks, an easy entry in participation, a rotation of duties, a hierarchy of responsibilities and a variety of gift-oriented ministries. The highest position in any one category is the role of 'coach', with the prime goal of equipping other saints for ministry. Time and resources are continually spent in supporting and promoting involvement.

The next key area in which I discovered transferable principals was in their attitude and approach to provide a high quality of Sunday service experience. They understand that their competition on Sunday mornings is not the local mainline church but secular activities, such as hockey or the movies. They implement the best in technology and practices gleaned from secular and non-secular sources. They strive to provide 'first fruits' in their worship and in their children's programs (known as Kidmax). The new wine of the gospel is continually being presented in different wineskins, in order to reach different people at different points in time.

Home Church Groups

Finally they understand the value of small groups (known as 'home-church') as the key place for formation and development in the faith. In the early church, small groups of Christians thrived in a climate of persecution, not unlike our own climate; people from The Meeting House gather in small groups where the 'real church happens.' Home church is their prime mode of formation and pastoral support, where people care and learn from one another. The Meeting House is very intentional in how they develop home churches; they have a pastor whose only full time responsibility is creating and supporting a consistent, universal, and accessible complement to Sunday's teaching. The home church is the main place of community. Their belief in the value of the small group is so strong, they suggest that if you have only time for one thing each week that it should be home church and not the Sunday service.

Right in our backyard there is the fastest growing church in Canada, and the potential solution to our ailing church. The first step is to look around at who is doing things well and is relevant to people's lives and learn from their principals. Wherever people are being reached and needs met, be it in a mega church or even a thriving secular institution, we can learn from their principals and practices. Most congregations have people with experiences in a huge variety of fields that can be translated into improving churches. The last Anglican in Canada be turning off the lights in 2061, but only if we continue to run 'business as usual' and fail to see the solutions all around us.

Change will take a long time

So I would recommend that you take the news of our Anglican church seriously. I encourage you to view 'church' with a different lens. I encourage you to be willing to learn from any source around us, as our Bishop did by supporting my desire to learn from The Meeting House. I encourage you to take seriously sources such as the 'Magnetic church' information or resources from the Alban Institute. I would also suggest that while 2061 is a long way in the future that we need to approach the issue with urgency as it takes a long time to change the course of a large organization, just as it does a big ship on the high seas.

If you want to read about the change in the church (including solutions), I would recommend the following books (in the order listed):

- Richard Kew - *Brave New Church: What the Future holds*
- Stanley Hauerwas - *Resident Aliens: Life in the Christian Colony with Will*
- George G. Hunter III - *How to Reach Secular People*, and *Church for the Unchurched*
- Andy Stanley, Reggie Joiner and Lane Jones - *7 Practices of Effective Ministry*

Children's Festival 2006

Theme:



Program Time:
10:00-3:00 p.m.

Undermount & Mohawk Regions

Saturday, April 29, 2006

St. John the Evangelist, Hamilton
320 Charlton Avenue West

For more information contact Susan Little - 905-528-3326
or Susanne Adams - 905-575-1815

Lincoln & Brock Regions

Saturday, April 29, 2006

St. Columba, St. Catharines
7 St. Columba Drive

For more information contact Elizabeth Connor-Elliott
905-935-3266 or Beth Kerley - 905-685-1286

Greater Wellington Region

Saturday, May 6, 2006

All Saints, Erin
81 Main Street

For more information contact Kim Bell - 519-833-9099

Trafalgar Region

Saturday, October 21, 2006

St. Simon's, Oakville
1450 Litchfield Rd.

For more information contact Vickie Edgeworth-Pitcher -
905-336-5164 or Jeff Ward - 905-845-8351



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Committee, Diocese of Niagara

YOUNG & PROPHETIC

SpiritQuest, an Amazing Experience



JOSH MORRISON
HOLY TRINITY, HAMILTON/UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO, LONDON

Once more, SpiritQuest has come and gone, and once more it has proven itself to be a gem of a program, one of the best run by the Youth Ministry department. SpiritQuest is a small program by design, a spiritual retreat for teens and young adults. Because of its size, it is not very well known, but it is certainly worth knowing about. It is a weekend retreat that allows its participants to have solo time for quiet reflection, meditation and prayer. It is one of a kind, and if you're a youth who's looking for some quiet personal time, make sure to investigate next year's SpiritQuest.



Josh Morrison

This year we hailed from the Unity Retreat Centre in Hamilton in early February. The location was a lovely old building that actually worked with the theme of "Discovering God through Our Senses" rather well. The house was full of creaks and moans, old smells and many other tastes, sights and feelings. To explore our senses the staff, Joyce Wilton, Jamie Barnes, Kim Martignago and Archdeacon Lynne Corfield ran plenary sessions based on the five senses. The two that touched me the most were sight and sound experiences.

For "Sight," Joyce brought in a

spiritual labyrinth for us to walk. The labyrinth was painted beautifully with images of nature including a large flame motif in the centre. For me walking the labyrinth became a way for me to meditate and pray in a new way. I had come into SpiritQuest looking for direction in my life, and I needed a new way to talk to God to do it. The labyrinth inspired calm and peace in me that let me begin hearing His voice again, which began a week-end of calming prayer. This is a perfect example of what SpiritQuest can be, other than a much needed break from our busy lives.

SpiritQuest always seems to find a way to bring you into closer communication with the Lord, whether you want to be or not. This conduit can often lead to finding the "big answers" you've been looking for. It doesn't always lead there though. This year, my prayers didn't give me the answers I was looking for about what degree to take in university and what to do about Residence Staff for next year. What it did give me was a refresher in my relationship with God that has already helped me clear my head so I can make good decisions and be less stressed about them.

In the "Sound" plenary, we were all given various percussion instruments and we gathered around a microphone so we could record our sound. We ranged from people who had never played an instrument, to me, a student at university studying music. We began to play, and something truly amazing happened; no matter what our musical background was, we all played as a group and produced a recording that was harmonious and musically strong. We worked as a group, and everyone's part was audible, with different people coming to the forefront, and then retreating back into the group after a solo. When I listened to the CD, I realized that we as a community had demonstrated God's love in sound; we were all equal, we all had our moment to shine and we all worked together to make something beautiful. This is what SpiritQuest is all about. It is a way for us to see God's love and His purpose for us in new and different ways, which is exactly what the theme of The Five Senses had intended.

I've attended two SpiritQuest's now, and I have to say that this is an amazing program that I hope to go back to a few more times. It provides you with an experience of calm and can provide you with a new connection to God that can renew your spiritual lives. This program is truly a gift, and one that I hope will keep on giving for a long time.

old and alone.

This year was also significantly different from any of my other Youth Ministry experiences because I was now attending the University of Waterloo and really wasn't sure about how well I would interact with others younger than me. I came into this event like I do every year, tired, emotionally drained, and ready for some solitude and a break.

It was from this tired state that all of my senses were literally awakened from the slumber of routine and fatty foods it had become accustomed to. I was guided through my senses of sound, taste, sight, smell, and touch. The senses smell and touch became

especially important to me as the weekend progressed. I felt that these senses are the ones I take most for granted, while warranting some of the deepest emotions.

Touch was something that I was deeply uncomfortable with before experiencing the warmth and love that the people of Niagara Youth Ministry have brought to my life. I once again felt the discomfort of a group that I knew little about, but as we stood in our circle, gently rubbing each others shoulders, I felt a sense of relaxation that only a deep trust can create an opening up of vulnerabilities and love for each other.

Smell has often been associated most closely with memory. Through our guided

AMBERLEE BOULTON
ST. MATTHIAS, GUELPH/UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO



Amberlee Boulton

wasn't a posse of girls around me that knew my life fairly intimately at this event. I felt

being somewhat of a veteran at SpiritQuest, I entered this year really feeling unsure of myself for the first time in years at a youth ministry event. For the first time since I can remember, there

JUSTINE TAFT
ST. BRENDAN'S, PORT COLBOURNE/SHERIDAN COLLEGE, OAKVILLE

On Saturday night, we had gone through the sense of sight, of touch, of sound, and of taste. The last remaining sense was of smell. In the afternoon we had created bath salts scented with smells to relax and calm you, something needed by many of the attendees. Like myself, many find themselves in College or University fighting to keep up, of in high school just trying to adjust and make it through. In these times, when life is rough it is the people we know and love who along with God keep us from falling too far.

By Saturday night, I had found some small peace in the weekend, but not as much as I usually get from diocesan events. Life had been throwing many curve balls that I wasn't ready to face. I kept

swinging and striking out. Then Joyce had us explore our sense of smell. First we were to imagine home, and the smells associated with it. The first smell I thought of was that of a friend, a specific smell present when they hug me. It offered the few times away from home that I feel safe. It made me realize that going to diocesan events was no longer going to magically give me an answer, but if I



Justine Taft

allowed it, God would use them to help me get through the small things, and to reinvest some hope into me. It reaffirmed my faith that no matter what problems I face in church, in school, with my family or friends, God will always take care of me and will always give me the reassurance of his love and faith.

ERIN STEWART
ST. MATTHEW'S, BURLINGTON/UNIVERSITY OF WILFRED LAURIER, BRANTFORD

As we did an activity at SpiritQuest focusing on the sense of touch, I found myself really thinking about how this sense affects me in my everyday life.

When I moved away from home for the first time in September to go to University, for the first couple of weeks, I found myself somewhat miserable, and I didn't really know why. As I thought about it I discovered that I'd never realized how much having absolutely no physical contact with the people I love would affect me. My friends were either still in high school or scattered around Ontario at different post secondary institutions and my parents, of course, were still at home. I missed hugging my parents, my friends and my sister. I missed leaning on my mom's shoulder after she got home from work or sitting shoulder to shoulder with someone you've been in school with since kindergarten or play fighting in the hallways during breaks in classes with your friends; all of the little things that I never even thought about.

When you are thrust into a situation where you are living with

complete strangers, people you have never met before, it takes some time to get to the point with that person where you can give them a big hug every time you see them. I can now safely say that since coming to university, I am able to get the hugs that I miss from home, and I am much happier. Hugs are very important. Dr. Phil says that you need ten hugs a day to feel loved. Now, I'm not sure that you need ten, but at certain points in one's life, a hug can be a crucial breaking point. There



Erin Stewart

is also just something about embracing someone or letting them lean on you or cry on your shoulder that makes you feel purposeful and it's great when others let you do the same thing in your times of need. It's also nice when you can see a friend across the street, cross over, and walk straight into their arms because they've sensed and know that you needed a hug. There are certain people whose hugs can cause a total one hundred and eighty degree turn in my emotions, and these people always seem to know when to whip one out.

meditation, the smell of incense and an earlier relaxing backrub, I was able to relieve a vast amount of thoughts and feelings I only receive from a smell. Gasoline, lilacs, Body Shop perfume, and old makeup, were all little gifts from the recesses of my memory that I felt sent to me in my relaxed state.

I left SpiritQuest feeling fully awakened again, not only to my physical five senses, but to my sense of the Spirit in my life and belonging in such a huge world. I received the solitude I needed for my body to relax, and I received the community, sharing, bread baking, triangle playing, joking, and worshipping to replenish my soul.

Servers' Fest 2006



St. Paul's Caledonia servers gather around their parish banner.

Servers' Fest 2006, on February 18 at Christ's Church Cathedral, brought together over 100 servers from around the Diocese along with a volunteer team of 18 for a fabulous day-long program celebrating the ministry of serving. As Irene Walback, a first-time driver from All Saints, Erin, reflected, "...had I known that Servers' Fest was such fun, I would have signed up years ago!"

Servers' Fest began with a morning of round robins that included a Who's Who panel with Dean Peter Wall, Archdeacon Lynne Corfield, Regional Dean Kathy Morgan and Assistant Curate Jeff Ward describing their various roles in the Church; What's What in which Canon Charles Stirling identified various pieces of holy hardware for participants and Servers' Fest Trivial Pursuit, a cooperative game in which teams enthusiastically answered challenging questions about religious practices, artifacts and church architecture composed by the Rev. Sue-Ann Ward. The final round robin had participants sharing significant moments in their ministry of serving which is the basis for the article that follows.

Following lunch (hurray for pizza and pop which multiplied to feed the hungry horde), participants set off for their chosen workshop. Many of the servers spent the early afternoon preparing segments for the closing worship under the deft guidance of John Janisse (music), Emma Wright (dance) and Donna Ellis (puppetry) while others made soup from ingredients found in the Old Testament with Marjorie Latimer or explored creating a sacred space at home with Mary Gordon and Pat Ruggles. The day closed with a procession led by crucifer, Shawn Turner (St. David & St. Patrick) and the St. Paul's, Caledonia banner (carried by Erin Gravelle) into a

Eucharistic celebration that was filled with adventure, commitment and joy.

Ministry of Serving

We don't often have the opportunity to hear from servers about what they do and why they do it, so listen while they share some of their highs and lows.

Heather Di Marco, St. Cuthbert's, Oakville: Acting as a server is my way of giving back to the church. It is an act of thanks for the many blessings in my life.

Hassan, All Saints, Dain City: I was too old for Sunday School and I wanted to do something in church.

Ed, Church of the Resurrection, Hamilton; Mike, All Saints Hagersville; Nick, All Saints Hamilton; and Nora, St. Paul's, Caledonia are all serving because of a family connection and a family appreciation for the ministry.

Katherine, St. John's Port Dalhousie: I like to be involved with my church and they're very supportive.

Barry Etherington, St. Cuthbert's, Oakville: I serve so my son and I can be a part of the ministry of the service together. I feel it helps to bring us closer together in a spiritual way and contributes positively to our relationship. I know we both feel proud to be able to do our best in assisting Father Joe and the other clergy.

Catharine Bennett, St. John's, Niagara Falls: I serve St. John's because when I went there, I was spiritually broken. I found healing there, so I serve as a way of saying thank you.

Kevin Turpin, St. Christopher's, Burlington: I'm brand new to serving and I signed up because of a church fair where volunteer opportunities were highlighted. It's given me a new perspective on the service, and I'm grateful. I really enjoy it and I feel blessed to

have the opportunity to serve.

Jennifer Turpin, St. Christopher's, Burlington: I started serving so that I could do something in the church with my husband and my son. We love serving together. Even when I do forget to do something, we all just laugh together; we love it.

Monica Griffin, All Saints, Hamilton, and Trish Gould, St. Alban's, Grand Valley, both enjoy serving because of a special relationship they have with the young servers.

Christopher, St. Christopher's, Burlington, and Gillian, St. Paul's, Westdale, were both responding to a need for new servers in their churches.

Nick, St. Philip's, Burlington, and Kevin, St. Simon's, Oakville, both serve because of a sense that it brings them closer to God and their faith.

Favourite Serving Moments

Josh, St. Stephen's, Hamilton, loves to serve on Christmas Day because the service is so intimate with the dedicated few who attend.

Nora, St. Paul's, Caledonia, loves carrying the palm fronds on Palm Sunday.

Danni, St. John's, Thorold, loves the moment when the water and wine are poured together during the prayer of consecration.

For Christopher and Nicholas, St. Christopher's Burlington, their favourite memory is the Sunday they made the curate laugh out loud during the service...with his mic on!

Receiving her Server's Cross was the most special moment for Kailey, All Saints, Hamilton, while Holy Trinity, Hamilton created a special moment for Breanna by clapping for her very first effort as a server.

well, "The whole service was special, from the first notes of the Introit to the final notes of the last hymn. There was, and is, a sense of mysticism at those times, aided and abetted by the smell of incense wafting through the building. The symbolism of the rising smoke with reverent worship is something I will always treasure." Another anonymous adult loves to serve at a priest's first service after ordination while another treasures the Sunday an unwell priest asked her to distribute the bread during communion.

Most embarrassing moments

This list of stories was far too large to include them all, but here are some highlights.

Christine, St. George's, Guelph, recalled that the first time she carried the large processional cross; she had to put it down because her arms were shaking so much, she was sure she was going to drop it.

Ed, Church of the Resurrection, Hamilton, had a cross moment when he had the image of Jesus Christ facing the wrong way the first time he carried the processional cross.

Another cross happening: Donald, St. Simon's, Oakville, hit the top of the cross on a door frame; no visible damage to the cross or Donald!

Adam, All Saints, Erin, shared the time the overhead alter candle didn't get raised after it was lit, and the interim priest collided with it!

Joseph, St. George's, Guelph, had a different candle story; his candle tipped over, and oil spread everywhere across the floor; missed him though!

Abby, St. Alban's, Hamilton, had another candle experience when, as crucifer, a can-



Participants create Old Testament soup.

St. Paul's Caledonia had lots of favourite moments: for Meaghan, it was her first time carrying the Gospel; for Kendall, it was standing beside the Bishop while Clara loves carrying the candles and sitting at the front with her priest, Rev. Chris McMaster, and Kieran says he's waiting for his favourite moment which will be carrying the cross like his brother, Callum.

Carrying the cross was a favourite moment for Henry, St. Christopher's, Burlington, and Eric, Holy Trinity, Fonthill, while carrying the collection plates for the first time was special for Kamara, St. Alban's, Hamilton.

Meeting her new friend, Em, the first time she served, is the favourite moment of Britany, St. Paul's Glanford.

Shawn Turner, St. David and St. Patrick, Guelph, loves everything about serving but his most special moment was serving when the Bishop celebrated the 35th anniversary Eucharist in May 2002.

Cath Cooper, Holy Trinity, Hamilton, remembers vividly the Easter when liturgical dance was performed for the first time with candles, music and "liturgical fluffing" of the alter cloth.

Many of the adults (who chose to tell their stories anonymously) especially loved the high holy days and Gord Jackson, All Saints, Hamilton, captures that treasured memory so

dle bearer dripped wax on her all the way up the aisle.

There were many "robe" stories; spilt wine, candle wax unexpectedly decorating a newly laundered robe, cinctures coming loose or falling off completely, and several short servers had bad moments stepping on robes that were much too long for them.

Scott, Holy Trinity, Fonthill, remembered the time he locked himself out of the chancel as he prepared for communion, and handily jumped back over the rail.

And Mac, St. John the Divine, Cayuga, recalled the Good Friday he was charged with carrying the rough wooden cross to the altar; off he went down the aisle whacking every pew as he passed.

For Mike, All Saints, Hagersville, his worst moment was when his cell phone rang in the middle of the gathering prayer. An anonymous adult had a worse technical faux pas; he used the men's room during the service, forgetting that his microphone was still turned on!

Zach, St. Christopher's, Burlington, had trouble with the offering plates one Sunday, and money went rolling, flying and drifting all over the sanctuary.

Meaghan, St. Paul's, Caledonia, had the priest flummoxed when she held the Gospel

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Left to right: William, Andrew, Rebecca and Shannon pose with their puppet friends.

People and Puppets at St. Paul's Caledonia

NANCY MCBRIDE, O.N.

This is a story about many people - some adults, some children; some humans and some not so human. It is also a story about two languages. Mostly it is a story about faith, and how we share our faith. At St Paul's, Caledonia, we pride ourselves on making people feel welcome, and involving our children in our faith community. As often as not, the children lead the way.

Breaking in a new family

Let's start with some of the people and the language connection. Ken and Berenice Garland wanted both of their sons - Ken Jr. and Andrew - to be fluent in the French language. They heard of the En Famille International exchange program based in Salingnac, France from a neighbour whose son was participating in an exchange, and both their boys jumped at the chance to participate. The Garlands would first host a French 'exchange son' for six months, and then their sons would live with their 'exchange brother's' family in France for six months. When the exchanges took place, the boys were all 11 or 12 years of age, and you can well imagine the challenges they would face. They were a long way from home, and when people spoke to them, it was always in a foreign language - they had to "break in" a new family too. Ken Jr. says the best part of his exchange was the friendship he built up with Tony but he feels he has also gained a lot of self-confidence. He would definitely recommend the experience to others. The Garlands would be happy to share their En Famille International experience with families who are interested in such an exchange - you can reach them at 905 765 7869.

In September 2004, Tony came from France to join the Garland family, and be-

came coming to St. Paul's with them. It wasn't long before Tony joined Ken in the junior choir. He was also a server and an active participant in Sunday Club activities. Both boys also played guitar with a group that offers this addition to the music of our worship. When Tony returned to France, Ken went with him. In September 2005, William came from France to be Andrew's brother. In February 2006, Andrew went to France to stay with William's family. Now here's the non-human connection: all four boys enjoyed interacting with the diocesan puppets which first came to St Paul's around the same time as Tony.

Use and care of the Puppets

The sixteen puppets are a resource available from the Diocesan Program Department for use in children's ministry. The troupe of nattily-attired puppets arrives in two large hockey-style duffle bags. After a quick introduction to the troupe, five children from St Paul's were off to a training session in Georgetown to learn how to use and care for their new friends. Ken, Tony and Andrew took part, as did Lindsay Plank and Clara Garrow. The group was so enthusiastic that they seized the opportunity to present the annual Christmas pageant using the puppets. Their first challenge was to teach the other children and the leaders how to use and care for the puppets. St Paul's now has a puppet theatre, made by Dick Lawrence, who has also donated a duplicate (portable) theatre to accompany the puppets on their travels throughout the diocese.

Sarah Jenkins, one of the Sunday Club leaders, feels that the children often have an easier time talking about their faith when their puppet tells the story. While the children often work from a script, they sometimes get to interpret the message they need

to communicate in their own words. When Tony stumbled over a word in English, he rewrote his part, and his charming accent was a big hit. While Courtney Jenkins enjoys the Bible stories she hears from the leaders, she like to hear them from the puppets, too, and her favourite puppet is Ally. Thomas Farkas likes Ike best, and enjoys putting on puppet shows with the other children. Clara Garrow couldn't pick a favourite puppet but she likes using the sticks to make the puppets' arms wave around while they talk. Sarah summed it all up when she said that the kids look forward to having the puppets visit - when the kids have fun, learning is easy. The leaders see the rewards, especially when the colourful puppets bring the shy children into the lesson. On occasion, even the adults get into the picture. On William's last day at St Paul's, the two wardens and a helper performed a puppet dance as a farewell for him and Andrew. The pair left the following week for France.

New puppet, William

Both Tony and William took fond memories of their time at St Paul's back to France with them. Looking well ahead, William told his mother that he would like his children to go to the Anglican Church, too! He was delighted to learn that St. Paul's has commissioned an addition to the diocesan puppet troupe, to be called William in his honour.

All of us at St. Paul's encourage other parishes to take advantage of this wonderful resource. The puppets made two boys feel more at home in a new country, and will help countless others express their faith in a new and meaningful way. It doesn't matter where you are from or what language you speak, or whether you express it yourself or through a puppet at the end of your arm - it's all the same wonderful faith message!

Servers' Fest 2006

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upside down for the reading.

Elizabeth, St. Christopher's, Burlington, was caught when she fell asleep during the sermon, and Breanna, Holy Trinity, Hamilton, spent one Sunday daydreaming through the service, missing most of her tasks for the day.

Will, St. Matthias, Guelph, along with several others, tripped over "something" and fell. Judging from the stories shared at Servers' Fest, there are a lot of falling servers out there!

There weren't too many embarrassing moments from the adults although one confessed he or she had dropped the incense boat; sounds messy!

How would you encourage others

Finally, each round robin session ended with the group identifying what they would say about serving to encourage others to try this ministry.

St. Paul's Caledonia was the envy of the room when their servers shared that they would encourage new servers by telling them about their great social events; taco parties, pizza parties, summer picnics, training sessions complete with donuts. Elise, St. John's Thorold shared that they, too, have a summer picnic while at St. Alban's Hamilton, Abby and Kamara shared that they also have pizza dinners. Donuts are a highlight of servers' meetings for Danni at St. John's Thorold as well. Don't be surprised if your servers start agitating for more social activities!

Amberle, St. Alban's Grand Valley would tell prospective servers that she loves serving with her friends, and that eating the left-over Communion bread is lots of fun. Em and Nathalie, St. John's, Thorold, agree that serving with friends is a great way to spend Sunday mornings.

Eric, Holy Trinity, Fonthill, pointed out that serving might lead potential servers towards the priesthood, and Kevin, St. Simon's, Oakville, mentioned that serving is a good way to express your faith in God as well as to grow your faith. Christopher mentioned using the serving ministry as high school community service hours and Nathaniel, St. Christopher's, Burlington, would tell people that serving can be a great family ministry and that he loves serving with his parents.

Kent, St. John the Divine Cayuga would say that carrying the processional cross for the whole church makes you feel really proud of yourself while George Henry, All Saints Dain City points out the serving is a way to try on a role in worship leadership. One of our anonymous adults says "You get to dress up, parade around and you don't have to sit too long in one place" and another comments, "I love the view looking at the congregation!"

Let's close with Bishop Ralph's favourite server story; he was all set to wash his hands before the Eucharistic prayer, the server carefully poured water over the Bishop's hands...and the Bishop's feet because the server forgot to hold the bowl underneath!

What a varied look at serving around the Diocese! I'll bet you didn't know that servers love what they do so much nor that Servers' Fest is so much fun!

Technology...

MARNI NANCEKIVELL
DIRECTOR OF TRANSITIONAL MINISTRIES

This true story crosses my mind... While I was Rector of St. Aidan's, Oakville, I performed several weddings a year. During one wedding ceremony, just as I arrived at the 'If anyone present knows a reason why Tina and Greg may not lawfully marry, they must declare it now' part, someone's cell phone rang loudly.

I quickly responded, "No, you must actually be present to register an objection, you can't just 'call it in.'"



Bruce Kuhn presents:

The Gospel of Luke

Performances:

- Friday, May 5, at 7:30 pm - Theatre Aquarius, Hamilton
- Sunday, May 7, at 7:00 pm - The Arboretum, University of Guelph
- Friday, May 12, at 7:30 pm - Holy Trinity Roman Catholic School, Oakville
- Sunday, May 14, at 7:00 pm - Ridley College, St. Catharines

Bruce will also be leading workshops:

- Public Speaking, Preaching and Storytelling - May 9, 9:30 am to 3 pm at St. Matthew's, Burlington
- Dramatic Reading, Public Speaking and Communications - May 13 from 10:00am to 2 pm at St. George's, Lowville

Ticket Information

Tickets are \$20 each for general admission and are available from TicketWeb at www.ticketweb.com or by calling Ticketmaster at: 1-888-222-6608. Tickets also available through Ruth Anne Martin at the Diocesan Resource Centre ruthanne.martin@niagara.anglican.ca or 905 527-1316 (ext. 200).



A Dog's Innocence from the Mouth of a Child

ANONYMOUS

Being a veterinarian, I had been called to examine a ten-year old Irish wolfhound named Belker. The dog's owners, Ron, his wife, Lisa, and their little boy, Shane, were all very attached to Belker and they were hoping for a miracle.

I examined Belker and found he was dying of cancer. I told the family we couldn't do anything for Belker, and offered to perform the euthanasia procedure for the old dog in their home. As we made arrangements, Ron and Lisa told me they thought it would be good for the four-year-old Shane to observe the procedure. They felt as though Shane might learn something from the experience.

The next day, I felt the familiar catch in my throat as Belker's family surrounded him. Shane seemed so calm, petting the old dog for the last time, that I wondered if he understood what was going on. Within a few minutes, Belker slipped peacefully away. The little boy seemed to accept Belker's transition without any difficulty or confusion. We sat together for a while after Belker's death, wondering aloud about the sad fact that animal lives are shorter than human lives. Shane, who had been listening quietly, piped up, "I know why."

Startled, we all turned to him. What came out of his mouth next stunned me. I'd never heard a more comforting explanation. He said, "People are born so that they can learn how to live a good life - like loving everybody all the time and being nice, right?" The four year-old continued, "Well, dogs already know how to do that, so they don't have to stay as long."

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Animals Teach us About Life

ANNETTE LANGLOIS
CHIROPRACTOR

I had the privilege of writing in the last issue of the Niagara Anglican regarding my vocation as a chiropractor. We talked about chiropractic and its role in integrating and enhancing the mind/body/spirit connection - the goal being to help create internal and external well-being and wholeness. I hope you were provided with food for thought and have managed to create your own version of this integrated path in your lives. However, we left each other on a rather intriguing note. I mentioned that this view of health also applies to our four-legged friends. Indeed it does. I have had the good fortune of being a certified animal chiropractor for a number of years as well. What a rewarding experience this continues to be!



Annette Langlois

Great love of animals

I have always had an affinity for animals. On our Sunday visits to my Grandparents' I always had a visit with the livestock. I also grew up rurally and inevitably, the strays always seemed to make their way to our house. I tended to their injuries, fed them, played and cuddled with those who would permit it and tried to, unsuccessfully, sneak a

few of them into the house. At that time, animals in our house were not permitted. For my entire childhood I wanted to be a veterinarian. In my late teens, I toured Guelph University with the thought of entering veterinary school. I'll never forget that tour. Something came over me in that moment. It was an overwhelming sense that I did not want to attend Guelph nor become a veterinarian. In the blink of an eye, it was over. In retrospect, I'd say it was a moment of divine intervention. Thank goodness I didn't follow that path! For me, pursuing that model of health care would not have resonated with my, yet to be recognized, beliefs and philosophies.

Listening to God's message within

Obviously, I became a chiropractor instead - again another blessing in my life. Years later I "coincidentally" read about an animal chiropractor in the newspaper and pursued taking my own dog there. It was this woman that informed me that there was an animal chiropractic program available to veterinarians and chiropractors. I tried to ignore the newly planned seed within me. I'm sure you know what that's like - trying to ignore a divinely inspired mes-

sage? The knocking just keeps getting louder until you pay attention! Well, my ability to serve animals in a capacity that maintained my own philosophies and beliefs around health and healing was officially realized exactly 20 years after my day of personal reckoning at Guelph University. There are no mistakes. There are no coincidences... Things do have a way of coming full circle don't they?

Animals have no agenda

It's truly quite amazing what animals have taught me and continue to reveal to me. They come to me in a state of "being." Animals have no agenda and no preconceived notion of what I do, what I should do or what the outcome should be. Some may be a little nervous, apprehensive, upset or maybe even a bit grouchy but this does not change the impact that the chiropractic adjustment has. Their divine inner wisdom is at work and it's a beautiful thing to witness. The agitated animal will calm under the touch of the adjustment. The tense animal relaxes and the sore, sensitive animal breathes a sigh of relief. The outcome is pure and unadulterated. Their gratitude is obvious. Our animals hold up the mirror to us and provide us with a model we can all learn something from. As we journey, remember this quote "be the kind of person your dog thinks you are." Sound words of advice, I think.

First Fruit Giving

JIM NEWMAN
DIRECTOR OF STEWARDSHIP
AND FINANCIAL DEVELOPMENT

I read an interesting article about money the other day. It said that there are essentially only five things we can do with it. We can spend it, we can pay off debt, we can pay our taxes, we can save it, and we can give it away.

The article went on to say that research shows this is the order in which we typically dispose of money. First of all we spend it, then we pay off debts, then we reluctantly pay our taxes, and if we have any left we will save some and if there's any left after that we give it away. Actually for many of us, taxes are

the first thing to come off the top of our income before we've even received it.

The biblical pattern teaches quite the opposite

Christians learn that all we have is a gift from God, and we should want to honour God with the first and best that we've received. It's quite specific. "Honour the Lord with your wealth, with the first-fruits of all your crops" (Proverbs 3:9). We are to give our "first fruits" - right off the top - back to God in grateful response to what God has given us. And we are to give at the beginning, not the end of the week, the month,

or the tax year.

Christians give back to God through the Church or other organizations for many reasons. We give to say thank you - for the gift of life, for the love we've received, and for God's faithfulness through good times and bad. Our gifts state that contrary to the messages of scarcity that often surround us, we have enough. And they reflect our commitment that God and the Church are at the heart of our lives.

Where do you fit?

Christians should make a prayerful and conscious effort to determine an appropriate level of giving in proportion to their income. The following chart can help to determine that level. What better time than Lent for a recommitment to your parish!



Jim Newman

Annual Income	2%	4%	6%	8%	10%
\$10,000	\$200	\$400	\$600	\$800	\$1,000
\$20,000	\$400	\$800	\$1,200	\$1,600	\$2,000
\$30,000	\$600	\$1,200	\$1,800	\$2,400	\$3,000
\$40,000	\$800	\$1,600	\$2,400	\$3,200	\$4,000
\$50,000	\$1,000	\$2,000	\$3,000	\$4,000	\$5,000
\$75,000	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500	\$6,000	\$7,500
\$100,000	\$2,000	\$4,000	\$6,000	\$8,000	\$10,000

What can you do about first-fruit giving and about giving proportionately?

First, prayerfully consider your gift, and then utilize the Pre-Authorized Payment (PAP) system. It works just like the automatic car insurance or utility bill payments that many people equalize over the year. And it's much more than a convenience - PAP ensures that you are giving "first-fruits", and guarantees your gift will be received even when you can't be in your parish! PAP is simple to initiate. Just ask your Rector, wardens, or envelope secretary for the easy to use forms.

Examples in Word and Deed

ROGER HARRIS
ANGELICAN FELLOWSHIP OF PRAYER

Each year at Christmas we celebrate the most treasured gift that God has given us, and each year we celebrate the most treasured gift that this gift has given us - salvation. Each year we suffer with Jesus as we move through each agonizing step that He took in His journey from the supper to the cross, each one becoming a greater burden than the last. Then on the third day we are fulfilled when we rise up with Him, to embrace all that He has offered through His sacrifice on the cross.

Three days which affected many people, and brought out the best and the worst in human nature. Three days to ponder on the magnitude of what was being accomplished by one man for the sake of all, and to have to bear the ignominy of it all in just one day, the day that He was crucified. This day is probably the most documented of all and describes the last hours of our savior's life, together with the people who were instrumental in causing this to happen.

Great prominence is placed on the many who were to influence the course of the day for Jesus, but although the majority were antagonistic, three individuals from very diverse backgrounds were touched by the hand of God that day, and 'stood in the gap' for Jesus when He stood alone.

These three had nothing in common, and very little is known about them. What we are told though, is that each by word and action witnessed to us, and showed us that as Jesus stood in the gap for us to God, so we should stand in the gap and witness to others for God.

Pilate's wife

"When he was set down on the judgment

seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, 'have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream, because of him.'"

From writings of the time, we learn that the name of Pilate's wife was Claudia Procola, and that it is said that she had an interest in the Jewish faith. It is considered that she was a compassionate woman, which may have been instrumental in her desire for Pilate to wash his hands of Jesus' trial. The final outcome of this indicates that some influence is evident, in Pilate's decision to let the crowd choose who was to die, and then to dip his hands in water.

Why God gave this dream to Claudia, we will never know. Claudia could have rejected it and done nothing whatsoever, but she did follow through and give cause for Pilate to consider his options.

Her intervention and courage to speak out for Jesus, is a lesson to us all. By following her example for speaking out when we see others who need to hear the sound of support when faced with adversity, we are filling a part of God's mandate to us.

Being of Roman disposition, it is unlikely that Claudia converted to Christianity, but one can be sure that her involvement on that day, would have left her with something that remained with her for many years, if not the rest of her life.

Simon of Cyrenia

"And as they led Him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he may bear it after Jesus"

Imagine yourself walking into town minding your own business, and finding yourself

caught up in the spectacle of three men being led out of town carrying the means of their own destruction.

Simon, a man from Cyrenia, - which historians believe was a city in North Africa - did not have to imagine it, he found himself living it. He was no doubt familiar with the method of crucifixion living in or next to the Roman Empire, but the attention that this procession was receiving, must have drawn him to mingle with the bystanders and watch the proceedings.

For Simon to be there in the right place at the right time when Jesus stumbled, can only be the act of a Father looking and caring for a Son who was struggling to fulfill His Fathers desire. Like Claudia, Simon could have chosen not to become involved, by turning and disappearing into the crowd. Instead, he bent his back to the load, and again like Claudia gave us a lesson in doing for others when we see them in need of a helping hand.

Whether Simon became a Christian has not been told, but scripture tells us that his two sons Alexander and Rufus were known to the church in Rome, indicating that Simon may well have been converted through his experience with Jesus and the cross.

The Robber

"And he said unto Jesus, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom.'"

We tend to see life as hope, but there are many times when uncertainty dilutes hope to the point, where nothing is left but the inevitable. This must have been so with the two robbers when they were nailed to the cross beside Jesus.

Nothing is said of the background or the nature of these two thieves, but ancient writings do mention that they bore the names of Dimas and Gestas. It was to Dimas that Jesus was revealed, and the transformation that took place, only confirmed that he could see

Jesus for who He was, and openly acknowledge Him before all present.

What was it that enlightened Dimas? Was it the way that Jesus bore himself, the dignity amongst the undignified or God's choice for his eyes and ears to be opened?

It was he who rebuked Gestus for his railing at Jesus and challenging Him to save the three of them. Nothing is told of where this man came from, but we do know where he was going. In his short moment by the side of Jesus, Dimas also left us a lesson from the cross, to proclaim the name of Jesus and be open to all, whatever adversity may befall us.

Through all his pain, the peace of Jesus must surely have been placed within Dimas when Jesus said unto him.

"Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Through scripture we have met three people whom God has given to us as examples to follow. He has a desire for us to have a closer relationship with Him through the death of His son Jesus, and a meaningful part of this relationship is our willingness to stand in the gap for our neighbor, through speech, action and proclamation.

Throughout His life, Jesus was always in prayerful communion with our Father, and even through the pain of His crucifixion, He continued to pray for us until He gave up His spirit.

His was the cross of salvation, the redemption of mankind from sin. Two other crosses were placed beside Him, one on His right, and one on His left. One to bear if we decide to follow Him to paradise, the other to bear if we decide to ignore Him.

To ignore Him is to ignore His sacrifice, and to ignore His sacrifice is to leave us susceptible to becoming lost and directionless. Now and again we need to stop, look and listen in prayer to what God wants of us. Then we can talk, do, and declare all that He desires.

Fresh Expressions of "Church" including Pub Fare

MARION VINCETT
EXECUTIVE ARCHDEACON

If we are placed where we are by God for the sake of the world, not of our own brand of church, then "parish" means all of the life of that given place, or of that culture. This kind of thinking is at the root of some of the experiments that I either heard about or visited in the Church of England on my recent sabbatical.



Marion Vincett

I visited the Church Army's Wilson Carlile College in Sheffield. The Church Army is a society of evangelists linked to the Anglican Church, but working outside church buildings to enable people to come to a living faith in Jesus Christ. It works in partnership with other people in local churches and community groups to share the Christian message of words and action in relevant and sensitive ways. At present it has a mandate to research and support Fresh Expressions of Church, supported financially by the Church of England and the Methodist Church. (If you are interested you can find more at www.freshexpressions.org.uk).

Fresh Expressions come in many different packages but in each case the goal is to "reach people where they are, making church effective and changing lives."

The first example that really made me sit up and take notice was a Christian pub in Nottingham called "The Malt Cross."

Prosperity brought violence

Now you have to understand the setting before I tell you any more. Not-

tingham is a fairly large English city in the Midlands with a heavily industrial past and some big company head offices still present - like that stalwart of the English High Street scene, Boots the Chemist. It has become quite prosperous of late, and prosperity has brought with it violence and drug addiction such that the city has acquired a reputation across the country as considerably less than desirable. The city fathers are anxious to change this image and have asked the churches to assist in that work.

One inner city Anglican congregation, St Peter's, the local Anglican Diocese (Southwell) and the Methodist Church along with the Church Army realized that people needed a safe place to meet new friends, to find entertainment and to have a couple of drinks in a relaxed and healthy way. So they started "The Malt Cross." The pub is located in the heart of downtown Nottingham in the pedestrian shopping area and housed in a former Music Hall whose historic charm is still in tact. Two Church Army officers staff it and they are joined by attractive young female bar tenders, all of whom are Christian. There are no tracts or leaflets that could point to the Christian label but the musicians who play there each night of the week are carefully selected and the atmosphere is always respectful and safe. I visited it a couple of times and each time I found it a busy, happy and pleasant place to be.

Talking about Faith

The Church Army sees this as an ex-

periment in building relationships in a very low key way. This is certainly where the people are and a lot of the younger generation attends regularly. Counselling is available in another part of the building but the primary goal of this enterprise seems to be to promote healthy relationships and to take advantage of opportunities to talk about faith in a safe environment.

Another project led by the Church Army, but which is easily transferable to parish communities, is the Car Boot Sale Team. Now for those of you who are not fluent in English as it is spoken "in the old country" a car "boot" is a trunk. On that side of the Atlantic, a Car Boot Sale is the equivalent of our Community or Neighbourhood Garage Sale. Thousands of people turn out to these events in public parking lots around the country on a Sunday morning, so some creative Church Army Officers have taken to joining them at the sale and to opening their own car boots to reveal lemonade, cookies and an opportunity for prayer ministry. People really appreciate this offer and the participants find that they reach more people on the parking lots than they could possibly do in the many nearly empty churches of England on a nice sunny Sunday morning.

A new kind of church

In Coventry I met three young men in ministry - one ordained and two in youth ministry - who have found a very special way of creating a new kind of church. The city centre of Coventry has known safer days and there are problems - as in most of our North American cities - with drugs, alcohol and violent behaviour. The churches looked at this reality and

said, "How can we help to make things safer?" So teams of five to seven carefully selected and trained people, lay and ordained, have taken to setting up a drink stand in a church yard just off of Coventry's downtown. A pathway through the church yard leads to busses and cabs, so it is well used by pedestrians leaving the night clubs and pubs somewhere between 11 pm and 5 am on Fridays and Saturdays. The stand is equipped with some comfortable chairs, hot or cold non-alcoholic drinks according to season, and a sign which reads: "Free Hot Drinks, Safe Space and Someone to Listen." They find that the service is well used and that the conversations that happen in that context are deep and life-giving.

The Church Army's resident researcher, The Rev. Steve Hollinghurst, told me that he is intrigued by the large numbers within the English population who say that they are seeking spirituality but who are not darkening the doors of the churches. (Sound familiar?) One of Steve's responses is to become a booth operator at New Age Fairs. So, groups of local Christians attend these large and popular events around the country and set up a Christian Meditation stand. There are comfortable chairs, soft music, stones and

water, a couple of icons, a big poster of Jesus as The Tree of Life and an opportunity to talk about Christian meditation with curious visitors. One common response is surprise, "you mean that Christians meditate?" The group has even discovered some wonderful Christian tarot-type cards which can be shared with seekers with themes like "angels" and "nature." (See www.deo-gloria.co.uk)

Looking beyond the church building

In every one of these Fresh Expressions of Church, someone has had to take the initiative to look beyond the church building into the local community, and to recognise a need that is not being met. Significant resources were necessary to get the pub ministry up and running but, in other cases, it was simply a matter of finding the right people to be there and to listen and support. I found these stories and others like them exciting and encouraging.

How about a coffee shop in one of our buildings where services can be offered to the younger set? Or what about a holistic approach to health with a spiritual workout at the local gym? There are ideas in abundance, but what would work where your ministry is located?

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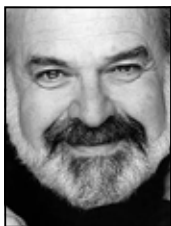
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Fifty Days and Fifty Nights

Kelly Walker is an author, singer-songwriter and retreat leader. He speaks throughout North America on burnout, change, grief recovery and living life after mid-life. He is often a guest preacher in various Christian communities. His latest book, Growing Somewhere: Living Life After Mid-Life has just been released. Order his books and music at your local bookstore or on the web at www.kwalker.com

KELLY WALKER

"Why does Lent have to last so long?" Those words came from the mouth of one of my favourite cradle Anglican friends a few years ago. I tried to explain the symbolism of the season, the tradition around the desert time in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. He persisted.



Kelly Walker

Then, from my mouth came the following. "I'm sure that you would have as hard a time partying for fifty days and fifty nights - as is prescribed for the time of Easter. Can you sustain that sort of activity?"

He was dumbfounded. So, frankly was I! But it is a fact. The period of preparation for the festival of life has been a period of cleansing, contemplativity, community building, forgiveness and charity. It is marked by sobriety and interiority. Most human festivals begin with that. In our tradition it lasts for 40 days and 40 nights.

Put away the sackcloth

But then comes the festival of festivals... Easter. We celebrate the fact that life is what we are about. Life is not just a phase of who we are. It is who we are. Now and for eternity. So, bring out the food, the lights, the alleluias, the dancing and the flowers. God has turned our sackcloth and ashes into dancing. Practice being who you truly are! For 50 days and 50 nights! Ancient canons of the Church ordained that no one was to kneel at liturgy during the time of Resurrection. Put away the sackcloth. No more sorrow, no more tears. Rejoice away!

We humans need stories at every stage of our growth. The Church proposes the annual re-telling of these "First Stories." They are about Cre-

ation, *The Great Flood, The Exodus, The Birth of Jesus, The Time in the Desert, The Passion and Death of Jesus of Nazareth, The Resurrection.* These stories are about the events recalled but more than that they are about us. They serve as templates for our days and nights, our pits and peaks.

They serve as a context for our journey. We all have the same journey.

Retelling our stories

We all share a similar story. Each of us will have to pass through various phases of growth to get from the womb to the tomb and into eternity. An old Dominican nun

wrote to me once in response to a letter I wrote complaining about how hard life in the monastery was. She admonished me with the words, "If the Lord sends you tribulations, he expects you to tribulate!" Today I am not sure that the Lord sends them my way. I just know that they come along. We don't have to seek out times of trial and trouble. What I have to remember is that they come in each of our lives. We can grow through them. We live in communities so that we have the compassionate shoulder of the friends and elders to help us survive them and, perhaps, even grow because of them. In fact, the stories our ancient elders remembered - the ones that worked for them- are the ones we re-tell year after year. We remember so that we can gain strength, comfort and hope.

We can decide to stay isolated and afraid. Or we can choose to live side by side with other humans who have faced birth, suffering, troubles and resurgence. That is why we are Church. Not to keep God happy. But to help us grow within the compassionate story of God's loving-kindness. Alleluia! The Lord is risen indeed! You, too! Alleluia!

Finance Corner

Did Your Parish Earn Over 11% Last Year?

ROBERT MCKINNEL
DIOCESAN TREASURER & CFO

Over the past few years the amount of monies that parishes have with the Diocese and managed by the Diocese has increased to over 20 million dollars. The reasons why a parish should put long-term monies with the Diocese are:



Robert McKinnell

1. Fiduciary responsibility

The corporation of a parish is legally responsible to ensure that decisions regarding investments are undertaken in accordance with trust law, the highest standard required under legislation. Should just one parishioner or deceased person's family feel the decisions being made are unacceptable then legal action can result.

The Diocese invests parish

funds through Frank Russell of Canada Investment Group. Russell invests the monies with over 20 of the top investment companies in North America. Can your parish diversify to that extent?

If your parish feels that investing 100% in GIC's is "safe", then think again. You can still be held to task for not obtaining the return that stocks and bonds would have given. Parishes also tend to forget about the \$60,000 limit for Canada Deposit Insurance.

2. Rates of return

Russell of Canada provided a net 11.1% return to parishes that invested through the Diocese in 2005. The guidelines the Investment Committee of the Diocese stipulate

is that monies are to be invested 30% into Canadian stocks, 30% into foreign stocks and 40% into fixed income investments (such as bonds). In essence the mix is considered to be a "balanced" mix.

The Diocese also conducts a review every five years, utilizing an outside consultant, to ensure that Russell is doing the job it should be for the Diocese.

3. Availability of parish monies

If you invest through the Diocese but need to make a withdrawal then you can obtain your monies usually within 24 - 48 hours. There are absolutely no withdrawal charges as there are with some mutual funds.

I along with the Investment Sub-Committee would be happy to answer questions and obtain more information for your parish.

So if your parish didn't earn more than 11% last year, start asking why!

What is the DM&M

GORDON ARCHBELL
ST. CHRISTOPHER'S, BURLINGTON

The letters DM&M stand for Diocesan Mission & Ministries and are the dollars raised from the parishes of the Diocese of Niagara to help pay for the costs of the Diocese, which include its administration, activities, services such as payroll and insurance, evangelism support and, last but not least, the Bishop. Your parish might refer to the DM&M as something else such as Diocesan Assessment, Diocesan Apportionment or simply Assessment. It is akin to the Federal Income tax used to pay for the Federal budget. Just as with the Federal taxation system your concerns as a parish are likely:

- Is the Diocesan budget reasonable?
- Are we paying a fair share? And so often we think that our parish is paying more than its

fair share.

Each year at the November Synod meeting, which is attended by clergy and lay representatives of all parishes, a budget for the upcoming year is presented for approval. Prior to this year's Synod there were four regional meetings that gave the parishes the opportunity to examine and discuss the proposed budget. The expense budget for 2006 totaled \$3,202,000 of which \$3,108,000 is to be contributed by the parishes. 74% of this budget is to provide for programs, staff and administration at the Diocesan office and the remaining 26% is to be passed on to the national church.

The present system for apportioning this \$3,108,000 to the parishes was adopted in 1995. Each parish is asked to prepare a DM&M Return by the end of February based on the results for the previous year. This return is based upon the general fund re-

ceipts & expense statement. Very simply this return is as follows:

- Total Income
- Deduct: Clergy and program support staff salaries, capital expense, capital loan & mortgage payments, outreach
- Equals Net income for year
- Average net income over past three years times 32.827% equals parish assessment

Is it fair? The Synod would like to think so, but depending upon your parish's financial position you might consider it too high. What is fair? This has been debated over the years and any change suggested would create a list of winners and losers. Those having to pay more would think that it is quite unfair. Those having to pay less would be pleased. The financially better off parishes are able to bear the burdens of those parishes that are less well off and thus support one another.

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We welcome you to our Holy Week Services

Mauudy Thursday, April 13	6:00 pm
Good Friday, April 14	10:00 am
Holy Saturday, April 15	8:00 pm
Easter Sunday, April 16	10:00 am

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Easter Sunday Celebration 10 am

Getting to Know You

FRAN DARLINGTON
INTERIM PRIEST, CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION

Bob Morrow, O.N. Man about the Diocese

Many people who have received the benefits of his expertise and commitment would beg to differ with Bob Morrow's opinion of himself as a member of the Diocese of Niagara when he states "I'm nothing."

As a member of the Committee to Elect a Bishop when Bishop Ralph Spence was chosen, Bob also chaired the farewell dinner for Bishop Walter Asbil. Bob chuckles, "(Working on the Committee) was fantastic! I wanted to have a pool - but I was told that it wasn't appropriate... It was interesting to go through the Canons (Church Law). We got into detail I hadn't even thought about."

A serious discussion centred on the question of candidates speaking to the Diocesan Regions: "It is good for local people in the Diocese, but difficult for (candidates) from other Diocese." Satisfied with the Committee's efforts, Bob explains, "There's a political aspect and a spiritual aspect to electing a Bishop. The Committee did well." Bob foresees "a lot of technology next time, such as teleconferencing."

Canterbury Hills and more

On the Canterbury Hills Board of Directors for seven years, Bob was Secretary for four years and Chair for two. "For a geographer, it was a dream to be involved in such an incredible place." Disappointed that a new building is not possible at this time, he comments "but the land remains, so we can still do something." Impressed with all four Directors he has worked with there, Bob says, "Each one brought something different to contribute to the property and the Diocese."

Working with Parishes in Transition teams supporting the Interim Ministry and Fresh Start programs, Bob has "chaired a thousand workshops, not all for the Diocese. I've got to meet some of the nicest people, lay and clergy. It's a wonderful opportunity for (a parish) to get to know itself, for the people to stand back and take a look at themselves from a perspective they haven't used for a long time... It's one of the best things we've ever done!"

As Co-chair of the New Niagara Program, Bob found that his experience and education have given him "a particular philosophy of implementation. Awareness is first; from awareness you gain understanding, and only when you have understanding can you go to change." For suc-

cess, Bob explains, "you need a combination of experience and youth, as we have at St. James' Church (Dundas) with Jim Sandilands (Rector) and Stephen Murray (Associate Priest)."

He has "done the ACPO thing a couple of times" (Assessment Committee for Postulants for Ordination). As an assessor, Bob has helped "people come to terms with what they can or can't do in life. For the candidates, it has to be a very intense weekend." Laughing, he adds, "because it is for me! It was probably the most intense experience I've ever had, and I wasn't even on the receiving end... I'm objective, I like to measure things, but you can't do that at ACPO."



Bob Morrow

Bob was impressed with the weekend: "There was order and system to it. I was also impressed with the supports built in for anyone who crashed - they could crash and still be accepted. I came to appreciate what people go through to enter the priesthood. It's another step in appreciating all the people I deal with in the Church."

Commitment to Church is part of an integrated life

Bob has had his differences with the Church. "I spent a couple of years teaching in East Africa, and made a break. Then after about ten years, I began to go back." Smiling wryly, he confesses, "When I first started back, I wouldn't even park in the lot - I didn't want to make the commitment!"

He comments, "I'm a Rotarian; I make connections through the Club. As a member of the Church, I make connections through the parish, like a family." He's also proud of his wife's involvement: "For several years Lynne's been secretary at St. James' - it's a nice complement to what I've done!"

Commitment to the Church works out in various ways for Bob. He explains, "Involvement in the Church is an integrated part of a whole life. Lynne and I were married at St. Stephen's-on-the-Mount on December 23. We went to the Christmas Eve service, and went on our honeymoon on December 26!"

"Church work is part of the whole big picture, getting people to work together, not separated from what I do every day. For me, my profession and my church are part of my world. I always say I had a blessed career... because everything gives you a chance to grow! It wasn't just work, but part of the whole environment, especially Canterbury Hills."

He continues, "I thoroughly enjoy my parish work. I organised the Readers for ten years. I made sure I asked everyone - it got to the point where people wouldn't make eye contact! You

sure get to know people in the parish. I did the Warden thing twice, including when the Rectory was sold, and led capital campaigns."

A geographer's career

Born in Gartcosh, Scotland, Bob came to Canada at six years old, directly to Hamilton. "We landed on Tuesday, and Dad started work at Stelco on Thursday. We joined St. Mary's." Recently, Bob went back to make a speech in Edinburgh. "I took my Mother, for six days," and found his childhood town "now gentrified."

In high school, at first two years behind the young man who would become Bishop Ralph Spence, Bob caught up one year, and they were at McMaster University at the same time. Studying geography, Bob's thesis compared the Fergus and Elora communities: "It was interesting. They both have a Scottish background, and Drimmie's Mill was very important. I drove every road in Nichol Township!"

With typical humility, he claims "I was just a general geographer. The urban aspect was my main interest, but I became a decent cartographer and physical geographer." He grins, "I'm a generalist! I know a little about geology, urbanization, meteorology, agriculture - and history!"

Bob taught for twenty-two years, mostly in Hamilton. When he retired, the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture and Food hired Bob "with a mandate to make teachers (especially in urban areas) more knowledgeable about agriculture. Maintaining the agricultural community is very significant!" He now serves as a consultant for that program.

Currently, Bob is developing curriculum materials for Chile and Paraguay, "working with various ministries to make them aware of the dangers of pesticides." Fulfilling his "philosophy of implementation," the program will develop awareness in two to five year-olds and understanding in six to ten year-olds, and commitment to advocacy for change in eleven and twelve year-olds. Bob doesn't speak Spanish, but when needed, his interpreter is the former Miss Paraguay '96, who was also in the Miss Universe contest. He's also developing a pictograph manual for people with no written language.

Another unique and very important project in Bob's life is his work as Project Director of the Tomatosphere project, which follows the prog-

ress of seeds donated by Heinz and housed in the International Space Station for nineteen months. Brought back to earth, seeds have been distributed to over six thousand schools, where they and control seeds are planted and their development carefully monitored, "with amazingly consistent results!" This "farming in space" is "all about a trip to Mars. Astronauts can't go twenty-seven months on dried food." Through the Canadian Space Agency, Bob has met astronauts, talked to Marc Garneau when he was on the space shuttle, and been to a NASA launch with Lynne.

Bob praises our Diocesan webmasters, John Janisse and Chris Grabiec: "They're webmasters for the Tomatosphere project - they're fantastic! I'm also very impressed with the Diocesan website."

Bob has written or edited one hundred and seven books, "mostly educational, but my crowning glories are three Canadian Atlases."

Bob and Lynne have enjoyed their Dundas home for thirty-eight years. They also enjoy their two daughters and four grandchildren. Lynne's life has included being a "teacher with a degree in speech and drama, stay-at-home Mum, super-volunteer for the church and community, volunteer coordinator for Dundas Community Services, computer software specialist, and, when she retired, secretary at St. James' Church."

They love to travel - "We haven't been to Antarctica yet, and Australia and New Zealand are high on the list!" Bob runs his projects by computer when they are away from home. He's also a keen photographer, and says his photos from their recent trip to Mexico are "the best I've ever done!"

"Not my will, but yours..."

Bob is reluctant to take credit for his work for our Diocese. "Over the years... someone somewhere in this Diocese has been giving me opportunities to learn and grow, and if that can happen at the same time as I can offer my experience, it's a bonus!... In both the Diocese and the parish, most of what I've been asked to do has drawn on skills I've been able to transfer - like a weave. I hope I'm an example of what people can do."

Enthusiasm, experience, commitment and action - Bob is surely an example of "what people can do," and we are thankful!

Lift High the Cross

LYNNE CORFIELD
RECTOR, ST. JOHN'S, NIAGARA

Parish ministry never has a dull moment it seems to me. A few years ago I had a mature theology student working in the parish and we were working on training servers for our Sunday worship. The student worked hard with a young boy of about 12 years old, with some special needs, who wanted to be a crucifer. A special piece of information the trainee received was to be sure that being the crucifer was the most important role to have because the crucifer leads the procession carrying the cross of Christ, thereby reminding all of us that we are followers of Christ. The student did a superb job in training the crucifer and impressing the importance of the role on him.

On his first Sunday on the job he walked proudly at the head of the procession. When it came time for the gospel procession he was ready and did not miss his cue. He led the procession down into the center of the congregation and turned at the exact spot he had been shown and turned around. The rest of the entourage assembled with the gospeller standing directly in front of the crucifer, with her back to him... a sight we have all witnessed many times. The young boy stood attentively as the gospeller began to read the lesson for the day, looking around him at the assembled congregation. Everything seemed to be going incredibly well, until part way through the reading he "lifted high the cross" and began waving it around, back and forth, to and fro, almost hitting the gospeller on the head with the pole!

With all the people facing the gospeller and paying attention to the reading, it was not long until there were many shaking shoulders and grinning faces... we all gasped and held our breathe until the reading finished. At the conclusion of the reading, the gospel procession returned to the chancel proudly led by our fledgling crucifer!

After the service the theology student went to talk with the crucifer to tell him how well he had done that day, but also to inquire as to what was going on with the waving cross? "Well," the young man explained, "you told me that this was the most important job, and I looked around and saw that no one was paying attention to the cross at all because they were all too busy listening to the woman who was reading, - so I thought that if I lifted the cross up and waved it around, I would get their attention again and they would remember that they should be paying attention to the cross!" Well, he certainly got our attention, and we will never forget the lesson he taught us all that day!



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EDITORIAL

The Laughing Face of God

CHRISTOPHER M. GRABIEC
EDITOR

A few years ago, John and I and two of our good neighbour friends Rose and Annie decided that we needed a night of comedy and laughter. Such a night had been planned at Hamilton Place. We purchased the tickets and off we went. We did have a chance to laugh a great deal. The feature act of the evening consisted of two young, athletic buskers who paraded around the stage exhibiting humorous behaviour and antics. At one point they said they needed a volunteer from the audience. One of the young men shouted - "the man wearing the black shirt at the back." I was at the back and my shirt was black, but surely they didn't mean me, I thought, as I sank deeply into my chair.

The performer then jumped off the stage and quickly worked his way toward the back of the hall. By now, I had crouched down so low that I was practically under the chair of the person in front of me - only to feel him grab my hand and yank me forward, dragging me to stage, in spite of every protest that I could think of. I should have told him I had a serious heart condition - but I knew that wouldn't work, as my laughing neighbour, Rose, is an assistant cardiac surgeon and probably would have shouted "no he doesn't!"

By the time I was on the stage, I was mortified and feeling very stiff. They made me prance and dance and do all kinds of silly things which created even more laughter in the audience. I was more mortified as the seconds passed. Finally they hugged me (very genuinely, I might add) and sent me back to my seat while the audience clapped their approval.

Today, I regret that I was so mortified; it was truly a funny event. But there is something in me and in my upbringing that doesn't let me laugh at myself as much as I would like - and perhaps not even laugh in general as much as I think God would like.

Feast of fools

This month our paper is holding humour up as a wonderful gift

from God. I was thinking back to my university days when I read the then famous book by Harvey Cox entitled "The Feast of Fools." He talked about an ancient Saturnalia festival observed in the Roman Empire, wherein laws were suspended and customs were reversed so that a child might be made a bishop or a king for the occasion. The liturgical reading began with the words: "God hath put down

It had never occurred to them that a priest would ever have to use a bathroom! Surely he was far beyond that!

Does this "elevated" view of our clergy not encourage a broader dichotomy between the "sacred" and the "secular" spheres of our existence? Perhaps it even drives a wedge between laity and clergy - after all we even have two houses at our synods! Does anyone think

tion! People were walking around thinking that sickness and death were the "end of the world" and he said it was all an illusion - "life" was the victor and no-one - no matter powerful or rich - could change that part of God's plan. The joke was on death itself and on those who tried to use death to control the people.

Well, as foolish as the cross and resurrection may seem to much of

(G.W. Allport)

"Ethnic and Religious conflict remain the most intractable and dangerous problems in the world today" (John Shattuck)

"With or without religion, good people can behave well and bad people can do evil; but for good people to do evil - that takes religion." (Steven Weinberg)

"Of all the tyrannies that affect mankind, tyranny of religion is the worst" (Thomas Paine)

I'm not sure that all of this is as true as their website would portray, but it does remind me that our "established" churches do take ourselves and our structures far too seriously. What a weight upon our shoulders. I've still got some time before Easter to think about this, and perhaps you can too. I'm convinced that Jesus wanted innocence, goodness, happiness, laughter, justice and lots and lots of love and forgiveness. We've certainly strayed from that. We've put into place more laws and regulations and structure than the Jewish community ever knew. Many of those laws are weighty and burdensome, causing division and a true lack of joy in the community.

Real freedom in faith

It seems that in our day and age, we're concerned about the "rules" which bind us together and the buildings that we must maintain, and in the end we sacrifice that which faith is really about - the joy and happiness of experiencing true love of God and neighbour.

Yes, we must begin to laugh at ourselves and our mistakes of old. Maybe when we do, we'll see more clearly through the eyes of God. The world needs the teachings of the poor carpenter. The world needs to know that all the power and wealth that they wield and that is used to abuse the poor and underprivileged will never win over God's plan of life and happiness. Our witness to that message is to truly walk in the footsteps of the carpenter of Nazareth - and none other.

I need to laugh, I need to change, I need to really listen to His Word and see His world in the laughter. I think that will really make a difference.

It seems that in our day and age, we're concerned about the 'rules' which bind us together and the buildings that we must maintain, and in the end we sacrifice that which faith is really about - the joy and happiness of experiencing true love of God and neighbour.

the might from their seat and hath exalted the humble and the meek." People were free to say and act out the most shocking things to anyone - even to the point of poking fun at their "high" officials and yes, even at their bishops and royalty. Harvey Cox points out that previously accepted forms of mad and foolish behaviour became unacceptable in the Post-reformation period of Christianity. I wonder whether or not we've ever really recovered the ability to laugh with God, even in our own day an age.

Taking ourselves too seriously

Perhaps it really begins with our leadership today - the professional clergy. We think that this group has been elevated and set apart by a rite of ordination. (I know - believe me, it was indoctrinated into me!) Clergy are given the title of "reverend" for performing a ministry of service, which really often makes them take themselves quite seriously! It isn't always the clergy that cause this; it's the folks around them. I remember my mother telling the story of when she was a young girl; the priest came to visit their home. Her mother cleaned and baked and prepared for this serious visit. When the priest came in, they were nervous, and then he asked if he could use the bathroom. They looked at each other in shock.

that Jesus ever wanted such a "serious" division among the people? I'm beginning to think that whenever any of us take ourselves too seriously, clergy or laity, we begin to lose perspective and perhaps begin to tune out the voice of God in our midst.

Humor in the bible

One can search through the scriptures and see the true sense of humour that God has had through the ages. Listen to the story of Jonah in the belly of the whale. Our Jewish ancestors used to chuckle when it was told. How about the great joke he played on a one hundred year old father and a ninety year old mother - Abraham and Sarah. Good grief she would have given birth in the geriatrics ward! Or what about the woman that Jesus met at the well - read that story the way it was intended and you will laugh as I am sure they both did during the encounter.

Then God really played a big joke on humanity. Who would you have expected to be your saviour? I think if we were honest we would all have thought that he would have stepped off the plane of Air Force One - or would have been some great political (perhaps royal?) person that changed the face of the earth. No - not at all. It was a poor carpenter and the greatest joke was that it wouldn't be by might that he saved the world, but by the cross and more importantly the resurrec-

tion! No doubt, we are at a point of crisis in the church. A few parishes are doing fairly well and others are not. In general people in society have little regard for the church and choose to find meaning elsewhere in life. Inspired by Paul Tinker's article in this paper, I visited the website of the Meeting House. This is the new church that meets in various movie theatres around Southern Ontario and is attracting thousands of people - most of them quite young. They had some very interesting thoughts and quotes about the seriousness of our 'religious' structure:

The evil of 'religion'

"Men never do evil so completely cheerfully as when they do it from Religious conviction" (Blaise Pascal)

"Some say the only cure for Prejudice is to abolish religion"

A Variation on the Anglican Approach

LYNNE CORFIELD
RECTOR, ST. JOHN'S, NIAGARA

Question: How many Anglicans does it take to change a light bulb?
(Change! What do you mean change? My grandmother gave the church that light bulb!)

Answer: 300

A sexton to change the bulb; the Rector and assistant Rector, deacon and seminarian to lead the ceremony blessing the new bulb; the church secretary to type the special bulletin insert with the bulb-blessing ceremony, including congregational responses ("Do you, the people of St. Swithin's in the Swamp, promise to support this bulb in its work on behalf of this church?") "We do," etc.) and an anthem ("Shine thou bright, O 100-watt GE soft white,"); the choir director, organist and 12 choir members to sing the anthem; an acolyte and two torchbearers to make faces at each other; and 277 people in the pews to wonder to themselves, "Is this service EVER going to end?"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Christian in the Market Place

The challenge of witness in a pluralistic society

GEOFFREY PURDELL-LEWIS
ST. GEORGE'S, LOWVILLE

Christians are called to be salt, which to be of any use, has to get out of its container and be used as a preservative or flavouring agent. Jesus' own ministry was very much like salt, in the Market Place where others live and work. Canada is a pluralistic society and much as we may find our society difficult to understand, we are called to live, work and witness in it. Our Anglican church has become pluralistic with regard to its members and how we worship. We also have a pluralistic theology with the various factions so often saying that they are right and that others are wrong. It is not my intention to engage in rights and wrongs - but rather to tell this story from one fallible person who has become re-involved in work within the Diocese of Niagara, which he would certainly not be doing had he planned it himself.

Some years ago I was "appointed" to Synod Council as the Trafalgar lay representative for five years through the work of Alex Hewitt, then Rector of St. Jude's in Oakville, and Charlie Masters. From that I moved on to sitting on the Parish Grants Committee which was a key body in recommending how some of the Survive And Thrive monies should be spent. When this

work was finished, I was at a bit of a loose end as far as the Diocese was concerned. However, I did some work on infection control policies, a small amount of consulting regarding personal issues, and thought about joining Michael Patterson in some aspect of the Diocese's evangelism thrust. But nothing happened that I was comfortable with and wanted to do. I began to look elsewhere how best to use my volunteer time.

Then towards the end of last summer I wrote a letter to the Editor of *The Niagara Anglican* strongly suggesting that it was time that the membership of the Publishers Advisory Board (PAB) was truly representative of the theological diversity of the Diocese of Niagara. I received a totally unexpected invitation to join what is known as the PAB and, to be colloquial, the rest is history. The Board went through a very difficult time at the end of the summer with the leaving of the previous Editor and the appointment of a new one and a completely new role and focus for the Board. Both the new Editor and the Board were confronted with many challenges and a steep learning curve. *The Niagara Anglican* has a clear purpose to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ and His saving grace and support the work and activities of the Diocese of Niagara. We are trying to print good Christian things from a range of theological per-

spectives and being part of this tension can sometimes be difficult. Do I surrender my beliefs and values? Absolutely not. Does a theologically pluralistic approach please all? Absolutely not, but this is the reality of being a Christian in the Market Place.

A quick glance at just some of the contents of the March *Niagara Anglican* includes *Families' Journey Through Lent Activities*, *Huge Cost Savings for Parishes*, *Lenten Letter From The Bishop*, *Narnia and Evangelism*, *Rescuing the Zebra out of Narnia*, *A Blogger's Journey through the Death of a Loved One*, *A Lenten Reflection on The Empty Cross of Jesus*, *Prayers from the Ages*, and *This Is My Story...* Do I agree with all that is published in *The Niagara Anglican*? Do we agree with all that is published in any Christian paper? Surely not. But this is not really the point. The purpose is that we all grow in our faith through careful reading and reflection on what we hear God to be saying to us. I pray that God will use the *Niagara Anglican* to bring many to Himself.

You may ask, where is all this leading me? I do not know, but I do know who is doing the leading, and that is all I ask. In the meantime He has introduced me to friends I would otherwise not have met and He has reminded me that His timetable and His friends are His choices and not mine.

STAN LITCH
ST. JOHN'S, ELORA

To the Editor,

Caring for Mind Body and Spirit (Niagara Anglican, March 2006) author Langlois certainly combines the usually positive elements of enthusiasm and self-confidence as a chiropractor that must endear her to her clients.

However I squirmed a little at her metaphysical waxing on the mind-body shibboleth as if this were a recent philosophical or theological breakthrough. All good therapeutic endeavours assist or allow the body as a whole to use its own recuperative powers of self-healing. But to further claim that "not just injured people" but otherwise healthy ones without physical complaints must be encouraged to seek chiropractic manipulation, - oh dear! This strikes me as quite self-serving and better deserving of placement in the paper's ad section.

I am aware of no abundance of human randomized control studies that support her assertions, as would be required in clinical medicine, and can only uneasily await your next edition that promises an article on "the gift of chiropractic to our pets" based on her "rather active veterinary practice."

In my own field of psychiatry, a great wave of enthusiasm greeted the introduction in the postwar years of psychoanalysis to North America. This was to be the panacea for all that ailed us - in mind, body or spirit. Those of us working in the trenches of regular practice learned a little humility and even scepticism from this historical wave.

As they say, if all you have in your therapeutic tool-chest is a hammer, everything tends to look like a nail.

PETER SWIRE, O.N.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Dear Editor,

As a member of the Financial Advisory Committee (and a few others I might add), I am privileged to come across a large amount of both financial and other data within our wider faith community. While the information and deliberations are kept confidential, I need to comment on the recent efforts of the *Niagara Anglican* to secure added donations to offset unforeseen cost overruns. My comments are purely personal rather than as an official position of any committee on which I serve.

If you have a chance, use an internet search engine and take a good look at the production values of various diocesan websites and newspapers. If you are not on the web, pick up your *Niagara Anglican* and ask yourself this question. Would you proudly place this on a coffee table or

share it with a friend?

I am proud to say that both our diocesan newspaper and website are leading edge communication tools within the entire Canadian Church bar none! Chris and John with their advisory board work extremely long hours.

In terms of the bigger picture, I see the newspaper as a tool to communicate to our more seasoned Anglicans as well as those who want more than radio's equivalent of a twenty second "sound bite." I would say that the website in conjunction with the award winning newspaper are part of the arsenal to evangelize in the new millennium. These are the most effective communication tools we have within the Diocese. By the way, our paper, yes, the *Niagara Anglican*, has been winning awards well before the web really took off!

If the paper and website are integral to our evangelism goals and communicating to our present faithful, why do we try to secure donations for an essential part of the diocesan operations? If it is deemed important, should all of the costs be borne by the diocesan budget?

Asking for donations sounds petty. Do we ever ask for donations when ever any other element of the of the budget goes over its allotment?

From my perspective, we get great value and we should not demean the efforts done by those involved. We need to focus on the opportunity to spread the Good News and not on petty internal and nominal budgetary matters. If the budget is the bottom line, we should rebill the costs like we do the annual insurance premiums and lets leave the editorial policies purely to the paper.

ALAN L. HAYES
PRIEST, ITINERANT CHURCHGOER

Dear Editor,

Yes, I've noticed that the *Niagara Anglican* has been getting longer, but it's by no means padded, and the quality is high. I think you're working out of a good vision of what a diocesan newspaper should be. Fleshing out this statement leads me to maybe an invidious comparison with the *Journal*, which it seems to me is trying to adapt the model of secular journalism and has become a kind of junior *Globe* for church affairs; it's divided into 'news' and 'editorial/feature', where the former focuses on a few topical issues, revels in disagreements, and likes scandal, and where the latter is seldom very theological. The *Niagara Anglican*

is more reflective, has a more positive tone, is less predictable, involves readers more, doesn't squeeze reality into journalistic templates, and isn't allergic to theology. The human interest stuff in Darlington's columns, the thoughtful reflection in Thompson's and Wall's columns, the candour about who we are (I think of the long and meaty story about the Niagara Falls churches), the contributions by lots of ordinary clergy, layfolk, and students, and the windows into the non-sensational, non-sensational things that are happening across the diocese, help make the *Niagara Anglican* a very important instrument for diocesan unity and spiritual growth.

LOYD GESNER
RETIRED PRIEST

To the Editor,

Quite a bit has been written in the last two issues of *The Niagara Anglican* about "hierarchical architecture" and "medieval styles of worship," but nothing about "hierarchical/medieval" ecclesiastical haberdashery. I wonder how someone who stumbles into the Cathedral would understand a guy walking down the aisle wearing a crown and carrying a big stick. Pax.

The Reverend D. Linda Corry

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Let Your Voice be Heard

The *Niagara Anglican* welcomes submissions from readers as Letters to the Editor. All submissions must include a name, telephone number, and e-mail or physical address of the author for verification purposes. The newspaper reserves the right to edit submissions.

OUTREACH

The Horses of Uruguay

STUART PIKE
RECTOR, ST ANDREW'S, GRIMSBY

In Canada, it is mostly the wealthy who own horses. They have to be fed, sheltered, exercised. There's the cost of regular check-ups and medical care by the vet. In Uruguay it is quite different. So many of the poor of Uruguay depend on horses. You see, many of the poor of Uruguay and the rest of Latin America live in and from the garbage of the city. It is the original example of recycling. Men, women and children of the Cantegril (Shanty town)



Stuart Pike

collect the garbage from all over the city and they bring it home and sort it. Glass in a great pile over here, plastic over there. Reusable paper needs to be dried in the sun first, and then collected over there. What is useable is sold for a pittance and that is how they live from day to day. Whatever isn't useable is consumed in one of a score of garbage fires which seem to be continually burning throughout the Cantegril. The smoke of these fires give the Cantegril the look of a war zone. In order to collect all of this garbage, they need

to carry it in great wagons. If they can afford it they will use a horse-drawn cart. Without them, they must use hand carts which greatly restricts their range.

Simpler and less exalted

The people of Uruguay know their horses. In the past, much of the land was used for cattle ranching and the Gauchos (cowboys) of their past had a long and proud history. The image of the Gaucho was one of the rugged individual, much like the cowboy icon of our own history. But the descendants of those horses are a simpler and less exalted lot and their masters live a more tenuous existence.

The horses of the Cantegril eat what grass they can find. Many look like they're starving. In the Barrios of Santa Maria and San Vicente in the Cantegril, veterinarians donate some of their free time looking after them. They have to perform many emergency surgeries on horses who have eaten plastic bags. It was not unusual to see horses running free in the city with no shoes or harnesses. They would probably have broken free of the rope which held them to their small patch of ground.



A couple of boys wait in front of the vet clinic in the Cantegril. In the background, are examples of the huts in which the poor of Uruguay live.

These horses were essential to keep the flow of garbage and recycling moving, which was the life-blood of so many. Amongst the garbage in neat rows were the huts which the people called home. Many of them had mud floors and were barely able to fit a bed, a small table and a few chairs. Sometimes families of five or more would be packed into these small huts.

Left the comfort of a parish

The Cantegril was where the German Lutheran Deaconess, Traute, lived and worked. Her work was mostly among the women and children of the Cantegril as they attempted to pool their resources to

feed as many people as possible. I went to the Cantegril regularly and Bill would sometimes join me to help build a communal building which would be used for a school and nursery during the day and would be a feeding centre in the evening called an Olla Popular (Popular Pot.) I spent a week living in the Cantegril and working with Padre Cacho, a Roman Catholic Priest who left the comfort of a parish to live amongst the poor and to help them organize. He operated an orphanage for boys and Traute got volunteers together to clear some land in front of the orphanage to plant vegetables. The people of the city supported the orphanage

with gifts of food. A butcher, who never allowed himself to be known, would anonymously send meat for the boys on a regular basis.

What I experienced in that Cantegril was the formation of a community of caring. That is not to say that there weren't many problems, but it was a community which had to share in order to survive. It was in the evening, after all the boys were back from their daily work in the garbage that I could see how much they cared for each other as they discussed how their day had gone. And I, in the midst of their poverty experienced their community as they shared what they had with me: their food and their stories.

We've Got Flux

LUCINDA LANDAU
MASTERS OF DIVINITY STUDENT, TRINITY COLLEGE

As a first-year theological student, I've been asking myself, what, as Anglicans, are we really good at?

Now, my perspective is one of a convert to Anglicanism. As someone who has first-hand experience of several diverse faith expressions,

I think Anglicans excel at creating communities of love. The love I speak of is more than a fondness or familiarity that comes from close association. In our Anglican communion, I see authentic love between ordinary people who sometimes have no tangible reason to even like each other!



Lucinda Landau

It seeps out well beyond the Sunday Eucharist and into friendships which last lifetimes. It is our love for Christ that bonds us to each other in exceptional ways.

Forgive the metaphor, but it's like flux - that is, plumber's paste used to seal a join in copper tubing. Paste the flux around the tubes to be joined, fit the tubes together and apply a concentrated blast of heat from a blow torch to the solder. Almost magically, the flux draws

the solder into the join, effectively sealing the pipes.

In my few short months of intensive study at Trinity College, I feel very much a treasured member in our family of divinity students and faculty. At my pre-internship parish placement in St. James the Apostle in Guelph, I instantly felt embraced into a very special community of love. My home parish of St. George's, Georgetown, over the last twelve plus years, has loved me into a mature expression of faith as an Anglican.

Our contemporary communities of love are strongly rooted in the primary community surrounding Christ during his earthly ministry. Consider the anointing of Jesus two days before Passover while he was in Bethany at the home of Simon the Leper. "...a woman came with an alabaster jar of very expensive perfume, made of pure nard and poured it on his head" (Mark 14: 1 - 9).

St. John's Gospel identifies the woman as Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus; she was part of the inner circle of early apostles

who were deeply enamoured with the love of Christ. Imagine Mary's heart as she planned this extravagant gift for Jesus. I can see her going to the marketplace, a little frightened by the quantity of money she held tightly to her chest.

In the dust of early Jerusalem, anointing with oil was reserved for festivals; it signified that the guest was indeed honoured. At the core of this action, however, is Christ's consent for Mary to anoint him. When the others rebuked her for spending close to a labourer's yearly wage on the perfume, Jesus told them to leave her alone. He said she had done a wonderful thing for him, an act of generosity and devotion that would be remembered for all time.

In Christ's day, Jewish culture allowed men to touch only their

close female relations. How remarkable that Jesus allowed Mary to be so intimate with him.

By granting his permission, Jesus sets the tone for a new order of relationships between men and women.

We are directed to love each other with compassion and caring - to create communities of love. We are open to the flow of grace from God through the 'Word made Flesh'; the inner pattern of Christ's teachings becomes the template for our belonging. We grant permission to each other to love and be loved as Christ did. Permission to come into the circle of faith means we acknowledge each other with dignity. As Anglicans, we can ask each other the hard questions of life and wait patiently, together, for answers that sometimes don't come.

As Anglicans, I think we distinguish ourselves in creating loving centres of worship. But I also ask myself, is this enough? How well are we reflecting Christ's light to the world? I wonder if the scent of the nard was still on Christ's hair after his scourging. Did he inhale some brief aroma in the midst of the brutality? Would it recall for him the love of his companions? Did he draw strength from the memory of Mary's devotion to him?

Immersed in our Lenten journey, will we draw strength from the memory of Christ's surrender for us to grow beyond our comfortable pew? When we emerge on the other side of Easter, will the scent of Christ's love make us attractive to the others outside of our circle? I pray it does.

Praise the Lord?

FRAN DARLINGTON
INTERIM PRIEST, CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION

One lovely Sunday morning, a woman arrived at the local church well ahead of the service time, and sat in a pew where sunlight shone on her through a nearby stained glass window. After a time of silent prayer, she suddenly stood up, raised her arms and called out, "Praise the Lord!"

Heads turned, frowns appeared, but other folk settled back to their reflections.

A few minutes later, her joyful "Praise the Lord!" sounded again. This time there were loud "Shhhhes," fingers raised to lips, and a distinct atmosphere of stiff disapproval.

A little time of silence, and once again the woman jubilantly stood, lifted her arms and proclaimed "Praise the Lord!"

This time, one of the sides-people came reluctantly to speak to the visitor. "Pardon me, madam, but this is an Anglican Church. We don't 'Praise the Lord' here."

St. Thomas, St. Catharines, Defied Fashion in 1877

ALAN L. HAYES
THE ITINERANT CHURCHGOER

Here's something that puzzles me about our history. How is it that generations of Anglicans have been so infernally like-minded about inessential?

I wrote last month about church building styles. Between 1841 and 1960, almost all Anglicans were absolutely convinced that church buildings should be gothic.

The spell of gothic

Think about it. In 1840, the gothic had been out of favour for three centuries. In 1841 it was de rigueur, and for the next 120 years, millions and millions of Anglicans, had only one idea about church architecture!

Then in the 1960s Anglicans rubbed their eyes, shook their heads, and decided that gothic wasn't such a good idea after all.

But at least one church in our diocese had the courage to defy the ecclesiastical fashion of the day. That was St. Thomas' Church, St. Catharines, which was completed in 1879. Its style is an updated variation of romanesque. Originally, romanesque was popular in Europe in the tenth century, before gothic was invented. In England, where it was imported after 1066, it's usually called "Norman."

A Romanesque exterior typically has massive stone walls (to support a heavy stone roof), small windows, dramatic semicircular arches, and at least one outsized tower. You'll see all that at St. Thomas' Church. It really strikes you from a distance. It's as if a medieval fortress had somehow been dropped from a spaceship onto St. Catharines, squashing whatever was there before. And up close, it overawes you.

Greek cross design

Frankly, I'm not sure that the exterior appeals to me. But I really love what's inside. The worship space is in the form of a Greek cross, which is a cross with equal arms. This is called "central-plan" church architecture, and it's characteristic of Greek Orthodox churches. The crossing (the central place where the arms of the cross meet) is open and spacious. Overhead is a dome. From here you can enter any of the four vaulted transepts through rounded arches.

How did a Greek orthodox design end up in an Anglican church in St. Catharines in 1879? Well,

there's a story.

It begins with a man named Phillips Brooks, who was later bishop of Massachusetts. He is probably best known today as the creator of the Christmas carol "O little town of Bethlehem." He was perhaps the greatest and best loved American preacher of his generation. As rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Boston, he attracted such huge crowds that a much larger church had to be built for him in Copley Square.

A liberal evangelical, Brooks definitely opposed the gothic style. He thought it looked too, well, churchy. It separated church from world, and clergy from people. He wanted a design that was wide and open, where large crowds could hear the preaching of the word.

Richardsonian Romanesque

The architect who won the contract was Henry Hobson Richardson (1838-1886), who is now generally considered one of the five greatest architects in American history. Richardson took his inspiration from the French Romanesque, but he adapted and updated it.

Richardson is the only American architect to have a style named after him. The Richardsonian Romanesque was created at Trinity Church, Boston. This style came to be widely used in North American public buildings over the next generation. Toronto has lots of examples, including Old City Hall, Victoria College, Wycliffe College, and part of Union Station.

Only months after Trinity, Boston, was finished in 1876, some gentlemen had a meeting in the Niagara peninsula. They were a committee of Christ Church, St. Catharines, whose situation resembled Trinity, Boston. Their rector, William Brookman, was a spellbinding preacher, and was attracting overflow crowds. St. Thomas' Church was to be built for him. This was a highly evangelical group, and they wanted to distinguish their church visually from more ritualistic churches, especially nearby St. George's, which was gothic.

They liked what Brooks had done. They chose Richardsonian Romanesque. That, at least, is the educated hypothesis of Candace Iron, a graduate student in art history at York University. In early March she gave a paper on this very topic to an architecture conference at Queen's. She had to draw infer-

ences, because the founders of St. Thomas didn't actually record why this style was chosen.

St. Thomas' gave the contract to a 37-year-old Buffalo architect named Milton Earl Beebe who knew Richardson's work. He gave them a really wonderful church. Unfortunately, he had to sue to get his full commission.

As at Trinity, Boston, the east transept became open chancel, and pews were fixed into the nave unidirectionally, thus Anglicanizing the Greek Orthodox design.

And Brookman? Two months after St. Thomas' was opened in 1879, he resigned and became a Baptist.

Fast forward

Fast forward a century. *The Book of Alternative Services* was published, and St. Thomas' was seeking liturgical renewal. The building was a problem. Parish leaders were fortunate to find a very helpful architect named Gerald Robinson.

One problem was the pews. They were taken out. The central-plan space now feels open and light and it's extremely flexible.

Another problem was that the church was forbidding from the street and not easily accessible. You had to climb ten steps to get in. The doors through the thick walls were dark and off to the side.

Answer: a forecourt was built up from the street to meet the main floor of the church, and a broad arched central portal was cut through the stone and fitted with glass doors. Success!

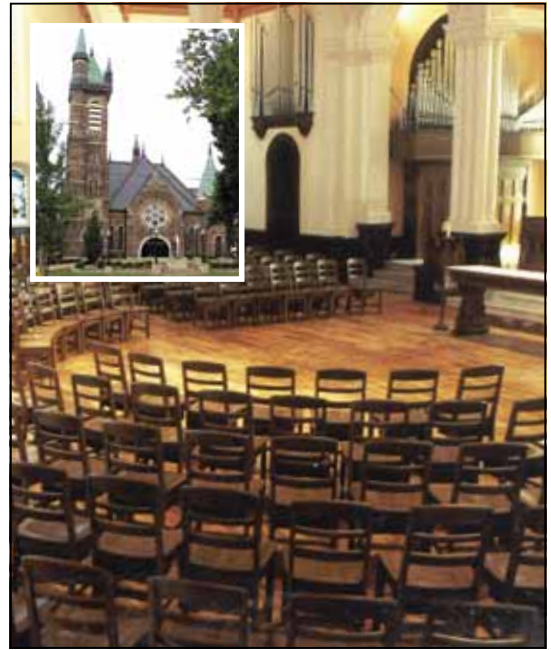
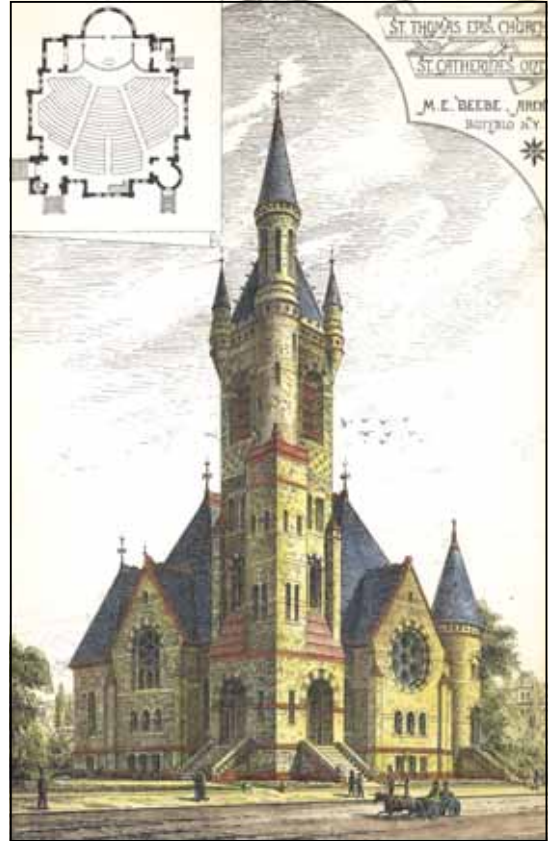
I was at a service there recently where the congregational thespians, the St. Thomas Players, staged a play on the most fascinating of topics, namely, church history, using representations of the saints in the church's beautiful stained glass. How marvelous to have such flexible space for staging and seating!

And the Eucharist, with the Lord's table among the people, had a nice family feeling. I wondered at first whether the acting would be amateurish, but the players have backgrounds in professional and community theatre. The play was splendidly done, and quite moving. I urge you to check out their production of "Man for All Seasons" on several evenings in April.

Congratulations to St. Thomas Players for their fine skills, congratulations to current parish leaders for making such successful renovations, and congratulations to the building committee of 1877 for their courage in defying stultifying convention.



Alan L. Hayes



A Sinking Feeling

LYNNE CORFIELD
RECTOR, ST. JOHN'S, NIAGARA

Funerals, although solemn occasions often hold humour. One very rainy day as I was leading a procession to a grave site for a burial service, I heard a scream behind me. There were a large number of people at the funeral and so I kept going, leading the way to the grave, hoping that whoever screamed was being looked after.

Following the service of burial, as people dispersed, I happened upon a woman with a very muddy leg. As she was walking along following us to the grave her foot went out from under her as the ground gave way and she sank into the soil up to her knee! She had unfortunately stood on an air pocket from a freshly filled in grave. The woman had (with help) managed to retrieve her leg, but had left her shoe behind. You can imagine the fright she had, henceforth the scream, but fortunately for all of us, she saw the funny side of the situation and had a big smile on her face.

Deepest Humility

LINDA MOORE
CANADIAN CENTRE FOR LEADERSHIP
AND HUMAN VALUES

Each year our Centre sponsors Discovery India, a trip to India for those who are on their journey to discovering themselves and their contribution to humankind. India is a land of immense complexity and stunning simplicity. It is through India's myriad paradoxes that we can be shaken awake; shaken out of our comfortable coma. Its ancient roots have much to teach us.

We have recently returned from this year's adventure and the experience has profoundly impacted me. It has left me once again with more questions than answers and with a deep humility for the magnificence of the human spirit. It is with this back drop that the story of Meghan Quinn continues.

Last month I introduced you to my six year old friend, Meghan who was going on the Discovery India journey with us. If you remember, she had decided to gift all her Barbie dolls to the children of an orphaned girls' school in Lucknow, India. Her decision, which she made on her own, left a deep impression on me. I knew I was privy to a special being.

Intense love

This 'knowing' was confirmed for me on the morning after our arrival in Delhi. Meghan, by a serendipitous set of unplanned events, personally met the Dali Lama and was blessed by him. It was a surreal and sacred meeting. Everyone surrounding these two beings, as their eyes met, was deeply affected. The love that passed between Meghan and the Dali Lama stopped my heart with its intensity. As we witnessed this exchange we knew that this little girl had much more to teach us all.

As I also relayed last month, my friend Anoop had started a girls' school in India with his own personal funds. Although he comes from a wealthy family they did not support his initiative and yet he moved ahead with it anyway.

His dream is to provide a safe, loving and encouraging environment where young and infant abandoned girls can grow and thrive until they can sustain a meaningful life on their own. Meghan knew of his dream and knew she wanted to support him by bringing her dolls.

On the day we visited the school, we were all filled with anticipation and excitement. While the rest of us were being introduced to the girls and their volunteer teachers, Meghan slipped into another room and laid out the Barbie dolls she had brought. She then told her mum all was ready and the girls were led into the room. The look on these tiny children's faces when they saw the dolls will remain etched in my heart forever.

She wouldn't accept recognition

However, what had even more impact for me was seeing Meghan standing off to the side, tears glistening in her eyes with the knowing that lugging that large bag half way around the world and giving the gift of her dolls had significance. She never once let on to anyone that it was she who had orchestrated this gift, nor would she accept any recognition. This amazing behaviour continued throughout our journey and each day Meghan taught us all lessons in living simply, lovingly and with great heart.

India has a foundational wisdom that sees all life as sacred. It not only means there are a lot of cows wandering the highways and byways, it also means there are also great numbers of street dogs. For many visitors the often disease ridden bodies of these dogs repulses the sensibilities of the North American psyche. For Meghan it was simply an opportunity to love and be loved. Everywhere we went she would stop and pay attention to the full spectrum of canine street life. The puppies particularly received special care. She intrinsically knew she did not have to

worry about disease nor any aggressive behaviour.

Speechless and humbled

Each morning when we gathered outside as the dawn rose, for a time of meditation, at least one dog would be in our midst, always sitting beside Meghan and always still and silent as though attune to the peaceful energy of the group and to Meghan's unconditional love. These special moments of true leadership by Meghan happened again and again throughout our trip, continually leaving us

speechless and humbled.

As a life practice each day, I wake up with the intent of loving unconditionally. Each day it is my intent to contribute to humankind. Yet, it is something that I need to stay mindful of, while for Meghan it is simply an effortless process. Her curiosity about "other" coupled with her unconditional love means that each day is simply made up of unlimited moments to live fully alive, alert and aware.

Committed to our journey

As we all sunk deeper and deeper

into the Indian culture, with the help of Meghan we woke up to ourselves and to one another. We woke up to the possibility of our own ability to effortlessly love and give. We woke up to recognize the Life Force that resides within us.

Each of us is profoundly grateful to Meghan for her gifts to us. Our collective commitment is to continue our journey of discovery. Our collective promise; to be all we can be. Our collective intent; to give all we can give. And so we lift our hearts to the spirit that is Meghan and in deepest humility say, "Thank You."



Linda Moore

Humorous Memories from the Bishop

There was a lay person reading scriptures at St. Luke's. The epistle was being read about St. Luke and the eunuch. The reader stood up and said, "And then the 'unch' said..." We could hardly contain ourselves from laughing.

Another time one of the readers stood up and announced the reading as: "A reading from St. Paul to the Philipppinos..." Once again the congregation had broad grins on their faces!

When I was first ordained deacon, it was the custom for servers to do a count of the people at the service so that the appropriate number of hosts could be consecrated. We had a dish that had the unconsecrated hosts divided into 10's at the time. The server when asked would tell the deacon or priest that there were 73 people and the deacon would easily count out the hosts. The first time I asked the "important" question of the server - "How many?" - his response to me was "oh, one for each!"

One time Bishop Ann and I were at a conference and she needed to do her laundry but she realized that she had not brought any fabric softener. She mentioned it and I said I had some *Bounce Fabric Softener* in my room. Later Ann got on the elevator and there met the primate. He asked her where she

was going to which she replied "I'm going to get some bounce in Ralph's room." The primate could not contain his laughter.

I can't help but remember the time that Bishop Ann and I were flying to a House of Bishop's meeting. It was a short while after the 9/11 incident. Now, suffice it to say that Ann and I boarded the plane (with the svelte figures that we have) and were fortunate to have the only seat on the plane where a middle person had not been assigned. We were delighted with the little bit of extra space. The door of the plane was about to close, when all of a sudden the flight attendant's phone rang. She re-opened the hatch and an assigned "marshal" came in. He was a very large man. Bishop Ann and I looked at each and thought - "surely not." Well, sure enough he walked down the aisle to the only open seat on the plane - between Bishop Ann and I. We all looked at each and shrugged. He took a deep breath and snuggled between us. Ann felt like she was going to be pushed out the window and I thought that I'd wind up on the aisle floor. We all laughed, but were most delighted to get out of our "sardine can" seating and arrive safely at our destination.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

- The Reverend Jack Cox, has submitted his resignation from Church of Our Saviour, Stoney Creek, effective April 16. He will continue as part-time rector of St. John's Winona, after the 16th of April.
- Dr. Fred Hall has been appointed coordinator of the East Hamilton Planning Group.
- Canon James Maxwell, resident of Georgetown, died on February 28. Canon Maxwell was ordained deacon and priest in 1941. He ministered at St. Alban's, Grand Valley, St. Paul's, Jarvis; Christ Church, Nanticoke; St. John's, Cheapside; St. Thomas, St. Catharines; St. Paul's, Norval; St. Stephen's, Hornby and St. John's, Stewartown. He retired from full time ministry in 1976. Please remember his wife, Mary, and the family in your thoughts and prayers. The funeral service was held from St. Stephen's, Hornby, on March 3.
- Ruth Inch, O.N., long time and faithful member of the Dunn Parish of Port Maitland and South Cayuga, died on February 14. The funeral service was held from the parish of St. Paul's, Dunnville, on February 17. Our thoughts are with her parish community and her husband Dr. Ron Inch, and family.
- Charmaine Butterworth-Howard passed away on February 15. Charmaine was the spouse of the Reverend Gerry Howard (deceased 1999), of Guelph. Memorial Service was held at St. James the
- Apostle, Guelph, on February 25.
- Percy Wall, father of Dean Peter Wall, passed away on February 28. A Celebration of Percy's life was held on March the 6th at Church of St. John the Evangelist, London. Our thoughts are with the Dean and his family.
- Shirley Bimson, O.N., long time and faithful member of St. John the Evangelist, Hamilton, died on March 1. The funeral service was held from St. John's on March 4. Our thoughts are with Shirley's sister, Edna Russell, and the family.
- Belated 50th Wedding Anniversary wishes to Leon and Joan Kutis, faithful members of St. Stephen-on-the-Mount, Hamilton, who celebrated this significant event on January 14. Congratulations!

Calling all Anglicans

Across Canada,
Anglicans just like you
are making a difference
by providing assistance to
children and families affected by
the HIV/AIDS epidemic in Africa.

We're calling on you to support the
Partnership for Life Campaign for as little as \$10 a month.

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Sign up now at www.pwrdf.org/lifetime,
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Bishop's Itinerary: April 2006

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| 1 | 12 pm, Guest Speaker, IODE Hamilton Chapter |
| 2 | 10 am, Church of the Incarnation, Oakville, Parish Visit |
| 2-3 | Provincial House of Bishops |
| 4 | Provincial Executive |
| 4 | 5 pm, Meeting of Synod Council |
| 9 | Palm Sunday, 9:15 am/11 am, Grace Church, Arthur and St. Paul's, Mount Forest, Parish Visits |
| 10 | 8:30 am, St. Mildred's Lightbourn School, Oakville, Dedication/Grand Opening of Athletic Centre |
| 13 | Maundy Thursday, 12:15 pm, Christ's Church Cathedral, Maundy Thursday Service and Renewal of Vows |
| 14 | Good Friday, Christ's Church Cathedral |
| 15 | Easter Eve, Christ's Church Cathedral |
| 16 | Easter Day, Christ's Church Cathedral |
| 23-27 | National House of Bishops Meeting at Mount Carmel Retreat Centre |
| 29 | Lincoln/Brock Children's Festival - 10th Anniversary |
| 30 | 10 am, St. Jude's Church, Oakville, Parish Visit |
| 30 | 4 pm, Christ's Church Cathedral, Greater Wellington Confirmation Service |