



The Bells of St. George's Guelph pealed for Jesus' triumph over death on Easter Sunday, and then were removed for maintenance, and so that the carillon could be expanded. Read about this ambitious project on page 5.

Jesus said to her: "Why are you weeping? Who are you looking for?" Supposing him to be the gardener she said to him, "Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away." Jesus said to her "Mary!" She turned and said to him in Hebrew "Rabbouni!" (meaning teacher) John 20:15-17

As Mary found the Risen one in the garden, may we too find the Christ who is Risen in our earthly garden. During these 50 days of Easter, may we open our eyes to the presence of Christ in one another and in all of God's creation! May we joyfully announce that presence to all who cross the paths of our lives.



Niagara Anglican

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

Vital care for the poor

GRAHAM PRATT
ST. GEORGE'S LOWVILLE

I first heard about Habitat for Humanity (HFH) from a newspaper article in Calgary. They were starting an affiliate in the mid 1990's and our interest was sparked by the prospect of helping to build a house.

Owing to an impending transfer, this was put on hold for a few years until we moved to Burlington and read a similar article in 1999 announcing the new affiliate in Halton. My wife Penny and I attended the first meeting and became members then and there.

Habitat for Humanity International (HFHI) grew out of the work of Koinonia Farm, a Christian community near Americus, Georgia, founded by Clarence Jordan. Jordan used the concept of building houses in partnership with families in need, at no profit and with no interest charged on the mortgage, as the basis for running the housing ministry at Koinonia Farm.

Millard and Linda Fuller served as volunteers at Koinonia from 1968-1972 and embraced Jordan's concept of partnership

housing; where those in need of adequate shelter would work side-by-side with volunteers from all walks of life to build simple, decent houses; where the houses would be built with no profit added and no interest charged; where building would be financed by a revolving Fund for Human-



ity with the Fund's money coming from the new homeowners' house payments, donations and no interest loans provided by supporters. The monies in the Fund for Humanity were to be used to build more houses. The basic model for Habitat for Humanity had begun.

HFH Canada was established as a national organization in 1985 and now has over 60 affiliates in all 10 provinces.

More than one billion people living worldwide live in substandard housing. In virtually every community, including yours, fami-

lies struggle to survive in harsh and often deplorable living conditions.

Habitat for Humanity International is a non-profit ecumenical Christian organization dedicated to eliminating substandard housing and homelessness worldwide. Habitat is founded on the conviction that every man, woman and child should have a simple, decent, affordable place to live in dignity and safety.

Habitat has an open-door policy: all who want to be a part of this work are welcome, regardless of religious preference or background. HFH has always had a policy of building with people in need, regardless of race or religion and background.

The work of HFH is driven by the desire to give tangible expression of the love of God through the work of eliminating poverty housing.

Putting faith in action

HFH's ministry is based on the conviction that to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ we must reflect Christ's love in our own lives by loving and caring for one another.

Continued on page 18

The Task Force on compensation

LYNNE CORFIELD
RECTOR, ST. JOHN'S, NIAGARA

How Does Your Garden Grow? With silver bells and cockle shells, and a compensation task force all in a row! In order for a garden to flourish it needs to have soil, water and light. In order for a person to grow and flourish in life there are certain conditions that are also vital to feed the body, mind, heart and spirit.

Stephen Covey in his latest book *The Eighth Habit from Effectiveness to Greatness* says: "At the core, there is one simple, overarching reason why so many people remain unsatisfied in their work and why most organizations fail to draw out the greatest talent, ingenuity and creativity of their people and never become truly great, enduring organizations. It stems from an incomplete paradigm of who we are - our fundamental view of human nature. The fundamental reality is human beings are not things needing to be motivated and controlled; they are four dimensional - body, mind, heart and spirit. If you study all philosophy and religion, both Western and Eastern, from the beginning of recorded history, you'll basically find the same four dimensions: the physical/economic, the mental, the social/emotional, and the spiritual... they also represent the four needs and motivations of all people: to live (survival), to love (relationships), to learn (growth and development), and to leave a legacy (meaning and contribution). The whole person in a whole job is one who is paid fairly, treated kindly, used creatively, and given the opportunities to serve human needs in principled ways."

Following the Compensation

Committee's annual recommendations to Synod Council regarding the minimum increase for clergy and lay staff in parishes, and at the Diocesan Resource Centre, the Diocese of Niagara has put together



Lynne Corfield

a task force on compensation. The Task Force shall first examine the process and the criteria whereby recommendations are made to Synod Council for increases to stipends and housing allowances. They shall then consult with all the regions in the Diocese to re-examine

the way clergy and lay-workers are paid, including but not limited to, the length and structure of the salary scale and the negative impact on clergy living in rectories. They shall make regular reports to all the bodies they represent.

The Task Force will keep everyone informed

The Task Force has just begun its work and would like to let everyone know that we will do our best to keep people in the Diocese informed and included in the process as we gather as much information as possible along the way. The task before us is challenging and has a broad scope but we feel that with a concentrated effort we can make a report to Synod Council in the fall of 2006. As Covey suggests, the whole person in a whole job is indeed one who is paid fairly, treated kindly, used creatively, and given the opportunities to serve human needs in principled ways, and I am sure you would agree that this needs to be a priority for us in the Diocese of Niagara. If you would like to get in touch with the Task Force members please direct your email to Jonathan Marler, Chair of the Task Force jmarler@marler.ca.

Prison Ministry: Angel Tree Camping

ELEANOR CLITHEROE
PRIEST, PRISON FELLOWSHIP

Prison Fellowship Canada's Angel Tree Camping is a ministry that provides children of inmates an opportunity to attend a Christian summer camp. By partnering with churches in communities across Canada, Angel Tree Camping introduces the children to Christ while allowing a chance to build or deepen the child's relationship with Christ as well as with a local church community.

Throughout the year, Angel Tree staff work with prison chaplains across the country to collect the names of inmates' children. The children's caregivers are contacted to invite the children to experience a week of summer camp. Once the child's interest is confirmed, Angel Tree staff matches the child with a space at one

of the Christian camps that have partnered with the ministry. The child is also matched with a volunteer church in their community. The local church plays a vital role in preparing the child for camp as well as helping the child to build a relationship with Christ.

There are many ways your church can get involved in the Angel Tree Camping ministry. Volunteers can purchase camping supplies to fill a backpack for the child (e.g. toiletries, sunscreen and a flashlight), they can drive the child to and from camp, or your church can help by contributing to the registration fees. No matter how your church would like to participate, know that your involvement is the first step in building a relationship with an inmate's child that encourages and guides their relationship with Christ.

PARISH NEWS

St. Michael's, Hamilton



Canon Fred Roberts Celebrated the 50th year of his ordination earlier this month by returning to Algoma to celebrate the Eucharist at his first church.

Lenten study a big success

BILL TYRE
ADULT EDUCATION REPRESENTATIVE TO PARISH COUNCIL

An often asked question: "What are you doing for Lent?" With guidance from the clergy a group of adult members of St. Cuthbert's, Oakville, took on the study of the "Beatitudes of Jesus," one of the several Kerygma study programmes, as a Lenten project. It was encouraging to have an average attendance of 25 who not only committed to attend the six Wednesday sessions but also undertook about 90 minutes of weekly "homework" preparation. After a short Eucharist service we gathered for open questions and discussion of the assigned Beatitude. Each week produced enlightening, enthusiastic and personal experiences related to the "Beatitude of the Week." There was always some light hearted banter and humour plus light refreshments to help us maintain an atmosphere of fellowship. In past Lenten and Advent seasons we have undertaken other Kerygma format studies such as Handel's Messiah, the Parables, the Lord's Prayer and the Psalms. We appreciate the time and effort of our clergy in not only leading our weekly gatherings but in the organization and promotion of such important adult education initiatives.



Jim Sandilands jazzed into new role as Archdeacon



ROBERT MORROW
ST. JAMES, DUNDAS

As with many great events, it started with a simple idea. The Venerable Jim Sandilands, Rector of St. James Anglican Church, Dundas, wanted to share his love of jazz with parishioners and the local community. "Jazz Vespers is an opportunity for people in our parish family, and those in the community of Dundas to come together, share in the joys of jazz and worship together."

Two years ago, Jazz Vespers started at St. James on the second Sunday of the month, at 4 in the afternoon, involving about 75 minutes of jazz, prayers and readings, followed, on occasion, by sherry in the parlour. The first "session" had a congregation of 32! In February this year, that number had grown to over one hundred "regulars," some parishioners, but many from the community as well. In March, a special edition of Jazz Vespers

was held to celebrate the collation of Jim Sandilands as Archdeacon for Mohawk Region; nearly 150 were in attendance.

Not only was the occasion special, but the guest artists were also unique for this event. The Brian Hayman trio (of which Jim Sandilands is a member), Brian, Jim and John Veretta, usually are accompanied by a single guest artist. However, for this celebration, the trio was joined by Shannon Butcher (a Swing Rosie vocalist who shared her talents earlier in the year), Kevin Barrett (guitar) and Rob Sommerville (trombonist). The Jazz Vespers service involved prayers for evening, artists, healing and justice and wonderful renditions of favourites such as *Lover Man*, *Exactly Like You*, *Charade* and *Route 66*.

Jazz Vespers was followed by a pot-luck supper which was held in the sanctuary. Usually, such events are held in the gym, but it was unavailable due to the reconstruc-

tion of this facility... which will be renamed "The Dundas Room." This necessitated the complete "changeover" of the sanctuary - removal of the altar and many chairs, and the setting up of tables to accommodate over 150 people who came for the dinner. This, in turn, was followed by the cutting of a cake and several presentations by parishioners, friends, and the St. James choir. One member of the congregation developed a song for Jim. One verse is included here to give some of the flavour of the evening:

We know that Jim will be
Equally gracious
Acting with dignity
But still outrageous
Though he's a 'venerable'
His heart has heard a call
To give to Jazz his all
He is... Courageous.

It is only when you start a garden, probably after age fifty, that you realize something important happens every day.

Geoffrey B. Charlesworth

St. Alban the Martyr, Hamilton



St. Alban the Martyr, Hamilton celebrates St. Patrick's day. Over 100 people attended a fun filled night, including a fabulous dinner, piping by intern Bill Burt (right), John Janisse leading Irish songs and a troupe of Irish dancers (left).

St. Michael's, Hamilton

Wine tasting

SUE CRAWFORD
ST. MICHAEL'S, HAMILTON

What better way to eliminate those February blahs and celebrate St. Valentine's Day. Why not pour a little cheer into an evening?

St. Michael's Fellowship Group recently sponsored a wine tasting evening. Who better to invite to lead the evening libations? Well it helps when one of the parishioners is a neighbour and friend of the Food and Wine editor of the Hamilton Spectator.

After many emails and conversations with Dan Kislenko, the evening was set and a "World Tour of Wines" was created. We sampled white wines from Ontario, California and New Zealand and red wines from France, Chile and Australia.

As we sipped each wine we

kept notes on a chart to remind us of which one we preferred. A cube of crusty bread helped to clear the palate between samples and jugs of water were on hand to cleanse the sampling cups. As the evening progressed, the hum of conversation increased as people began to mellow and savour the wines.

Following the presentation a table with world cheeses and grapes along with spicy meats and fruit was enjoyed by all. We had an excellent turn out of around 75 which included many guests and friends of parishioners.

The general consensus - that it was one of the best evenings we had enjoyed in a long time.

Dan was presented with a gift certificate from Denninger's by Canon Fred Roberts who thanked him for a most informative evening.



Cuthbert's K.I.D.S. (Kids in Discipleship and Service) at St. Cuthbert's, Oakville, sponsor a movie night about every two months. A simple idea that has grown, over 80 people (kids and parents) gather on a Friday evening to enjoy a movie projected onto a '8 by 8' screen, wear pj's to church, eat some snacks and build community in a safe place.

St. Mark's, Orangeville



The youth group, at St. Mark's Anglican Church, participated in the World Vision famine relief challenge, last weekend. The participants included eleven members age 12-16 and one adult.

St. John's, York



Tickets were sold out for the Saint Patrick's Day Dinner at St. John's, York. The menu included beef stew and biscuits (hot from the oven) and the pies for which the church is well known in the area. The meal was followed by live music from local musicians. We heard Ken Bates on keyboard, Trish McCarthy (guitar) Art Howell (recorder) Glenn Link (violin) Emily Summers (clarinet) and Irene Kelleher (voice)

St. John's is a very small parish and we are very thankful for the help of our friends from St. John the Divine, Cayuga who came to help decorate the hall, serve and wash dishes and in the case of Bruce Armstrong, also donated all the meat for the dinner.

Growing beyond one book

PETER WALL
DEAN, CHRIST'S CHURCH CATHEDRAL

Happy Easter! I hope that the season finds you well and that you are keeping this great feast for all of its fifty days! Easter gives us magnificent hymnody, exultant alleluias, a chance to bedeck our churches in their finest finery and the joy of new life all around.

As I reflect over these past days and months, I realize how fortunate I am to be part of some of the church's most interesting activities - from a busy and exciting downtown Cathedral through some of my work in the Diocese on matters liturgical, to my membership on the national Faith Worship and Ministry Committee, and in the concerts which I do with The Three Cantors.

Since I last wrote a column, I have travelled to Philadelphia and preached in the magnificent Cathedral there - a building which only became a Cathedral in 1994 (after the Diocese of Pennsylvania had been in existence for 208 years!) and which underwent massive renovations to create a truly special worship space. A very distinctive style of liturgy happens in a very special place. It was a privilege to worship there.

Lutherans launch new worship resource

I also travelled to Winnipeg to meet with the National Church Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Canada, a body on which I sit as the representative of the Anglican Church of Canada. The ELCIC is about to launch, along with its American cousin, the Evangelical Lutheran Church of America, a new worship resource, to be called Evangelical Lutheran Worship. From time to time I have written about the work which has led up to this publication expected

indeed, in the fall of this year. That leads me to the subject of worship materials in our Church.

Electronic media

As a member of Faith Worship and Ministry, I am often asked about our church's plans for new books, revised materials, and the like. Why don't we revise the BAS? When are we going to have a 'new' Prayer book, incorporating both the Book of Common Prayer and the BAS? All very good questions. They are constant agenda items for the church;



Peter Wall

indeed, we have spent a good deal of time over the past few years pondering just those things. They are complicated issues as well: issues of copyright, cost of producing materials, cost of purchasing materials for parishes, and the ever present issue of church politics. What we have done in the Canadian church is move steadily towards more easily accessible liturgical materials using electronic media.

The Anglican Liturgical Licensing programme provides your parish with a CD-ROM which provides complete texts for the BCP, the BAS, The Book of Occasional Offices, as well as supplementary Eucharistic texts, etc. Given the tremendous change in these last few years in the way parish liturgical materials are presented for the people, this is a fantastic way to access texts with the ability to customize them

to your own individual parish and community needs.

For many of us, Sunday liturgies no longer simply involve opening a particular book to a particular page, or repeating or hearing the same words immutably. Rather, we now have a rich canvas of liturgical materials to use - ancient, modern, traditional, and contemporary; liturgies suited to a particular season or feast; liturgies carefully designed for specific times and places. Similarly with hymnody and church music: although we have a specific Canadian Anglican hymn book (Common Praise, 1998) that we are using at the moment, more and more parishes and communities are mining the rich resources of other denominational books, alternate hymn sources, employing a vast variety of resources. This is uncomfortable to some, life-giving to others. It does mean that the 'one-book' style which the new Lutheran publication will espouse is less than a common experience for us all. At the same time, I am looking forward to the new ELW - it is going to be a wonderful resource for the Church, of whatever denomination or nationality.

Liturgy is such an important part of our lives - it not only defines us as Anglicans but also, by the ways in which we worship and pray, we are defined by what we do and how we do it!

May the Easter season find you worshipping richly and abundantly in your parish or congregation. May that worship of God bring us life and enliven us to be resurrection people for others. Hallelujah!

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A special garden to celebrate 140 years



The Memorial Garden of Christ Church, Niagara Falls greets passersby on the Niagara Parkway.

SHIRLEY LAMB
CHRIST CHURCH, NIAGARA

It was 2005, and we were trying to think of a special project to mark the 140th anniversary of Christ Church. Thankfully, our People's Warden Colin Hoare suggested a 'Memorial Garden' to celebrate this special anniversary and, at the same time, to celebrate Canada's "Year of the Veteran." The parish loved the idea and, after a special vestry meeting, quickly set out to make it happen. An industrious committee was formed with young and old working happily together with much discussion, differences of opinions diplomatically resolved, always striving for the common goal. It was actually one

of our younger members, university student William Czaban who created the accepted design. Two young ladies were extremely helpful in our fundraising activities, and one young man was anxiously waiting to plant.

Everyone worked hard in many capacities that culminated in pride and joy for all at the dedication service in November of 2005. It was a pleasure to have so many participate in the ceremony. In addition to the church members and dignitaries, representatives from all branches of the Armed Forces placed wreaths, a high school choir sang and contributed a lovely cross created in their high school shop, and the sun finally shone when

the children made their contribution. This sunshine provided quite a dramatic contrast to the thundering and lightning which had earlier shaken the church when the list of the fallen was being read during the service!

What a lovely coming together of everyone, in our own way, in 'God's Garden'. We hope that God is pleased with our endeavours. It gives us a strong sense of feeling closer to Him. What better way than to work with nature - the earth, trees, plants and flowers, with benches to encourage rest, peace, prayer and reflection. May we strive to weed out and nurture our lives the same as the garden, and enrich our souls in His service.

Adding chapel windows illuminates Mission's ministry

TRUDI DAWN
SEAFARER'S MISSION

The move of the Mission to Seafarers in 2002 to its new location on the Hamilton Harbour waterfront gave the organization much-needed additional space - and one problem. The chapel had no windows!

Renovations placed the tiny chapel in the middle section of the rented space, completely enclosed by wooden panels. Chaplain Robert Hudson was very disappointed. He believes a chapel should have windows, but what was the point when the view was a hallway on one side and a storage closet on another?

Rev. Hudson, who is also rector of St. Luke's, Hamilton, mentioned the problem to parishioner Daniel Norman who was enrolled in the Visual Studies diploma course at the Dundas Valley School of Art. Norman felt it would be an interesting challenge to design and create a series of stained glass windows. As they discussed the project, Rev. Hudson got the idea of putting the designs onto Plexiglas panels that could be inserted into the wooded



walls. When the chapel is in use, light from the hall and storage closet illuminate the drawings from behind.

Today the Mission's Chapel of St. Nicholas and St. Michael boasts seven such windows, four designed and drawn by Norman, and three created by Rev. Hudson.

For inspiration, Norman concentrated on shipping and water

themes from the Bible. "I chose three scenes from the Gospels that focused on water, the sea and sailors, and an Old Testament reference which I thought was appropriate," he says. The result: Jesus calming the storm on the Sea of Galilee, the rescue of Peter, the overflowing and sinking fishing boats, and Noah in the ark.

Of the other three, one has symbols associated with St. Nicholas and St. Michael, the patron saints of seafarers. Another shows naval flags spelling out the phrase "Mission to Seafarers," and the third explains the history of the Mission at Hamilton.

The original sketches were enlarged and placed under the clear Plexiglas panels which measure approximately three feet by four feet. The pictures were then copied and coloured with stain glass paint by Julie Hudson, Rev. Hudson's wife.

"The windows attract a lot of positive attention and response," says Rev. Hudson. More than 2,000 seafarers visit the Mission for both spiritual and social renewal during the Great Lakes' shipping season, he adds.

Exploring church gardens

PAUL BOLLAND
ARCHITECT, LITURGICAL DESIGNER,
AND SCULPTOR

Over the years I've had several chances to go door to door for charitable groups or on political campaigns, and one thing that I like to do is imagine what someone's front lawn says about the occupant of the house before I get to the door. I think the same can be tried with of places of worship.

Church gardens can reflect the welcoming spirit (or lack thereof) of a community. I figure that if the front of a church says anything about its congregation, then those churches that have taken the time to plant, water, prune and nurture a garden are possibly more likely to exercise the same degree of care for people coming to their doors. It's a hunch that I have and I'll bet that it's true.

Spring bulbs, summer daylilies, shady hosta, flowering shrubs, and even tall plumed ornamental grasses swaying in winter breezes are all signs of life for me. How you plan and plant your garden may be a sign for who you are and where your spirituality lies (see the exercise following this article for an exploration of your own garden spirituality). You might be a stand of oak trees - strongly and rigidly lined up. You might be a meandering swath of wild flowers. You might be a garden that harbours the odd weed just because when it flowers its interesting to look at. Whatever your inclination there is probably a gardening metaphor that would fit you well.

Beyond what people see as they approach your church, the role of the garden in creating sacred space has been rich and evolved over time. In monastic times the cloistered garden was an attempt to re-create Eden, the place where God dwelt in harmony with his people. Gardens were sources of food and pointed to the value of work in any balanced spiritual life. Other gardens were the place where the dead were buried and were cemeteries.

In the years before cemeteries moved off of church properties, the link between dying and returning to the Creator and the ongoing cycle of life was and still

is clearer. I have seen many very moving memorial gardens... some attached to churches. Gardens do not always have to be easy and comforting places. I recall one small walled garden attached to a church narthex in Kitchener. The garden itself was simple and lovely. Set next to a sculpture of Christ and the children was a discreet marker to unborn children. I find myself torn between the abortion issue and a woman's right to choose... and that small plaque moved me deeply. Then there are those gardens that mark the passing of AIDS deaths. Across from the Metro Convention Center in Toronto is a low garden wall that describes the deaths of individuals in work related accidents. A garden can be the medicinal place for the soul to ponder the complexity of life, its mistakes and its choices. Eden and Gethsemane are both gardens where people struggled.

And while we're considering cemeteries, am I the only one who hates those cemeteries where tombstones have been replaced by markers set into the ground? The poetry of a cemetery garden has been replaced by the practicality of a 6 foot wide mower deck passing indiscriminately over everything in its pass. Planting a garden is a labour of love. No garden is maintenance free. So to those "church administrators" who think that planting a few weeds, junipers and evergreens at the front doors of the church constitutes 'gardening' I say "You got twitch grass growing in that place in your heart where a garden should be." Being a good administrator means finding someone out there who loves to garden and giving that responsibility to them. It's a great job for retirees or someone that has just moved from their own home to an apartment. I've also heard about people who have had a loved one die using their garden as therapy, so why not use the church's gardens?

The garden is a physical place of creation, of solace, of healing, of battling demons, of dying and rising anew. To leave them out of the life of a spiritual congregation is to miss out on their physical beauty and their metaphorical usefulness.

Gardening exercise

Consider this exercise. I would like you as a reader to stop reading this article right now. Go and get a blank sheet of paper and a pen, a pencil, some coloured markers or coloured pencils... no erasers.

Imagine that your community is a garden. Draw that garden. Make sure that you include yourself in that garden.

- Put this article down and make the drawing and come back to this article when you are finished the drawing.
- Look at your drawing and describe it using first person language: "As a garden we are..."
- Now look at the part of the drawing that is you and describe yourself using first person language: "In this garden I am..."
- What did you learn that is old (ie: something that you have known for a while)? What did you learn that is new?

If you are part of a parish group or parish leadership you can try this exercise together.

Instead of looking at your drawing alone, describe the drawing to the group (or to someone in the group) using the same two starting points: "As a garden we are..." and "In this garden I am..." Tell each other the impact that their drawing and description had on you.



Hard work: Don Hamilton, carillonneur of St. George, Guelph, demonstrates his technique as keys are pounded with the sides of his hands.

The bells of St. George

ROSEMARY ANDERSON
GUELPH, ONTARIO

During the past 80 years they have chimed the hours of the day, rung in the new millennium, tolled for the deaths of the Queen Mother and of Princess Diana and for those who died on 9-11, pealed in triumph for the Canadian women's hockey team Olympic win, and heralded the joy of Christmas mornings.

The 23-bell carillon at St. George's Church, a gift of Guelph's Arthur Cutten in 1926, will be coming down after Easter Day - but only for a short time.

When the bells return, after work by a company in Ohio, there will be more of them.

"We're adding another other octave, so there will be 36 bells," said Don Hamilton, carillonneur for the church. "This will very much extend the range."

"Expanding the carillon and replacing the slate roof on the church means the congregation needs to raise \$400,000" says Bill Parker, chairman of the project. To kick off the campaign, a Pipes, Bells and Lunch event was held at the church in March. Hamilton demonstrated the workings of the carillon to the intrepid visitors who climbed the tower to watch him play it, and organist Gerald Manning gave a demonstration of the Casavant organ, letting some 200 adults and children go "behind the scenes" to see how this magnificent instrument worked. Everyone then enjoyed soup and sandwiches. The successful event raised \$1,700 for the campaign.

The existing bells will be removed to allow tuning adjustments, replace the clappers and clock-strike hammers and install a new playing keyboard or clavier in the centre of the tower room to accommodate the radial bell layout, as well as a three-octave practice keyboard. There is also much engineering and stonework to be done inside the tower to make sure of the foundations required for the tremendous weight of the bells.

The Bourdon bass bell alone weighs 1,740 pounds. There's also Big George, a 3,400 pound bell made in 1899 that is not part of the carillon itself, but is tolled separately.

When all is finished, the chime that plays the notes of 'The Cambridge Quarters' to mark the hours will be re-installed and the clock will sound exactly the same as it has since 1926.

"I pretty much taught myself," said Hamilton, who has been playing the carillon since 1987. He climbs the steep stairs up the clock tower every Sunday morning, where he plays for half an hour before the last morning service. The room in the tower is not well heated or well ventilated and there's a lot of physical exertion involved. The hardy musician needs to wear gloves as he must pound the keys with the sides of his hands. Hamilton has the calluses from 19 years' playing to show for it.

He chooses the music and it reflects not only the events of a busy parish, but special times in the community.

"We observe national events," he said. There's quite a bit of secular music involved as well as the sacred and he chooses it according to the occasion.

"We tend to play 'big' music - the well-known traditional tunes," he said. Then there are other tunes to mark special occasions, such as the Queen Mother's 100th birthday. During the last hour of 1999, Hamilton played a song for every decade of the past century. "The oldest tune was The Water is Wide, and I remember for the 1950s I played Love Me Tender."

Hamilton has taught his daughter Cathy, and son Duncan how to play the carillon and Duncan has been helping out for the past nine years, playing on Sunday mornings.

The tunes chosen reflect the mood of the time.

"It would be a somber mood after the 'friendly fire,'" said Duncan. "People listening would know that something had happened."

Both of them tremendously enjoy playing the carillon.

"It's an enormously significant instrument," said Hamilton. "It's a very rare and special treasure but it's an enormous expense. We were given the carillon 80 years ago and it's our responsibility to make sure it's here for the next 80 years."

Project consultant is Gordon Slater, carillonneur at the Peace Tower in Ottawa.

"The sound of a well-made bell stirs the mind and stirs the soul," he said in a phone conversation from his office in Ottawa.

God and science mingle

BILL MOUS
DIVINITY STUDENT

I left my bedroom window open last night for some fresh air. It's a nice thing to have a gentle breeze of cool air blow into the room after a winter of recirculated air. That being said, at an hour a bit too early for consciousness, I was awoken by the melodies of several song-birds. At first I thought it was a dream, but gradually the birds sang me into an awareness of their presence



Bill Mous

such that I had realized they had returned from their warm winter respites (if they even migrated given our rather warm winter). One of the things I have been wrestling with this semester is the tension that is so often exhibited between science and religion. Since the late sixteenth century the field of epistemology - how we know things about the world - has shifted from theology to science as its primary source of knowledge. Out of this shift grew this tension between science and religion.

Integrating science and faith

I have always enjoyed science, especially biology; so much so that I did my undergraduate degree in the field. At the same time as my understanding of science was increasing, so too was my faith and love for God. Concurrent with this development of faith and knowledge came many questions about how to integrate the two disciplines. Could my theology inform my scientific understanding of the world and vice versa?

With the advent of the field of science and religion, a field that sought to find a compatibility system between both science and religion, many such systems were proposed to account for the knowledge drawn from each discipline. The most prominent system is the conflict model - largely centered on the theory of evolution and intelligent design - that purports that science

and religion are fundamentally different enterprises and are therefore mutually exclusive. The main thrust of this model, as portrayed in the 1960 film classic *Inherit the Wind*,

centres around teaching the theory of evolution and/or the concept of intelligent design. Today many, if not most, Christians are content with accepting Darwin's theory of evolution without much, if any, theological difficulty. And while some may see such a decision as not entirely consistent in terms of what science or our faith tradition hold, I do not hold the view that everything in life is always or needs to be consistent to everything else - that's part of the mystery of faith, and of life!

God and science mingle in the dance of creation

Despite not finding any consistent compatibility system between science and religion, I continue to hold a deep respect for science and an ever deepening belief in God. I think the answer to how this can be so lies with the birds singing outside my window. It lies in God's creation, where death becomes life countless number of times. A systematic theology professor would call this primary revelation: an understanding of God that is revealed to all humanity through creation. In the words of Saint Bernard of Clairvaux: "What I know of the divine sciences and Holy Scriptures, I learned in woods and fields." Here in the woods and fields, God and science mingle in an ever continual dance called creation - the greatest compatibility system there is! Our love for God and faith lies in the depth of our being, in our hearts, our souls and our minds amidst creation and not in a system constructed to justify faith in a scientific world. Sure, this may not be consistent with science's need for empirical evidence, but does it need to be?

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There is a little plant called reverence in the corner of my soul's garden, which I love to have watered once a week.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Latino Anglicans bring joy, and energy to worship

ALAN L. HAYES
THE ITINERANT CHURCHGOER

I had a surprise several months ago when I worshiped at St. Stephen's-on-the-Mount, Hamilton. Someone mentioned to me, over coffee after the service, a Latino congregation that worships there on Saturday evenings.

I had known that there were Spanish-speaking Anglicans in, say, Cuba, Argentina, and Los Angeles. I even knew that one of the biggest Anglican churches in Toronto was Hispanic. But I didn't know that we had a Latino group in the diocese of Niagara.

Recently I joined them for worship. What a joy it was! The love, the energy, and the passion for the gospel that I found there just overwhelmed me.

San Esteban?

Although the St. Stephen's group (shall I call it San Esteban?) includes folks from Colombia, Guatemala, and Mexico, most came to Canada as refugees from El Salvador in the 1980s. As you know, from 1977 to 1991, right-wing governments there sponsored death squads in an effort to repress agitation for social justice. The repression was actively supported by the Reagan administration, which sent more aid to little El Salvador than to any other country except Israel.

More than 70,000 died or disappeared during the government's war on its people.

Many at San Esteban were active in Roman Catholic "base communities" in El Salvador. These were small groups that met regularly for Bible reading, prayer, and, when a priest could join them, Eucharist, and worked for community development.

They believed that the kingdom of God isn't just a metaphor for personal piety or a hope for the next world, but a vision for social justice today.

They were inspired by Oscar Romero, the great archbishop of San Salvador who preached Christian hope to his people, and who unsuccessfully pleaded their cause to the United States and to the Vatican. He was murdered by a sharpshooter while celebrating mass on March 24, 1980.

Most adults at San Esteban have stories about friends, parents, brothers, and sisters who were taken away by the police and never seen again. How easy it is to forget the potential cost of Christian commitment.

Arriving in Hamilton

In danger of their lives, they certainly qualified as refugees.

One told me that when they arrived in Canada, our government matched their skills to the labour needs of Canadian communities. That's how his family came to Hamilton. Another said he knew nothing about Canada before he arrived except that it was all ice, and dotted with igloos.

For a while these new Canadians attended Roman Catholic churches in the Hamilton area. But the freedom they had known in their base communities just wasn't allowed, they told me. For instance, you couldn't sing songs that suggested a theology of social justice.

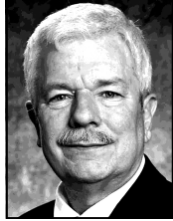
I gathered, too, that they preferred a Eucharist less connected with the priest and more connected with the people, and with a greater role for women and children in the liturgy.

New congregation

So the group began to make connections with San Lorenzo, the Latino Anglican church in Toronto. As a result they decided to begin a congregation in Hamilton.

One day a couple of years ago the rec-

tor of St. Stephen's received a visit from the rector of San Lorenzo and two or three Hamilton Salvadorans. They had visited around, and they liked the feel of St. Stephen's. They wanted the rector to lead services for them on Saturday evenings.



Alan L. Hayes

I can think of a lot of reasons why a priest might say no. How can I give pastoral care to people whose culture and language I don't know? What problems are going to arise between this new group and the Sunday morning groups? And what if I want to have dinner with friends on some Saturday night? But to his great credit, the rector of St. Stephen's didn't hesitate to say

yes. I like to think that that's what I would have done, too, but I'm not sure. I asked the rector whether he missed having his Saturday nights free. He replied no; the energy and joy he gets from the Latino congregation are an incredible gift.

Worship

The evening I went, I first practiced my "buenas noches" and "gracias" on my family.

When I entered the church, there was nothing as formal as a sidesperson at the door, but folks young and old came to welcome me and introduce themselves. (I once had a similar experience at St. Paul's, Norval.)

The service didn't so much begin as grow. It was like an organic unfolding of the gathered people of God. We were singing, and at some point a procession of children was coming up the aisle. Each child carried a small wooden brightly decorated cross and placed it in the chancel. As we sang (I haltingly and everyone else energetically), a guitar accompanied us.

A woman who was a toddler when her parents escaped with her from El Salvador in 1981 led the liturgy of the word. She had a liturgical book, but the rest of us didn't. The congregation already knew their part of the liturgy. Who needs books? There were booklets of Xeroxed hymns, though. We sang at the confession, gloria, readings, Lord's prayer, creed, and offertory.

The creed was particularly beautiful, written for a campesino mass. It praised God as the architect, engineer, and carpenter of thought, music, wind, peace, and love. The rector led the Eucharistic prayer. Communion was given at the front of the nave. The service closed with a hymn dedicated to Monseñor Romero.

After the service, a feast was laid out in the parish hall, with a barbecue, tortillas, rice and beans, salad, and desserts. That happens every week.

We chatted. People told me about their involvement with the "Caravan of Hope" at San Lorenzo Church. They send busloads of medical supplies and food down to Central America, and they support community development there in various ways.

Christ and culture

A famous church historian named Richard Niebuhr argued that denominations don't represent theological divisions; they represent cultural divisions. No doubt about it, the roots of Niagara Anglicanism are very British. Our buildings, liturgies, and theological pronouncements can sometimes seem geared to validating the norms of an Anglo bourgeoisie.

San Esteban released me for an hour or two from my cultural ghetto, and reminded me how very life-changing, how very costly, how very precious, how very global, and how very exciting is the very, very good news of God in Jesus Christ.

Letting go of what's not important

MARTHA TATARNIC
ASSISTANT CURATE, ST. JUDES, OAKVILLE

As the young people of our parish were preparing for their Mission Trip to Cuba this March Break, lots of people made comments to us such as: "this will be a real eye-opener," and "the kids will really get to see how the other half live," and "I'm sure it will be surprising for them to see what life is like outside of Oakville."

This is certainly true. The experience was an eye-opener. We stayed in Cardenas, a town relatively untouched by any tourism, a

actually adding nothing to our lives?"

I do not mean to romanticize poverty or negate the very real challenges that face the people of Cuba. There is deep and desperate need at the centre of so many people's lives all around our world, and that need is unquestionably and fundamentally against the will of God.

However, it did become pretty strikingly clear in our time there that it is not our 'stuff' that gives us joy, it is not our toys and clothes and cars and big houses that makes our lives better or fuller or healthier. And maybe it is

There is so much health and joy in these people who have so little.

town that was modest and small-scale in just about every way.

But actually what was truly surprising, what was in fact the eye-opener, did not turn out to be how little this community had. Not once during the week did I hear anyone on our team make a comment like, "oh, these poor people."

Because actually, when we thought about it, it was amazing how normal it all felt.

Our kids met kids from the Episcopal Church at which we were working. They had things to talk about, and music to sing and dance to. We shared in worship and meals and work and conversation - at the church, at the hostel at which we were staying, in the town - and there was health and joy and mutuality in all of our encounters.

And this led us to a question; if there is so much health and joy in these people who have so little, how much of what we have is

actually our stuff that weighs us down, that burdens us.

We certainly know that our air supply is being choked and our fresh water being drowned in the toxins and pollutants that we haphazardly pump into them. We know that our land-fills are filling over, that our weather systems are spiraling out of control. We know that the Developed and Developing worlds are on an unsustainable crash course in our dependency on fossil fuels.

We know that something must be done.

And yet, in the end, what has to be done is what has always had to be done. What the great spiritual traditions of the ages have always, across the board, told us we have to do if we are to be healthy. If we are to understand something of what this crazy life is all about. Figure out what's important. Let go of what's not. Share.

Journeying with Christ

JUNE MYRBY
ST. GEORGE, LOWVILLE

I would like to share briefly with you my prayer journey. I maintain that prayer is not easy. My prayers include using the word Jesus as my Mantra. I repeat the name of Jesus quietly from within. Father George Congreve tells us that to call upon the name of Jesus is to dethrone self and to enthroned Jesus. While uttering the name of Jesus the Holy Spirit is praying within me. Intercession for others is also a vital part of my prayer life.

A difficult area in my prayer life is in dealing with forgiveness. In reading the following book, Archbishop Goodier helped me in this area. He illustrates so tenderly and vividly the constant forgiveness of Christ which He bestows upon those He came face to face with. If our Lord is able to breathe forgiveness from the cross during His agony and suffering, then I must be willing to forgive others. In the following Archbishop Goodier speaks about forgiveness.

Christ sets an example of forgiveness

"If then he had so taught forgiveness, that greatest of virtues in so far as it is the hardest, the most opposed to human nature, of all things that he taught, then as man must He give a supreme answer. If, as He had said, forgiveness makes man akin to God the Father, then to prove Himself indeed the Son of that Father, must he put forgiveness before the world as His own last manifestation.

From the throne to which He was nailed, lifted up at last so that He might draw all things to Himself, at the solemn moments when He was to be declared the Redeemer of the world, he must set an example of forgiveness beyond which no man could go."

Recently, I read a book titled *The Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ*, by Archbishop Goodier. This classic book on the suffering of Christ touched me deeply.

Christ was vigilant in prayer

In the first page Archbishop Goodier speaks of the passion as follows: "For understanding of the Passion demands active compassion, such compassion as cannot be expressed in words. It demands, not only a power of deep sympathy, but actual suffering of one's own; only by suffering ourselves can we understand at all what the Passion, apart from its effects, has actually meant to those who have gone through it."

The introduction to this powerful book begins with the disciples' preparations for the Last Supper in the upper room. It concludes with the Last Seven Words that Christ spoke from the cross.

During this time of suffering Jesus was vigilant in prayer. While praying in the garden Jesus' sweat became as great drops of blood. When praying from the cross, His blood flowed freely. It was the great price He paid for the forgiveness of our sins. Prayer is the golden thread which runs through the veins of Jesus.

Your mind is a garden, your thoughts are the seeds, the harvest can be either flowers or weeds.

Unknown

Women's roles in Christianity over the centuries

ROB ROI
ST. JAMES, DUNDAS

There are 3,000 characters named in the bible, and fewer than 10% are women, and of those 300, only 187 of those are actually named - the rest are somebody's wife, daughter, sister, or mother-in-law - that's because the bible was written by men.

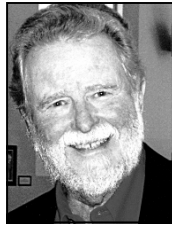
The Old and New Testaments are collections of ancient writings written for two ancient cultures. It is difficult to know what is actual history and what are allegories - metaphors and myths written to assist these two cultures in forming their religious beliefs. Many of the people named in the bible are only found in the bible, and not found in any other literature of that period. We do know that some of Paul's letters are authentic, and therefore the women mentioned by him are no doubt women who lived in the first century. The Christian Community in Rome was well established within a decade after the death of Jesus. The Christian Church in its earliest stages was basically a social movement, and was informal. The meetings were held in houses, and were patterned after a common Greco - Roman meal form where women were the hosts. It was flexible and allowed women, slaves, and artisans to assume leadership roles. The Catacomb frescoes in Rome show a vested woman with her arms raised in prayer, women breaking bread at Eucharist, and women eating with men.

Women had leadership roles in the synagogue

Greek women did not eat with men. Judaism was one of the religious groups that allowed women to participate in public meals with men. A Passover feast would include women, since women and children took part in the Passover Ritual. Women had leadership roles in the synagogue - they held offices of Ruler of the Synagogue, Elder Priest, Mother of the Synagogue, so it was natural for Christian Communities to adopt the Jewish model, since many were Jewish converts.

Women in Rome and Roman cities en-

joyed greater freedom and power than women in Greek cities. Many Roman women were financially independent - such as Lydia the purple dye merchant, who invited Paul and his followers to stay at her house.



Rob Roi

The Didache, a Christian document written in the first century, reflects both Jewish and Christian beliefs. There are no prohibitions recorded against women as Trainers, Baptizers, and Hosts of the Eucharist. Prophets, or Teachers - so it can be assumed that these roles were open to women in the community. Women prophets in this new religion were similar to those practiced by women in the Greek and Roman religions. They were interpreters of a divine will, because they spoke under the influence, inspiration, or possession of a divine spirit. Women were more likely than men to become Christian, and many of these were high status women.

Women were leaders of early Christian house Churches

Where Christianity spread women were the leaders of the house churches, the church at Philippi was not only founded by a woman, but its leadership continued in the hands of women. In Paul's letters to the church at Philippi, he addressed the women leaders, and asked them to reconcile their differences in order to provide more effective leadership for the church.

Paul several times acknowledges women in leadership positions in various congregations; many were called Deacons, and were of considerable importance in the early church. He talks about our sister Phoebe, Prisca, and Mary, just to mention a few. So why is it that Paul has been thought of having a dislike for women? Perhaps it's because in 1 Timothy, Paul tells women how they should dress. He also writes "let women learn in silence with full submission. I permit no woman to teach or to have authority over man, she is to keep silent." Scholars tell us that this letter was not written by Paul, and was written about 50 years after Paul's death, and in 1 Corinthians, it reads "women should be silent

in the churches for they are not permitted to speak, but should be subordinate." This section in ancient writings is placed at the end of the chapter and not where it is located today - obviously added to Paul's letter by the authors of Timothy in an attempt to squash women's participation. We certainly do know that Paul respected women's roles in the early Christian church.

Tertullian was against women taking leadership

Unfortunately, we have only four authentic letters written by Christian women of that period. The most popular is the letter written by Perpetua in the second century. She was a leader of a small group of Christians in Carthage. She was twenty years of age and had just delivered a son, when she and her pregnant slave were thrown in prison for not worshipping the Roman Gods. While they were waiting for death in the arena, her father, a pagan, visited her often begging her to bow to the Roman authorities - she refused. She and her slave were killed in the arena. In the reign of Constantine, the anniversary of Perpetua's martyrdom appeared in the official calendar of the Church of Rome.

Tertullian, a second century theologian, was also against women taking leadership roles in the church, and said "these heretical women - how audacious they are! They have no modesty; they are bold enough to teach, to engage in argument, to enact exorcisms, to undertake cures, even to baptize, and even to act as Bishop!" His main target was Marcion, a Bishop and first biblical critic. Marcion had started a Christian sect and had appointed women as priests and bishops.

For more than 200 years Christianity was essentially a religion of the private sphere, practiced in their private space of the household. Its concerns were the domestic life of the community, rather than the political life of the city. By the 4th century the houses were not large enough and Christians were worshipping in their own public temples called Basilicas.

Ancient Greek views influenced Rome and hence the church

Now the Romans inherited their views about the proper roles of men and women in public

from ancient Greece. Christianity in turn absorbed these views from the Roman Empire. The public woman was a sexual woman. Her public presence meant that her sexuality was no longer under the control of her husband, so the controversy over women's leadership in the church reaches its crisis point in the 3rd century. The concept of leadership began to shift from ministry to governance - which separated the clergy from the laity. The shared ministry became vertical hierarchies which got in the way of the brotherliness and sisterliness which was the stamp of Jesus and the Early Christians.

In the Gospel passages where women leaders played prominent roles, the male authors muted their contributions by the way they wrote their stories. Today we know that the history of theology and the church too, was predominately written by the victors at the expense of the losers - the women!

I can't help wondering what our scriptures and our religion would be like if women had an equal role in the formation of Christianity.

Bothwell ordained first female priests

In the past 50 years decisions concerning women's roles in the church have been made. The Vatican's 1976 declaration on the question of admitting women to the priesthood justifies the exclusion of women from the priesthood on the grounds that the female body does not resemble the male body of Christ. It is therefore impossible for a woman to perform the sacramental functions of a priest, Sexuality enters the picture. A woman unlike a man is perceived to be inseparable from her sexual nature, and as a priest she would bring sexuality into the realm of the sacred.

Now in the same year that this declaration was made by the Catholic Church, our bishop John Bothwell ordained the first woman priest in Canada! Ten years ago Canada had its first woman bishop.

In the 1960's here at St. James we had our first women wardens and our first women to be members of synod. Since then we've been blessed to have six women as associate priests - we are one of the leaders in the Anglican Church.

I'm glad I'm an Anglican, and I'm especially proud to be an Anglican here at St. James.

In the mean time: Celebrating the Easter Season

MICHAEL THOMPSON
RECTOR, ST. JUDE'S, OAKVILLE

The Easter Season is a meantime that lasts for fifty days. Like Lent, it is a kind of classroom without walls. Like Lent it has a curriculum, it calls us to learning, to new ways of seeing, of knowing. Like Lent it awakens us to new truth in the same old world.

There's a gospel most of us won't hear in this or any other Easter Season, because it is the gospel appointed for Easter evening. Easter evening! Easter evening is time for a quiet supper and an early bedtime, not the time for another church service.

It was to be a quiet supper and an early bedtime for Cleopas and his companion as well, as they set out from Jerusalem to Emmaus, a distance of as few as four and no more than eight or nine miles. But at the end of the day, a simple meal and a safe bed would let them sleep in a world

apart from the dizzy, dangerous waves of harm and hope that were rolling through Jerusalem.

They did not recognize the Risen One

Many of us are familiar with the story, and with paintings by Caravaggio and Velasquez and dozens of others who - in every medium from stained glass to fabric - have imagined an eerie crossroads where two disciples meet and do not recognize a Risen One.

The opening rhythms of the story are of rumours and unknowing. They have already heard the witness of the women (who have it on good authority) and disciples (who checked out the story). And yet, when this third asks about their conversation, they stand still, 'looking sad'.

As they walk, he leads them in bible study, working through all the ways in which scripture leads to

and interprets the events they have experienced. Bible study with the incarnate Word. It really is, for bible study, about as good as it gets.

And yet, they arrive at their home as night falls, and no doubt mindful of the danger waiting in the dark for a solitary traveler, they invite the stranger into their home. And while they're going through their homcoming routines - sorting the mail, finding their slippers - the stranger picks up the loaf they brought home. He prays over it, blessing it. He breaks it then, and blesses it, and gives it to them. In a moment, they recognize him. Then he is gone.

The difference love can make

The story is at once complicated and plain. It isn't the witnesses who tell the story of an empty tomb who make Jesus known. And it isn't the bible study on the road, even with a most eminent and skilful leader. The possibility of knowing Jesus begins, somehow, in the moment they let the other through the skin of their fear and anxiety. The moment they invite him into their

home, the story is on its way home. Now Jesus will take the bread. Now he will bless it. Now he will break and share it. Now they will recognize him. Now the fragments of time by which they have lived will begin to converge into something coherent. And that something will be the work both of the grace around us and the grace within us. The grace around us, offering us a stranger to awaken the grace within us. The grace within us, opening us to that stranger's strangeness. And where grace meets grace, a new direction, a turning towards the difference that love can make, towards a common life where graces multiply and new worlds of love and justice come to life.

Are our hearts burning?

Because we live in a sad and anxious time, we might wonder what it would look like for us to let the Other through the tough skin of our fear and anxiety, to offer hospitality to the stranger who is even more at risk than ourselves, to open a door to One who is both troubling and in trouble, and to receive our own

bread from the stranger's hands and recognize both the stranger and the bread for the first time. What sudden companion might turn out to be the fulcrum God uses to lift us out of our lonely anxiety into our true and holy purpose?

Will we be ready to welcome that trouble? Will we offer hospitality to the stranger God sends us to welcome us home? Will we remember God who comes to us, not just by the words and witness (however compelling) of others, and not simply by attentiveness to ancient texts, but in that sudden moment where words and witness, ancient texts and hospitality stir us to stand open to the Gift?

This Easter season, will our hearts burn within us as we journey with the stranger, will our eyes be opened, for that life-changing instant, to the powerful new thing God's love has done, is doing, will do? Will we dare to believe that there is purpose for us as a community of disciples in this sad and anxious time, this bewildered and bewildering Jerusalem that so hungers for good news and holy hope?



Michael Thompson

Tending to your financial garden

JIM NEWMAN
DIRECTOR OF STEWARDSHIP & FINANCIAL DEVELOPMENT

Would parishioners want to leave a planned gift to a parish that didn't have a carefully thought out plan for mission and ministry? That was the first question posed by the Venerable John M. Robertson, National Gift Planning Officer for the Anglican Church of Canada, as he led a lively and stimulating Gift Planning Workshop on Saturday March 4 at St. Matthew on-the-Plains Anglican Church in Burlington.

Thirty attendees representing 20 parishes and every region of Niagara listened intently as Archdeacon Robertson give a comprehensive and timely Christian perspective on wills and estate planning. There was plenty of technical content, but the emphasis was about what clergy and lay leaders need to know about gift planning and how it can make a significant difference in parish ministry.

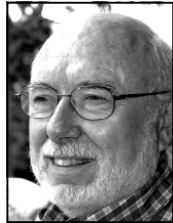
John has been in his current role for 12 years, and he clearly loves his work. He is a consummate storyteller, and he's blessed with the ability to integrate 29 years of service as a parish priest with a formal background in economics and a deep understanding of stewardship. He is extremely well versed in all aspects of gift planning, and his workshop was filled with personal anecdotes that moved and amused us.

Planned giving's importance

Gift planning is a ministry, a priority, a privilege, a sacred trust, and of vital importance.

That's John's comprehensive description of gift planning. It's about making provi-

sion to share back those things that God has loaned us in a spirit of trusteeship. Planned gifts are generally funded from accumulated resources or assets, rather than income. John is remarkably straightforward. "God" he says, "has given us so much - what should be our response? To be generous too! We can make a change in someone else's life - it's the only way we can respond to God's generosity! We love our neighbour by helping, by gifts, with our friendship and our presence, by being open and listening, and by sharing our time and resources, abilities, talents, and financial resources."



Jim Newman

Why should I have a will?

More and more Anglicans are giving thoughtful attention to their stewardship of accumulated assets, and ensuring that they have valid wills. They are planning responsibly for the security and well-being of their families as well as the support of those institutions and causes which have been important to them.

But statistics show that 60% of Canadians do not have a valid will, and John questioned whether they are being responsible or faithful as trustees. The problem is, if you die without a will, you have died 'intestate'. That means your property must go through the probate process in order to have the legal title to the property transferred to your heirs. Since applicable provincial statutes define your heirs, the law of the province where you live controls the distribution of your personal property. Would that be your preference? Not likely, and it could be expensive too! Your parish or diocesan gift planning staff

can help you find the language you need in your will to ensure that your bequest goes exactly where you intended it.

What will you do with my gift?

That's a question that universities, hospitals, and other charitable organizations (there are more than 80,000 of them in Canada) are careful to answer, and to answer well. They know that without a carefully thought out plan, it's difficult to raise support for health care, education, and other worthy causes.

Likewise without a carefully thought-out parish plan for mission and ministry there may not be much merit for a parish to be talking about planned gifts either! John made that point abundantly clear through several stories of parishes that were not clear about their plans, or prepared to answer the question: "What will you do with my gift?"

Gift planning for parishes

Every parish needs to consider and regularly reconsider these questions:

- What is God calling you to do in your community?
- What is God calling you to become in the next decade?
- What are your plans for ministering to people outside your immediate parish walls? Your responses should be documented and published, preferably in the form of a parish plan, or at the very least outlined in your narrative budget. And they should be widely distributed and accessible - John believes we're much too quiet and reluctant to talk about the funds that support all the wonderful ministries that are carried out every day in our parishes. And certainly it's important to be talking from a point of biblical literacy. Our clergy can help us with that. We should

be consulting with parish leaders to develop consensus on the needs of the community, and doing what we do best.

Making a planned gift

While noting that the most common form of gift is through a bequest, John emphasized the importance of planned gifts by the living. He outlined several examples that brought much joy and satisfaction to the heart of the giver when they saw the realization of a particular vision.

A planned gift can take many forms. It might be a bequest, a gift of life insurance, a gift annuity, a gift of listed securities, or another vehicle such as a stripped bond. Whatever the gift, it should be prayerfully and carefully considered in consultation with your family.

It's very important to discuss the tax and investment considerations with your financial advisor and your lawyer. They can help you construct charitable plans that can be the perennials in your financial garden, and recommend how to prune your investments for better yields!

Want to know more?

For more information about gift planning possibilities at your parish speak to your Rector or Parish Planned Giving Coordinator. Or you can contact Bob McKinnell, Diocesan Treasurer, or Jim Newman, Director of Stewardship and Financial Development at the Diocesan Resource Centre 905 527-1316. They work in close partnership with parishes and church institutions in offering gift planning resources, educational events and seminars, consultations and a wide variety of opportunities for making gifts - all for the purpose of ensuring the continuation and growth of vitally important ministries, and encouraging Anglicans to be generous and faithful stewards of all God's gifts.

A person who undertakes to grow a garden at home, by practices that will preserve rather than exploit the economy of the soil, has his mind precisely against what is wrong with us... What I am saying is that if we apply our minds directly and competently to the needs of the earth, then we will have begun to make fundamental and necessary changes in our minds. We will begin to understand and to mistrust and to change our wasteful economy, which markets not just the produce of the earth, but also the earth's ability to produce.

Wendell Berry, 1970

As it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever

Michael is a retired family physician who makes his home in Guelph and is a member of St. George's, Lowville.

MICHAEL BURSLEM

The Anglican Church may indeed be in crisis, and the last Anglican in Canada, as Paul Tinker asserts, may turn the lights out in 2061, but this doesn't fill me with despair, for I'm sure the Lord has something greater for us. I like to look to Canterbury for leadership, for that is where my roots are, my grandfather having been precentor in the cathedral and rector of St. George's, the church with only the tower standing. Bishop Ralph would like to be known as 'the funny bishop,' which he is, but too few have the gift of humour. Archbishop Carey had a diocesan jester, Martin Burrell, a former Roman Catholic priest, who in 1997 was curate of my mother's parish church, St. Mary Bredin.

To commemorate the 1400th anniversary of Augustine's arrival in Canterbury a group of us walked with the Archbishop, and Martin dressed as a jester and playing a pipe, from St. Martin's Church, which pre-existed Augustine's arrival, to the cathedral, passing the house in the precincts, No 6, where my mother was born 97 years ago. To my utter astonishment the great west doors were wide open, normally only opened for enthronements

or royal visits, and we entered to another surprise. All the chairs in the nave had been removed and the cathedral was packed with people from all around the diocese, standing room only. During the service Martin took us back 1400 years and gave a hilarious report of Gus' journey from Rome, how he almost gave up and wanted to return to Gregory to tell him he wasn't his man to evangelize England. This was followed by a powerful message from the archbishop on the living church today.

Change in the church is encouraging

There is certainly a need to change the course on which we are now going. Marion Vincent describes some unconventional methods of evangelism in England. I'm encouraged by seeing changes throughout the church, especially in Canterbury. One recent precentor in the cathedral said that they have a different tradition each year. Alan Hayes laments the building of so many Gothic churches in Canada before the 1960s. St. Mary Bredin's had a solution for that. They too have a gothic style, though built after the war. A year ago the congregation moved 90 degrees to face the north wall, seated in semi circles around altar and lectern - the music team to one side, similar to St. Thomas'. The service and hymns are projected onto the wall, with very modern equipment so that the effect is very professional, nothing shoddy. The

problem with sitting in a gothic nave is that one sees only the backs of heads. Sitting in semicircles, one sees many faces with whom to engage. Pews are definitely out. Chairs can be more easily moved around, or out all together, for different occasions.

At St. Mary's the choir stalls and organ have all been removed, and replaced with chairs facing the altar. The chancel is used only for the 8 am traditional communion for my mother's generation. The other services at 9:30, 11:15 am and 6 pm, are more informal, and there is even a service for children once a month called Phiz. They are frequented by students of the University of Kent during term time, and all services are then packed to the doors, perhaps less during vacations.

Restoring change will only cause the last light to be turned out

Few congregations in Canada would have the courage to remove choir stalls and organ. An organ is necessary for cathedral worship, but is too costly to upkeep for many ordinary parishes, and may even put people off, those whom we may wish to invite, unfamiliar with Anglican worship. We love to sing, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," and are determined to keep it that way at all cost, but, if we do, we shall indeed certainly be turning out the last light by 2061.

OUTREACH

Stories of Martyrs from El Salvador



Rufina, Maritza Amaya, and two of our guides, Alvaro and Serafin.

LUCY REID AND KATE HOWELLS

Over the March break a group of thirteen high school students and five leaders from United and Anglican churches in the Kitchener-Guelph area spent ten days in El Salvador on a travel seminar organized by the Center for Global Education, Minneapolis. We were fortunate enough to be part of that group, with the help of sponsorship from the diocesan Outreach Committee.

We were there to learn

The mission of the Center for Global Education is: "To provide cross-cultural educational opportunities in order to foster critical analysis of local and global conditions so that personal and systemic change

takes place leading to a more just and sustainable world."

So our trip wasn't a missionary one, or even a service one, where we were building or volunteering. Instead we were there simply to learn, and then to reflect on what we learned and integrate new understanding into our lives. And the experience certainly gave us much to reflect on.

The guidebook we consulted told us that El Salvador was renowned for its brutal civil war in the 1980s, its liberation theology, its coffee and its surfing. It didn't mention the beauty and brokenness of the country. It couldn't have prepared us for the intensity of ten days with the people of El Salvador.

We stayed in the poorest, most violent area

Rosa, one of our guides, told us, "Look at people's faces. Listen to their stories. Don't feel guilty about what you have that we don't. Just be with us and learn. Then go home and tell our stories." So we looked and listened, sometimes hearing things we wished weren't true, often moved by the stories that were shared with us. In San Salvador, the capital city, we met with Salvadoran youth leaders, community workers, politicians, environmental activists, AIDS counsellors, educators, and kids. We went in twos to stay overnight in the homes of Salvadoran youth in the poorest, most violent part of the city. We witnessed the local elections - part fiesta, part battle - and joined a crowd in the central plaza singing and cheering as the results came in.

Oscar Romero gave his life

One day we visited the site of the assassination of Archbishop Oscar Romero. He was made archbishop of San Salvador in 1977, and began to preach against the injustices that impoverished so many of his country's people. He received death threats for this, and on April 2, 1980, as he was celebrating the Eucharist with a small community of nuns, he was killed with a single bullet fired from just outside the church. Today, on the wall behind the altar where he was standing, the following words make it clear that Romero is seen as Christ-like in his willingness to risk his life for the poor: "At this altar Monsignor Oscar Romero gave his life for his people."

Shortly after his assassination the civil war erupted, and many thousands of Salvadorans were killed in the struggle.

The infamous death squads of the government, trained in the US and supplied by them, terrorized the population and killed any who were active on behalf of the poor, on the grounds that they were com-

munist and terrorists. This was during a time when many such 'dirty' civil wars were ripping Central America apart. Rosa told us about her father, a human rights lawyer, who was imprisoned by the government for his work. He survived prison, but one day, while he was walking to meet her from school, in her sight he was gunned down by a death squad. Rosa was ten years old.

Memorial for six slain Jesuits

On another occasion we visited a tiny rose garden on a university campus, a memorial to six Jesuit priests who taught there, who were murdered by a death squad in 1989, on government orders. The priests' Salvadoran housekeeper and her daughter were also killed. The Jesuits' 'crime' was advocating for the poor - preaching the gospel of Jesus, of good news for the oppressed and liberation for the downtrodden. The atrocity of their assassination drew so much condemnation from around the world that, finally, peace talks began and the civil war drew to an end. More than 75,000 people had been killed by then.

After six days in San Salvador, we made the long bus trip to Morazan, the region in the mountains of El Salvador where the guerrilla soldiers had kept a stronghold during the revolution. We were surrounded by breathtaking views, smiling faces and terrible stories.

Every last person in the village was killed

We learned about El Mozote, a small village where 1200 people were massacred in 1981, not because of their beliefs or their teachings, not because they were a threat to the government, but simply because they were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Inhabitants of the rural areas had been supporting the guerrillas, providing some food and shelter, and the government decided that it needed to scare them out of

continuing this aid. The military warned the people living in and around El Mozote that there would soon be military activity around the area, and that the safest place to be was in the town. People from all around gathered, and a thousand soldiers proceeded to round them up, separate the men, women and children, and kill them all. They wanted to make an example for the rest of the population. Every last person in the village was killed, all except one woman, Rufina Amaya, who managed to escape by pure luck, determination and courage. We had the amazing experience of meeting her, and hearing her story. She showed us the town, which had been burned and blown up after the soldiers had buried the people in mass graves. She told us of how nobody had been allowed to go looking for bodies in El Mozote until years after the crime, and how even now, the government of El Salvador denies the events she witnessed.

The people gave us so much

We couldn't help being incredibly moved by her story, especially when she told us of her four children who were all taken from her and murdered, but there was a wonderfully hopeful story that accompanied the horrors she had been through. After escaping and finding help for herself, Rufina went to a refugee camp in Honduras, and there, five years later, she had another daughter, Maritza, who is 20 years old now. Maritza has been accepted to medical school and plans to be a doctor for the people in her town, which has slowly become re-inhabited over the years. Our group met Maritza and made the decision that we would raise the money she needed to get through university, our one contribution to the people who had given us so much over the ten days.

After a final night on the beach in La Paz, our group left El Salvador, although not a single one of us returned to Canada without leaving a part of ourselves there.

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Partnering with funders for your outreach projects

KAREN NOWICKI
OUTREACH

Last November the Diocesan Resource Centre asked Synod delegates to complete a survey; this survey was also made available online. We suggested some topics for workshops which might be made available to you.

Among the responses we received to this question, the most popular request was for a workshop on funding opportunities for Outreach. We heard you!

An outside funding opportunities workshop is being held at St. John's Anglican Church, 272 Wilson St. East, Ancaster, on Saturday, May 13th from 9:00 am to noon (registration and coffee

at 8:30 am). There will be something offered for everyone.

Here's the opportunity you've been waiting for. Individuals and parish outreach teams will have the chance to learn how to find ways to know your community, identify the unmet needs in your area, find out how to network, discover how to access community funds, and make your parish's outreach more effective. Get answers to your specific questions.

Please pre-register by Monday, May 8th to Karen Nowicki: 905 527-1316 (ext. 380) or karen.nowicki@niagara.anglican.ca.

Come alone, bring a friend, or bring a team. Sponsored by the Diocesan Division of Outreach.



Mary and Martha Nearest God's heart in a garden

ANNETTE HARRIS
ANGELICAN FELLOWSHIP OF PRAYER

"Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to Him and said, 'Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me.' Jesus answered and said unto her, 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her'" (Luke 10: 40-42).

How well the lesson was given, what insight and value spoken there by our Lord. We encumber ourselves and carry burdens as if they are of great moment and value, our treasures even. Jesus tells us plainly not to put value on fleeting pleasures, "Lay not treasures for yourselves upon the earth, but rather look to your Father in heaven, for treasures that are everlasting."

No time to pray?

Mary had taken that advice literally, had chosen to sit at the feet of Jesus whilst the opportunity was there. How many of us do likewise today? There is no time we say, for a bible study or prayer group. Maybe not even time to pray, for others, for ourselves, for the world. No time even to listen to what our Lord Himself has called us, to wait, to listen, to be by ourselves in a quiet place, and there to spend time with our Holy God. To communicate, to be open to what He needs to tell us. It is His time, He will choose, if we are waiting for Him and are open to the still small voice of God, if we are ready... if it really matters to us... The world, the nations of our world, including our own, our town's, our schools, our families and friends, church families are all in need of prayer.

Great need in many places of our beautiful, broken, amazing world.

Our Holy Father has spared us nothing in resources, for shelter, food, clothing, dear one's, warmth, every sort of comfort. He has been prodigal indeed for everything needed in this temporal world. Then also He has spared us nothing in the spiritual world also! Every provision has been made there too. His Son our Saviour came to tell us so, and if by any chance we missed that, His ever-



Annette Harris

lasting message was clearly seen and witnessed at Calvary. If that was not enough, Pentecost came with the riches of grace bestowed by the Holy Spirit of God. "It was as if tongues of fire descended."

Allowing the Lord to minister to us

We have been gifted time after time. What might our answer be to such a choice? Give our time to useful everyday 'musts', or can we let ourselves sit and listen and wait and regard what our Holy God is saying to us. The lessons are huge and not meant to be taken lightly.

The Sermon on the Mount is a prime example. The crowds that listened heard the words of our Lord at first hand. What will we miss if we do not allow our Lord to minister to us? If our minds and hands are constantly busy, with no need of guidance and direction, how will the word of God find access? A quiet place, a time apart from the rush of life is a must, a necessity even.

Jesus reminds us through that simple Gospel message; "Martha was cumbered about with much serving, whilst her sister took the opportunity to listen to our Lord." The choice is ours, time is given to be used wisely, and direction is given if we ask for it. Amen.



Outside the Community Centre at Santa Maria, children wait for food. Adults, Bill (back), Angelica (left), Traute Bodien (centre) and Susan (right) pose while Maruja plays in the background.

STUART PIKE
RECTOR, ST. ANDREW'S, GRIMSBY

My mother gave us a beautiful wrought iron sign which we have in our front flower bed which says, "The Kiss of the sun for pardon, the song of the bird for mirth, one is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth."

One of the enchantments of living in the Parish of San Alberto in Peñarol was the garden which was enclosed within the parish walls. In it were fruit trees: fig, lemon and orange trees and the aromatic Linden whose leaves,

used for tea, had to be picked just as the blossom opened. It seemed that anything would grow there as long as there was water. Pepe, the priest with whom I stayed, said that if you stuck your cane into the ground and came back in a month, it would have sprouted leaves. There was a herb garden and a chicken coop with three hens which provided us with eggs. The hens were jealously guarded by Tiana, the dog. I remember climbing the Linden and spending over an hour there picking those leaves amidst a cloud of bees who were intoxicated on the fragrance of the nectar. "They won't sting," said Pepe, "because they are drunk." It was at this point, about a month into my sojourn in Uruguay that I remember realizing, in that garden, that I didn't really want to go home. It had something to do with the simplicity of life there. I had few possessions. There was no car, no T.V., nothing electronic. My head seemed clearer there without the distractions of a normal North American lifestyle.

The children knew nothing about gardens

A few kilometres to the east, in the Cantegril (slums) there were no gardens. It was here, in Barrio Borro, that the German Lutheran deaconess, Traute Bodien lived, in a large, run-down house for orphaned girls. I particularly remember one girl around six years old whose name was Maruja. She seemed to need almost constant human contact and would go from one of us to another, climbing on us and hugging us. These children

knew nothing about gardens but they would soon learn because Traute had decided that a garden would not only provide food, it would also build community.

A plot of land was decided upon, in front of an orphanage for boys.

This orphanage was run by a Roman Catholic Priest, Padre Cacho, who had dedicated his life to serving the poorest of Uruguayans and living amongst them. The land was choked with garbage and weeds and it had to be cleared first. I spent many hours with other volunteers working the

ground to get it soft enough to start planting. "La Huerta" we called it, which means orchard or vegetable garden. Thankfully, Traute knew what she was doing because I certainly didn't. The seeds were donated by some parishes in the city. Whenever we worked there would be a flurry of small children playing beside us as we worked. No matter their poverty, these children laughed and played and made their own toys with the garbage strewn around.

We carried water one bucket at a time

After a couple of weeks' work we had rows of furrows all planted and labelled: carrots, squash, beans, even corn, and plenty of other vegetables which I had never heard of before. Now some of the heaviest work was to be done. La Huerta had to be watered and it was quite a distance to the nearest stand pipe. There was no hose so water had to be carried one bucket at a time. The waiting began and it seemed that many in the Cantegril became bored with the idea.

There were the everyday tasks to be done. Traute went about her daily business in the Cantegril: visiting mostly women and children in their tiny mud-floor huts; helping to organize community development. One of the women of Barrio Borro called Angelica, who had seven children of her own to feed, helped Traute in her work. Another great community-builder was the community centres through which many people were fed every day. When they gathered together, the food they had stretched to feed

more people. Every morning children would gather to get a glass of milk from the community centre. Children were taught in these centres during the day and community meetings happened in the evening. Food was shared. These centres were so important that there were plans to build more. Most Wednesdays Bill and I would help in the construction. Susan would help in a nursery program at another community centre called Santa Maria.

God was working the miracle of growth

After a few weeks and what seemed like tons of watering the people of Barrio Borro became more excited by la Huerta. It was becoming green. God was working the miracle of growth in this garden. The small children were amazed. They hadn't seen anything growing in such an organized way. More and more people wanted to help with the watering and the weeding. They could see for themselves that this project really was going to pay off.

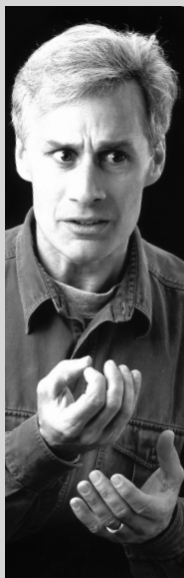
The sight of that rag-tag group of children who seemed to be ever present in the Cantegril will stay with me forever. I remember one scene in particular. As usual there were plumes of smoke rising from several piles of burning garbage scattered throughout the barrios. Picking his way through the garbage and over a stream of filthy water which ran down the street was a young boy who was carrying his younger sister who had no shoes and whose feet were cut and festering. In that instant I recognized Christ as an eight year-old boy.

An exciting feast

The day finally arrived when Traute decided we could harvest the first of the vegetables. These first ones which were ready were a kind of round edible gourd called Sapatos. In the community centre at Santa Maria the meal was prepared: rice and garbanzo beans and Sapatos with some herbs. Dozens of people waited eagerly; men, women and the ever-present children. What an exciting feast it was. And there was young Maruja and her crew of giggling friends so excited to be a part of it all. Yes, I thought, this is the way it should be. A garden had come to the Cantegril and, yes, one is nearest God's heart there.

Bruce Kuhn presents:

The Gospel of Luke



Performances:

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

Workshops:

- Public Speaking, Preaching and Storytelling
May 9, 9:30 am to 3 pm
St. Matthew's, Burlington
- Dramatic Reading, Public Speaking and Communications
May 13, 10:00 am to 2 pm
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 are also available through Ruth Anne Martin at the Diocesan Resource Centre ruthanne.martin@niag-ara.anglican.ca or 905 527-1316 (ext. 200)

Making a difference in our world

PETER SWIRE, O.N.

Every Saturday morning without fail I sit down with a cup of coffee and read the Hamilton Spectator. On the last Saturday in Lent, there was a marvellous Good News story! A front page story! And it was an Anglican story! In the age of where professing a faith almost makes you a social outcast we see where Anglicans do make a difference outside of our aging stained glass adorned structures.



Peter Swire

For those who live outside of the Hamilton area or for those who missed the article, it was a marvellous story of how our Cathedral addressed the needs of hungry school children by offering a breakfast program. This well written article complete with two photographs tells a story of how the clergy, lay leadership, volunteers, local schools and concerned citizens banded together to deal with a pressing issue.

It can be said that the measure of a great civilization is not tallied by its tons of hoarded gold or the number of soldiers it has amassed in battle but by how it deals with the less fortunate in their domains. Perhaps the Gospel says it more clearly "whatsoever you do for the least of my children you do it for me." Clearly our Cathedral like many of our parishes is doing just that. On this particular Saturday, over one hundred thousand persons read how as Anglicans we made some difference.

For me, it begs the question of what other parishes do? Parish leaders can tell you of the rooms that are provided gratis or for a nominal sum for other charitable bod-

ies yet we do not know how many people are affected by our actions. Do we know how many homeless are sheltered on a cold winter's night in our churches or the tons of food we collect and deliver to St. Matthew's House and other food banks? It never seems to make it in the Vestry reports. Do we know how many people avail themselves of a quite respite for Moms and Tots or meeting places for those struggling with addictions?

By extension, what does the person sitting next to you in the pew do outside of the hour on Sunday morning to live out Christ's words? How many of our parishioners live out part of our mission by teaching a child to read or play T-ball for that matter? How many take meals to shut-ins or drive people totally unconnected with the church for their cancer treatments? How much time is spent volunteering on civic boards or in hospitals? How many spend their non Sunday time helping out at a local museum or the Botanical Gardens?

Perhaps this may be a good time as any to do an inventory of how Anglicans reach out to the world especially to those who may never darken our doors. It would not surprise me in the slightest if Anglicans in Niagara volunteer over one million hours per year to activities other than our church. Imagine the amazement to ourselves and the community to learn how we help the less fortunate. This is not a question of boasting or pride but rather answering the question "are we as Anglicans relevant in these times?" Yes, it may be time to let people know we are part of the community and we do make a difference!

If not ignored, nature will cultivate in the gardener a sense of well-being and peace. The gardener may find deeper meaning in life by paying attention to the parables of the garden. Nature teaches quiet lessons to the gardener who chooses to live within the paradigm of the garden.

Norman H. Hansen, The Worth of Gardening

A wonderful visit to Cuba



Jesus Menendez Larrondo School got much needed school supplies from three Stoney Creek parishes.

BEV GROOMBRIDGE
CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, STONEY CREEK

In March, Neil and Bev Groombridge, parishioners at the Church of our Saviour, Stoney Creek traveled to Santiago de Cuba with two suitcases full of medicine, toiletries, clothing and small gifts. The congregations of the Church of the Redeemer and St. John's Winona joined with the congregation of Our Saviour to collect the much needed items for the trip. This was the first initiative of the newly formed joint Outreach Committee for the three churches.

In the past we have stayed at the other end of the island not too far from our partner parish of Crito Rey, but this time we traveled with friends to a small resort in the mountains two hours south of Santiago de Cuba. It was lovely and a special bonus for us was that we were able to walk down the side of the mountain to the small village

of Chevrico. Here we mingled with the people and spent a good deal of time watching the locals play the nations favourite sport, baseball! The game goes on all day and there is always much excitement!

We learned from the staff at the resort where we were staying of a small school in much need of school supplies and so we traveled by horse and cart to the school. We were happy to be able to take them some of the pencils, crayons, erasers and rulers that we had brought with us. We learned that there are 82 children attending the school kindergarten through grade six. The children all wear school uniforms. Half of the children attend in the morning and the other half in the afternoon.

The Ven. Ulises Aguero, rector of the parishes of Santa Maria and San Lucas in Santiago de Cuba and Noel Rodriguez Santos a lay reader in one of the parishes came to pick

up the suitcases. The following week we rented a vehicle and visited the parish of Santa Maria. We received a warm welcome from members of the congregation who were busy painting the hall and were show around the church.

When we arrived at the airport to return to Canada the Ven. Ulises Aguero, Noel, a couple of parishioners that we had met at Santa Maria and a seminarian who had attended our General Synod came to say goodbye.

It is always wonderful to visit Cuba! The warmth of the sun and beauty of the country combined with the warmth and friendliness of the Cuban people makes Cuba a very special place to us. If you are planning a trip we strongly urge you to consider Cuba and please consider taking an extra suitcase or two full of medicines etc. If you have room - pack a baseball or two!

INTEGRITY

Canada/Niagara

Email: integrity@niagara.anglican.ca Web: www.integritycanada.org

A non-profit organisation for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender Anglicans and Friends.

Meetings are held regularly to support and strengthen the faith of LGBT Anglicans, Friends and Supporters through sharing and the celebration of the Eucharist.

Tues. April 25, 2006. 7.30pm.
Niagara Room, Christ's Church Cathedral,
252 James St N., Hamilton.
Ph: 905 527-1316 X250

Tues. May 23, 2006. 7.30pm.
St James' Anglican Church,
137 Melville St., Dundas, ON.
Ph: 905 627-1424

Guest Speaker:

Deirdre Pike

Guest Speaker:

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Ann Tottenham,
Retired Suffragan Bishop of Toronto.
Assistant Bishop in Niagara.

A sincere friendly welcome is extended to all LGBT Anglicans, Friends and Supporters.

Soul Food for Mothers and Grandmothers



Sharing stories of strengths and struggles; participants of the Soul Food for Mothers retreat.

Helen Battler is the mother of Meagan (4) and Aaron (2). She is a Spiritual Care Specialist, formerly working as a chaplain at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, until recently when she ended her work to have more time with her children and offer workshops and retreats part-time. Soul Food for Mothers and Grandmothers workshops are available for any church or group and Helen also creates tailored experiential retreats and workshops on request. You can reach Helen at battlers@sympatico.ca

HELEN BATTLER

Up to my arms in dishes and diapers one day, after the birth of my second child, it hit me. I can't do this! This job is absolutely not for me, why did I ever think of signing up for motherhood? I have yet to meet a mother who hasn't hit this moment at some point. I have glimpsed with terrifying clarity an understanding of the mothers who feel they need to end it all by harming their children or themselves. I have laughed as I've cried swapping 'sleep deprivation' stories with fellow mothers, having lived four years of broken nights. Yet my gut tells me, as do all the mothers and grandmothers I meet, that I won't regret this decision, that mothering is the most rewarding thing they've ever done. In my moment of clarity at the sink,



Helen Battler

I realized that the real truth was, I could not do it alone. No one can do the work of rigorous work of mothering without support.

I didn't believe I was doing a good job as a mother

In my work as a hospital Spiritual Care Specialist I was given training, theory and practise, supervision, group sessions, colleagues, feedback, debriefing after traumatic events and a salary. Becoming a mother was ridiculously casual by comparison! Yet here I was with two children, two lives that I was responsible for feeding and nurturing physically, spiritually and emotionally with absolutely no clue or way of measuring whether I was doing a good job or not. Most of the time, I erred on feeling I wasn't! I was also caught off guard by how

the experience impacted my spiritual journey. Suddenly I felt connected to mystery and the sacred in ways inconceivable before my births, whilst at the same time feeling plunged into the shadows of my own psyche in the most humbling ways. My images of the Holy Mystery changed as I plunged into the world of body, blood and mess through birth and breastfeeding. In becoming a mother I was confronting myself, my life story and my deepest core as never in my life before. My spirituality underwent a profound shift and transformation. I recognized the symptoms of a rigorous spiritual practise within the experience of mothering: discipline - the countless repetitions of breastfeeding, diaper changes, dishes, feeding, washing; encounters with the holy that brought me to tears right in the midst of the most mundane moments by staring into the eyes of this miracle my body had created; profound self-doubt and dark nights of my soul

as a faced feelings of failure and regret in excruciating ways; and the core spiritual practise of surrender and letting go from the very moment of conception.

I was able to name my need

Having lived in L'Arche, a spiritual community centred on those living with physical and mental disabilities I had experienced this type of spiritual path before, one that had confronted me in challenging and life transforming ways with my own 'disabilities' and the challenges of living the spirituality of creating home with others. Yet in L'Arche, there were weekly 'accompaniment sessions' with someone who had lived it longer than oneself. Weekly group sessions with peers and a long term community member to talk about 'what are we living' and how it was impacting our spiritual journeys. In mothering, I recognized the same intense soul challenging journey. Yet I was bereft without the support, and especially without the language and theology that L'Arche has evolved over time through leaders such as Jean Vanier and Henri Nouwen who have so skilfully named the sacredness of the body and creating home together. As I reflected on these differences I was able to name my need. I needed to engage with the intense challenges of mothering with same 'containers' that L'Arche provides its community members. I needed theological language that described my experience as a mother. I needed theological images of the Divine that nourished me as a mother. I needed companions on the journey to break open the bread of our experience and share about its emotional and spiritual impact on my life as a woman and I deeply needed the support to name the transformative potential of my griefs, shadows and struggles. I realized how profoundly the grandmothers are needed by mothers. We need them to share their hard won wisdom, we need the grandmothers who have been there, done that and survived! We need their healing support because, having been through it, they can accept and embrace mothers through the valleys and peaks of the spiritual rigours of mothering.

Soul Food for Mothers and Grandmothers came to me out of my own struggles and desire. I formed the first group for a 6 week journey in my home town. It met a thirst that I discovered was not mine alone. Since then the workshop has gathered its own life and energy.

We claimed our strengths

On March 4, 2006 at Trinity Church in Aurora, twenty women, mothers and grandmothers, gathered at a Soul Food for Mothers day workshop. It was a most powerful experience as we named our struggles, losses, wisdom, vulnerabilities and strengths. I was deeply struck by the spiritual wealth and richness of every woman and how nourishing it was to share our experience and wisdom with one another. We broke open our experience and discovered profound theology right there within the pain and exhilaration of our work. We broke open our regrets and discovered healing within the circle of mothers and grandmothers who have lived through their own darkness. We claimed our strengths as mothers and discovered we each have unique strengths and we do not need to try to encompass all the strengths but rather celebrate our own uniqueness as mothers. We created an 'icon' of our personal wisdom gleaned from the day to take home and remind of our day's work together.

I am deeply grateful to all the women who have so far participated in Soul Food for Mothers and Grandmothers workshops. It has certainly confirmed my suspicion that we are very hungry for soul food that provides a 'safe container' to focus on the spiritual rigours of mothering and grandmothers. It confirmed that we can find what we need deep within our experience, where the encounter with the sacred lies waiting. It has also confirmed my hope that when we intentionally come together as mothers and grandmothers there is a wealth of wisdom and richness to provide one another with the nourishment we deeply need to keep living the journey with courage, strength, beauty and wisdom.

Thanks to all of the participants at Trinity Church for the 'soul food' we shared!

Soul Food for Mothers and Grandmothers Retreat Day



Saturday June 17, 2006
10 am to 4 pm
St. James, Dundas
137 Melville St.

Saturday September 23, 2006
10 am to 4 pm
Church of the Transfiguration
St. Catharines
320 Glenridge Ave.

A great gift for
Mother's Day!

Mothering and grandmothers - a challenging spiritual path. Join others in a retreat weaving reflection, art, dialogue, meditation and laughter. Experience the powerful circle of mother-wisdom and replenish your spiritual energy. Facilitated by Helen Battler, Spiritual Care Specialist. Cost: \$65 for waged \$55 for unwaged/seniors. Lunch provided. Space limited - register by calling Jane Stewart at 905 527-1316 (ext. 420) by June 12 for June 17, and Sept. 15 for Sept. 23. Cheques payable to "Diocese of Niagara." Confirmation with payment.

Calling all Anglicans

Across Canada,
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We're calling on you to support the
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YOUNG & PROPHETIC

Celebrating 60 years of youth ministry

KATHY MORGAN
CHRIST CHURCH, WOODBURN

I have a confession to make. One of the celebrations I enjoy most during the church year isn't one of the more obvious ones, like Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving or Pentecost. It's Youth Ministry Sunday.

Over the years at Christ Church in Woodburn, it has evolved from a simple recognition of the young people in our midst during a regular Sunday service to the festivities we now enjoy. We use the worship materials the Diocesan Youth Ministry Committee gathers together and give ourselves the gift of experiencing other ways of praying and worshipping our Creator.

On Youth Ministry Sunday, we make a special effort to recognize and honour the ways our young people contribute to our parish life. It also allows us the opportunity to receive the gift of their creativity as they have, over the years, written skits to explain the Sunday scripture, performed with puppets, introduced us to new music and explored with us the depth and meaning in all kinds of different styles of music, led us in beautifully crafted prayers for the community and last year, introduced the congregation to the "spontaneous melodrama."

Every year they also teach us something very important. They show, by their example, how to risk. They put their heart and soul,

their faith and their understanding of God in front of us in ways that are meaningful to them; even knowing that not everyone sitting in front of them will understand or agree. They also give us permission not to take ourselves quite so seriously; help us see that we can celebrate our faith, share our story, pray, honour God and laugh at the same time.

This year we look in three directions as we celebrate Youth Ministry Sunday. We look back and note 60 years of diocesan youth ministry; sixty years of celebrating and nurturing the faith of our young people.

We note the present and the impact our young people have today in our parishes, our communities and our diocese. In walking with them as they learn more about who God is creating them to be and in how they will use their strengths and talents to change and influence the world they live in, we are challenged and transformed on our own faith journeys.

And we look to the future with confidence. Our youth are a wonderful part of our church today and I cannot wait to see what they do with it in the future. To access the Youth Ministry Sunday resources, go to www.zipsqueal.com and click on Youth Ministry Sunday under Programs. Parishes will also have received a package in the parish mailing.



One rotation was the Smartie game with leader Brenda Chatterton (St. George's, St. Catharines).

Lincoln Youth Fest kick-off

AMANDA MARTINEN
ST. THOMAS, ST. CATHARINES

I sit here trying desperately to write this article before deadline and find that I have deleted every screen I have started. Why is it that I just can't seem to write about this event? It isn't as though there is nothing to write about, on the contrary, the first Lincoln Youth Fest of 2006 was a 'roaring' success. I guess the problem is that you just weren't there and so explaining to you the phenomenal time that we had makes me feel terrible that you missed out on it! As well, where would I begin? Should I start at the beginning and tell you about a gathering of about 20 excited grade 5 to 8 students, from churches all over the region, exchanging more than just names and quirky facts about themselves but also the delicious jelly beans that haunted me for days as they sat here in my of-

rice testing my willpower? It was so exciting to see youth creating such a welcoming environment, no one was left out!

Speaking of willpower and food, I could tell you about the pizza dinner, but pizza and youth go hand in hand and need little expounding upon. So maybe I should start by jumping right to the main event:

A Night in Narnia was night of challenges involving trust, teamwork and a load of fun and energy! A night of jumping from ice-flows before they disappear and walking through the hall of deadly mouse traps! Now that was a good one, did anyone take the bare foot challenge? I don't know if anyone wanted to risk it! My personal favourite would be the Smartie game. It was a nice, physically safe activity where youth really had a chance to get to know each other, sharing fun facts and stories, and of course,

Smarties. But the game did more than give us our chocolate fix for the evening; it made sure that none of us left without feeling we were a part of something cool.

Well, maybe I should start at the end and tell you about the door prize, the worship time and the singing. It's pretty cool when youth come from different cities, schools and churches and can find so much in common with each other. Maybe that's what made Lincoln Youth Fest so awesome, that it was cool, fun, active and you left feeling connected with others you had only just met.

Well now that I am ready to write I guess I haven't anything else to say, except that I hope to see you at the next Lincoln Youth Fest. St. George's is our host, hotdogs is our dinner, putting is our challenge, April 21st is our date and 5:45 the time. See you there!

Alternative youth service debuts

MAC ARMSTRONG
YOUTH SYNOD COUNCIL MEMBER, ST. JOHN CAYUGA

For the very first attempt at a non-church venue, the Alternative Service that had been slowly brewing over the past month or two had been, in my eyes a success. With about 50 youth in attendance, we sought to provide a service that would appeal to youth, while finding a way to still convey a message, and make everyone think. By now you're probably asking yourself, "What is this guy talking about?"

Let me start from the beginning. In August 2005, delegates from parishes all over the Niagara Diocese, once again descended upon Canterbury Hills for the infamous Niagara Youth Conference (NYC). This was the very first year I had attended this specific program, and let me tell you, it will not be my last!

At one point during the week, we were told that everyone, all the delegates, were going to need to come up with a Eucharistic service that very evening. The NYC Team left us to our own devices unaware at what was in store.

Not only were the delegates able to come up with a service, but it also became inspiration for what was yet to come.

Unveiling the new service

Fast-forward to late February, and by now I had forgotten much of what had happened in August, including the evaluation card I had filled out. This card included a box I had se-



Good friends, candles, music makes for meaningful worship at McMaster.

lected, saying something similar to: "I would be willing to help create a Youth Service, similar to the one at NYC." To my (at that moment) surprise, I was contacted and told that there was a planning meeting for a service "similar to the one at NYC."

After attending a few meetings we chose a topic, booked a location, and were assigned parts of the service to complete. We picked

a theme "the wind," and picked a location at McMaster's Gilmour Hall, mainly because we wanted a non-church environment, and to provide those, who may not attend church, the opportunity to worship with us.

On March 25th we unveiled the service we had been working on for so long, and I can honestly say that I'm sure we will have more in the future (and it sounds like Fuzzy

Peaches might possibly become a permanent substitute for the Agapé communion meal).

Message was relevant

Our special guest was Bill Mous, who gave a "super cool message, relevant to every day life, in a non preachy manner, facilitated by a non priest" on our topic of wind. While this sounds easy enough, it's much harder than one would think to come up with a relevant message for young people that was interactive and was related to the wind.

The service had a theme, and a message, but it would have been quite weird to not have music, so we made sure that that was covered too. Who better to perform at a "similar to the one at NYC" service, than the NYC band!

Free food was provided with this venue, as well. If worship doesn't bring the youth of the diocese to attend, we thought pizza certainly would!

I'm sure most who attended would agree that it was a memorable event, and if you didn't come, why not consider coming to the next service? Join us to celebrate your faith, share some food, and talk with old friends. What more could you ask for? The next service will be in late May or early June. If you're interested call Joyce Wilton at 905-527-1316 (ext. 430) or check out the diocesan youth ministry website at www.zipsqueal.com and click on program and then regional youth events. Hope to see you there!



Kristi Boulton (right) and Hannah Calderwood (left) strut their stuff at the social.

Learning about yourself

HANNAH CALDERWOOD
ST. JOHN'S, THOROLD

What is the Youth Leadership Training Program (YLTP)? It's laughing and crying, signing and dancing, hugging and eating, and learning and praising. It's having the best time of your life. It's a group of people coming together as a community and leaving the outside world behind for a few days.

As I looked back on the past three years, I realized what an impact YLTP has had on me. I remember starting out as little Year Ones; scared to be at this strange place with so many people in such a different environment. Together with our leaders, Rev. Erin Marriott and Craig Fairley, we spent that year team building, meeting Norm (a fictional character who represents our group's rules) and learning about leadership styles. Our year connected with the wider YLTP community, and everyone was sad when it was time to say goodbye.

The next March we came back as rambunctious Year Twos. We were all happy to be back, now that the awkwardness of the first year was gone, and spent our time learning about gifts. We were able to flex our leadership muscles with a morning volunteer trip to St. Matthew's House in Hamilton, and with planning a YLTP-wide worship service and a murder mystery night (where millionaire Mr Chump was murdered by the Pool Boy). This time the last day was even worse, because we had grown closer to the Year Threes (who wouldn't be back next year), and because we realized it would be our turn next year.

Before that came though, we would have to complete a service project. We did some preliminary planning during Year Two, but in October, we had a special weekend devoted to project planning. We stayed in Bothwell House, and were split into geographical groups and given guidance as we were sent off on our way. Over the course of

the next few months, each group carried out PIE (Plan, Implement, Evaluate), and created a report and a visual display.

When March arrived; for the fourth and final time as YLTPers, we arrived at Canterbury Hills. We presented our projects to the group, and celebrated our successes and learned from our hardships and mistakes together. Then we went to Marketplace, a conference gathering where we use our projects to share with the other YLTP participants what to do (or what not to do) as part of their leadership training. Our year also planned a tropical party/air band competition/dance to finish our last night as well as the final worship service. Well, almost final. We still have our commissioning service on May 28, at St. Elizabeth's, Burlington.

This last year was a lot more about reflecting than the previous years had been. One thing we became aware of was how much we had grown. We could see it in ourselves, and in the people around us. We especially thought about what leadership meant now. Certainly our views had changed from when we first came to YLTP. A member of our group, Kristi, said "Leadership is really about learning about your self," and I think she's right. Leadership isn't just about leading and following, or who does what, when, where, per say, but it's about friendship, and getting along with people, and strengthening your relationship with God, being a better person, using your gifts effectively, and finding yourself. I'm still working on it, but YLTP has brought me a lot closer. It really has changed my life. It may be the end of our YLTP but it's not the end of us because when a group of people becomes this close, you can't just forget each other. So, to borrow a verse from *Rent*, "It's time now, to sing out, 'cause the story never ends. Let's celebrate, remember (three years) in the life of friends!"

Where the students taught the leader about leadership

CRAIG FAIRLEY
YEAR 3 GROUP LEADER

"Would you consider being a YLTP (Youth Leadership Training Program) leader?" sounded like a simple enough request at the time. I said yes. Oh my, was I in for a surprise! That was nearly three years ago.

My co-leader, the Rev. Erin Marriott, and I have just completed our commitment as leaders of the Youth Leadership Training Program (YLTP). It has involved hours of planning, three March breaks with the full YLTP community and a fall weekend just with our group, chaperoning participants' sleep-over events, and countless emails. YLTP has been three years of good memories, learning and great fun. Do I regret my having said yes? Never!

What an incredible adventure it's been! I've heard those words before from my predecessors but only now that I've lived it, can I really understand what it means. Erin and I entered into YLTP to teach a group of 15 teenagers about leadership and help them discover their own gifts, only to discover in the end that these young people have taught me just as much - or more.

As I unpack my boxes from the week, I reflect back on my first March break at YLTP in 2004. I was wondering what I'd gotten myself into - as were the kids. There they were: nervous, anxious - and seeming so young. Compare that with the 15 teenagers in the group-hug after this year's closing Eucharist: confident, wiser, a bit older, and now relaxed among good friends from all across the diocese. I still get a lump in my throat when I think about that transition.

I have learned: there is incredible wisdom in young people (you just have to look for it sometimes); more about the gifts that I have to offer; that respect is mutual; and that learning has nothing to do with being

the student. I have seen courage, honesty, respect, sensitivity, commitment, creativity and a willingness to risk. That makes me proud of them all.

There were times of challenge: hard work, doubting, lack of sleep and even some tension. But, as we said to our group as they reflected on their leadership projects, there is a lot more learning going on during challenging times. With the perspective of hindsight, it now seems insignificant. To see each one of our participants and how they've grown made it all worthwhile.

I have to express my thanks to those who made it such a positive experience: to both of the Youth Ministry consultants, Joyce Wilton and Christyn Perkons for your guidance and encouragement; to the other group leaders both before and behind our year-group for your humour, insights and experience; and to Jane Stewart, diocesan Superwoman, for your behind-the-scenes work.

But I hold a special place of thanks for my leadership partner, Erin Marriott. Our styles and skills complemented each other so well. We learned that by drawing on the strengths of each other, we had a well-balanced and positive experience for our whole group. I have also made a friend through the experience. Thanks, Erin.

I finish YLTP with many special memories: our group mascot, Norm, constantly replenishing the candy bowls; memory cues for PIE (Plan, Implement, and Evaluate); the socials; feverishly adapting our schedules to keep it running smoothly; the looks of satisfaction on the participants after a job well done; the music; the laughter; the conversations; and many games of sardines. To each of the graduates of 2006: thank you for all that you taught me, it's been an amazing journey!



Jay Blackwood (Year I leader) and Craig Fairley (Year III leader on left) all decked out for the Year III social with the theme 'island fun'.

To lead or not to lead is no longer the question

VANESSA OLTON
CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, HAMILTON

My YLTP (Youth Leadership Training Program) experience was one of sheer enlightenment. To be perfectly honest, when I began my journey in 2004, I never imagined that I would meet so many wonderful people and learn so much about myself as a leader and what it takes to be a successful leader in society. During the course of YLTP, I worked closely with my year leaders, Craig and Erin to discover what my ideal leadership style is. I was also able to hear what my fellow YLTPers thought of me. To my amazement, there were many qualities that others saw in me that I never really saw in myself.

Alongside self-discovery was a lot of interaction with the other

participants. Prior to my final year, I worked with three other members of my year group to organize an event that was to display all of the skills that I learned throughout YLTP. Although there was a slight dilemma with our project, I learned many important lessons about leadership that will assist me in my future endeavours. One of the most important lessons I learned is that leadership involves making sacrifices. Despite this, being a leader also means knowing the difference between making a sacrifice and just plain giving up. I can proudly say that even during times of trouble, I never once gave up and I believe that this fact brings me one-step closer to becoming a strong leader within our diocese.

YLTP has given me a great deal

of self-confidence. There are numerous things that I never believed that I could achieve because I simply did not know how to attack them. However, now that I have completed the program, I feel that I have all of the skills necessary to attain greatness. If all else fails, at least I know how to make a darn good PIE!

Even though my time at YLTP has ended; the knowledge that I now have, and the countless memories and friendships made will surely last a lifetime. On May 28th, I will celebrate my achievement during the commissioning service at St. Elizabeth's parish in Burlington. Yet, let's just say, my leadership experience is only beginning. You have certainly not heard the last of... Susan!

Let's get our youth exploring the world

PATRICIA LUCY
RECTOR, ST. PAULS, GLANFORD

Every Sunday, as a part of our worship, we pray for our partners in the Dioceses of Keewatin, Cuba and Uruguay. Only a few Niagara parishes have visited our partners, but most of us have little, if any, connection at all with our partners. As a result, it sometimes feels as if the intercessions become just the reading of a list that is full of names we struggle to pronounce, while those in the pews wait patiently until the list is through. We've all seen organizations such as World Vision, Foster Parents and others successfully building relationships among strangers around the world and across the seas. Sponsors hear about a particular child in a particular village. They are able to exchange letters and pictures and build a relationship. This led me to wonder how we could make more of our partner re-



Patricia Lucy

lationships and turn them from reading lists of names and parishes into praying for real people from real places.

Youth trips are often life changing

It will come as no surprise to those of you with children that the best way to meet and get to know people is through your kids. If it is at the school, in the soccer league and at dance class that parents connect with one another through their kids, then what about connecting with our Partners in Missions through our youth? Many church groups, in various denominations, are taking their youth on mission or exposure trips whether it is to the hurricane affected areas or to the developing nations. These experiences are often life changing for the young people increasing their commitment to their faith and to the church. We would all be delighted to see our churches

full of young people, but youth don't want to come to church to hear about God, they want to experience God. These are bright, active and inquisitive young people who will one day become the future decision makers of our church and our country. Wouldn't it be wonderful if their church could provide an experience for them that will enrich and transform their lives?

Getting our youth to meet our Partners in Mission

I am currently serving in a small semi-rural parish on the outskirts of the Hamilton Mountain. With only a couple of youth members on our list, we are not able to offer parish level mission and exposure events and I am sure that this is not unique to our community, but the potential benefits are so hopeful and encouraging that I was inspired to begin investigating the possibility of a diocesan level youth exposure trip to meet our partners. On the weekend of March 31st, I had the opportunity to attend a workshop at Five Oaks,

the United Church's Conference Centre. Jen Auger of Harcourt United Church in Guelph, Cheryl Leonard of Kingsway United Church in Toronto and Lance Wright of St. John's United Church in Hamilton presented workshops on their experiences of leading mission and exposure trips. Cheryl and Lance both led congregational level trips, while Jen's group extended the opportunity to the United Churches in the Waterloo Presbytery. By the end of the weekend, I was convinced that a diocesan wide youth exposure program would be possible.

Next month I will be attending Youth Synod at St. John's, Ancaster. It is my intention to present a motion seeking support for the creation of a program which will provide the youth with an opportunity to meet our Partners in Mission. My hope is that as many young people as possible from across our diocese will be able to participate in a partner exposure experience and that in some small way we will bridge the gap with our partners and become neighbours from strangers.

Trying to secure a healthy future

DAVID LONG
HUMAN RESOURCES DIRECTOR

Just mention the word Pandemic and you hear many competing voices. Writing recently in The Globe and Mail, Dr. Richard Schabas (Ontario's former medical officer of health) stated: "Avian influenza is bad news for birds, but, as a human pandemic, it's just another false alarm." The next day the Hamilton Spectator quoted the president of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, "Most Canadian businesses aren't prepared for a bird flu pandemic that could eventually cost the economy \$60 billion (\$800 billion worldwide)." Our federal health minister denies the risks have been over-dramatized, "The expertise around the world says there will be another pandemic but there's not a single person who knows whether it's going to be tomorrow, next week or a hundred years from now." On the new national website we read, "Without vaccines and antivirals, between two million and five million Canadians would require medical care; between 34,000 and 138,000 people could require hospitalization; and between 11,000 and 58,000 could die."

Taking this seriously

If you look behind the headlines you will discover a remarkable degree of agreement among all those competing voices. Experts agree there could be another pandemic at any time and it is prudent that we prepare for it. Because there is no way of knowing when or what form it will take does not change anything. You should be assured that The Diocese of Niagara takes this threat seriously. Fortunately there is a remarkable degree of cooperation among all levels of government worldwide and many resources available to us.

In January a Task Force on Pandemic and Emergency Planning was initiated consisting of The Dioceses of Niagara, Huron and Toronto. In February our bishops sent

out a letter to clergy, wardens, and parishioners. An education day for Clergy and Layworkers followed on March 7. I encourage you to discover the numerous resources to be found on our diocesan website.

Many issues to consider

Now that the work of the Tri-Diocesan Task Force is almost complete, we have formed a working group to discover the most effective ways to prepare ourselves for an emergency in this diocese. By now you may have noticed that our focus is on pandemic and emergency planning. Many of the issues raised by the possibility of a health pandemic will also assist us to respond to other potential emergencies such as a fire or flood. Sub committees have been set up to look at: communication strategy; disease control and prevention; design of workshops; new models for pastoral care; new models for finance and administration; and human resource issues. We plan to hold meetings in early June for parish clergy and lay leaders.

The website is an important resource

Each meeting will begin with a presentation by one of our key partners in this work, the local Public Health Unit. We know that a vaccine will not be available at the start of the pandemic and may be in short supply during the initial stages. Our national website advises that hand washing "is the cornerstone of infection prevention and may be the only preventative measure available during a pandemic." The lessons we learn at these workshops and on our website will help all our parishes become healthier places. If these preventative measures are in place now, we will be prepared for the more stringent measures that will be put in place in an emergency. We will also address critical issues for pastoral care and parish administration. For further information contact the Rev. David Long at 905 527-1316 (ext. 330).

User group insurance program

DAVID RICKETTS
DIOCESAN INSURANCE BROKER

Outside groups or individuals wishing to use church premises must have Commercial General Liability insurance. The Diocese now has in place a User Group Insurance Program which is a low-cost, comprehensive policy available to such Groups or Individuals who do not have their own insurance. This is a special program that allows Third Party groups who use a church's facilities for special events, for example, weddings, meetings, etc., to purchase Commercial General Liability insurance coverage of \$2,000,000 for a low premium.

The decision to do this was to ensure that the church is not left defending claims and incidents which they did not cause, because a Third Party did not have liability insurance. Sadly it is happening more and more in our society to-

day. The church must require proof of insurance from such Third Parties before agreeing to allow them to use church premises.

This was made a Policy of the Diocese of Niagara at the March Synod Council meeting. (This recommendation is not made to discourage groups from using church premises or to inconvenience them - it is simply to ensure that the church is protected and their own insurance policy for the Parish and Diocese are protected from some claims.)

If a Third Party wishes to rent or lease church premises and they have Commercial General Liability insurance for not less than \$1,000,000 and the Parish and the Diocese are added as an "Additional Insured" in the Certificate of Insurance for these events, the church should feel free to allow the Third Party to use the premises (subject to any fee that the church would normally charge).

If however, a Third Party does not have Commercial General Liability insurance of at least \$1,000,000, the church should require that the Third Party take out insurance under the User Group Insurance Program. Third Party groups are covered under the User Group Insurance Program as soon as they sign the application form and pay the required premium to the church (subject to any fee that the church would normally charge).

More details regarding this insurance program are available on the diocesan website. Application forms for this program are available from clergy or parish administrators who can find the forms on the clergy area of the website. Payments can be made by cash, cheque, VISA and MC.

For further information contact David Ricketts, the Diocesan Insurance Broker at 905 628-3687 or email: ricketts@interlynx.net.

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🚲 June 10, 2006 🚲

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Registration Forms and Pledge Sheets
 905-685-7395 cycle@cyclethecircle.com

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Mint and ministry

MARNI NANCEKIVELL
DIRECTOR OF TRANSITIONAL MINISTRIES

Inevitably during the seasons of Lent and Easter, I dust off one of my favourite books. It is Donna E. Schaper's *Calmly Plotting the Resurrection* (United Church of Christ Press, Cleveland Ohio, 1995). I have no idea whether the book is still in print. I first found my copy shortly after it was published, and gave away at least 5 copies the following Lent. If it is no longer available at the Anglican Book Centre, my enthusiasm for the book may be at least partially to blame.

Calmly Plotting the Resurrection was probably written before its time, being a 'blog-like' book. A 'Blog', for those who aren't possessed by their computers is a term for 'web log' - a kind of journal of thoughts and life events, published on-line for the entire world to see. Schaper's book is a free form reflection on the Lenten journey, as lived out in the image of a garden as a place of growth. It is this passage reflection that caught my eye:



Marni Nancekivell

Seeing the story from different points of view

"Parables... impart a freedom which regular teaching cannot. Just as we are advised by Jung to play every part in the cast of our dreams, so we may interpret parables. We can be seed and farmer, rock and thistle. We can be mustard seed and seed-eating bird, harvest and drought, undeveloped and developed. We can look at the story from many points of view. It's almost as if Jesus intended such multiple vantage points to be our true multiculturalism and multispiritualism. We are not only to see what we can see, but also to see what others see" (p. 49).

It occurs to me that a time of transition in parish life is most fruitful if we can appreciate the perspective of others as transition unfolds. In my first parish, All Saints, Dain City, I first realized how painful my departure was to members of the parish when the late Mollie Hilborn, (a true Saint of the church, and our wonderful Rector's Warden) told me later how hard she cried the day of the move when she saw the movers moving our daughter's high chair out of the Rectory. Amanda had been born while we had been in the parish. It had been a high risk pregnancy, and her safe birth was celebrated by the whole community. Amanda's birth was a significant moment in my connection with the parish, cementing our relationship. I heard in Mollie's story of her tears, the deep grief that was enveloping the parish as we left. So part of "my transition" became recognizing the consequences of our departure for those we were leaving behind. After I left, my successor in that parish had an excellent ministry in that congregation.

Cemented in the hearts of their clergy

However, for clergy that doesn't always happen. There are times when we leave a community and the next pastoral relationship is fraught with problems. When that happens, I have heard some folks scapegoat the priest who has left, saying: "If they had truly cared for us, they wouldn't have left... and we wouldn't have had to deal with the problems that we now have." But although it is true that clergy are usually called 'from' one community and also 'to' another ministry, church communities in which one ministers most frequently become deeply cemented into the hearts of most Rectors. There is, in my experience as a parish

priest, always a 'vested' interest in the health of a parish for years after the departure. Leave taking is easy for no one, especially for clergy who are leaving the community behind into which one has poured one's life-blood.

Nurturing a newly formed ministerial bond

As I continue to think about the Garden of Ministry, therefore, I think about the importance of 'boundaries'. In my garden, I have mint planted - in a pot, sunk in the garden. It is important that I contain the mint, lest it wander elsewhere, overtaking some of the more delicate other plants in our herb and vegetable garden. Boundaries are employed in many different ways in ministry.

One 'boundary' that needs to be honoured is the careful nurturing of a newly formed ministerial bond. Not long ago, I left a parish where I had served for twelve years. There I had baptized, married and buried many people. As a parish priest, I have shared many important moments with the lives people. A few days ago, I ran into a woman in the grocery store. While she is not a member of St. Aidan's, her sister, Bonnie is. In my last few years in the parish, I had officiated at their Mother's funeral. Bonnie's sister was asking me why it was that I didn't go to the Induction of the new priest in charge. That conversation, held in the cheese department of a local grocery store became a fruitful exchange."

You are part of that parish's life, so it only makes sense that you would be present as the new Incumbent begins her ministry. Besides, people wanted to see you. You have shared important times in the lives of those people. In our family, for example, you walked with us during the death of our Mother. We need to see you." While I understand that sentiment, and in part, agree with it, I am also responsible for standing clearly aside, so the new relationship with the new Priest can be established. The day of the Induction was a time to focus on the 'new' priest, not the 'old' one.

If I were to return to that parish to assist in the service every time there was a funeral, my presence might well have the effect of undermining the bonding process with their new Incumbent. That would serve no one. So, like the mint in my garden that is sunk in a pot, to contain it, I must contain my own impulse to wander into territory that is no longer my own. (No matter how 'natural' it might feel to go there.) Predecessors in other points of my ministry gave me that gift. Now it is my turn to be intentional about restraint.

Establishing a garden - or putting it to bed at the end of its timer - is an act of faith. There is an element of mystery at work. Establishing or closing a ministry, is so much like gardening. Part of the garden of ministry is following the right 'practices and procedures'. You cultivate the soil, you deal with the weedy things as they pop up. One does the best one can to use good seed, and enrich the soil. Growth happens. At the end of the time of gardening, it is time to dig things up, to close things down. It takes both 'knowledge' of what to do - and the recognition that there is also an 'art' or a 'craft' to the thing, in order to let Garden of Ministry follow a healthy path.

Oh yes, and we must realize that we need to have faith in the guiding hand of the Great Gardener - the one who established Eden.

The champagne breakfast



Helpers prepare for the champagne breakfast held at the Church of Our Saviour, Stoney Creek.

BEV GROOMBRIDGE
CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, STONEY CREEK

On Sunday March 26th the parishioners of Our Saviour invited family, neighbours and friends to come to church with them. Following the service everyone was invited to stay for a feast of sausages, pancakes, bacon, scrambled eggs, fruit, muffins, donuts, toast, and a glass of champagne! We had a wonderful time together and it was good to see so many old friends again. During the service we enjoyed two solos by Jacob Moon one of the best musicians in the area.

In the evening the parish hosted the Jacob Moon Concert. Jacob is a tremendous songwriter, and a unique guitar player deeply rooted in folk, jazz and gospel. It was a fabulous day in the life of a parish that is determined to reach out and grow!

Just who does the pruning?

JOHN R. JANISSE

Pruning is one of those gardening practices that I have problems with. I don't like looking at shrubs that have been carved into clever shapes so that they look like anything but a shrub. I admire those trellised apple trees that I see in catalogues, but I can't help but think that the tree isn't very happy. A relative of mine loves grafting; he's got a tree that produces four different fruits. I marvel at his ability and patience, but I don't think I'll be doing it myself. My neighbour grows Rose-of-Sharon along her front porch. Every fall, she cuts all the new growth back so that the plant doesn't grow any larger next year than it did the year previous. I used to look at these stumps and think she was being just a little anal-retentive.

A mother-in-law's wisdom

A few years ago, when we were living in Dundas, I planted violas in a sheltered area of the garden. The next spring saw hundreds of little viola seedlings growing up in this small patch of ground. My mother-in-law, whose backyard is one big garden, looked at all the seedlings growing and said, "You need to thin those out, or they will take all the goodness from the soil." Thinking that I would rather let nature take its course, and looking forward to seeing hundreds, maybe thousands of violas smiling at me in a month's time, I pulled a few plants out (I knew better than to totally disregard advice from my mother-in-law), and waited for the flowers.

As the following weeks past, the many seedlings grew, but none of them seemed to thrive. A month later they weren't much larger than they had been, and none were blooming. Admitting to the wisdom of my mother-in-law, I crouched down to thin out more of the seedlings, now willing to sacrifice many so that a few could mature to be healthy plants. Much to my dismay, the roots of the seedlings had spread and were woven like a carpet underground; it was impossible to separate them. Frustrated, I pulled the whole lot out of the ground and went to the nursery to buy new plants. I learned that spring what all good gardeners know - you have to be cruel sometimes.

Every garden needs care

In the following years, I would relearn the lesson. When we moved to our present house, I wanted an instant garden. I dug the beds, added all kinds of peat moss and sheep manure and tossed in the

plants (some from the nursery, some from the existing garden and some from family and friends). Wanting the garden to look rather full, I planted everything close together. By the middle of July however, some of the plants had grown twice their normal size, while others had all but disappeared, being hidden by those that had gotten too leggy and fallen in a wind or heavy rain.

No, there is no such thing as a 'maintenance free' garden. They all need care - not just the regular weeding and watering, and they all need some degree of thinning and pruning, in order to maintain harmony and balance.

It all makes me wonder how we in our lives are pruned. Certainly the Bible talks about God pruning us, so that we bear good fruit. And in my own life I can point to times where one or another 'branch' of my life was cut off, forcing me to grow in a different direction. I have trouble though with the notion that God would cause bad things to happen in my life in order to 'prune' me. This is not the God that my parents taught me about, and it is not the God of my own journey in faith. How could the God who walks beside me in troubled times be the very cause of the trouble? This would be a manipulative, deceitful God, one I wouldn't even want as a friend, let alone a saviour.

The answer is in the journey

Then there are those people that I meet every so often, who think it their job to do the pruning for God. They use shame and blame and a variety of other tactics (dare I mention money?) to control people. Outside of the Church, it might be called extortion, bribery, or at the very least, bad parenting, but inside the Church it's justified by some as doing God's will. Many baby-boomers got a taste of this in the church, and either realized that they didn't need it, or that God didn't work that way, and they left.

So then, how does God 'prune'? Perhaps there is no single answer. Perhaps the answer isn't important. Maybe what is important is the journey; the conversations with God, and with each other. Perhaps, as we share a cup of tea, or a glass of wine, and talk about our gardens, and our lives, we will realize that the answer doesn't matter.

Back in my garden, I've just finished trimming back the Rose-of-Sharon. Not quite as severe as my neighbour's pruning, I'm pleased with the results, and I think the rhododendron and hydrangea that are planted close by are pleased too.

Getting to know you

The Reverend Canon Gordon Kinkley - Rector, St. John's Church, Port Dalhousie

FRAN DARLINGTON
INTERIM PRIEST, CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION

Grace, experience, and wisdom come with years. The Reverend Canon Robert Hulse recently retired as Rector of St. John's Church, Elora, after forty years as Rector there, and the Reverend Canon Laurie Duby continues his thirty-first year as Rector of Grace Church, Waterdown. In Port Dalhousie, the Reverend Canon Gordon Kinkley recently surpassed the previous longevity record as Rector of St. John's Church, beginning his twenty-eighth year of ministry there.

In 1840, the Reverend Alexander Dixon arrived in the then six-year-old parish to serve for two years as the first resident pastor of St. James' Church, built where the cemetery is now. After an eight year absence, he returned as Rector, staying for twenty-five years.

St. John's was built in 1868, three blocks away - just far enough to be in the municipality of Louth! Disassembled and sold, St. James' was rebuilt in Merriton. Now St. James' bell rings out from St. John's, and will surely peal merrily when the parish celebrates its 175th anniversary in 2009.

Ordained Deacon in 1970 and Priest in 1971, Gordon served in two parishes in the Diocese of Ontario. After earning an M.A. at the University of Ottawa, Gordon began ministry in Tweed. In 1978 he began exploring a new direction.

Following conversations with his Bishop and Dick Johns (at the Anglican Book Centre), Gordon felt relieved and hopeful, thinking, "God closes one door and opens another." That new door opened twenty-four hours later, when Bishop Kent Clark of the Diocese of Niagara telephoned to offer Gordon the parish of Port Dalhousie.

Bishop Clark hoped that the match would last for five years. "That seemed like a long time," Gordon laughs. "Little did I think!" Bishop Clarence Mitchell, who had ministered at St. John's himself, told Gordon, "If you love them, they'll love you back." "That's absolutely true!" Gordon comments happily. "It always felt like the right fit!"

Partnership produces results

Gordon is quick to credit the success of the parish to its people, deflecting recognition of his own efforts. Good leadership is essential for success, however, so that "right fit" for both the people of St. John's and their Rector has meant transformation for the parish.

Ten years ago, "the parish was stagnant." At St. George's College, Jerusalem, Gordon met the Rector of Trinity Church, Buffalo, and began discovering new possibilities. A delegation from St. John's went to Holy Trinity to explore ideas. Gordon smiles, "Five years later, a delegation of eighteen people came across the border from Lewiston to see what we were doing!"

"What we were doing" over these ten years has led to "an economically stable and growing congregation that has gone from a small parish to a mid-size one" with a \$200,000 budget, and an investment of \$750,000 in the building. A \$170,000 loan in January, 2004, is already paid down to \$67,000. Gordon beams, "one chap was like a dog with a bone about money. He wouldn't give up!"

St. John's parishioners' fiscal responsibility has meant that only twice in Gordon's twenty-seven year ministry has the parish had to borrow money to pay its Diocesan Ministry and Mission share. "It was always paid off the next year - and better!" Gordon explains. "It's their attitude and commitment." Average giving in the parish is now approximately \$1100.

Fun and fundraising

The first parish in St. Catharines to meet its Survive and Thrive goal, St. John's was granted funds for a Youth Worker in the parish. Many activities for young people, especially biweekly youth dances, have attracted families to the parish. With ten adult volunteers at each dance, clear rules about time, ages of participants and parental responsibilities for transportation, each dance attracts almost two hundred young people. In 2005 the parish was to assume full funding for the Youth Worker's position; Gordon exclaims, "We did it!"

The parish hockey game is another highlight: "The Epistles take on the Gospels; the women make pompons and cheer. My sweater number is 99 1/8 - better than Wayne Gretzky!"

Gordon also praises his people's generosity for outreach, especially their 2005 gift of almost \$4000 to the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund. In Holy Week, observation of the Stations of the Cross is followed by a pot-luck lunch and walk through Port Dalhousie. In 2005, about eighty participants raised \$1500 for PWRDF. The parish has begun "building commitment to other outreach ministries into the budget."

The parish "never misses an opportunity for a party! We've had a lot of fun through the years." Sometimes the partying has a serious side: "One highlight of our shared ministry has been (raising) 'Special Funds.' Last year, we raised over \$20,000!"

Gordon is delighted that "we've finally introduced a healing ministry, following the main service once a month. We had eighteen people for the first time!"

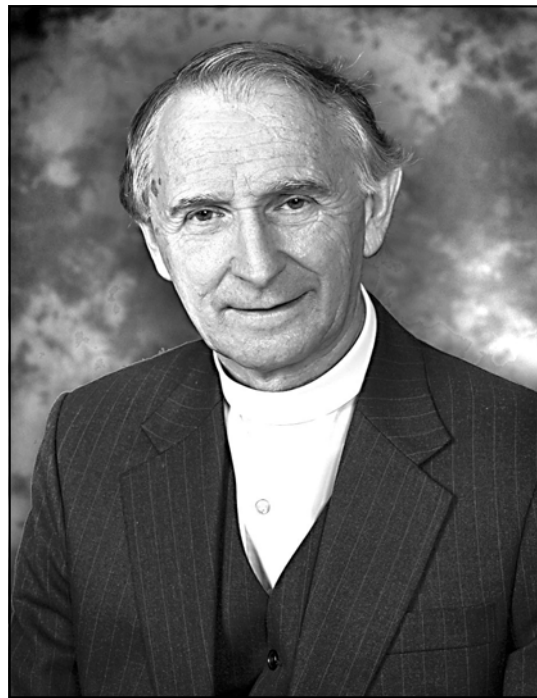
Gordon says, "It's a wonderful, active congregation... a good balance... of older families and younger ones. Often, twenty little kids come to the altar for a blessing on Sunday mornings. I rejoice that we've continued to grow. I feel so lucky!"

Graduation from two theological colleges

"Niagara is a progressive Diocese, and I'm proud of that," Gordon says thoughtfully. He has been "offered eight good moves, but never at a good time. Then I started to put down roots. We all need to be validated, and they're good at that! It's very much a shared ministry; sometimes I'm the priest to them, sometimes they pastor me... I've known these people for twenty-seven years. Sometimes, when someone dies, I cry - it's not professional, but... they've allowed me into their lives."

Asked about nurturing his long ministry, Gordon explains, "I wouldn't have lasted at St. John's or anywhere else if I hadn't done continuing education." His B.A. and M.A. in Religious Studies at the University of Ottawa led to a Licentiate from Wycliffe College. Between 1984 and 1990, Gordon went to Trinity College one day a week to earn his Masters of Divinity, becoming a rare graduate of both theological colleges! Summer, 1989, brought studies in Biblical Hebrew at Harvard University. "It was very intense; there was so much material!" In 2002, Gordon explored Celtic Christianity in Ireland. He found that the "chance to meet others and learn helped refresh me."

After a 'familiarization' tour of Israel in 1993, Gordon became a tour leader himself, particularly to the Middle East, though he has added itineraries to Italy and South-East Asia. Given a pretty primitive trip to Israel in 1972, it has all worked out wonderfully, for both pilgrimage and tour, offering wonderful new insights when reflecting on Scripture. Gordon



The Reverend Canon Gordon Kinkley

has climbed Masada three times, Mount Sinai once - the steps that get you there date from the time of Justinian! Gordon has just returned from leading his fifteenth tour, this time to Turkey.

As Legion chaplain for about ten years, and for Port Dalhousie Yacht Club for eleven, Gordon has "a reasonably high profile, not as 'Canon,' just as Gordon Kinkley." Community oriented, Gordon is currently involved in "current controversy over development" in 'Port,' as it's locally named, participating in PROUD (Port Recognizing Our Unique Distinction). "I felt people weren't being listened to. If the majority has a feeling, something shouldn't be forced on them."

Family matters

Gordon grew up in Kingston, Ontario, "in a very happy, loving home... very blessed to be the only child." Gordon describes his parents as "remarkable people, for whom church was very important. Dad would sometimes stop (his taxi) to go in and pray, and Mum (an Anglican) prayed the Rosary... they lived their faith."

Gordon's three children are developing their careers: Jennifer, 29, is a licensed carpenter with Home Depot; her twin, Sarah, is doing a Ph.D. in ovarian cancer research at the University of Hamburg. Bob, 28, has taught English around the world, is a student at Brock University in St. Catharines, and hopes

to teach in Europe.

For six years, Gordon has been dating; he warmly describes both his friend Dagmar and his congregation as very supportive of his ministry and their relationship.

Recognised by Bishop Ralph with the appointment as a Canon of Christ's Church Cathedral in 2003, for his dedication to ministry, Gordon finds "most of my reading is related in some way to my work... my vision of retirement is a bag of books and six months on a Greek island." Recognising the importance of a balanced life, Gordon has taken up power walking: "A balance between physical, mental and spiritual health is imperative if one is to stay energised. I trained for six months before climbing Sinai!"

"I'm just passing through"

Reflecting on his years at St. John's, with typical true humility, Gordon says quietly, "It isn't my parish. I'm just passing through, just taking a little longer." There's little doubt that Gordon's "passing through, just taking a little longer" has been and remains rich in blessings for his people, his family, and Gordon himself.

Cheerful, dedicated, and faithful, Gordon Kinkley's history as Rector of St. John's Church, Port Dalhousie, is, in a time of struggling parishes and closing churches, a much needed good news story, a blessing and inspiration to the rest of us.

Gardens are not created or made, they unfold, spiraling open like the silk petals of an evening primrose flower to reveal the ground plot of the mind and heart of the gardener and the good earth.

Wendy Johnson

Dedicated and faithful service in Hamilton-Burlington.

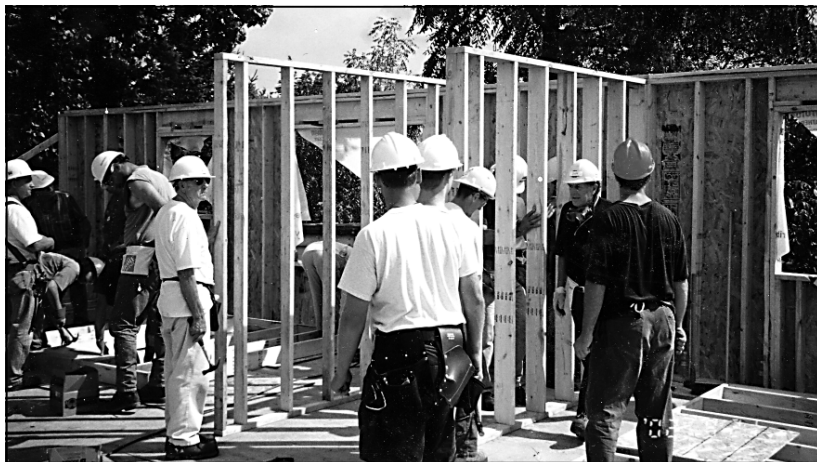
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Habitat for Humanity: Vital care for the poor



Several volunteers gather to construct a Habitat for Humanity Home.

Continued from page 1

Habitat provides an opportunity for people to put their faith and love into action, bringing diverse groups of people together to make affordable housing and better communities a reality for everyone.

The economics of Jesus

When people act in response to human need, giving what they have without seeking profit or interest, God magnifies the effects of our efforts. Habitat refers to this perspective as "the economics of Jesus." Together, the donated labour of construction volunteers, the support of partner organizations and the homeowners' 'sweat equity', make Habitat's house building possible.

The theology of the hammer

Habitat is a partnership founded on common ground - bridging theological differences by putting love into action. Everyone can use the hammer as an instrument to manifest God's love. Habitat's founder, Millard Fuller, called this concept the "theology of the hammer," explaining "we may disagree on all sorts of other things... but we can agree on the idea of building homes with God's people in need, and in doing so using biblical economics - no profit and no interest.

Connection with gardens, even small ones, even potted plants, can become windows to the inner life. The simple act of stopping and looking at the beauty around us can be prayer.

Patricia R. Barrett, The Sacred Garden

How does it work?

Through volunteer labour and donations of money and building materials, Habitat builds and rehabilitates simple decent affordable houses with the help of the homeowner (partner) families. Habitat houses are sold to the partner families at no profit finance with affordable interest free loans. The homeowner's monthly mortgage payments are used to build still more Habitat homes.

Habitat is not a give-away program. It is a hand-up not a hand-out. In addition to a down payment and the monthly payments, homeowners invest hours of their own labour in the building of their Habitat house and the houses of others.

What are Habitat affiliates?

Habitat for Humanity's work is accomplished at the community level by affiliates - locally run, non-profit organizations. Each affiliate is run by a Board of Directors and co-ordinates all aspects of Habitat in its local area - the fundraising, building site selection, partner family selection, supplies, construction and mortgage servicing.

Who are Habitat home owners?

Habitat is open to people from all ethnic and religious backgrounds

and careful consideration is given to the needs of the applicant. Families who are selected must have a steady income, and a positive work history, but are unable to qualify for a conventional mortgage.

Along with financial commitment, the family must be willing to contribute 500 hours of 'sweat equity' in the building of their home. The selected family must also be willing to co-operate with the Family Support Committee. The Family Support Committee works closely with the family during the selection process, and preparation for home ownership and continues their support after occupancy of the home.

How does Habitat work?

Habitat hold periodic information sessions for families interested in finding more about the program and if they feel that they meet the criteria, they are encouraged to contact the HFH to request an application. Families are selected based on their needs, taking into account their financial circumstances, current accommodations, work history, ability to repay a mortgage and willingness to complete the 'sweat equity' hours.

HFH hold the first mortgage for the cost of the home, and a second mortgage for the difference between the cost of the home and the market value. The mortgage funds received by HFH go into a revolving fund to build more homes.

The partner family purchases the home and repays the cost of the home on a monthly basis through a no-interest, non-profit first mortgage. The amortization is usually 25-35 years and is based upon the cost of the house, including land, materials and taxes of the house but does not include the volunteer hours by the family and the volunteers

The simple, decent, and affordable homes are approximately 1100 square feet, usually with three bedrooms.

Does the family have to stay in the house until the mortgages are paid?

It is not the intention of the HFH to put unreasonable expectations on home ownership, and yes they can sell the house. However, they are obliged to repay HFH, in full, the outstanding balance on both the

first and second mortgages.

In order to finance the construction of the house, HFH relies on community support and private donations of gifts in kind, money, materials and volunteer support. Habitat does not receive any government or United Way funding. We are very fortunate to receive generous donations from many local companies, organizations and faith groups in addition to being awarded grants from a number of Foundations who share Habitat's philosophies. Thanks to these groups, low income families become homeowners (something they could only dream of) and escape the bonds of poverty housing. Neighbourhoods are revitalized and children are better prepared to realize their potential in a safe decent and stable home.

Many volunteers come to Habitat attracted by the opportunity to help build a home - something they may otherwise not get the opportunity to undertake. However, having said that, most of the volunteers help in other areas of the organization. Planning, family partnering, fundraising, material procurement, volunteer recruitment, project management, land acquisition and volunteer support services are some of the many areas in which they volunteer. Many volunteers are needed in the home building project. Over 25,000 hours are required to plan, raise funds, acquire land and materials, and provide food for construction workers.

The construction phase itself accounts for approx. 5,000 hours. Having building land for a Habitat house is a prerequisite for all other Habitat functions. Many volunteers keep their eyes and ears open for building land opportunities and establishing relationships, with realtors and following up on many leads. Driving around the communities and walking through neighbourhoods is time consuming but necessary, in order to locate potential and affordable sites (the affordability is a key issue in southern Ontario).

Once a site has been identified, there is still much work to do which takes time and patience before any build is started. Habitat holds meetings with the neighbours in the area to ensure that the Habitat concept is understood and accepted.

ReStores

Generating funds for builds is of course paramount and one of our key resources, Habitat ReStores. Many of the HFH affiliates across the United States and Canada have established stores which sell quality used and surplus building materials at a fraction of retail prices. Proceeds from the ReStores fund the construction of Habitat houses in the community.

All materials sold by Habitat ReStores were donated for that purpose - often from contractors with excess supplies, from demolition crews salvaging reusable materials, or from the general public. In addition to raising funds, ReStores help the environment by diverting thousands of tons of usable materials away from the landfills.

If you are planning on renovat-

ing your kitchen, call your local ReStore who will arrange to have an experienced crew of volunteers with their own tools, remove it for you and take it to the ReStore for resale. You could also qualify to receive a tax credit for the charitable donation.

As I mentioned earlier, I joined HFH in 1999 and have participated in the building of 3 of the 4 houses that have been built in Halton (two more are planned this year). During this time I have been fortunate enough to be involved in many aspects of the tasks required: as member of the fundraising and building committees, member of the 'tear-out crew' (removing and reclaiming kitchens and other large items for resale in the ReStore), giving talks as a member of the 'speakers bureau' to groups interested in HFH, and manning information booths at Home Shows and expos. I have just completed a three year term as a member of the Board of Directors.

Working with Habitat provides me with a tangible opportunity to 'live out' my faith, sharing with the community in a meaningful way - alongside other like-minded volunteers.

Faith in action

"I don't know of anything I've seen that more vividly demonstrates love in action than Habitat for Humanity." This is a quote from former US President Jimmy Carter, who with his wife Rosalyn, contributes a week of their time and construction skills each year to build homes and raise awareness of the critical need for affordable housing.

Ed Schreyer Work Project is HFH Canada's annual Blitz Build. Since 1994, The Right Honourable, Ed Schreyer and his wife, Lily have volunteered their time and talent to help at a build somewhere in Canada.

How can you I get involved?

There are many ways for you to get involved with the work of Habitat for Humanity Canada. You or your Church Group can:

- Provide an opportunity for a Habitat representative to speak about Habitat.
- Offer Prayer support for HFH and our partner families.
- Organize a group to provide meals on-site during construction.
- Provide volunteers for construction crews and committees.
- Donate building materials, office equipment or other products and services to a build.
- Sponsor a part of a build (eg. a bedroom).
- Volunteer your time and skills at the build/home shows/expos in your community.
- Join a local affiliate office and help with committee work in construction, administration, family selection, fundraising or public relations.
- Donate your 'soon to be renovated' kitchen cabinets.
- Visit, make a donation, or buy from the ReStore.
- Make a tax-deductible or planned gift to HFHC.
- Volunteer at a ReStore/Office.
- Visit Habitat's website at www.habitat.ca.

Cemeteries: Communities of the dead We'll gather lilacs in the spring



Holy Trinity, Chippawa, is surrounded by its cemetery, creating a distinct atmosphere.

STEVE WITCHER
DIOCESAN CEMETERY ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Death is the final act at the end of life. It has both feared and intrigued humanity since the dawn of our creation. For this reason, civilizations have created numerous practices and rituals to recognize death and to better understand and accept it. There are some who have even personified this great unknown with a semi-human figure, the "Grim Reaper" and have given him a menacing scythe to harvest human souls. Yet, despite our unceasing curiosity for what lies beyond, death for many, remains an elusive mystery.

Cemeteries: places where lives are commemorated

Perhaps because of this mystery, we have chosen to immortalize death with stones and markers that tell about the people buried beneath them. We take the remains of those whose spirits have departed and place them in the ground, or in the enclosure of the tomb, and place a monument over these remains that speaks of the life once lived. This is not only out of respect for the dead; it also serves as a reminder for the living. It reminds us of the person who has died and it also reminds us that someday, it will be our bodies that lie below the earth.

Cemeteries are visible, tangible links with people who made history; both ordinary individuals as well as famous people. But a cemetery is more than a collection of interesting historical data, as precious and revealing as that may be. It is also a place populated by monuments and vegetation, altogether forming a very particular and revealing part of our cultural environment.

Perhaps because of this mystery, we have chosen to immortalize death with stones and markers that tell about the people buried beneath them. We take the remains of those whose spirits have departed and place them in the ground, or in the enclosure of the tomb, and place a monument over these remains that speaks of the life once lived. This is not only out of respect for the dead; it also serves as a reminder for the living. It reminds us of the person who has died and it also reminds us that someday, it will be our bodies that lie below the earth.

Habitats for songbirds and wildlife

There are things to be learned from the overall layout and arrangement of the grounds and the monuments. We can note the nature and quality of the materials; we can see the skill of the monument makers, and observe the richness of the symbolism. We can wonder at the age of the trees and the choice of species and imagine the look of the surrounding landscape in earlier times. We can speculate on what prompted this location to be chosen for a cemetery and how the presence of the cemetery has influenced the neighborhood in which it is located.

Cemeteries demonstrate their value as a cultural heritage resource in different ways. They have aptly been called outdoor classrooms. For visitors of all ages, they offer endless possibilities for continuing education involving both natural and historical resources. Some cemeteries promote recreational use of their grounds by maintaining extensive and well-labeled collections of plants and trees; by welcoming hikers, cyclists, photographers, and birdwatchers, and by organizing walking tours. Some recognize and offer special gatherings and services of remembrance

on occasions such as Mother's and Father's Day, and the Feast of All Saints. Cemeteries can supplement community park systems and enhance adjacent public open spaces; while larger, park-like cemeteries can also provide valuable habitats for songbirds and other wildlife.

Part of our cultural heritage

The character of a cemetery changes with the passage of time. There are active cemeteries, which accept interments, and there are inactive cemeteries; closed but still maintained, and others simply abandoned. Time also inevitably alters the landscape within and around a cemetery. Weathering, often aided by environmental pollutants, can damage monuments and structures, as can accidents, vandalism, and neglect. Well-intentioned interventions may obliterate the original relationships among carefully laid out parts of the cemetery. Maintenance costs, aging infrastructure, changing surroundings and context, and public liability are pressures facing all cemeteries.

Helping our cemeteries survive these pressures is vital. Our goal must be to preserve and showcase those elements that give a cemetery its value as a cultural resource, including its architectural and landscape heritage, its educational, interpretative, and contextual value, and last but not least, its value as a record of social, family and parochial history, which is of special importance to those connected to the people interred. In summary, our cemeteries, each with its own history of creation, development and growth, form an irreplaceable part of our cultural heritage.

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

After a long and often hard winter, we Canadians are blessed with signs of hope here and there. Yesterday, in my walk - which I had embarked on to pull myself out of the doldrums - I was delighted to see a huge crack in the earth in the yard. The sun had been strong enough to send its rays into the cold, damp earth. As I wandered around the garden I began to notice that daffodils and crocuses were peeping through the leaves that I had left unattended in the fall. I rejoiced! I was no longer in the dumps. Those little leaves and flowers were harbingers of hope.

We are "earth creatures" as we proclaim in the reading of the Genesis 2 creation story. We are part of - not over and above - the earth. Human from humus; 'adam from 'adamah. We follow all the laws of the earth to rise glorious and die as all creatures of the earth. We sometimes forget these earthy gifts and limitations, to our detriment, but now and again we are dramatically reminded of "who we really are."

On Ash Wednesday, the old words were spoken, "Remember that you are dust and unto dust you shall return."

I used to think that those were nasty words to say to anyone until I had what was likely the most important conversion of my life - to my body nature. I also remembered these words from my youth from the 1960's song *Woodstock*: "We are stardust, we are golden, and we've got to get ourselves back to the garden."

My conversion was helped by the following events. A few years ago, we buried our little Nova Scotia Duck Tolling Retriever, Morgan, by the stream at the front of our country property. We dug the grave for him in the morning, said good-bye to this lovely little gift in the afternoon and immediately took him to the grave, wrapped in the yellow towels that he slept on. It was right to lay him in the earth and right to cover him with the earth. He was an earth creature. He was certainly an elevated spirit, but his attachment to the earth and all that it offered

him, also defined him.

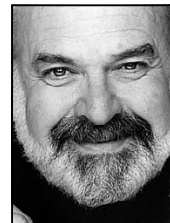
Our dear friend Marm Goldstein died of cancer this year. Her insistence that we speak to her of life up to the end, graced us beyond belief. When it was time to lay her in the earth, we lowered her casket into it and one by one everyone in the community shovelled earth into the grave until she was secure in it. It was stunning to see her nieces and nephews completing the job. In the noblest Jewish tradition, she was not left alone or artificially surrounded by pseudo grass in a pseudo plot, rather our dear earth creature was returned to Mother Earth. There was nothing grotesque about that. It was just right.

In the realm of the spiritual, we sometimes undermine our physical, earthy nature. We get carried away with "higher" thoughts and aspirations - usually at our own peril. We are not angels. We are fuller than that. In our revelation, God becomes one of our kind. God does not simply put on a thin human veneer. But God enters into the very fibre of our earthly being, dies, is buried and then, in a dramatic burst of life - like my daffodils - proclaims that we are not about death but life.

So, dear friends, do not abhor your earthiness. It is messy, interactive, intertwined, procreative, sexual, pleasure-seeking and sometimes angry and sad. That is all part of the under-girding that make us to be human. We can pretend to be something else, but then we are only masquerading as human beings. We can try to tame our nature but sometimes that makes us effete and milquetoast. It is easier to be a Gnostic than to be a Christian.

Get thee to the garden. Dig your hands and feet into it; plant bulbs, perennials and vegetables. Grow with them and through them. Convert yourself to the marvellous cycle of life/death/resurrection that we can learn from Mother Earth, our fragile island home. Experience that earthiness, not just in your mind but also in your body.

Alleluia! Christ is risen! The Lord is risen indeed! Human from humus! Alleluia! You and me, too! Alleluia!



Kelly Walker

The glory of gardening: hands in the dirt, head in the sun, heart with nature. To nurture a garden is to feed not just on the body, but the soul. Share the botanical bliss of gardeners through the ages, who have cultivated philosophies to apply to their own - and our own - lives: Show me your garden and I shall tell you what you are.

EDITORIAL

Diversity: Good for gardens and the Church

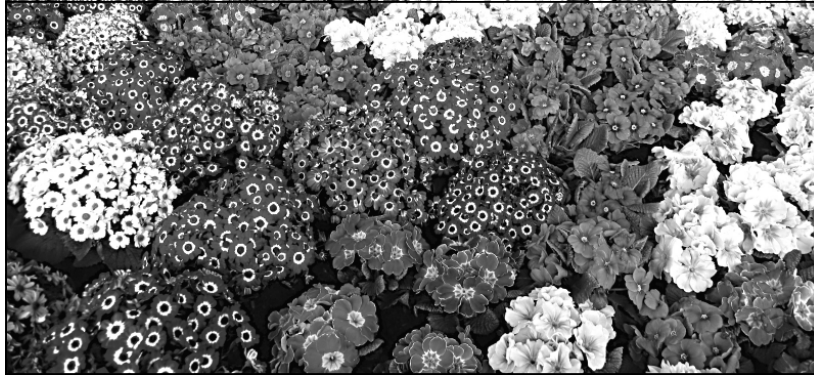
CHRISTOPHER M. GRABIEC
EDITOR

A few weeks ago, I had the opportunity to go to the Canada Blooms garden show in Toronto. I look forward to going to the show every year as it somehow gives me the "hope" of spring. I wandered around the show and for the most part remained uninspired. In trying to sort through why I felt unmoved by the fabulous presentation of flowers and bushes, I eventually realized the nature of one of the problems - uniformity!

Most of the gardens were so uniform. Thousands of red tulips bloomed in one spot, while thousands of yellow tulips bloomed in another place. Sure it was a huge volume of flowers - but they all seemed to be the same. This just isn't my type of garden.

The gardens at our home are wonderful and unlike so many of the uniform gardens at the garden show. There is a huge mixture of flowers and leaves blooming and sprouting everywhere throughout the garden. Maybe some folks think it's messy or disorganized, but to me it's a true reflection of what I want my world to be, unified and yet diverse.

To illustrate this further, sometimes I get into arguments, and work at trying to get the other person to agree with me. The odd thing is that often it's not satisfying when the other person does finally agree. Even though I may have strong opinions and views about various things in life, I am not necessarily satisfied by being in the company of those who have the same views.



Diversity of beliefs and world views

There's really nothing about our world or our faith that is perfectly understandable. There are no uniform ways of seeing anything. In fact, it seems to me that we come more closely to the truth by wading through all the views and opinions that surround us. Even then, the truth is often illusive, but somehow we have a glimpse of the reality that we are trying to grasp. My own journey calls me to live like the gardens that I love - in diversity, constantly seeking the truth which is both illusive and within my grasp.

From the outset, the church never agreed on many issues. In the Church's very beginnings, we had 300 years of Christological controversy with various churches holding polar views of the nature of Christ's existence among us. Only after the Edict of Milan and the 'Romanization' of the church did we decide

that everyone had to see it the same way. The Church developed the 'sacred' creedal formulations that we continue to use, even to this day. However, even this one true Nicean Creed was and continues to be an issue between the church of the West and the church of the East. They could not agree on the 'filioque' clause which determined the procession of the Holy Spirit. To this day the Roman Church uses one creed and most of the rest of us use another version.

Co-existence

Like I said, I love my English-style garden with all kinds of wonderful plants co-existing together. I only wish that the Christian church could be the same. God created us all different, and threw us together in one small world. The animals and plants of our world are all so different - different looks, different temperaments and different needs. They must co-

exist if they are to exist at all.

We lament the fact that the Western church is on the decline. Has anyone ever wondered whether or not our intolerance of one another and of differing views may have something to do with that? Plants that cannot co-exist will either take over others forcefully or die themselves. If we cannot co-exist, should we not expect some kind of death? Does anyone believe that there is such a thing as a completely homogeneous uniform church in the 21st century? I don't think so.

Anglicans have prided themselves on their ability to meet many needs and to live with different expressions of faith. Perhaps we need to seriously pray about that issue. Today we have a struggle for control of the whole church between conservative and liberal factions. That we cannot co-exist is becoming more and more apparent to the world around us, making us less at-

tractive to anyone who is looking.

History of accepting differences

Let's face it, we're not an "English church" anymore. Is there any room for the Latino, the Portuguese or the Vietnamese within our churches? We're sacramental, we're evangelical, we're low church, we're high church - shouldn't there be some room for people of other cultures? At one time there was no room for women, at least in ministry roles. For the most part we've overcome hundreds of years of tradition and opened our doors to some of the finest ministers that any church could ever want. Now, our very existence is being threatened by the issue of blessing same sex marriages. Is there no room for diversity? Can some of us not feel one way and others feel differently - all the while existing as a church of people who love one another? What is it about factions within the Church? Why must we continue to want to exercise power over others and force our views upon each other?

Well it all started with the garden. I believe that our garden reflects the creator's will - beauty in diversity. When I look at how we often behave in the church, I begin to think that we should all be running the Canada Blooms show - creating these expansive uniform gardens. For what it's worth, that kind of garden does not give me hope, nor does that kind of church. I want a church, a community composed of people with differing views, where we can live and exist in love and peace, even when we do not agree. How about you?

The Reverend D. Linda Corry

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The Fellowship of Prayer

SUSAN WESTALL
ALL SAINTS, HAMILTON

"I don't have a definite answer to what prayer is" a seminarist at Trinity College states. "I try to listen to the voice of God within" replies Bishop Ralph. The Fellowship of Prayer digs up prayers from the past because "I have found inspiration in the witness from the ages past." Is there no inspiration in the theology of the past?

If prayer can be defined as "conversation with God," then it obviously takes many forms. We might identify private prayer, group prayer, community prayer and national prayer. National prayer is of the nature that inspired the people of Britain to pray for salvation during the Blitzkrieg. It is also the same prayer that the Germans offered during the fire bombing of Dresden and the massive raids on the Ruhr Valley. It is, perhaps, the prayer of the American people who seek relief from military

involvement overseas. Community prayer is that such as we offer in our congregations on Sundays - it is the Christian community at work, its liturgy. Group prayer may include such prayer as the Fellowship of Prayer offers - our prayer "when two or three are gathered together."



Susan Westall

Private prayer is that offered individually in our personal relationship with our Heavenly Father.

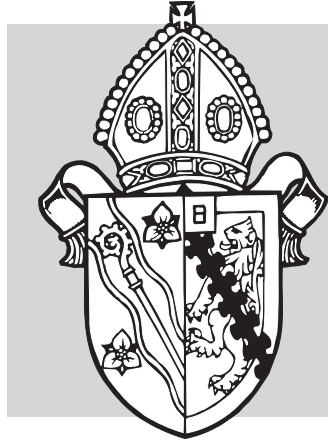
Our clergy encourage us to pray, but do they tell us how? The BAS offers The Prayers of the People which are often offered by a lay person, but it is obvious that many of them do not know what they are doing. The rubric uses the word Intercessions; the leader is an intercessor. The intercessor is like the Speaker in the House of Commons: his original purpose was to convey the decisions of the House to the Monarch, who in times past might well have said "off with his head!"

But I digress, as did the intercessor last Sunday who gave the congregation a geography lesson on the

equinox. The intercessor is a person who places her/himself between the congregation and God. The prayers that follow are offered on behalf of the congregation, who individually sign their names with an "Amen" or the response at the end of each petition. They are not instruction to the congregation, they are spoken for each and every member of the congregation and should be enunciated in such a manner that everyone can hear clearly what is being asked on their behalf.

This, though, is not personal prayer; it is community prayer. Personal prayer is a private conversation with God. It takes two to make a conversation; we must learn, as the Bishop says, "to listen to the voice of God within." I have found that it takes time to reach this close relationship with God. It is not a matter of kneeling beside my bed and reciting formal prayers; it is a matter, as the Bishop says, that "Every morning when I wake, my first task of the day is to spend time in reflection and prayer. I try to listen to the voice of God within." At my age, I do it on my back and am amazed at the inspiration that I can receive.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



RALPH SPENCE
BISHOP OF NIAGARA

To the people of the Diocese of Niagara,

In the April edition of the *Niagara Anglican*, there is an article by Canon Tim Smart of the Diocese of Montreal entitled *Carnal Love*. The language in this article and some of the content are offensive to many readers of our diocesan newspaper.

I believe that the *Niagara Anglican* is one of the best church newspapers in Canada. It has an editorial board which tries to be inclusive of the great breadth of Anglican theology and thought. It would be unfortunate if one article were to undermine the good work being done by this group of dedicated people.

As the publisher of the *Niagara Anglican*, I wish to apologize for any offence that this article has caused. Although I am the publisher of this paper, I do not interfere in the operations of the editorial board. That board makes decisions about what will and will not be included in the newspaper and works independently of the synod office.

We will all try to continue to strive to make the *Niagara Anglican* the best church newspaper in Canada.

GRAHAME STAP
RECTOR, ST. ALBAN, GLEN WILLIAMS

"The Lord is risen." These words are spoken on Easter Sunday morning by priests all over the world and the congregations respond, "The Lord is Risen Indeed."

Easter has become a time when many people go to the church because that is what you do at Easter. Unfortunately the meaning of Easter seems to be lost and the day becomes a family outing to reflect on the past on the way things used to be.

The truth is Easter is as important today as it was on the day it became a reality.

Jesus died on the cross and rose from the

dead to show us the completeness of the love of God.

Jesus, in his life and death, experienced more than most of us will ever experience in our lives. There is nothing we can not take to God that God does not understand because God, through Jesus death on the cross, His torture His rejection, His betrayal, His denial, has experienced all the suffering of this world.

On Easter Sunday Jesus rose from the dead overcoming the terror of death and in His rising made all things new. Because of this we can know that the love of God can penetrate through our suffering, through all our worries. It does not eliminate them; we

still feel the pain and suffering of human life. The diagnosis of cancer or other terminal illness, the loss of a loved one, and other calamities that cause the pain we sometimes feel, are all still there; but we know that the love of God can lift us above all this. We know, because Jesus rose from the dead, and showed us the way.

So when you come into church on any Sunday, know that the Lord is risen and say to yourself, "He is Risen Indeed." With this ingrained on your heart, take the next step and invite those who only come at Easter to remember the past, to come every Sunday, so they also may know those wonderful words.

ROGER AND LYNDA BAIN O.N.
ST. PAUL'S, DUNVILLE

My husband and I were appalled when we read *Carnal Love*. It is disgusting and demeaning. Jesus Christ paid for our sins with great physical pain and humiliation. That's the human quality we need to focus on. He did it because He loves us. He defeated death so we may have eternal life and sent His Holy Spirit to dwell in us so we have a living relationship with Christ today. We should strive to become more Christ like not make Christ more like us. I can't understand how you thought your readers would think this rubbish is ok. You can cancel our subscription as well. There are many wonderful things happening in the Diocese like missions and outreach that God has blessed. What about all the prayers God has answer? The *Niagara Anglican* should be a tool that spreads the Gospel and informs Anglicans of God's wondrous power and love.

ANNE HAMILTON
ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

Don't get discouraged, you are doing a great job. In fact I mentioned to a friend the other day how well the paper is looking and how I enjoyed all the articles, so just because we cannot always agree with each other we must support each other in what we do agree on. Isn't that how families should work. I guess you might say this is just a bump in the road, and the article touched some raw nerves. We must take this as a learning experience I guess. It is just that a lot of people cannot cope with bare facts. Even so I felt the language could have been a bit more mature. Anyway, keep up the good work, we must move on and learn. By the way, I read it out loud and it made me laugh, God has a peculiar sense of humour don't you think. Peace.

How does your garden grow?

MICHAEL PATTERSON
DIRECTOR OF EVANGELISM

I love to garden. I really like to grow vegetables particularly beefsteak tomatoes. I love having a weed free, chemical free, no bare spots, carpet like lawn that resembles some golf course fairway (the kids think I am obsessed!) I enjoy roses and perennials, geraniums and impatiens, all manner of flora. I read my gardening guides and surf the web for the latest tricks and gimmicks to assure bountiful results. I weed and water, fertilize and trim doing everything by the book! This will be the year of my garden Mecca is the annual mantra.

Yet year after year the story remains the same; it never turns out the way it is suppose to! It is always falls well short of my rather grandiose expectations. Raccoons rip up the lawn in search of a delicacy, the tomatoes grow less than beefy, the roses wither under the relentless assault of hungry aphids, or the geraniums droop and whither dropping their leaves looking bare and lonely. There is always something that doesn't turn out the way I had expected. What the heck did I do wrong? What do I have to do to make this garden happen? And each fall I vow to not waste so much time on something that never delivers the goods! However, each spring, I cannot resist the allure of the burgeoning garden centres and off I go.

What I have been taught by those wiser than myself is that gardening is not about seeing that which did not succeed but appreciating and celebrating that which did flourish. Gardening is about doing your best and then letting our Creator do the rest. Gardening is about relinquishing control and recognizing that it really isn't all about us! It is realizing that we are co-gardeners, co-creators; that we are not alone in these efforts. Because no matter how dismal the results of some of our efforts may have been, there is always something to behold that you did not expect! Our God of the garden is also our God of surprises.

This image of the garden is a terrific metaphor for the efforts of evangelism throughout our diocese. It has been my experience in this diocese that there exists a cause and effect expectation. The harder I work, the more things we do, the greater and more rapid the results we will see. As parishes engage more and more in evangelistic initiatives, the greater the expectations become in seeing immediate and quantifiable results in short order (that generally translates into the number of new butts in the pews). And when the resulting expectations are not forth coming in the manner and time we had anticipated, the let down is often palpable!



Michael Patterson

Remember the garden; we are co creators and co stewards. Our role in the garden is to prepare, nurture, till, care for, and create an environment where then God can do the rest. No matter how hard we try, no matter if we talk, pull or prod those plants, nothing in our world or within our control can make that garden grow! That is God's job!" The earth produces all by itself, first the stalk then the head, then the full grain in the head" (Mark 4: 28).

So it is with the ministry of evangelism. Our role is to create an environment where God can touch someone's heart and soul to Christ- that is not within our control! Our role is to learn to share our experience of faith so that others may have something to compare and reflect on what God may be doing in their lives.

The great William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury during the earlier part of the last century wrote, "To evangelize is to present Jesus Christ in the power of the Holy Spirit, that all shall come to put their trust in God through Him and by Him." This is not of humanly devices.

So in order to understand the work of evangelism we must also understand and remind ourselves of the following:

- Becoming a Christian is a process, not a single moment in time or a single moment of crisis within the life of an individual.

- Evangelism must also be a process, involving a whole range of church activities, programs and opportunities for involvement, to connect people at whatever point on their faith journey they are at.
- Evangelism is a slow process and often happens when you least expect it. And it most often happens when you don't even know it.
- Evangelism is necessarily an integral part of the life of the church, not a bolted-on extra and therefore needs to be related to all other areas and activities of church life.
- In order for evangelism to be effective at all; in order for us to be co stewards with God, our parishes must be spiritually healthy and vibrant. Because a church that is healthy and vibrant in all areas of its life is likely to be a growing church.
- To share the Good News with others, the church must itself be good news. When people cross the threshold of our parishes, they must experience an atmosphere of well being, acceptance and love.
- Evangelism is a vital part of the church's engagement with the mission of God to the world. It is a distinct area of church life but one that informs and complements all other areas of our communities.
- Evangelism happens in God's time and not our own!

So as we stoop in our gardens this spring, may we ever be conscious that we are working in community with God. And as we engage in this ministry of evangelism may we also be conscious of this partnership that we share, seeking to assist others in discovering for themselves, with God's help, the Good news of Christ.

It is my hope that I will see you at the presentation of the Gospel of Luke presented by Bruce Kuhn this month (further information may be found elsewhere in this paper). Remember, this is a wonderful opportunity for evangelism; invite your friends, family or neighbours. You never know what God will have in store for us or for our guests! For further information or tickets, please go to www.niagara.anglican.ca/brucekuhn or call Ruth Anne Martin at 905 527-1316 (ext. 200).

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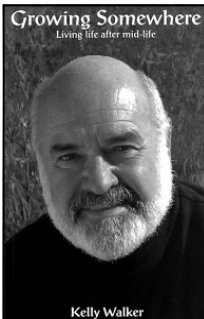
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Let Your Voice be Heard

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.

Book Reviews



Growing Somewhere

Living life after mid-life

Kelly Walker

KW Productions, 2005

Paperback: \$22.00

Available at the Cathedral Shoppe or online at www.kwalker.com

"We elders are a strong force for the future of humankind. As a group we can inspire, educate, prod and encourage as we help the next generation design how to live in this world in such a way that everyone has a right to fullness. That cannot be done by embracing fear. That only produces division and war. Love produces radiance, peace and joy. It dignifies diversity, change and imagination."

This dream for humankind is the foundation for Kelly Walker's latest book. It is a fantastic resource for those in retirement, and even those who are just leaving midlife. It is the perfect combination of challenge and companion for those who want to share in his dream.

It is in the first chapter, *Exit or Entrance*, Kelly puts out the principle challenge of the book. As we enter into our "golden years", we can either roll up the carpets, turn out the lights and wait for our final breath, or we can embrace life with a freedom that is the gift of knowing that time is growing short.

Throughout this chapter, as in the rest of this book, Kelly covers several themes, and illustrates them with short stories about real people. It would be easy to only read one small section at a time, and then reflecting on it throughout the day, or week. In fact, it would be a mistake to read this book in one sitting, as if it were a text book on how to end life well. Yes, it is full of ideas, but these are ideas that need to be taken to heart, tried on like a pair of shoes, and walking in them a while to see if they fit.

The second chapter, *How to Become Earthy and Grow Up*, is in the main, a challenge to accept our humanity and our place on earth, in order to be able to accept our final act of living... our death. Kelly again mixes stories and practical suggestions to help us be reconciled with our bodies, with all their wonder and

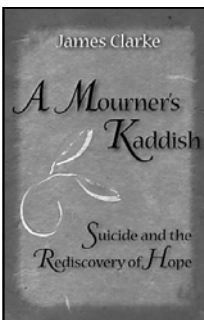
frailties and the earth around us. He encourages us to really feel things; to really laugh, to really feel the blues... to accept all these things as part of life and embrace them with a bear hug.

Kelly's stories are truly inspiring. Some are taken from his childhood or from his years as a Dominican priest, some are from famous people such as Pauline Vanier and Leonard Bernstein; all of them have shaped his own life. You can tell that Kelly himself has reflected on these stories, and he uses this book to help us do the same. They are not long, but each story is like a little window through which we can glimpse a new vision of life.

When not telling a story, Kelly remains reflective. In the third chapter, *Imagination - Designing Your Future*, he gently reiterates the goal of the book. "I can embrace creation, or I can numb myself to it. Generally, I am not negative enough to deny reality, but I can quite easily just glide beside it all and not acknowledge it. All I have to do is open up." He talks about wonder, creativity and imagination in this chapter, and offers, in his trademark fashion, practical suggestions and gentle promptings that encourage the reader to take the next step on their journey through life.

In *Becoming an Elder: Responsibility in the Community and for the Earth*, Kelly offers a vision of an elder that is a vital and vibrant part of the community - someone who protests, protects and supports others. While it may sound daunting, Kelly's mix of encouragement and anecdote are the perfect recipe for those who - at any age - dare to ask themselves if they are living life well.

The sensitivity and simplicity of *Leaving Home* draws you into this final chapter, much as one would hope the loving arms of God would carry us through the gates of death, all the while whispering with quiet excitement, "This is good." Never condescending, Kelly's reflection comes from his heart. He doesn't speak of that which he doesn't know, but offers himself as a companion on the journey. It is a welcome companion indeed.



A Mourner's Kaddish

Suicide and the rediscovery of hope

James Clarke

Novalis, 2006

Paperback: \$24.95

This book is not for the faint of heart. It looks the reality of death and especially suicide, straight in the face. James Clarke, a Judge of the Superior Court of Ontario has lived for the past sixteen years with the residue of his wife Mary's leap to her death into the waters of Niagara Falls - in his personal life and in the lives of his children and friends.

This is, by far, the most gripping book I have ever read. It echoes the integrity, daring and intimacy of the *Journals of John Cheever*, the *Report to Greco* of Nikos Kazantzakis, and the early and later writings of Thomas Merton. What a privilege to be invited into the pain-scathed soul of a man whose life has been shattered by the unthinkable, unimagined and uninvited.

This book is a graphic reminder that grief is not simply a "head and heart" reality but it also affects every aspect of our being. In grief, we are racked with pain in every fibre of our eco-system. And this book penetrates every aspect of one's being as it is read. As the healing of grief requires "compresses" in every aspect of one's being, this book goes far beyond word, which has definite limitations, and leads us into the realm of the imagination where only poetry can penetrate. James Clarke is well known for his published poetry. He is stellar at that art. But the dance between prose and poetry that he risks here, takes the

reader on a journey that explores every imaginable aspect of grief recovery - from deepest despair, to the hope that only faith can stir up.

This book is about suicide. However, his journey will serve anyone who has and who will suffer intense loss. His struggle to stand under the mysteries of another's depression expresses itself in a series of 'kaddishes'. Through these mournful prayers the mourners are reminded that tragedy is seen only within the context of a whole life whose fruits are immense.

The interaction between death and new life, despair and hope, tears and happy memories form the wallpaper for this marvellous work. He is able to weave the deepest theological and ontological questions into the very ordinary events of life. He has an intense respect for the power of ordinary. You feel like you are inside his skin as he struggles with his demons in the desert. These are our demons and we all know the desert.

"These kaddishes attempt to say the unsayable, fill the losses and the voids of my life by drawing from the deep wells of yearning and regrets..." James Clarke's prose and poetry (all of his words are poetry) cut through the 'unsayable' and from the deep hole of crazy-making despair that one is left with in any death, to the leap of faith that a believer hopes he can muster up in the dark, he truly acts as a giant elder in the human community.

If Judge James Clarke's judgements have brought peace and justice to the world he lives in, I believe this book will echo in the hearts of the human community for generations to come as one of the great manifestos of eternal springtime.

Fully awake, fully alive!

LINDA MOORE
CENTRE FOR LEADERSHIP & HUMAN VALUES

For the majority of Canadians, there is often a hibernation quality to our lives during the short days and long cold nights of winter. We crave heavier, richer foods and find it hard to pull away from the fire and the comfortable couch. The rhythm of our bodies is slow and lethargic. We often drift towards an internal place that lulls us into semi-consciousness. And there we can easily stay.



Linda Moore

Sadly, few experience the joy of being fully alive often

From an outside perspective we carry on as usual. We go to and from work, entertain grandchildren or attend school. We shop and cook and carry out numerous daily chores. The sad fact is that for some of us, this state is permanent. Year by year goes by and we rarely experience the exhilaration of being fully awake and fully alive. With the advent of each spring we have a renewed opportunity to transform.

Spring is a miraculous gift we are given. If we decide to pay attention we are jolted awake by an ecosystem full of renewal and transformation. All life begins to vibrate at a new frequency that seems to literally hum with excitement and anticipation. Everywhere our world speaks to us of an unfathomable Life Force. We sense we are part of a whole, part of 'One'. There is no separation and together with all life forms we dance to primordial rhythms of rebirth.

Miracle after miracle

Our five senses are nudged and prodded to alertness. The smell of newly turned soil in our gardens is fecund and rich with possibility. The branches of old wise trees once black and stark against the sky, become fuzzy as their buds form and then burst into leaf and flower. Song birds return and their voices wake us on the edge of the dawn.

Freshly picked fiddleheads and asparagus gently tossed in garlic and butter romance our tongues and inner cheeks. Delicate flowers pop open sharing their mastery of beauty and design. Baby lambs and colts prance across meadows of new grass, kicking up their heels for the sheer joy of being alive! Miracle after miracle inundates.

Within this astounding context we exist. Spring vibrant and tantalizing, offers us a powerful metaphor for our own inner ability to awake to a new way of "being."

Regardless of age, infirmity or personal situation we have the choice to join the dance. It simply means reaching out and into the world once more. It can take innumerable forms of expression. Ask a friend over for coffee and truly listen to what they need to say. Cook a scrumptious meal to share with another. Take a walk with a child. Engage in several random acts of kindness every day for a week. Draw a picture.

Buy some flowers. Listen to music we have never heard before. Dance in our living room to a favourite song. Soak in a tub up to our neck in fragrant bubbles. Wash another's feet in love and tenderness. Talk to a stranger. Take a significant person in our life to a play. Dig in the garden. Pot a new plant. There are infinite ways to become a participant in the magic all around us.

And why does any of this matter?

Why wake up? Deep within us the Life Force pulses whether we acknowledge it or not. Each of us has a unique purpose and contribution to make in the world. Each of us has the opportunity to express our magnificence within the context of our own reality. By ignoring the thrust of our meaningful and purposeful existence we simply deprive and hurt ourselves. Bit by bit we tear at the essence of our being and slowly die. By engaging in life our spirit stays strong and life's energy sparkles in our eyes until the moment our body is done with this world.

Living life fully requires us to be vulnerable

Living life fully is not a Pollyanna perspective. Living fully includes feeling the unfathomable grief that comes with the death of a loved one. It acknowledges the visceral outrage against brutality and unspeakable terror. It accepts the despair over an aging body or a disintegrating mind. It survives the sting of angry words and hurtful moments. It requires us to be vulnerable and open.

What living fully means is simply being awake, alert, responsive and engaged in the world around us. It means contributing to others in the best way we can with all our limitations, in joy and gratitude for simply being alive.

Wherever we find ourselves on this very day let each and every one of us embrace the miracle of spring's invitation. Let us experience the magic. Let us begin yet again to live fully awake, fully alive!

Nature poets can't walk across the backyard without tripping over an epiphany.

Christian Wiman

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

- The Reverend Jerry Salloum was appointed Vicar at St. George's, Lowville, on a part time basis, effective March 1.
- The Reverend Elizabeth (Loaring) Steeves has been appointed Priest-in-Charge, half time, at Church of Our Saviour, Stoney Creek, from May 1 until December 31, 2006.
- The Reverend Sue Nicolls submitted her resignation as Rector of St. Philip's, Burlington, and has accepted the offer to be Pastoral Associate at St. Christopher's Church, Burlington, beginning May 15.
- The Reverend Susan Wells has been appointed Interim Pastor at St. Philip's Church, Burlington, on a half time basis, beginning May 1 until February 28, 2007.
- The Reverend Lynda Kealey, rector of St. Michael's, Church, Hamilton, has been appointed Coordinator of the Hamilton Mountain Ministry Team working in cooperation with Canon Scott McNaughton (St. Stephen on the Mount) and the Reverend Vicky Hedelius (Holy Trinity).
- Congratulations to George Philbrick, O.N., and Jean Philbrick, faithful members of St. Alban's, Beamsville, on their 70th Wedding Anniversary. Our thoughts and prayers are sent to you on this important occasion.
- Congratulations to Muriel Hall and Jack Hall, O.N., who celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary on April 20.
- Permission to administer the chalice: Tim Cushnie and Rebekah Clause at Church of the

Resurrection, Hamilton, under the direction of the Interim Pastor, effective March 21.

- The Reverend Anne Crawford has completed her term as chair of the College of Deacons. We thank her for sharing her considerable leadership skills, particularly for all her work preparing for the first Tri-Diocesan Retreat. Congratulations to the Reverend Joseph Noseworthy new Chair of the College of Deacons and the Reverend St. Clair Cleveland who is Vice Chair.
- The Reverend Elizabeth Steeves (Loaring) was appointed Priest in Charge at Church of Our Saviour, Stoney Creek, on a half time basis, effective May 1.

Ordination to the Diaconate (Vocational)
 Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton
 Wednesday, May 3, 2006 - 7:30 p.m.
 Preacher: The Reverend William Phipps
 Deputy Director of Deacons

Ordinands
 Richard Ernest Beaudoin
 George Alexander Henry
 Gordon Keith Pidduck
 Christine Marie Priestman
 Robert George Roi
 Jean Margaret Ruttan-Yates
 Susan Jeanne Sanders

Bishop's Itinerary: May 2006		
1	Evening	St. James, Dundalk - Service of Disestablishment
2	5:00 pm	Meeting of Synod Council
3	7:30 pm	Christ's Church Cathedral - Ordination to the Diaconate
5	9:00 pm	St. John's, Burlington - Youth Synod Visit
6	9:00 pm	St. Peter's, Hamilton - Essentials Meeting
7	9:00 pm	Christ Church, Wainfleet - Parish Visit
7	11:00 pm	All Saints, Dain City - Parish Visit
8	Evening	Wycliffe Convocation
9	Evening	Trinity Convocation
10	7:00 pm	Appleby College - Confirmation
12	Evening	St. Barnabas, St. Catharines - Concert
14	10:30	St. James, Fergus - Service of Dedication
15-17		Hockley Hills - Clergy/Layworkers Conference
24	6:30 pm	Burlington - Community Living Banquet
25	7:00 pm	Stoney Creek Women's Institute - General Meeting
28	Morning	Christ Church, Niagara Falls - Service of Dedication
30-31	7:00 pm	Provincial House of Bishops

**A person who cares about the earth
 will resonate with its purity.**

Sally Fox



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