



# Niagara Anglican

A section of the Anglican Journal

NEWS • PERSPECTIVE • REFLECTION • FOR A GROWING CHURCH • APRIL 2010



■ Canterbury Hills Camp: Huge Impact in the Community, PAGE 2

## Overcoming Hell's grasp

MICHAEL THOMPSON  
ARCHDEACON, RECTOR, ST. JUDE'S OAKVILLE

*Hell grasped a corpse, and met God.  
Hell seized earth, and encountered  
heaven.*

*Hell took what it saw, and was over-  
come by what it could not see.*

From "The Easter Sermon of St. John  
Chrysostom"

Until he rode into Jerusalem on a donkey, everything was under control. To be sure, the rabbi from Nazareth was a troublemaker, able to weave together the losses and dreams of ordinary people into a tapestry of hope, hope that called current arrangements into question. To be sure, he threatened to undermine the prudent negotiation by which the competing interests of Rome and Jerusalem—that is, of their elites—were refined into a shared interest in stability.

» CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

## What a time it was

PETER WALL  
DEAN, RECTOR, CHRIST'S CHURCH CATHEDRAL

As I write this, we are approaching the halfway mark of Lent, and we have just finished our two week, late-night affair with the Vancouver Olympics. What an amazing, engaging, and all-consuming time that was. Whether it was because these games were taking place in Canada, or whether it was simply because a three hour time difference made it so easy to spend our late evenings glued to the TV, they certainly caught our attention.

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## Go deeper and get fishing

ANDY KALBFLEISCH  
MISSION STRATEGY COMMITTEE

Although the spiritual journey of the unchurched is often met by megachurches (the Meeting House, Southridge Community Church and many others), many traditional churches have already made successful transformations from the old ways to the new. I'm thinking of many Anglican churches in London, England as well as Holy Trinity Streetsville and others that have successfully adapted to the new cultural paradigm to become active and vibrant congregations in their local communities.

Bold steps are needed to recognize that the status quo is no longer good enough if the church is going to live out its mission, specifically to proclaim the good news of the kingdom and to teach, baptize and nurture new believers.

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## Community Justice Camp and justice making A part of our Christian DNA



COLLEEN SYM  
SOCIAL JUSTICE COORDINATOR

Due to get underway May 9, 2010, Community Justice Camp has been drawing attention across the Diocese,

province and country as the excitement for the event is building.

According to Michael Patterson, "We, within the Anglican Diocese of Niagara, are excited about hosting the Justice Camp this May. Community Justice Camp is an opportunity to raise awareness of justice issues and engage with people from across the country about how we can collectively ensure that justice making becomes part of our Christian DNA."

Social justice advocates, ages 18 to 80-plus, from across Canada will be gathering in Hamilton, May 9-14, 2010, for Community Justice Camp. Community Justice Camp will enable participants to get back to the essence of what Christ called us to do—feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and love our neighbour.

"I'm excited this year to see the Niagara Diocese taking the lead to strengthen communities and community develop-

ment," says Fred Hiltz, Primate, Anglican Church of Canada. "The Anglican Church has been hosting Justice Camps now for more than five years. They have proved their success—as a way of bringing generations and denominations together, developing local justice leadership, leading the church in mission, and engaging communities in issues that directly affect them.

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## Bumpy road to Esperanza

ELEANOR JOHNSTON  
ST. THOMAS, ST. CATHARINES

Fifteen volunteers from St. Thomas' delivered medical humanitarian aid to the Haitian refugees and the poor people of the Dominican Republic in the area south of Puerto Plata. We brought \$50,000 worth (300 pounds) of non-narcotic medicine along with toiletry bags and small toys, and we helped build churches, clinics, schools and houses with our financial donations and physical labor.

We witnessed some excellent missionary work. Two St. Thomas' parishioners, Denise and Ken Taylor, are committed to helping the poor through "Not Just Tourists," their simple and clever system of transporting medicines from

rich countries to poor. They are eager to explore new contacts to further their mission. "Not Just Tourists" has grown over the past 15 years until its nine centers across Canada now annually deliver more than 6,000 kg—that's 13,200 pounds, almost seven tons—of medical aid to treat the poor of 30 countries. One can only guess at the thousands of lives the Taylors have saved!

Ken and Denise also inspired the congregation of St. Thomas' to raise over \$8,000 for the Samaritan Foundation run by one of their friends, Elio Madonia. Just before retirement, Elio, a Pentecostal Italian-Canadian businessman with a saint-like level of commitment to the poor, took a holiday with

his wife at a resort in the Dominican Republic. Having taken a "wrong turn" on a walk, he discovered that the pastor, whom he and others back home were supporting, lived in horrible poverty with his congregation. Elio realized that he was God's hands, that God could only help these people if he did the work.

**I was hungry and you gave me food; I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink**

Driving by bus along a rough track through a huge sugarcane field, we saw no buildings, no humans, not even road signs when the track forked. Then Villa Ascension appeared out of nowhere;

there we helped with a feeding program organized by Jane Huizinga, wife of the Mission Director of the Samaritan Foundation, John.

With her local helpers we fed 25 seniors and 140 children who gained admittance to the dining room by handing in the token that showed they had attended a morning church service. In La Vigia, a village on top of a high hill, we ran a juice and sandwich program for the children who attended a short Bible storytelling. We also gave each child a toy, and mothers with infants, baby clothes. It became a bit chaotic with about 150-200 kids thronging around.

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- Served three terms as National Chief, Assembly of First Nations
- Member, Order of Manitoba
- Led the successful settlement of claims arising from the Indian residential school strategy
- Recipient of five honorary degrees from Canadian universities



# Celebrating our partnerships at Canterbury Hills Camp

## COURTNEY EVERS

CANTERBURY HILLS CAMP COORDINATOR (2006-2007)

As Canterbury Hills Camp marks 50 years of camping this year, there is much to celebrate. Thousands of children and young people's lives have been changed for the better. Children have grown through teamwork and play, young leaders have been nurtured, and God's work has been lived out with vision and heart.

Perhaps one of the greatest reasons to celebrate is the successful and meaningful partnerships that Canterbury Hills Camp has established over the years. In addition to the many campers who attend camp each summer through their parishes, families, and communities, there are many who come to camp through the connection of several exceptional programs. For close to 20 years, Canterbury has had a close partnership with St. Matthew's House, working together to make summer camp a reality for children in need of financial and family support. Along with St. Matthew's House, the Children's Aid Society also sends children to Canterbury for a chance to play, be silly with new friends, and just be kids. Since the early 1990s, Canterbury has also proudly been partnered with Reach for the Rainbow, an organization that facilitates the integration of

children with special needs into summer camping programs. At camp these children become part of a camper group, playing and learning with the other children in their group and participating in all camp activities. Most recently, Canterbury has partnered with Angel Tree, an organization that helps to provide children of incarcerated individuals with the joy of a summer camp experience. These partnerships enable the staff at Canterbury Hills Camp to more fully live out a ministry to provide a positive, nurturing, and engaging camp experience for all children.

You can see the power of these partnerships on the faces of the campers who are sent through these organizations. Consider the child, for the first time surrounded by countless trees and shades of green, marvelling in awe at the sight of a deer peeking through the woods. Or the child, face beaming with surprise and delight, as he overcomes the seeming limitations of a physical disability to be raised high in the trees of a high ropes course, leaving his wheelchair far below on the ground. And then the child, tears in her eyes on the last campfire, who wraps her arms around the staff and campers she now calls friends, a group that made her feel welcome, safe, and loved.

While the impact on the children sent through these partnerships is incredibly significant, so too is the impact on the children and staff members who are part of their camper groups. Imagine the children who help their friend be raised up on the ropes course, unattached to the chair that usually holds him, cheering him on with great delight, and waiting eagerly at the bottom to be the first to give him a 'high five'. Or the Cabin Leader who is awakened by the fact that her camper has never seen a deer, never played by so many trees, never explored a nearby creek, never known such a safe and nurturing environment.

Perhaps the greatest value of all is the learning that is not announced, that is not even fully realized for years later. Most staff and campers are not aware of which child has come from a partnered organization; they are not contemplating the power of exposing children to diversity or being inspired by the strength of these children. They are just kids. Kids playing with other kids. Without labels or limitations, they are all part of the same camper unit. For their week together they will laugh, make crafts, sing, swim, and explore; all the while being embraced by God's love, and simply being kids.

# Overcoming Hell's grasp

It was, after all, stability that delivered tribute to Rome and power to the chief priest. And it had worked so far. Rome and Jerusalem conspired to hold the chaos at bay. If Rome feared the chaos of populist Jewish aspirations, so did Jerusalem, where court and temple prospered as long as they could dampen any occasional sparks of hope that might threaten what passed for peace.

Until he rode into Jerusalem on a donkey, they could still believe that the rabbi from Nazareth could somehow be managed. But coming as he did, in the manner anticipated in Zechariah 9.9—"triumphant and victorious... humble and riding on a donkey"—coming, that is, as the promised king, he made it clear that he was not to be managed. He was coming "with an attitude".

The next day (according to the oldest gospel, Mark) Jesus takes his attitude to the temple, flushing out the "thieves" who hide out there in a mist of sanctity. Taxes to Caesar, the widow's offering, the prophetic judgment against the temple itself—more attitude. The fear and hatred grow, until, behind closed doors, we find Jerusalem's elite plotting Jesus' death.

Violence. Just under the surface so much of the time, the promise that, "if all else fails..." And on the night of his arrest, all else has failed. Rogue power is loose in Jerusalem in the life of Jesus, power with an attitude that can no longer be thought benign. Money changes hands so Jerusalem can capture Jesus away from the crowds that have protected him

all week. A mockery of a trial, and then a painful, violent death at Rome's hands.

For a day or two, it's like all the other insurrections, their leaders twisting in the wind. A single decisive and thorough act of violence pushes back the threatened chaos, stability returns. Tribute will flow. Power will accrue to those who deftly brought the violence to bear without leaving their fingerprints at the scene. Once more Jerusalem defers to Rome at the critical moment, the cross does its gruesome work, and life continues as before. For a day or two.

Hell reaches up into the tomb, grasps the corpse, drags it down into its gaping maw. Seizes the unbreathing clay. Sees death's work and claims it as its own. It's over, or at least it should be over. And for a day or two it is.

It's on the third day that the cracks start to appear. News from women about an empty tomb. A gardener who isn't a gardener. A wounded apparition. Bread blessed, broken, and shared. And what seemed a few hours before so certain and so final now begins to yield to something other, to some Other whose presence changes everything.

It is the Other whose "Let there be" teased order out of chaos on the first day of Creation. It is the Other whose promise captivates Abram and sends him out from his father's Haran into an adventure that is not over yet. The Other who uses the schemes of his brothers to send Joseph into Egypt as vanguard for a People. Who braces Moses against the power of Pharaoh, small David against the murderous sheer bulk of Goliath, whose burning coal touches Isaiah's trembling lip,

Whose astringent truth emerges out of Amos, Micah, Jeremiah, Joel.

This Other, this Holy One, this Living God who changes everything goes to work in this story as hell grasps the corpse of Jesus, as hell asserts its hold on the earth, as hell takes everything it sees by violence, death, and hate. And on the third day, the holy work of God becomes apparent—to overcome hell's grasping, seizing, taking power in our lives, in the life of the world.

If we did not know that the tomb was empty, that Mary heard the gardener speak her name in Love's distinctive voice—if we did not know that Cleopas and companion saw the impossible appear before their astonished eyes in the blessing and sharing of bread—that Thomas reached out to touch the wounds of love, that a meal waited for Peter on the beach, or that the angel said, "Be not afraid." If we did not know these things, we would be wise indeed to bend our lives before the power of death, wise indeed to know that death rules this and every day. We would be wise to consider that in the meantime—in the *mean* time—death's servants seem to prosper more than any—if we did not know, that is.

But somehow through the din of violence, death and meantime, whispers of resurrection reach our ears. And reflections of the empty tomb are found in every place where acts of love defy the power of death to tell us who we are, what can and can't be done, who matters and who doesn't, and how our story ends. We have heard the whisper. Blessed Easter.

# Twitter the Gospel



**HOLLIS HISCOCK**  
RETIRED PRIEST, BURLINGTON

"Let's twitter?", she asked in a seductive tone.

"I don't dance", I muttered in a hushed whisper.

"Don't be a twit", she laughed in rebuttal.

"Be ye neither a twitterer nor a twit be", said I in my best Shakespearean dialect, and added for good measure, "maybe we could go twitting, I hear that's fun".

She concluded, 'I do not want to go twitting with you. You are no twit, but you should learn to twit'.

If this conversation seems incoherent to you, let me illuminate the pivotal 't' words in this dialogue.

A 'twit' is a silly or foolish person, who could be twittish. If you twitted or were in the process of twitting another individual then you would be taunting or reproaching that person in a good natured or humorous manner.

Now Twitter is a whole different and recent phenomenon. It does not appear in any English dictionary published more than four years ago.

According to online encyclopaedia Wikipedia, Twitter, created by Jack Dorsey in 2006, is a 'free social networking and micro blogging service that enables its users to send and read messages known as tweets'. Tweets are text messages, limited to 140

characters, displayed by the author on a profile page, delivered to those accepted by the author or may be available to everyone.

Now Jesus taught through parables, which are pithy stories or fables used to teach a lesson. If twitter had been available, Jesus probably would have utilized the medium and his tweets would have been accessible to everyone.

What would His parables look like if Jesus had been restricted to 140 characters at any given dispatch? Let's twitter the prodigal son story (Luke 15:1, 11-32).

**TWEET ONE:** Demanded my inheritance from my father. Balked at first, then he divided his estate equally between my brother and me. Brother staying with father.

**TWEET TWO:** Received huge wad of money. Today left for parts unknown. Looking for partyville. Let the good times roll!

**TWEET THREE:** Rented a groovy downtown bachelor pad. Filled 24/7 with friends who love me, love my generosity, love my parties, love my money. Woohoo!

**TWEET FOUR:** Four weeks later... money all gone. Friends gone too. All alone. I'm in deep you know what...

**TWEET FIVE:** Got kicked out of my apartment. No job. Starving. No place to go. No money. No friends. What can a spoiled boy do?

**TWEET SIX:** Good news. Found me a job. Catering in the bovine industry. OK—feeding pigs. Not great but I get to eat the leftovers.

**TWEET SEVEN:** Things gone from bad to worse. My father's hired hands are

better off than me. May go home and beg for a job.

**TWEET EIGHT:** Heading home. Scared. Don't know what to expect from my father or brother.

**TWEET NINE:** I am standing at the end of my father's driveway. Somebody is running towards me. Arms waving. Who could this be?

**TWEET TEN:** My father put his arms around me, hugged me and kissed me. He had tears in his eyes.

**TWEET ELEVEN:** Told father I sinned big time. Expected him to disown me. Not worthy to be his son. Father kept hugging and kissing me.

**TWEET TWELVE:** Father gave me designer jeans, expensive sweater, pricey shoes and a gorgeous ring. Ordered the staff to prepare a feast for me. Brother working in the fields.

**TWEET THIRTEEN:** Brother hears the noise from the celebration and is royally 'waste watered' off. Refuses to come into the house. Very angry.

**TWEET FOURTEEN:** Father told brother he owns everything and I have nothing. I am like a dead person who came back to life. We should all be happy, not angry.

**TWEET FIFTEEN:** Brother came to the party. Welcomed me home reluctantly. We ate, drank and danced till dawn. Fell asleep on the floor.

**TWEET SIXTEEN:** Moral: No matter how bad our lives become, if we take the first step God, like father, still loves us, forgive us and welcomes us home.

.....  
The Reverend Hollis Hiscock, a retired Anglican priest living in Burlington, is available as a speaker with multimedia Bible and life presentations.

# A butterfly between us



**GRAHAME STAP**  
RECTOR ST SIMON, TEMAGAMI

Life after death has always been a difficult idea for people to accept. How do we live forever? Do we get bored? Where is heaven? All legitimate questions to which there are no absolute answers; all we have is our faith. Faith is given to us by Jesus Christ who, according to the Bible, rose again from the dead and ascended into heaven.

We seem to forget that if we knew the answers to these questions we would not need God. But at the same time I do not believe we should blindly accept what we are told. One of the foundations of the Anglican faith is that God gave us the ability to reason within the scriptures, an ability if you like to read between the lines.

In the story of the transfiguration Jesus stands talking with Moses and Elijah both of whom were long since dead. The writer of the gospel is trying to tell us that life does go on after death. The writer goes on to explain that Peter hasn't got a clue as to what is going on and is lost in the unbelievable scene that unfolds before him just as we are lost in trying to understand the wonderful gift of life after death.

Perhaps we should not worry about our not understanding; perhaps we

should do as Mary does many times, and ponder these things in our hearts. I do believe however, that God does allow us insights into the mystery. We just have to be willing to accept that it is God and not coincidence.

Some time ago I buried a grandfather of two small boys. I could see they were having a difficult time and did not understand why someone they loved was no longer with them.

I tried to explain that in this life we are like a caterpillar: going about our daily life anchored to the earth by the law of gravity eating, sleeping and growing older.

The time then comes for us to go into our chrysalis, or in the case of humans our coffin, only to rise as a beautiful butterfly free of the pull of gravity.

I don't think I helped much. I don't think I made it any easier for them to understand until a week later, when the interment took place.

As the service was starting a butterfly flew between us and out across the empty field next to the cemetery. I think everyone was taken by surprise. Mouths dropped open and for a few moments there was complete silence. Was this coincidence or a sign from God that life does truly continue after we die?

I chose to believe that God wants us to have at least some sense of what our relationship is about and does from time to time give us clues to the mystery of faith. But, of course, as always we have the ability to believe or ignore. That is what faith is about and what Easter is about. But as always, it is only my opinion.

## It's Not Complicated God Loves Us (but it is only my opinion)

by Grahame Stap



A story of a search for God and can be bought at [lulu.com/christianity/author/grahame\\_stap](http://lulu.com/christianity/author/grahame_stap) or by sending a cheque for \$23.00 which includes shipping and taxes, to Grahame Stap c/o general delivery Marten River Post Office, Marten River ON POH 1T0

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Photography by HUGH GAYLER

## Bumpy road to Esperanza

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Such a distribution program only happens when a group like ours comes along with enough people to manage the task. On our last day we assembled 100 bags of staple foods and delivered them, in the hot sun, to the homes in the village of Nazareth. This was not a reward for religious instruction attendance, simply a gift. Nonetheless it was difficult work scrambling up and down hills to the homes the truck couldn't reach, but the people received us graciously, often inviting us into their houses where we had learned enough Spanish to manage a dialogue: "Dios les bendiga." "Amen." "Gracias." "De nada."

### I was a stranger and you welcomed me

Here were we, foreigners, offering food, drink, medical care and housing to the people of the Dominican Republic as well as to Haitian refugees. This inversion of normal customs of hospitality was both awkward and necessary; we couldn't ignore the animosity felt by the local people towards the Haitian refugees and the ambivalence towards the whites who come to help.

In Paradiso we helped, with our physical labor and financial donations, build a new village. Some moved cement in a wheelbarrow, some shoveled earth, and others painted window shutters. Working in the heat was exhausting but rewarding. The streets have running water at taps along the alleys. Each concrete house of 420 square feet has a tiny kitchen, a living/dining room, two bedrooms and a washroom. Outside most houses are flower and vegetable gardens. This vastly improved housing, along with church, school and medical clinic, was found in ten villages that richly deserve names such as Betania, Redemption, Trinidad, Assumption and Maranatha ("Christ will return").

Maranatha was the first village built by the Samaritan Foundation 20 years ago. The man of the family dwelling in the first house worked his way up to become a trained mechanic and now sends both his children to college. Around Maranatha has sprung up a lively business neighborhood. Another sign of prosperity is that the people are building second stories on top of these first homes.

The old town beside Esperanza is called Los Algodones (The Cottons). It is grimly poor. Tiny shacks, built with wooden frames and roofed with sheets of tin hammered out from oil barrels, were hot and crowded and leaked in heavy rains. Between rows of houses stones dotted the mud of alleys less than two meters wide. We stepped carefully around all kinds of waste. Hopefully the children, most wearing flip-flops several sizes too large, had no open cuts on their feet.

### I was naked and you clothed me

The children wore clean secondhand American clothes and, for school, crisp uniforms. We visited a very crowded school for children with no identity papers. They sang to us and we sang "Frere Jacques" in a round. The volunteer teachers continued with their lessons in French grammar, doing so well with so little.

In every village as soon as we got off the bus, we were swarmed by children who took our hands, mostly speaking in Spanish. Anna had a sweet smile and a Barbie doll. Repeatedly she tried to take off my rings and I said sorry, no. They charmed us, but we were aware that Niagara preschoolers are taught never to hug and play with adult strangers. The street children of Nazareth simply put out their hands and demanded, in English, "Your money!" Back on the bus we rubbed disinfectant onto our hands and hoped we had given them adequate attention and affection.

We discussed a request that we contribute to the building of another school or sponsor the school expenses of specific children. Most of us have heard that the latter method has been problematic with some aid agencies but we liked the idea of supporting the school—education is paramount.

### I was sick and you visited me

We delivered the drugs we had imported to the clinic in Esperanza where we met Dr. Lambert who, since 2005, has been using "Not Just Tourists" meds in the DR and is now taking them to Port-Au-Prince every other weekend in his work as a volunteer. This was his first meeting with Ken and Denise; he thanked them sincerely, explaining how important their work is.

We visited Mustard Seed, a home for physically and mentally handicapped

children. It was a bright, well-appointed home but the children were very sad cases and the workers exhausted. We presented our cheque and folded laundry.

Bringing gifts and the blessing, "Dios les bendiga," we toured a hospital for poor people. It was difficult to witness the crowded wards with family members milling around while others tried to raise money for necessary treatments. The lack of safety standards is shocking, literally; one of us leaned against a wall where two live wires protruded and was sent jumping. An elevator shaft was open, with no door to prevent a fall.

### I was in prison and you came to me

The prisons we visited were the slums from which we hoped to help people escape. Our guide, John Huizinga, told us that the old villages at night are often dark and violent. There are no police to keep order—"machete justice" both disturbs order and imposes it. The villages for Haitian refugees are set off from the poor of the DR because of the long history of animosity between the two racial groups.

When John decided which families from an old village would receive new houses first, he incurred the fury of others. He quickly formed a committee to determine these choices. He is still aware of anger against him; in any public place he sits with his back against a wall. Meanwhile, every villager knows that all families will move eventually into new houses.

In the crafts shop in Esperanza workers cut up cereal boxes to create beautiful necklaces. One worker has three children; her husband died of AIDS. She strains to look happy and interested. Luke, the young spokesman, also works at our resort. He had one month of education, all he could afford. Nevertheless, he has the health and faith to succeed. Many of the young men we saw were unemployed because they lack training to work productively; they hang about the village squares playing checkers. Of those working in the resort, some convey resentment of their white guests.

At our last meeting in the church in Esperanza, Elio introduced the families who will receive the next two homes, those sponsored by the St. Thomas community. One family contained a pregnant single mother of five. She was regal in her

beautiful gold dress and cape. The two oldest boys looked nervous yet proud. My husband, Wayne, interpreted by Elio, blessed both families and we photographed them in front of a model home. Their new homes will be ready in six weeks and their old shacks demolished.

### As you did to the least of these, you did it to me

In the new church in Esperanza, black women and children on one side of the central aisle swayed, hands in the air for every "Hallelujah." The men, less engaged, moved slightly. At the back half of the congregation were white North American volunteers: Pentecostals and Anglicans. The pastor shouted into his mike a hypnotically rhythmic Creole liturgy punctuated by "Amen?" "Amen!" The band used huge speakers at top volume, a keyboard, a drum kit

told us that he also has healing powers. One woman had spent 30 years in a wheelchair. He felt God's power rushing from him to her and she felt a hand pushing her shoulders so that she stood up, cured. We listened politely but were too amazed to respond. Sometimes there is more than a language barrier in communicating our spiritual experiences.

During the last days of the mission several discussions occurred. Why were we building homes? Why aren't the local men doing the work? Shouldn't there be some sweat equity, some sense of ownership? How much better if we donated the money to pay them to work, or if they volunteered? Ultimately, we asked, how do we know what is best to do? Most of the white volunteers require families to buy into charity; for example, they pay 20 pesos to see a doctor and raise the cash to provide their children with birth cer-

“  
Individually, as Christians, and collectively, as a church, we have the obligation to share what we have and to demonstrate with deeds, our love for the Lord and for our neighbour.”

Elio Madonia

and traditional percussion instruments. The American Pentecostal church is the strongest church presence we met, rivaled by the people's traditional voodoo. We wondered if Anglicans can in future develop our own mission.

At the juice program in Le Vigia, we attended another lesson/service. We watched our interpreter, David Beard, a charismatic young black man, coax loud responses from the children as he told the story of David and Goliath. The Bible storybook he used pictured David with blonde hair and blue eyes against a dark Goliath. Another day, in a quiet conversation with three of us, David described his evangelism in terms of spiritual warfare. He said that God warns him of evil demons. Once the Lord told him to wear a casual shirt and pants to a rally; he didn't understand why but did so. David saw "evil spirits gathering" in a man, a witch doctor as it turned out, who was looking for the preacher in a suit. David cast out the demons that "howled and roared like lions" and left the man writhing on the ground. David

tificates, uniforms and backpacks as the requirement for attending school. Where should charity begin and end?

As we feel back home, however much we donate, the envelope always comes that contains a thank-you note, a tax receipt and a request for more money. Yet we know our ambivalence is petty when compared to the sufferings of the poor. What rage do those who suffer from AIDS and other diseases of poverty feel when they see our freedom to make choices? How hungry are the resort workers when they serve the many obese tourists in their land?

The Dominican Republic is blessed with fertile soil and many children. With the help of volunteers, its people are converting from voodoo to Pentecostal Christianity and receiving western medicine, clean water and housing, basic literacy and employment training. What mission can a Canadian Anglican parish effectively undertake? Certainly our week in the DR gave us some sense of how we can be God's hands in helping the poor.

## PARISH NEWS



■ Parishioners Evelyn Bradbury and Russell Halls (Peoples' Warden) stack cans.

## Responding to the recession



**FRAN DARLINGTON**  
INTERIM RECTOR, ST. JAMES FERGUS

Fergus has been hit very hard by the recession and many families are struggling. Requests for Christmas hampers from the Centre Wellington Food bank more than doubled in 2009, and local churches are doing their best to help. St. James, Fergus, has held three special collections to support their neighbours in need.

Throughout Advent, a playpen was set up by the chancel steps at

St. James, open to receive Gifts for the Christ Child, acknowledging that many innocent wee ones are born today into even worse circumstances than the Babe of Bethlehem. Soothers, bottles and diapers, stretchy suits and toys, blankets and bonnets, all sorts of creative gifts, many the beautiful work of loving hands in the parish, more than filled the playpen by Christmas Eve. The collection was taken to the local women's shelter, where it was received with heartfelt gratitude.

On what we called "Soupier-Bowl Sunday", people were invited to bring in cans, packages and boxes of soup, or ingredients to make soups, all to go to the local Food Bank. On that one Sunday, the good folk at St.

James brought in over 200 pounds of food!

The socks? We called it the St. James Sock Hop, and it lasted throughout the month of February. People were invited to donate socks to be distributed through the Food Bank—and donate they did, overflowing the laundry hamper three times! Thick woolly socks, fancy ladies socks, work socks, children's socks, even socks with toes like fingers on gloves—more than we could ask or imagine! Some of the socks were hung with brightly coloured clothes pegs from a "laundry line" across the chancel railing.

St. James would be glad to learn of similar creative support projects from other parishes—social justice in action!

## St. John's Burlington celebrates 175th anniversary

**BAHMAN KALNATARI**  
RECTOR

The 175th anniversary celebrations will include several events that will highlight to a wider community the 21st Century Christian family of St. John's. The parishioners at St. John's are very passionate about these events and are looking forward to celebrating them.

St. John's believes strongly in the power of the Holy Spirit, believes that the Holy Spirit is leading us as a community towards an awakening of interest in the importance of the following principles:

- Learning to live the life-changing love of Jesus—actively expressing this love in the care that we show in our relationships with families, relatives, and neighbours.
- Committing ourselves to the joyful task of spreading Jesus' everlasting and liberating message to those who thirst for spirituality, justice, and joyfulness.
- Expanding, through the foundations that we build every day, the Kingdom of God on earth.

In order to help expand God's kingdom on earth, to open our arms to all and to spread the liberating message of Jesus, we first had to draw a 'map'. Theory gave way to active practice, building and celebrating. 175 years seems like a small amount of time in comparison to God's Kingdom. But, in the past 175 years changes and upheaval have been a main characteristic in human life and history. God's kingdom has not only survived in the midst of this turmoil and upheaval but it has grown inwardly and outwardly. The citizens of God's kingdom have become more conscious, more realistic, more passionate and more hopeful about their mission, their identity, and their influence. At St.

John's, we are actively developing a culture of the 'individual for the community and the community for the individual'.

Dr. Robert Duke, in his book *A History of St. John's*, writes:

"St. John's Burlington (Nelson), the second oldest Anglican Church in Burlington, was founded in 1835 though worship has taken place in the present building since 1839. Though St. Luke's, Wellington Square was established in 1834, the people who had settled in the Nelson area found that traveling to the more southerly parish over the rough and muddy roads was inconvenient at best. Joseph Ireland, William Spence, and John Wettenhall successfully petitioned the Bishop of Quebec (who spent half of each year in Toronto) for a local church. In 1835 the first service was held in an old school-house which was located near the present rectory building. A traveling missionary, The Reverend Frederick Mack, rode his horse from St. Luke's to the Guelph Line School. The Rev. Henry Hugh O'Neill and Reverend J. Gamble-Geddes, also traveling missionaries, continued to visit the Nelson area from 1836 to 1838. In 1838, Nelson had its first resident rector, Rev. Thomas Greene, who urged the congregation to build a church building of their own."

The passage above represents St. John's beginnings. It is wonderful to think that we, as the present parish community, are heirs to this wonderful legacy of vision and perseverance.

This is how, for our wonderful church, it all started. And, with the help and in the name of the Nazarene Liberator and through the transforming work of the Holy Spirit, there will be no end to our wonderful mission.

## Aboriginal Canadian leader to speak at St. George's Guelph

**MARK WALDRON**  
ST. GEORGE'S GUELPH

Phil Fontaine, former National Chief of the Assembly of First Nations will present the Second Annual Anniversary Lecture at St. George's Church in Guelph on Tuesday, April 13.

Dr. Fontaine will speak on the topic: "Our Environment, Our Water, Our Land." Following the presentation, audience participants will have the opportunity to ask questions of Fontaine. Bishop Mark MacDonald, National Indigenous Bishop will be present to introduce Fontaine to the audience.

Phil Fontaine made national history when he accepted Canada's formal apology for the residential schools situation. He was first elected Chief

of the Sagkeeng First Nation at the young age of 28. He is a proud member of the Sagkeeng First Nation of Manitoba and still plays an active role in the support of his community.

He recently was presented with an honorary doctor of laws degree from the University of Guelph to add to his list of honorary degrees from RMC, Brock, Windsor and Lakehead Universities. He also holds the Order of Manitoba.

"We are very fortunate to have Phil Fontaine come and speak with us," states Peter Anderson, Chair of the Anniversary Lecture Planning Committee. "Dr. Fontaine has a long list of accomplishments, is an inspirational leader and a keen story teller about his native life," adds Anderson.

One of Fontaine's most significant achievements was his pivotal role in negotiating the Indian Residential Schools Settlement Agreement, which is the largest and most comprehensive settlement in Canadian history.

After many years as Manitoba Regional Chief for the Assembly of First Nations, he stepped onto the national stage where he was elected to the highest elected position in First Nations politics in 1997. He has just completed his final term in August, 2009.

Phil is the youngest son in an Ojibway family of ten brothers and two sisters. When he was six years old, his father died suddenly and, as a result, his family experienced poverty for

the first time. Agnes Fontaine, Phil's mother, was a tenacious, hardworking woman, the best cook in the community, a house cleaner and a special event caterer. She involved her family in picking blueberries while she worked as a cook in logging camps. She taught Phil about hard work, perseverance and the importance of education encouraging her young son to finish school and attend university.

"I have lots of stories about growing up and my mother's influence on my life", remembers Phil. "It was a tough life, especially the ten years that I spent at the Fort Alexander Residential School," adds Phil. "I may have been elected chief at a young age but I never forget that, in 1992, my mother was the first Indian woman in Canada

to be elected to a band council. She set the pace," he claims.

After receiving his honorary degree at the University of Guelph convocation, Dr. Fontaine said that he is looking forward to speaking at St. George's Church. He added that Guelph had a national reputation as an environmentally concerned community and that he was looking forward to seeing more of the 'green' activities of this area.

Fontaine's talk will be presented at St. George's Church, 99 Woolwich Street, Guelph on Tuesday, April 13 at 7:30 pm. Tickets are \$10.00, available from the Church office or from The Bookshelf in downtown Guelph. For further information, call the Church office at 519-823-1366 or check the website at [www.saintgeorge.ca](http://www.saintgeorge.ca).

# The Magic Kingdom



**JOHN RIPLEY**  
INTERIM RECTOR, HOLY TRINITY WELLAND

In late February I made my decadal visit to The Magic Kingdom. My first visit was made when the kids were young, the second was made with my wife in the year 2000, and then this past venture with my daughter and her fiancé. I don't know what there is about Disney World, but, whenever I go there I am always touched by the Disney 'magic'. Call me a sentimental fool, but, the atmosphere in the various parks is subtly different each with its own ambience. Whatever their speciality the mood in the parks is undergirded by the Disney philosophy—"to make people happy". This simple philosophy is expressed in the form of a Mission Statement: "We create happiness by providing the finest in entertainment for people of all ages everywhere."

Their mission to 'create happiness' is evident with every experience that one might have in Disney World. The congeniality of all of the employees, the cleanliness of the parks, and the attention to detail in all aspects of the operation from entertainment to concessions are pervasive when one enters the gates. Now, we know that the spirit of happiness is intentionally created. The more cynical might say that the whole experience is a façade, certainly not reflective of real life. But that is the point. On walking into the "Magic Kingdom" you begin a transformation. The realities give way to fantasy. Happiness is pervasive. Lee Cockerell, former Executive Vice President, Operations

of Walt Disney World Resort, in his book *Creating Magic*, writes "It's not the magic that makes it work; it's the way we work that makes it magic." (p. 1) Fundamental to the 'way we work' is the selection and training of Cast Members (employees). Cast Members begin, after orientation, to live the philosophy "to make people happy." That is no mean feat considering 59,000 Cast Members are employed to create the spirit envisioned by Disney. It works—an annual attendance of over 17,000,000 is testimony to the fact. It would seem that their success is dependent on knowing what their purpose is and being consistent in the pursuit of that purpose.

Our diocese has developed a comprehensive philosophy for its operation—The Diocesan Vision. To use business lingo it, the vision, gives us essential operational strategies to create desired outcomes that will enhance parish and diocesan life. Let's dream a little. Suppose that all of the parishes in the diocese actively engaged with the vision. Let's suppose that the various petals were to find expression in individual parishes. Let's suppose that all practicing Anglicans began to live the tenets of the vision in their individual and corporate lives. Would things change? You bet your bottom dollar they would.

When the various components of an organization begin to direct their energy in a shared direction 'magic' can happen. Our philosophy is not "to make people happy", although that could be the result if the underlying philosophy of the diocesan vision, which is simply, to enhance the God experience for each worshiper in each parish. We could take a page out of Mickey's book. If we did, maybe, we could help to grow God's Kingdom in a broken and suffering world!

# What a time it was

» CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The fact that records were broken and that hearts were uplifted, that beauty was captured and that excellence was palpable, and that a hitherto undemonstrated Canadian euphoria was all around, it certainly was a rare fortnight!

There is no way in which I could be considered a sports fan; I certainly do not follow many sports (other than a little baseball) and, other than a certain golf tournament and a certain curling bonspiel, I really don't participate much either. A little golf now and then, since I guess I am finally old enough, but, other than that, I'm much more likely to be at the opera than at the rink. And yet, I was as caught up in the nightly displays of tremendous talent and moving artistry as anyone could have been. It was a very special time to be a Canadian.

There are all kinds of ways in which the Olympics mirror religious practices—ritual, form, processions, team-work, story telling, narrative, and climax. All carefully and artfully assembled into a coherent whole, with particular shape and designed in ways that involve and engage those who are participating in it.

There is no doubt in my mind that, for many for whom organized religion is no longer a part of their life, the 'religion' of sport, which could have more sacred and religious elements than the Olympics, is real and palpable. And you and I should not sell it short. Anthems, promises, quasi-prayers, and the working together of a team all feels kind of like church. Religious themes surround us in so much that we consume—who could see *Avatar* and not be struck with the scenes that feel so much like a baptism, an ordination, a redemption, a resurrection. But I digress.

It seems to me that the challenge to us is to infuse our rites and ceremonies (and we experience in Holy Week and the Paschal Triduum our rites and our ceremonies at their richest), with the same level of passion of excellence, of ritual, of grandeur. At the same time we must make them our rituals and rites (not imposed, artificial or inauthentic, and hence empty), and solemnities. I believe that excellence in what we do is something for which we must always strive. We must define excellence as doing what we do as well as we possibly can. Whether it is in our preaching, our singing,

our praying, or our processing, we need constantly to strive for our best. We also need to acknowledge that it is our rituals *themselves* in which we often find our deepest spirituality, our most profound moments. These rituals are not merely symbolic nor are they simply glosses which we add to the important substance of what we do: at times they are the very substance. When one participates in the foot washing on Maundy Thursday, it is an incredibly moving and engrossing ritual, not simply as a memorial or a symbol. There are no words by which we intellectualize nor explain the experience. When a large cross is carried into the midst of the assembly in the course of the Good Friday liturgy, we cannot necessarily understand it nor *parse* it; we can only experience it. Similarly, when the bells ring out to mark the end of our darkness and death at the Great Vigil of Easter, we are caught up in an emotional system which transfigures us as we become, once again *Easter* people.

Just as we all got caught up in those deeply moving Olympic performances and moments, so may we get caught and captured this Holy Week and this Easter. Alleluia!

# The Bishop's Man

**BEATRICE DEADMAN**  
ST. JOHN'S, ANCASTER

Linden MacIntyre won the Giller prize for his recently published novel, *The Bishop's Man*. This is a sensitively written novel of a priest in the Catholic Church who is called by his bishop to deal with difficult problems in the diocese. The story reflects the many problems, moral and political, which affect not only churches, but

also secular institutions. The protagonist Father Duncan MacAskill, came from a family in a small village in Cape Breton where his mother did not appear to exist and his father was a brusque uncaring fisherman.

This sad lonely priest symbolizes the issues which he and others like him face as leaders in a church which mandates celibacy. It separates the clergy from a more normal life in the

communities they serve. The author is not polemic. He does not moralize or point fingers. He simply shows through astute character delineation, the issues which plague the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church and, by extension, the leaders in all large institutions.

This is a truly thought provoking book which might deserve a second read to appreciate some of its nuances.

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The official publication of the Anglican Diocese of Niagara is published ten times a year from September to June by The Dunham Group in Hamilton, Ontario.

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Proofreading: Bryan Stopps

### Submissions

We welcome letters from our readers. All submissions must include the full name and contact information of the author. The newspaper reserves the right to edit submissions. Submissions must be received one month prior to the newspaper publication date.

### Subscriptions

Yearly subscriptions cost \$15.00. For new subscriptions or to make changes to your existing subscription, please contact your parish.

## The Diocese of Niagara

The Diocese lies at the western end of Lake Ontario, and is defined roughly by the Niagara Escarpment from the Niagara River in the east to the Dundas Valley in the West and north to Shelburne, Mt. Forest and Orangeville.

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# Adele and the squarerigger



**FRANCEAN CAMPBELL-RICH**  
CHRIST'S CHURCH CATHEDRAL

The recent stories about the Concordia, the school afloat, brought it all back to Adele. Those heady days in San Francisco when the squarerigger Pamir came to call. It was wartime. The Bay was full of ships—too many to count from the little house on Telegraph Hill—but Pamir was hard to miss: four-masted squarerigger, towed in during the night, through the opening in the submarine net under the Golden Gate bridge. Adele's job in the British Consulate-General paid just enough to live on but had its rewards. Captain Alex Champion had checked in, presented his papers, proffered the ship's log, and invited some of the staff to dinner on board.

It was foggy when they arrived in Oakland where Pamir was docked; not at all unusual for the Bay area. One could almost tell the time when every day the fog rolled in like a blanket from Sea Cliff, softening the outlines of the buildings. It was dark by the time the little party boarded the ship, too dark to see much; moreover, wartime rules were strict; Japanese subs were known to be haunting the coast, and lights were forbidden. New Zealand lamb, strong in flavour, accompanied by New Zealand rum, strong in effect, enlivened the candlelit conversation and, perhaps, dulled one's judgment. Adele didn't

think twice, and readily agreed to join the others after dinner and climb the mainmast—Captain Champion first, then Adele, then the first mate, another girl, and another officer—five in all.

It was easy enough to climb the rope ladder attached to the mast until Adele reached the first boom, about fifty feet up and needed to climb underneath a platform, around and on top and on to the next boom, and on and up another fifty feet, another boom and platform—all in total darkness—to the third boom where they were invited to sit around the mast, light a cigarette and enjoy the adventure. It was not until the other girl, fiddling with her bracelet, dropped it, that Adele knew, by how long the bracelet took to hit the deck below, how high she had climbed. The mast was still too big to reach around, and there was yet another boom up there in the dark. What earthly forest, thought Adele, had yielded such a noble tree to the service of a gallant ship?

Back in the captain's cabin, Adele was full of questions. "When the ship is under full sail at sea, what kind of sounds are there here?"

"None at all." And the captain corrected himself: "Except up there in the corner", he pointed, "there is a squeak. It was mentioned in a romance novel someone wrote about Pamir years ago."

The party were all on first names. Alex was clearly enjoying his audience. Pamir was built in Hamburg in 1905, he said, but had been sold to Finland, and was at anchor in Wellington harbour in New Zealand when Britain declared war on Fin-

land the same day that the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour. The British authorities boarded Pamir, declared, not without some glee, that she was now "a prize of His Majesty the King", and promptly interned the crew.

"Now, who was to sail her?" said Alex. First, she needed someone who was licensed as both "Master of Steam and Sail." The authorities scoured the country and stumbled upon a blessing: the harbourmaster of Wellington itself was so certified. Enter Alex Champion. They conscripted him. He was delighted. But what was he to do for a crew, in wartime? Answering his own question, Alex Champion rounded up as many young fellows, too young for military service, and tested them. If they could climb the rigging, that is, from the gunwales, to the first boom, they were on.

If they could not, they were off. And so began the life of Pamir, four-masted sailing vessel, in the service of Britain, in the Pacific, carrying arms and goods under the terms of the Lend Lease Agreement of Britain and America, between New Zealand, Hawaii, San Francisco, and Vancouver throughout World War II on a six-month schedule. At San Francisco she was to unload cargo, to be forwarded from there by rail to the east coast and thence to Britain. Her log, on reporting to San Francisco, indicated that a Japanese submarine had surfaced at least once, but failed to fire, no doubt stunned by the sight of a four-masted vessel under full sail.

There were many more anecdotes from Alex Champion before the evening ended—all of them laced with the wartime treasure of New

Zealand rum. But Adele had one more question. "What happens on the high seas, if there is a big storm; can Pamir, more than forty years old, and loaded, weather big storms?" Alex answered her at once. "Yes, she is almost unsinkable. Unless," he added, "she were ever to be fitted with engines."

Ever to be fitted with engines. Adele recalled those words throughout the postwar years. From time to time there was a word or two in the press: Pamir had been sold to Germany. Pamir was serving as a training vessel in the Atlantic. Pamir was a cargo ship. Sometimes there was mention of her by Capt. Villiers. And finally, on an inside page, Pamir had gone down, somewhere in the Atlantic off the Caribbean, all but six of her lives on board, lost. Her cargo of barley was unbagged. She had been equipped with engines.

And now the Concordia—a lovely vessel serving as a school at sea, calling at ports around the world while students receive academic credit enriched by a working life at sea. Concordia, a three-masted sailing vessel, sunk in a storm off the coast of Brazil, but with all on board surviving and living to tell the tale. The story still unfolds, and Adele marvels at the report that training and drills had so well prepared the students for such an emergency that, to date, at least, the whole incident bears the marks of an adventure. And Adele, combing the reports in the press, finds that Concordia had been fitted with engines. God was there.

(Adele was me. Allow for slips of memory.)

## Gift planning and wills



**JIM NEWMAN**  
DIOCESAN STEWARDSHIP CONSULTANT

A Planned Gift is a way of contributing to the mission and ministry of the church from your accumulated assets. It is a deferred gift—you decide now how you would like your assets to be used later. The simplest form of Planned Giving is to remember the Church in your will. The Department of Philanthropy of the Anglican Church of Canada suggests the following: If you have a will, you can easily add a codicil providing for a bequest to your parish or diocese. If you don't have a will, this is the time to prepare one—and you'll find that it is neither difficult nor expensive.

A bequest to the Church brings a tax benefit, too. At your death, your estate is entitled to a donation receipt for the full value of your bequest, pro-

viding a significant tax credit on your final tax return. For example, Margaret J, a widow, leaves \$100,000 to her parish and the remainder of her estate to her two children. Assuming the entire amount is creditable and the combined tax credit is 45 percent, her bequest results in a tax saving of \$45,000. If she had left the \$100,000 to her children instead of giving it to the Church, taxes would have consumed \$45,000, leaving the children with only \$55,000. Furthermore, it is quite likely that the entire bequest will be creditable. This is because the donation limit is 100% of income in the year of death, and the 100% limit also applies to any excess carried back to the prior year.

### Making it fit your needs and goals

Your bequest may take any of several forms. Here are some examples, with appropriate wording.

### General bequest

A general bequest is for a certain dollar amount of property, usually cash: "I give to St. Swithins the sum

of \$100,000 to be used for the general purposes of the Church at the discretion of the Corporation of St. Swithins."

### Specific bequest

A specific bequest directs that the Church is to receive a specific piece of property: "I give... 500 shares of XYZ stock..."

### Residual bequest

A residual bequest designates all or a portion of whatever remains after all debts, taxes, expenses and other bequests have been paid: "I give... fifty percent (50%) of the rest, residue and remainder of my estate..."

### Contingent bequest

A contingent bequest takes effect only under certain conditions: "In the event that my wife does not survive me, I give to The Diocese of Niagara (or legal name of parish, diocese or other ministry) the sum of..."

In addition to the choice of form, you also have options as to the purpose for which your bequest will be

used. Most bequests to the Church will be for its general purposes (as in the first example above); however you might choose to make a restricted bequest to be used for a particular program, ministry or project of the Church.

We can send you a helpful booklet on how to make a will and sample bequest language appropriate to the forms and purposes described above. At your request, a representative of General Synod or Niagara diocese will be happy to meet with you and, if you wish, with your legal and financial advisors, to discuss your goals and refine the wording of your bequest.

The information in this article does not constitute legal or financial advice and should not be relied upon as a substitute for professional advice. The Department of Philanthropy and the Diocese of Niagara encourage you to seek professional legal, estate planning, and financial advice before deciding on a course of action.

Live the  
Change  
you want to see  
Community Justice Camp

## Community Justice Camp

» CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Canon Terry DeForest, who has been chairing the Planning Coalition says, "Community Justice Camp promises profound learning opportunities. I am persuaded that that promise will be realized. It already has been. We are being guided by a tested, experiential adult "camp" model; blessed by a diverse, knowledgeable and dedicated coalition of volunteers; and welcomed, taught and supported by experienced ecumenical and community justice partners. With such riches, we look forward to realizing even more of that promise with others who are excited about living the change we wish to see in the world."

Justice Camp is an opportunity to experience in community the interconnection of faith, theology and spirituality with real people's lives and struggles. Community Justice Camp will include: fun, music, biblical reflection, creative worship, contact with local issues, site visits, training and organizing workshops, and storytelling.

The reputation that the Diocese is earning as a leader in poverty

reduction and social justice work has attracted attention to the Camp. According to Peter Clutterbuck of the Social Planning Network of Ontario, "Justice Camp is another example of how the Diocese and the Anglican Church supports building leadership for the creation of a more just and equitable community and society."

Brice Balmer of the Interfaith Social Assistance Reform Coalition says, "Justice Camp has many people in Southern Ontario excited. We are looking forward to meeting people from across Canada and comparing notes. I think Justice Camp will add to our energy and commitment as people of faith to move from providing survival services to seeing people actually have enough income, food, and housing!"

At Community Justice Camp, the wisdom lies in the group—the learning is lateral—the grace abundant. We seek to create the space, the ways and means, for the Spirit to move, making personal and societal change and transformation possible. Join us!

To learn more about Community Justice Camp and to register to attend, visit [www.justicecamp.ca](http://www.justicecamp.ca).

## Go deeper and get fishing

» CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

We may ask who has the best approach to realizing this important Gospel proclamation—the traditional model or the new kid on the block?

Think about it. In every one of the closed or being closed or restructured churches in British Columbia (See the Diocesan Transformation Team Report from the Diocese of British Columbia at [www.bc.anglican.ca](http://www.bc.anglican.ca)), Niagara or anywhere else for that matter, there were once vibrant Christian communities. So what went wrong? Certainly the demographics of many, if not most, communities have shifted, but perhaps more importantly attitudes have changed both inside and outside the church. The growth of, dare I say, aggressive right wing evangelical denominations, have made us fearful of being

coloured with the same brush when we speak about mission and discipleship. We want to be seen and heard as promoting a God of love instead of a God of fear. So it's much easier to forget or push to the margins of our church experience, actions and strategies about mission and discipleship. Instead we may engage aggressively in important, but peripheral activities that serve God but that may not spread His word in the manner of first century Christians. The cultural changes that have and continue to confront the church demand that we adapt the delivery of our message to capture the imaginations of the increasing number of unchurched around us. How often have we heard the phrase, "I'm spiritual, but not religious"? If we continue to champion the fact that we are a Eucharistic people, that we are a social justice people and so on

and if these emphases fall on deaf ears of those around us, then we need to rethink how we communicate with those who have yet to claim Jesus as their Lord and Saviour.

Perhaps, as Luke suggests, now is the time to stop playing in the shallow end and push out into the deep water where the challenges and risks are great, but the catch is bountiful.

"When he finished teaching, he said to Simon, "Push out into deep water and let your nets out for a catch."

Simon said, "Master, we've been fishing hard all night and haven't caught even a minnow. But if you say so, I'll let out the nets." It was no sooner said than done—a huge haul of fish, straining the nets past capacity. They waded to their partners in the other boat to come help them. They filled both boats, nearly swamping them with the catch.' Luke 5:4-7 MSG

## Letter to the Editor

DON PANGMAN  
OAKVILLE

Chris, thank you for your beautiful tribute to Ian Dingwall. I am sure that each who attended that magnificent service celebrated their unique connection with him. I certainly did. I have been influenced by many great leaders in the church, but none more than Ian. He was a best friend who helped to shape my life. I first met Ian when I was just 10 or so and he a young 22-year-old summer leader at Camp Artaban on the West Coast.

It wasn't until we arrived in Oakville in 1976 that our paths crossed again and thanks to him I moved in a new direction of fulfillment—it was easy to say "yes" to Ian's invitation to participate, because there were always lofty goals set and it was fun achieving them. After he left in 1987 to take his position as Executive Officer, I recall asking him if he missed his "church". He said what he missed most were funerals, because "I was good at funerals". He certainly was, amidst many other qualities, but as

many of us at St. Jude's have said goodbye to friends over the years Ian was there to bring not only his compassion and his humour, but the depth of his relationships was clearly evident.

I was stunned when I received his poem in October 2008, but as the evening went on, I realized he knew that he was ready. While our get-togethers were somewhat irregular over the last few years, those special lunches in Burlington meant so much to me. You are right—we will not forget.

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