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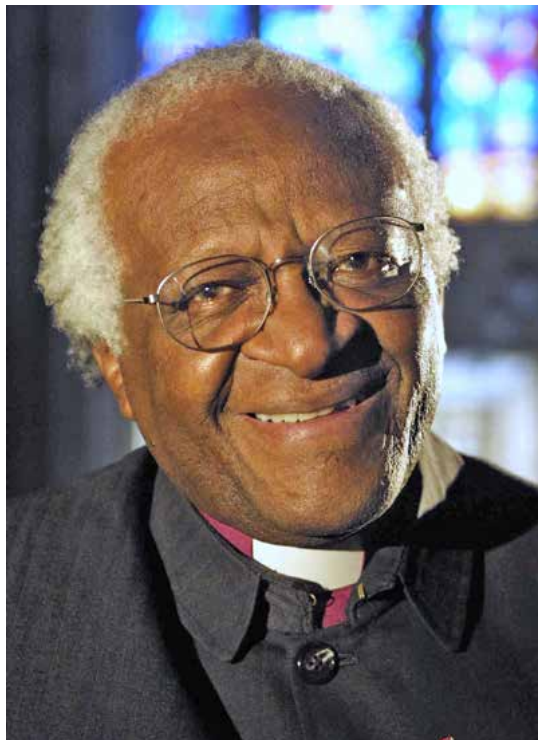


NIAGARA ANGLICAN



A Gathering Place and a Sounding Board for the People of the Diocese of Niagara — Since 1955

FEBRUARY 2022



Remembering the Legacy of Desmond Tutu

BY ALEXANDER (SANDY) L. DARLING

Desmond Tutu and I studied at King's College London at the same time, 1962-1965, and, so far as I know, we are the only two members of our year who were later elected as fellows of the college. I have, therefore, followed his progress in life with great interest and was able to call on him to help once in my work at McMaster. It is also appropriate to recognize the work of the Anglican church in bringing down apartheid.

King's College had seven faculties when we attended, one of which was the Theological Faculty, the largest institution for the training of postulants for the Church of England. The Church of England had for many years provided support for the Anglican church in South

Africa, and so Desmond was one of two young men I knew who came from there to King's.

Desmond was already married and ordained, so I often received elements of the Eucharist from him in the college chapel. Each Wednesday, there was a Eucharist service for students and afterwards there was a communal breakfast. My memory of Desmond was of a person who was always laughing with a large group of other "theologs" at breakfast. He exuded joy. In my final year I was secretary of the students' union and Desmond attended general meetings, so we knew each other, but I cannot claim to have been a friend.

On two occasions I have read of speeches in which Desmond spoke of one of the most profound experiences after he came to London. On the first Saturday evening, he and his

wife walked to Trafalgar Square where, of course, large crowds were gathered and people were happily socializing. At the time-back in his home country, people of colour could not assemble in crowds, nor would gatherings be happily socializing. This emphasized the difference between life in South Africa and the freedom one could experience elsewhere.

Desmond obtained both an undergraduate and master's degree. After he returned to South Africa, I saw in our alumni news of his appointment some years later as dean of the cathedral in Johannesburg and later bishop. I also read about his increasing role in speaking out against the system of apartheid.

In the 1980s, McMaster University decided to establish

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Anglican Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu. Tutu passed away at the age of 90 on December 26, 2021. Known for his work as an anti-apartheid and human rights activist, he was Bishop of Johannesburg from 1985-1986 and Archbishop of Cape Town from 1986-1996, and in both cases was the first black African to hold the position. He won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1984 for his role in advocating for nonviolent protest against white-minority rule in South Africa. He was appointed by President Nelson Mandela to chair the Truth and Reconciliation Commission in 1996 to investigate human rights abuses by both pro and anti-apartheid groups.

Photo: Benny Gool, Public domain, via Wikimedia Commons

Casting a Vision for Mission with All Saints

BY SUSIE KIM

As the missioner for the Durand, Kirkendall North, Strathcona, and Central neighbourhoods in Hamilton, I think of myself as a kind of Christian-at-large for the area. Christians can fall into the trap of cloistering ourselves with like-minded people: I hope to model a life rooted in prayer and dis-

cipleship which involves being a witness to the faith to people outside our established communities and sharing with them the joy of a life together. The new building going up at Queen and King that will soon become the new home for the All Saints Mission is right in the heart of these neighbourhoods, and as my relationship with the congregation grows and the space

becomes available, the Mission will be my home base from which I go forth to serve our neighbours, and to which I bring in our neighbours so that they too can enjoy the divine love to be found in sharing the space.

Since November, I've been walking around the area and meeting a

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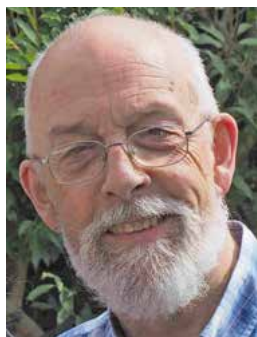


Diocesan missioner Susie Kim

Photo: Contributed

In other words

The Gospel According to Groundhog Day



BY JOHN BOWEN

Some people watch the movie Groundhog Day every February 2. Not me. The story is about a character who has to live the same day over and over. Watching the movie over and over is just—well, life begins to imitate art. Nevertheless, Groundhog Day is a thought-provoking movie about one of the most universal of themes: freedom.

The main character is Phil Connors (Bill Murray), a TV weatherman who is sent to report on the Groundhog Day ceremony at Punxsutawney, PA.

Everything goes according to schedule until it's time to leave town. Then Phil and the TV crew are trapped by a blizzard and have to stay an extra night. But when Phil wakes up the next day, he finds that it is still Groundhog Day: the same song is on the radio, and he has the same job to do all over again. The same is true the next day ... and the next day ... and the next.

At first, Phil feels trapped. Then, however, he realizes that

there could be advantages to having the same day over and over and over. That gives us the movie's first definition of freedom:

1. Freedom is doing whatever you want

Phil sees that, if there's no tomorrow, "We could do whatever we wanted ... All your life, it's clean up your room, pick up your feet, be nice to your little sister, take it like a man." Then he concludes, "I'm not going to live by their rules anymore." Rules, after all, are surely the opposite of freedom. Now, he doesn't have to worry about anything: there need be no responsibility because there can be no consequences. He begins to live accordingly. For a time, it is fun.

The movie then offers us a second definition of freedom:

2. Freedom is becoming the best you can be

Phil gradually realises that his day offers opportunities to help others. Little by little he begins to take those opportunities: catching a child falling out of a tree, changing a flat tire, saving a man from choking. And he changes.

There is a strange paradox here. The first freedom seems to promise him breadth, but it actually makes Phil a more one-dimensional and unattractive person. This second kind of freedom looks narrower. After all, it requires him to pay attention, to consider others, to give up some of the things he naturally



prefers. Yet it turns out to be the entrance to a wider place where he becomes more human, more himself.

In general, I suspect this is what we most often mean when we talk about freedom: freedom to pursue the things that will enable us to become the best we are capable of becoming.

However, there are problems with this definition too. After all, we may not be the best judges of the best we can be. And what we are best at may not always be attainable: we may fail a course or not get a promotion. Perhaps someone dies, or we find we have to care for an aging parent, and we feel held back.

What becomes of freedom

then? Fortunately, there is a deeper meaning, a third definition. After all, Phil is still not out of the Groundhog Day trap. The third is this:

3. Freedom is belonging to someone who loves you

At the end of the movie, during a Groundhog Day party, there is a bachelor auction. Two women bid for Phil's services. Rita (Andie MacDowell, his TV producer), is horrified at their low bids, empties her purse, and bids everything she has: \$339.88. Her bid is successful: he is hers. It is this sacrifice of all Rita has which finally sets Phil free—in the obvious sense that when he wakes up next morning it is (finally) February 3.

There is a paradox here: when Phil was trapped in time, he experienced a certain kind of freedom. Now he is in another sense trapped—in a relationship—and as a result a new kind of freedom is possible.

Many people have known the freedom that comes from committed, loving relationships—with a parent, a grandparent, a teacher, a friend, a significant other. Because of that relationship, where we have been accepted and nurtured, we have

experienced the freedom to be ourselves, to live with assurance, to take risks, to fail, and even (for some of us even harder) to succeed.

If this is true of a human being—that they can give that kind of freedom—in Christian understanding, it is even more true of God. According to Jesus, that nurturing parent, that accepting friend, is a reflection of what God is like.

But the God Jesus taught about is also a God who came after us and brought us back to the family of God. Rita emptied her wallet to buy the one she loved. Christian understanding is that in Jesus God's very life was emptied out to buy back ...us.

This means that true freedom is belonging to the God who made us, who loves us, who knows what we are meant to be—and who gave everything to win our friendship. But God gives us a further, ultimate freedom: the freedom to accept this friendship or to reject it. And that freedom is the scariest of all.

So, Groundhog Day. Lots to think about. If you've never watched the movie, you really should. But once is enough.

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The altar guild at Christ's Church Cathedral did their part by supporting the Faith in COVID-19 Vaccines social media campaign of Hamilton Public Health Services.

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Epiphany Pastoral Letter from Bishop Susan Bell

The Hope That God Is At Work Will Sustain Us Through This Time

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE DIOCESE OF NIAGARA

They set out; and there, ahead of them, went the star that they had seen at its rising, until it stopped over the place where the child was.
—The Gospel of St. Matthew 2:9

Dear friends:

In this sacred season of Epiphany, I find myself in a particular attitude of prayer: one that is a combination of Christological time and contemporary concern. Prayer, not as an act of desperation—although the tenor of these times might reasonably lead us in that direction—but as an attitude of deeply receptive listening.

This is an attitude that I imagine is similar to that held by the Magi. Their times were eerily similar to our own: they laboured under uncertainty about the future; listening for God's action in their world.

"The Journey of the Magi" is a wonderful poem by T. S. Eliot to

read this time of year. It is full of the otherness of the Magi who seek for God's truth and find it. In its concluding lines, one of the Magi, says "but set down this, set down this." These are words that announce a particular truth he's seen and heard in Jesus's birth. The truth is that they find that the birth they have observed discomfits them. It is more like a death than a birth.

Now that is a theological truth; one that we know well, because Jesus' birth changes everything. For the Magi, it signifies the death of their present reality but the birth of something new and as yet, unformed—a kingdom that is to come. And so, they return to their kingdoms, changed by what they've experienced: "no longer at ease, in the old dispensation" but yearning toward the change this birth—that feels like a death—promises. And the writer, concludes that he would



"be glad of another death."

These are themes that reflecting on the season of Epiphany and the pandemic together surface for us: death and life.

What I want to hold up for us all in this time that feels so discouraging; in this season when we are feeling like all the old things that we thought we could count on have shifted, is our need to lay hold of the generous hope within our scriptures—to sustain us and prepare us for the future.

And that hope is this: when things seem at their darkest,

God is at work.

When things seem at their most confusing or discouraging, God is at work.

When the old ways seem to have lost some of their meaning, God is at work.

God is at work among us, revealing the light which will guide the Way. And we, as a people who search for truth and follow the light of Christ, and who are uncomfortable right now, must listen for where God is at work and leading us into the new dispensation that waits for us on the other side of this pandemic.

We are a death and Resurrection people. And quietly, we can say that there's a new mission emerging out of the old; and that we, like the Magi, are to listen for what that will be in our parishes and our diocese. We listen with hope, not with despair; with expectation that God is alive and revealing the light among us and with the knowledge that all will be well,

all manner of things will be well.

So don't be afraid. Truly. Do not be afraid, though the darkness surrounds us. But as St. Paul encourages us in his letter to the Romans, in all things, let us "rejoice in hope, be patient in suffering, persevere in prayer." Let us continue to be the light, to be the face and hands of Christ by generously offering care, kindness, and hospitality to saints and strangers alike, and especially those who are lonely and isolated.

These are the ways that we meet this extraordinary time—called to life and compelled to love as we are—with hope in our hearts and the expectation of God's action among us.

May the peace of Christ be with you,

+Susan Niagara

The Right Reverend Susan J.A. Bell
Bishop of Niagara

Save the Date! Coldest Night of the Year 2022

It's that time again! Coldest Night of the Year (CONY), a yearly fundraiser walk to support local charity partners who provide essential care and service for people experiencing homelessness, hurt, and hunger, is set to happen on February 26, 2022. CONY has raised over \$43,500,000 in 149 communities across Canada since it began in 2011.

Teams are forming for this year's walks across the diocese of Niagara, most of which will be virtual. Participants are asked to choose a route local to them any day in February rather than gathering with a larger group of walkers.

In Hamilton, parishes such



as Church of the Resurrection, Hamilton, will be fundraising for Neighbour to Neighbour Centre. Neighbour to Neighbour has helped Hamiltonians in need for over 30 years by providing access to food, food skills, educational, and family supports to alleviate the burden of poverty in Hamilton. The parish raised over \$2,600 in the 2021 walk.

Diane Kidson is leading the Anglicans in Action team from

St. Catharines, which is part of the Greater St. Catharines Social Justice Network. Last year, they raised over \$16,000 in support of Start Me Up Niagara, which offers services to support people facing significant challenges such as poverty, homelessness, unemployment, disabilities, addictions, and mental health issues.

For more information on CONY and to find your local team, visit cnoy.org and utilize the search feature.

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ANGLICAN
DIOCESE OF
NIAGARA

**CALLED TO LIFE
COMPELLED TO LOVE**

Tutu Remembered

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In February 2000, Desmond Tutu came to Toronto to receive an honorary Doctor of Laws from U of T, as well as an honorary doctorate of divinity from Trinity College. Here Tutu is hooded by Mary Anne Chambers, vice-chair of Governing Council, as University Professor John Polanyi, left, and Chancellor Hal Jackman, right, look on.

Photo: Lisa Sakulensky/University of Toronto Archives

two scholarships, one undergraduate and one graduate, to allow students from South Africa to study at McMaster, and, as University Registrar, I was charged with the task of finding the undergraduate student. The only potential contact I had in South Africa was Desmond, and so I wrote to him. I received the warmest of replies, and I believe that he called the scholarship a gift from God. He explained that he was associated with a founda-

tion that worked to place South Africans of colour in university education abroad, and so my challenge was solved by his response.

When I worked at The American University in Cairo, the President was Dr. John Gerhart, who had served as the Ford Foundation representative in South Africa. His wife, Gail, was an eminent scholar and professor, whose specialty was political science of African nations. In December 2000, Jeni

and I went to South Africa and attended the late Christmas Eve service in Cape Town cathedral. The dean of the cathedral, Rowan Smith, and I had worked together in the Union Society many years earlier and we had a brief time to chat before and after the service. The Cape Town cathedral has the dimensions of the grandest of British cathedrals, but it was packed with people of different colors. Those of us in seats passed kneelers to those in the aisles, people sat on window ledges and large chairs were occupied by two or three people. Never have either Jeni or I experienced anything like it.

When we returned to Cairo, John suggested that we all have dinner, because John wanted to hear about our trip and especially about the birds we had seen. We told John and Gail about our experience in the cathedral, and they explained the role of the Anglican church in bringing apartheid to an end. They knew most of those who had led the fight and were mainly members of the Anglican church, which was a church that spoke out through leaders like Desmond. Despite his experi-



Trinity College Master of Divinity (MDiv) student Paige Souter became the first recipient of the newly established Archbishop Desmond Tutu Scholarship in September 2021. Established to honour Archbishop Emeritus Tutu on the occasion of his 90th birthday, it will be awarded annually to a Trinity College MDiv student who demonstrates interest in causes related to humanitarianism, truth and reconciliation, or climate change. Tutu responded to the establishment of the scholarship with deep gratitude: "It is a generous act and I am deeply touched by it." Pictured (left to right) are The Rev. Dr. Chris Brittain, Dean of Divinity and Margaret E. Fleck Chair in Anglican Studies; Carole Adriaans the Founder of the South African Women for Women & Zenzele Development Charity; and Souter. Photo: Contributed

ences of discrimination and worse, he maintained humor and preached forgiveness. He chaired the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, and much credit goes to him and other leaders for the peaceful transition from apartheid, when things could have gone badly wrong.

I continue to be amazed by how the jovial, but modest, young man grew into such a force for good and gained the fortitude to speak truth to power.

Sandy Darling is a member of Christ's Church Cathedral.

Black History Month: Loving All Our Neighbours

BY CHARLES MEEKS

Growing up in rural North Carolina in the 1980s, I took it for granted that there was a Black History Month to celebrate each February. However, being raised in a nation that is steeped in racial inequality in both a legislative and cultural sense, I also took for granted what Jesus's call on all of us to love our neighbours might have actually meant.

First proposed by students at Kent State University in 1969, Black History Month was officially recognized by President Gerald Ford in 1976 during the United States Bicentennial. President Ford urged Americans to "seize the opportunity to honour the too-often neglected accomplishments of Black Americans in every area of endeavour throughout our history."

Some have opined that limiting such recognition to only one month is something of an insult; it is hard to disagree. As actor

Morgan Freeman has stated, "Black history is American history." Indeed, Black history is North American history, I would proffer—not least because the same intermingling of economic development with institutional racism in the US is present in Canada.

The anti-slavery movement gained support much earlier in Canada than in the US. The Black Loyalists founded settlements throughout Nova Scotia during the War of American Independence. The case of Chloe Cooley, an enslaved African woman in what is now Ontario who resisted transport and being sold into the US, got the attention of Lieutenant Governor John Graves Simcoe in 1793. Still, slavery was not officially abolished until 1833. Times changed slowly, though; when St. Paul's Anglican Church opened in Port Robinson in 1844, 11 years after abolition was enacted, it was one of the only churches that allowed Black people to worship.



The case of Chloe Cooley, an enslaved African woman in what is now Ontario who resisted transport and being sold into the US, got the attention of Lieutenant Governor John Graves Simcoe in 1793. Photo: Canadian Heritage

I was actually surprised to learn that Black History Month was only finally observed by both chambers of Parliament in Canada in 2008, after

Senator Donald Oliver made a motion that was unanimously approved. Oliver is a member of Nova Scotia's Black minority, descended in part from slave refugees resettled by the British in Canada from the US after the War of 1812. It was previously only recognized in the House of Commons in 1995 thanks to a motion by Jean Augustine, the first Black Canadian woman elected to the Canadian Parliament and appointed to the federal cabinet.

The first Black MP was, of course, Lincoln M. Alexander, a Hamilton hometown hero of sorts. One wonders what would have happened had Stelco been willing to hire a Black salesperson, and Alexander not gone on to challenge the dean of Osgoode Hall and launch a career unwilling to allow people in authority to wield power in a racist system unchecked.

That vote in the House was unanimous—305 to 0! Yet, it occurred so recently, just within the last 30 years. We are moving

rather slowly as a nation. And, we have moved quite slowly as an Anglican Church to rethink what it means to love our neighbours. But there are things happening in the diocese of Niagara that lead me to believe that Jesus' call on our lives, especially as we reconsider our baptismal vows as a diocese, is being taken more seriously. Not least is the pioneering work of members of our Anti-Racism Working Group, who continue to both call out for justice and offer support and resources for parishes. Last month, The Niagara Anglican featured an article by The Reverend Naomi Kabugi on the "Made in Niagara" framework being developed for this purpose.

Local parishes are also heeding the call for truth and justice. For the second year in a row, Church of the Incarnation, Oakville, has celebrated The Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., by featuring a guest

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Mission Vision for All Saints

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variety of people: community leaders, people experiencing food insecurity, young professionals, retirees, people who've lived in Hamilton their whole lives, and people who've just moved here. This area is in the process of a monumental change, with the revitalization of James Street North well underway, and the myriad of luxury condos going up nearby. The proximity to downtown and to both of the GO stations means that the area will be a magnet for commuters who have been priced out of the GTA. My hope is to welcome these newcomers to Hamilton and help them integrate their lives into the beautiful pre-existing fabric here. In an era of nomadism, we are more than ever in need of rootedness, and I hope that by building on the existing sense of community here we can help the newcomers invest in Hamilton as home.



I am currently in the process of listening and discerning. As I have yet to meet the people who will move into the condo building upstairs from the mission space, and as there are plenty more people in the com-

munity to talk to, it's unclear yet exactly what kinds of programs we will end up running in the new space. Some of my visions have included a weekly pay-what-you-can co-working space where people who work from

home come or people who just need to sit somewhere and use Wi-Fi can gather to enjoy coffee and companionship; a run-walk group that heads off from the space to Victoria Park and back for some coffee to warm

up or cool down; a cozy craft circle where we meet to knit, crochet, sew, and more, with some coffee; and things of this nature that I hope will lead us to love one another. (We will do as the Spirit guides us, but I hope She knows that the coffee is non-negotiable!)

Every ministry is given unique charisms from the Lord, and I

believe the All Saints Mission is being gifted with a space that can be used to practice hospitality towards the whole neighbourhood. The congregation is energetic and welcoming, and we are all excited to build up momentum for when the space will be open and available. Pray for us!

The new condominium building at the corner of King St. W and Queen St. N that will house All Saints Hamilton. The parish has been worshipping at Erskine Presbyterian Church following the demolition of the old property, when in-person services have been allowed.

I am grateful for my family. I am also grateful for my faith.

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Are You Still Running?



BY THE REVEREND CANON MARTHA TATARNIC

I understand where the question comes from. People want to make conversation. We look for points of contact, things that we know about one another, to show our care for and interest in one another's lives.

The people who know me know that I run. So the question, "are you still running?" is a natural one.

There would have been a time when I might have answered this question with either a proud yes or an apologetic no. Sometimes I would half-heartedly take up running for a while. Sometimes I would find other ways to fill my time. Running was a means to an end (weight loss/management) and the only reason why I did it at all was because it seemed to be so effective. Like most not-too-pleasant chores, however, it was easy to

talk myself out of carving out the time to strap on my shoes and rack up some mileage.

I don't run now to lose or manage weight. This, for me, is an experience of grace. Somehow along the way, running went from being something I thought I should do to something that blesses me. Consequently, it no longer feels like a choice. It's just part of the fabric of how I spend my time and structure my days. I eat, I work, I pray, I spend time with my family and friends, I sleep, I run. Sometimes I am training for a race, and so my mileage is a little more structured and carefully planned. Sometimes my running is more frivolous and leisurely. For years now, running is part of me.

I always say that being part of a church is a lot like diet and exercise. Participating in the worship, service, and fellowship of a community of faith is most effective, life-giving and doable when it moves from being a choice that we make to part of the fabric of our lives. The thing is that, like running, it does take quite a lot of showing up and going through the motions—even when we don't feel like it—before that shift takes place. That shift is a gift. It's a gift to find that your life has been bolstered by the infrastructure of gratitude, prayer and community, by the specific lens that begins to develop in your life



Photo: iStock

when you surround yourself with people who are committed to showing up and paying attention to the presence and power of God at work in our lives. It's a gift to have habits that shift from chores or duties to blessings and privileges.

COVID-19 has substantially altered the fabric of our lives. All of us have had to figure out new patterns of daily and weekly living. And then, according to public health measures, variants and case numbers, we have had to adapt those patterns again. And again. Those of us for whom church life has been part of the air we breathe have had to figure out what fellowship, prayer and worship look like according to new online habits. For many people over the course of lockdown living, those

patterns were changed and reset. Others found the online offerings allowed an entrance into church life that they hadn't experienced as possible before. Church habits were broken, but also formed, during this pandemic. Regardless of where in that equation we ourselves fall, the truth is that we're all in the process of remaking our lives in the wake of the disruption that is COVID-19. We're all in the process of figuring out how we integrate the things that matter most to us back into our patterns of daily living.

And we'll likely have to keep figuring that out, because the upheaval of COVID isn't over, nor do any of us ever get the benefit of ever just staying still. Pandemic or not, our own lives and our lives in community

are continually held in the flux of birth, death and rebirth that is the reality of life in this universe.

Which is maybe where I ultimately fall in terms of responding to that question, "are you still running?" It's offered as a conversation starter. But it points to a truth that I don't want to forget. Today, I get to run. Today my legs work and my breath is steady and I can lace up my shoes and put a few more kilometers on them. But as St. Paul reminds us in his second letter to the church in Corinth, "we have this treasure in jars of clay." It is all, in the end, very fragile and fleeting. Death, disruption and change are our constant companions, even when it feels like we are living habits that are entrenched and when we trick ourselves into believing that any of this is permanent or that we are somehow entitled to hold on forever to the gift that is our lives in this world.

Today I run. I try to remember to give thanks. I seek patterns that sustain and strengthen me for the curveballs that life will throw my way and throw our way. And as Paul goes on to note in response to his naming our lives as small breakable jars, we look to join all of our little deaths into the death of Jesus so that a light that can't be extinguished can be revealed in us too.

A New Digital Home for the Niagara Anglican is Coming

BY CHARLES MEEKS

2022 will mark a year of transition for the communications outlets of the Anglican Church of Canada, as *The Anglican Journal* and regional and diocesan newspapers will be united under a new digital publishing platform, the Anglican News Canada network. The primary goal of this network is to support local publications to host and share content online, especially as the financial circumstances around print publications continue to change.

In fall 2021, an Anglican publications consultation committee of regional and diocesan communications coordinators, newspaper editors, and General

Anglican **NEWS** Canada

Synod Communications team members was formed to explore and discern the governance and strategy of the implementation of this network, development and design options. The project has been steered by Ryan Sim, technology strategy consultant, Joe Vecsi, director of communications for the Anglican Church of Canada, and Brian Bukowski, project lead and web manager for the Anglican Church of Canada. The hub itself, the new *Anglican Journal* website, and the individual regional and diocesan news sites are being built by Vibrant Content.

As Bukowski reflects, though

much work has been done in the past several months, the seeds for this shift were sown leading up to General Synod 2019 as part of discernment process about a future-oriented publication strategy. "I am really excited about how we as a dioceses and the national office have worked together collaboratively to build something new and useful for Anglicans across the country," he reflected. "I am looking forward to how each paper uses these tools to better share the news of the church."

Tali Folkins, editor of *The Anglican Journal*, has served as a member of the core working group. He shares Bukowski's sentiments in hoping that "Anglicans across Canada will

find the new site a really handy way to keep in touch with what's happening in the church locally and nationally."

The *Niagara Anglican*, which already maintains a web presence thanks to the pioneering work of Canon Rob Park, former rector of St. George's Georgetown, will transition to this new platform in spring 2022 as a founding partner of Anglican News Canada. While the content will be consistent with our current online publication, the design will parallel other diocesan papers to create a more consistent experience across the Anglican Church of Canada. Further, readers will more easily have access to news across the country thanks to

technological improvements.

At the time of publication of this article, only a select few websites will have gone live: *The Anglican Journal*, *Faith Tides* (news from the Diocese of Islands and Inlets), and *Rupert's Land News*, with more to follow. Throughout 2022, *The Highway* (Diocese of Kootenay), *Crosstalk* (Diocese of Ottawa), *The Diocesan Times* (Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island), and *Anglican Life* (Newfoundland and Labrador) will also launch. The final goal is to have online presences for all 19 regional or diocesan newspapers across Canada, complementing the print versions of the papers.

A Year of Gratitude from PWRDF

BY KERRY LUBRICK

"So then, just as you have received Christ Jesus as Lord, continue to live your lives in him, rooted and built up in him, strengthened in the faith as you were taught, and overflowing with thankfulness" (Colossians 2:6-7).

As I reflected on 2021, thankfulness as a major theme. Thankful for the ministry of the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund (PWRDF), thankful for the leadership and commitment of PWRDF parish representatives in the Diocese of Niagara, and extremely thankful for all the individuals that have given generously, through prayer and financial contributions to PWRDF.

The pandemic and climate change has had a significant negative impact on the people in Canada and around the world. One constant has been the presence of PWRDF and their ability to pivot and support the most pressing relief and development efforts. Key programs and initiatives that I would like highlight are:

Vaccine Equity Fund – "Pay it forward": We give thanks here in Canada for our access to two vaccines and boosters. However, access to the first dose of the vaccine in developing countries has been a challenge. PWRDF is distributing support to countries like Liberia and Lesotho.

Solar Suitcase Project: PWRDF renewed its commitment to provide a light for every birth. PWRDF was able to meet the target of sending fifty suitcases to Mozambique. The



Solar suitcases bring solar powered tools and equipment to maternal health clinics.

Photo: pwrdf.org

solar suitcases are an innovative way for rural medical clinics to have access to important tools when delivering a baby or caring for a sick child.

Supporting the needs caused by climate change: PWRDF supported people displaced in St. Vincent after the volcano eruption and helped communi-



PWRDF funds were used to respond to needs caused by climate change, such as the fires and floods in British Columbia.

Photo: iStock

ties in BC impacted by the wild fires. Now PWRDF is assisting vulnerable displaced people and migrant workers effected by the extreme flooding that destroyed homes and farms in BC.

Indigenous Responsive Programs grants: PWRDF implemented this new program to assist Indigenous communities and agencies across Canada with programming in support of safe water, youth engagement, community health, and/or climate action. The first grants have now been awarded.

IN THIS LIFE, WE CANNOT DO GREAT THINGS, WE CAN ONLY SO SMALL THINGS WITH GREAT LOVE.

—Mother Teresa

I am thankful for the many committed PWRDF parish representatives who faithfully share their talents, time, and passion to promote the work of PWRDF. They live out the gospel in tangible and concrete ways by faithfully and actively supporting the work of PWRDF and their partners in their parish prayer and worship. They network with representatives across the Diocese of Niagara to hear about their stories and opportunities. They actively learn about the global issues impacting our brothers and sisters across the world.

Some of the parish representatives utilized Lenten studies to highlight the work of PWRDF and the knowledge of PWRDF staff. Some representative engaged their parishes in information sessions with PWRDF staff. Many shared regular communications on PWRDF

through their parish's weekly newsletter. Overwhelmingly, parish representatives, during the PWRDF diocesan meetings, identified the challenge of communicating and fundraising during the pandemic.

"I am the vine; you are the branches. If you remain in me and I in you, you will bear much fruit; apart from me you can do nothing" (John 15:5).

The PWRDF 2021 Financial Report identified that \$4 million, 52 percent of revenue, comes from parish or individual donations across Canada. This is a significant contribution to the annual budget. The generosity of all individuals in the Diocese of Niagara is appreciated and it assists in all of the relief and development efforts which PWRDF supports. Similar to our parishes, it is important to consider how you can financial support PWRDF in 2022.

As you prepare for your annual vestry meetings, please consider PWRDF in your planning. Do you have parish representative? Have you promoted the global ministry of PWRDF? Finally, give thanks for the many contributions of our parish representatives and the work of PWRDF.

Kerry Lubrick is Niagara's diocesan PWRDF Representative.



Black History Month

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

speaker on the Sunday closest to his birthday (January 15) and focusing on Dr. King's legacy and all who are working for equality. Lay Associate Randy Williams hopes that over time more parishes will acknowledge the need for such attention "as issues of voting rights, civil rights, equity, and diversity continue to swirl around us across North America."

Church of the Resurrection, Hamilton, has formed a Living Black History Ministry



Church of the Resurrection Hamilton celebrates Barbados Sunday as part of its Living Black History Ministry

Photo: cotrhamilton.ca

Committee dedicated to organizing events and speakers—even virtual, during the pandemic—to raise awareness and celebrate the diversity of their parish. This includes establishing a Living Black History library and, in previous years, hosting a celebration of Barbados Independence at the church.

So: things are happening. As of the publication of this piece, the official theme for the government of Canada's 2022 Black History Month has not

been revealed. It is my hope that an increasing number of parishes across this diocese will use this opportunity to celebrate the contributions of Black Canadians, but even more so to continue engaging in the difficult work of dismantling the anti-Black racism that continues to pervade our society. If we're going to take Jesus seriously about loving our neighbour, we must continue to learn and unlearn.

ANTI-RACISM: *A Journey Towards Healing and Wholeness*

A Special Series



Words That Sadly I Can Say ...

This is the ninth installment of this series.

BY THE VENERABLE PETER SCOTT

"I have recognized that I am racist. I am a white, privileged Canadian who is enmeshed in the cultural expectations and assumptions of the society in which I was raised. I have benefitted because I was born into the class and colour of those who have systemic power." These are the words of none other than our primate, Archbishop Linda Nicholls. This quotation appeared in the Anglican Journal in June of 2020. These words resonated with me and they are words that sadly, I can say: I am a racist. When I joined the Anti-Racism Working Group

(ARWG), I believed that I wasn't racist, that I loved all people and treated everyone equally. As time progressed I heard stories of racism from members of the group that have been devastatingly hurtful to my clergy and lay brothers and sisters. Stories that play out in their lives and ours today in our churches, our diocese, and in our towns and in cities. They were stories that reflected on my past actions and thinking. And so, where do we go from here? It is a bad news, good news story.

The bad news is that we have a way to go, a long way to go. As a member of the ARWG, I have learned a new word: microaggressions. Microaggressions are

defined as the everyday, subtle, intentional, and oftentimes unintentional interactions or behaviors that communicate some sort of bias toward historically marginalized groups. There is a difference between microaggressions and overt discrimination: people who commit microaggressions may not be aware of them. This is why we have a long way to go. An example of microaggressive behaviour is when we comment on how well a person from a visible minority speaks English; it presumes they were not born here. When we pull away from someone who looks different from us in the elevator (COVID-19 aside), we are displaying microaggressive

behaviour.

We may be saying to ourselves that now we can't say anything or do anything for fear of being racist. This is not the case. There are things that we can do and say. This is the good news. A "Made in Niagara" anti-racism program for parishes will be forthcoming. We will update our human resource policies and establish a "Train the Facilitators" program for leadership development in anti-racist work. My hope is that we can overcome the challenges of racism when we admit it is around us and in us. My hope for the work of anti-racism in our churches is that we can start by listening to each other and hear

the stories of racism. My hope is that I can say, I was racist. There is also hope found in Scripture. When we look in Genesis (1:26) where God created humankind in God's image, it means everyone. In Revelation (7:9) we read that all the nations will stand before God. Everything in between in Scripture speaks to those realities of all being created in the image of God in the beginning, and all standing before God in the end. And I can say "amen" to that.

Peter Scott is Rector of St. Mark's, Orangeville and Archdeacon of Greater Wellington



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Trailblazing Archdeacon Retires

Archdeacon Valerie Kerr has retired from her role as archdeacon for truth, reconciliation, and Indigenous ministry, effective December 31, 2021. Appointed in 2016 to guide the diocese's response to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission's Calls to Action, she has been instrumental in working with parishes to better understand the truth of the Church's complicity within the residential school system and the ways in which Indigenous people have and continue to be oppressed.

Archdeacon Kerr has also served as a founding teacher-practitioner in the Niagara School for Missional Leadership. This spring, she will co-teach Connecting to Indigenous Knowledge with Janice Whiteley for a second time. This course provides the opportunity to learn, internalize, and reflect



constructively on learnings, experience, and knowledge regarding the First Peoples of Canada and to explore ways in which the "Missional Church" can contribute to a healing path forward.

We give thanks to God for Archdeacon Kerr's faithful and trailblazing ministry, and we invite your prayers for her as she embarks on retirement.



More Than Stars in the Universe

BY THE VENERABLE MAX WOOLLAVER

As human beings, we need to be open to the hungers of our soul. We need to be brave enough to turn toward the infinite depth of our questions. We need strength to engage the simple fact and sheer mystery of our existence.

How do we in fact acknowledge without fear the complex hungers for stability, love, meaning and purpose within us? Our inner life can seem, at times, to be like a nest of newly hatched birds—all of them calling to be fed.

Our heart is an infinite ocean of longing. Our soul is a restless being. Our mind is an inner creation whose work beggars the working of the universe itself. "Multiplying 100 billion neurons times 40,000 synapses is equivalent to the brain having more connections in it than there are stars in the universe." Look it up!

Our strength is often difficult to maintain in the face of the pressures of life. (I hope you hear in those previous sentences an echo of Jesus' quotation of Deuteronomy: "Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength...")

How then do we marshal the energies to meet the wonder, depth and often, pain, of who we are?

To put it simply: We meet

the wonder of who we are in the wonder of who God is. We meet the depth of our being in the depth and wonder of the revealed "I AM." The unfolding wonder and depth of God is the womb of the depth and wonder of who we are. St. Peter goes so far as to say that we were brought into being "to be partakers of the nature of God!" (The exclamation mark is my own!)

The universe itself is the revelation of who God is. As Paul writes in Romans 1: "For what can be known about God is perfectly plain to [us], since God has made it plain to [us] ever since the creation of the world, the existence of God and his everlasting power have been clearly seen by the mind's understanding of created things" (New Jerusalem Bible). Indigenous peoples have always known this.

As we are drawn ever deeper in our quest for a place to stand within our bodies, within ourselves, within the world/cosmos we come to know, over time, we are likewise being drawn ever deeper into the Body of Christ. The hunger for stability, love, meaning and purpose is the hunger for Christ.

"He is the image (in Greek: "icon") of the invisible God" (Colossians 1). Through Christ we see God, through Christ we see ourselves. We find our place to stand in Christ: "the light which enlightens everyone" who has come into the world.

The call of Christ has proven to be true for countless millions: "Come to me and you will find rest for your souls." Eternal truth has been revealed within transitory, human life.

As you journey deeper into this new year and meet the hungers within yourself, know that you are also meeting Christ. Whether you have named the deepest hunger within yourself or not, your deepest hunger is for Christ. For it is through the Christ we see God. And if we take the Bible at all seriously, we come to see our very selves as we "look into" God, for we humans are made in the image of God. (Genesis 1: "Let us make humankind in our image.")

As the power of this revealed truth begins to grace the perimeter of your thoughts the many voices of the many hungers within begin to soften. The restlessness, regret and fear which at one time seemed so strong within you begin to settle down. In Christ you have a place to stand as you meet this new year.

Out of the many voices will arise One Voice, out of the many fears will come One Courage: the Voice and the Courage of Christ. You will hear the Voice and you will be graced with Courage.

After all, the works of your own mind renewed in the Mind of Christ (again, St. Paul!) outnumber the works of all the stars of the universe!

Photo: NASA



Jesus, will you tell me?

BEV GROOMBRIDGE

12/29/21

I was feeling oh so weary of the way life had become, The Pandemic didn't want to end and our lives were feeling glum. We couldn't seem to find an end, though the world gave it its best, And so, I turned to Jesus and my deep concerns confessed.

I said, "Jesus will you tell me what we can learn from this, Our churches are not open, our fellowship is missed, We cannot be with loved ones while we self-isolate, Jesus, will you tell me please, I know your love is great."

He said, "You have failed to see me in all that is around, For even there in Covid my love for you is found What has this virus shown you that has helped you understand That I am always with you, draw near and hold my hand.

"Every fear and sadness that Satan sends your way I will redeem with peace and hope I'm with you every day. So, when you're feeling broken and you've taken all you can, Lean on me child, I'm with you, I am reaching out my hand.

"This virus is defeated, its strength is waning fast, But the lessons you have learned from it are there for you to grasp, Take time to listen to Me, reach out and I am there I long to be there with you, you know how much I care.

"While Covid tried to steal your health my church breathed in new life, I've seen you rise from sleepiness, awakened by the strife. I've seen you love each other with a love that's from above, This virus has mutated, it now shows the world my love.

"And when you're back together, gathered once again as church You'll rejoice in the assurance that the virus brought new birth You'll reach beyond your building and show the world you care, And as you grow, reach out with love, they'll know that I am there."



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Book Review

A Climate Change Book That Is Not Based On Fear

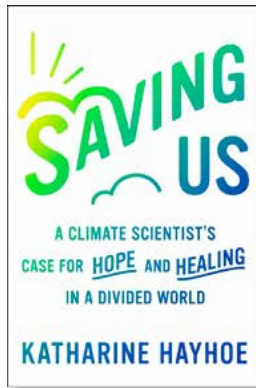
Saving Us: A Climate Scientist's Case for Hope and Healing in a Divided World, by Katharine Hayhoe (Atria/One Signal Publishers, 2021)

REVIEW BY SUE CARSON

As I write this at the end of 2021, future lockdowns are more likely—which means you may have extra time to read in 2022. This book by Dr. Hayhoe is one you should put on your reading list. Born in the Toronto area, Dr. Hayhoe now resides in the US where she teaches at Texas Tech University.

The author writes very clearly about the dangers of climate change inaction, but also includes positive actions we can take. She seamlessly balances her career as a climate scientist with her Christian beliefs.

Dr. Hayhoe has become well-known for her TED talk, "The Most Important Thing You Can Do to Fight Climate Change is to Talk About It." One listener asked why she didn't write a book, and so *Saving Us* was published in 2021. Her scientific words for climate change are "Global Weirding" and says categorically that humans have caused this because of carbon emissions. Her Christian voice



reminds us that in the Bible people have a responsibility over the earth and the animals.

As we have discovered during the pandemic, people don't want governments telling them what to do. Solutions are onerous. People want to feel good about themselves, so blaming them for climate disasters is not the way to go. Guilt can motivate, but like fear it can also shut us down. Dr. Hayhoe also doesn't believe that shaming people helps—often it makes them do the opposite.

In your own life, start to make changes; Dr. Hayhoe tries to introduce two new low carbon habits to her life annually. She believes that the more we do something, the more it matters to us and the more we care. She believes that individual things matter, but so do group activities such as joining the kids' Friday climate strikes. But the best way is to talk about it to everyone you meet at the level of connection you have with them. As Christians, we need to show we care.

She believes people need solutions, and her overriding message is to mention climate change to people where ever you have overlapping interests. This might be with other parents at the school doors who are concerned about the future their children might inherit. Or it could be fellow gardeners watching strange weather patterns, or people on the ski hill seeing less snow. Dr. Hayhoe says to find the connection and open the door to talk about the changing planet.



Katharine Hayhoe

Ask people on a scale of 1-10 how concerned they are about climate change. Then listen to their responses—don't attack, be respectful, show empathy to their views. Keep your answers short; she quotes Ronald Reagan: "If you're explaining, you're losing."

Dr. Hayhoe includes several Bible passages to back up her ideas. In Romans, she quotes Paul's courageous words: "We know that troubles help us learn and not to give up. When we have learned not to give up, it shows we have stood the test. When we have stood the test, it

gives us hope."

If you have more spare time this year, reading Bill Gates' book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster*, is also worthwhile. While Dr. Hayhoe focuses on what humans can and should be doing, Bill Gates feels that technology is the answer. Both say we need to act now. So, choose something that is making a difference to our world—be an early adopter and get others to follow you by talking to them.

Sue Carson is a parishioner at St. James, Dundas, and chair of Climate Justice Niagara

Remembering the Past and Dreaming for the Future of Canterbury Hills Camp

Reflections From the New Director

BY SHARON MILLAR

I have a very distinct memory from the first time I ever set foot at Canterbury Hills Camp. In the winter of 1998, I attended family camp with my parents and my younger brother. One evening for snack were presented with tortilla chips and shredded cheese. We sprinkled the cheese on the chips and off they went to the microwave, only to emerge mere moments later transformed into gooey piles of magic: "nachos". As evidenced by the clarity of this memory 24 years later, this was a life changing moment. Canterbury Hills had won my heart. All credit goes to microwave nachos.

I write today from a place of reflection and deep gratitude. It's the winter of 2022 and I've just begun work as the director at Canterbury Hills. It



Sharon Millar, the new Director of Canterbury Hills Camp

Photo: Contributed

isn't hyperbole to say this has been a lifelong dream of mine. I attended Canterbury as a camper for ten summers and worked on the summer staff team for another ten summers. In autumn of 2017, I accepted a position as the director at a United Church camp in Niagara and, after four fantastic years of leadership there, I am thrilled to be back at Canterbury.

When I think of Canterbury Hills I think of support, love, the comfort, faith, inspiration, safety, and familiarity. The summarizing word that comes to mind is "home," and what I love most about this special place is that so many other people would say the same for themselves.

I am reminded of Ephesians 2:19-22, particularly this paraphrased wording from *The Message* as selected by a group of camp staff I worked with in

2018:

"That's plain enough, isn't it? You're no longer wandering exiles. This kingdom of faith is now your home country ... You belong here, with as much right to the name Christian as anyone. God is building a home. He's using us all—irrespective of how we got here—in what he is building...he's using you, fitting you in brick by brick, stone by stone, with Christ Jesus as the cornerstone that holds all the parts together. We see it taking shape day after day—a holy temple built by God, all of us built into it, a temple in which God is quite at home."

I love the imagery of God creating holy space by placing us all together, and the sentiment that we are all equally important parts of the whole no matter who we are, how many summers

Continued Page 11

A Reflection on Living and Dying Well

BY THE REVEREND CANON MARTHA TATARNIC

I met Tanya Kuzmanovic when I was a new ordinand, just starting out in ministry at St. Jude's in Oakville, and she was a new mother, baptizing her children in the life of the church. We continued our friendship over the years, even as life took me to a number of other places to live and serve. We bonded over our love of writing, the joys and challenges of parenting, and our fascination with the beautiful, strange and crazy world we live in. Tanya was disarming in her honesty and directness, as well as the generosity and bravery of how she poured out love on the circles of family and friends who had the privilege of being part of her life.

Tanya died at the end of last year after having been diagnosed with a rare and aggressive cancer mere months before. She was too young. I sat with her in her family room a few days before she died. We talked about all of the things we always talk about. Family and friends came and went from the room continually, which is exactly what Tanya wanted. She reflected on dying young and how she would love to have more time. "But as far as deaths go," she said, "mine will be a good one." She wanted to die in her beloved home with her beloved people surrounding her. She told them that they could be sad as they accompanied her to the brink, but they didn't need to be scared.

There is a blessing that I share with my

congregation, week in and week out. It says,

*"Life is short,
And we do not have much time to gladden
the hearts of those who travel the way
with us.
So be swift to love,
Make haste to be kind,
And may the blessing of God be upon you
today and always."*

I think of that blessing now as I read Tanya's final blog post and think of that last visit with Tanya in her love-soaked family room. I am grateful for her friendship in my life. I will forever be marked by her witness: we can indeed embrace the impermanence of this world and this life, and we can do so held in the certain and abiding truth of Love.

I share with our church these brave and grateful final words from this brave and remarkable woman I had the great fortune to call my friend:

The Family Room

Sometimes as I sit here, in my family room—I'm convinced there isn't another room anywhere in the universe that would ever be capable of offering me the comfort that this one does. It reminds me of all that I have—when I look up on the mantle and see the smiling faces of my three; when I see my wedding photo on the side shelf—where two young, almost unrecognizable young people hold hands and beam—clueless at all the hardship



that awaits at being an adult, it reminds me that I'm loved. It is warm and welcoming; the couches are soft and warm or cool and sturdy—depending on what I need at any given moment.

The windows look out over my quiet and charming and leafy street, reminding me how lucky we were to snag this house on this street before the housing prices skyrocketed. If my back screen door is open, I can sometimes hear the music playing from my neighbour's backyard—usually something folksy; or the neighbours next to them—the husband often sings aloud—I'm not even sure he

knows his neighbours can hear him—and how much I enjoy hearing this; the clink of silverware on dishes coming from other houses as families sit down and eat together. Then there's my TV where I can watch whatever I want whenever I feel like it.

One day, this room won't exist. It will disappear—become stripped of its comforting elements—photos will go in boxes, TV will be trashed, knick-knacks passed along, sold, given away, donated; furniture deemed old fashioned and left on a curb somewhere; photo albums flicked through—maybe saved, maybe tossed away. Another family will take over, walk into this stripped-to-its-bare-bones family room and decide what they will do with it—repaint, redecorate, refurbish—or maybe tear down completely—replacing it with an entirely different room altogether.

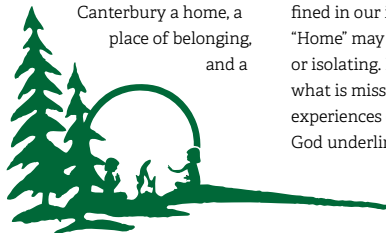
One day, there will be no one alive who will remember this room—who will look back on it and think of the comfort and happiness it inspired. No one will know of the times we sat here as a family, cozied up on the couches under blankets, eating popcorn and watching movies or tv shows. The kids who remember coming into the family room to tell their mom about their day at school will be gone—hopefully after living long and happy lives.

Tanya's original post can be found at <http://pencilsandpopcans.com/the-family-room/>

Reflections From the New Director of Canterbury Hills

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

we've spent here, or how long it has been since we last visited. All of us together as a community are what make Canterbury a home, a place of belonging, and a



place of faithful exploration.

In many ways this image is at odds with the reality of so much recent time spent confined in our individual houses. "Home" may instead feel empty or isolating. In recognizing what is missing from our recent experiences of "being at home," God underlines for us again the importance of the line,

"he is using us all in what he is building." Home is togetherness.

So, my hope for this coming summer at Canterbury Hills Camp is this: may we experience togetherness.

I deeply hope that this experience of togetherness can include the return of overnight camp and adventure camp to our program offerings (alongside the always popular day camp!). I

feel the blessing of having such a dedicated community behind me as we take on the challenge of planning for overnight camp programs. You are the bricks and stones that are built up around me, keeping me steady as I strive to bring this vision to fruition.

Alongside you I know that we will find togetherness regardless of where we are led this summer.

There is so much more to say and to share about my dreams for Canterbury Hills this summer and beyond. For now, I look forward to having many opportunities to share with all of you the ways that this vision is lived out in the coming months.

Learn more about Canterbury Hills Camp at <https://canterbury-hillscamp.ca/>

Niagara Anglican Deadlines and Submission Guidelines

Deadlines:

- March – January 28
- April – February 25
- May – March 25

Submissions:

- News, Letters, Reviews**
(books, films, music, theatre)
– 400 words or less
- Articles** – 600 words or less

Original cartoons or art –

- Contact the Editor.
- Photos** – very large, high resolution (300 ppi), action pictures (people doing something).
- Include name of photographer.
- Written permission of parent/guardian must be obtained if photo includes a child.

All submissions must include writer's full name and contact information. We reserve the right to edit or refuse submissions.

Questions or information:

Contact the Editor at editor@niagaraanglican.ca

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**BY THE REVEREND DEACON
DIANE ELLIOTT**

As I write this article, it is mid-December. I look out the window and see a Great Lake in turmoil and a broken and battered landscape before me. I think of the storm that caused this damage just a few days ago, and I think of the seafarers that I talked with yesterday who were out on Lake Erie at the time. They said the storm was terrifying. They neither slept nor ate, but did all they could to survive.

I suppose that it really was not so different for Paul and the seafarers on the ship he was on, that winter eve over 2,000 years ago, as he was making his way to Rome as a prisoner in Acts 27:

"Before very long, a wind of hurricane force swept down from the island. The ship was caught by the storm and could not head into the wind. We took such a violent battering from the storm that the next day we began to throw the cargo overboard. On the third day, we

threw the ship's tackle overboard with our own hands. The storm continued raging; many finally gave up all hope of being saved."

There are many similarities between the maritime trade in biblical times and the maritime trade today and not just tremulous seas. Grain is one of the largest commodities shipped today, as it was then. An estimated six million tons passed through Hamilton in 2021.

Paul was on a grain ship and ironically so were the seafarers I spoke with yesterday. Ships carried wine, oil, perfume, fabrics, tools, animals and, of course, seafarers, whose lives at sea were in many ways similar to those of our modern seafarers.

We see the ships, but we don't see the people who are working on them. We need and want the goods, and boy, do we miss them when the supply chain is broken. We don't understand the danger, loneliness, or the terrifying situations that these people live with, day in and day

out, getting those goods to us from around the world. Some seafarers in these situations can and do give up hope, as we at the Mission to Seafarers in Hamilton know. Abandonment, piracy, poor wages, discrimination, gender bias and dangerous weather conditions, not to mention work-related injuries and death at sea, are as real today as they were yesterday.

But Paul continues with the good news: "But now I urge you to keep up your courage because not one of you will be lost. Last night an angel of the God to whom I belong and whom I serve stood beside me and said, 'Do not be afraid, Paul. You must stand trial before Caesar, and God has graciously given you the lives of all who sail with you.' So keep up your courage, men, for I have faith in God that it will happen just as he told me."

In many ways serving our seafarers is a service of hope and comfort. As Paul's angel gave him hope so that he might be the bridge of God's love and support, missionaries to seafarers are that same bridge. Through ship visits, welfare checks, transportation to our mission where there is hospitality and free Wi-Fi to connect with family and friends back home, prayer sessions in our chapel



and on line with other missions in North America, and fighting for seafarers' rights around the world, we continue Paul and his angel's ministry today.

Being a missionary to seafarers is truly diaconal bridge-building. During our ordination we are charged by the Bishop, "As Deacons in the Church ... you are called to a special ministry of servanthood ... being ready to help and serve those in need ... and do your best to pattern your life in accordance to the teachings of Christ," just like Paul and his angel.

Our logo is that of an angel. In fact, we used to be called the "Flying Angels."

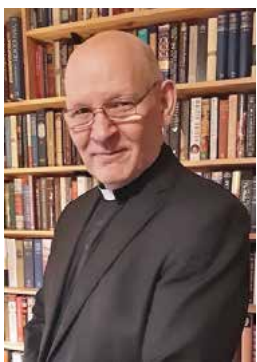
It will be February when you read this article, and the mission and Port of Hamilton are closed for the winter. At the mission we are making plans for training volunteer missionaries the first week in March just before the shipping season begins. I suppose many of you, too, are making plans for Lent, which also begins the first week of March.

By our baptismal call we are all called to work as servants to those in need. Perhaps, like so many of us, you are considering doing something instead of giving something up for Lent. If serving the needs of seafarers visiting our port in Hamilton is of interest to you, contact me at 905-321-9502. And if this is not your call, please consider adding a prayer for seafarers to your personal prayer list and the Lenten prayer list at your church.

A PRAYER FOR SEAFARERS

Lord God, we depend on you for life itself and on seafarers to meet so many of our daily needs. Watch over all who go down to the sea in ships—on business, for leisure, or to rescue those in peril or difficulty. Keep them from danger, befriend them in loneliness, and bring them safely home to those they love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

A Matter of Faith



**BY THE REVEREND MICHAEL
COREN**

Let us say grace, as it were. The 60s are beguiling. I don't mean the 1960s. I was born in 1959 and couldn't say "permissive society" back then, let alone live it. I mean being in my 60s, an age that seems, so far at least, to be dramatically different from its younger sibling. In my 50s I was just a mature adult, not especially different from what I'd

been before. Now, just turned 63, I consider mortality, think about pensions, look at obituaries to see how old the deceased were, consider how old my heroes were when they died (often younger than I am now) and bathe in memory and nostalgia. And few things trigger thoughts of times past as vehemently as food.

Back to those not so permissive 1960s. My dad was a London cab driver—Jewish, as so many cabbies were, and from rough, wonderful Tottenham. That meant being a Spurs fan, and when I was a child he took me along to home games every second Saturday, and to few local away ones.

After the games, as the splendid green of Tottenham's holy fields faded into the cloak of dusk, we would drive to my grandparents, Dad's mum and dad, for Shabbos dinner. Not Shabbat. We were Ashkenazi and this was before the Israeli pronunciation of Hebrew became dominant in the

diaspora. Shabbos. We weren't at all religious, proven by the fact that we'd been driving to watch football.

If my dad had a rabbi, he wore a white shirt and blue shorts, and these Sabbath dinners should really have been on Friday rather than Saturday evenings. Post-sabbath, so to speak. For me it was even more confusing, because I was the product of a mixed marriage. So, it wasn't religion as such, but it was faith. Family, friendship, tradition, culture, community. Faith.

There, in this little apartment in Hackney I'd sit down to a feast that seemed as foreign to me as West Ham or Chelsea. I was British all through. Bacon-eating, milk-and-meat-mixing, non-Kosher-consuming British. Yet here on Saturday nights I'd be taken to the dining rooms of Odessa, to gefilte fish, chicken soup with matzo balls (we called it kneidlach), brisket, roasted chicken, and latkes. Not at all

the Mediterranean Diet but very much eastern European. Spend any time in Ukraine or Russia and you realize that much of Ashkenazi cuisine is as Slavonic as it is Jewish.

There would be prayers over the wine and the bread, and then the game would start. Not the referee's whistle but something rather similar in a way. I can't claim that fine wines were drunk, or that the food was even especially good. That, however, isn't really the point. It's not the quality of the table but that there was family seated around that table. A people whose recent ancestors had fled pogroms and oppression, who had lost so many in those regular slaughters and then in the genocidal filth of the Shoah, sat in safety and pushed up their cholesterol count along with those they loved and trusted. That was—yes—faith at its finest. Somehow, God knows how, they had survived history. Yes, God did and does know.

Now, half a century later I sit in my large, warm, comfortable Toronto home and consume a much more delicate and subtle meal. Nuance, spices, delicate balances of flavour. And I'm no longer a little boy but a successful journalist and an ordained priest in the Anglican Church. Good Lord that would have surprised them all back then. But made them proud too; well, to be candid, some of them, and some of what I am.

But food is food, and one of the links in the chain of organized goodness and communal kindness is food and family and faith. My grandparents are gone now of course, as are my parents, and their siblings—even my dad's brother who played for Tottenham reserves. Gone but not forgotten in my 60s memory and in my 60s love. "Let the boy eat," my grandma used to say about me to my dad. Yes, let us all eat. It's a matter of faith. Thank God.