

St. James', Goulais River will mark 120 years in 2015

By Eleanor Swain

In 2015, Saint James', Goulais River will celebrate 120 years of faithful worship on the original site. To mark this historic event, a recipe book has been made which includes the following 'History of Saint James' Church, Goulais River'.

Goulais River is named after the river flowing through the land. The river comes from Goulais Lake, beginning in the hills behind Searchmont. The water passes over rocks, through forests and meadows as it winds its way meandering around bends until it reaches Goulais Bay about 100 miles from its source!

Just over 120 years ago, The Church of England purchased NE1/4 of SW1/4 Section 13 Fenwick Township (34¼ acres) from Indian Land Agent William Van Abbott. The original church building, built in 1895, was consecrated by Bishop Thornloe on March 28, 1895. The church opened for services on Easter Sunday 1896.

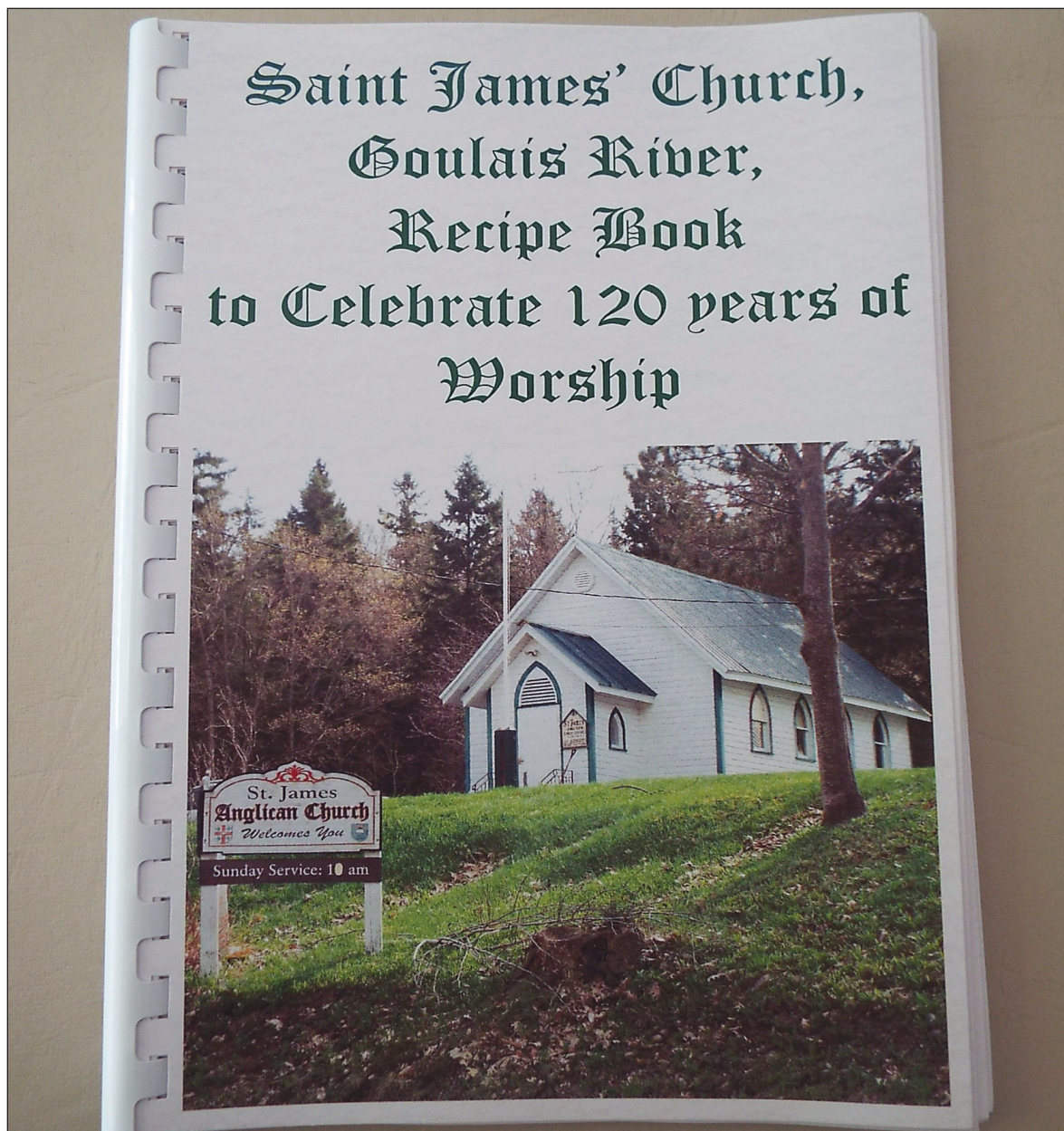
The incumbent was Rev. John Peter Smitheman, and the Wardens were A. McAuley and Jim Whalen. The building was of log construction with siding on the outside. The interior walls were whitewashed. Rev. Canon W. Hunter was the incumbent from 1898 through 1942.

A War Memorial was erected by the Women's Institute on November 9, 1920 in the Saint James' Church campus in honour of the fallen in World War I. Rev. Hunter, assisted by Mrs. Neil McLean, President of the Institute, unveiled the War Memorial. The names on the War Memorial are:

T. Henry Pye, Wm Pickard, Charles G. McSorley, Ivan McLean and Charles McSorley.

A few years ago a pathway and seats, donated by Penny Elliott in memory of her parents Etna and Morley McLean, were put in front of the War Memorial.

The original church building caught fire on a hot summer afternoon in July 1923. The cause of this fire was, and is, a mystery. Dozens of the community members worked hard trying to put out the flames, but to no avail. Only the organ survived.



FEEDING BODY, MIND AND SOUL: Pictured is a recipe book which includes the history of St. James', Goulais River. It has been prepared in celebration of the upcoming 120 anniversary of the church. It contains 120 recipes, one for each year of the life of St. James'.

In 1926, under incumbent Rev. W. H. Hunter, church property on the west side of Government Road was sold to Mrs. D. W. James. The proceeds were used towards the rebuilding of the new church building which was consecrated in 1928.

Incumbents of Saint James' Church, Goulais River were as follows:

Rev. John Peter Smitheman 1896;

Rev. W. H. Hunter 1898 to 1942;

Rev. Canon C. B. Noble 1947 to 1964.

In 1964, the North of the Sault Mission was formed, with Captain Earl James Burke conducting services in Goulais River, Heyden and Searchmont.

Rev. Captain Earl J. Burke 1964 to 1966;

Rev. Captain Robert Gorham 1966 to 1967;

Lay Readers and visiting clergy officiated at services from then in 1967 through September 1968 when Rev. D. Stanley arrived.

The Reverend D. Stanley 1968 to 1985;

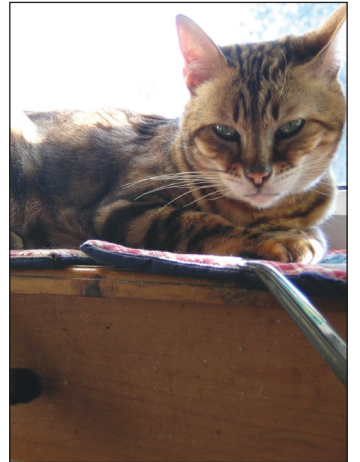
Rev. Michael Hankinson 1987 to 1989;

Rev. Jack Crouch from 1990 to 1997;

Venerable William Stadnyk 1997 to present.

See Idea – p. 6

Inside Algoma



Joy is the assurance of God in life

Pam Handley in her ACW *Devotions* writes of joy, its depth, wonder and quality and how it is truly a reflection of the love and work of God in our lives.

See p. 2

What did Henry need to give the Abbey a face lift?

In his *History Byte*, Rev. Richard White writes of Henry III's desire to reconstruct Westminster Abbey, what he needed and how he achieved it.

See p. 3

The preciousness and joy of babies in our lives

Charlotte Haldenby looks at the world in her monthly column writing of how precious babies and our response to the needs of children.

See p. 8

Next deadline

The deadline for the next issue of *The Algoma Anglican* is **Monday, December 1.**

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Spirit of place workshop held in Kagawong

Shannon Hengen writes of stories and spiritual direction

By Shannon Hengen

"Spirituality is, in briefest description, a way of life—a way of being" *Experiencing Spirituality:*

Finding Meaning Through Storytelling, Ernest Kurtz and Katherine Ketcham, Penguin, 2014, p. 25.

In retirement I am bringing together two of the most important influences in my life, stories and spiritual direction. What kind of stories do we tell? How do we listen to others' stories? As part

of their summer programs on Manitoulin Island, Ontario, Four Elements Living Arts sponsored a story telling and spiritual direction workshop in the town of Kagawong, Ontario, on Mudge Bay of Lake Huron, on Friday, August 22nd, 2014. The first of its kind, it attracted two participants who engaged fully with me in this trial

event. What follows is a description of the workshop itself and how it evolved.

When still teaching English, I came across a book that changed how I view stories: *Life Lived Like a Story: Life Stories of Three Yukon Native Elders*, by Julie Cruikshank in collaboration with Angela Sidney, Kitty Smith, and Annie

Ned, U of Nebraska Press, 1990. Cruikshank learned the women's languages and lived among them in order to record their autobiographies, only to discover that the women did not share her idea of what a life story should be. In mainstream Canadian culture, an autobiography lists major events

See Narratives – p. 5

Diocese of Algoma Anglican Church Women

DEVOTIONS FOR DECEMBER



Once again we cannot help but refer to Patrick O'Brian's novels, the first one being *Master and Commander*, where you often read "I give you joy". When meeting someone on the street today we probably say hello, how are you, but it seems in time of the tall ships, on Jack Aubrey's ships anyway, the greeting was "I give you joy". I just wonder if they at the time knew the depth and wonder and quality of the greeting they were giving or was it just an off the cuff salutation? And do you remember this song from camp days or maybe you even sing it in church today? This was written by George Willis Cooke about 100 years ago:

"I've got a joy, joy, joy, joy down in my heart, where, down in my heart, down in my heart, down in my heart, I've got a joy, joy, joy, down in my heart, down in my heart to stay."

We have all had an experience when every time we turn around there is that word and in this case it is JOY. It came to light again the other day when I began reading the introduction to the epistle from Paul to the Philippians, in my *Life Application Bible*, where the author discusses our circumstances and the differences between happiness and joy:

"...what happens when the toys rust, loved ones die, health deteriorates, money is stolen and the party is over? Often happiness flees and despair sets in. In contrast to happiness stands joy. Running deeper and stronger, joy is the quiet, confident assurance of God's love and work in our lives – that he will be there no matter what! Happiness depends on happenings, but joy depends on Christ."

These are the most comforting words possible as these past few months have been months of trauma for me personally. Although Mum's mind is still pretty sharp, her body continues to deteriorate. I am enduring hours of physiotherapy and exercises on my new knee joint and more recently faced the sudden death of my beloved cat Tolly. These comforting words "that

he will be there no matter what!" are helping me tremendously through these difficult times. But not only helping me but helping me to see the joy that is possible during challenging events.

The hospital said Mum no longer needed to stay there, after six months, so she is now living with us and as we recuperate together we find we have much time to relive memories as we help each other the best we can. The dedication of physiotherapists at the hospital and Mum and Peter nagging me to keep up knee exercises at home are paying off and I will be driving again soon. These days are challenging but they are also days of joy as Mum and I draw even closer together during her remaining time. I thank God for the skill of doctors and nurses and for the joy of my new knee and I will always have joyful and golden memories of Tolly.

As we try to understand what Paul is writing about in Philippians, as we try to understand just how fleeting and shallow life can be without Christ, we come to the realisation that life becomes richer and deeper as we understand more and more clearly true joy does depend on Christ. During our trying times we have found the warmth of joyous moments as our knee begins acting like a normal knee again. I have found joy in discovering Mum delights in sitting over breakfast and discussing Bible readings and early Christianity in England because even at the age of 99 Mum is still eager to learn. Also as the days go by I am beginning to find comfort in the fact that my beautiful cat Tolly is no longer in pain but at rest.

As we move from our personal thoughts what a surprise and joy to find our *Harper Bible Dictionary* has a wealth of information regarding this word we keep running into where joy is an expression found in both the Old and New Testaments. *Harper* says in part that "Nature itself is invited to join in his joyous mood of thanksgiving (Ps. 98) which often had a cultic setting

as Israel celebrated in her feasts and liturgy God's past acts of deliverance." He continues further on: "Because the early Christians believed that the advent of Jesus marked the inbreaking of God's final redemptive act, all the eschatological joy that Israel had anticipated was now associated with Jesus."

Then as we first discovered a few weeks ago in the introduction to Paul's letter to the Philippians *Harper* continues: "The Pauline Letters are filled with the mood of rejoicing, for eschatological joy, closely linked with the Holy Spirit is both the impetus "For what is our hope, our joy, or the crown in which we will glory in the presence of our Lord Jesus when he comes? Is it not you? Indeed, you are our glory and joy." 1 Thess. 2:19-20. Then we find "Not that we lord it over your faith but we work with you for your joy, because it is by faith you stand firm." 2 Cor. 1:24.

In the past we may not have fully appreciated many of the Christmas cards containing the word joy but now, after some research, we have a better understanding of the significance of this little word. Consequently as we draw closer to Advent and then the Christmas Season, we look forward to Christmas cards that have the word joy highlighted on the their covers and throughout their Christmas messages.

Let us join in singing this joyful hymn written by Henry J. van Dyke, in 1907 which is based on Psalm 71:23: "My lips will shout for joy, when I sing praise to you, I whom you have redeemed". Joyful, joyful we adore thee, God of glory, Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow'rs before Thee, Op'ning to the sun above. Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; Drive the dark of doubt away; Giver of immortal gladness, Fill us with the light of day!

Pam Handley, Diocesan A.C.W. Devotions Chair.

Thorneloe University unveils new visual identity



**THORNELOE
UNIVERSITY**
AT LAURENTIAN

Thorneloe University has unveiled a new visual identity. With its growing academic programs, expanding enrolment and increasing reputation, the time was right for Thorneloe to adopt a more modern logo and wordmark that captures the spirit of the institution.

Thorneloe University has provided programming in the humanities for more than 50 years. As a founding member of the Laurentian University Federation, on the campus of Laurentian University in Sudbury, Thorneloe is home to the departments of Classics and Ancient Studies, Religious Studies, Women's Studies, and Fine Arts, including Theatre and Motion Picture Arts. Thorneloe also operates a residence that accommodates 58 students.

"The Thorneloe crest has served as the visual identity for Thorneloe University since its inception," said Thorneloe University President Dr. Robert Derrenbacher. "And while it has served us well, it no longer reflects who we are." He added: "Our logo is our signature in the community and beyond. It makes a statement about what we value and why we exist. Thorneloe University offers a warm and welcoming learning environment where programs in the humanities create well-rounded individuals."

In 2013, a group of faculty, board members, and staff came together to explore ways that Thorneloe University could better represent itself. Three focus groups of various stakeholders, including students, faculty, partners and community members, were held that spring. The results of these conversations, along with Thorneloe's mission, vision, values and historical crest, were used to inform the creative process.

"Perhaps the most important part was capturing, through graphical imagery, the characteristics that make the educational experience at Thorneloe University meaningful and life-changing for students," said Dr. Derrenbacher. "These characteristics include Thorneloe's commitment to the arts and humanities, to small classes, and to a caring, family-like atmosphere."

He added: "Also important was a sense of connection and continuity to our history. Building on our past to convey the present, we have cultivated a new visual identity around the Hawthorne tree, an

element from the original crest. Trees are often associated with institutions of higher learning and are symbolic of knowledge."

The Hawthorne tree, positioned in a modern shield, captures the breadth of the humanities at Thorneloe University, with its branches representing the various departments and programs. The limbs and leaves are arranged as human forms with arms outstretched in an active, youthful and welcoming way. Together, the abstract human shapes form a tight-knit, supportive family and represent Thorneloe's focus on the arts and humanities, and commitment to growth.

The colour of the new crest is the traditional "Thorneloe purple," an episcopal colour for the university, which is named after Archbishop George Thorneloe. Violet/purple is associated with imagination and inspiration. It is the color of good judgment and peace of mind.

The logo includes a new wordmark – Thorneloe University at Laurentian – which identifies Thorneloe's membership within the Laurentian University Federation and its location on the Laurentian University campus in Sudbury.

In addition to the new logo and wordmark, Thorneloe University has adopted the tagline "Learning for Life." The phrase embraces the idea that the humanities, also known as the liberal arts, prepare students for the challenges facing them in life and provide a strong foundation for learning in all disciplines.

"The humanities foster critical thinking and decision-making skills, expose students to ways of knowing, and allow students the opportunity to wrestle with the big questions of life," said Dr. Derrenbacher.

"Learning for Life" also acknowledges the importance of life-long learning. The humanities enable the notion that learning and education do not cease at graduation from university. Rather, learning and education continue throughout one's lifetime.

With a new visual identity, Thorneloe University is about to renew its strategic plan. A strategic planning exercise has been endorsed by both the Faculty Council and Board of Governors at Thorneloe University, and will be a collaborative effort of faculty, staff, board members, students and the broader community.

EDITORIAL

The Algoma Anglican is the Official Voice of the Diocese of Algoma.
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The Right Reverend Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop
Peter Simmons, Editor

Letter from the Bishop

Father of all mercies and giver of all comfort

Dear Members of My Diocesan Family,
Most of you will know that nearly four weeks ago my father died. Fawna and I called him on Thanksgiving Sunday night by Skype, and it was clear that he was not feeling well. It would be the last time he would speak with us. On Monday morning my mom could not rouse him and called the ambulance. By afternoon the doctors determined that Dad had suffered a massive stroke and was not likely to recover. Fawna and I and my brother and his wife made plans to fly to Texas the following day.

What was to transpire over the ensuing week was both remarkable and moving. The next forty-eight hours featured a steady stream of hospital visitors, many of them from the Methodist Church Mom and Dad attended. Some were quite shaken by the sight of this vigorous and gregarious friend deprived of motion and speech, while others prayed with conviction that Dad would be healed. Mom kept vigil while Dad's two sisters lovingly applied lotion to his hands and feet. It was reminiscent of the biblical story of the woman who tenderly anointed Jesus before his burial (Mark 14.8).

It was hard to know how well Dad was able to understand the events going on around him. He could nod his head 'yes' and from time to time a tear would appear on his cheek. So we read to him and joked with him and continually assured him of our presence and love. On one occasion, after I had prayed with him, I asked if he could say 'amen'. There was a catch in his breath and his lips closed, as if to confirm my prayer.

His breathing continued to be laboured through the next two days. Then, on Thursday evening, it became dramatically slower, and we sensed that the end was near. The family surrounded his bed. Tearfully, I delivered last rites and bid him, 'Depart, O Christian soul, out of this world.' Accompanied by our singing, the oil of healing took final effect and he was delivered into the waiting arms of his Saviour.

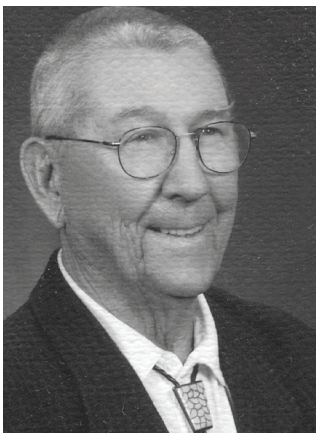
The congregation at Monday's memorial service spilled into the overflow section of the church, indicating just how admired my dad was. We were grateful that all of the grandchildren, and newly-minted spouses, were able to attend from as far away as London, Charlottetown, Sudbury, Vancouver and Japan. My brother delivered a touching and beautiful tribute, and I shared a word on how our weakness can be God's strength. As our families returned home, my brother and I stayed with our mom to help sort out some of Dad's affairs. She seems to be coping well and is surrounded by a watchful and caring Christian community.

We have all been overwhelmed by the expressions of sympathy and affection that have appeared in cards, e-mails and conversations. I cannot write a personal word of thanks to all of the members of my diocesan family who have taken time to think and pray for us. But please know that a prayer of thanksgiving for you goes up when I think of you and your kind sentiments. I was particularly touched by the number of people who related to our grief by sharing stories of their own loss of a father. What is it that makes this event in particular so poignant?

We live in an age when roles based on gender have become confusing and problematic. Biologically, of course, we all have fathers.

But the image of fatherhood has been contaminated by associations with patriarchy and the abuse of power. For the last couple of decades there have been attempts to dispense with the language of fatherhood in reference to God in our liturgies and hymnody. But try as we might, I don't think we shall ever be able to dissociate him from his fatherly personhood. Why do I say this?

First of all, it is because this is the language of Scripture and our Creeds. Indeed, in a scandalous break from his Jewish tradition, Jesus instructed his followers to address God as Abba. And so we do. And not just out of obedience to or imitation of him. Jesus himself prayed, 'Abba, Father' in the agony of the garden (Mark 14.36). God is our Father not simply by virtue of the fact



that he is the source of all things, but also because we have been united to his Son through grace and the adoptive powers of our baptism.

Secondly, it is because, without the model of our divine Father, we have no basis on which to critique human expressions of fatherhood. I made this point in a public debate once with the New Testament scholar, Markus Borg. Afterward, a young woman approached me and told me how her relationship with God as Father had helped her to heal from an abusive relationship with her own father. Fatherhood may be an institution in search of redefinition these days, but its existence is part of the structure of our humanity. 'I bow my knees before the Father,' writes St Paul, 'from whom every family in heaven and on earth takes its name' (Eph 3.14f.).

This is related, finally, to the comforting (and, at times, disconcerting) truth that the fatherhood of God is an expression of his personal nature. Just as Jesus could let his fears and hopes and desires and emotions become the language of his love for the Father, so every dimension of our lives can be directed to him. In Archbishop Rowan Williams's summary of the Lord's Prayer, 'We need sustenance, mercy, protection, daily bread, forgiveness; we need to be steered away from the tests that we are not strong enough to bear'. These are not things that can be brought before the powers of fate or an impersonal life force. They find meaning, as Origen once observed, only when 'the whole of our life says, "Our Father"'.

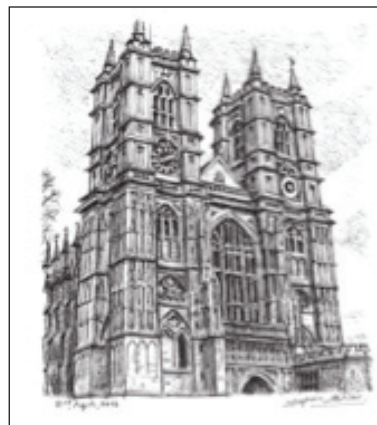
In the final moments of my dad's life, the greatest source of comfort came from the knowledge that we were commending him to his heavenly Father, who is also the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yours in grief and hope,

Stephen Andrews

Stephen Andrews
Bishop of Algoma

Henry III's marketing pitch



By the Rev. Richard White

To build a great church you need great taste and a great deal of money. Henry III, 1216-1272, wanted to give Westminster Abbey a major facelift. He definitely had great taste.

The Abbey had been built two centuries earlier by the saintly king, Edward the Confessor. Edward was considered the patron saint of England. Henry venerated him. However the Abbey itself was looking old, plain and out of date. A new Abbey would house a shrine for Edward's remains, with Henry's own tomb mere feet away. A new Abbey would be a place for royal weddings, coronations, funerals and festivals. It would be an architectural marvel, a rival to the finest cathedrals in France.

Henry had great taste. He had looked to the great Gothic cathedrals of Chartres, Paris, and Reims for inspiration. He chose as his first master mason, Henry de Reyns. He sent the Abbey's new abbot, Richard de Ware to Rome both to get the Pope's blessing for the project, and to find stone workers. De Ware returned smiling with ship-loads of marble and glass and a veritable dream team of Italian mosaicists.

The artistic and spiritual heart of Henry soon became evident. The new Abbey would have the highest vaulting in England, nearly 102 feet. Its aisles were purposefully narrow to accentuate

the height. Its lines would draw the eyes heavenward. The worship space would be surrounded by colour. There were coloured roof bosses, carvings and panels. The walls that embraced works of art. Magnificent windows invited in the light through ruby and sapphire glass and heraldic shields.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Abbey would be a massive mosaic floor that lay like an

History Byte

oriental carpet in front of the High Altar. More than 25 feet square, it would be made up of over 80,000 glittering inlaid stones. The impression was to emulate the glory of the throne room of God Himself. The Great Pavement, as it was called, became the stage for coronations, royal weddings and state funerals. Yes, Henry had the taste, but did he have the money?

Money management was not Henry's strong suit. His spending habits were rash. He had launched two expensive and disastrous campaigns into France, he had expensive friends, extravagant tastes, a wife who demanded to be in fashion, and a string of liberally financed charitable causes. Not yet 30 years old he had the proverbial champagne taste and a beer purse. Where was the money for this new abbey to come from?

See Henry – p. 4

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JIM SCHELL ORDAINED A VOCATIONAL DEACON: On Saturday, November 8, 2014, Jim Schell was ordained a vocational deacon at the Dorset Recreation Centre. Following the service, lay readers and clergy gathered with Rev. Schell for a photo. Back row, from left are pictured Janet Borne-man, Caroline Sokoloski, Pam Thornton, Rev. Canon Rudy van der Heil, Ven Hugh Hamilton, Ven, Marie Loewen, Rev, Heather Manuel, Rev. Susan Sheen and Rev. Peter Simmons. Front row, from left are pictured Shirley Elliott, Rev. Dr. David Hardie, Bob Romberg, Rt. Rev. Dr. Stephen Andrews, Rev. Jim Schell, Ven. Dawn Henderson, Donna Bowman-Woodall, Rev. Barbara Graham and Derek Shakespeare.

Henry needed a holy relic

Continued from p. 3

He could turn to the Abbot. The position of Abbot of Westminster came with a full purse, made fuller as previous abbots had assured pilgrims that giving to Westminster Abbey would always yield eternal benefits. Richard de Ware, gave generously to the project, but the lion's share had to be generated by the royal patron, Henry. Taxation was out of the question. The barons were nipping at his heels demanding greater autonomy and were hardly in a generous mood. There was no Thames Television, London Daily Mirror, bill boards, bull horns, or even church bulletins to solicit donations. Royal Mail wouldn't get established for centuries yet, so a mail-in-donations plan was out of the question.

Henry needed a marketing pitch, and he knew exactly what that should be. If he could find a genuine holy relic, and promise pilgrims the absolution of their sins, miracles, a ticket to heaven and more, he would have a veritable money machine. And why not? It worked at Canterbury Cathedral. The tomb of the slain Archbishop Thomas Beckett at Canterbury was swarmed by pilgrims daily with the promise of great miracles. The success of Beckett's tomb as a money raiser par excellent, financing a reconstruction project. Henry's eagerness to find the perfect marketing pitch overlooked one thing: the

churches of Europe, including England, were becoming saturated with so-called authentic relics. Even the Church was beginning to question their authenticity let alone their efficacy.

Undaunted and fueled by his own piety, he pressed onward. He had to find a relic that would trump anything Canterbury had. And then he did, or thought he did. On October 13, 1247 he sent out instructions for his nobles to assemble at the construction site. All the king would say was that he had something "most agreeable" that it was "holy" and would benefit the nation.

Crowds gathered. Amid cheers, Henry appeared. He wore simple clothes, was clean-shaven and bare foot. He announced that a most holy relic had been secreted into England. He produced a crystal vase. It contained he said drops of the blood of the Blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ. It came with the seals of the Crusaders themselves, he said, the Knights Templars, the Knights Hospitallers and that of the highest Christian official in the Holy Land, the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Then with much pomp and ceremony a solemn procession began.

Henry carried the vase beneath a canopy supported on spears and two attendants. He held the vase high and looked straight ahead as the procession went through the streets of London, to the Abbey. There it was carried around the

precincts, then into the neighbouring royal buildings and finally back to the Abbey where it was handed to the Abbot. In the service that followed, a bishop promised that those who venerated the relic would be forgiven their sins for six years plus. The vial took up residence in the Abbey.

To Henry's disappointment, the vial had minimal effect. To young Henry two things would have been very clear. The vial failed to generate the degree of popular piety Henry had hoped for. And as a money-maker it was a bust. The monarchy was stuck footing most of the bill for the Abbey's reconstruction which amounted to about five percent of his treasury's annual income. Was the vial even genuine? A similar relic venerated at Hailes Abbey, about 100 miles west, had similar claims to its authenticity. It was later judged a hoax, a mixture of goose blood and honey. Centuries later Henry's relic was simply removed, and few cared.

Westminster Abbey was consecrated on October 30, 1269. It would take many generations to complete. Its trade mark towers were added centuries later. Henry died November 16, 1272 and was laid to rest in the Abbey close to the shrine and remains of Edward the Confessor, Henry's spiritual champion. Miracles were reported by some who visited Henry's tomb.

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- 1) Articles: If you're sending articles, we prefer to receive digital files. Our first choice is to receive attachments in Microsoft Word. Our second choice is for material to be pasted into the body of the E-mail message. Do not send WordPerfect attachments. We do not use WordPerfect in our production department.
- 2) Photos: If you're using a 35 MM camera, we prefer to receive

negatives and we'll do the scanning in our production department. However, we can use prints, if negatives are not available. If you're using a digital camera, we prefer to receive as large a file as possible. Most digital cameras produce files at 72 dpi and up to 24 inches or larger in width. Please save the file as jpeg and do not reduce the size.

E-Mail address: anglican@muskoka.com

Narratives passed on which shape and direct life

Continued from Front

in a person's life, challenges, goals, achievements. Not so in native culture in the Yukon. Try as she might, Cruikshank could not elicit from any of the women any life story that was immediately recognizable to her as such. Instead, she writes: "The more I persisted with my agenda, the more insistent each was about the direction our work should take. Each explained that these narratives were important to record as part of her life story" (2). The narratives Cruikshank refers to are traditional stories from the women's culture, repeated orally through centuries as guides to people's lives; how to care for oneself, others, and the land; how to respond to pain and loss; how to pray. What is central to a "life lived like a story" in this culture is deep knowledge of the values that have preserved the culture and sustained the people over time. Individual achievement is not central to "autobiography" in the culture of these Yukon elders.

What are the founding stories of mainstream culture, I asked myself after reading Cruikshank's book? What values do they teach us?

Returning to the subject of the August workshop: I asked participants to think of a story that describes their highest values. Before telling the stories to one another, I outlined for them the second most important influence in my life: a two-year program in spiritual formation and spiritual direction that I recently completed, the Ontario Jubilee Program (jubileeassociates.ca). Drawing on the centuries-old practice of Christian spiritual direction, Jubilee is now interdenominational, teaching ways of listening and discerning that cross boundaries of faith.

A foundational belief of the Jubilee Program is that the Holy Spirit speaks in and through us when we truly open ourselves and truly seek. We do so in contemplative practice. The belief that gradually arose in me is that the Spirit often reveals our deepest values to us in the form of stories; Scriptural, personal, cultural, familial, historical, comical, and so on.

Like the Yukon elders, we in

mainstream culture also use stories handed down over time as guides in how to live. In what contexts do we share those stories? Overwhelmed as we are by many less important, distracting noises, where and how do we find occasions to pass on the narratives that fundamentally shape and direct our lives?

The Manitoulin Island workshop provided such an occasion. Agreeing to strict confidentiality at the start, we listened thoughtfully to one another in a way that I described as "holy listening," a requirement in the context of spiritual direction. Holy listening asks of us that we do not judge what we hear, that we do not attempt to fix or advise.

Instead, when one person spoke, the others paid careful heed, noting significant points in the narrative. A period of silence followed each story, after which the listeners described what they heard the storyteller say and, if necessary, asked clarifying questions. Following another brief silence, each listener relayed what the storyteller's narrative evoked in him or her. The story teller then responded as he or she felt moved, the emphasis always being on the many ways in which experience informs us.

We voiced a number of shared concerns during the workshop, concerns that arose also in the narratives of the Yukon elders: the great importance of spirit of place, ties of family, growth in wisdom and grace, how and what to teach the young. As Eben Alexander writes in *Proof of Heaven: A Neurosurgeon's Journey into the Afterlife*, "A story—a true story—can heal as much as medicine can", Simon and Schuster, 2012, p. 144. We learned in the workshop that ultimate values do persist in our stories when we relate those stories explicitly as spiritual teachings, as life lessons. Those narratives and those deep, enduring beliefs can heal our sense of aimlessness or despair.

Article originally appeared in the September 17, 2014 edition of The Prairie Messenger. Reprinted with permission



SPIRIT OF PLACE: Pictured are the participants and organisers of the workshop on story telling and spiritual direction held on Friday, August 22, 2014 in Kagawong at Madge Bay on Lake Huron. From left are Kendra Edwards, Four Elements Community Programs Assistant, participants Chuc Wilson and Kate Thompson and Sophie Edwards, Four Elements Executive Director.

Diocese of Algoma Lay Readers' Training - LRT

Throughout 2014, 2015 Rev'd Richard White and others will offer a series of 1 day workshops on topics of interest to all Anglicans in the Diocese, but most especially to all Lay Readers. Everyone is welcome. These sessions will be offered both live in-person at St Brice's Anglican Church in North Bay [unless noted], and also live via web conference [webinar] online. Sessions will generally be on **Saturdays** from 9:00 am till noon; 1:00-3:00 pm. BYOL [Bring your own lunch.] All sessions will be available as a Recording 30' after each event.]

- **22 November – The Creeds Their History and Theology** [Rev'd Richard White & Linda Langdon]
- **13 December – Anglican Church History Part 1** [Rev'd Richard White]
- **10 January – The Old Testament** [Rev'd Dr John Harvey]
- **24 January – Anglican Church History Part 2** [Rev'd Richard White]
- **14 February – The BCP versus the BAS: History & Purpose**
- **07 March – The Jewish Festivals & Jesus** [Rev'd Richard White & Linda Langdon]
- **21 March - Effective Listening & Visitation Skills** [Beth Hewson]
- **30 May - Doctrine & Theology Workshop** [Rev'd Dr Tim Perry]
- **Other dates and locations to be confirmed:**
 - **New Testament Workshop** [Rev'd Dr Robert Derrenbacker]
 - **Liturgy**
 - **Basic Sermon Preparation**
 - **Canons of the Diocese**

For further information please contact Rev'd Richard White rwhite28@cogeco.ca

Register for web conferences by contacting webconferencealgoma@ontera.net or by calling Linda Langdon 705.476.0791. Please include the name of your city/town, and the name of the sessions you wish to attend.

Algoma webinars are available to anyone who registers and who has access to high speed Internet [Java plugin required], and computer speakers. Registering for any or all of these sessions also provides participants with the ability to replay any session at a later day. People are welcome to attend in person and still sign up for the webinars in order to have playback permissions. There is no cost to attend an Algoma webinar.

Because these webinars are on Saturdays, unfortunately, we are not able to book Contact North Centres. However, Linda Langdon and Contact North will be glad to work with any person or any church to set up [almost] any computer for webinars.



PLACE OF BEAUTY: This stunning scene of Mudge Bay on Lake Huron formed the backdrop for a workshop held on Friday, August 22, 2014 which addressed story telling and spiritual direction. This photo originally appeared in the September 17, 2014 edition of The Prairie Messenger. Reprinted with permission



From the mouths of babes

By the Rev. Canon Bob Elkin

Before kids learn to be polite and subtle and lie like the rest of us, they often blurt out the frank-est of things. Some time ago one of our grandchildren, after playing at our house for a few hours with his brother decided that he wanted to take home the polka dot plush snake that lives in our toybox. We told him that the snake had to stay so he could play with it again the next time he came but that wasn't good enough and his demands to take it home began to escalate until his brother reassured him with: "Stop worrying! When Oma and Grandpa die we get all their stuff." I'm not sure where that came from but I resolved not to eat or drink anything they prepare for me for a year or two since I don't really know how badly he wants that snake!

Another time my granddaughter questioned me at length about things I had seen in my youth which apparently included the invention of the wheel and watching the dinosaurs play. "Jossie" I protested, "You're making me feel like an old fart!" She didn't hesitate. "But grandpa" she said in a tone usually reserved for the more thick-headed of her dolls, "You are an old fart!"

These bursts of honesty don't just happen at home and I've had my share of things come to pass in church too. During Communion one Sunday a father signaled me for his young son to receive the host. He chewed and swallowed during the words of institution and then asked his dad in a shrill stage whisper: "Why did he give me styrofoam to eat?" I'm sure he isn't the first person in church to wonder that. Then there was the Sunday where the server, working with me at the altar conversationally whispered: "I really like that comb-over thing you do to cover your bald spot. Pretty sharp!" And everybody thinks they look so angelic up there!

Another very young boy came

into church one Sunday when the Bishop was present, looked us both over and excitedly shouted to his mom: "Look! Two god's today!" And I'll never forget the little girl, kneeling at the rail beside her grandma who reached up and vigorously high fived me when I raised my hand to bless her.

Teenagers aren't above being brutally honest when something offends their sense of justice. A fourteen year old finished shoveling the church walk early one snowy Sunday morning and as I

Letter from Bob

paid him he said: "Before coming here I shoveled the walk at the Catholic Church and you know what the priest gave me?" Wanting to make sure I was being fair I quickly answered: "No. What did he give you?" The reply was rapier sharp: "His blessing, the cheapskate!"

Sometimes what's said is inadvertently funny because the speaker just doesn't know that words can have dual meanings. Friends of ours recounted a drive they were on with their young son when they came across a porcupine lumbering across the road. They slowed and pointed the animal out to the boy. "Look, a porcupine!" He took a look, saw the quills and shouted: "Quick, roll up the windows before he jumps up and porks us!"

I once heard two people talking about a third. "He doesn't beat about the bush and it gets him into trouble!" said one of them. The other nodded his head adding: "He calls a spade a spade." "No he doesn't" said the first. "He calls it a blankety, blank shovel and tha's what causes all the trouble!" Kids do that too but on them it's often mighty cute.



REACHING OUT: The Outreach Committee of St. Peter's, Callander have provided a building at Fairy Lake for Camp Temiskaming. This was made possible through the efforts of many individuals, particularly the students of West Ferris Secondary School, North Bay. Pictured from left are Morley Rogers, in door way, Chris Wilson, John Lunn, Gage Farrow, seated, Andrew McDonald, and Ron Leclair.

Idea for a celebratory cookbook came in 2013

Continued from Front

As mentioned above, in December 1997 the retired Archdeacon, William Stadnyk became the incumbent and he continues to be so now at the time of compiling and printing this booklet. In 2013, Rev. Father John E. Swain, who began assisting and playing the organ in April 2011, was made an Honorary Assistant. Prior to January 2011, Mrs. Margaret Boissineau was the organist at Saint James' Church from 1992, retiring at the age of 98 years old! The building underwent renovations in 1968 making it much more efficient.

It is not known who the first couple to be married in the Church was, because the church building burned down destroying all the records. The latest couple to be married in Saint James', was Orlando Vernile to Sarita Eleanor Natasha Swain on August 18, 2012. It is also not known who the first per-

son to be baptised in the Church was because of the fire destroying all the records. The latest person to be baptised in Saint James' Church, Goulais River, was two month old baby Owen Swain Vernile, on July 14, 2013.

The idea to produce a book of recipes contributed by the parishioners of Saint James' Church, Goulais River, for distribution in January 2015, the year of the Church's 120th Anniversary, was conceived in 2013. Upon agreement by the Advisory Board, at the meeting in September 2013, work began immediately to produce this recipe book, entitled *Saint James' Church, Goulais River, Recipe Book to celebrate 120 years of worship* compiled by Eleanor P. B. Swain.

The recipe book contains favourite Holy Bible quotations of several of the contributors. There is also an account of how God al-

lowed a bus to break down so that a woman's prayer might be answered. The recipe book is for the feeding of body, soul and spirit. Please note that this recipe book contains 120 pages; one for each year of Saint James' Church life!

Bibliography:

'Valley of Trees and Water' – *Recollections of Goulais River 1878 – 1978* research by Ruth McDonald, who did much of the writing and editing, Gordon McLarty, Dora McLean, Gordon Mc Millan and Hilda Tier, who, it is understood by her daughter, Susan, did the final writing and editing.

Published by DAK General Services, Goulais River, Ontario.

This book was kindly loaned to the Collator of the Recipe Book by Len Pascall. His mother-in-law was Ruth McDonald, mother of Betty Ann Pascall.

The Deacon's Doodlings

By the Rev. Barbara Graham

Editor's note: In the following Rev. Barbara Graham writes about the Diocesans Lay Readers held at St. Thomas', Bracebridge from Friday, September 26 to Sunday, September 28, 2014.

The front three pews of the church at 10:30 a.m. on September 28, 2014 was a sea of white albs and blue scarves. For today was the culmination of what I am told was a very successful Diocesan Lay Readers Conference. It was not really the turn of the Muskoka Lay Readers to host this and with shorter notice than usual, I as their Deanery Warden, have to say that I am very proud of how our local Lay Readers met this challenge

We are very grateful to St. Thomas' that they agreed to allow over forty Lay Readers from all across this Diocese, except from the Deanery of Thunder Bay, to meet here from Friday, September 26 to Sunday, September 28, 2014 is what they described as such a wonderful facility and for the hospitality they received

Friday evening began with the traditional Bishop's reception which included his inspiring talk during which time the Bishop informed us that he had asked Jim Schell a Lay Reader from Lake of Bays Parish to work alongside Canon Dr. David Gould the Diocesan Warden of Lay Readers who is retiring after many years of devoted service. Needless to say we in this Deanery are highly delighted. The evening ended with the Service of Compline from the *Book of Common Prayer* in the Church led by Lay readers from the Deanery of Algoma.

Saturday began with the celebration of the Eucha-

rist from the *Book of Alternative Services* at which the Bishop presided and was the preacher. It was followed by a session on "The Role of the Lay Reader in Congregation Development" given by the Rev. Dr. Jay Koyle. It was excellent as was the session in the afternoon led by the Rev. Dr. John Harvey on "The Role of Further Education for Lay Readers".

The Noon Day Prayers from the *Book of Common Prayer* and Grace were led by a Lay Reader from Sudbury/Manitoulin Deanery. Jim Schell's wife Pat offered to do the catering for the Saturday lunch and Saturday Banquet and everyone really appreciate the wonderful meals she provided. After the banquet were extremely well entertained by the music of the Gravenhurst Saxophone Quartet led by Derek Shakespeare who is a Diocesan Lay Reader from St. James Gravenhurst.

Today Lay readers, minus those who had further to travel were welcomed to the usual Coffee Hour after the service at which Bishop Andrews was the celebrant and Rev. Kelly Baetz's was the Homilist. Her sermon was in my humble opinion "a masterpiece". I am truly grateful for all her help and guidance in the preparation of this Conference.

These doodling's became a little longer than intended but I guess that I got carried away. I do not apologize for that because we do not often get a chance to thank all Lay Readers for all they do year in and year out. Incidentally during the conference the Bishop honoured Bill Flavell who is retiring as a Lay Reader presently at St. James Gravenhurst after 42 years of service



LAY READERS CONFERENCE 2014: On Saturday, September 27, 2014, Rev. Dr. John Harvey led a workshop on the "Role of Further Education for Lay Readers" at the Annual Lay Readers Conference held at St. Thomas', Bracebridge from Friday, September 26 to Sunday, September 28, 2014.

Rufus, Anselm and investiture

By the Rev. Peter Simmons

Lafranc, Archbishop of Canterbury died in 1089 A.D. With his death, all eyes turned to Anselm. Born in 1033 A.D. at Aosta, Italy, Anselm had been a pupil of Lafranc at Bec. He became a monk at age 27. When Lafranc moved on to Caen in 1066 A.D. and subsequently to Canterbury, Anselm was elected Abbott.

We recall king William Rufus did not have regard, or reverence for the Church. His principal concern was the accumulation of personal wealth. One way he achieved this was to keep the position of Archbishop of Canterbury vacant, thereby appropriating the revenue generated by the vacancy. This practice was legal, however it was held frowned upon. A turn in William II's health would alter the situation.

William Rufus fell ill. He was filled with fear and terror at the prospect of death. To alleviate his anxiety, he called for Anselm for comfort and support. William appointed him Archbishop of Canterbury in 1093 A.D. The relationship between these two strong willed individuals was filled with rancor and disagreement from the start. It was a reflection of the struggle between the authority of the sovereign versus that of the Church. Anselm insisted the pall, or pallium, the symbol of office conferred, in this case, on the Archbishop of Canterbury, should be bestowed by Pope Urban II in Rome. This was a problem.

At this time there was a schism in the Church as two popes were claiming authority. Urban II was established in Rome, while Clement, also claiming papal authority, was established and supported by the German emperor. William Rufus saw this as an opportunity to challenge Anselm in declaring he had not acknowledged the author-

ity of either Urban or Clement. Anselm was adamant. He would recognise Urban. William Rufus sent two chaplains to Rome to pressure Urban, offering to recognise Urban as Pope if he made certain concessions. Some of the concessions were related to the ongoing issue of the right of investiture.

William Rufus insisted he have the right to confer upon Anselm the pallium in England, not Urban in Rome. Urban, wanting and needing the support of Rufus, conceded to his demand, to some extent. He sent a papal legate to England with

Anglicanism

the two chaplains who had been sent by William Rufus. The legate had with him the pall. Anselm had not been informed of this, the legate travelling through Canterbury unannounced. However the legate did not hand the pall over to the king, rather he made his way to the cathedral and placed it upon the altar for Anselm to take up. Anselm did so. Their fractious relationship continued.

Needing the permission of the king, Anselm asked if he might travel to Rome in order to meet with the Pope. The king refused. Anselm's response? He would go to Rome with, or without William Rufus' consent. Rufus declared if Anselm undertook such a journey, he would not allow him back into the country. In October of 1097 A.D. Anselm left England. The king, fulfilling his threat, would not allow him to return. An arrow to the chest of William Rufus while on a hunting trip in August of 1110 A.D. put an end to their difficult relationship. Would the situation improve under Henry, the new sovereign?

More to come.

Advent Webinar on the Book of Genesis

Tuesday afternoons in Advent (2, 9, 16, 23 December), 4:30-5:30 p.m.

General intro

Philosophers and geneticists tell us that in our beginnings we find clues to our end. Genesis is a book of beginnings, and from time immemorial, Jews and Christians have returned to this book to help them in understanding life's meaning and purpose in the plan of God. This four-session exploration of Genesis will touch on the themes of creation, Sabbath, disobedience and judgement, marriage and family, and the problem of evil. These are fitting themes to reflect on as we prepare ourselves to behold the end of all things in the Advent of Christ.

The discussion will not assume prior biblical knowledge among the participants, apart from having read the text before the sessions.

Sessions

2 December

Genesis 1.1-2.3

9 December

Genesis 2.4-4.26

16 December

Genesis 5.1-6.8

23 December

Genesis 6.9-9.29

Algoma Web Conferences [Webinars] are online seminars available to anyone, anywhere with high speed Internet, speakers and microphone [and/or webcam, or headset].

Alternatively, participants may opt to attend the webinar at their local Contact North Centre [with prior arrangement].

Please register by 25 November by e-mailing webconferencealgoma@ontera.net



This is a Captain Churchmouse Learning Through Canadian Literature Event
Featuring the **Churchmouse Players, Musicians & Singers**
The Seven Ages of Mutt
followed by **Music for the Season**
Guest Player
The Very Reverend James McShane
Saturday December 6 2014 @ 2 pm
@ St. Luke's Cathedral
Reception to Follow
Presented by the Junior, Girls' and Boys' Auxiliaries
Free Will Offering for the Sault Ste. Marie Humane Society

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A PRACTICAL CONFERENCE FOR ECONOMIC EQUALITY.

You're invited to attend **Trinity Institute (TI2015)**, an annual conference that takes place in New York City—but you can attend at **Trinity Anglican Church, Parry Sound!** We bring all the elements of the NYC conference to you via webcast.

This year's conference takes on the pervasive, overwhelming issue of economic inequality. TI2015 speakers have real-world experience making change happen. They will provide us with hopeful, practical tools we can use to make a positive economic impact.

FEATURING:



The Most Rev. Justin Welby
The Archbishop of Canterbury

Cornel West
The Rich and the Rest of Us

Barbara Ehrenreich
Nickel and Dimed; This Land is Their Land

Robert Reich
Former Secretary of Labor (Skype Q&A)

And: Juliet Schor, The Rt. Rev. Julio Murray, Rachel Held Evans, Jennifer Jones Austin, R.R. Reno, and Nicole Baker Fulgham

DETAILS:

To register for TI2015 at Trinity Anglican Church, email trinity@vianet.ca or phone 705-746-5221.

WHERE: TRINITY ANGLICAN CHURCH, 6 CHURCH STREET, PARRY SOUND

WHEN: JANUARY 22 – 24, 2015

COST: \$25.00 (meals & refreshments)

CONTACT: For more information, contact Nelson Small, site coordinator, at trinity@vianet.ca or 705-746-5221 and leave a message.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT TRINITY INSTITUTE'S NATIONAL THEOLOGICAL CONFERENCE—including speaker bios, schedule, videos, and more—visit ti2015.org





VISIT TO MANITOU LAND ISLAND: Manitouland Island is always beautiful and September is no exception. On Sunday, September 7, 2014, Bishop Stephen Andrews and Fawna Andrews joined Rev. Sherry DeJonge and the people of the churches on the Manitouland for service of celebration. The service was held at All Saints', Gore Bay. Rev. DeJonge ministers to the Parish of Western Manitouland which is composed of All Saints', Gore Bay and St. John the Evangelist, Kagawong, Great Spirit Island Parish consisting of St. Paul's, Manitouwaning and St. Francis of Assissi, Mindemoya and Holy Trinity, Little Current.



DEDICATION OF NEW WINDOW: On Sunday, June 7, 2014, Bishop Stephen Andrews visited St. John's, Schreiber to dedicate and bless a new stain glass window. Photo by Gail Johnson. This photo originally appeared in the June 17, 2014 edition of the Terrace-Bay Schreiber News. Reprinted with permission.

A baby is so very precious and joyful

By Charlotte Haldenby
A baby is so precious, and such a lesson to us all. Whether they are our own, children, grandchildren, or godchildren, the grandchildren visiting next door, or even the baby in the stroller or in the supermarket cart. Such big eyes taking in everything, not making any judgements yet, just taking it all in.
My grandniece Abigail was eight months old in October, when we had dinner together. Up in her high chair, she followed the conversation trying to figure out what voice went with whom, with big smiles when her father and mother were speaking. Those were her people. When her granduncle Mike with that strange accent offered her a little bit of pita, and she tasted it, and sucked in the whole piece, with a smile, she made a friend for life. At Christmas we celebrate the birth of a baby. As you look at the children in your life over the holidays, with their joyful smiles, even tempered with a bit of tears, we can see the beauty of our lives and maybe listening to the Bible story, remember other children around the world.
Way back when I first started teaching in Ottawa, a married friend of mine was told by the board that she must take the year off when she was pregnant and having her baby. You just couldn't have a pregnant teacher in the class room. She protested, as a Family Studies teacher, saying this might be good for kids to witness. When I was teaching here in the Sault later on, teenage

Looking at the World
mothers were sent home, to be tutored after school, cut off from their friends, while the fathers could stay in class, sometimes teased, or shunned, or bragging about how great they were.
Go back 2000 years. Mary was betrothed to Joseph, and even nowadays in Middle Eastern cultures, that can be even more important than the actual wedding. Ask granduncle Mike, who comes from Egypt. Yes she knows, there's something wonderful going on, but no one else saw the angel. And how were her parents taking it? Was this a total disgrace to their family? Would she be thrown out? And Joseph, the best carpenter around. No one had seen that angel either. What was the gossip going around? Was he going to put up with this? He must really care about her! Or was there laughter behind his back, about how he'd got taken in?
How do we treat pregnant teenagers today? Can they still get their schooling? If their families do throw them out, physically or emotionally, do they have a place to go? We do have medical care available, but are there people around who still pay attention to them and answer questions and give them good hugs every day?
Mary went off to visit her cousin Elizabeth who was also

expecting. How important their discussions would be! Just watching Abigail's mom and my other nephew's wife compare notes was good. "Well, she's a bit cranky now, crying a bit! We think it could be teething!" "How old is she now? Yeah, could be! I remember when Sophie...." and then "I was thinking of getting her a ____!" "We got ours at ____, good price and she really likes it!" Do we have a place where young mothers can meet before and after the birth, to chat, get advice, make good friends, and even have babies make first friends?
Off to Bethlehem! How governments do inconvenience us, sometimes! No room at the inn! And whereas we think of stables as regular wooden barns, it could at that time have been a cave.
What service do we provide for the homeless on cold winter nights? Even the ones who don't want to come in might appreciate Arctic sleeping bags and a good hot meal, and some human contact. Someone does know their name and cares.
Now those shepherds. Were they just goofing off and coming into town for the night? Angels? Sure! A child in a stable, and he's going to be important! C'mon!

"A child in the stable, and he's going to be important!."

But when those wise men arrive a bit later with their full retinues to see that child, the whole town wanted to know why they were here! Who was this baby anyway? The local people were around now all the time, just like the paparazzi with Will and Kate and baby George. Can't we have some peace and privacy?
Oh! Angels again! Off to Egypt as refugees, for several years. Yes, there's Mummy and Daddy, but who are all these other people who talk funny. And dress differently! And we might have to stay here! Well, at least Daddy's a carpenter so he can get a job.
Both my sisters had fathers-in-law who were regular immigrants and had "transportable" trades, both woodworkers: a carpenter and a furniture maker. But what about our refugees today, surrounded by people who speak different languages, who might not have the same family customs, practising different faiths, or liturgies. My Dad's old church in Islington St. Wilfrid's is now a CSI church: CSI? Church of South India. Do we make people feel at home? Do we help them find jobs? Do we invite them over for coffee, or send our kids the same age over to say "Hi!" Do we make language classes available? Do we learn more about where they came from, their food and customs, from real interest, not to say later "Did you eat that? Yuk!", but to learn for ourselves and appreciate both their and our

cultures.
Oh good! We're back where everyone talks like Mommy and Daddy. Maybe their relatives and friends will come over to see me, well of course, I'm the big drawing card, right! And everyone's sooo glad to see us! And I have cousins, like heh! Big John!
How do we welcome people we haven't seen for a while, especially if they've been teaching in a developing country, or serving in the military trying to make the world better, or bringing medical care to Ebola patients in Africa? They will have a hard time readjusting after what they've seen, and sometimes they may not fit in well because of it, but do they know we care and appreciate the work they have done? We do want those medics to follow quarantine, and make sure they're germfree, but after those three weeks are we ready to say thanks and help them get back on track? Do we encourage them to tell their stories and do we hear the needs they saw and get money or equipment or school supplies rolling along to the people they met over there?
This month we see crèches in churches and on our mantelpieces! At family gatherings and church we may see our own babies and others' children with big smiles at all the neat stuff going on around them. As our family wonders what will Abigail make of all this at her first Christmas, may we also wonder how we can respond to those basic needs of all children reflected in that first Christmas story!