

Christmas celebrated in Nipigon

By Kathleen Aiken, Emma Hart, Montana Sacchetti and Margaret Sugawara
Ladies Night Out

The women of St. Mary's, Nipigon, young and not-so-young, gathered their courage and put on a fashion show in September. It was interesting to see different personalities as various outfits were modelled. Linda Enders, from Red Rock, did a wonderful job as MC. She kept people in suspense until the last minute, finally announcing that all of the outfits were put together from the Thrift Store which is operated by volunteers from Nipigon churches.

This event was so popular that people who missed it were voicing their disappointment in the grocery store. Ms. Enders called this the 1st Annual Fashion Show, so it looks like we'll be on the "cat-walk" again in 2013.

Journey to Bethlehem Advent Retreat

The opportunity to share the Christmas experience with fifteen St. Mary's parishioners on the Journey to Bethlehem Advent Retreat, was offered on Saturday, December 15, 2012. Rev. Diane Hilpert-McIlroy organised the readings and led the discussion as it was imagined what it was like to be Mary or Joseph; what it would be like to be visited by angels who revealed the roles they were to play in the fulfillment of the ancient prophecies, the realisation of the huge responsibilities they faced, and their faith in God which led to acceptance and courage.

When Rev. Hilpert-McIlroy asked whether those in attendance were aware of God speaking to them, many acknowledged that God speaks to people in various ways, quietly, as one person described it, "Holy nudges", or they are guided by events that make them aware of the "hand of God" directing their lives. The test is whether the suggested path will respond to God's glory.

Each person considered what journey God might be sending them on. The retreat ended by sharing communion.

St. Mary's Christmas Pageant 2012

This year St. Mary's Christmas pageant was simple, with no speaking parts, yet charming. It was a simplified version of the nativity scene with music and scenery.



CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR IS BORN: From left, Dakota Sacchetti as Joseph, and Emma Hart as Mary give thanks for Jesus' birth at the Christmas Pageant held at St. Mary's, Nipigon on Sunday December 16, 2012.

The music and narration cued the actors to walk onto stage when it was their turn. There were a lot of children and youth involved, plus two adults to step in for the roles of Innkeeper and Registrar.

The youth who performed in the play were Emma Hart and Dakota Sacchetti as the integral figures Mary and Joseph, respectively. Kiira Wiita was the ever watchful shepherd and Leah Brennen was our little lamb. Montana Sac-

chetti and Emma Desjardins were our glittery angels. Kirsten Hart, Angel Almquist and Sonja Wiita were the travelling Wise Men. The adults who participated were Gail Collins, as the Innkeeper, who felt guilty for turning Mary and Joseph away, and Rev. Diane Hilpert-McIlroy as the Registrar.

Practices were held on Wednesdays and Fridays for a few weeks to make sure everyone knew what to do and when to do it. Kyoko Oy-

akawa painted a beautiful manger scene for the backdrop and also helped with designing and arranging costumes. Bentley Aries helped Kyoko with the costumes. Tammy Sacchetti organised the music and the script.

The children who participate are usually in the St. Mary's church family and enjoy Sunday school and Soul Survivors, the name of the youth group, each week. The

See Community – p. 6

Inside Algoma



Technology will continue to be used in the Church

Throughout the 20th century, technology changed faster than anyone had anticipated. The Church has been at the forefront of utilising various forms of technology for education and worship.

See p. 5



Sudbury/Manitoulin youth come together

Young people from the deanery of Sudbury/Manitoulin gathered in Mindemoya in early December for a time of fun and worship.

See p. 8

Next deadline

The deadline for the next issue of *The Algoma Anglican* is **Friday, February 1.**

Send items to:

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New monthly column to appear in Algoma Anglican

**By the Rev. Dr. Jay Koyle
Congregational Development Officer**

There is a congregation in a

North Carolina mill town that, two decades ago, had dwindled to a handful of members. They were, in essence, the remnant of a dying white congregation located in a racially transitional neighborhood.

Despite their low numbers, though, most of them, about ten people, would meet regularly for

Bible study in the living room of their pastor. Making their way through the Acts of the Apostles, they hit upon one particular story that captured their collective imagination: the encounter between the disciple Philip and a court official described as an "Ethiopian eunuch."

As they pondered the story,

they were amazed by this unlikely interaction between people of different cultures. Here was an example of the radical hospitality born of the gospel. Here was a picture of how God was fulfilling his promise to break down dividing walls and gather races and peoples as one. Here was a living sign of what life is like in

the Kingdom of God.

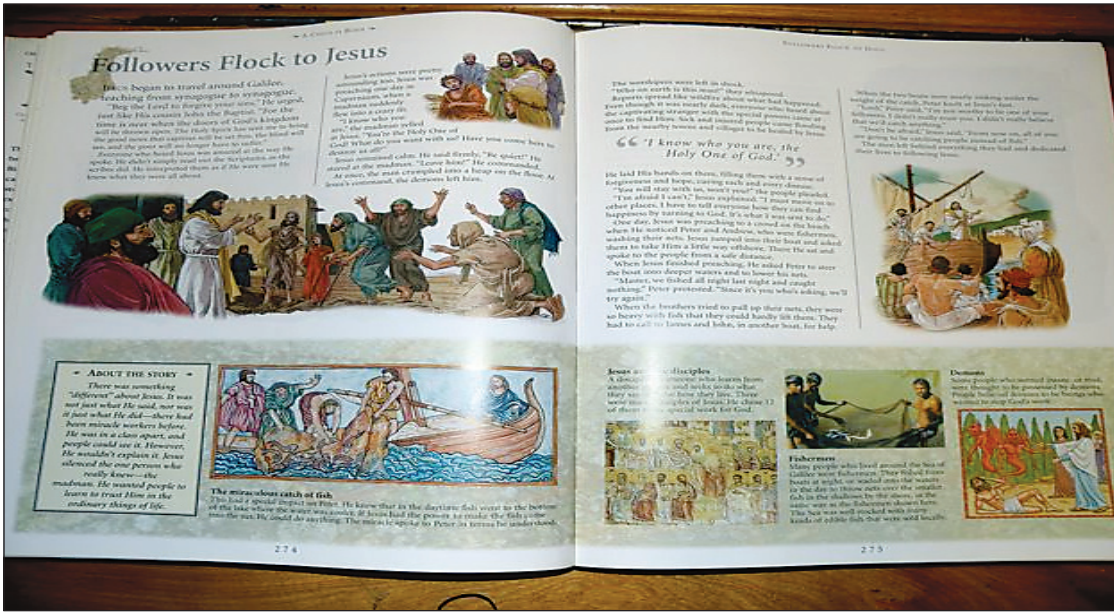
By the end of the evening, they concluded that this passage was pointing them to a new vision for their struggling congregation. They were to be a such sign of the Kingdom of God, bridging the gulf between people, reaching out and connecting with

See Sharing– p. 5

Vision kindles congregational vitality

Diocese of Algoma
Anglican Church Women

DEVOTIONS FOR FEBRUARY



The Board of Directors of the Algoma Diocesan ACW recently held a conference call instead of traveling to a city for their annual fall meeting. Most of us were used to conference calls but the air was fraught with electronic feedback that morning. After Jacquie Howell, our president, welcomed ACW ladies from across the diocese, I offered the opening devotion and prayers, and guess what the topic of the devotion was, communication. More importantly communication during the time of Jesus. He would not have had to contend with snap, crackle and pop but maybe huge numbers of people would have had difficulty hearing him speak.

“That day Jesus went out of the house and was sitting by the sea. And large crowds gathered to Him, so He got into a boat and sat down, the whole crowd was standing on the beach.” Matthew 13:1-2.

However as an article in the on line *Calling Post Communications* points out: “It is important to remember that Jesus was not an ordinary man. He had special abilities, since he was God. Was he also able to speak louder than normal on special occasions?” Would leaders like Moses who led the Hebrews through the desert and later prophets like Isaiah and Micah have the same problem when they were communicating their messages of the future birth of the Messiah?

Undoubtedly there was written communication as well as oral dissemination of information during the time of Jesus but as Nordenfalk says in his introduction to his book *Celtic and Anglo-Saxon*

Painting, “In the history of civilization there can scarcely have been a more fundamental change than from prehistory to historic times—from an age of oral tradition only to one of written records... it would certainly be the book.” He continues: “With Christianity, however, one text received an importance far greater than any other. This text was the Gospels, documenting in four ways, complementary to each other, the life and the teaching of Christ”. Did these dedicated writers and artists realise they were committing to parchment illuminations and words that were to last for future generations to read, learn and inwardly digest?

Wikipedia then tells us along came the *Gutenberg Bible*, which was the first major book printed with movable type in the West. Preparation of it probably began soon after 1450, and the first finished copies were available in 1455. The rest is history.

With the invention of the typewriter transmitting information between writers and publishers, families and friends, communication became the industry of the day as buildings arose to house all the millions of clacking instruments. However learning to type at school, was the best subject I ever undertook although typing frf, juj and then graduating to, “now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party or the quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog”, did get somewhat tedious.

Then we all the jumped into 21st century, in various degrees. I use the computer for writing devotions but also keeping in touch

with our grown children, which sometimes generates topics. One day our daughter obtained a red-dish kitten from her vet and telephoned us to break the good news and eager to discuss a name. Mairi was leaning towards Firelight, then Firefly but soon realised they would be difficult names when calling the cat. I then suggested Ember which seemed to be a good idea because the cat does have a lovely purr Mairi said. A few days later, we received an e-mail from her which said, upon research, the cat had been found in the embers of a burned out house. Hmm.... seems there may have been a little more communicating going on than we had realized, maybe God had been on line as well.

We learn from the Gospels that Jesus was in constant communication with his Apostles and his disciples. May we all be better communicators this year, whether orally, through the post or electronically sharing our stories and maybe sharing how Jesus is communicating with us.

Tell me the stories of Jesus I love to hear;
Things I would ask him to tell me,
If he were here;
Scenes by the wayside, Tales of the sea,
Stories of Jesus, Tell them to me.
William H. Parker

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

The Children's Illustrated BIBLE, Victoria Parker, Hermes House.

The truth is that
we in the sight of
God, are enough

By the Rev. Grahame Stap

I recently read an article in the *Anglican Digest*, and to be quite honest, it bothered me primarily because I saw part of myself in the words: “We toot our own horns, revealing a desperate fear that we are not enough.”

I was ordained to the diaconate in May 1998 and I can remember sitting in my very comfortable chair, a few days before the ordination took place, feeling very uncomfortable, asking why me? How can I possibly be what God wanted? I knew I was not enough? I had spent 35 years in the world of business, and for a great deal of the time, tooted my own horn and I suppose, in terms of the business world it worked. I became general manager of a subsidiary of a large Japanese electronics company, traveled the world, and made a lot of money. I was always feeling that it was not enough. There had to be more.

I went to church every Sunday. But the reality was God was too much of a burden. How could I do the things business required of me and love my neighbor who was after my job? When I finally realised I was not going to win the battle I was waging with God, I, one morning, rolled over in bed and said to my wife “I am going to quit and go to theological college.” She just said “its about time” Going to Trinity College was hard academically but easy because I could always change my mind.

Then, as the date of ordination came closer, I realised once the bishop placed his hands on my

head I would no longer be able to change my mind. I would have no choice but to do the best I could to help others come to the same realisation I had. This was that God loves all things God had created.

But who was I to do the work of God? This cannot be right. God would never choose me. As I sat there feeling very confused, I no-

Thoughts from
Grahame

ted a small folded piece of paper on the table beside me. I picked it up opened it and read: “Be not afraid.” Neither my wife, or I knew where it came from, nor was it in either of our handwriting.

I guess it was then I realised that I was enough. With all my brokenness, all my faults I was enough. Just as Peter was enough even though he denied Christ three times. John and James were enough even though they wanted power. Paul was enough even though, as Saul, he persecuted Christians.

There is no need for us to toot our horn. No need for us to fear that we are not enough. The wonderful, almost unbelievable premise is that we, in the eyes God, are now and always will be enough. That small piece of paper is in my wallet and every now and then, as things seem to weigh me down, I take it out and read it and thank God that I am enough.

As always it is only my opinion



BURSARY RECIPIENT: Holly Sarvas was chosen to receive the Leslie Woodward Bursary for Nursing. Ms. Sarvas, who is 18 years of age, is in her first year of the BScN Program at Laurentian University in Sudbury. She is a lifeguard/swim instructor at Gatchell Pool, enjoys music, and is active in her church of Christ Church, Lively. Ms. Sarvas believes the support the diocese has provided through this bursary will help to strive to be the best nurse possible. The Leslie Woodward Bursary was established by Rev Dalton and Mrs. Woodward in memory of their daughter Leslie who was killed in tragic hit and run accident in the fall of 1968. She was working as a nurse at Toronto Western Hospital at the time of her death.

Temiskaming deanery
produces Lenten booklet

The Deanery of Temiskaming is producing a booklet of Lenten Devotions with individual submissions being written by people from the deanery and various friends.

The deanery would be happy to make the booklets available electronically to churches for print and dis-

tribution. An e-mail list will be established to send the devotionals out day by day.

Anyone interested in receiving either the booklet as a whole, or the daily e-mails should respond to lentdevotions@gmail.com

EDITORIAL

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The Right Reverend Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop
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Letter from the Bishop

Consume less, give more

Dear Fellow Earth-dwellers,

The beginning of the year and the beginning of Lent, both of which are covered in this issue of the Algoma Anglican, are the customary times to take stock of ourselves and to imagine what we might do better in the future. Of course, this is a familiar drive for us all. We make our New Year's resolutions and undertake our Lenten disciplines in the conviction that we are capable of amending our lives. The fact that such good intentions have best-before dates measured in weeks does not seem to be a real deterrent to this exercise in futility.

I won't be moralistic. 'Resolve away!' I say. The chief merit in such impulses is that they have the capacity to disabuse us of the notion that we can ever really make ourselves better. W.H. Auden has a line that goes, 'All we are not stares back at what we are.' Moreover, self-improvement always seems to be accompanied by some form of self-regression. Weight reduction strategies give rise for the need of temper management techniques! But this is not a counsel of despair. God's grace is much greater than our wills, and he honours the prayers of the humble and sincere. He uses failure just as much as accomplishment in his transforming purposes. The secret of success, if there is one, is to recognise that the chief benefit of attempts to live the disciplined life is that it drives us to God.

It is in this way of thinking that I wish to issue a New Year/Lenten challenge for us all: let us resolve to consume less and give more.

There are, of course, compelling reasons why we should endeavour to live a simpler and more generous life. One has to do with personal benefit. Excess in any dimension of life is a threat to our well-being, while restraining our appetites can lead to health and balance. There is no shortage of advice in the media for strategies for healthier living, but a plain question Christians should ask themselves is whether

what they desire is a necessity or a luxury. It is true that God has given us 'all things to enjoy', 1 Timothy 6.17, but Jesus reminds us that a person's wealth 'does not give him life' Luke 12.15). We shall discover true and lasting contentment only when our consumption and generosity line up with our love for God and neighbour.



simple lifestyle and being more charitable with our resources is a way of identifying with and assisting the impoverished. But, of course, much of our charity is help-at-a-distance. This year it is our aim as a diocese to draw into a deeper relationship with our Anglican brothers and sisters in the Diocese of Tarime in northern Tanzania. In this way our generosity will be directed by personal knowledge and compassion.

Another compelling reason for cultivating a life of simplicity and generosity has to do with the disastrous impact of consumerism on the environment. Climate scientists say that we have a twenty-year window to reduce carbon emissions before global warming becomes irreversible. Concern for the welfare of our generation, not to mention future ones, demands that we be more prudent in our consumption of products derived from carboniferous sources, which, my friends, is everything.

This brings us to the second compelling reason why we ought to adopt a simpler and more generous life: there is a benefit to the community. Finite resources will never satisfy humanity's unlimited desires, and the involuntary poverty which is the result of greed is an offence to God's goodness and justice. Adopting a

Now, while concern for our habitat has clear potential benefits for ourselves and others, there is another more strictly theological reason why we should care for the earth. It is that we have been given a mandate to 'subdue' and exercise 'dominion' over God's creation Genesis 1.28. I know that these words rankle, since they have been interpreted by some as licence to exploit the earth's resources. The context, however, is that God has entrusted the creation he called 'good' to beings made in his image. They are charged with the task of tending and nurturing the world in his stead. We are thus stewards, not proprietors. Those who are interested in exploring this thinking and its implications further should check out the work of Operation Noah, a faith-motivated, science-informed, and hope-inspired movement to transform lifestyles and reduce carbon emissions (see www.operationnoah.org).

This is a fitting point on which to end. For in resolving to consume less and give more, we are aspiring to be more like our Creator. He exposed his very divinity to human vulnerability by becoming one of us in the person of his Son. In spending our resources, and even our very selves, for the welfare of the rest of God's creation, we become vulnerable agents of his redeeming work. We are poor agents, to be sure, for our attempts at beneficence are tainted with self-interest, and our efforts at self-discipline invariably fall short. But only those who know their need for God's love are capable of sharing it.

Wishing you a Happy New Year and a holy Lent,

+Stephen Andrews

Stephen Andrews
Bishop of Algoma

Death in the garden

By the Rev. Richard White

There is no record of his killer's name, although the killer confessed. He claimed it was an accident. The gardener did it. Other details of the crime are long forgotten also. We don't even know the name of the deceased, except that he was very, very old and was obviously in the wrong place at the wrong time. The old man was stabbed in the back with a garden fork sometime during the winter of 1753. The exact date isn't known. The place was the Gardens of Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The evidence of this grizzly affair is on display in a glass case in the museum of Lambeth Palace.

He wasn't always old, of course. In fact the little man was first invited to enjoy the Gardens without restriction some time in 1633. Archbishop William Laud invited him, or more correctly,

brought him onto the grounds. The otherwise petulant Laud liked the little fellow, let him snack on whatever he could find to eat, asked nothing of him and treated him well. His guest was never, what we might call bright and clever. He was undemanding,

History Byte

slow, mute, and docile, and wore a permanent smile on his little brown face. Rumour was he came from a Mediterranean country. While he exuded contentment with life, Laud and his successors discovered that life in Lambeth Palace was seldom peaceful.

Laud died long before his guest did. In his years as archbishop, 1633-1645, he found peace in those Gardens and probably said a lot of things to his guest that he knew could never be passed

on. If his guest could talk, the knowledge he savoured would have been worth a king's ransom. It's hard to believe the little man hadn't heard a thing or two. At some point in the late 1630s the government began to investigate Laud. Twenty-six articles of impeachment were brought against Laud who was arrested in February of 1641 leaving his palace, his power and his Garden partner behind forever. He was left in a prison cell for three years, put on trial and convicted of two crimes: Laud had ordered the clergy in the realm to use wafers instead of real bread at the Eucharist, and he encouraged the use of incense. The majority of the seats in the House of Parliament were held by staunch Protestant, Puritans. They didn't like his arrogance, didn't like his churchmanship, didn't like his power, didn't like his encouragement of Charles I who ruled

See Many - p. 4

Letters to the Editor & Submissions Policy

Letter writers and authors of unsolicited submissions are reminded to include a signature and phone number for verification purposes. Letters will be reviewed and may be edited for length and content. While letters expressing opinion are welcome, all letters and other submissions are subject to approval before publication.

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Many an archbishop knew nothing of the little fellow

Continued from p. 3
like a theocratic dictator, and plain didn't like Laud. He was condemned through a special Parliamentary decree and beheaded at the Tower of London on January 10, 1645. His smiling brown-faced friend in the Gardens probably didn't hear until years later.

For fifteen years Lambeth Palace was at the mercy of Parliament and had no resident archbishop. However the little man saw and heard much. The Palace hall was torn down. The remains of Archbishop Matthew Parker, 1559–1575, were savagely disinterred from the Chapel and thrown onto the Palace dung heap. Parker had been the chaplain of Henry VII's mistress-tuned-wife, Anne Boleyn. Fine works of art were carted off. The little man grew accustomed to the sound of looting and sacrilege against monuments honoring the pious. As long as the Palace gardener chatted with him, and passed on an occasional treat,

he smiled, said nothing and was satisfied.

Did he have any thoughts about Laud's successors? Probably not. Did he understand the political intrigue woven into the Garden conversations he overheard? That's doubtful. The next archbishop was Archbishop William Juxon, 1660-1663, who immediately set about rebuilding the hall and giving Parker's remains a Christian burial. Teams of workers lugged materials through the Gardens around the little man. Some gazed at him, looked down at him, joked about him, or rudely ignored him. He took it in stride. He had a hard exterior. Then came Archbishop Gilbert Sheldon, 1663-1677.

Sheldon walked the Gardens with his friends, engaged in titillating conversations about the philandering ways of Charles II. The old man knew little or nothing about the opposite gender but might have been curious. He was a celibate hermit, so he just smiled a lot and walked on his way. After Sheldon came

Archbishop William Sancroft, 1678-1690, who heard the juicy death bed of that same king, then crowned his son James II, and promptly got himself embroiled in a political hornet's nest when William of Orange invaded England in 1688 and drove James out. People in power sometimes led complicated lives. The quiet little people in life are often the most content. That was true of the little fellow with the permanent smile.

Archbishop John Tillotson, 1691-1694, replaced Sancroft. He was a scholar, an historian and courageous preacher who defended the Protestant faith against atheists, Catholics, and Anglo-Catholics. There was Archbishop Thomas Tenison, 1694-1715, who complicated his life by being a crown-pleaser and an unabashed politician. The guest in the Garden was now a little old man and he kept out of the way. Then Archbishop William Wake, 1715-1737, who was an aging academic who died while at Lambeth. The little fellow remembered the

mourners. The gardens were full of them, many talked about his possible successor, not noticing the little fellow who heard it all. He was slowing down anyway. He didn't hesitate to fold his arms and sleep under a tree in the midst of all the speculations and crying. No one disturbed him.

The last two archbishops who walked the Gardens he hardly knew. There was John Potter, 1737-1747, nick-named the "Archbishop of Dullness" by his critics. Being dull wasn't all that bad. The little guy in the Gardens was dull and he did just fine. Then came Thomas Her-ring, 1747-1757, who cozied up to King George II and heralded him as an outstanding Protestant monarch. George's family were Hanoverian Lutherans of German descent. The Gardens were a place of solace for archbishop and monarch if they wanted to use it. The little old man found them peaceful anyway.

Then the tragic day came. The little man was sleeping face down

in soft mulch when the gardener severed his back with a garden fork, killing him instantly. In the gardener's defence, the old man had been behaving oddly, meandering through the fruit orchard, straining his neck towards the sun as though longing to go to into a happier afterlife, and not giving a whiff as to where he stopped for an afternoon nap.

The truth is, he probably fell asleep and got covered by the snow. After all, he wasn't human. He was the pet tortoise of Archbishop Laud, one of few pet Mediterranean tortoises in England. His beautifully shaped brown shell could have been mistaken for a stubborn rock in the mulch on that dimly lit winter's day. He was around 120 years old. The remains of his shell, measuring ten by six inches, are in a glass case in the Lambeth Palace Museum. Above it is a portrait of his benefactor and old friend, Archbishop William Laud.

The Hankinson Bursary

In thanksgiving for the years
of faithful Christian Ministry
provided to the Diocese of Algoma by

The Rev. Canon Michael & Muriel Hankinson

this Bursary Fund has been established.

The Fund has been created in order to
financially assist congregations
who wish to hire a
Summer Intern or Student Minister

Donations will be accepted at the
Diocese of Algoma's Synod Office.
Terms of reference and
details for qualification
will be completed soon.



A WELL DESERVED HONOUR: In back, Bishop Stephen Andrews and Fawna Andrews are pictured with Rev. Canon Michael Hankinson and his wife Muriel at a Christmas party held for the clergy of the deanery of Sudbury/Manitoulin on Friday, December 7, 2012. A bursary has been established in thanksgiving for the ministry provided by the Hankinson's in the Diocese of Algoma over many years.



DINING HALL GETS NEW ROOF: The dining hall at Camp Temiskaming has been in need of a new roof for several years. This fall a hardy group of volunteers from North Bay parishes and Northern Lights parish, working in less than ideal weather conditions, completed the project.

Contact

The Algoma Anglican

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Sharing of gifts, passions and assets leads to vitality

Continued from Front

people different from them. Soon they renamed their congregation “Church of the Good Samaritan” and set about discovering what this vision might look like in practice. At first, they figured acting on this vision meant attempting to break down the obvious barriers between white and black, rich and poor. However, a few months later, another encounter led them to realize an unexpected implication.

One morning, as he was driving to the church office, the pastor saw a group playing in a roadside field. When he looked more closely, he realized that the players were all people with disabilities. He pulled over, got out of the car, and started a conversation with one of the leaders standing by. He found out that these people were residents of a local group home called New Hope. He discovered, too, that the leaders of New Hope had attempted to take the residents to a number of area churches, only to be made to feel unwelcome. At the next meeting of the church council, the pastor reported the experience to the Good Samaritan church council. After reflecting once more on the implications of the Ethiopian eunuch story, the council decided to actively welcome the residents of New Hope to their worship services.

Over the weeks that followed, six, then ten, then twenty people from New Hope were part of the congregation. The squeals, jerky movements and physical difficulties present-

ed by these residents did not discourage the folks at Good Samaritan from remaining true to their new vision, and word of this unusual congregation spread quickly. Before long, another group home began bringing their residents to worship. A single mother from Uganda, with her severely autistic daughter, found welcome, too.

The people of Good Samaritan Church discovered new vitality because, in light of God’s promises, they directed their particular gifts, passions and assets to addressing specific human hurts and hopes in their particular context. They serve as a wonderful example of the benchmarks concerning vision we have named for our Diocese, particularly the following:

“The greater part of the congregation is engaged enthusiastically and imaginatively in a clearly articulated and realized missional purpose.”

Far too many congregations today are dying because their primary concern is their own survival. Their discussions, decisions and activities have “keeping the doors open” as their chief focus. As a result, some find themselves caught in the trap of endless fundraising. Others, obsessed with increasing numbers, only aim to do whatever might “attract” new faces, especially anyone that might remotely be designated as “young person.”

There is no doubt that sustainability is a challenge for most, if not all, congregations in Algoma. However, when congregational survival becomes the major concern of a

congregation, the result is seldom an increase in numbers. Rather, congregational health suffers and vitality proves elusive.

Congregations discovering renewed vitality do not place primary focus on survival, no matter how difficult their situation may be. Neither do they try to reinvent themselves through creative ideas simply designed to attract people. Rather, like Good Samaritan Church, they mature and experience renewal as their members participate in the imagination of a gathering and sending God.

This means that, in light of one or more of God’s promises, such a congregation directs its particular gifts, assets and passions to addressing specific human hurts and hopes in its particular context. Vital congregations identify and act upon where their particular God-given gifts intersect with God’s activity and promises for the world, and the needs and hopes of the world around them. Simply put, the objective that shapes a healthy congregation’s life is not to serve the church, survival, growth, success, but rather to be the church, to become a living sign, a community in which people can see and experience something of what life is like in the Kingdom of God.

A link to the Benchmarks for our Diocese can be found on the home page of Algoma’s website, www.dioceseofalgoma.com

The use of technology can offer much to the Church

By the Rev. Peter Simmons
Communications Committee

“How do I turn this thing on?” “Why isn’t it working?” These, and other questions, are often heard when it comes to technology. To many, technology generates fear and anxiety, both privately and publicly. Concerns arise regarding the possibility of damaging the particular piece of equipment, or if a failure occurs, disrupting a presentation, or in the case of the Church, the liturgy. As technology has evolved over the past 100 years, the Church has adapted to its use with satisfaction to many; to the chagrin of others.

No doubt when electricity began to flow into homes and public institutions, people must have wondered what this was all about. Candles were replaced with by the incandescent light bulb. One could stay up longer to both work and play. Soon various appliances, powered by electricity, became necessities in the family home. At the office things were made easier with the advent of “adding machines” and improved telecommunication technology. The Church, in concert with the greater society, also made use of these technologies.

Early devices were used to display pictures depicting scenes from the Bible. Cameras, especially the 35mm, allowed for pictures to be taken and disseminated far and wide. Filmstrips and 16 mm projection film were used for educational opportunities in the Church. As pictures were united with sound, the experience was sought after both in the sacred and secu-

lar worlds. By the 1930s, into the 40s and 50s, voice amplification technologies, microphones, were being used in many churches.

From the middle of the 20th century on, technological innovation and change was fast and furious. Computers, which at one time occupied massive space, would soon sit on the top of a desk. Videotapes, compact discs, and digital video discs have become the norm. Power point projectors have replaced overheads, allowing for the display of numerous images at one time. The Church has been at the forefront of adapting these technologies for use in educational and liturgical settings.

Today many churches use a number of these technologies to augment and enhance their liturgical practices. Power point projectors are used to display hymns and various parts of the liturgy from the Prayers of the People to the Eucharistic Prayer. Movie clips, run in repetitive cycle, are used to set a particular theme for the day. Where necessary and appropriate, depending upon the size and layout of the sacred space, and the desire of parishioners, technologies that work and are effective, find a permanent home. Those that don’t, find a place outside of the worship space.

The reality is technological change will continue throughout the 21st century. All of the various technologies discussed will be enhanced and change with great speed. As the Church seeks to proclaim and live out the Good News, it will continue to adapt to such change.



EVER INCREASING PRESENCE: Power point projectors like the one pictured are being used in churches with increasing frequency for education and in worship.

Peter Symth collated as the new archdeacon of Algoma Deanery

By Din P. Oosterbaan

On Sunday, January 6th, 2013, the Day of Epiphany, Rev. Peter C. Smyth was collated the Archdeacon for the Deanery of Algoma at a special service of Evening Prayer at Holy Trinity Church in Sault Ste. Marie. Bishop Stephen Andrews was the officiant. The service was very well attended and most of the deanery clergy were in attendance. The Regional Dean, Rev. Richard Reed preached an excellent and meaningful sermon in making reference to Psalm 96 and the missional nature, as a responsibility

which is so central to the clerical vocation.

The choir under the capable direction of Sharon Hill, contributed greatly to this inspiring service. Parish Wardens, Donna Komhyr, Frances Glover and Robert Dickson presented the new archdeacon with a beautiful cope on behalf of the congregation. This vestment will serve the new archdeacon well on future festive occasions. Following this impressive service a reception was held in the parish hall and refreshments were enjoyed by the many who were present.



NEW ARCHDEACON: From left, Ven. Hugh Hamilton and Bishop Stephen Andrews are pictured with Ven. Peter Symth following the service of collation held on Sunday, January 6, 2013 at Holy Trinity, Sault Ste. Marie.

What, me worry?

By the Rev. Bob Elkin

Recently I read the following profound piece of philosophy: “Time flies like an arrow but fruit flies like a banana!” It shows you what passes for profound in my world but still it did say something that stuck with me, TIME MARCHES ON! As 2013 unfolds I find myself well on the wrong side of sixty-five, but the right side of the grass, yippee, and wondering if I’m normal, functioning well, retaining memory, hanging on to my marbles and so forth. This isn’t as easy to assess as it might sound as there has always been some issues around the marbles question and I never did have much memory to speak of. My kids delight in recalling how I’d run through all their names as I tried to stop whichever one was up to whatever deviltry they were up to. “Stop that! You, Margaret! No, Jamie! No, Maria! No, you!”... point, point, point...”You! I’m talking to you! Stop that!”

They remember that and I remember the deviltry they were up to so I figure we’re even and I’m holding my own in this area so far but with other things I just don’t know. Do I learn as well and as quickly as I used to? Again, this isn’t as easy to assess as it might sound because at my age I know a lot of the important stuff and don’t have to tackle as many new learning situations as I used to. A case of beer cost twenty-nine dollars. When the dog crosses his legs and starts jumping up and down, take him for a walk. When your wife asks if you think she put on weight over the holidays say “No.”

You could get through much of life knowing only those three things but it doesn’t really answer the question of whether you can still learn OK. That last one might answer the question of whether you’re smart or dumb but that’s another question! I must admit the jury is still out on the learning question with me. Last year the local fire department that I belong to had a sports night where we played floor hockey and I came home with some amazing bruises in the most unusual spots. I didn’t want any more children anyway but decided that I’m too old to run with the young bucks and I wouldn’t go again. This year they’re playing basketball and of course I’m going to play because I’ve got to show them that I’m still the bull of the north! I hate to think of the damage that can be done with a basketball but hey, I can’t have them thinking I’m a wimp, can I? Maybe that’s the pain of learning or rather, the pain

of not learning. Still, no pain, no gain, so rock on! Some people never learn.

Deciding that I was a little too close to the problem to be objective I went to the library and took out about a thousand books on aging. That’s roughly ten percent of the library’s total for this topic which seems to indicate that I’m not the only one looking into this. You ought to see the different parts of the topic that they hit! Physical, psychological, social, financial and a million other things ending in, al too! Some of it was reassuring! Socially I think I’m doing alright. I belong to organisa-

Letter from Bob

tions like the church. I meet with people regularly like in church. I speak with a variety of people like at church. Good socialisation! Mind you, when the church I’m at finds a minister and stops paying me to show up I don’t know what I’ll do with my Sunday mornings, but there’s no sense looking for future problems. All is well now.

The physical was a bit less reassuring. “Can you touch your toes?” It’s been a while since I’ve seen my toes which didn’t put my mind at ease. Financial was hilarious. “To live like you’re accustomed to living you should have a retirement income of not less than eighty percent of your employment income. Always have a financial plan!” I have a plan. Live near your kids, always visit at mealtime and don’t forget that Tuesday is senior discount day at the store. If you need topping up for those big ticket items the Thursday afternoon games at the Bingo Hall on the reserve give you your best chance to win! Do your homework people! Have a plan.

In the end I gave myself the benefit of the doubt, naturally, and decided that I was not a few fries short of a Happy Meal after all. The odd idiosyncrasy, if I wear a hat I don’t have to brush my hair, the occasional memory lapse, Why is the dog jumping up and down? and just a touch of insanity, I insist all six of you come to my house for lunch! Connie loves surprises! but nothing too serious. No new Corvettes in the drive way. No bimbos at the Shady Rest motel. No virtual identity on the web shared with some virtual idiot from the other side of the world. Nope, I’m still just me with still just my usual craziness. And my wife knows how to deal with that!



THE SOUNDS OF CAROLLERS: Members of Calvin Presbyterian Church and St. John the Divine, North Bay were warmly greeted as they sang Christmas carols at various homes on the evening of Sunday, December 30, 2012. From left are, Julia Roat, Kayla Krasnor, Phyllis Macdonald and Margaret Butler.

The Easter Vigil and vital worship

By the Rev. Dr. Jay Koyle
Congregational Development Officer

In his book *Origins*, Richard Leakey suggests that human beings are the only species that carries water, fire, food and their stories, through language, in vessels of their own making.

No wonder the Liturgy at its best is more than texts! It includes actions as common as bathing, eating and drinking. It employs images, aromas and tastes that tap our primal memory, speaking to the deepest hopes and fears of our race. It creates a space for human ears to attend to human voices as they recite words gripping faith’s imagination.

Perhaps all of this is most evident in the well celebrated annual celebration of the Great Vigil of Easter. The Easter Vigil’s shape is as natural as a Boy Scout or Girl Guide campout. The church gathers in darkness, lights a fire, tells stories, initiates new members, and shares food and drink. These are common elements and simple actions. Yet they possess the capacity to communicate with every level of our humanity and carry the most fundamental and profound meanings of Christian life.

At the Vigil, we gather outside after sunset, in the blackness of night, acknowledging our need for Christ’s light. We kindle the Easter fire and pray God’s Spirit will ignite our hearts with hope. Then flame is touched to wick and, just as the ancient Hebrews were led through the night-time wilderness by a pillar of fire, so we process behind the Paschal Candle, led by the One whose radiance pushes back the shadows of human bondage.

Taking our place in the pew, Scriptures foundational

Community gathers for service

Continued from Front

children and youth enjoy being a part of the pageant each year because it gives them the opportunity to celebrate the birth of Christ, the whole Reason for the Season!

Special thanks to Tammy Sacchetti and Kyoko Oyakawa who were the Director and the set Designer/Stylist. Also thank you to Glenn Nelson who did an awesome job as the Narrator, and to the parents/grandparents who made sure the youth were there for the practices, and of course thanks must go to the youth who make the pageant such a special blessing! A big thank you also goes out to everyone who helped behind the scenes and out front to make the pageant a success!

Lessons and Carols Ecumenical Service, Sunday, December 23, 2012

Performing in the community choir for this service was another highlight of this blessed season. Hearing the lessons read by different community voices brought newness to the 2000 year old sto-

ry. Singing together, new songs, rejoicing with Dreaming Mary, and anticipating the birth of Jesus with centuries old carols, added so much to the celebration of Christ’s birth.

Christmas Eve

Church members brought visiting family and friends, and others from the community came to the Christmas Eve service, so despite many of regular members being away for the holiday, the church was almost completely filled. People entered the church to see the sanctuary filled with a nativity crèche decorated with evergreen boughs, gathered and arranged by Jeannie Dahl and Barry Smart, Stephanie Johnson and Kyoko Oyakawa. After the lighting of the Advent wreath, with readers Jeanie Dahl and Barry Smart, the service continued with the proclamation of God’s word, and solos by Adrien Marceau and Robert McIlroy. Rev. Diane Hilpert-McIlroy gave a homily on ‘What would you have seen that night in Bethlehem?’, with the subtext of how

sensitive are people to the needs of all God’s people. The service continued with the celebration of the Eucharist.

Individual candles were lit for the congregation by two youth members Dakota Sacchetti and Emma Hart while, *Silent Night* was sung in French by Adrien Marceau, in Japanese by Kyoko Oyakawa, in Finn by Cookie Dampier, and by Ms. Dampier’s daughter and granddaughter Cathy and Carly Ray who sang in Spanish. The carol was finished by everyone singing in English. The peace of Christ was present as the congregation left for their homes to celebrate Christmas according to their family customs.

In one of Rev. Hilpert-McIlroy’s sermons of the Christmas season, she said, “Jesus turned the world upside down.” He is still here, working in and through everyone. God grant all the acceptance of Mary and Joseph, and wisdom in dealing with the world at this time.

Contact

The Algoma Anglican

at our E-mail address:

anglican@muskoka.com

Algoma Cycle of Prayer

Sunday, February 3rd - 4th Sunday after Epiphany
St. Thomas', Thunder Bay
The Rev. Doug McClure

Sunday, February 10th - 5th Sunday after Epiphany
St. Saviour's, Blind River
Church of the Redeemer, Thessalon
The Rev. Roberta Wilson-Garrett
The Rev. Bob Elkin (Hon.)
The Rev. Canon Muriel Hornby (Hon. - Thessalon)

Wednesday, February 13th - Ash Wednesday
Retreat Houses
Maison Dieu, Bracebridge
Sr. Mary Cartwright, SCL
Retired Clergy
Pray for the retired clergy in your deanery, many of whom continue to assist in parishes. We thank God for their dedicated service to Christ and the Church.
Observance of a Holy Lent
Through self-examination, penance, prayer, fasting, alms-giving, and by reading and meditating on the Word of God.
BAS 282

Sunday, February 17th - 1st Sunday in Lent
Christ Church, Lively
St. John's, Copper Cliff
The Rev. Glen Miller
Mrs. Beverly Van Der Jagt (Pastoral Asst.)

Sunday, February 24th - 2nd Sunday in Lent
St. Luke's, Thunder Bay
The Rev. Gordon Holroyd (Interim)

Who are Anglican Church Women?

By Enid Bastien
Diocesan Communication and Public Relations Chair

Who are Anglican Church women? Are they one group, or two separate ones? The answer may surprise you. They are actually that strong, combined force that works quietly but diligently in every parish.

Think of constitutions and by-laws, those parliamentary rules of order that mystify so many. A constitution is like the strong, straight human spine. It is the backbone and thus cannot be easily changed. It is who we are and what we stand for. By-laws are the arms and legs which activate an organization, in other words, what we are planning and when we are doing.

Anglican Church women are both the spine of a church as well as its working arms and legs. They are everywhere, front and centre as well as behind the scenes. They organise and they carry out. They may, or may not belong to the 'club' known as the ACW. This group holds meetings, plans teas and bazaars to raise money for

mission work, and organises special fund raising events for specific church needs, all of which are enthusiastically supported by the rest of the women in the parish, or the Anglican church women. Anglican Church Women are voting delegates at Deanery Councils, Diocesan Executive and National Anglican Church Women of Canada.

Each year, the women of Algoma gather for an annual meeting and conference. This is an opportunity to share in worship, mission, ministry and fellowship. All women of the Diocese are welcome to attend and meet faithful, dedicated Christian women from across our Diocese. This year we will gather at Hidden Valley Resort, just outside of Huntsville. The dates are the evening of Monday May 27, 2013 to after lunch on Wednesday, May 29, 2013. Information will be available in your church and on the web in mid February.

A strong, combined asset, a must in every parish: Anglican Church women and Anglican Church Women, ACW.

Letters to the Editor & Submissions Policy

Letter writers and authors of unsolicited submissions are reminded to include a signature and phone number for verification purposes. Letters will be reviewed and may be edited for length and content. While letters expressing opinion are welcome, all letters and other submissions are subject to approval before publication.



*Remember man
That you are
Dust and into
Dust you shall
return*

From the Anchorhold



By Sister Mary Cartwright

Candlemas, a light in the darkest time of the year, time all too often known for depression and even despair. This little light shines in the darkness and the darkness has never overcome it.

Joseph and Mary bring their child to the temple, along with two young pigeons, the offering of the poor. Simeon, that good and patient old man, takes the babe in his arms, and his heart overflows with praise. "Nunc Dimittis, Now Lord, let your servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen your salvation." We still sing this every night at Compline.

Lent comes early this year. We go from the joy of Candlemas, the presentation, to the beginning of the road to the Cross, and the resurrection. We receive the cross of ashes, a reminder of our own mortality, and the ultimate worthlessness of earthly things. Then we go home, hopefully to plan a holy Lent, housecleaning our souls, bridling our often cruel tongues, and trying to follow in the footsteps of Jesus.

Lent means "Spring", a time for growth, so we try to take on more holy reading, and much more time for prayer and meditation. Why? So that we may know and love God better. Then we are better to share the passion, and the joy of the Resurrection.

We also remember our saints, the Japanese martyrs, Anskar, missionary to Sweden, Cyril and Methodius, to the Slavs, Hannah Grier Coome, Mother foundress of the Sisterhood of Saint John the Divine, without the hospitality and prayers of whose daughters I would be hard put to survive!

I love Polycarp, "Eighty-six years have I served Him, and He has done me no wrong, how can I deny Him." It cost him his life in the world, not the next. We end with two poets, Caedmon, circa 680 and George Herbert, whose songs are still sung in church.

May we all have a blessed and growth-filled Lent

Here is George Herbert.
*Teach me, my God and King
In all things Thee to see
And what I do in anything
To do it unto Thee.*



BORN IN A MANGER: On Sunday, December 30, 2012, the children of the Sunday school at All Saints', Gore Bay treated the congregation by singing *Away In A Manger* while dressed in costume. From left are Mason McLaughlin, Matthew Wilkin, Dream McLaughlin as Mary, Alan Wilkin, Annie Blodgett and Madison Swihart. Pictured in front from left are Hugh McLaughlin and Matthew Wilkin as Joseph.

Event brings together youth from Sudbury/Manitoulin

By Cindy Derrenbacher
Child and Youth Ministry
Facilitator, Subury/Manitoulin

There is a lot of ground, literally, to cover, as the Child and Youth Ministry Facilitator for the Sudbury/Manitoulin Deanery. One of the desires of the author has been to bridge the gap between the Anglican youth in the Greater Sudbury area with the Anglican youth on Manitoulin Island. This was achieved in one tangible way early on in December.

Nineteen youth and chaperones from the Sudbury area caravanned to Mindemoya, Manitoulin Island, stopping at the United Church for a potluck supper and then continuing on to “The Journey to Bethlehem,” a re-enactment of Mary and Joseph’s original journey on a candlelit trail through the bush. This lovely, annual re-enactment is put on by parishioners of the various churches of Mindemoya, a wonderful demonstration of ecumenism, and by actors from other parts of the Island.

At the conclusion of the journey, the youth group enjoyed hot chocolate and homemade cookies at the Missionary Church. Participants also connected with our respective hosts, all of whom were members of St. Francis of Assisi, the Anglican Church in Mindemoya. Everyone was warmly welcomed and

cared for by our hosts.

The following morning, the youth and chaperones gathered at St. Francis for a hearty breakfast, games, and preparation for the Sunday service. The Sudbury youth had opportunity to connect with the youth from St. Francis and to participate together in various capacities in the service of Holy Eucharist, by lighting the Advent candles, reading Scripture, presenting the Prayers of the People, providing special music, and collecting the offering. This coming together of the youth, this lovely expression of Christian unity, would not have been possible without the capable planning and loving care of

Rev. Bain Peever and his wife, Lynda, as well as the congregation, showered hospitality on the youth, and gave them the opportunity to share their gifts. All were also so grateful to the parishes in Sudbury praying for the safety of the youth and chaperones, given icy road conditions. This spring, the hope is to engage the youth from the entire Deanery in a retreat held at Villa Loyola in Sudbury on Friday, March 22, 2013 at 5:00 p.m. through Saturday, March 23, 2013 until 1:00 p.m. This is to be led by Ven. Anne Germond, Archdeacon for the Deanery of Sudbury/Manitoulin.



BRINGING YOUNG PEOPLE TOGETHER: Anglican youth from the greater Sudbury area and Manitoulin Island came together the weekend of November 30, 2012 to participate in a number of ecumenical gatherings. On Sunday, December 1, 2012 at St. Francis of Assisi, Mindemoya, they joined together for breakfast, games and the Sunday service. Future deanery events have been planned for the spring of 2013.

Let’s make friends the old-fashioned way

By Charlotte Haldenby

I recently attended the funeral service of Ken Griffiths, a fellow volunteer at the Sault Ste. Marie Museum from several years ago. I knew his wife Barb from Tai Chi classes at the Y. Both were ardent walkers, and wouldn’t ever let anyone drive them home even in blowing snow. She did amazing weaving. In love with life! What a couple! I found out a while ago that Barb was the sister of Dora Hocken, also married to a Ken, whom I’d heard about forever from my Uncle Walter, and their kids all grew up together. And I had only met and recognised them in person, when I started volunteering at St. John’s Back to Basics program, run by their daughter Heather Nisbett.

But then what was Alicia Dumas, whom I knew already as youth organiser at Holy Trinity and now at St. John’s, doing there? Turns out she’s Heather’s niece. And I taught her brother in the gifted program at Sir James Dunn, where I also taught Laurie Stevenson, now married and the United Church minister conducting the service.

This was the now old-fashioned way of making friends, actual face-to-face encounters at school or work or church, or hearing about people through other friends or relatives. You actually knew what the person looked like and sounded like right with the introduction. You had already several ways of assessing whether they would be good friends right at the beginning.

Looking at the World

And it might take several months before you’d start calling them “my friend”.

How do our teenagers today meet and know their friends? There are the kids they walk to school with, or are they on buses going to mega-schools? But they may be beside one person and texting away to another, with no conversation or eye contact with that one person right beside them. Has that person right there got a chance to know and be known by our teenager? Or is he madly texting to his friends too?

A 10 year long friend recently sent me an e-mail called “The day that Albert Einstein feared has finally arrived,” which shows young adults in all sorts of situations, walking, in class, sharing meals, at the museum, in the car, on dates, at parties, great opportunities for talk and laughter and getting to know people. And with every single person texting away, or now probably using all the thousands of apps available. I’m sure some of these were posed, but if you look around on the street, in the mall, or before concerts start you have your own examples. They do turn them off when the show starts, don’t they? Or do they just turn down from ring to vibrate.

Friends are high maintenance

to those of us in the older generations. When a teenager tells us she has more than 200 friends we just can’t understand. Unless we’re in business, we don’t have 200 people to send Christmas cards to and most of us would say 20 close friends was doing pretty good. That’s because we mean getting together in person maybe twice a month, celebrating birthdays, and knowing the ages of children and what they’re up to these days, and “being there” with meaningful help when things go wrong.

But the 200 friends your teen might list may be friends of friends of friends who’ve been

“Two hundred people know who I am, and follow me, and text me.”

passed along, and who follow her on Facebook, and send tweets and twitters at the slightest thing. Their lives are wide open to all these others but at the level sometimes of “The bus is going up the hill now!” “I’m at school now!” “Miss H. Is sooo boring!” “My mom gave me peanut butter today. Yuk!”

Where as we want depth in our friendships, our young adults want numbers. Two hundred people know who I am, and follow me, and text me. The relationship may be flat as a pancake, on a very superficial basis, but hey! I

have 200 people! Evidently boys try for 200, and girls for 500!

Because of this socialising with people you barely know, you start trying for more to get some depth. Because often you have never met these people face to face, but you have let them into your life you become more vulnerable. Witness Amanda Todd, victim of cyber-bullying. How much of her life did she show on-line hoping for many “friends”? And when one took advantage of her posts, others turned on her, and more followed until most of her incoming communication was so negative. It’s easier to detect bullying in the schoolyard, and

there were problems with that, but the anonymity afforded by “social media” enabled a mob to pick on her, and push her over the line to suicide. *Macleans*, October 29, 2012.

Yes this is extreme!

But there are many other interesting effects of being plugged in to the world. There is no doubt that young people can get at more information more easily than some of us older people. But are they learning the tools to analyze the validity of all that information? My niece-in-law is an English teacher in Mississauga. Some of her students *Google* everything, and figure that’s enough. Surely, she wouldn’t expect them to read the book! How come she asks questions that aren’t in the “study guides” they find on line? Not fair! In some high schools

today, you are allowed to bring your devices into the school to take notes, right! But if you’re the teacher at the front of the room and all the laptop lids are open and up, how do you know if they’re really taking notes, or searching on line for helpful information, as the policy makers thought they would, or playing games, or getting/giving answers to friends, or e-mailing someone in Australia about how booooring their life is.

If you want to get an idea of what this all means check out Susan Maushart’s *The Winter of Our Disconnect: How Three Totally Wired Teenagers (And A Mother Who Slept With Her iPhone) Pulled The Plug On Their Technology And Lived To Tell The Tale*. Amazing: now they have meals together, they talk to each other, the boy rediscovers his saxophone and books, the older daughter gets super marks in her internships in journalism, and the younger daughter recovers good eating and sleeping habits. Maushart has summarized all the research, and put it to the test. Maybe we should try it, even for a weekend and see if our kids can have a better life, with real friends in the real world.

And maybe we as adults should take the advice the Air Canada steward on my plane to Toronto at Christmas added to his set spiel, with a big grin! “And all cellphones off during the trip! Be brave, you can do it! It’s only 46 minutes! Give yourself a break!”