

Indigenous Christmas Gospel Jamboree held in Thunder Bay



A JOYOUS CELEBRATION: Bishop Stephen Andrews is pictured with Rev. Morris Fiddler, from Muskrat Dam, Ontario. Rev. Fiddler acted as translator for Bishop Andrews at an Indigenous Gospel Christmas Jamboree held St. Michael and All Angels, Thunder Bay from Friday, December 5 to Sunday, December 7, 2014.

By Sue Simonsen and Fr. Chris Harper

On December 5-7, 2014, a gathering of approximately 500-600 people attended St. Michael and All Angels Anglican, Thunder Bay for a ministry of praise, worship and song, to celebrate and herald in the Christmas Season. It was a gathering of all Indigenous Nations and peoples, under the leadership of Bishop Mark MacDonald, National Indigenous Bishop A.C.C., Bishop Lydia Mamakwa, Area Ministry of Mishamikoweesh, and Bishop Stephen Andrews, Diocese of Algoma.

In attendance at this joyous event were An-

glican clergy from Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario south and north. Also in attendance were visitors and clergy from all denominations. All came to celebrate Christmas in ministry, faith, worship, healing, prayer, and, of course music.

Friday's evening celebration, started the weekend at St. Michael's, during which various live Gospel Bands lifted the roof of the church using their equipment and speakers, which led the smiling congregation and those that joined in listening through Northern Radio services. This service continued till well after

midnight. Saturday brought the blessing of 11 Baptisms in the morning with various Anglican clergy and Bishop Mamakwa baptising their own community members and visitors in attendance.

The afternoon was filled with ministry and Gospel workshops led by Bishop MacDonald. Saturday evening again lifted the roof with preaching, music and prayers of healing, which continued until well after 1:00 a.m. Sunday brought a service of Holy Communion at St. Paul's, Thunder Bay, where clergy processed and shared

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Inside Algoma

Sunday School, church and the spiritual journey

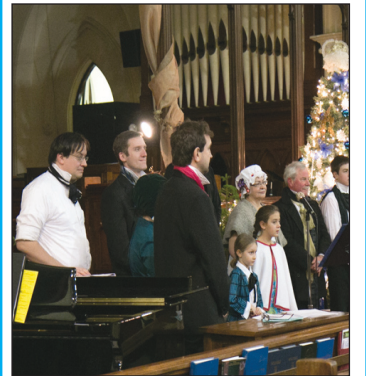
In her ACW Devotions for February, Pam Handley writes of how experiences in Sunday School and church were merged into her spiritual journey.

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Did you make any New Year's resolutions for 2015?

Rev. Richard White in his February History Byte examines the origins of the practice of making resolutions for a new year.

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A Christmas Carol performed in Thunder Bay

St. Paul's, Thunder Bay carried on the tradition of hosting a reading of Charles Dickens *A Christmas Carol* while implementing a dramatic change in concept.

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Next deadline

The deadline for the next issue of *The Algoma Anglican* is

Monday, February 2.

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Foundation helps those in need

Giving Centre provides wide variety of assistance

By Diana Sustawenko

Thanks to the Thunder Bay Community Foundation, the St. Thomas Anglican Church Fam-

ily Giving Centre has been able to provide a wide variety of assistance to those in need in our community. The Giving Centre consists of a food cupboard, a linen and housewares room, a children's toy closet and a pet boutique.

The food cupboard provides bags of food for individuals and families that consists of fresh

produce and vegetables, canned goods, dairy and bread products, and much more. Diapers and personal hygiene items such as shampoo, deodorant and toilet paper are also available. Bus tickets for transportation and gift cards for perishable items are also given out on an as-needed basis.

Through our Grub Tub mis-

sion we supply tubs filled with healthy nut-free snacks to various schools. The snacks are to be handed out, at the teacher's discretion, to children who don't have, or have forgotten their lunches. It has been proven that children learn better when they are not hungry and on this premise our Grub Tub program was implemented. Each

school was told the program was being delivered on a trial basis to see if St. Thomas could maintain the program in the coming year.

The clothing mission is made up of three rooms, one for women's wear, one for men's and the other for babies and children's clothing. New underwear and socks are

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Diocese of Algoma
Anglican Church Women

DEVOTIONS FOR FEBRUARY



For many years Sunday School and church were just a Sunday thing and those stories we became familiar with or maybe even learned at times were separate from the rest of the week. But I like to think that gradually over the years, those Sunday experiences and the rest of the week have become merged into my Christian spiritual journey. The journey has climbed many mountains and dropped into many valleys and has even taken some detours but eventually the path has become somewhat straighter. However we suspect there are still many bumps ahead as we, along with people today and throughout history, have experienced during the weeks surrounding the Christmas Season.

Advent was a time of restlessness, of getting ready, of waiting for things to happen and for journeys to begin:

- * Mary and Joseph who began their long journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem

- * for all those beginning their journeys in this day and age to visit families over Christmas

- * for Sunday Schools rehearsing their Nativity plays for bemused parishioners

Christmas was a time of rest:

- * for the Holy Family after their long journey and Jesus after his journey of being born

- * for the shepherds after journeying from the fields where they were tending the sheep

- * for today's weary and present laden travellers after reaching their destinations, or not

Epiphany was a time of revelation:

- * when Jesus was revealed to mankind as a baby

- * when Jesus was revealed to the magi after their long journey

- * as Jesus went about his Father's business "for ever and ever Amen"

When looking back over the

past few months it is not difficult to realise how these weeks related to my mother. Before Advent Mum was able to leave the hospital after six months because she had improved so much and was able to spend six weeks living with us in our home. This was a wonderful time together as we settled into our new routines and relived many memories.

But after about five weeks we began to notice a restlessness in Mum. She wanted to be out in the world, she wanted to be with more people, she wanted to be doing more things. Great. Three weeks before she died she was the life of the party at a Christmas Tea and Bazaar at a United Church! So I guess maybe our peaceful time together was not enough for Mum and maybe it was time for a nursing home where she certainly would be in the world with lots of people doing lots of things, especially at Christmas time. So we got in touch with the local agency and had her moved up on the list for a space which they had promised if needed because of her age, 99. Maybe she was going to get that letter from the Queen after all.

However then Mum gradually began eating less and spending more and more time in her room. Then after making sure all her final plans were in place, she began spending a great deal of time resting and sleeping. Oh my gosh, how could I have been so blind? Mum had been restless because she had been getting ready for a journey, not to a nursing home but to heaven to be with Jesus and her dear husband Graham and son Bobby who are already there. Mum had been restless and wanted to go somewhere, then she had rested to gather strength for her journey to heaven where she knew Jesus was keeping a place for her.

During her time in hospital

Mum shared with many of us her vision of Jesus standing in a field with a flock of sheep at his feet where there was a space in front for her. Soon after she died I gasped as I opened an envelope with the exact same picture on the front of a sympathy card. Surely Mum had experienced a sudden and inspiring revelation: an epiphany.

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.
O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.
O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

NOTE:

Matheson said about this hymn (in part) "I have no natural gift of rhythm. All the other verses I have ever written are manufactured articles; this came like a dayspring from on high".

Words: George Matheson, in the Church of Scotland magazine *Life and Work*, January 1882.

Music: St. Margaret (Peace), Albert L. Peace, 1884

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

You are to serve
the poor, the weak,
the sick and the
lonely

By the Rev. Grahame Stap

On November 29 my wife and I attended a wonderful service at Christ Church in North Bay. It was the ordination of Beth Hewson to the diaconate. The bishop was there together with at least four archdeacons and a wonderful man, David Neelands, who preached the sermon. David had been a professor at Trinity when I was studying for my degree and is now the Dean of Divinity at Trinity College.

As the service progressed it came to me very forcefully what it means to become a deacon in the church of God. I think it was David in his sermon that made me first realise the importance of the role of deacon. He talked about Jesus calling the disciples to become fishers of people and how it was the role of the deacon to do the same. He explained how important it is for a deacon to bring the needs of the community to the church and how it was the responsibility of the deacons to stand up for the poor the sick and the lonely.

Part of the service is the examination of the candidate by the Bishop. During this examination Bishop Andrews told Beth: "In the name of Jesus Christ you are to serve all people particularly the poor, the weak, the sick, and the lonely." He also told Beth: "At all times, your life and teaching are to show Christ's people that in serving the helpless they are serving Christ himself."

I wonder some times if we have forgotten that all bishops and priests were first deacons. I wonder if we have become so rapped up in the politics of the church that we have forgotten what it means to be called by God to put the needs of others before the need of ourselves. It seems that today we form politically motivated ad-hoc committees to look into how a parish is honoring its understanding of what it means to be a deacon without ever speaking to any member of the parish or actually coming to see for themselves how a parish is fulfilling God's call.

It seems that some of the people in high positions form opinions of what is best and no matter what hold fast to their

opinion without considering what it means to be a deacon. If we do not hold firm to the promises made when we were given the responsibility of a deacon then why are we here at all?

As James says "Faith without works is dead". We do not do the works to curry favor with God but because we love God and know it what we are called to do. The service of ordination to the diaconate reinforces this in almost every sentence. Then it seems our own ideas and opinions get in the way of the scriptures and we forget what it means to be a deacon.

We are not alone. The politics of the church run rampant in, I believe, all parts of the church. My wife and I were recently in

Thoughts from
Grahame

Christchurch New Zealand where in 2004 a series of terrible earthquakes almost destroyed the Anglican cathedral. Since then there has been a lawsuit between those that realise the cathedral cannot be saved and those that are insistent that it be saved at any cost. Think of how the money paid to lawyers could have been used.

I am not sure how we came to put our buildings, our budgets before the work of God, but I do know that if we continue along this path we will eventually fold in on ourselves and just crumble into dust. We must stop worrying about the possibility of something in the future standing in the way of our doing what we were called as deacons to do.

"Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink, or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food and the body more than clothing. "So do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will bring worries of its own. Today's trouble is enough for today. Matt. 5.

Surely it is time to go back to our roots. To revisit what it means to be a deacon, to put politics behind us and put our trust in God.

I sincerely hope this is the opinion of us all

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EDITORIAL

The Algoma Anglican is the Official Voice of the Diocese of Algoma.
Address: P.O. Box 1168, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. P6A 5N7
The Right Reverend Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop
Peter Simmons, Editor

Letter from the Bishop

From a parched and dim land

Dear Friends,

Fawna joins me in wishing you all a 2015 filled with joy and peace. This is not a glib greeting, for I'm not talking about the joy and peace that lies within our reach, if only we would follow through on our New Year's resolutions and adopt a different mental attitude, or undertake the hard work of reconciliation where we know estrangement. Both of these I wish for you too, as there is too much joylessness and conflict about. And if Christians can make a positive contribution to the welfare of our planet, it would be in countering cynicism with hope and discord with understanding.

Nevertheless, the joy and peace I wish for are qualities that are seemingly impossible for human beings to achieve on their own. Their lack in the world is evident not only in the events of Paris or northern Nigeria, in Ferguson, Missouri, or in the Facebook pages of Dalhousie dentistry students. If we are honest with ourselves, we must see that every human heart and every human community (even Christian ones) is impoverished. In our longing for happiness, we disclose the presence of worry and disconsolation; in our yearning for unity, we reveal the existence of rivalry and strife. 'I have felt / A presence that disturbs me with the joy / Of elevated thoughts', wrote Wordsworth, as he considered 'the heavy and the weary weight / Of all this unintelligible world'.

I realise that this is quite the digression from what started out as a cheery salutation! But I know that I am not alone when I say that there is a kind of ennui that threatens to afflict us especially in the winter's turning, where even the eagerness of anticipated events in the New Year is attenuated by concerns about life's unpredictabilities. Is it the post-Christmas let down, or the long, cold nights? Is the season of Epiphany just a way of getting us ready for Lent?

No. I contend that a truly Christian view of the world means that it is not too dramatic to perceive strange and nameless forces threatening to overcome and undo us. Many of us are dimly aware of the slenderness of the thread which binds our lives together: of the tenuousness of health and the nearness of our end. We foresee the faint possibility of financial ruin and the destruction of our good name. What is more, we are alarmed by the perversity and depravity of our own hearts: the passion which consumes us and others in our lust or anger or greed or jealousy or hatred. We regard these things as a menace to our sense of well-being, an ominous fire among the tinder of our souls. 'Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell?' asks the poet George Herbert, 'I humbly crave, Let me once know.' The older we get, the less we take life for granted, and the more we become conscious of our need for joy and peace. Only the joy we need is a 'joy beyond all telling', and the peace we need is a 'peace that passes all

understanding'.

Scripture, of course, frequently exhorts us to rejoice, even when it contemplates difficult outward circumstances. 'My brothers and sisters,' writes St James, 'whenever you face trials of any kind, consider it nothing but joy' (1.2). This is clearly an attribute which must be divinely produced, for if we have a sober judgement of life, we shall find many reasons for discouragement. Only the Spirit can give us the eyes



to see God's hand in events which would normally lead us to despair. As the great 18th century Cambridge preacher, Charles Simeon, once said, 'There are but two lessons for the Christian to learn: the one is, to enjoy God in every thing; the other is,

to enjoy every thing in God.'

Peace too is an inward possession which brings with it a serenity of mind, and which contrasts with the chaotic world around us. This word is the one which is commonly used as a greeting in Israel and Arab countries today: shalom, or salem. It is found over 250 times in the Old Testament and it does, of course, mean an absence of war. But it also conveys more. The peace of God denotes the absence of an inner conflict. It means well-being, wholeness, health, prosperity, salvation, completeness, soundness. It is, in essence, what one would have when God's blessing becomes active in a person's life: 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding . . .'

The Bishop's Motto for 2015 is taken from Psalm 36.9: 'With thee is the well of life : and in thy light shall we see light.' The words resonated with the people of Israel who knew God to be a spring of water and a pillar of fire in the trials of the desert. In his meditation on this verse, St Augustine personalises it: 'My soul is "like a waterless land before you". Just as it has no power to illuminate itself, so it cannot satisfy itself. For "with you is the fountain of life", and so it is "in your light" that "we shall see light".' As a Church and as individuals, we must come to see that God himself is the source of life and light, joy and peace. If anything good is to come to us in 2015 (and I am confident that, given the eyes of faith, we shall be embarrassed by our riches) we must expect it only from God's generous hand.

With you in the hand of God,

+ Stephen Andrews

Stephen Andrews
Bishop of Algoma

The origins of New Year's resolutions



JOHN WESLEY

By the Rev. Richard White

It's a good time to ask how are you doing with your New Year's resolutions? Not many people make them, not many people keep them. One survey found that only eight percent of those who make New Year's resolutions kept them and 45 percent of those who fail to keep them, couldn't even keep them to the end of January! While some historians might trace the practice of making New Year's resolutions to the ancient Babylonians, there is also a strong Anglican connection to the practice. The practice begins with John Wesley.

John Wesley, the 18th century church planter, missionary, theologian and Anglican priest had a habit for both thinking and acting outside the box. He was sharply attuned to the needs of the people he served and the leading of the Spirit. No doubt, his innovations evoked both admiration and jealousy among his peers. His notion of what a New Year's resolution might look like would have raised some eyebrows.

Eighteenth century London was a city in a state of rampant moral decay: whole books have been written about 18th century London. Alcoholism was rampant. Gin-making and gin addiction was destroying whole quarters of the city. Other problems derived from gin addiction followed:

domestic abuse, family break-ups, crime, violence. It infected the churches too. The revelries that took place around Christmas and New Year's Eve were infamous. Wesley wanted to cause people to set aside New Year's Eve as a time of self-reflection, rather than self-gratification.

In 1740, 37 year old Wesley did

History Byte

a daring thing. He instituted what he called a "watch-night service." It would be held on New Year's Eve. The service included the usual sort of things John Wesley famously incorporated into his services: contemporary hymns, John and his brother Charles wrote many of these, spontaneous prayer, and testimonials, opportunities when members could stand up and talk about ways God had answered prayer in their lives. But at his first watch-night service he added something else: making a public New Year's resolution.

Wesley's notion of a New Year's resolution was actually a covenant with God. The covenant or pledge, was a prayerful commitment to serve God in the year to come. It could be tailor-made. Covenants typically included such things as a promise perhaps to

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ALGOMA ANGLICAN

Official Publication of the Diocese of Algoma
The Right Reverend Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop
Peter Simmons, Editor Jane Mesich, Treasurer

Produced Monthly by Peter Simmons

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Please send subscription renewals and changes of address to:

The Algoma Anglican, Anglican Journal,
Circulation Department
80 Hayden Street, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 3G2

Postmaster: Please send all returns and changes of address to:

The Algoma Anglican, Anglican Journal,
Circulation Department,
80 Hayden Street, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 3G2

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P.O. Box 1168, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario P6A 5N7

Afternoon feast brought hundreds together

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in ministry at the Lord's Table for the people of God. Busses brought the people back to St. Michael's for an afternoon feast, where well planned rotational seating, fed approximately over 400 people. The menu included Indigenous tradition food which was eagerly received as well as Turkey and Ham with all the fixings. The people were well satisfied and even given food to take home. Truly the bounty and blessings of God were shared by all. Sunday evening ministry concluding the gathering at St. Michaels, brought again

through worship and praise. Thanksgiving goes out to the leadership of the Bishops who supported and participated in this event. As well thanks goes to the people, clergy and committees who worked to bring and shape this joyous event for all the people of God. The spring 2015 Gospel Jamboree will next be hosted in Winnipeg Manitoba, and our prayers and God's blessing go to all people and Nations of this our land, 'May we continue to lift up our prayers and voices in Praise, Worship and Song, as one people, in the family of God.'

Covenant services continue to be a regular feature

Continued from p. 3
read ones Bible daily, a resolution to give more generously to the poor, a pledge to visit the local prison or join a prayer group. Wesley's London church was already doing all of these things, so making a resolution was more like signing up to join a group already engaged in the activity. His style of Anglicanism became famous for its unique blend of evangelical preaching and social outreach. After his death, Wesley's churches broke from the Anglican Church and formed the Methodist Church. And yearly watch-night or Covenant Services continue to be a regular feature of many Methodist and Wesleyan churches as faithful parishioners meet on or around New Year's Eve to make a covenant with God, a pledge to service God in the year to come. John Wesley penned a prayer to be used at that first watch-night service, a prayer Anglicans and Methodists alike have adopted

into their personal prayer lives, a Prayer of Commitment:
My Lord God ...
I am no longer my own, but thine.
Put me to what thou wilt, rank me with whom thou wilt.
Put me to doing, put me to suffering.
Let me be employed for thee or laid aside for thee,
exalted for thee or brought low for thee.
Let me be full, let me be empty.
Let me have all things, let me have nothing.
I freely and heartily yield all things to thy pleasure and disposal.
And now, O glorious and blessed God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, thou art mine, and I am thine. So be it.
And the covenant which I have made on earth, let it be ratified in heaven. Amen.
John Wesley. Original prayer written c. 1740

The Bishop has a blog!

It is called

'benedictus benedicat'

You can find it

at

<http://stephenalgoma.typepad.com/benedictus-benedicat/>



THE GIFT OF VOICE: Pictured are a group of singers who shared their gift of song at an Indigenous Christmas Gospel Jamboree held at St. Michael and All Angels, Thunder Bay from Friday, December 5 to Sunday, December 7, 2014.



GIVING THANKS: Attendees at an Indigenous Christmas Gospel Jamboree gathered for a service of Holy Eucharist on Sunday, December 7, 2014 at St. Michael and All Angels, Thunder Bay.



NEW DEACON: From left, Rev. Charlene Scriver assists Rev. Beth Hewson, while Bishop Andrews looks on, in preparation for the Eucharist at Rev. Hewson's ordination to the diaconate held on Saturday, November 29, 2014 at Christ Church, North Bay.

The needs of all are met, including the family pet

Continued from Front

provided for as many as possible. Donated winter coats, hats, mittens and boots in many sizes are available, and we have quite a variety of items on the racks and shelves.

Our linen and housewares room offers towels, sheets, blankets, dishes, cutlery and other household items too numerous to mention. Towels, tea towels and bedding are always needed and go the quickest.

Children are excited to visit our toy closet as it is filled with school supplies, books, toys, games and stuffed animals for them to choose from. The delight in their eyes when they choose their prized possession is so gratifying.

Our pet boutique houses dog and cat food, dog clothing and toys, as well as treats for the four-legged friends of those in need. An animal loves unconditionally, and some clients have only their pet for companionship. In fact, a few have told us their pet is the only thing keeping them going. Some will go to the pet boutique to make sure they get their dog and cat food before they worry about getting food for themselves. Before we started this program, clients were telling us they gave their own food to their pet, and then they ate what was left over.

The Giving Centre is open every second Friday from 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. with a free community lunch served each time. Throughout the summer, BBQs are held, but no matter what the season, no one goes away hungry.

Transportation from the centre is supplied for any person needing a hand and a lift home.

The St. Thomas Family Giving Centre provides equal access to all in need and finds that many struggle with feeding their families on a consistent basis. Keeping food on their tables can be challenging for many due to the escalating cost of basic items and the weakened economy. Others are unable to work due to health problems, are disabled or seniors; others are despondent; and many are young mothers, but for whatever reason, as long as there are families in need in our Community, the Giving Centre will be necessary.

Thanks to a Thunder Bay Community Foundation grant for 2015, and the support of our parishioners, the RFDA and our donors, the St. Thomas Anglican Church Family Giving Centre will be able to maintain all of the programs including the Grub Tubs for another year. The Giving Centre will continue to focus on helping those in need in the city of Thunder Bay, and more specifically in the Westfort community. However, the greater the need, the greater the dollars required.

For further information or to make a donation, please call the church office at 807.623.3608.

This article and the accompanying photograph were originally published in The Chronicle-Journal, Thunder Bay on Monday, December 29, 2014. Used with permission.



GIVING AND GRATEFUL HEARTS: From left, Carolyn Napierala, Diana Sustawenko, Pastor Doug McClure and Janis Barker of St. Thomas Anglican Church Family Giving Centre are grateful to the Thunder Bay Community Foundation and other supporters. The Giving Centre's programs will continue in 2015 because of their support.

A book review: Consider the Sunflowers

It is 1940. A small rural community in western Canada listens with interest about alliances being made against Great Britain and a man whose name is heard with greater frequency on the radio. Residents of Dayspring, a Mennonite community, are still more interested in the affairs of the heart and farming than Hitler.

Take Tina Janz. Her parents wouldn't mind if she married Roland, a man who she thinks is boring. Little do they realise she's more interested in marrying Frank. A man who carries a chip on his shoulder the size of Saskatchewan.

Could Frank's self deprecating opinion of himself be true? "That [a] Gypsy [is as] unstable as molasses."

Tina's faith in God established in childhood is severely tested when she and Frank get married and struggle with the death of a child.

Elma Schemenauer paints a vivid picture of a woman whose grief and search for love and meaning drives her spouse farther rather than closer to a God she thought she knew. As Frank says, "[There's] something almost holy about sowing seeds in...soil and getting food off it..[And] felt closer to God there than he ever had in church" but was that what his wife meant when she asked him if he believed in God?

Tina and Frank's unrealistic expectations of each other widens the great divide of misunderstanding and jealousy. As Tina harbors a secret Frank is offered a job in Butte Montana.

Schemenauer's description of the couple's quirky family and friends in Dayspring keeps the book from being an unrealistic portrayal of a Mennonite community in the Forties. The author's tongue in cheek humor and vivid word pictures in the novel are a real treat to read. As one of her characters says, "The Engliche aren't total heathens, you know."

Nor will I forget this line of the book when the author described a setting out of doors as "Sunlight was spilling across the snowdrifts like broken egg yolks."

Consider The Sunflowers encourages the reader that we may not always know how our decisions will work out, but we can be reassured God will work them out for our redemption.

A Canadian author, Elma Schemenauer is the author of 75 books and the editor of many more. Consider the Sunflowers is her first novel for adults. For more about the author and her novel, please visit her website . Paperback 299 pages \$19.95, ISBN978-0-88887-575-4, AVAILABLE FROM THE PUBLISHER, Borealis Press. Also available online at Chapters Indigo. An E-book will be out in 2015. [Review copy provided by the publisher.]

Ramona Furst resides in North Bay with her husband Per and makes it a priority to get back "home" to Little Trinity whenever possible. She is a member of The Word Guild and InScribe, Christian Writers' Fellowship of Canada.



HIGHLY RESPECTED ELDER: Dolores Wawia ,Muk-Kee-Queh, Frog Lady, is a respected Anishinabe Elder of the Bear Clan, as well as the Deputy Rector's Warden of St Luke's Parish in Thunder Bay. Until recently, this pioneer in Aboriginal education was also Assistant Professor of Education at Lakehead University. Although she retired in the spring, she delayed her celebration until this November when she hosted a feast for several hundred people at Old Fort William 'to honour those who had been part of [her] journey'. Many parishioners were part of those honoured and honouring her. Although officially retired, she has not slowed down. She's finishing her book, planning a Native foods tea room, sharing in the life of the parish and looking forward to other opportunities to further teaching.

Making submissions for publication in the Algoma Anglican?

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

Dog days at the pearly gates

By the Rev. Canon Bob Elkin

One of my favorite Far Side cartoons shows Heaven's Pearly Gates completely done up in a chicken motif. The gateposts are giant chicken statues and each wrought iron gate rail is topped with a chicken wing. Before the gates stands Colonel Saunders and as he waits for admittance he looks them over and you see him thinking: "Uh-oh!" The cartoon's message took on a new reality just before Christmas when no less an authority than Pope Francis said: "One day we will see our animals again in the eternity of Christ. Paradise is open to all God's creatures." Personally I love the thought and agree wholeheartedly. Hey, any Pope who can publicly say: "Who am I to judge a gay person?" as he did in 2013 has got my vote but this thing with the animals makes me a little nervous. What if my dog rats me out when I get there? Uh-oh!

Not that I'm mean to him! If anything I was killing him with kindness as I shared my sandwiches and cookies and snacks with him. When he moved to our house to become the boss of us you could easily feel his ribs and the vet said he had an ideal weight but over time the ribs disappeared into his sides and he ballooned up and the vet said some weight had to go. So I stopped giving him treats and slipping stuff off my plate to him under the table. He still gets his regular dog food meals and I'm sure he's not starving and you certainly wouldn't say he was wasting away to look at him but that's not the way he sees it.

As you silently place a potato chip in your mouth he appears from whatever far corner of the planet he's been at and intently watches each and every crumb that goes from the chip bag to your lips. He does a little panting and salivating and when that doesn't work and it becomes obvious that nothing is coming his way he collapses on the floor and goes into his "poor waif dying of starvation" routine. By this point I'm feeling terrible but if my wife is around, she's the tough one at our house, he still gets nothing so he stomps off into the living room and sits with his back to me radiating hostility and hard-done-by ness. That's when I figure he's plotting to tell St. Peter some tale of woe about his treatment. That's when he creates the myth of his starvation and I just know who he'll say was to blame.

I took some comfort in the fact that the dog isn't the only animal living at my house who could tell St. Pete a thing or two but that became cold comfort when I realised that the cat thinks he has problems of his own and isn't too likely to

help me out. He got right owley when he discovered that, unlike my wife I wasn't about to give up most of my half of the bed just so he could stretch out and keep his head on the pillow. He wasn't thrilled to find I didn't appreciate him lying across the kitchen table when I was eating supper either and I'm sure he found my comments about the poisonous air we had to breathe whenever he visited the cat-box insulting.

I think the final straw with him though was when he realised that I was laughing at him. Cats are so proud! This beast of ours has taken to lying in a hunting pose in front of the fish tank, lashing his tail and whipping himself into a froth as the fish lazily swim back and forth in front of his face. Suddenly he pounces and his head hits the aquarium glass with

Letter from Bob

a distinctive 'bonk' which you can hear from quite a distance. It startles the fish but it makes me laugh and that's what I think he can't forgive. It's sort of an addictive behaviour too so I get to laugh several times a week and he gets to let his anger and hurt pride simmer and grow at the same rate. I hate to think what he'll have to say when I get to the gates!

You might think that the fish will put in a good word for me but I don't trust them to be smart enough to piece together a plausible story. I had to build a cover for the aquarium recently, not to protect them from the cat but to keep them from jumping out of the tank in the middle of the night and gasping their last on the floor. Anything that needs to be in water to live but keeps jumping out of it isn't the sharpest tool in the shed so I don't have a lot of faith in their ability to cover for me.

That doesn't leave a lot. I used to go moose hunting and never actually shot a moose but that's sort of being good by default and I don't think it counts for a lot. I often walk my son's dog and feed him when they're away and he likes me but he's a demonic who will have enough trouble trying to present his own case at the Pearly Gates. I once applied for a job at a hotel and the person who took my resume looked it over, consulted a list on his desk and informed me: "Your second reference is barred from this hotel!" Needless to say I didn't get the job and the animals that I'm on good terms with are a bit like that. Uh-oh! Maybe I better go and see if the dog would like to share a cookie or a sandwich with me.



A TRADITION CONTINUES: On Friday, December 12, 2014 members of the Theatrical Troupe of St. Paul's, Thunder Bay performed a dramatic reading of Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*.

A reading of Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol performed at St. Paul's, Thunder Bay

By Dr. David Nock

St. Paul's, Thunder Bay has a tradition of hosting readings of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* that goes back many years. However this year, for the production held on Friday, December 12, 2014, producer/director Mary Nock changed the concept 'dramatically' it might be said. Instead of a designated reader assigned for each chapter, the new concept had each character voiced by an individual actor throughout the production. The Narrator, Healey Gardiner, set the background for the story from beginning to end, leaving the actual dialogue to specific actors playing Scrooge, Marley, Cratchit and all the rest. This change ratcheted up the dramatic impact significantly and the enthusiast comments of players and audience alike were well voiced in Archdeacon Kraft's exuberant words of appreciation at the production's end.

A second change in concept was the addition of children and youth for the roles appropriate to their age from Tiny Tim on up. This change to a large cast ranging across the generations contributed much to the very lively feeling. One only had to see the rapport between a very young Tiny Tim played by Sarah Kiiskila, and a rather mature Bob Cratchit, played by David Reid, to sense how this production had enlivened an earlier concept that had grown a bit tired.

That earlier concept had originated when the CBC sponsored dramatic readings of *A Christmas Carol* in churches across Canada using their well-known TV or radio personalities. One televised version still airs. When the CBC

withdrew from this holiday tradition in Thunder Bay, Archdeacon Kraft challenged the parish not to let it lapse. Producer Mary Nock did make some changes such as resurrecting Charles Dickens himself from the hereafter to present a prologue before individual chapter readings by members of St. Paul's Theatrical Troupe, but generally the production remained similar to that presented in earlier years when the CBC used St. Paul's as their venue.

Having actors voicing each character presented them with the opportunity of really making characters 'come alive'. Or in the case of the ghosts, 'come alive' might be the wrong choice of words. Dr. Juoni Kraft took pains to add cornstarch and ashes around his eyes as Marley and presented a truly frightful finger as the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come using clay and bamboo.

The actors were magnificently kitted out in period costumes by Charlene Shuttleworth. Who can forget Daniel Klein as the Ghost of Christmas Present in a robe that echoed illustrations from the original edition of *A Christmas Carol* with all that Ghost's bare-chested joviality? Mr. Klein added a great deal of mirth himself with his facial expressions and 'stage business' as his robe started to unravel just a wee bit, bringing to mind wardrobe malfunctions of yesteryear!

An added feature included the singing of period carols throughout the production at appropriate moments chosen for their connection to the story, from *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen* through to *We Wish You A Merry Christmas*. Af-

ter closing remarks, blessing and grace, everyone went downstairs to Babe Hall to sample vintage refreshments and the upbeat music of the Kam Valley Fiddlers, also a mix of young and older musicians. Proceeds went to the Christmas Cheer Fund.

The players included experienced actors from St. Paul's Theatrical Troupe such as Healey Gardiner, Chris Jason, Don Harris, Daniel Klein, Dr. Juoni Kraft, Ruth Merkley, David Reid and Alistair Fuzzen. Newcomers and, or youth included Amanda Crowe, Olivia Coy, Carley Kiiskila, Sarah Kiiskila, Angela Morretin, Isabella Morretin, Calley Peters and Charlene Shuttleworth.

Besides the actors this production also included accompanist Karen Benson, pianist Sarah Murray and the Kam Valley Fiddlers for musical entertainment, Stacy Cham-Klein for publicity and refreshments, Jayne Coy, Adrienne Davis and the ACW also for refreshments. Charlene Shuttleworth for costumes, Dr. Tony Puddephatt for photography, Christine French for graphic design and print layout and Mary Nock for concept and direction.

Plans are already in place for a new and improved production next year. St. Paul's and Thunder Bay Deanery parishioners should put it on their December calendar for both great entertainment and great education for the Christian soul. Take care not to postpone going next year. Theatrical productions, like Scrooge's ghosts only make so many visits and then they suddenly disappear, to God knows where.

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.

Algoma Cycle of Prayer

Sunday, February 1st - 4th Sunday after Epiphany: The Presentation of the Lord

St. Thomas', Thunder Bay

The Rev. Doug McClure

Sunday, February 8th - 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)

Sunday, February 15th - 6th Sunday after Epiphany

Christ Church, Lively

St. John's, Copper Cliff

The Rev. Glen Miller

Mrs. Beverly Van Der Jagt (Pastoral Asst.)

Wednesday, February 18th - Ash Wednesday

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, almsgiving, and by reading and meditating on the Word of God.

BAS 282

Sunday, February 22nd - 1st Sunday in Lent

St. Luke's, Thunder Bay

The Rev. Dr. George Porter



YOUTH CHALLENGE: On the weekend of November 7 to 9, 2014, Christ Church, Englehart hosted a Youth Challenge event. The leadership team of Reid Martel, Carrie Birtch, Rev. Joan Locke and Rev. Glen Miller made sure the participants had great teaching, laughs, fun and food. Pictured in the back row from left, Jake Stckney, Jard Bailey, Vincent Cyr, Reid Martel, Ashley Plante, Kayla Plante and Rev. Glen Miller. Middle row from left, Mikaela Gillett, Ayla Daigneault, Shaelyn Gillett, Rev. Joan Locke, Jesslyn Emms, Jessica Gervais and Brooke-Lyn Dagenais. Front Row from left, Carrie Birtch, Emily Savoie-Garvin, Jaydin Gillett, Tayler Turgeon, Samantha Townsdale and Sari Martel.

Henry II, Thomas Becket and the privilege of clergy

By the Rev. Peter Simmons

After the death of Henry I in 1136 A.D., Stephen ascended to the throne. Matilda, Henry's daughter, was next in line. She would be denied the throne by powerful individuals including various bishops and barons who supported Stephen.

The reign of Stephen was tumultuous. Civil strife erupted, while the poor and others in society were neglected. Wealth and power were sought by many. Bishops and others within the Church were no exception. Conflict between the king and Church, as was so often the case, continued. Theobald of Bec, who was Archbishop of Canterbury, attended a council at Rheims in 1148 A.D. without the king's consent. In response Stephen banished Theobald, who in turn had the kingdom placed under an interdict. King Stephen who was without an heir following the death of his son Eustace, turned to Henry, the son of Matilda as heir. Henry of Anjou would become king in 1154 A.D. It was at this time a well known figure in Church history came to the fore. His name was Thomas Becket.

The task at hand for Henry II was daunting, requiring great skill, ability and energy to bring about a sense of order throughout the realm and reduce the power and influence of the barons. The king set about reorganising the military, raising money by allowing nobles to, in effect, buy their way out of military service, a practice known as scutage. The money was used to employ mercenaries abroad, while at the same time building up the militia at home. Henry also reorganised the government establishing a system of judges and justices to reduce the power of the nobles and create a system of royal law, making all equal be-

fore the law. One group who had special privileges would also need to be addressed: the clergy.

Clergy were exempt from common law and thus from penalties applied by civil courts. The Church had a separate system of ecclesiastical courts. This led to injustices, with many claiming to

Anglicanism

be clergy released from judgments which would have been rendered under civil law. Henry II appointed Thomas Becket as the new Chancellor hoping he would assist him in rectifying this situation.

Thomas Becket was educated at Merton, completing his studies in Paris. He spent some years at Pevensey Castle, the household of Richer de Aquila. Becket returned to London at age 21 to work as a clerk in the office of a relative for three years. It was during this time he was made known to Theobald, the Archbishop of Canterbury who would take him into his home, soon after having him ordained deacon. It was at the age of 38 Henry made Thomas Becket Chancellor.

The two men became close friends, supportive of one another in their various endeavours. With the death of Theobald in April of 1161 A.D., Henry II would appoint Thomas Backet Archbishop of Canterbury. This appointment made Becket a changed man. He resigned his position as Chancellor, concerning himself no longer with the affairs of state, but only of the Church.

Henry II was intent on removing the special privileges of clergy in relation to civil law. A council was summoned at Westminster where the king laid out his plans.

Disagreement soon arose between the king and Becket who firmly defended the retention of clerical privilege. The king was extremely upset, especially given their previously close relationship. The Archbishop wrote to the Pope, while at the same time the king sent ambassadors to Rome. The Pope attempted to pacify both parties, much like the situation with Anselm some years before. A council was called at Clarendon in Wiltshire. Becket is said to have agreed to have verbally consented to the king's desired changes, but he would not sign the laws as requested by Henry. The king was livid. He charged Becket with failure of justice and when Becket appeared to answer the charges by proxy, the king seized his property. The Archbishop fled to the continent.

He remained in exile for six years. The King of France attempted mediation facilitating two meetings between Henry and Becket. Finally after a third meeting, reconciliation was seemingly achieved. Thomas Becket would return to England, but not before beginning the process of excommunicating the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Salisbury who had crowned Henry's son as king in Becket's absence, to secure succession. The bishops set off to Normandy, where the king was staying, to make an appeal. It is believed the king made a statement to the effect he would be better off rid of Becket. Four of his knights heard this comment and set off for England bent on confronting Thomas Becket. They set off for Canterbury. On December 29, 1170 A.D., Thomas Becket was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral.

More to come.

ANGLICAN
FOUNDATION OF CANADA

Free Up \$50

Did you know that in 1956, General Synod established a Foundation to receive donations for the purpose of disbursing financial assistance across the country. It was also agreed that every parish give a \$50 donation every year to support their Foundation.

Get on Board

Ask your church wardens if your parish is a member. 7 of 54 parishes in the Diocese of Algoma are annual donors. We need 47 more parishes in your diocese to Free Up Fifty in 2015.

Free Up Fifty is our 2015 campaign for every parish to be an AFC member.

Speak with your church wardens to donate today.

www.anglicanfoundation.org



SPECIAL GIFT FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION: Barb Garvin is pictured with her mother Iabelle Locke on the occasion of Mrs. Locke's 90th birthday. Mrs. Locke is holding the book *A History of St. Paul's – Manitouwaning, Ontario – 1835-2010*. This was a gift from the author David Smith. Rev. Roy Locke was incumbent of St. Paul's, Manitouwaning from 1958 to October 1965. Mrs. Locke now lives at Extendicare in Haileybury, Ontario.



CARING FOR ONE ANOTHER: Throughout 2014, one evening per week, members of the executive of the Outreach Committee of St. Peter's, Callander supplied Joan and John Lunn, who are members of St. Peter's, with a hot meal. On Friday, January 9, 2015, in appreciation, Mr. and Mrs. Lunn invited everyone to an evening of entertainment, singing, dancing and karaoke. In Mr. Lunn's words, 'The Outreach Team is certainly an apostolic movement. Thanks for the care and concern'.

What would you be worth?

By Charlotte Haldenby

Big boats like you have never seen before have landed at the coast to take up people for faraway. The coastal people tell the sailors to just wait a bit and they will bring your people down to the coast to take with them. They have rounded you and your friends up now, and piled you in, picking you for your youth and strength, and you are now crammed together in the hold for many days, so close together that if anyone is sick it will soon be everyone. The dead are just pitched overboard.

Wow! You made it! But now here you are on a platform in front of all these strange looking pale people who speak that strange language. Look alive! Stand up straight! Let them prod your arms and legs. They're just testing your strength and right now that's all you've got going for you.

I do hope you are all watching *The Book of Negroes* on CBC, which began on Jan 7. Lawrence Hill's title comes from an actual document used to keep track of slaves from Africa to the 13 colonies, to Nova Scotia and back to Africa. My memories are so good of the people in the book which I read soon after its publication, I have to watch every episode.

Hetty (Handful) Grimke at age 10 is given to her owner's daughter, Sarah, as an eleventh birthday present to be a companion and lady's maid, and to sleep in front of her door at night to keep her

Looking at the World

safe. Sarah has her own issues, wanting to be a lawyer like her father and brothers, and hearing everyone laugh at her for even thinking a girl could be a lawyer. She teaches Hetty to read: a definite No-no! She researches how she could set Hetty free. But her father finds her document and tears it up. Hetty also finds in the library Mr. Grimke's list of his goods and chattels. There after the sofa (100) and other household items is her mother Charlotte, seamstress, and able to do a ball gown for the Missus in a few days: value 550. Hetty as an apprentice seamstress and lady's maid is 500.

What would you be worth? Are you a good cook who can put together a banquet in a few hours, or physically fit enough to spend sunrise to sunset working in the fields and then walking home to meagre rations before you get your few hours of sleep. Being able to read, and cause trouble, might actually lower your value. And look presentable, but not pretty, 'cause that causes problems too'.

The Invention of Wings by Sue Monk Kidd tells the whole story of Sarah Grimke and her sister, real historical figures who become leading abolitionists, but

in that day's customs, are only allowed to speak to women's groups. Hetty is imaginary but her story shows the difficulties of being alive but under someone else's control all the time. You may only leave the plantation with a proper pass signed by your owner. You have to go on oral tradition, or the family historical quilt your mother made to know anything about your family. You have Sunday off for church, but none of those preachers better get out of line in their sermons.

Another very powerful book, made into a film by black Englishman Steve McQueen recently,

is Solomon Northup's *12 Years a Slave*. What if you were a free man in the North, with a wife and three children, persuaded by two white men that your violin skills are just what they need for a touring show. Suddenly there you are on the platform being sold as a slave.

What would you be worth? You are healthy and strong, and from your experience on the canals a good engineer and navigator, and your owners could rent you out to parties. But you are totally a disaster at picking

"You have Sunday off for church, but none of those preachers better get out of line in their sermons."

cotton, 85 lbs a day, when the basic minimum expectation is 200. Thirty lashes on you. Now don't tell anyone you can read, you troublemaker. And don't make any suggestions on how you might do something better. How uppity! Back in your place!

For 12 years Solomon lived under the name of Plat. He never admitted to reading or where he came from, until a Canadian builder came along and built his trust after several projects. The Canadian took letters to family and influential people, and finally, can you believe it, home! A true story, by a very talented writer. Even his chapter on growing cotton is an easy and interesting read.

So if we put ourselves into a time warp, what would we be worth? No bracelets, no fancy clothes, ever. No house or car. No savings, no investments, no insurance. Few possessions. No lasting family ties. Just this body here and now!

The four "older generation" in my family would have little value, just because of our age, but my sister Esther does make beautiful quilts. But maybe not as her sole purpose in life. The six middle generation, well, I just watched one bake Christmas cookies all day, but that banquet in two hours as the Missus desires, maybe not. All three guys are strong, but two have definitely inquiring minds about how to

improve things, and can be vocal, more lashes, every day. And the four princesses, well they're not worth much now. Let's make them into something "sellable". Too bad we've managed to sell their parents away now.

When one group in society has so little regard for the people who actually create their riches, those people grow up thinking that's all they can be; labour and expendable. It may be 150 years now since that war of emancipation was fought and 50 years since the civil rights movement, but if one group doesn't see the other as real people yet, other than what they can do for us, do they have hope? If one group thinks they alone are entitled to good jobs, posh houses, lots of money, good cars, good education, and most of the power, will anything ever change? If you're in that other group, what happens to your dreams deferred, as doors are always closed to you, or there's always something wrong with your efforts. As Langston Hughes says in his poem, the longer you are refused the greater the explosion.

It's Black History Month. Get yourself into one of these books or video presentations. Use your enquiring mind and your imagination. We are all people together. We breathe the same air. We bleed the same. We all need the full opportunity to be the very best God intended us to be.