

Workshop held in Thunder Bay

By Deb Everest

Here is something to consider: What is it the little parish of “St. Mattress and All the Pillows” at the end of the rural road doing that makes it a vibrant, active place, while the large old parish of “St. Swithens in the Marsh” is half empty and quiet as a stone? What is the secret that the successful parishes of our church have, that others parishes are failing to grasp?

These are the questions that begged answers as a result of the Parish Assessment process recently completed in the Diocese of Algoma. The Parish of St. Michael and All Angels in Thunder Bay was blessed in hosting a weekend workshop under the guidance of Rev. Dr. Jay Koyle in November 2015. Although that parish was deemed to be one of promise by the assessment process, the parishioners themselves continued to question how they can be prevented from further decline. Thus it was that Dr. Koyle spent a weekend with them to help them with their questioning.

Dr. Koyle’s process was very illuminating in general terms. He described how some parishes during declining membership, spend their parishioners’ energy and time in countless fund raising activities in order to pay for the mounting maintenance costs of clergy and buildings. Then they find themselves worn out emotionally and physically after a few years, because this model of operation has proved to be a recipe FOR decline. Dedicated parishioners are subtly sucked into this scheme because it seems to be an obvious answer. However, after a few years of this model of operation, they are left scratching their heads as to why there are no new people at the doors.

Dr. Koyle pointed out that what has happened is that parishes like these have forgotten why they exist in the first place. They have forgotten that Christ’s message is “not of this world”, but rather is one of spiritual salvation. Through Christ’s saving ways, people become transformed from the frustrations of daily human experience into an enriching and exciting way of life. This is true for parishes also. But when a parish becomes fully aware that God’s Vision of tomorrow IS their purpose, they start to shape the life of the Parish



QUESTIONS AND MORE QUESTIONS: The Parish of St. Michael and All Angels in Thunder Bay held a workshop in November of 2015. The workshop, led by Rev. Dr. Jay Koyle, Congregational Development Officer for the Diocese of Algoma, allowed participants to have their questions answered regarding the parish’s assessment process. Pictured on the left from back to front are Marjorie Payetta, Vicky Gilham and Joyce Primmer and on the right, also from front to back are Rosine Assad, Joyce Essa and Harold Primmer.

in “God’s tomorrow”. A successful parish is one that has a clear mission beyond its current membership. Dr. Koyle reminded his audience that two thirds of parishes whose Mission is to reach out to those outside their walls are the ones who remain successful. Although all parish churches fulfil many purposes, it is essential that each of their endeavours be motivated from the very beginning with the purpose of bringing the

Kingdom of God into their activities.

This life giving message was the one which set such a bonfire of hope for the early church. That message spread through the known civilized world quickly two thousand years ago, and it remains the main message of the Christian Churches today. However, so many examples exist here in the Western world that Christian churches are not preaching about, or talking

about, or praying about, or in fact, are not sharing the very essence of the Faith. The declining churches have lost sight of the “Kingdom of God”.

The question remains however: “How do we inspire our parishioners to embrace the core message that the purpose of the Church is to proclaim the Vision of God’s tomorrow?” It is clear that to revitalize our parishes, we must

See Mission – p. 2

Next deadline

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

Send items to:

Mail or courier:

P.O. Box 221
1148 Hwy 141
Rosseau P0C 1J0

E-mail:

anglican@muskoka.com



By the Rev. Richard White

It commemorates a significant event in our Anglican History. It is a 57 foot high Celtic cross, Drake’s Cross, erected in 1894 by Church of England, marking the landing of Sir Francis Drake in 1579 and what happened there. Sir Francis Drake, 540-1596,

was a key figure in the court of Elizabeth the First and a contem-

History Byte

porary of William Shakespeare. Above all he was a seafarer and

a privateer. His contemporaries would applaud him for his leadership in the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, his circumnavigation of the world between 1577 and 1580, and his cheeky acts of unquestionable piracy against Spanish and Portuguese ports and ships along the

coasts of Africa and the Americas, all done in the name of his sovereign.

By any standard his circumnavigation of the globe from 1577 to 1580 was remarkable. Under the orders of Queen Elizabeth the First, Drake was

See Drake – p. 2

The Anglican pirate

Diocese of Algoma
Anglican Church Women

DEVOTIONS FOR FEBUARY

I wonder how many of us succeeded in using the period of Advent as a time of preparation for Christ’s Birthday. Did the business of the season and well ground in traditions take over? I am sure that many of us succumbed not wanting to let our families down.

It is just a few days to the New Year, not particularly a Christian celebration but one that gives us all the opportunity to make new starts.

I wonder just how many of us will have broken those resolutions by the time February draws to a close.

Lent will have already begun and again we have a chance to step aside from the world’s busy pace, to quieten our hearts and minds and to set time aside specifically for Jesus.

It is so hard to keep that time of peace and concentration. Everything will challenge it and the only way that has worked for me is to mark the planned times in my diary so I can truthfully reply when asked to do something else: “Sorry I have another commitment at that time”.

But just think what a differ-

ence it would make if every professed Christian committed themselves to spending ten per-cent of their waking hours to the Lord. That is just over 1.5 hours. I don’t mean in action but quietly and receptively expecting to hear something new. It could be early morning, noon and late evening just for 30 minutes at a time. I challenge you to do it and I am sure God is too.

‘And the Lord would say
Step out TODAY,
Step out in the way of the Lord.
The way it is long and the way it is hard
But step out in the way of the Lord.
Stretch out your hand,
Stretch out your foot,
Loosen your tongue and free your mind.
Wherever you go and whatever you do
His presence there you will find.
Be not afraid even though it is new,
Even though the ground it is strange.
His hand will stretch forth and your feet He will guide
When you step out for the Lord
TODAY

And the Lord would say
Do not STAY
In the place you are in right now.
The way it is long and the way it is hard.
IT IS EASY FOR YOU TO STRAY.
Rely on his touch, act on His word
And His wisdom and strength will be yours.
Each day you will go into places all new
And he will be beckoning you.

And the Lord would say
Step out TODAY
Step out in the way of the Lord.
STEP OUT! STEP OUT!
STEP OUT! STEP OUT!
Yes. Step out in the STRENGTH of the LORD!
(E.P.A.)

I promise you that quality time spent with the God who loves you most will be beneficial to you, your family and Jesus’ Church at large.

Pam Abraham
Diocesan ACW. Devotion Chair

Drake set out to find passage

Continued from Front

chosen for the task. His orders

were so secret that we still don’t know exactly what they were. They were top secret. Some things were obvious. He had to discover the fabled Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. This necessitated crossing the Atlantic and traveling down the coast of South America, then negotiating the Magellan Strait into the Pacific. From there he would have to find an entrance to a possible passage through the West Indies and back to Europe. In an era where communication could take years and depended upon letters and word of mouth, and maps were scarce at best, it would be akin to flying to the Moon without a link to NASA.

Beyond this fairy-tale goal of adventure, other goals emerged. It was clear that Drake and his fleet of five war ships would plunder their way down the Atlantic coast of South America, cross into the Pacific through the Straits of Magellan, and continue the pattern of piracy against Spanish flotillas and ports in the Pacific. Why target those European neighbours in particular?

Tensions between England and Spain could not have been higher. Pope Pius V had declared Elizabeth to be a heretic, a pretender, and a “servant of crime,” needing to be overthrown. The Spanish court had taken up the challenge to dethrone England’s Protestant sovereign and Spanish spies were everywhere. Drake’s voyage was England’s response to the Catholic threat. And he would become so successful at harassing the Spanish, that his enemies would nick name Drake El Draque, “The Dragon”, and the King of Spain would place a 20,000 ducat bounty on him, dead or alive. That’s about seven million Canadian. Even beyond those goals there was the hope that an English settlement could be established that would preach the Gospel to the New World Natives and equip them to take a stand against their Spanish Catholic oppressors.

Drake was uniquely equipped to carry out all of these goals. He came from the coastal county of Devon. The Drakes and their cousins, the Hawkins, were legendary seafarers with a long history of piracy against the Spanish. And Drake hated Catholics.

Drake’s father Edmund, had been a cloth seller in Devon. He was a tough man who could hold his own in a bar brawl. He converted to Protestant Anglicanism out of Catholicism under Henry VIII, Elizabeth’s father, and became a village vicar. But Devon was rife with Catholic sympathizers. Edmund’s Protestantism, short temper, and the fact that he was married clergy and with a large family made the Drake family a target for violence. They left, and for a while lived on the south coast in the washed-up hull of a sailing ship. These childhood experiences fueled young Drake’s passions. He became master of his first ship at age twenty, and his anti-Catholic feelings defined his life.

The epic voyage left Plymouth on December 13, 1577 after a failed start in November. The fleet had five ships with over 50 canon, a clear statement that this journey was more than exploratory. They carried 164 men including seamen, archers, musicians, gentlemen adventurers, relatives from the Drake and Hawkins families, as well as the solidly Protestant Anglican chaplain and chronicler of the voyage, Rev. Francis Fletcher. Drake’s ship was the Pelican, although its name would later be changed to the Golden Hind. The voyage would last two years, ten months, and 18 days, financed largely by raiding Spanish port towns and stealing cargo from Spanish ships.

Not long into the voyage a treasure and a tragedy occurred. When Drake captured vessels, the first thing he did was seize the charts, astrolabes, and mariner’s compasses. In January they captured the Santa Maria, and seized perhaps the most valuable treasure of the voyage, its captain, famed Portuguese navigator, Nuno da Silva. It was da Silva who would provide Drake with invaluable knowledge of the American coastlines.

The tragedy was Thomas Doughty. Doughty was a gentleman soldier and seaman in his own right. Drake entrusted the Santa Maria to Doughty. Tensions arose. Drake demoted him. Relations deteriorated over a period of months. Doughty bad-mouthed Drake’s leadership among the men, questioning the goals of the mission. He even berated Drake publicly and took a swing

See Spanish – p. 4

Pay attention, boy!

By the Rev. Canon Bob Elkin

I like schmoozing around other church denominations and finding out what they’ve got going that’s different from us. Right now, besides my Anglican Parish, I’m working once a month in a United Church so I get a bit of a feel for what they have on their plate. Locally they’re concerned about the same stuff we fret over: paying the bills, getting a new minister when the old one leaves, how to attract young people and so forth. Nothing too new there but since I’m also subscribing to the United Church *Observer* I learn a bit about their national issues too and there is a new wrinkle

Letter
from Bob

coming down that pike! What do you do about an ordained minister who publicly declares that they no longer believe in God but don’t wish to resign or step down from their job?

Now personally I found ministry hard enough to do when I did believe in God, never mind if I didn’t! However, the United Church often blazes trails in areas that the rest of us haven’t considered but get around to sooner or later, so I’ll watch that one with interest. I’ve been able to share some of our customs with United Church clergy too and they especially like our church’s tradition of giving the Christmas offering to the rector! They don’t do that but I’ve yet to meet a United minister who didn’t think it was a great idea! Go figure.

A while back an Amish man I know had to go to southern Ontario. It would have been a long buggy ride so I let it be known that I was available and would be happy to drive him. As we neared our destination he asked if it would be possible to make a short side trip so he could check on the progress of his seed order for the coming spring. Sure it would except that I had no idea where the place was where he wanted to go. Seeing my GPS lying on the floor he picked it up, punched in all the right stuff and in about fifteen seconds told me exactly how to get there. Wait a minute! They’re not supposed to know how to do

that are they? Turns out it was perfectly kosher. When some new technology comes along the church leaders will often allow it to be used by a select few to see if it is useful and doesn’t interfere with the core values of close knit families and closeness of community. If it passes that scrutiny it may be considered for wider use. His knowledge of GPS use was acquired all on the up and up.

Now there is a custom I’d like to see our church embrace! Just suppose some new type of beer gets invented and we don’t know if it is good for Anglicanism or not? The bishop phones up his trusted tester, tells him to expect a case of the new brew shortly and then waits for the guinea pig to get back to him down the road to recount his experience. Or, suppose some rich, multi millionaire Anglican, I’ve heard rumours they exist, worries that buying the latest Porsche or yacht or penthouse apartment will cause him to fall away from the faith. He notifies the bishop and, once again the experimental subject, risking life, limb and the hereafter tests out the car, yacht or whatever for a few years and then makes his report. What sacrifice but what peace of mind delivered to the worried millionaires! This is Ministry with a capital M and I’d like to be the first to offer myself for the job! Don’t thank me! Sacrifice is my middle name!

There are a few other odds and ends of churchmanship that I’ve stumbled over in the past but most of them weren’t for me. I’ve seen people on TV handling poisonous snakes during their church service. That didn’t speak to my heart.

I don’t think me in the fetal position under the altar screaming will help the flow of worship that much. Same with fire-walking or diving off a hundred foot platform with vines tied to my ankles. I did see a Rastaman smoking a two pound spliff who claimed it was part of his worship but I figured one trip through the 60’s was quite enough, thank you. So I’ll just keep doing what I’m doing but in case the one about the beer and Porsche tester grabs anybody’s fancy I’m home most mornings should you wish to contact me.

Mission must be
embraced by the
Church

Continued from Front

embrace the “Mission piece” first. People outside the church notice that the Spirit of God is alive among the people inside a parish because they see the difference that church is making in what is happening around them. They will want to come in and become part of that difference. Many strategies that have worked in other parishes

were outlined by Dr. Koyle, but it remains with the people of St. Michael’s and All Angels themselves to decide to shift their emphasis for the activities of Parish life from concentrating on how to survive financially, to how to inspire the congregation to support “God’s Vision for the future” if they are to grow.

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

The Martyr's path

Dear Friends,

The American poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote, 'The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode.' The history of the Christian Church is largely a chronicle of martyrdom. Its greatest saints are those who paid the supreme sacrifice for their religious convictions, who were given a choice to renounce their loyalty to Jesus Christ or to face execution. St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Valentine, Joan of Arc: these are just a few of the more well known martyrs. But perhaps you didn't realise that the English Church itself was irrigated by the blood of Christian self-sacrifice: St. Alban, St. George of England; William Tyndale, translator of the Scriptures into English; Bishops Hugh Ridley and Nicholas Latimer; and Archbishop Thomas Cranmer, the architect of our Book of Common Prayer. All were more prepared to lose their lives than to compromise their faith.

Such acts of bravery and heroism pass easily into legend, and it is tempting to regard them as features only of the Church's musty annals. We may imagine that the days of intrepid defiance in the name of Christ belong in the past, and that the modern world is too civil to stage spectacles of martyrdom. But we are sheltered and ignorant. Here is the historians' tally: over half of all Christian martyrs ever, were killed in the period from 1900 to 1980, and some 9.9 million were martyred in the past forty years alone. As the newspapers remind us daily, Christians in many parts of the world still face persecution because of their religious beliefs, and some are having to pay with their lives in South America, in India, in the Sudan, in Nigeria, in China, and in the Middle East. In Canada, of course, we have no recent martyrs, but whether this is because our society is benignly tolerant, or because Christians have no convictions, is perhaps a matter for debate.

The truth is that wherever Christians have sought to yield themselves to the claims and will of Christ, they have found themselves in conflict with those around them who do not share their allegiance. It has been this way ever since the beginning, when Jesus Christ walked the hills and plains of Palestine, sowing unrest among the common people, and offending the religious and political establishment.

The first Christian martyr was Stephen, whose feast we celebrate the day after Christmas. His story is told in Acts 7. Stephen was one of seven men chosen by the apostles soon after the resurrection to look after the distribution of assistance to the widows of the church. It appears that Peter and the others were becoming so wrapped up in the welfare of the needy that they were neglecting their primary responsibility, which was prayer and the preaching of the gospel. So, they made a shrewd managerial decision: they

opted to delegate. They resolved that the job of attending to the needs of the poor should be entrusted to 'servants' or 'table waiters'. Stephen was chosen because of his faith, grace, spiritual power and wisdom.

Things might have gone differently for Stephen if he had just kept his head down and served tables. There certainly is the notion in certain parts of the Church that deeds matter more than words, and that it is simply enough to minister in the name of



Christ. But Stephen was not of this persuasion. For wherever he carried out his works of compassion, he felt compelled to speak of Jesus, and this did not endear him to fellow Jews who were rather sore about the events surrounding Jesus' life and death. Consequently, they frequently tried to trap him in debate. But Stephen always managed to get the better of them. In the end his Jewish rivals resorted to deception, and they trumped up charges of blasphemy against him, hauling him before the Sanhedrin, which was the Jewish high court.

Hmmm. Arguments with the Jews; people lying under oath; a trial before the Sanhedrin . . . the story has a certain ring of familiarity about it, doesn't it? But the parallels are not yet complete. Stephen manages to deliver a brilliant defence before the court. However, rather than shift the jury's convictions, its effect was to inflame the Jews even further. For in the course of his oration, he pointed out the fact that throughout Scripture, from the time of Jacob, through the days of Moses, and up to the prophets, religious folk were always at cross-purposes with God and never really heeded his intentions. The priests and lawyers became enraged at Stephen's disrespect. Who was he to read Scripture in this way? And who gave him the right to judge them? It was he, Stephen, who was supposed to be on trial!

At that moment, with the Jewish council fulminating, Stephen is granted a vision of heaven. Looking upwards, he sees the dazzling splendour of God's very presence, and there standing at the right hand of the divine throne, is Jesus. Why is Jesus standing? The text does not tell us, but Christian commentators down through the ages have assumed that Jesus was getting ready to welcome Stephen into his presence.

As Stephen relays this vision in enraptured speech, it is too much for the court. It is one thing to argue for the truth as you see it; it is quite another thing to see the Truth you have been arguing for. Any semblance

of decorum is lost, and what was a stately assembly is transfigured into a lynch mob. In an act of blind passion, they drag Stephen out of the city to a cliff. One of those who heard Stephen's supposed blasphemy shoves him over the cliff, while another stands at the ready with a heavy boulder to drop onto his chest. But before the boulder and hail of stones descends, Stephen has the presence of mind to utter two phrases: one is, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit', and the other is 'Lord, do not hold this sin against them.' They are, of course, nearly identical to words spoken only a few years earlier by the Crucified One. Only, on this occasion, the words Jesus addressed to the Father, Stephen now addresses to Jesus. And in the brutal moments which follow, moments filled with the sound of grunting and cursing men, the deep thud of rock crushing bone, Scripture says very peacefully that Stephen 'fell asleep'. There are few more lovely phrases in the Christian vocabulary, for the difference between those who die and those who sleep is that those who sleep will awake.

This concludes the account of the Church's first martyr. But it is only the beginning of a pattern of living in the world which has been characteristic of the Church ever since. For Christians who are loyal to the claims and teaching of Jesus Christ are bound to find themselves in conflict with every individual or institution motivated by selfishness, greed and pride. And this, my dear brothers and sisters, ought to include you and me.

Have you ever thought of yourself as a martyr? In the strictest sense, we are all martyrs. In fact, it may come as a surprise to learn that all of the characters in the story of Stephen's slaying were martyrs. For the word 'martyr' actually means 'witness'. Luke uses the word of those who stoned Stephen when he writes, 'the witnesses laid their coats at the feet of a young man'. And later on, that young onlooker called 'Saul' would himself become a powerful 'witness' for the truth of the gospel before he suffered a martyr's death as the Apostle Paul.

As we enter the season of Lent, we might ask ourselves, 'If we are in fact all witnesses, what is our life a testimony to, and what are we willing to die for?' The sacrifice of those things that are precious to us, our wealth, our reputations, our security, our pride, is painful. But what we gain in exchange is better yet. For Jesus said, 'Whoever finds his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake will find it' (Mt 10.39).

I wish you a happy Valentine's Day and a blessed Lent,

+Stephen Andrews

Stephen Andrews
Bishop of Algoma

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 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
Send articles for publication to:
P.O. Box 221, 1148 Hwy 141, Rosseau POC 1J0
Phone (705) 732-4608 Fax (705) 732-4608
E-mail: anglican@muskoka.com

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

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

Spanish treated with respect in the face of hostility

Continued from p. 2

at him. Doughty was charged with mutiny and treason. A jury found him guilty and sentenced him to death.

Ever the good churchman, Drake made certain he and Doughty took Holy Communion together before Doughty’s execution. Perhaps he believed it would give Doughty the opportunity to say his confession, receive absolution and be right with his Maker. After the service, Drake arranged a small feast. The men ate and drank together, even toasted to each other’s good health. On July 2, 1578 Thomas Doughty publicly embraced Drake, prayed for the Queen and put his neck on the block and was beheaded. The execution of a gentleman seafarer left a spirit of dis-ease among the crew-members. Tensions surfaced between the working mariners and the rest of the passengers. Matters weren’t put to rest until August 11th.

On August 11, 1578 at a communion service, the chaplain was about to preach, when Drake rose and stopped him. “I must preach this day myself,” he said, telling the men he had been upset by the grumbling. He laid down an ultimatum. The gentlemen passengers could either work alongside the working mariners, or return to England. All agreed to do their share, and Drake himself worked alongside them. The tone changed. But stark terror was around the corner.

They came to the mouth of the treacherous Strait of Magellan at the tip of South America. By this point Drake had three remaining ships. He had them lower their topsail as a salute to Queen Elizabeth. He announced that his ship, the Pelican, would be rechristened the Golden Hind. After a church service, the Golden Hind, Marigold and Elizabeth entered the treacherous Strait of Magellan. Infamous for 20 foot waves and ice-bergs, Drake led his tiny fleet on the 300 plus miles in just 16 days. It had taken his Spanish predecessor, Magellan 37 days. Then it happened.

The ships hit a terrifying gale on the Pacific side. The Elizabeth lost sight of Drake, turned back and returned to England and the Marigold was swallowed by the ocean. The Golden Hind was alone. The storms pushed it southward and there Drake made a remarkable discovery; the land at the end of South America was a network of

islands. Drake went ashore, most likely on the southern-most island, possibly Horn Island and in a moment of sacred silence lay face down on the ground, believing he had just reached the end of the world. Standing up he gazed across the open waters that would later be named after him, unaware that the continent of Antarctica lay beyond. On October 28, 1578 the winds calmed down, and the Golden Hind was able to make it way northward along the Pacific coastline of the Americas.

The Spanish never dreamed their enemy had rounded the Cape and entered the Pacific. They were neither physically nor psychologically prepared for Drake’s seasoned attack capabilities. Drake’s years of piracy came to the fore. The night-time raids on Spanish galleons and cargo ships filled the Hind with tens of thousands of gold pesos, bars of silver, chests of jewels, wine, cloth, oriental porcelain, lumber, arms, artillery, and more importantly, navigational charts of the Pacific coast of both South and North America. The Hind’s firepower was unmatched as numerous challengers and port batteries discovered. He treated captive Spanish captains with respect, still he was a thorough Anglican Protestant reflecting a seething hostility to Catholicism, typical of his era, stripping Roman churches of anything of value, smashed crucifixes and statues and disdainfully using altar clothes to wipe his hands.

The year 1579, Drake would make Anglican history. It began with a personal best. In early March he did what he did best, seized a Spanish galleon off the coast of Ecuador. Nick-named the Cacafuego, “fishshitter”, it fell for a pirate’s common ruse. Drake passed the Hind off as a merchant ship, came alongside, then opened fire with a barrage of canon, musket and crossbow fire. It surrendered. Drake wine and dined the captain and crew, gave each a gift, then took their ship. It was loaded with 80lb gold, 13 chests of pieces of eight, 26 tons of silver, jewels and pearls. It was an exquisite act of piracy. But the most historical event was yet to come.

The late spring, early summer weather was unseasonably cold. The ropes were coated with ice. Heading northward was slow going. The Hind was war-weary, sea-worn, and its crew needed rest. On June 21 it dropped

anchor at what chaplain Fletcher called a “convenient and fit harbour,” probably in today’s San Francisco Bay.

A couple days afterward, probably on June 23 or 24 the crew met to worship. Fletcher led the service using the Prayer Book. Drake was recorded as saying: “Let us all, with one consent, both high and low, magnify and praise our most gracious and merciful God for his infinite and unspeakable goodness toward us. By God’s faith hath we endured such great storms and such hardships as we have seen in these uncharted seas. To be delivered here of His safekeeping, I protest we are not worthy of such mercy.”

It is widely believed this was the first Protestant service on North American soil, and most certainly the first Book of Common Prayer service on our shores. The Church of England erected “Drake’s Cross,” or more correctly, “The Prayer Book Cross” in San Francisco Bay Park on January 1, 1894 to commemorate this event.

Repaired, and caulked, the Golden Hind left Drake’s Bay a month later July 23. The men had feasted on muskels and sea lions that month. They continued across the Pacific to the East Indies, Indonesia and home. Drake returned from his voyage around the world with the little Golden Hind on Sept. 26, 1580, “very richly fraught with gold, silver, pearls and precious stones.” His diaries and journals were kept secret. He was knighted on board the Golden Hind, and when the Spanish Armada attempted to attack England’s shores in 1588, Drake left a game of lawn bowls to take the lead in Spain’s defeat. Still his piracy never ceased.

In his final years he was attacking Spanish ports and flotillas in the name of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant God he served. He became fatally ill with dysentery during an attack on Puerto Rico. He asked to be dressed in full battle armour, and died January 1596. He was 54. His lead casket was slipped overboard and two captured ships were sunk at the site. The lead casket remains the unfound treasure for scuba divers.

A full-size replica of the Golden Hind was launched in 1973, and set out to circumnavigate the globe. On her maiden voyage she sailed into San Francisco Bay on May 8, 1975 under the shadow of Drake’s Cross.

Young people need to know we are there for them

By Charlotte Haldenby

It is always hard to write my column a month in advance never knowing what might happen before you read it, but just imagine being a *Dollarama* stockgirl and you’re not even a week after Christmas and already you have to get those big hearts, as big as a Christmas wreath, out and ready for sale. Maybe you remember celebrating Valentine’s Day 50 years ago. Maybe you bought or probably made five cards and put them on the desk of your very best friends or those you hoped would be. And some people wound up with cards from everyone, and some wound up with cards from no one, and wished they could just disappear. Teachers might insist in later years that if you brought cards to school, you had to have one for everybody in your class, but sometimes you were the kid who couldn’t afford 25 cards so you were left out again.

So Valentine’s Day might be one of the toughest days of the year. Zoom up to the 21st Century, and now you have teenagers making lists of who’s the ugliest girl in the school or even university. You’re there on this list that goes all round the world on the internet, so even people in Africa and China know your name for being ugly. How much worse can this get?

Way back when I was 17, my mother phoned me long distance on Valentine’s Day, from Daw-

Looking at the World

son City, to where I lived with my grandmother in Sault Ste. Marie, attending high school. She wrote me every Sunday afternoon, and her last phone call had been back when my grandfather died the year before, so this had to be big news. And it was. My best friend’s older brother was dead, “in a gun accident”. My mother knew I was looking forward to seeing him when I went home that summer, and she wanted to make sure I could cope.

He was the most creative person I have ever known. He could sit down at our piano and start with hymns, go on to spirituals, then to blues and then jazz, complete flow. If he hit a “wrong note” he just incorporated it into something wonderful. He wrote sonnets that really worked. His use of colour in his paintings was awesome. But no one saw this as worthwhile or a way to make a living. This is who he was. He must have felt worthless and alone. I was totally devastated. This should never have happened.

Today it might not. He could post his music videos on *You-Tube*, get thousands of hits and a contract. He could find a juried art show for young artists on line

and submit photos. He might find writing contests and get published, or even start his own poetry blog. What great work the world missed!

When I was 23 and teaching in Ottawa I got a late night phone call from a friend I hadn’t heard from since we left university. He had won a great scholarship at a top American university, but right now he needed to talk to someone who knew him and accepted him just as he was. He came from a family where his parents had very little education. He had worked his way

“How many young people today are exploring who they are and what they want to be?”

up to university by heavy-duty reading, and sometimes mispronounced words because he’d never heard anyone say them. But he was definitely a great scholar. He was the only Canadian on campus; everyone he knew there had lots of money and their own cars; his professors, big names, did not really see his thesis topic as important and nothing was going right. Could I just listen?

Of course. Two hours later, definitely an expensive call, he decided he could stick it out at least for the rest of the year, but

could he call again? Of course, although he never did. Years later I saw him, successful and happy with a great family. Hurrah!

How many young people today are exploring who they are and who they want to be? For some everything is going well. Their families are solidly together, their parents obviously love each other and them. They’re doing well in school, although maybe there’s that one subject that they just can’t figure out, but the teacher says “C’m on in after school today, and let’s work on it!” Maybe on parents’ night

those significant people at home and school are all together and on their side.

But sometimes lives aren’t quite together. “My dad’s company is closing and besides him losing his job, we might

lose our house.” “Why’s everybody laughing at my clothes? It’s all we can afford.” “I really love fractal geometry but no one seems to know what it is.” “Today I go to the library and check my e-mails, as we can’t afford a computer at home.” “My parents are splitting up and where am I going to live? Will I see my dad anymore? Do I lose my grandparents too?” “Will I have enough money for college next year? It just seems to go up and up.” “It would be so nice if someone would just smile at me today, like I counted for some-

thing!”

Even some of us older folk can identify with some of these questions, and most of us know someone going through some of these issues. We all need to know there is someone there right now, to listen deeply, to try to understand what we’re going through, who’s willing to read up on fractal geometry. There is someone who knows someone in that area that is the one field that counts, or someone to even holler from next door, “C’m on over and watch the game!”

Ken Dryden found a beautiful poem in a high school newspaper for his book *In School*:

“It’s not enough to have a dream, unless I’m willing to pursue it. It’s not enough to know what’s right, unless I’m strong enough to do it. It’s not enough to join the crowd, to be acknowledged and accepted. I must be true to my ideas, even if I’m left out and rejected. It’s not enough to learn the truth, unless I also learn to live it. It’s not enough to reach for love, unless I care enough to give it.”

Just as we know we are loved at least, and at best, by our God, so let us stretch out all we can to make sure our youth know we’re there for them. Keep those connections open. We are there to listen and help figure things out. Remember that old ‘60’s song, “You just call out my name, and you know wherever I am... you’ve got a friend”.