

Historic families honoured in Ravenscliffe



HONOURING PIONEER FAMILIES: On Sunday, November 6, 2016, 24 pioneer families who birthed and nourished St. John the Baptist, Ravenscliffe between 1880 and 1920 were commemorated and honoured. Two plaques were designed and created in celebration of these families. Pictured presenting the plaques are from left Lay Reader Linda Brodie, Rev. Judie Cooper and Lay Reader Kathy Earl.

By The Rev. Judie Cooper

Editor's note: In the following, Rev. Judie Cooper tells of the new name recently given the meeting room at St. John the Baptist, Ravenscliffe

On Sunday, November 6, 2016, All Saint's celebrations at St. John the Baptist, Ravenscliffe included the dedication of our meeting room in thanksgiving to God for the pioneering families of Ravenscliffe. Those pioneers started the house

church in the Tipper home, then built the original wood structure, supported and served in all phases of ministry and blessed the local farming and craft industries between 1880 and 1920.

Two large screened aluminum plaques were designed for our Pioneer Day celebration. The first designated our meeting space as The PIONEER ROOM, and the second listed all 24 of our founding ancestral clans. In attendance

at worship that morning were immediate descendants from several clans; including the May, McAuley, Sinclair, Spiers and Earl families. It was a joy to have such a vital, living presence as the fruit of those who had worked to honour our Lord generationally for over a century.

A fantastic cake was prepared for the occasion which featured an iced picture of the original wood church. It appears to be set on

barren/cleared ground, with very little tree line in sight. Over eighty people, men, women and children, are shown standing in front of the church dressed in their Sunday best for such a solemn and joyful occasion. The original structure has been retained in design and somewhat in substance so that, looking at the church today, it is clearly the same building, with an addition which is entirely suited to

See Church— p. 6

Inside Algoma



Algoma priest marries in Toronto church

Christmas carols filled the Church of St. Bartholomew's, Toronto as Sarah Jackson and Rev. Aidan Armstrong were wed in Holy Matrimony on Friday, December 30, 2016.

See p. 4



Christmas Gifts for seafarers in Thunder Bay

Every Christmas volunteers from the Mission to Seafarers in Thunder Bay, prepare Christmas gift bags for all who visit in December.

See p. 8

Next deadline

The deadline for the next issue of *The Algoma Anglican* is **Thursday, February 2.**

Send items to:

Mail or courier:

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A time of Remembrance in North Bay

By Pam Handley

Sunday, November 6, 2016 was another special day at The Church of St. John The Divine in North Bay. It was the annual Remembrance Day Service. The choir and clergy processed to the very apt hymn *O God Our Help In Ages Past*. Then came Branch 23 of The Royal Colour Legion

Colour Party led by the magnificently attired Piper Geoff Johnson. The Churchwardens led the rest of the procession. Ninety year old Bugler, Ralph Diegel played *The Last Post* which was followed by the Piper's *Lament* and The Silence followed by

The Act of Remembrance:

"They shall grow not old as we

that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them or the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them."

Then the Reveille echoed from the back of the Church.

The Saluting Officer was Colonel Henrick N. Smith, 22 Wing North Bay as The Colours were

presented and laid reverently on the altar by Ven. Linda White and Rev. Grant Churher.

The the story is well known, it has been repeated so many times over the years at St. Johns and at so many churches and arenas and cenotaphs where those who made the ultimate sacrifice are remembered and honoured. However

this particular service at St. John's was extra special as a new wreath was carried to the altar, carried by a special young boy named Zacherie Barlow, CHAMP, Operation Legacy of the War Amps, Association of War Amputees and seriously disabled veterans. Mr. Barlow marched bravely down

See A – p. 4

A new initiative on the eve of Epiphany

By The Rev. GailMarie Henderson
Incumbent, Parish of Muskoka Lakes

Editor's note: In the following, Rev. GailMarie Henderson introduces a new feature which will appear monthly in the Algoma Anglican

Several months ago, Rev. Peter Simmons our *Algoma Anglican* editor, asked if I would write an article in support of the yearly Anglican Algoma appeal. "Sure Peter, no problem" was my response. I immediately sat down at my computer and cast a dream, a vision of what our diocesan newspaper might look like at a time when congregations everywhere are struggling in one way or another. I implied we were on the cusp of a new day and I suggested the *Algoma Anglican* is the place where we meet as a far-flung diocese. The vision is good, but how does the rubber hit the road?

When I read the plea on the Diocesan fax network for submissions to our paper I realised once again that having an idea does not relieve one of the commitment to forward the idea through in a tangible, concrete way and so miss the unexpected joy that comes when one takes the leap of trust to do something concrete about the idea. It was from this soil that the forth coming initiative for a Book Selection of the Month was born.

As someone who called others to creative submissions I now submit a new article to the *Algoma Angli-*

can entitled *The Book Selection of the Month*. Even though I consider my library rich, diverse and theologically and spiritually sound readers will be most enriched by discovering what a host of others are reading and thinking about, not just me.

Each month in 2017 I will call upon someone, lay or ordained maybe both to offer me the name of the book, e-book, journal or article they are currently reading and it will become *The Book Selection of the Month*. Besides the title, the article will give a line or two about the submitter, a sketch of the text, and what makes the selection recommendable to the reader.

It is my hope that this *Book Selection of the Month* initiative will be a forum for Algoma to get to know and understand one another better, to appreciate our diversity of thought and grasp the breath of wisdom that informs us.

If you are a film watcher let me know and we will create a Film Selection of the Month. Rev. Peter Simmons our *Algoma Anglican* editor is opening up the possibility of the *Algoma Anglican* to be a creative, dynamic expression of, for and by the people of this diocese.

At the end of the year we should have Algoma's Top Reads.

So, the buzz question we want around the diocese, in the diocesan office, and throughout our deaneries and in our pews is: "so, what are you reading these days."

down to earth practical wisdom as it draws from the monastic wisdom of the Benedictine rule, so familiar to classic Anglicanism

This small, 159 page text is very readable with only nine short chapters. Each chapter can stand alone as a worthwhile read, so you can read what speaks to you at the moment. The chapter titles are: St. Benedict, Invitation, Listening, Stability, Change, Balance, Material Things, People and Authority followed with notes for further reads. The Benedictine rule is built on balance and is the foundation of most modern day monastic orders. It is ancient yet its wisdom endures.

I hope you will take a peek. Till next month



*Most High, glorious God,
enlighten the darkness of my heart
and give me true faith, certain
hope, and perfect charity, sense
and knowledge, Lord, that I may
carry out Your holy and true
command. Amen.*

St. Francis of Assisi

Your presence and prayers would be appreciated by
ANNE GERMOND

Who is to be consecrated, God willing,
as a Bishop of the Anglican Church of
Canada and Installed as the Eleventh
Bishop of the Diocese of Algoma by
Colin, Metropolitan of Ontario

On
Saturday, 11th February 2017
9:30 a.m.

In the Cathedral Church of Saint Luke
160 Brock Street
Sault Ste Marie, Ontario
A reception will follow . . .



Book draws from the Benedictine rule

By the Rev. GailMarie Henderson
Seeking God: The Way of Benedict
By Esther De Waal
Published in 1984 by Fount
Available used on Amazon for. 01

It feels a great responsibility to initiate the first book selection of the month in the *Algoma Anglican* as the choice needs to carry all the regenerative seeds associated with beginning and ever newness, so I offer a little text that I have been re-reading since I became an associate of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine Convent in Toronto twenty-five years ago, ten years before I was ordained. The book offers a solid spiritual foundation to live our lives of faith from, is decidedly Anglican and offers

The deadline for the March
edition of the
Algoma Anglican
is
Thursday,
February 2, 2017



CHRISTMAS IN WINDERMERE: The altar became the manger for the Christmas Eve service at Christ Church, Windermere on Saturday, December 24, 2016.

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 Venerable Anne Germond, Bishop-Elect
Peter Simmons, Editor

Letter from the Bishop-elect Clothing a new bishop

"Let holy charity / mine outward vesture be."

Dear friends

It's no small feat dressing a new bishop. At first the list seemed short: a mitre and a couple of purple shirts. Over the last several weeks the list has grown substantially and includes items I knew little about. I really should have paid more attention while Bishop Stephen was robing. I've been measured from my head to my toes and fingers; I've been fitted at the tailors, and I've hit the, "Add to shopping cart" button on my computer over and again. This doesn't feel anything like grocery shopping.

As I've been ordering the new clothing I've been researching something about the symbolism of each item. There's so much to know but it's all helping me understand more about the role of a bishop in the Church. Parishioners have been asking about why bishops wear particular clothing and so I thought I'd use this letter to share some of what I've learned about the clothing a bishop wears.

Mitre. The word mitre comes from the Greek, 'mitra' or 'headband' and is made of stiffened material which is sewn together at the sides. It has an elongated shape to it. The Old Testament mentions the mitre as garb for the High Priest: "For Aaron and his sons, there were woven tunics of fine linen; the mitre of fine linen; turbans of fine linen" (Ex. 39.27) It is thought that the mitre was adopted in the Church as part of the clothing for bishops around the eighth or ninth century as a sign of his authority. The shape of a mitre represents the Holy Spirit which descended on the apostles at Pentecost as tongues of fire. There are two strips of cloth (lap-pets) that hang down from the back of the mitre. These may have originated from the headband that was tied around the forehead with the two ends hanging down the back. For us these two strips are a reminder of the Holy Scriptures, the Old and the New Testaments, the promises of the Old finding their fulfillment in the New.

Pectoral Cross. The Pectoral cross that a bishop wears is usually larger than most crucifixes. The word pectoral derives from the Latin pectus meaning 'breast' or 'chest'. This cross can be made of precious metal and is worn near the heart as a sign of a bishop's closeness to God. Some pectoral crosses may have an amethyst gem in them. Purple is the colour that has been used since ancient times to symbolize a leader of the people. You will remember that the night before Jesus died he was treated with contempt and the soldiers put a purple robe on him. They did it to mock him, but we know he was the true King.

The Ring. Bishops choose the design for their ring. It may or may not contain a precious stone, but if it does it is usually an amethyst. I found out that the amethyst is the gem used in a bishop's ring because in the New Testament, in 1 Timothy, one of the requirements of a bishop is that they not be a drunkard. The Greek word for 'not drunk' is 'amethousios'.

The ring is worn on the right hand and symbolizes the bishop being 'wedded' to the diocese he/she serves, and the high office to which they are called. It is also used to make the imprint of the bishop's seal in the hot wax to authenticate documents. The Diocese of Algoma still has signet rings from previous Algoma bishops that are no longer being worn, and we keep them in a safe place.

Crozier. The crozier, or the pastoral staff, symbolizes the governing office of the bishop and his/her role as the Good Shepherd of the community in his/her care. In John's gospel (10: 1-21) we hear Jesus identifying himself as the Good Shepherd. The word used in the original Greek is kalos which means 'model'. The bishop, like a good shepherd leads the people of the diocese faithfully, showing care, compassion, protection and discipline, as needed. A bishop carries a crozier when in procession in his/

her diocese and at certain key points during the service such as the blessing and the absolution. The shape of the crozier is also symbolic, the pointed tip symbolizes the obligation of the bishop to goad the lazy; the hooked top to work to bring back the wanderers, and the staff itself that the bishop will act as a strong support for the faithful.

An Anglican bishop also wears a rochet and chimere over their cassock. The rochet is a long white tunic, nearly as long as the cassock, which is gathered at the wrists. The chimere is worn over the rochet and is a long gown which is red or black. It is accompanied by a black scarf (tip-pet) and sometimes an academic hood.



In and of themselves none of these items of clothing weighs very much, yet each one carries a huge weight of responsibility and accountability. They speak of faithfulness and loyalty, of authority and guidance, of teaching and learning, and closeness to God through prayer and service to others. As I contemplate wearing any one of these items of cloth or metal, I am filled with a sense of awe at the work before me, as well as a feeling of unworthiness for this high office in the Church.

I turn to the Scriptures to be my guide and I find myself in Paul's letter to the Colossians: "As chosen ones, holy and beloved, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, and patience.....and let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts." (Col. 3.12 and 15)

This is a good place to begin wearing the new clothes of a bishop, with the inner clothing of compassion, kindness and humility. If I can figure the inside of me, and with God's help keep working on that, maybe the outer garments will become easier to wear.

The words from the old familiar hymn, *Come Down, O Love Divine* speak to me:

Let holy charity mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;

True lowliness of heart, which takes the humbler part, and o'er its own shortcomings weep with loathing.

This week the first brown box from my online shopping cart appeared on the doorstep. Canada Post labelled the contents: "3 Prayer Shawls". Inside was a mitre, a chasuble and a stole, each one beautifully made, just for me. Not exactly prayer shawls, but I think I'll keep the tag anyway. Being covered in prayer will be what sustains me and you in this new ministry that we in Algoma are about to embark upon. With gratitude for your prayers and encouragement of the last months. Know that you are daily in my prayers and I wish you all a very blessed 2017.

Anne

When morning guilds the skies



EDWARD CASWALL

By the Rev. Richard White

He was a writer. He had an insatiable appetite for classical Greek literature, and an ingenious way with words. Above all, Edward Caswall, 1814 – 1878, was a quiet Christian whose writings continue to be sung and read across the Christian world.

At the age of 21, while studying Classics at Oxford, Caswall produced *The Art of Pluck* a witty satire about college life in the style of Aristotle. That single work catapulted him into the arena of respected writers, to his embarrassment. Still it must have encouraged him. Although he was ordained as a parish priest in the Church of England in 1839, throughout his life he wrote volumes of poems, essays and sermons, marked by his poet's gift and his personal piety. He served in the Diocese of Salisbury and his bishop was his uncle, but his churchmanship later drove him to leave the Church.

The Church of England in the mid-19th century witnessed deep divisions between those whose churchmanship was Evangelical, focusing focused on the importance of Biblical instruction and individual piety, Low Church, and those who called for the reintroduction of ritualism, and who wanted the Church to re-embrace its historical, and more sacramental nature, High Church. Some clergy at each end of the spectrum left the Church, which seemed incapable of bridging the divide.

Ironically, each faction opposed the rise of modern Liberalism in the Church and presented a theological challenge to that trend. Each was also active in outreach to the poor and the marginalized. They could have found common ground in either of those struggles and joined forces. Instead, some

History Byte

from the Low Church camp left the Church of England to join the newer Methodist Church. Some in the High Church group left to join the Roman Catholic Church.

Edward Caswall was in this second group. He resigned his Anglican orders in January, 1847. Two years later his wife, by then also a Catholic, died of cholera. In 1852 he was ordained a Catholic priest and served in Birmingham. He translated the hymns of his Latin-based Catholic Church, into the English of his day. His hymns are sung across the Christian Church. Three of his best known are *See Amid the Winter's Snow*, 1858, and his translation of *Jesus the Very Thought of Thee* by Bernard of Clairvaux, and of *Come, Holy Ghost Creator Blest* to the tune of *Veni, Creator Spiritus* and often sung at ordinations.

Somehow he came across the German hymn, *Beim frühen Morgenlicht, In The Early Morning Light*, put his poet's hand to it

See A – p. 4

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A resource for daily devotions

Continued from p. 3
and republished it in 1854 as *When Morning Gilds the Skies*. In his version it has fifteen verses. Although that length is largely unsingable and although our hymn books only include five, the fifteen stand as a prayerful, reflective piece of poetry worthy of being included in our daily devotions. He died on January 2, 1878. When morning gilds the skies my heart awaking cries:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer, to Jesus I repair:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When you begin the day, O never fail to say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
And at your work rejoice, to sing with heart and voice,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Whene'er the sweet church bell peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings, as joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

My tongue shall never tire of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy, it never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

To God, the Word, on high, the host of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise their voice in hymns of praise,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this at meals your grace, in every time and place;
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this, when day is past, of all your thoughts the last
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When mirth for music longs, this is my song of songs:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evening shadows fall, this rings my curfew call,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When sleep her balm denies, my silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest, with this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

The night becomes as day when from the heart we say:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear when

this sweet chant they hear:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

No lovelier antiphon in all high Heav'n is known
Than, Jesus Christ be praised!
There to the eternal Word the eternal psalm is heard:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Let all the earth around ring joyous with the sound:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
In Heaven's eternal bliss the loveliest strain is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Sing, suns and stars of space, sing, ye that see His face,
Sing, Jesus Christ be praised!
God's whole creation o'er, for aye and evermore
Shall Jesus Christ be praised!

In Heav'n's eternal bliss the loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea and sky from depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this, while life is mine, my canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Sing this eternal song through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Diocesan priest weds at St. Bartholomew's, Toronto



NEWLY MARRIED: Sarah Jackson and Rev. Aidan Armstrong were wed in Holy Matrimony on Friday, December 30, 2016 at St. Bartholomew's Anglican Church, Toronto. Rev. Armstrong is presently ministering to the churches on Manitoulin Island. (Photo by Dhoui Chang)

By the Rt. Rev. Dr. Stephen Andrews

To the accompaniment of Christmas carols, Rev. Aidan Armstrong and Sarah Jackson exchanged troths and rings on Friday afternoon, December 30, in St. Bartholomew's Anglican Church, Toronto. The Celebrant was Rev. Dr. Walter Hannam, Vicar at St. Bartholomew's, and the Preacher was Rev. Dr. Annette Brownlee, Chaplain, Professor of Pastoral Theology and Director of Field Education at Wycliffe College. The witnesses consisted of a large collection of friends and relatives, including folks from the church's neighbourhood of Regent Park, and a contingent from MacGregor Bay.

In her homily, Professor Brownlee reflected on marriage as some-

thing that both comes from and builds community. She described how Sarah Jackson and Aidan Armstrong were here because of the families that nurtured them, but then marvelled that their union had brought us all together in a new and larger family. What draws us, she observed, is the love that creates and sustains families, and she encouraged us all to look to the embodiment of Love at the centre of the Holy Family, whose story we celebrate at this time of year.

Mrs. Armstrong will join her husband on Manitoulin Island after her graduation from Wycliffe College in May. In the meantime, she will continue to serve as the College's Sacristan, VP of Spirituality and Co-Senior Student.

A reminder of how grateful we must be for those who served



LEST WE FORGET: Pictured are those who participated in the annual Remembrance Day Service held at St. John the Divine, North Bay on Sunday, November 6, 2016. In the back row are Daniele Barlow and WO2 François Charron and front row from left are 2 Lt. April Stacey, Zacharie Barlow, Colonel Henrick Smith, Adam Barlow and FCpl Kateline Charron.

Continued from Front
the aisle escorted by Cadet Army Officer April Stacy, and laid his little wreath among all the big ones placed to commemorate the fallen. A particularly poignant moment indeed.

Later Rev. White's sermon included the memorable contribution Newfoundlanders made to WWI's military, where 732 of 800 died, a contribution which has never been surpassed. She spoke of the exhibits in Ottawa's Museum of War that are overwhelming in their depiction of the sacrifices made throughout 1812, WWI and WWII. Archdeacon White reminded all present of how grateful we must be to Veterans for the peace and the blessings we have in Canada today, and asked us to pray for our current armed forces personnel and always. The archdeacon spoke again of

the Newfoundlanders who gave their lives and said so must we give our lives to Christ to help in the expansion of His Kingdom.

The Prayer after Communion seemed even more special:

"God of love, May the death and resurrection of Christ, which we celebrate in this Eucharist, bring us, with the faithful departed, into the peace of your eternal home. We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, our hope and our salvation."

As the Colour Party prepared to march off the colours, the rafters swelled to the singing of *God Save The Queen* and *O Canada* which was followed by the processional *Onward Christian Soldiers*. Then all made their way to the Parish Hall for refreshments and photos.

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.

Christmas brought to seafarers in Thunder Bay

By Janet Pike

Standing on the deck of a ship in Thunder Bay in December, it is COLD. Temperatures in the middle of December have been around -20°C, and -33°C with the wind chill. Walking into the wind, your forehead aches. Chief Officers are anxious about their water lines freezing. Water in tanks is ballast for the ship, and to load the grain, it needs to be pumped out. Not possible when the water lines are frozen. The rush is on. The St. Lawrence Seaway closes at midnight on December 24. In good weather, it's five days sailing from Thunder Bay. Ice conditions and darkness are limiting navigation. Cold weather in southern Ontario is causing ice to build on the St. Clair River. The push is on to be underway by December 20.

This is the context for delivering Christmas gift bags. Quartermasters were eager to help us bring the gift bags aboard. One Officer was unhappy to assist the chaplain until

he saw the gift bags, and then he was touched by the generosity of the people who provided the items for the bags. They appreciate being remembered. So often it is lonely aboard a ship, and a seafarer feels invisible. The Christmas gifts tell each seafarer who receives one that he or she is not alone. Isn't that a message of Christmas; that the Son of God ventured into our world so that we would not be alone?

Every fall the Mission to Seafarers volunteers put together gift bags to be given out to seafarers on board ocean-going ships that visit the Port of Thunder Bay in December. The Mission is supported in this project by numerous volunteers throughout the year who knit hats, neck warmers, mitts and more for the gift bags, as well as collect toiletries, cards, and even a little Christmas candy.

Thanks to all the volunteers that made this year's venture a great success!



GIFT BAGS FOR ALL: Mission to Seafarers volunteers are pictured putting together Christmas gift bags for all seafarers who visited the port of Thunder Bay in December of 2016.



LEADING THE PROCESSION: Esther Anstice, Deputy Head Virger at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England guest-tweeted during the week of December 11, 2016. Ms. Anstice is pictured carrying the virge, the 'rod of office'. The virge is used when leading a procession. Esther Anstice was formerly a parishioner at St. Francis of Assisi Anglican church in Mindemoya.

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WELCOME ABOARD: Rev. Canon Ed Swayze visited the M/V Orsula, a bulk carrier which visited the Port of Thunder Bay in December of 2016. Pictured with Canon Swayze is the ship's Captain Antun Mihovic.



TIME OF SONG: St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England was filled to capacity for a Family Carol Service held on Sunday, December 17, 2016. The above photo was one of many sent out by Deputy Head Virger Esther Anstice during the week of December 11, 2016.

J'accuse

By the Rev. Canon Bob Elkin

One of the cruelest cartoons I ever saw was a Peanuts strip by Charles Schultz which showed Lucy talking with Charlie Brown. “Do you believe that some days are better than others?” asks Lucy, “That you can have good days and bad days?” Charlie Brown responds: “Yes I think that is true.” Lucy continues: “Then do you believe that there must be one day in your life that is better than all the other days, that this one day must be the best day of your life?” Charlie Brown thinks for a moment and then says: “Yes, I guess there must be one day that is the best day of your life.” Then Lucy gets that smug little ‘you know what’ eating grin she’s famous for and says: “What if you’ve already had it?” and you see the realisation and the shock appear on Charlie Brown’s face.

I used to think that this cartoon bothered me because it is a ten or eleven year old boy that is having his hopes crushed but I’ve since come to believe it has nothing to do with the kid’s age. Whether we’re eight or eighty we live in hope of good things yet to come, of enjoyment still to be experienced, of acts of kindness not yet given or received. A pox on those who’d crush that hope! To quote something I once read somewhere: “Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you cross sea and land to make a single convert, and you make the new convert twice as much a child of hell as yourselves.”

Robert Browning wrote: “Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be...” and I believe it but I also see society moving more and more to a position that says the best is behind us and we’re in a long slide downhill and it’s time to circle the wagons. I think this line of thought has gelled around Donald Trump but he didn’t invent it.

It’s been around for awhile. When I was in high school a million years ago a discussion in history class revealed that most of us felt that the Russians were ahead of us in the art of war and if such a war took place, which did not seem impossible back then, we would lose. Our teacher, a WWII vet, looked us over and said, rather disgustingly: “If you truly believe that then the smartest thing you can do is immigrate to Russia and make sure you’re on the winning side.” He then added:

Letter from Bob

“I won’t be there with you.” He’d earned the right to say that. He’d paid the price required to hold his opinion and we hadn’t. We’d thrown in the towel before we ever got started. I see a lot of that around today and I don’t like it.

So down with this approach and all who stand behind it! A pox on you and your wall and your anti-immigration and anti-helping stance. I don’t believe we need to withdraw from the world and protect ourselves. I don’t believe that anyone different from me is my enemy. I don’t believe we should only be looking after our own. I don’t believe the poor are the authors of their misery. I believe in the Great Commandments: Love God and love your neighbour as yourself and I believe that there is an entire Christian Church dedicated to that belief that stands with me. Evil succeeds only when good people do nothing and I think good people are not prepared to do nothing. We live in hope of good things yet to come, of enjoyment still to be experienced, of acts of kindness not yet given or received. We don’t believe you are the winning side. We’ve not yet had the best day of our life!



CHORISTERS CARRY THE LIGHT: Choir members of St. Paul’s Cathedral, London, England wear a surplice, the white garment, over the black cassock. This photo was one of many included in tweets sent out by Deputy Head Virger at St. Paul’s, during the week of December 11, 2016.

Church retains deep desire for mission in the area

Continued from Front
the pioneer vision.

Celebrating our pioneers, and seeing their loving service replicated in their children’s children’s children gave us much joy and hope as we work now to bless our own children’s children in the decades to come.

This report now includes the closing words of my remarks at the Pioneer Day service. They reflect the deepest desires and continuing mission of the people of St. John’s:

“The legacy of our Early Pioneers include of course this land, and this building and some of the wood still in this room. We are right to be thankful for that awesome generational gift. Yet their most important legacy is not the building; it is the people. Their descendants, their children’s children who have learned, and then in their

time taught the truths about the goodness of God from generation to generation.

Many descendants of the pioneers help to support the mission of the people of St. John’s to this very day. And many new benefactors have been added through the decades. We are thankful, and we honour each other as we carry on the faith journeys of our forefathers and mothers. Can we keep it going? How are we doing at delivering to our children intact the faith that our mothers and fathers, grannies and gramps and uncles and aunts delivered to us?

In the year 2116, what might our descendants have to say about the legacy which we leave to them? Will we have taught them to live in the way that Jesus’ taught: the way that says that the poor and the meek and the marginalised and the excluded are actually blessed

because God is with them; loving their company, and sharing bread and wine as Jesus did? Will they know that forgiveness of enemies is always better than revenge? Will we have assured them that the only power that matters is the power to serve rather than to control? Will they know that those who weep will be comforted and that joy comes in the morning? Will our legacy to them include the promise that love wins...no matter what, no matter how long it takes, no matter anything...love wins.

As much as it lies within us, with God’s help, isn’t that what we all want to leave to the babies yet unborn and the parents yet to be? May God continue to make His people, to make US, instruments of His grace and love through every generation. Amen.”



SHARING MEMORIES: Ruth Binks and Cindy May spent some time together on Sunday, November 6, 2016 at a celebration in honour of pioneer families at St. John the Baptist, Ravenscliffe. Ms. May is the daughter of Ken and Helen May who were long time and beloved members of St. John’s. Ruth Binks is the daughter of Rev. Lawrence Binks, a former rector of St. John’s and wife of Rev. Mal Binks who has periodically provided ministry at St. John’s. Mrs. Binks has filled leadership roles in the ACW at All Saints’, Huntsville and is a lector at this church.



REMEMBERING THE PAST: The photo in the icing on the celebratory cake shows the crowd attending the very first service at St. John the Baptist, Ravenscliffe which was held on Wednesday, November 16, 1887.

Algoma Cycle of Prayer

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

Saturday, February 11th
Pray for the Venerable Anne Germond as she prepares for consecration as a Bishop in The Anglican Church of Canada and as she is installed as the Eleventh Bishop of the Diocese of Algoma.

Sunday, February 12th – 6th Sunday after Epiphany
Christ Church, Lively
St. John's, Copper Cliff
The Ven. Glen Miller

Sunday, February 19th – 7th Sunday after Epiphany
St. George's, Espanola
Mrs. Beverly Van der Jagt, Lay Incumbent
St. Thomas', French River
Mrs. Beverly Van der Jagt, Pastoral Worker

Sunday, February 26th – 8th Sunday after Epiphany
Northern Lights Parish
St. Paul's and St. John's, Haileybury
St. James', Cobalt
Christ Church, Englehart
The Rev. Sherry De Jonge

1. Do not forget to file the Registered Charity Information Return (T3010) by June 30, 2017. All parishes with a valid Charity Taxation Registration Number must file this return. Failure to remit will result in the charity Number being revoked. We suggest you contact Revenue Canada Charities Division at 1-800-267-2384 for the form.

2. Do not forget to apply for the rebate on the HST your parish paid in 2016. We suggest you contact your nearest Canada and Revenue Agency office for the "Completion Guide and Application Form". We are sure that every parish in our Diocese, which has a valid Charity Taxation Registration Number, is eligible for the rebate.

An ancient institution disappears from the landscape

By the Rev. Peter Simmons
The monasteries in England had always been important centres for civilisation, learning and religion. The monks of Iona and Rome had evangelised England. In 1535 there were some 2,000 monastic houses of varying size of which approximately half were hospitals. The monks were always prepared to welcome a weary pilgrim and provide care for the sick.

Most monasteries possessed considerable wealth, monetarily and in vast estates. Many began to question whether, or not they needed this immense wealth. During this period, there was wide spread sentiment that monastic life was in dire need of reform. People were looking elsewhere for religious guidance and faith. Many monastic houses were empty, or had only a small number of men or women. What had once been a grand venture, was sadly in decline. Henry VIII was aware of this. He was also well aware of the vast wealth these monastic houses had at their disposal. His coffers were dwindling given a lavish lifestyle at home and costly wars abroad. Why not help himself to this wealth?

In 1534, Henry had ordered a survey to be taken of the ecclesiastical revenues throughout the realm. The findings of this survey were recorded in the Valor Ecclesiastics. They made clear there were indeed ample financial resources available to the king should he desire to acquire them.

The *Supremacy Act* of 1534 gave Henry the power to visit any ecclesiastical institution he deemed necessary, which meant all of them. In 1535 he ordered Thomas Cromwell, his chief minister, to form a commission to visit

and report on all of the smaller monasteries. As a result, the process of dissolving the smaller monasteries began. Evidence, much of which was fabricated, was gathered. A picture of decay and continuing immorality was painted. In 1535, the first *Act of Suppression* was passed by Parliament with some difficulty, under the threat of the loss of the any opposing parliamentarian's head.

The Act stressed the immorality and carnal sin being committed within the walls of monastic houses. All monasteries with less than 200 pounds were to be dissolved and the assets given to the king. Monks were to be compensated, either through a pension, if they

ing, also fell prey to the king's cruelty and brutality. Accusations were brought against this 80 year old man of faith. Two items found in his possession were a document consisting of arguments against the ending of Henry's marriage to Katherine of Aragon and a book on the life of Thomas Becket; a book which Henry had ordered destroyed. Together with two of his monks he was executed at the Tor, the top of the hill which overlooked the monastery at Glastonbury.

In 1539, the remaining 168 monasteries were dissolved. This was done "voluntarily", as the monks aware resistance was futile, or by coercion. An Act passed by Parliament finalised the outcome. Did the Church in any way benefit from the wealth Henry took from the monasteries?

Six new dioceses were created at Bristol, Chester, Gloucester, Oxford, Peterborough and Westminster. The monastic church in each are became the new diocesan cathedral. A small amount of went for educational purposes. Many of the estates went to the families of nobility for their personal use. Monastic churches were looted of their contents. Roofs were pulled down, windows broken, and stones, timber, lead and iron were taken. Libraries were broken apart, with books taken and sold. Valuable manuscripts were destroyed, vellum and paper were used for a multiplicity of purposes. One of the most influential and ancient institutions in Britain was gone from the landscape of the realm.

More to come.

Anglicanism

were fortunate, given a benefice, or were offered the opportunity to go to another larger monastery. With the close of these religious houses, Henry realised the wealth he so very much desired. It is interesting to note there was little resistance to the king's actions. Take the example of Robert Aske.

In October of 1536 in Lincolnshire, there was a small uprising which was brutally suppressed. This was followed by the protests of a group, who called themselves the "Pilgrimage of Grace" in Yorkshire. Their leader was lawyer Robert Aske. Aske was loyal to the king, but felt he was being influenced by others who had different motives. Sadly he was very much mistaken. He along with his supporters were captured and hung. It was clear Henry would not tolerate any dissent. The Abbot of Glastonbury, Richard Whit-



WREATH OF REMEMBRANCE: Zacharie Barlow, a member of the Child Amputee (CHAMP) Program sponsored by the War Amps is pictured with Colonel Hendrick Smith, 22 Wing, North Bay at the annual Remembrance Day service held at St. John the Divine, North Bay on Sunday, November 6, 2016. Mr. Barlow presented this new wreath at the altar during the service.



HONOURED FOR SERVICE: On Sunday, November 20, 2016, Barbara Williams was presented with the Anglican Church Women’s Certificate of Recognition at St. Stephen’s Anglican Church, Thunder Bay. (Photo by Janet Pike).



WELL DESERVED RECOGNITION: Ruth Binks and Elsie Wilkie were both presented with the Anglican Church Women’s Certificate of Recognition at All Saints’ Huntsville’s ACW Corporate Communion Service on Sunday, November 27, 2016. Pictured from left are Mary Andison, Elsie Wilkie, Linda Smith, President of All Saints’, Huntsville ACW and President of the Deanery of Muskoka ACW, Ven. Dawn Henderson, Archdeacon of Muskoka and Rector of All Saints and Ruth Binks.

It sure is hard getting old

By Charlotte Haldenby

Watching Peter Mansbridge interviewing Gord Downie, you appreciate his using his last year to encourage us to improve the future life-story of First Nations children. An inspiration to us. But it is hard watching our older friends, or even just-about-as-old friends deteriorate gradually and over many years.

A few years ago I met a guy who had been in my class for all five years of high school, over fifty years ago, who greeted me immediately by name. Meanwhile he often did not recognise his wife. She was in the middle of making the decision to move into town to get him 24 hour care. This year in the same week I learn that he has died, the younger sister of one of my neighbours, tells me she has had to put her husband into a 24 hour care home. She has become totally exhausted along the way.

A woman in my women’s book club drops out, as she has lost her memory for the stories, and another because she feels she can’t always come and leave her husband alone. All have good families that are trying to keep a calm normal life for their loved

Looking at the World

ones, but they are wiped out themselves. Such love, that keeps them going through such tough decisions!

It is so hard to adjust to change. Over the fall I have had two cataract surgeries, one in September and one in November. Now I can see better than 20/20 for distance, BUT I have to put on my glasses to read. It’s been 60 years that I’ve been wearing glasses for the exact opposite reason. So you can imagine the retraining here. I almost have to tell myself out loud, “Take off your glasses” when I go outside, or am ready to drive, or hunt around for my glasses to find them in the last place where I was reading. But WOW! Those fall colours were super-spectacular, and I can read the bottom line on the smaller-than-most-TV from across the room.

I spent a few days after each operation in a retirement home just to make sure everything had

gone well, and I could be home alone. It was hard to see how some of the people I had met after knee surgery a few years ago were losing ground BUT most were still taking advantage of every opportunity to live a full life; attending exercise class, taking shopping bus tours downtown, knitting beautiful little bells for their Christmas bazaar at their

“We are your past, your story, the story of how your world came to be.”

craft club, my grand-nieces loved them, singing the old songs along with musicians who stop by for an evening hour of country or 60’s-70’s pop music, and working together on an eye-straining jigsaw puzzle of a leopard, really hard when you get to just the spots.

Several churches provide services through the week, and some have parish visitors stopping by for conversation and prayer. Some active church-goers I know continue to help their

friends keep participating in bridge clubs they’ve been active in together for many years. Their children visit, some daily, some weekly, and some when they come home from far away where their job is. The whole place lights up when young children shout “Grandma!” as they run down the hall to her arms.

Most people have friends they sit with at meals or play pool with, or walk along the corridors with to do a mile a day, and outside in summer. Staff know everyone by name and are unfailingly cheerful. It takes a special kind of person to keep that up for a whole shift!

It is so easy for each of us to smile at babies and little kids, to reach out to young parents, hold doors and push shopping carts through the slush for them. They are our future. But don’t isolate us seniors just yet. We are your past, your history, the story of how your world came to be. We may not be up on the latest social media, but we socialize person-to-person, we write our stories in permanent form, we have learned through lots of experience how

to make good decisions, not just accept what item has the most views on the internet, AND to see the potential danger in a President who must twitter his every thought, day or night.

Please keep us in your loop. We still have a lot to give in return. For some good snowbound reading: Andrew O’Hagan’s *The Illuminations*, tells us in alternating chapters of Anne in a retirement home and her grandson, Luke, fighting in Afghanistan. As she faces dementia, he faces PTSD, but the last few chapters bring them together as they help each other face the world.

On a more humorous note, try Bill Bryson’s *The Life and Times of the Thunderbolt Kid*, where he recounts the adventures of growing up. He was born in 1951, which makes him a “senior citizen” now. If you want to remember the good old days of your childhood, or show your grandchildren what it was like way back then, this is a lot of fun.

P. S. Battlefield language might have a few bad words, but just think of where they’re at.