

# Clergy spouse recalls ministry in Nipigon

*Rev. Charles Large became a jack of many trades*

By Delphine Cameron Large

The accompanying photo brings a chuckle each time I happen upon it. It relates to the Nipigon

and Red Rock parishes and the dismantling of the German prison camp building at Red Rock, post W. W. II. Charles Large, who had been a Chaplain in the RCR's, married Delphine Cameron, who had served in the RCAF. They were married August 11, 1945 in Toronto.

Following his discharge in

1946, Father Large was the incumbent of St. Mary's, Nipigon from late 1947 to August of 1951. During this time, St. Mary's was the home point of several missions including Dorion, Cameron Falls, Red Rock and Beardmore.

For the sake of making a long story short, the tale of the arrival at the old rectory will be omitted,

but did involve the incumbent digging out and finding a stove pipe elbow which had been placed there instead of a regular sewer pipe. This was occasioned because a rut had been excavated in the basement to allow the sewer effluent to back up! So the new incumbent turned plumber baled the effluent from the hole outside

and initiated his wife in the role of parson's wife. I carried the pails back for refill. Eventually another rectory was built by plumber, parish priest across the street, which was next to the church.

The wood came from the prison camp buildings which were systematically torn down. One half

*See Parish – p. 7*

## ALGOMA ANGLICAN

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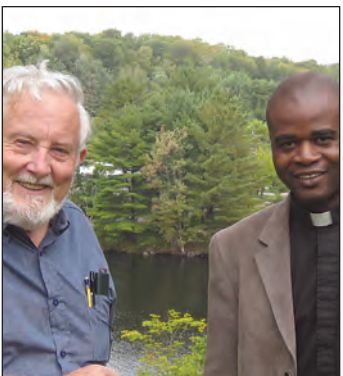
### Inside Algoma



#### Special group of visits Rosseau

Members of the Church of the Redeemer, Rosseau were pleased to welcome visitors from Kansas City, Missouri and Fletching, England in September.

*See p. 4*



#### New book from Bracebridge author

Mr. Jim Wardroper, a parishioner of St. Thomas', Bracebridge, has just published a new book inspired by history and the present state of the Church.

*See p. 8*

#### Next deadline

The deadline for the next issue of *The Algoma Anglican* is Wednesday, November 17.

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**LAY READERS OF ALGOMA MEET:** Lay readers from all points in the diocese gathered for their annual conference from September 24-26 at the Church of the Epiphany in Sudbury. About 40 people in total attended the conference, including a number of guests. (Photo taken by Walter Harris of Harris Studio of Photography, Sudbury).

## Lay readers meet in Sudbury

By Marion Collinson

The 2010 Diocese of Algoma Lay Readers Conference took place the weekend of September 24-26, 2010 at the Church of the Epiphany in Sudbury. Throughout the weekend about 40 people, including a number of guests, were in attendance from all of the deaneries.

Although Bishop Andrews was not able to join us, Friday evening still began with the "Bishop's Reception." The reception gave ev-

eryone a chance to mingle, and relax over a glass of wine or punch, and snacks. The evening ended with a Taizé service in the church which included several voices, flutes, french horn and cello.

Saturday morning began with the Eucharist. The Rev. Dr. Jay Koyle was our celebrant and Dr. David Gould, the Diocesan Warden of Lay Readers, was the preacher. The sung Eucharist was beautiful and a great way to start

the day.

After the opening Eucharist, the day of workshops began. The planning team for the conference had decided to use the Lay Readers Manual as the guide and chose the theme "Serving Outside the Church Box" since many Layreaders in the diocese do much more than what you see them doing on a Sunday morning.

*See Organisers – p. 7*

## Deanery of Thunder Bay welcomes Primate for a weekend of celebration

By the Rev. Nancy Ringham

What a time was had by all! Archbishop Fred Hiltz arrived in Thunder Bay on a rainy Friday, September 26 in the afternoon, but all things changed for the good by the evening. The celebration began with an informal dinner in a local eatery called "A Little To the Left", owned and operated by Anglican entrepreneur Doug Morrill. In a gathering of clergy, deanery executive and communications committee members and their partners, the

Archbishop shared casually, a warm and engaging message. It set the tone for a great weekend which held several stops for the Primate.

Saturday at St. John the Evangelist in Thunder Bay, a group of Evangelical Lutherans and Anglicans gathered for a Celebration of the Eucharist. This began an informative and engaging Deanery Day organised by Ruth Douglas and her planning committee. Bishop Elaine Sauer, of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Cana-

da (ELCIC) Manitoba-Northwest Ontario Synod, was present with pastors and parishioners of the Lutheran churches in town. The format following the worship was broken into three segments; presentations by the Primate, followed by small group discussion and a wrap up plenary focussing on the topics Canadian Anglican and Evangelical Lutheran Full Communion, General Synod June 2010 highlights, and the Anglican Covenant. The registrants for the

*See Primate – p. 4*



# Diocese of Algoma Anglican Church Women

## DEVOTIONS FOR NOVEMBER

We celebrate Thanksgiving at this time of year, thanking the Lord for all His blessings to us; food, shelter, family and friends.

In November we are reminded to be thankful for those who gave their lives so that we might live in freedom. In December we prepare for the greatest gift of all, that God has given us: His Son who gives us eternal life.

As I continued to read Dr. Paul Brand's book *In His Image*, there was a most interesting chapter on the five senses, for which we should also, and always give thanks, for they are truly amazing! Sight is a really precious and enjoyable gift. This sense, more than any other, shaped our understanding of the world around us. The eye is an amazing organ. It is extremely complex: more than 127,000,000 rods and cones "see" light and pictures and send them to the brain. The pupil opens and closes permitting the proper amount of light to enter. Rods are extremely sensitive to light. It is said that under optimum conditions, the human eye can see a lit candle 15 miles away! Hard to believe, but it has been proven. With rods only, however, we would see only black and grey. The cones concentrate on precise vision, making it possible for us to see colour and detail. We can see objects at the end of our noses and stars light years away. Our eyes are much more amazing than the best camera. The images we see stop at the retina. From there, electrical messages are fired off by the optic nerve and interpreted by the brain. The brain receives and interprets one billion messages per second!

The sense of hearing is equally amazing. Ordinary

conversation causes air molecules to vibrate the ear drum 1/10,000th of a centimetre. This is enough for us to differentiate all the sounds of human speech. The eardrum has the flexibility to register the drop of a pin to the noise of a New York Subway, one hundred trillion times louder. The eardrum vibrates the three smallest bones in the body, the hammer, the anvil and the stirrup. The action of these bones sets up waves in a viscous liquid inside the organ of corti. Each sound has a signature of vibrations per second from a buzzing fly to a lawn mower a block away or an ambulance siren a mile away. Signals are fired off via the auditory nerve to the brain and we "hear" middle C or a child's cry. The human ear can distinguish 3000,000 tones. The brain doesn't receive the vibrations but receives electrical and magnetic messages which it interprets and we hear.

The sense of smell is one Dr. Brand calls, the "mysterious sense" In animals it is much more developed, as in, for instance, dogs who smell out drugs or even cancer. A dog can smell, for example, the sock of a criminal, sorting out different scents of perspiration, smoke, leather amongst other odors, follow it through bush and the thousands of scents there across logs, roads, sidewalks until he finds the one he is looking for, maybe days later.

Taste works alongside smell and relies on it as any Chef with a stuffed up nose will tell you! The tongue has a dense mat of taste buds. It takes, however, 28,000 times as much of a substance to register on a taste bud as on a small receptor. For some reason, taste buds only live three to five

days, but our taste experiences live on in the brain.

The sense of touch on our skin which is a nine pound organ stretched paper thin over our entire body, consists of half a million receptors. These sense and transmit changes in temperature, pressure, humidity. They inform us of an itch or pain such as a sun burn.

All our activities depend on our sense of touch, sports, music, art, conveying love, a lover's embrace, cuddling a baby, patting a pet. It is the most alert of all our senses when we sleep. If we were blindfolded, we could tell by touch the feel of paper, wood, fabric, plastic or metal. A textile expert could tell us the difference between silk and satin. What an amazing sense!

All of our senses transmit messages to the brain. The brain itself doesn't see or hear, smell or taste but it receives messages from the five senses, translates and makes sense of them for our pleasure, well-being and safety. What wonderful gifts these are from our loving God! Thank you, Heavenly Father!

Bibliography: *Fearfully and Wonderfully Made*,  
Dr. Paul Brand  
*In His Image*, Philip Yancey

Submitted by Ingrid Koropeski Diocesan ACW Devotions Secretary

# Christine Wright: a tribute to a very special person

*Editor's note: The following is the text of the homily delivered by Rev. Bob Elkin at the memorial service for Christine Wright held on Wednesday, September 29, 2010 at St. Luke's Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie.*

I once heard of an army officer who applied for a position that required a much higher security clearance than he had. He was required to give the names and addresses of relatives that the army investigators could question to determine if he could be approved for that higher clearance. Many weeks went by without the investigation being completed and the man was beginning to worry when he received a letter from home which began:

"Dear Cousin Bill: Are you in some kind of trouble down there? There's been all kinds of government people up here asking questions about you. Of course, we ain't told them nothing!"

That's what it is to belong: it's special and people will tell them "nothing" or "everything", on your behalf, because you're one of us. Christine Wright belonged: she was one of us and she was special! For sixteen years she was a huge part of Synod office for me and for most of us. If I wanted financial stuff I talked to Jane. If I wanted to know some legal point I talked to Harry. If I had nothing on my

mind and just wanted to kill a little time, I spoke with the Bishop but if I wanted something to happen, an appointment made or a letter to go out or some direction regarding what I was supposed to be doing I talked to Christine because she knew! She had it all up here in her head just ready for me and countless, countless others to tap into. She had a mind for the details!

She came by it honestly. I think she was called to her work here and I think she'd prepared for it for much of her life. She was a cradle Anglican who came from a long line of Anglicans: parents, grandparents: strong Anglican traditions. Family friends included Bishop's, Archdeacons, priests. She grew up around them and respected them and liked them and perhaps, saw their humanity and their feet of clay which made her want to help them too!

She attended Huron College, a good Anglican College, went there at 16; very young because she was very bright and graduated with honours in 1967, and then went on to the Katharine Gibbs Executive Secretary College in Boston and graduated from there with honours too. Her working life was varied and allowed her to further hone her skills: Council of the Arts, Council of Ontario Universities, Regional Municipality of Sudbury, Children's Aid, Executive Assistant to Artist and Author Zoltan Szabo. She developed her skills to edit

and communicate and manage and train and organize and she brought those skills here, to Algoma Diocese, when she became Bishop Les's Administrative Assistant and later under Bishop Ron. Last Monday Bishop Ron e-mailed Christine's family and wrote: "She had a fantastic gift for fielding calls, handling concerns, working patiently with inquiries, always according great dignity and sensitivity to the person on the other end of the line. Her loyalty and support for the office and work of the Bishop was outstanding."

During a service of baptism, all who are present are asked: "Will you strive for justice and peace among all people, and respect the dignity of every human being?" Christine did exactly that, daily: she saw it as her calling, and she did her best to be true to that call.

Her life, of course, wasn't all about work. Her family was central in her life: husband Allan, daughter Meghan, son Rob, grandson Jordan. Allan told me that when things first got serious between the two of them, he was required to undergo a grilling by Chris's mother who "Did not suffer fools gladly!" Luckily he passed the examination and won over forty years of love and adventure; of hiking and canoeing, and camping and sharing.

Christine went through the milestones that people do who have children. Cub leader, Sunday School teacher. She froze at the ice

rinks while Meghan became a figure skater. She hung out at the arenas while Rob became an equestrian. She stashed dinky toy cars to delight her grandson Jordan. Lake Superior Park was a special spot in Christine and Allan's life. They hiked every trail, canoed every river and for many, many years owned a cottage within the park on Sinclair Island, a very rare thing to have in Canada's Park system. She loved nature; she saw God in the world he had created and she honoured Him through her love of it

She loved dogs, too, most specifically Golden Retrievers. Their first Golden Retriever was Grady named for a man who winched their car out of a hole they'd got stuck in. He was the first of many: Mhicy, Kylie, Kenzie, Skye, Reid, Tigger, Phantom. All Golden Retrievers but then came one who was not; Meghan got a Chihuahua, Moosee Man, and he wormed his way into her heart and won her over. Love and the respect for life isn't just about our relationship to people: sometimes it is about our treatment and our feelings for Golden Retrievers and Chihuahuas and the other creatures God has made. Christine loved and respected life.

She was a bit of a collector but had eclectic tastes! She had a love of fine antiques, she had many beautiful paintings, she collected Royal Dolton figurines, and had a truly amazing collection of stuffed

animal toys that sing and make strange, snoring noises! I kid you not. I've heard them! The family thinks this began with a stuffed, neighing horse toy that was bought for Jordan but wherever it came from it is funny and helped Christine express that humorous, playful side that was such a part of her. I'll never see a singing cow again without thinking of her; and smiling!

Christine Wright has died and that saddens me for I won't see my friend again but I have no fears for her. We know where she is now, we have Christ's word for it. When they asked him what they must do to have eternal life he said: "Love God and love your neighbour as yourself." When they asked about that neighbour he told of the Good Samaritan and finished: "Now go and do likewise."

Christine did exactly that. She served and shared and loved her family, her friends, her neighbours; the people she touched through her work, her church: she cared for the stranger at her gate. Nothing else is required: Christ says!

And now she hears her Lord say to her: "Well done you good and faithful servant. Come, enter into my rest."

May she rest in peace. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. AMEN

## 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.

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# EDITORIAL

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The Right Reverend Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop  
Peter Simmons, Editor

## Letter from the Bishop

# Let us not take peace for granted

Dear Friends,

On the outskirts of Cambridge in England, there is a cemetery where 3,800 American servicemen are buried. Most of these died in the Battle of the Atlantic or in the strategic air bombardment of Northwest Europe during World War II. It is an impressive site to visit. Thousands of white crosses are arranged in sweeping curves across the carefully manicured green lawn. The memorial is made more impressive by the presence of a 470-foot outdoor Wall of the Missing. It is inscribed with the names of more than 5,000 soldiers whose remains were never recovered or identified. We used to visit the cemetery as a family two or three times every year, and on each occasion found at least one name which had been made to stand out by the rubbing of sand or dirt into the carved letters. Underneath would be a wreath, usually bearing the name of a relative. The sight was always a moving one. It is often said that our soldiers paid the supreme sacrifice, but in every visit I had to ask myself, who's to say that the lot of a war widow, who has had to raise children on her own, is any less of a sacrifice of her life? And the sorrow and grief which a mother or father or sister or brother have had to bear for fifty or even eighty years: is this any less of a sacrifice?

War. Fewer and fewer Canadians every year are personally acquainted with the sacrifices of war. They may be able to recount the succession of battles, or rehearse the strategies which achieved eventual victory. They may have seen the movies and read the books devoted to war. But they do not know what it means to ration food. They do not know what it is like to have to ensure that it is pitch-black outside, for fear that they might become targets for the enemy. They do not know what it is like to mobilise a whole nation in prayer. They do not know the sense of dread when a uniformed officer makes an unexpected call on the next door neighbour. The honour rolls are for them just names. And no matter how many wreaths are laid at the cenotaph, and no matter how many

hours of Canadian history are screened on the television, nothing will adequately convey the touch, the sound of the voice, or the laugh, of one who is with us no longer because of war.

It might be thought that there is nothing for this. One of the consequences of living in a time of peace is that the cost of peace gets taken for granted. It's not so much that we forget, but that we simply can't know how grim and gruesome war is unless we experience the reality for ourselves. Perhaps the best we can do is to rehearse the events of the past, and honour war's survivors in the present, as long as we have them with us . . . and wait for war to descend upon us again . . .

I realise that this may seem unduly cynical. But is it overly pessimistic in a world of ever-present conflict, or in a country where people value so little the democracy that their forebears sacrificed their lives for, that only half of those eligible turn out to vote? History, they say, for those who neither know nor appreciate it, is bound to repeat itself.

And yet, for all of my cynicism, I don't believe that war is inevitable. The main reason we observe Remembrance Day is because we hope that by responding properly to war, we shall be spared its certainty. And what is a proper response? I would maintain that the only appropriate way to honour sacrifice is with sacrifice, and that the only way to stem the ravages of war is to come to terms with the reality that there is a war that must continue.

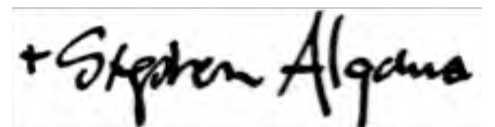
Of course, I am now moving from the political to the spiritual, from the earthly to the heavenly. This is not just because I am a preacher, but because the

two are related. President Eisenhower left an epitaph in St. Paul's in London which also adorns the Wall of the Missing in Cambridge. It reads:

THE AMERICANS WHOSE NAMES HERE APPEAR, WERE PART OF THE PRICE THAT FREE MEN FOR THE SECOND TIME IN THIS CENTURY HAVE BEEN FORCED TO PAY TO DEFEND HUMAN LIBERTY AND RIGHTS. ALL WHO SHALL HEREAFTER LIVE IN FREEDOM WILL BE HERE REMINDED THAT TO THESE MEN AND THEIR COMRADES WE OWE A DEBT TO BE PAID WITH GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR SACRIFICE AND THE HIGH RESOLVE THAT THE CAUSE FOR WHICH THEY DIED SHALL LIVE ETERNALLY.

'Freedom', 'human liberty and rights', 'the cause for which they died': what are these things if they are not eternal and heavenly values? Indeed, what lesser things would be worthy of human sacrifice? Moreover, how can such attributes be upheld without sacrifice? Wherever these virtues are threatened, where the truth is distorted or denied; where good is thwarted by evil, where the weak are taken advantage of; there must war be waged. It may be a war in the houses of parliament or in the boardrooms of our corporations; it may be a war in our schools and social institutions; it may be a war in the halls of justice; it may, in fact, be war within the family or the individual soul. The venues are different, but what is at stake is the same: the good rule of God in the human heart.

Wishing you all Christ's peace in this present age of conflict,



Stephen Andrews  
Bishop of Algoma

## "The boy bishops of England"

By the Rev. Richard White

The cries of grief-filled Salisbury Cathedral as the casket was lowered into its floor. Seldom had a bishop been as loved. Seldom had an episcopacy been so short. Seldom had a bishop been buried so young. He was a boy, perhaps six years of age, or less. The bishop's vestments engulfed his tiny body.

The stone effigy on the top of the child's tomb is on plain view in the English Cathedral. The boy is nameless, but he represents hundreds of boys attired and honoured as bishops across Church History, in Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and English cathedrals dating from at least 870 CE. The child was called an Episcopus Choriarium a "Chorister Bishop" or an Episcopus Puerorium, a "Boy Bishop." This is their story.

The episcopacy of the Boy Bishop was traditionally very brief, from St. Nicholas Day, December 6, to the Feast of the Holy Inno-

cents on December 28. In some places it lasted only a day. Traditionally, the office was often held by the youngest choir boy or a boy elected from the choristers. Some cathedrals selected the head chorister.

Had you been in any one of a dozen or so English cathedrals, this is what you might have seen. It began on December 6 at the service of Vespers. As the *Magnificat*, the Song of Mary was sung, the Diocesan Bishop rose from his Episcopal throne during the words, "God has put down the mighty from their throne." He vacated his throne and removed any insignia or vestments of office. As the next part of the line was sung, "and has exalted the humble and meek," the chosen boy would leave the choir stalls. He would be vested in an age-suitable cope and mitre and escorted to the Bishop's Throne. His brief episcopacy had begun.

He and the other choristers would

join a solemn procession through the cathedral. The Boy Bishop would cense the cathedral altar, he would preach a sermon which he had written, and he would give the congregation a blessing at the end of the service. The next role of the Boy Bishop was parish visitation. During the days of his episcopacy,

### History Byte

he and the choir boys, dressed as deacons, went through the parish singing. He and his deacons went about singing and collecting the "Bishop's Subsidy" from the shops and the houses. In some traditions fasting replaced feasting that first day. In some places the child woke the next morning to find presents from St. Nicholas stuffed in his

See Custom—p. 6

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# Primate preaches powerful message

*Continued from Front*

day represented all the Anglican churches and ELCIC churches in the deanery. Following the first session with our ELCIC family and a bountiful noontime meal, members from the ELCIC broke away to continue with their meetings with Bishop Sauer.

Feedback from the day was positive and beyond the hopes of the Deanery Day Committee. It included unsolicited comments reflecting a renewed hope and energy in the broader church and our local efforts for God's mission for the world. Several people articulated a heartfelt expression of belonging and excitement for what it means to be part of the worldwide Anglican Communion. It was a unifying experience, albeit a challenging one and all present anticipated the Deanery Service of Celebration that was to follow on Sunday afternoon. Before that, however, the Primate shared a Saturday evening meal with Archdeacon Andrew Hoskin and Mary Lou Hoskin, and an evening with some youthful members of the deanery churches at St. Thomas' Anglican Church.

Sunday morning the Primate preached and presided at services at St. Stephen the Martyr Anglican Church in Current River, and St. Michael and All Angels Anglican Church, where Archbishop Hiltz joined parishioners at a parish luncheon following the worship. After a short break for the Primate, the

community gathered with invited guests from the broader community for a wonderful celebration at St. Paul's Anglican Church. Almost 400 people joined in praise and thanksgiving, complete with a moving liturgy and music from deanery worship leaders and a massed deanery choir, led by St. Paul's rector, Rev. Deborah Kraft and musical director Dr. Dean Jobin-Bevans.

Archbishop Hiltz preached a powerful message, including points in his own faith journey and a reminder to all the congregation that as baptised Christians we are marked with the cross of Christ, named as his own forever. We are each called into service to carry out God's mission. May the Primate's closing words of his homily resonate in our hearts forever "I am a marked man, and so are you."

Following the worship, everyone ate together once again. All churches participated in an abundantly laid table including Beef on a Bun, salads, desserts and beverages. The atmosphere was rich with joyful fellowship, friendship and celebration.

The weekend was an outpouring of community in Christ, our church family blessed by the Lord in more ways than we could ask or imagine. Thank you Archbishop Fred Hiltz, for responding to the deanery's invitation and reminding us who we are. You are in our prayers always!

## Rosseau and Fletching: a special bond

**By Peter Simmons**

Libby and Bill Buchanan decided to take a holiday. The couple made the decision to visit the village of Rosseau, Ontario, and the surrounding area. Mrs. Buchanan's sister Helen, and her husband, Dr. Tom Morley, were regular summer visitors to this popular destination. By 1983, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan were living just north of the village of Fletching, located in the Wealden District of West Sussex, England, south east of London.

The parish church in Fletching, St. Andrew's and St. Mary the Virgin, dates to 1230. Over the centuries a number changes and repairs have been undertaken to retain the historic nature of the building. To raise extra monies, essentially to create a "repair fund", the Buchanan's had a thought. Why not invite some Episcopalians over from the United States for a visit. These fellow Anglicans could stay for a week, in villager's homes in order to experience life as it truly is in Fletching. The cost would be that of a "bed and breakfast". These funds would then be donated to the church repair fund. Who might they ask? Why Bill Beachy and his wife Catherine were the perfect contacts in the United States.

The Beachys are members of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Kansas City, Missouri. In the early summer of 1984, a group of parishioners and friends made the journey to Fletching. This first venture was a real success, so much so Mrs. Beachy suggested to Libby Buchanan that it be repeated. Repeated it was.

Others became interested. Friends of the Beachy's and relatives expressed a desire to visit the people of Fletching. Visits were undertaken in 1993, 1996, 1999, 2004 and 2009. Many of the people who have participated in these trips have been on every one, except the initial visit. Over the years, the funds raised have been sufficient to repair the lynch gate, the organ, the church tower, and the roof to name but a few. However, the picture was slightly askew. It needed to be asked: when would some of the residents of Fletching, so gracious in their hospitality, allow the visitors from North America to return the favour by paying them a visit?

The Church of the Redeemer is located in the village of Rosseau, in the heart of Ontario's "cottage country". The church is not quite

*See Seven – p. 5*



**PRIMATE VISITS THUNDER BAY:** Archbishop Fred Hiltz enjoyed a casual dinner with many from the Deanery of Thunder Bay on Friday, September 25, 2010. He is pictured with Vi Thomson (left) and Ethel Turner (right). Both ladies are members of St. John the Evangelist, Thunder Bay. Their late husbands, Rev. Canon Alvin J. Thomson and Rev. James Turner served as priests in the Diocese of Algoma.

## Prisoners and captives

*Editor's note: The opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and not those of the Bishop or diocese.*

**By the Rev. Dr. Frank Thompson**

Should prisoners and captives be the focus of compassionate concern for Christians, as one might judge from the Good Friday liturgy? If so, there are a lot of them.

Liu Xiaobo in China has just been awarded the Nobel Prize for advocating openness and democracy in China, and jailed by his government for 11 years for the same reason.

Similar cases are legion. Aung San Ssu Kyi in Burma has been confined for nearly twenty years, after winning a decisive majority in a 1990 election. Many young activists are also imprisoned there. A comedian, Zaranger, was given twenty years for telling jokes about

the government.

Iran, similarly, has jailed critics and advocates of democracy. The writings of Marina Nemet (*Prisoner of Tehran* and *After Tehran*) have revealed to readers in the West the conditions under which many innocent persons are detained there.

There are said to be 30,000 prisoners in Iraq, many held without charges and in terrible conditions. Unfair trials and the abuse of prisoners appear to be rife throughout the Arab world under dictatorships which have the support of Western powers, including our own government.

There are reportedly 10,00 Palestinian prisoners in Israel, not to mention the 1.5 million persons who live in a virtual prison in Gaza. The conditions under which people live there are revealed in a remarkable book, *I Shall Not Hate*, by Palestinian doctor Izzeldin

Abuelaish.

Closer to home, there remains the U.S. concentration camp at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba, where a Canadian, arrested as a child soldier in Afghanistan, still waits, at the time of writing, to learn his fate.

The visionary proclamation of "release for prisoners" (Luke 4: 8) might today direct us toward a more realistic and informed concern for prisoners around the world. Amnesty International can help. That organization campaigns around the world for the release of 'prisoners of conscience' and against mindless 'deterrent' punishments.

Closer to home again: a realistic and informed concern for prisoners will lead us to question the plans of the federal government to spend billions of dollars to construct new prisons. Hope for changed lives through restorative justice begins from this concern.



**VISIT TOO BRIEF:** The Rev. Dr. Susan Smith from St. Paul's, Kansas City stands with, from left, Richard and Geraldine Cossens, Kristan Cope, Sue Russell, and Robert Cope at a dinner to say farewell. The dinner was held at the home of Caleb and Amy Hayhoe on Wednesday, September 15, the day before the group was to continue their travels. Isabelle Elliott, seated, a parishioner of the Church of the Redeemer, Rosseau has travelled to Fletching.



# St. Thomas', Orrville holds annual turkey dinner

By Peter Simmons

For 50 years in the community of Orrville, give or take a year or two, turkey has been on the dinner menu. When hundreds of people arrive on the doorstep, it takes over 13 turkeys to satisfy the appetite. It also requires that countless potatoes be peeled and cooked, vegetables prepared and stuffing be readied. Tea, coffee and other beverages help to wash down the feast. Don't forget the over 60 pies that are baked and served. After all, the sweet tooth must be soothed. Talk to the parishioners of St. Thomas Anglican Church, Orrville. They can tell you a thing, or two about feeding so many people.

On Saturday, September 26, 2010, the Orrville Community Hall was ready to receive those who would attend St. Thomas' annual Turkey Dinner. Numerous tables were set the day before, the food was hot and the doors opened at 5:00 p.m. Numbers have varied over the 50 years that parishioners have held this annual night of the turkey. The occasional year, so many people took a seat that the food ran out. One year, not so long ago, volunteer staff enjoyed the remnants of some peas and a few

potatoes at the end of the night. This year no one knew how many may appear at the doors of the community centre. The previous year over 250 hungry souls filled their plates. This was down a little due to some unforeseen local road construction and other factors. What would this year hold?

Four-thirty and the parking lot is filling up. Five o'clock, the doors open and the community centre fills up quickly. Volunteers guide more and more people to their tables throughout the evening. Six o'clock. Tables are cleared and reset. More people. More food. Seven o'clock. Thirty minutes to go before the doors close for the night. People keep coming. Will there be enough for the staff of volunteers to dine on? Yes, there was ample food to feed everyone, but the kitchen was running low. The reserves of gravy were tapped and soon emptied. How many people can be served in one evening at a turkey dinner? On this autumn evening in the village of Orrville, approximately 392 persons went home, toothpick in hand, perhaps a little sleepy; certainly filled to the brim.



**TURKEY ON THE MENU:** Over 392 people were served at the annual turkey dinner held by St. Thomas Anglican Church at the Community Centre in Orrville on Saturday, September 26, 2010.

# Seven days of Canadian fun for group from England

*Continued from p. 4*

as old as St. Andrew's and St. Mary the Virgin, however 1873 will do. On the night of Thursday, September 9, 2010, the parish hall, known as Frost Hall, was readied for dinner: dinner for guests from England. Not long after 7:00 p.m., Robert and Kristian Cope, Richard and Geraldine Cossens, and Susan Russell sat down to dine on French Canadian tortiere and butter tarts. They were joined by Rev. Dr. Susan Marie Smith, a friend of the Beachy's and priest associate at St. Paul's in Kansas City. Dr.

Smith has been on a number of the trips to Fletching. A number of parishioners from the Redeemer also took a seat at the tables. Thus began an eventful and busy week for the special guests.

Over the next seven days, between a festive barbeque at the home of various parishioners including Bob and Marilyn Goodhall and dinners at Jim and Mary Wood and Ned and Liz Rhodes, and the Beachy's, the group had the opportunity to visit historic Saint-Marie among the Hurons. Located near Midland, Ontario in south-

ern Georgian Bay, this is the site of the 17th century French Jesuit mission headquarters where the French and native Wendat Huron nation first interacted. On another day, the Royal Mail Ship Segwun, built in 1887, carried the visitors, and their local guides, over the waters of a number of the larger lakes for which Muskoka is well known. Other activities gave them insight into life in this part of Canada, Ontario and the areas of Parry Sound and Muskoka. All good things must come to an end.

On Wednesday, September 15,

the visit culminated in a farewell dinner at the summer home of Caleb and Amy Hayhoe. The Hayhoses had been on the 2009 trip to Fletching. Gifts were presented to the Copes, Crossens, Susan Russell and Susan Smith. It so happened Kristian Cope was celebrating a birthday on this day which made the gathering extra special.

In an e-mail sent to the hosts from Rosseau shortly before her departure for Kansas City, Rev. Dr. Susan Smith wrote the following: "In reciprocating the hospitality of the Fletching village and church,

you have returned a thanks-gift that will gratify and strengthen all the people involved in England, including those who could not come on this trip." In a world where so many people are wearied and fragmented by division, perhaps more experiences of this nature will foster greater strength and unity within communities and the Church. Certainly a bond of friendship between two villages, Fletching in England and Rosseau in Canada, has been created: a bond which will grow and prosper.

# Father's Day at All Saints', Huntsville

On Father's Day, Sunday June 20, 2010, the guest preacher at All Saints', Huntsville was Captain, the Rev. David Donevan, formerly Rector of St. Matthew's, Sault Ste Marie, and currently assistant to the Army Chaplain, Canadian Forces [LFCA HQ Toronto]. In preparation for the G8, which would be meeting in Huntsville, Captain Donevan addressed the contrasts between the power systems of this world and the Kingdom of God. He was accompanied on his trip to Huntsville by his wife, Judy.

Father's Day was also the 58th

anniversary of ordination to the Diaconate for the Rev. Don Clark, former Honourary Associate Priest of All Saints' Huntsville. Having served in this capacity since 1991, "Father Don" resigned in February for health reasons. All Saints' honoured him at a reception following the service. "Father Don" was presented with a hand-crafted Celtic cross with the inscription, "with thanksgiving to God for your 19 years as Honourary Priest Associate in our midst; with love from your All Saints' Parish family".



**FATHER'S DAY CELEBRATION:** The Ven. Dawn Henderson, rector of All Saints, Huntsville is pictured with, in back, Captain David Donevan and his wife Judy and, in front, Ritsu and Rev. Don Clark. Captain Donevan, formerly rector of St. Matthew's, Sault Ste. Marie was the guest preacher at the service on Sunday, June 20, 2010. Father Don Clark celebrated the 58th anniversary of his ordination to the diaconate on the same day. Father Clark resigned as Associate Priest in February. he was presented with a celtic cross in honour of his 19 years of service at All Saints'.

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# The old fashioned type

By the Rev. Bob Elkin

I popped by my favourite exclusive shop yesterday, ‘Chez Valu Vilaj’, and discovered under a back table behind a box of used brassieres (you never know what you’re going to find at Chez Valu Vilaj!) a typewriter, just like the one I used to have back when God was a boy. I hauled it out, cleaned off the cobwebs, rolled in a scrap of paper and happily typed through the alphabet. It’s like riding a bike: you never forget! I rattled into the typist’s teaching poem learned at my mother’s knee:

“The boy stood on the burning deck,  
His feet were all in blisters.  
He had one finger up his.....”

I suddenly realized the racket the machine was making had attracted a little crowd and, stopping just before the best part of the poem (this is a family column!) I turned to face them. “What is that?” asked a young boy. “It’s like a really early computer” said his older brother. “Yeah” laughed their dad, “And you can also use it as a boat anchor!” They chortled together and began rummaging through the brassieres as I stoically gathered the typewriter into its case and went up to pay. Peasants!!! Obviously ignorant of the long and honourable history of typewriters! Obviously didn’t know that Hemingway wrote *The Old Man and the Sea* on a typewriter! Obviously didn’t know that the old fisherman in the story anchored his boat with a typewriter! Obviously didn’t know that I wrote a failing high-school book report detailing that whole event on a typewriter! Some people are just too stupid to know!

I could tell that my wife was impressed when I got home. “I told you to stay out of that dump!”, she cried, as I proudly set the typewriter on the kitchen table. She loves to kid around like that! “A typewriter?!!”, she said incredulously. “What’s the matter, were they all out of buggy whips? No collar buttons today? No Edsel parts for your collection?” What a kiddler! She went to heft the machine off the table and nearly dropped it through the floor. Did I mention it was heavy? “I suppose you can al-

ways use it as a boat anchor!”, she concluded. That’s the trouble with a depressed economy. All the comedians get laid off and stay home to aggravate the normal people. I rose above it, set up the typewriter and began to work.

What a trip! Suddenly I was back twenty years, pounding out letters and reports in the middle of the living room while the rest of

## Letter from Bob

the family muttered imprecations because they couldn’t hear the TV or the voice on the other end of the phone. Suddenly the table was off limits to everyone, taken up with the typewriter and the paper and the reference books and the white-out and the old coffee mugs. Suddenly the air was blue as I got to the end of the perfect type-written letter and hit the wrong key. Some of my most interesting combinations of anatomical and scatological nouns were created by typos.

A computer just isn’t the same thing. If you hit the wrong key on a computer you backspace it away and hit the right one. Where’s the fun in that? And computers are always in isolated out of the way spots that don’t inconvenience the rest of the family. Again, where’s the fun in that? Our computer is in a closet in the spare room for heaven’s sake! You sit in the closet doorway and type facing into the closet. When you get tired of staring at the screen you can look up and get a stunning view of the back of the closet. Whooooee!

But no more, I’ve had enough! I’ve got my typewriter once again and I’m taking over the kitchen table and crapping up the whole place with my typing paraphernalia. Typing music will be heard in my home once again with the clatter of the keys, the dinging of the bell and the cussing of the typos! Hello Underwood and goodbye Hewlett-Packard! I’m out of the closet now!!!



**BISHOP FINLAY VISITS THE LAKEHEAD:** The Most Rev. Terence Finlay visited Thunder Bay for a series of events from October 2 to 5, 2010. Archbishop Finlay is the Episcopal Visitor for the Mission to Seafarers in North America. The archbishop’s role is to be a resource to the mission stations and to speak on behalf of the Mission to Seafarers at the House of Bishops.

# Archbishop Finlay visits Mission to Seafarers in Thunder Bay

By the Rev. Ed Swayze

The Most Rev. Terence Finlay visited Lakehead from October 2 -5, 2010. The Mission to Seafarers invited him up north for our annual open house at the Seafarers’ Centre, which on the Sunday afternoon was full to capacity. Archbishop Finlay is the Episcopal Visitor for the Mission to Seafarers in North America which includes the Caribbean. He is also the retired Bishop of Toronto and Metropolitan of Ontario. Each Mission to Seafarers station in Canada is independently run. Archbishop Finlay’s role is to be a resource for the stations and to speak on the Mission to Seafarers’ behalf with the Anglican House of Bishops. The Archbishop has served in this capacity since 1988, and his particular association with the sea is through his grandfather, Commander Finlay, who went down in the St. Malo after it was torpedoed by a German submarine.

The purpose of the visit was to allow Archbishop Finlay to get a sense of the Port of Thunder Bay.

On the Saturday he visited Padre Ed Swayze at HMCS GRIFFON, Thunder Bay’s Naval Reserve Division. A Port Security Exercise was held at its boat shed. He enjoyed visiting with the sailors and Lieutenant Commander John Bell, the CO. After supper in the Boat Shed, Archbishop Finlay enjoyed the Port tour on the RCMP boat and got a sense of the vastness of the Port. On Sunday, St. Thomas’ and St. Paul’s, Thunder Bay, appreciated having the Archbishop preach. He spent Monday visiting Port officials and had a worthwhile conversation with the Chaplain and volunteers. On his way to the airport on Tuesday, Archbishop Finlay fellowshipped at Hilldale Lutheran Church with the Anglican and Lutheran clergy at their monthly clericus.

He talked about one of the projects he is providing leadership for, which is the formation of a Mission to Seafarers Canada Foundation. The hope is to raise a trust fund up to support the work of the Episcopal visitor, the hosting of a

meeting of the chaplains and lay representatives of the Mission to Seafarers stations in Canada, of which there are fourteen, and the funding of local stations and establishment of new stations. The Archbishop enjoyed the hospitality of the Mission, and according to one person, commented that the Lakehead Branch is a well run Mission.

The role of the Mission is to assist all seafarers visiting Thunder Bay and those working in the Port of Thunder Bay. The focus is on those seafarers who are from foreign lands. The chaplain visits the ship in the afternoon and in the evening, volunteers pick the crew up in the Mission’s van and take them to the Seafarers’ Centre and shopping. They enjoy being able to make contact with their families, using the internet or telephone, and being able to pick up toiletries and snacks before they sail three weeks or so to their discharge port.

For more information visit [www.missiontoseafarers.ca](http://www.missiontoseafarers.ca).

# Custom has been revived in more recent times

Continued from p. 3  
shoes.

During his tenure, the boy performed all the functions of a bishop, except for saying Mass. Given the time of year he visited the poor and met their needs. Then there were other duties not common to most bishops. Choristers were chosen for their exceptionally pure voice, and in 1267 King Edward I paid an astounding forty shilling to a Boy Bishop and his companions to have them sing to him on St. Nicholas’s Eve. By the early 1500s, the children of London were instructed to come to St. Paul’s Church to hear

the boy preach and to pay him a penny.

This was intended to be quite serious. The Churchwardens of cathedrals were to supply the boy’s needs including his child-sized mitre, robe, and cope which weren’t to be copies, but every bit as elegant as those of any other bishop. The expenses of the young bishop were itemized, whether it was money spent on bread, or ale, or clothes such as his cap, linen gloves, spurs, overcoat, or the charcoal and sticks for his bed time fire, every expense was carefully documented as it would be for any other bishop. If

the child died during his tenure, as happened in Salisbury, his funeral had all the honours and expenses afforded any adult bishop.

The custom of Boy Bishops was halted by Royal Proclamation, July 22, 1542 by Henry VIII. He was not impressed with the levity that had crept into this ancient custom. He labelled the whole thing “superstitious and childish” and the boy as a counterfeit bishop. After Henry died, his Catholic daughter, Queen Mary (1516-1558), restored the ancient custom along with its Roman Catholic Liturgy, and all the pageantries imaginable. After

Mary died, her sister, Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603) issued a Royal Proclamation put an end to the custom with the same tone of derision Henry had given it.

Between the late 1950s and 1970s, the custom experienced a revival in a handful of cathedrals in England and a few corners of the English-speaking world. As for Salisbury Cathedral, we might never know who the nameless Boy Bishop in the grave under the floor from centuries ago, but the cathedral was among those that revived the tradition. The chorister chosen for 2009 was 12-year-old William

McDonald. Like those before him, he came into office after the Bishop of Salisbury, the Rt. Rev. David Stancliffe, left his throne during the singing of the Magnificat. Like those from earlier centuries, William received the adult bishop’s staff and ring, was dressed in the vestments of a bishop, led the remainder of the Evensong service, preached a sermon, and blessed the congregation like those before him. He served as Boy Bishop for a day, according to local custom.



# Parish hall became venue for many events

*Continued from Front*  
was used to build a new rectory. There was no place for parish activities and the next thought was to unhook the remaining walls. They were floated on a raft from Red Rock to Nipigon, to the base of the road below the church. Said plumber, builder, and parish priest alerted the dock workers before quitting time and they carried them up the hill and locked them into place atop the concrete footing which awaited them. All done in short order! It then got a roof and voila, other items were added. This would not win a prize for beauty in 2010, but it did in 1949 because it provided a place for social activities. Wonderful Finnish coffee was made there by Mrs. Ida Dampier and Mrs. Ruth Atwill and other

faithful women of the parish. Post confirmation refreshments, teas, banquet for the champion hockey team and other events were made possible.  
But these two boys were not coffee drinkers, and the parsons sons got tired of riding their trikes on the concrete walk and playing in the sandbox close-by. Their mother decided a little painting job on the parish hall would fill the time nicely. Hence is the pic of the 'painters' with big brushes and a can of water to 'paint' the door and steps. This is but one of the many memories of a very special time and place in the life of the Larges at Nipigon 63 years ago. This one happens to embrace part of Canadian history and W.W. II, because of the prison camp buildings.



**FUN WITH A PAINT BRUSH:** John and Mark Large are pictured doing some work with the paint brushes back in 1949. Their mother, Delphine Large, thought it might fill some time very nicely during the construction of a parish hall at St. Mary's, Nipigon.

## Algoma Cycle of Prayer

**Sunday, November 7 - 24th Sunday after Pentecost**  
St. James's, Lockerby

The Rev. Dr. John Harvey

**Sunday, November 14 - 25th Sunday after Pentecost**

The Parish of St. Stephen  
Church of the Redeemer, Rosseau  
St. Thomas', Orrville

St. Thomas', Ullswater/Bent River  
Christ Church, Windermere

The Rev. C. Peter Simmons  
The Rev. Peter A. Hill (Assoc.)  
The Rev. Robert Clubbe (Hon.)

**Sunday, November 21 - The Last Sunday after Pentecost:**  
**The Reign of Christ**

**Pastoral Chaplains**

The Rev. Bob Elkin, Algoma  
The Rev. Peter Simmons, Muskoka  
The Rev. Glen Miller, Sudbury/Manitoulin  
The Rev. Canon Paul Carr, Thunder Bay

**Sunday, November 28 - 1st Sunday of Advent**  
Rural Muskoka Trinity Parish

Christ Church, Port Sydney  
St. Mary's, Beatrice

St. George's, Falkenburg

**Sunday, December 5 - 2nd Sunday of Advent**  
St. James', Goulais River

The Ven. William Stadnyk

St. Mark's, Heyden

Mr. Henry Gaines, Lay Pastor

**Sunday, December 12 - 3rd Sunday of Advent**  
Christ Church, North Bay

The Rev. Marie Loewen  
The Rev. Murray Tipping (Hon.)



## From the Anchorhold



By Sister Mary Cartwright

As always my favourite feast begins this month, All Saints, followed by All Souls which probably only Religious observe anymore. And the month ends with the anticipation of Advent, the beginning of the new year for the Church. May it bring more love and faith and less bickering about money! I spent most of my life in churches poor in money, and rich in what they did for God, and I am grateful.  
The saints are a sign for us to think about; to read about their lives, to sense their joy and devotion and, at my stage in life, look forward to meeting. So, Clement, Bishop of Rome, whose sign you see on this column, he was tied to an anchor and drowned. It is a sign for solitaries (Anchorites) since it is truly the Cross that anchors us. Then, Margaret of Scotland, Queen, mother of many children, who gave all her (and her husband's) things away to the poor; Martin, who gave half his cloak to a beggar and later saw a vision of Christ wearing it; Hugh; Elizabeth of Hungary; Hilda; Willibord; and a major saint, Andrew, fisherman and apostle, patron of Scotland. And then our special saints; family, friends, mentors, people who showed us the way and Priests whose teachings have shown us God more clearly. On Sundays when we welcome the "Angels and Archangels and all the company of Heaven", remember they DO come and we are with them at His table. That is the bridge between the worlds where we meet as one communion; a foretaste of the supper of the Lamb we look forward to in Heaven

*"O Blest Communion, fellowship divine  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine  
Yet all are one in Thee for all are Thine  
Alleluia, Alleluia."*



# Organisers of conference pleased with participation

*Continued from Front*  
The Layreaders manual states: "Each candidate should have one or more areas of special interest in addition to Liturgical interests... Suggested areas of proficiency and/or interest include Pastoral, Administration, Education and Social Action. These four areas formed the basis for choosing the speakers at the conference.  
Orgainsers were pleased when everyone who was contacted agreed to speak. The presenters included Barb Bolton, board member and now Chancellor of Thorneloe University, and past church War-

den. Ms. Bolton spoke on Ministry in an Administrative Context. Dr. Rachel Haliburton, professor at Huntington University, led a workshop titled a *Brief Introduction to Virtue Ethics: Integrating Actions and Beliefs*. Dr. Jan Buley, a professor in the School of Education at Laurentian University, was also a presenter. Dr. Buley's workshop was called *Story-Telling and Teaching as a Ministry*. Dr. Marianne Corbiere, a professor at the University of Sudbury spoke on *Moving beyond the Residential School Issue and into the future: Being beacons of light to others*.

Attendees were pleased to welcome Rev. Ann MacDonald who resides near Hamilton, Ontario. Rev. MacDonald spoke on Ministering to the Elderly and Dealing with End-of-Life Issues. We had hoped to have Pastor Rene Souliere from Sudbury's Elgin Street Mission speak at the conference on how our faith affects the work and ministry of those who work with the less fortunate in the community. He was not able to make it at the last minute.  
After a wonderful dinner catered by the ACW, and a few gentlemen, from the Church of the Ascension

the Rev. Dr. Jay Koyle spoke to the group. His address had some of those in attendance laughing one minute and nearly in tears the next. After Dr. Koyle's presentation, entertainment was provided by Nickel City Sound, Sudbury's Women's barbershop chorus.  
The evening ended with Night Prayers in the church. David Buley, director of Music at the Epiphany, and his wife Jan's input, shaped this service, complete with the Epiphany's Liturgical dancers "Breaking New Ground". The church was lit with candles and minimal overhead light which made the church, deco-

rated for Sunday mornings Harvest Thanksgiving service, absolutely beautiful.  
Sunday morning, many of the Lay Readers vested and attended the 10:30 a.m. service sitting together in a large group at the front of the church. Some of the Lay-readers from across the diocese were invited to lead the service as Lectors, a Psalm Quartet, Intercessor, and Eucharistic Assistants.  
All who where in attendance agreed that it was a great weekend filled with laughter, music and learning.



# New book by Bracebridge author

By Peter Simmons

Jim Wardroper has done many things in his life. He has been a sailor, civil engineer and a teacher. He founded an organisation called Africa Community Technical Service. After stepping down as director of this group, he spent five years as an independent missionary in Uganda. Mr. Wardroper can now add author to this extensive list.

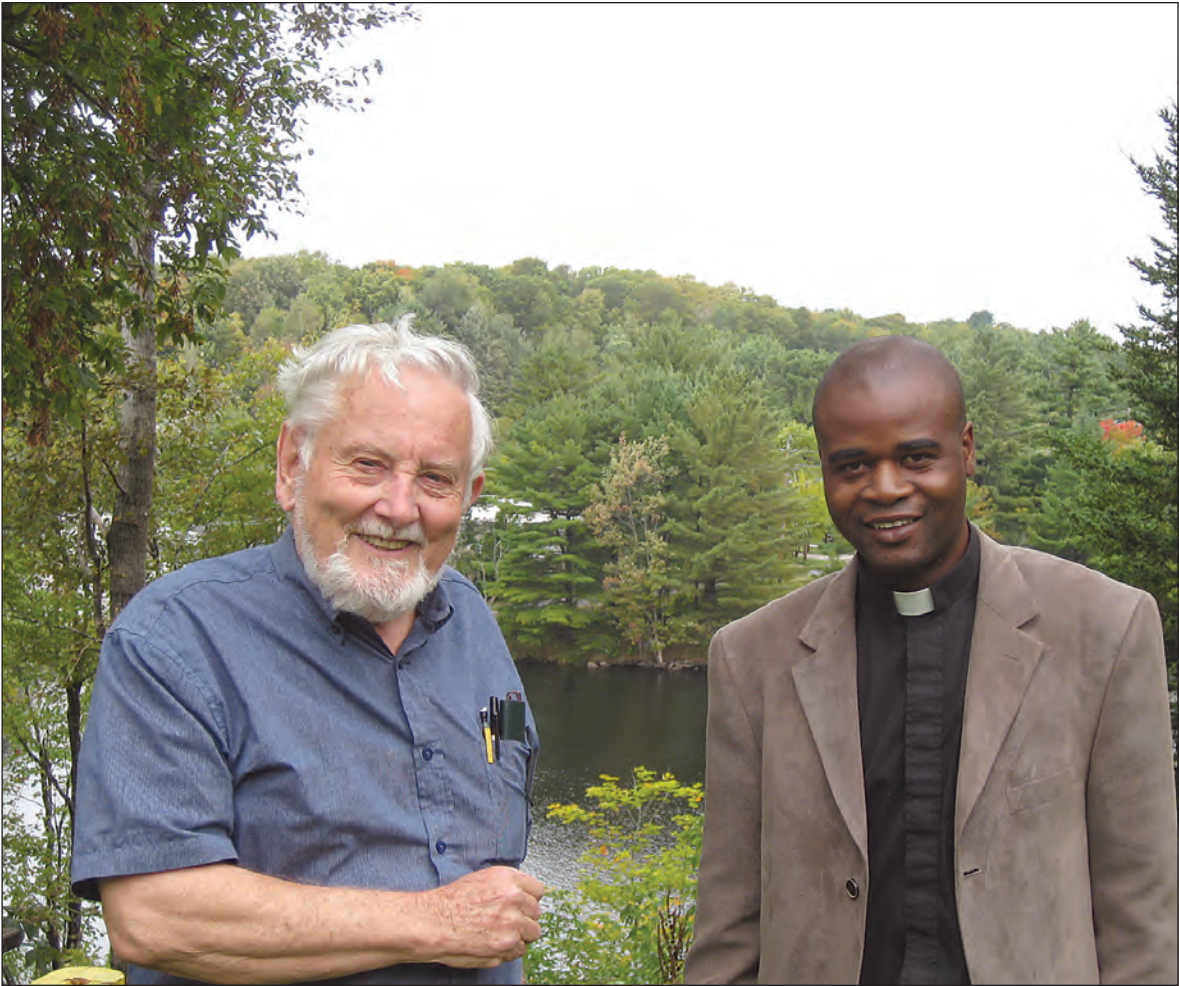
*The Michmash Chronicles: Bearers of the Light* is the first of four books Jim Wardroper hopes to have published. The stories came to him while he, his wife and their two daughters were living in Uganda. While lying awake at night, these stories of imagined events in Britain during the Dark Ages, came to him. He would tell his daughters the stories, who seemed to enjoy hearing them.

According to Mr. Wardroper, *The Michmash Chronicles* is a literary work written with a purpose. With history in mind, specifically that of Britain, Mr. Wardroper writes that the book “is designed to convey a message in parable form for the present generation.” With the fall of the Roman empire, the

Church in Britain was wiped out. During a period from 400 - 600 A.D., Britain entered a way of life that was pagan; a world in which many were illiterate and darkness reigned.

Mr. Wardroper believes that we are on the verge of entering a similar period of darkness today. The same spiritual and theological issues fought in ancient times within the Church, have reemerged. Mr. Wardroper hopes that his book will offer readers a vision of what God can do: what God’s personal intervention in a person’s life can achieve.

The book sells for \$20.00, however Mr. Wardroper will allow parishes to have the book for a cost of \$12.00. Copies can then be sold for the full price by the parish, or congregation as a fundraiser. There are a number of ways to contact Jim Wardroper. These include the following: by e-mail: james.wardroper@michmashchronicles.info: by phone: (705) 646-9668: or mail: P.O. Box 792, Bracebridge, On P1L 1V1. Watch for a full review of this book in an upcoming issue of the *Algoma Anglican*.



**AUTHOR EXCITED ABOUT NEW BOOK:** Jim Wardroper, a parishioner at St. Thomas’, Bracebridge has written a new book titled *The Michmash Chronicles: Bearers of the Light*. Mr. Wardroper is pictured with Rev. George Kawari, priest-in-charge at St. Thomas’ while the incumbent, Rev. Kelly Baetz is on maternity leave. Rev. Karwi is enjoying reading the book and felt he has found aspects of himself within the pages.

# Many good things do indeed come out of Africa!

By Charlotte Haldenby

Can any good news come out of Africa? How often is the whole continent written off?

Well, we do like their resources, don’t we, and some are so essential to our way of life. But how about the people? When colonialism broke down the old system of tribes with chieftains who led the people and looked after their needs, and imposed straight-line boundaries, a whole system of support broke down as well. And in many countries today, leaders do a lot for their own family or tribe and not so much for the others. And when money is given in royalties for resources, it might not get down to the people; nor do the jobs created by the resources get down to the potential workers.

But, here are some good stories for you. I’m sure you can all hum and move to *Waving Flag*!

K’Naan is an amazing person. He was born in Somalia just as the troubles began there, so his childhood was spent surrounded by war. When his mother brought her children to join relatives in Harlem, and later Rexdale, it was a big adjustment. His grandfather had been a poet, and his aunt one of Somalia’s top singers, but here the language was different, the beat was different. And at Kipling Collegiate, school was not peaceful.

So many kids from different ethnic groups, new to Canada, all in the same boat of trying to figure out who they were like all teenagers, but also how they fit in here. Naturally you bond with people who speak your language and so do others and there can be trouble! So K’Naan hung out with other Somalis, did get into trouble, did

## Looking at the World

spend time in prison and did see friends die, and did drop out of school. But he kept on singing and writing and came to the attention of important people who asked him to address the United Nations about what was going on in Somalia. After all who can tell you better than a kid how war hurts you and your family and your school and your mosque or church?

And so this year, when Coca-Cola needed a song for their sponsorship of FIFA World Cup, they discovered K’Naan and liked the song. It had a good beat and maybe he could sing it as a duet with major singers in cultures around the world. But about these lyrics, now: “A violent prone, poor people zone, But it’s my home, all I have known”. Not exactly what Coke wanted to hear. Fine! Okay, for FIFA, we’ll have “Give you freedom, give you fire, give you reason, take you higher.” That’s what we all heard for the tournament, but if you go on-line to find the lyrics for *Waving Flag*, and please do, you’ll find the real version, so his real message did get out there, and we all got the message, “When I get older, I will be stronger. They’ll call me freedom, just like a waving flag!”

Here’s another one!

When I was in Huntsville for the G8 Prayer Vigil and the Primate’s Visit, I found at a church book table (what a good idea) *Keep on Standing!* by Darlene Polachic,

about three brothers from Zaire, a country terribly exploited under the Belgians, and also mistreated by later rulers. These young men had a privileged life with their father’s high appointment, but they were not blind to the problems in the country. The older two were a part of the university student movement trying to change things, and the government turned on them. Can you imagine going from elite to “Wanted” in just a few months? Michel manages to escape the government barricade of the university and get home and pick up the youngest brother, his sister and his own daughter, then get to the Catholic church. They manage with the help of the priest to escape the country, but what has happened to the middle brother Fabian, and Michel’s wife? He

*“William wants to have electricity  
so his family will have light at night  
after the sun goes down.”*

just can’t think of that; he must save the family he has!

So they are taken in at the refugee camp at Kakuma surrounded by very traditional Turkana people in north Kenya who really don’t want them there. And there are Sudanese refugees, still in transit, coming and going to their war-torn country and other groups arranged in compounds that don’t like each other! So fighting! And fighting! But do your best, make yourself useful, and sing! The brothers had sung at home; now they were singing with others joining in, and praying besides, and every night,

and if they didn’t, people came to miss singing along! And people survive!

Finally after five years, Michel gets the chance to come to Canada. In his application, he can name other family members who may yet be found so the family can be re-united, but he doesn’t think there’s much hope! And then, in Nairobi while he’s being processed he finds his wife! And once he’s gotten to Canada, he writes back to friends in the refugee camp and guess what; his missing brother has just arrived there! Now the whole family is reunited in Saskatchewan, where these young men are a singing group Krystaal, touring to tell their story and inspire our help to people who must leave their country to live.

And another story!

William Kambekwamba is The Boy who Harnessed the Wind. William is growing up in a traditional farming family in Malawi, and ready for high school, but with one year’s drought, he can’t afford the fees, and the next year the family is still paying off the debts for last year’s survival. But he wants to learn, so he’s at the little village library every day, taking out books on physics and making energy. Some places in town have electricity, sometimes, from the national company, but most don’t. William wants to have electricity so his family will have light at night after the sun goes down.

The windmill in the science book looks neat but how could he ever make one? He is a keen observer, and a great scavenger. There are plastic bottles, and scrap metal,

and his father’s trashed bike, and even beer bottle tops. And then could his friends, a cousin and the chief’s son, help him getting three long poles? And then, after taking teasing from the whole community for years, it’s ready and everything’s connected: and the light shines in the darkness!

Well, then he wires his room, and the family house! And I’m sure my electrician brother-in-law would be horrified! I was sure he was going to electrocute himself! He did set fire to some things! But hey! It just goes on! And he comes to the attention of people in the capital, and he gets to speak to an international conference, and now in his early 20’s is finally going to high school, and travelling to show the world. “I tried and I made it!” What an inspiration! Especially when people at conferences take up a collection for him, and he uses it to build a pump so his mother won’t have to walk two hours to get water, and lets all the other village women have water for free! Wow!

So, find out from the Ven. Mark S. Conliffe about the PWRDF program for refugees. Support PWRDF’s programs for schools and development around the world! Think who you could nominate for PWRDF’s 50 Leaders program for our youth! And maybe your youth group would like to spend a weekend in the Off the Grid PWRDF program. Check [www.pwrdf.org](http://www.pwrdf.org).

And keep on singing : “So we patiently wait for that faithful day, it’s not far away, but for now we say, When I get older, I will be stronger. They’ll call me freedom, just like a waving flag!”