

Renovations complete at St. Brice's, North Bay



WE ARE FINISHED: On Sunday, September 21, 2013, the people of St. Brice's, North Bay gathered for a service of the rededication of the newly renovated building. Pictured in the back are Bishop Stephen Andrews and Aase Jenson, lay reader. From left are Bob Burke, who is behind the banner, and Avery Richard holding a bowl of water, while Rob McDonald lowers the burning building permit in to the bowl. Bill Burton is holding the other end of the banner as the Rector of St. Brice's, Rev. Richard White, looks on.

By Mary Lee Stennett

We are finished. We are finished! The elation and celebration at St. Brice's, North Bay, on Sunday, September 21, 2013 was palpable as Bishop Andrews presided over the rededication of the newly renovated building and all shouted out: "We are finished!"

Last year on February 1, 2013, St. Brice's learned from the fire department inspections of the previous number of months that considerable modifications and additions to the church buildings needed to be made to meet current fire code standards. Initial estimates from an

architect came in at around \$240,000! Meetings; consultations; prayer and fasting; impossible deadlines; from despair to hope to despair to hope, the congregation struggled with the decision whether to abandon the buildings because it was impossible to meet the deadline originally imposed, to explore other options to maintain the ministry and mission of the parish, or to put shoulders to the wheel and donate, raise the funds needed, especially once the deadline was graciously extended. On May 6, 2013 St. Brice's opted to step out in faith, take the risk, and upgrade the buildings.

A fundraising committee was struck, pledge forms handed out, and the work begun. Initial pledges came in at almost \$100,000. The fundraising committee brain-stormed together a total of about 50 different money raising projects, many of which have steadily brought in good returns. A couple marrying in the church asked friends and family to donate to the project rather than give them gifts at their wedding. A parishioner asked that donations be made to the "fire code reno fund" in lieu of flowers at her husband's funeral. A local church held a music evening

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Inside Algoma



Memorial Garden marks 20 years in Elliot Lake

The Luckwell Memorial Garden at St. Peter the Apostle, Elliot Lake has been in existence for 20 years. Hard work and dedication have made it a beautiful site.

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St. James's, Goulais River gives thanks

There was much to give thanks for at St. James', Goulais River as the church celebrated Harvest Thanksgiving on Sunday, September 29, 2013.

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Next deadline

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

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St. John's, Eagle Lake celebrates 125 years

Many local families connected with historic church

By Joyce Kellough

A beautiful, sunny day shone upon St. John's, Eagle Lake July 21, 2013 as the congregation and

many visitors celebrated 125 years of Christian leadership in Machar Township. St. John's Anglican Church is the only remaining pioneer church in Machar Township, just outside the village of South River. The church was built by local families in 1888, on an acre of land donated by Walter Joy. Some of the founding families were

Quirt, Smyth, Ardiel and Rolston. The little church was the focal point of the surrounding community, known as Midford, the residents of which were mainly farmers, loggers and lumber mill workers.

Over the next 125 years, local families worshiped and were baptised, confirmed, married and

laid to rest at this remarkably picturesque and peaceful place. The church is still bordered by a cemetery on the west side, where many members of the founding families are buried. The cemetery continues to be a resting place for local parish members who have passed on, although the operation of the cemetery grounds is now

under management of the township of Machar.

There was a stone foundation and a vestry added to the original building in 1912. Then in 1958, a fire resulted in total renovation to both the inside and outside of St. John's, which included improvements to the grounds. Ser-

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Diocese of Algoma
Anglican Church Women

DEVOTIONS FOR NOVEMBER



Two of the days marked in red on the Church's Calendar for the month of October remember Ignatius Bishop and Martyr, founder of the Jesuits on October 17 and Jean de Brebeuf, Isaac Jogues and Companions, all Jesuit martyrs.

We find in the *Oxford Dictionary of Saints* Ignatius of Loyola (1491-1556) "during his convalescence, after being wounded by a cannon ball and bad surgery, was given a Life of Christ and some Legends of the Saints". After his reading and subsequent conversion "he lived for a year in prayer and penance at Manresa where he experienced both desolation and consolation and wrote the first draft of his famous *Spiritual Exercises*".

Timothy M. Gallagher provides in his book, "the classic outlines of Ignatian meditation and contemplation" which "reproduce the steps as described in the *Spiritual Exercises*." He continues: "Both methods, through different human capabilities – our ability to reflect in the meaning of the text and our ability to enter the scene in the text imaginatively – open for us the message of the Scriptures". I am learning this is a marvelous and rewarding way to deepen our relationship with God.

Jesuits were well versed in the *Spiritual Exercises* as they traveled to foreign missions including North America and E. J. Pratt pays tribute to the Ignatian method in his epic poem *Brebeuf and His Bretheren* which recalls their passion for their vocation: He knew by heart the manual that had stirred

The world – the clarion calling through the notes
Of the Ignatian preludes. On the prayers,
The meditations, points and colloquies,
Was built the soldier and the martyr program.

In Murray Leatherdale's book

Nipissing from Brule to Booth, he writes: "Five priests who passed via Nipissing never returned for they entered martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois. They were Fathers Anthony Daniel, Jean de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Charles Garnier and Noel Chabanel". They sailed down the St. Lawrence and paddled and portaged the Ottawa and Mattawa Rivers, crossed into Trout Lake and struggled through the LaVase Portage into Lake Nipissing. Then down the French River and westward bringing their message of God and salvation to the native inhabitants.

No play upon the fancy was this scene,
But the Real Presence to the naked sense.
The fingers of Brebeuf were at his breast,
Closing and tightening on a crucifix,
While voices spoke aloud unto his ear
And to his heart-*Per ignem et per aquam*.
(Through fire and water) E.J. Pratt.

Praying with scripture takes one profoundly deeper into developing an intimate and personal relationship with God. I had mistakenly thought the following would be an example of the *Spiritual Exercises*'s meditation and contemplation but realize now not so. It is however another example of how repeated words can connect events to each another throughout our God given lives.

While reading Jeremiah during September I came across:

I thought, how I would set you among my children, and give you a pleasant land, the most beautiful heritage of all the nations. Jer.3:19.

This brought the first verse from *The New Jerusalem* by William Blake to mind. When sung to the music of Sir C. Hubert H. Par-

ry, it is rousing indeed, especially when the Royals sing along in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral on special occasions: And did those feet in ancient times

Walk upon England's mountains green?

And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

This made me remembered Leatherdale's quote by Samuel de Champlain when talking about Lake Nipissing:

"The north side of the lake is very pleasant; there are fair meadows for pasturing cattle and many little streams discharging in the lake". For many years I taught this to visitors at the Museum near the LaVase River.

First we remembered God speaking to Jeremiah the prophet about the pleasant land God wanted to give Israel and Judah. Then we imagined standing beside Jeremiah as he listened to God asking him to speak to his people about how they were going astray.

Then we recalled the musical poem which touches on the legend of Jesus visiting England as a young man. There we imagined being beside Jesus as he may have walked the south western shores where the legend says Joseph of Arimathea had brought him to visit before Jesus began his ministry in the Holy Land.

We finally remembered Champlain describing land he explored in our part of Northeastern Ontario where Brebeuf and the Jesuit missionaries later traveled. Finally we imagined slogging through the treacherous LaVase Portage with the Jesuit priests and resting on the beach before setting off across Lake Nipissing to the pleasant islands.

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

All signs come
from God

By the Rev. Grahame Stap

Two people I know recently released a CD. There are some great songs on it. One I particularly like is called *Saints and Sinners*. However, there is a line in the song that I wonder about, "I remember the lessons of Sunday School and I cant help thinking maybe I was a fool, for I see no signs of a greater plan just the joy and the sorrow of my fellow man."

Both of these people profess to be atheists and I know that tragedy has affected one of them, but that is their story and not mine. For me there are two questions that come from this line: One, why do we always seem to be looking for a sign to prove the existence of God? Two, if we see a sign why do we not share it with others? Jesus said, "Why does this generation ask for a sign? Truly I tell you, no sign will be given to this generation." Mark 8:12

We are fortunate that we live now and not in that generation; for if we look there are signs all around us. The fall colours are a sign of the presence of God. We know they come about because of the shortening days and the colder temperatures, but why? We may be able to explain and understand the nature that God put in place, but this does not change the fact that God made it so. The rainbow is another example. Again we know it is the result of the sun shining through the rain, but God in God's wisdom made it so. We need to stop being so blasé about things around us and give credit to God for such wondrous beauty that truly shows us the presence of the one who created all things.

Secondly, when we come to see the beauty of God in all things.

Why do we hoard it to ourselves? Why do we not let all people see and feel the presence of God in the beauty of our world?

What happens when we don't see the signs of God? We start to doubt the existence of God or blame God for the sorrow in our lives; we forget that God never takes, God only gives. When someone close to us dies we feel the pain of loss and we wonder why the person has died espe-

Thoughts from
Grahame

cially if they were a young person. We tend to blame God when perhaps what we should do is thank God for being there in our time of need and for holding the one who has died in God's arms.

Of course this does not stop our pain but it does help us to know that we will, one day, meet again with the one that has died and it will be as if it never happened. We will laugh and talk together and know the wonder of God's Grace. As Jesus said, "In my Father's house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you?"

So let us see the signs of God in all things including the joy and sorrow of our fellow man. Let us open the doors of our churches wide so that all may enter and know God is truly alive and well. Let us share all the signs of God and help all to know we are all blessed.

As always it is only my opinion

The Church of the
Ascension, Sudbury
looks to go green

By Jane Cox

On Friday September 27, 2013, the United Nations released a significant report authored by the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. The bottom line: It is 95 percent likely that human influence has been the dominant cause of climate change. What does this mean for activities at the Church of the Ascension in Sudbury?

The Church of the Ascension in Sudbury has a Green team within our Parish Life committee. The church has had a zigzag path in trying to act as God's stewards, in the church, homes and in the community. Read 'struggling'! However, this fall the Ascension hopes to have some leadership for the church property itself from a Green Audit program. The program originates from a partnership between Greening Sacred Spaces and the Anglican Church of Canada. A

call to apply for funding to the Anglican Church of Canada created discussions within the Parish Life Committee and Church Board. An application was made for the audit and fortunately the church was successful in the application. This fall, a certified green auditor will evaluate how the building and property are used, and make suggestions. The church will be responsible for up to \$500.00 for the cost of the audit. The Anglican Church of Canada will subsidize the audit up to \$2000.00.

Of course, the church must seriously consider the suggestions made by the auditor. Post changes, 'numbers' must be submitted to energy databases for some time. The Church of the Ascension will see how it goes, but are optimistic. Psst! After the our audit, the experience will be shared with everyone.

Next Submission Deadline

The deadline for the December 2013 edition of
the Algoma Anglican is Friday, November 1

EDITORIAL

The Algoma Anglican is the Official Voice of the Diocese of Algoma.
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The Right Reverend Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop
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Letter from the Bishop

A call to prayer

Dear Friends,

I once came across a list of the Ten Best Things to say when caught sleeping at your desk. Some of the better lines included: 'They told me at the blood bank this might happen.' Or, 'Whew! Guess I left the top off the liquid paper. You probably got here just in time!' Another favourite is: 'Someone must've put decaf in the wrong pot . . .' But the list concluded with the Number One best thing to say when caught sleeping at your desk: 'Amen.'

For the Christian, prayer is as vital as sleep. But what is prayer? There are many ready definitions. One of my favourites comes from Jean Vanier, who thinks of prayer as 'wasting time with God.' The retired Professor of Spirituality at Regent College in Vancouver, Eugene Peterson, states that 'prayer is answering speech,' thus taking into account the reality that God always takes the initiative in addressing us.

However we may conceive of it, prayer is, simply, the act of communicating with God. This alone should convince us of its centrality as a Christian theme. We are all aware of the importance of communication, and we do not need Dr. Phil to tell us that the surest way to destroy a relationship is to refuse to communicate. Conversation with God is just as integral to human normalcy and wholeness as is communication with other people.

Now I am aware that there are those who have given up prayer because they have suffered a major disappointment in life, and that there are others who struggle with prayer because they have never been taught how to pray. And yet, if you are anything like me, it is closer to the truth to say that, while we believe in the importance of prayer, our lives do not correspond to our convictions. For in practise my prayer is infrequent and tepid, something which I do mechanically and thoughtlessly. Why is this so?

It has to do with our human nature. We are a proud, self-reliant and self-serving people. We are, by world standards, affluent and sophisticated, and it is hard for us to believe in our heart of hearts that we really need God. We prefer to go it alone, to manage our affairs without consultation. Indeed, in many areas of our lives, we rather resent the notion that God should want to be involved. Consequently, we are not a very prayerful people.

But this attitude is dangerous. As the former Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple, once put it, 'The worst of all diseases of the soul is detachment from God, whether by ignorance or neglect.' I think that this gets at the root of why prayer is fundamental to the Christian life. We often think of prayer as an obli-

gation for the Christian, and so it is. However it is an obligation that brings great blessing. Prayer is what keeps us in touch with the One who transcends the circumstances of our lives, the One who orders all things to their ultimate good. Prayer is what keeps us from becoming an isolated, lonely and remote being in an unpredictable and cruel world. It is the lifeline of our Christian lives, the conduit of our soul's



needs and desires. It is true that prayer can seem like an exercise in futility. But even in futility it has its effect. For, as Temple said, 'The essential act of prayer is not the bending of God's will to ours – of course not – but the bending of our

will to His.'

We are earnestly seeking the will of God at this point in our life as a diocese. The assessment process directed by our Strategic Plan is rapidly coming to a conclusion, and in our deaneries church leaders are gathering to discuss ways of being more effective in our mission of service and proclamation. We are church that has been abundantly blessed with gifted and devoted leadership, both clerical and lay, and there is a strong temptation to rely on our own ingenuity and insights as we discern future directions. But the welfare of our diocese, just as the health of our own souls, relies on the integrity of our relationship with God – a relationship nurtured by frequent, thoughtful and serious prayer. In line with our Second Core Value, a 'commitment to prayer and spiritual growth', I want to encourage all of us to spend more time in corporate and individual prayer, asking God to grant us vision, vitality and viability as we step boldly into the future with Christ. When was the last time you got caught praying at your desk?

On my knees for you all,

+Stephen

+Stephen Andrews

Stephen Andrews
Bishop of Algoma

Woodbine Willie



REV. GEOFFREY KENNEDY

By the Rev. Richard White

It was dark. The battlefield was a sea of filth, blood and mud. A lone soldier slipped out of the trench and edged his way along the ground towards the group of soldiers stringing barbed wire. "Who are you?" asked a nervous soldier to the dark form. "The Church," the visitor replied. "What's the Church doing here?" the soldier asked. "Its job," said their padre. He reached in his sack and pulled out a pack of Woodbine cigarettes. One by one he cupped his hands around a wooden match, lit a cigarette and passed it to each of the men. He said a prayer from the heart and blessed them with a brief moment of peace. Woodbine Willie, God's man in the trenches, was being God's man to a terrified flock.

Rev. Geoffrey Kennedy was a chaplain in the First World War. He gave morale-boosting speeches during their bayonet training classes, wrote letters home for barely literate soldiers, handed out New Testaments, visited them in the field hospitals, performed the last rites and read burial services in the thick of battle. He was a chain smoker of Woodbines even though his lungs were scarred by exposure to mustard gas in battle. He once described the padre's

job as carrying "a box of fags (cigarettes) in his haversack, and a great deal of love in his heart."

Kennedy was born in Leeds, England. He graduated from theological college in 1904. Life seemed predictable. He started his ministry as a curate in the city of Rugby, then moved to Worcester to become the vicar

History Byte

St. Paul's Church on the edge of the City Centre. It was a historic city. The medieval streets Kennedy walked in his daily rounds echoed with the ghostly cries of a war centuries before. It had been in Worcester, in September 1651, that the final Battle of the English Civil War changed the direction of British history. The English monarchy was overthrown in battle there, and over 3,000 men, mostly Royalists, lost their lives. The romantic and chivalrous tales of that historic conflict surrounded him daily in the names on the City street signs, pubs, and its tomb stones. Perhaps that's why he signed up as a padre when war was declared.

On July 28, 1914 war began in Europe. The British tabloids

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Music is special at St. John's

Continued from Front

vices were held here regularly until 1938, then intermittently thereafter until around 1950, when services were limited to the summer months only. Presently services are held each Sunday during July and August, Thanksgiving and Christmas Eve.

Music has always been a special part of St. John's history. The little church has always been filled with the voices of the faithful, at first unaccompanied by any instruments, and later led by the musical talents of many dedicated organists playing the pump organ. Visiting musicians have also included guitarists, violinists, flutists and bagpipe players. The church has also been blessed with many visit-

ing singers who share their talents in the form of solos, duets or on occasion, even entire choir performances!

The anniversary service was led by The Rt. Rev. Steven Andrews, Bishop of Algoma, assisted by Rev. Jeff Hooper, incumbent. Approximately 125 guests attended the service. A delicious lunch was served by the Anglican Church Women of Sundridge on the grounds of the church. Everyone enjoyed the beautiful day, the gardens and sharing memories with those present. The organising committee felt truly blessed for the ideal weather, for the number of people who attended and for the spirit of fellowship the celebration created.



ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION: On Sunday, July 21, 2013, 125 people filled the pews of St. John's Anglican Church, Eagle Lake for a celebration of the 125th anniversary of the church. Pictured from left are, Parry Sound-Muskoka MP Tony Clement, Bishop Stephen Andrews, John Morris, whose grandfather constructed the altar at St. John's, and incumbent Rev. Jeff Hooper.

New altar hangings for St. Brice's, North Bay

By Mary Lee Stennett

St. Brice's, North Bay, has a set of new green altar hangings. A couple of years ago, Margaret Baynes visited from England. She is the daughter of the Rev. Frederick Shaw who served as Rector of St. Simon's Anglican Church, the forerunner of St. Brice's, from November 1926 to June 1931. She came to explore her roots and when she returned to her home she left money for new altar hangings to be made to the glory of God and in memory of her parents, Frederick and Beatrice.

Three very talented women at St. Brice's, Anne Burton, Gayle Fleming and Hope Yakimoff, took up the challenge and designed, sewed and embroidered a work of art to the glory of God. They created a matching super frontal, burse, veil, bible markers and stole as well as a new fair linen to correspond to the length of the new super frontal. Ms. Burton gave the following explanation for the inspiration and symbolism of the design:

The subject of the frontal was taken from Genesis 1:11-13:

Then God said, "Let the land produce vegetation: seed-bearing

plants and trees on the land that bear fruit with seed in it, according to their various kinds." And it was so. The land produced vegetation: plants bearing seed according to their kinds and trees bearing fruit with seed in it according to their kinds. And God saw that it was good. And there was evening and morning – the third day.

And Luke 12: 27-28:

"Consider how the lilies grow. They do not labour or spin. Yet I tell you, not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these. If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, how much more will he clothe you, O you of little faith."

The flowers and grass that appear in groups of five are reminders of the number of times Jesus was pierced on the cross. The flowers in groups of 3 are reminders of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The single flowers are reminders of God, 3 in 1. Whatever else you see, well done, enjoy! On Sunday, September 22, 2013 Bishop Stephen Andrews dedicated the new hangings.



WONDERFUL GIFT: St. Brice's, North Bay has a new set of green altar hangings for the church. A number of talented parishioners designed, sewed and embroidered the entire set.

Imagine more...and great things will happen

By Diana Swift

The Anglican Foundation of Canada may be the best-kept secret in the Anglican Church. Few people realize that this organization, established in 1957 with an initial endowment of just \$25,000, has since provided Anglicans with grants and loans totalling more than \$28 million.

And the Foundation—with current investment assets of almost \$14 million—wants more Anglicans to benefit in more diverse ways. So it's embarking on an exciting journey of renewal—rolling out a new plan to ensure its funding has maximum impact. It also has a new strategy for enhancing creative ministry by proactively calling for annual proposals.

"We're helping Canadians in new ways," says the Rev. Judy Rois, the Foundation's executive director. "By making it easier to apply and increasing the impact of gifts, we're able to help more people with a wider range of projects and programs across the country."

Beginning in 2014, the Foundation will launch four new funding initiatives:

- Multiple-year funding for ministry projects of up to \$10,000 a year for three years
- An annual call for proposals to encourage innovative ministry-related projects
- A donor/project matching program
- A streamlined twice-yearly application process for grants and loans

Underlining this new strategic focus is a streamlined brand identity anchored by the new tagline imagine more. The redesigned logo shows two halves of a maple leaf around a stylized stem that forms the letter A to reflect the

close interconnection between the Anglican Foundation and the Anglican Church of Canada. Imagine more encourages people to dream the endless possibilities the Foundation is ready to support.

While maintaining funding for construction and renovation, the Foundation is breaking new ground as it supports the fresh expressions of the Church's Vision 2019 blueprint. Initiatives include ecumenical youth strategies, hospice and elder care, theological education and literacy coaching. Its inspiring projects in the visual and performing arts range from an uplifting wall hanging in a B.C. prison chapel to intensive choral training for young girls in Ontario.

"This is funding ministry that matters and makes a difference in people's lives," says Archbishop Fred Hiltz, Anglican Primate and Foundation chair. "It's all about giving life to people, parishes and visions," says Rois.

The Very Rev. Shane Parker, Dean of Ottawa and the Foundation's strategic team leader, is thrilled with this fresh direction and statement of identity, which, he says, "will provide abundant resources for innovative ministries, a strong Anglican presence and diverse infrastructure projects across the Canadian church."

No one knows better how inspiring Foundation support can be than Justin Cheng, a postulant with the diocese of British Columbia, who received a grant to do an internship this summer at St. George's Cathedral in Jerusalem. "The experience allowed me to get a glimpse of the church's mission in the Middle East as well as meet Anglican pilgrims from around the world," he says. "The Foun-

dation's financial support demonstrates the church's commitment to future ordained ministry."

Last May, the Rev. Beth Benson, rector of St. Cuthbert's in Toronto, attended the ecumenical Festival of Homiletics in Nashville, Tenn., with aid from the Lewis Garnsworthy Memorial Trust. "I came home refreshed and encouraged in my preaching ministry and eager to protect the time I need for study and sermon preparation," she says. "I am also eager now to experiment with different preaching styles."

Traditional funding for church renovation continues. "The Foundation's generous support came at just the right time to raise our spirits and our hopes in the early days of our ambitious renovation project," says the Rev. Brian Pearson, rector of St. Stephen's in Calgary. "The church will be 'pew-less' to make it an arts-friendly space."

Funding is driven by investment revenue, and relies on the continuing generosity and collective goodwill of its hundreds of individual donors as well as bequests, memorials, trusts and special gifts. Every Anglican parish is invited to become a member of the Foundation by making an annual donation.

The Foundation remains committed to making great things happen all across the country. Since 2010, it's disbursed approximately \$1.8 million to Anglicans across Canada. Become a catalyst for great things in your diocese. Imagine a project you could be passionate about, and let the Foundation know it!

To apply for funding or make donations, go to:
anglicanfoundation.org

Remembering Sharyn Poole

By Michael Frederikson

Editor's note: The following is an article written by Michael Fredrikson, President of Community Education Services (CES) Canada on the life of Ms. Sharyn Poole.

On June 20, 2013 Sharyn left Canada for her beloved Kenya. She was eagerly awaiting another chance to meet “her girls”, visit the Divine Providence Orphanage, and be part of a summer project team of 21 CES volunteers to Kakamega. Less than a week later on June 26 Sharyn died of a severe and sudden blood infection that brought about septic shock.

Sharyn Poole was more than a volunteer for Community Education Services (CES) Canada. In 2011 she shared, “Indeed, our trip to Kenya was life-changing, in ways that will remain in our hearts. Every day we see their faces and hear their shy, confident voices. This amazing experience is made real as we support and encourage our schools in their monumental task. It also comes full circle as we tell their story and share the magic and joy that sponsoring a student brings to our lives.”

That was Sharyn...wrapped up in the magic, knowing that her soul had been deeply moved... put simply, she was in love with Kenya. Her passion to help needy orphaned children was an extension of her love for God. She truly followed Christ to rural Kenya and there became His hands and His feet.

CES Kenya Patron Malik Khaemba writes:

“Sharyn died while in the noble duty of providing charitable work for the people of Kakamega. The community will forever remember her compassion and love for the poor and disadvantaged.”

Sharyn’s friend, Canadian nurse Marie MacKay writes from Vancouver, “I spent a fair amount of time with Sharyn while we were both in Kakamega. I know how much she loved Kenya and all her students. They will feel like they have lost a mother.”

Sharyn was indeed a mother to many. She always spoke of her children; she knew by name and counted them as precious gifts in her life. She had an extraordinary love for them, especially for Pendo, Doris, Alice, Mwanaisha, and Domitila. She felt deeply about the plight of girls in Kenya and worked hard to create sponsorships and equal opportunities for them. They knew without doubt that someone really cared about them.

Her love for the orphans at Divine Providence Orphanage is another testimony to her compassion for needy children. The truth is that we are all diminished as we share in this loss together.

Since 2009 Sharyn has worked tirelessly with a wonderful team of volunteers in Parry Sound/Muskoka, creating awareness and fundraising for the “Orphan kids of Kakamega.” The Muskoka/Parry Sound Chapter of CES Canada has built a well, a kitchen facility and most importantly 100 scholarships for needy students have been raised.

Sharyn’s humanitarian heart extended beyond CES in Kenya to

embrace the SLF Grandmothers (Stephen Lewis Foundation), the Ronnie Fund (Kenya), the Anglican Alliance for Development, Relief and Advocacy and recently to a Dialogue on Human Trafficking.

Sharyn practiced her faith at home. Whether it was meals on wheels, visits to Parry Sound Hospital, praying for the sick, ministry at Church of the Redeemer, Rosseau, leadership at Sandy Plains Community Church, or just being a good friend, there are hundreds in her community that know someone special remains a part of them.

Sharyn discovered what few do in life...that a life serving others is a life worth living.

Sharyn Poole’s poems “Sunday” and “Home” clearly describe the core of her being and her feeling “at home” in Kenya. **Sunday**
Sunday...Lord’s Day
did not attend church
despite the songs and drumbeats
calling to attend various places
of worship and teaching.

Sunday...Lord’s Day
did not attend the market
despite the music and the laughter
the colourful goods, vegetables
and slaughtered meat sold by
those that lined main street Kakamega.

Sunday... Lord’s Day
did not attend Nakumatt
where throngs gather to look
spend where every item of food
and household ware are sold
at the drop of several hundred shillings.

Sunday...Lord’s Day
attended an orphanage run by
the catholic sisters of Kakamega
Alberto Orphanage of Divine Providence
Sister Ragina sweetly offered a
karibu sana
little boys and girls – some a day
or two old
lying silently in their metal cribs
newborn learning to take in a few
drops of milk
tenderly held by a volunteer
mama
just days before abandoned under
neath a tree
others a few months and years –
just learning to walk
one six year old girl with chicken
pox all over
could only pray and say pole sana
the rest watching tv – swahili
children’s program
fifty-five precious kids abandoned
some ready for adoption
all needy yet content with just being
together
loved by the sisters in every way
loved by the Lord himself.

Sunday...Lord's Day
no photos for here there is no need
God knows each one – their image
alive in the heart of the Father
little fingers reaching out for a
touch
eyes bright with joy, not knowing
he was left behind
another trundles off in fear of
mzungu
touching a tiny hand I new that
Jesus was not far away
four orphan boys ran before us to
open the gate
"good morning" their goodbye
though it was mid afternoon



GREAT HUMANITARIAN: Sharyn Poole is pictured with may children during one of her many trips to Kenya. Ms. Poole died of septic shock while in Kenya on Wednesday, June 26, 2013.

we left knowing we had been in
the House of the Lord.
18/03/12

After a visit to Divine Providence Orphanage, Kakamega
KENYA

Home
Live in the moment
Hope without expectation
How do I understand – what
compares?

Kenyan man sings his national
anthem
Shakes his head at the disunity.
I ask, “do you like living here?”
Hesitant answer, “yes”
Then a deep look into my eyes
“I have no choice”
I ask, “where is home”
Eyes light up, smile begins and
face softens

I hear of home
Here the work is, there the heart

Rural Kenya
A hard life of poverty, death, fear

Happiness, joy, hope, family
Home
I visit Kenyan homes...pride,
happy laughter, hospitality
I begin to understand
I am at home, accepted
Humbled, I too will return
For there I will be home.
Rosseau, Ontario
July 2010

Priest became a fierce pacifist

Continued from p. 3
screamed out “War Declared by Austria” as Austro-Hungarian marched against Serbia in retaliation for the assassination of their monarch by Serbian extremists. Germany joined in, attacking France via Belgium, a neutral country. The invasion of Belgium was a savage campaign of terror against a largely unarmed people. On August 4 Britain’s Daily Mirror featured the fateful headline “Great Britain Declares War on Germany.”

Kennedy left parish ministry and signed up as an Army Chaplain. He was attached to a bayonet-training unit soldiered by ruffians, wrestlers and boxers. Following bayonet-training, the unit was transferred to the trenches of the Western Front with its new padre. There the brutal toll exacted by the bayonet in hand-to-hand combat was laid bare and Kennedy was thrown into the thick of battle for his men, and real war was neither romantic nor chivalrous.

Padres had to maintain the morale of those on the Front and he did that in spades. His rough and ready manner, his salty-sermons, his chain-smoking, his gift of a fist-full of Woodbine cigarettes, and his off-the-cuff prayers to the frightened, wounded and dying on the battlefield impacted hundreds of lives. One soldier recalled the day he landed in his trench, shared a cup of tea out of a dirty tin mug, offered the cigarettes all around and prayed. The soldier had been there for weeks and asked him to send a letter to his fiancé saying he was alive. He did, the soldier survived the war, and married his

sweetheart. She kept the letter from the padre until she died.

Such semi-sweet episodes in his ministry were overshadowed by the great ugliness of the blood and gore he faced almost daily. At the Battle of Messines Ridge, Belgium, June 1917 he repeatedly ran and crawled his way to the wounded and dying. He received the Military Cross for his bravery in that conflict. After Messines Ridge came the Third Battle of Ypres campaign. He would be there too.

A musical immortalized his ministry with the lyrics “Woodbine Willie couldn’t sleep until he’d given every bloke a final smoke before the killing.” And Kennedy immortalized the men he served as well. *Rough Rhymes Of A Padre* was one of several collections of poetry he penned that brought the terrors and haunts of war to the imaginations of the British public. The speaker in his poems was typically a man on the Western Front, such as in the following excerpt from *What’s the Good*.

Well, I’ve done my bit o’ scrap-pin’,
And I’ve done in quite a lot;
Nicked ’em neatly wiv my bayonet,
So I needn’t waste a shot.
‘Twas my duty, and I done it,
But I ’opes the doctor’s quick,
For I wish I ’adn’t done it,
Gawd! it turns me shamed and sick.

There’s a young ’un like our Richard,
And I bashed ‘is ’ead in two,
And there’s that ole grey ‘aired geezer
Which I stuck ‘is belly through.
Gawd, you women, wives and

mothers,
It’s sich waste of all your pain,
If you knowed what I’d been doin’,
Could yer kiss me still, my Jane?

After the War he resumed parish ministry, this time in London. He took on a new cause; pacifism. On the Front he had been a fierce enthusiast for the War effort. After the War he became just as fierce a pacifist, writing and speaking about the effects of the War. The enemy was not “the Fritz” as they had called the Germans. The real enemy he maintained, were the industrialists and profiteers who fueled the War and the Church that blindly supported it. The titles of his speeches and essays capture his bitter disillusionment: “Capitalism is Nothing But Greed, Grab, and Profit-Mongering,” and “The Church Is Not a Movement but a Mob.” Writing, he warned his readers:

“We have forgotten that evil is infectious, as infectious as small-pox; and we do not perceive that if we allow whole departments of our life to become purely secular... the whole of life is bound to become corrupt.” (from the essay, *The Wicket Gate*)

Kennedy died in Liverpool in 1929 during a speaking tour. His funeral was held in Worcester where his parish ministry had begun. Over 2,000 lined the streets and tossed packets of Woodbines onto the passing cortege. On February 13, 2013 the Civic leaders of Leeds where Kennedy was born, dedicated a plaque to honour the man who had brought God’s unconditional love to thousands of lives scarred by war.

Money matters

By the Rev. Bob Elkin

Like most couples my wife and I evolved a division of labour that worked very well for us over the years. I did the manly, hands on things while she looked after the more nebulous, airy-fairy stuff. She raised the kids, ran the household and kept a handle on the finances while I filled the dog's water bowl, put out the garbage and made sure there was always cold beer in the fridge. Like I said, it worked very well for us. With the kids grown and the house sort of running itself though, she'd grown preoccupied with the finances and started feeling quite distressed about it all. So I stepped up and offered to take over.

"But you and your money are soon parted" she said which sounded strangely familiar but I assured her I had the jam to do the job. "I've spent twenty five years in churches and put together countless budgets and financial proposals" I told her. "I've learned and I'll apply what I've learned to our household budget!" She was impressed with my sincerity which didn't surprise me as I discovered long ago that once you can fake sincerity you've got it made. She nodded her approval and I got right to work.

Thirty minutes later I laid my results before her. "All done" I said. "Toot finney! Income and Expenses in perfect balance." She peered suspiciously at the expense sheet. "Only four items?" she asked. "KISS principle" I replied. "First thing you learn when dealing with churches." She began reading aloud. "Household expenses, fifteen thousand dollars. Vehicle expenses, eight thousand dollars. Other living expenses, twenty thousand dollars. Magazine subscriptions, twenty-two dollars." She gave me a quizzical look. "Why are magazine subscriptions a separate category?" she asked. "That's the financial red herring" I explained. "There's one of those in every church budget.

At the Annual Vestry Meeting everybody argues and fights over it for two hours before they vote on it. Then we're out of time and people just want to go home and have supper so the rest of the

budget sails through. Works like a charm!" It didn't work so well at my house though and Magazine Subscriptions became the first austerity victim. She turned to Income.

"Canada Pension... Church Pension....Old Age Security...." Her voice rose an octave. "What's this Miscellaneous Income of eighteen thousand dollars?" she asked incredulously. Patiently I explained. "The two sides have to match. Income and expenses have to be equal. When the church budget is

Letter from Bob

out of whack on the expense side you just add twenty-five percent to the Offering income line but Miscellaneous income works just as well." She stared at me like I was insane. "But what happens at the end of the year when the church is short that amount?" she asked. "Easy, peasy" I replied. "You save the debt up for three years, call it arrears and ask the Diocese for forgiveness." Her next question was a stumper. "But who are we going to ask to bail us out of an eighteen thousand dollar debt?" she queried. I gave it serious thought. "How about that guy who gave Mike Duffy ninety thousand?" I offered. "He seems like a nice man with more money than brains." She shook her head unbelievably. "That was the Conservative Party Bob" she said. "Do you really think they work like the Diocese?" Good point. Those two work for totally different masters but I'd be preaching to the choir if I brought that up. "Maybe we could take back some of the empties in the garage" I suggested. "That should cover a mere eighteen thousand." Obviously levity was not the answer and our discussions soon petered out.

I've still got a lot of good ideas and thoughts about our finances but I've been really busy lately and unable to get to it. Between the dog's water bowl and the garbage cans its been go, go, go and even now duty calls! I have to get something out of the fridge.

Memorial Garden at St. Peter's, Elliot Lake marks 20 years



CARED FOR WITH LOVE: David Young, who has been the church gardener for 13 years, is pictured tending the Luckwell Memorial Garden at St. Peter the Apostle, Elliot Lake. Through dedication and hard work, the garden has become a vibrant floral tribute.

By Linda Wilkes-Parker

At Synod 1991, the Advisory Board of the Anglican Church of St. Peter the Apostle in Elliot Lake, proposed to build a memorial garden on the church grounds. Ray and Jan Crozier had checked all regulations, such as the establishment of a Trust Fund in Perpetuity and the need to apply for licensing under the Ontario Cemeteries Act. With Synod's approval and all necessary conditions met, St. Peter's volunteer work crew began constructing the Anglican Memorial Garden.

In July of 1993, Geraldine Luckwell was the first church member to have her ashes interred there. Husband Vern and the Luckwell family donated a wooden bench etched with "In Memory of (blank) and Geraldine Luckwell" and thus the cemetery became

known as the "Luckwell Memorial Garden". When Vern Luckwell passed some years later, his name was etched into the bench.

Over time, with much dedication and hard work, the garden became a vibrant floral tribute. Now 20 years later, glorious blossoms from spring to fall, offer a spiritual outreach to the family and friends of those who rest there. David Young, the church's gardener for 13 of those years, says ashes can be in an urn or scattered and a minimum one-time donation of \$200 for parishioners and a minimum of \$250 for non-parishioners covers the costs of ensuring devoted annual upkeep of the loved one's resting place. This year, Mr. Young is pleased to welcome the help of Judy St. Dennis who has helped to make the atrium at Elliot Lake's White Mountain Academy a beauty to behold.

A very special lady introduced

I would like to introduce you to Freda Kingshott, Rector's Warden at St. Thomas, Ullswater/Bent River. I met Freda approximately 15 years ago. At that time she was well into the beginning of her role as warden.

When she first became involved with the church, her husband Keith was still alive. After a few years he became quite ill and passed away.

Freda Kingshott became focused on the church and her grandchildren. At the time our church was going through a period of low atten-

dance. Ms. Sharyn Poole provided ongoing ministry, bringing the church along to a better position. Enter Peter Simmons. He brought with him an infectious personality and a dedication to ministry. This, along with Freda's drive and hard

tirelessly to improve things and encourages people to attend. If she is not baking, planning event, running up and down the road, she is listening and answering never ending questions.

I hope she stays in good health and is around for many years to come.

Thank you Freda!

Respectfully submitted,
Anonymous

Letter to the Editor

work, saw the church enter a time of growth.

Freda Kingshott has worked



A WORK OF ART: Pictured are the donor and artists who contributed to the making of new altar hangings for St. Brice's, North Bay. From left are, Anne Burton, Margaret Baynes, the donor, Gayle Fleming and Hope Yakimoff.

Making submissions for publication in the Algoma Anglican?

1) Articles: If you're sending articles, we prefer to receive digital files. Our first choice is to receive attachments in Microsoft Word. Our second choice is for material to be pasted into the body of the E-mail message. Do not send WordPerfect attachments. We do not use WordPerfect in our production department.

2) Photos: If you're using a 35 MM camera, we prefer to receive negatives and we'll do the scanning in our production department. However, we can use prints, if negatives are not available. If you're using a digital camera, we prefer to receive as large a file as possible. Most digital cameras produce files at 72 dpi and up to 24 inches or larger in width. Please save the file as jpeg and do not reduce the size.

E-Mail address: anglican@muskoka.com

Volunteers made vital contribution to project

Continued from Front
to help us raise funds and a local Baptist pastor played his violin at that event
A Christian recording husband and wife team, the Wiebes, stopped by during a cross-country tour and gave the proceeds of a benefit concert. The Anglican Foundation contributed. One parishioner knitted and sold over 50 teddy bears. People bought building supplies out of pocket. It was discovered that St. Brice's Building Fund was named in someone's will. God provided. God, Who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and opens the windows of heaven, truly provided.
And the people! The volunteers! First and foremost was the finding of a hidden treasure in our congregation: a person who brought experience in the building trades, expertise and vision to the task. Rob McDonald volunteered early on to head up the project and he single-handedly organised and oversaw all the work done by both contractors and volunteers. His talent for scrounging materials, training and organising and encouraging volunteers, negotiating with the powers that be and insisting that only fire-code-necessary standards be met, reduced the final cost below the initially estimated costs of the upgrade by a third and the lowest contractor bid by half.
Over the fifteen months from the time the Diocesan Executive Committee gave its authorization for the project to begin until the final inspection approved its completion, almost ninety volunteers worked to bring the buildings up to fire code standards. Just short of a quarter of these came from other parishes and denominations lending their assistance. Fourteen of the volunteers were teenagers. More than two thousand volunteer hours were logged by these people who came, singly and in groups, over five hundred times to help with the work. The "humble project manager" and his wife, Linda, worked at the church on

their 23rd wedding anniversary! The dirtiest and most time consuming work was done in the basement under the church. Many sheets of dry-wall and gallons of "mud" were used to build a fire-barrier ceiling between the old stone basement and the worship space above it. As the Rector Rev. Richard White remarked: "Some of our folks seemed to live down there!"
There were many added bonuses realised over the course of the project, the most important being esprit de corps. As Rector, Rev. Richard White put it: "Whether through fundraising, grunt work, or sacrificial giving, we worked together. When you labour side by side, differences mean less, and disagreements are put in perspective. When you labour together, you discover things about one another that cause you to step back and say, 'Whoa; I didn't know you could do that.' We truly appreciate one another more now. I think we have learned to set aside the small stuff and love a little bit more. It's been a God-given two-year metamorphosis."
And then there was the incentive to de-clutter and re-organise. The Narthex is now much more inviting to all. The basement under the hall, which is no longer rated for meetings or classes, now hosts a plethora of storage. And because of all the renovations there was painting to be done. As an added bonus to the renovations to the hall complex and narthex received a fresh coat of paint. The hall, kitchen and bathroom also got new flooring and lighting.
"All of this was accomplished in spite of the experts saying that it couldn't be done without professional contractors. Well, we did it and for less than they originally said it would cost. Bottom line is we did it all including the kitchen for less than \$175,000." So reads the final report from the "retired humble project manager Rob."
We are finished. The Lord's work continues at St. Brice's. Well done all!

St. James', Goulais River gives thanks

By Eleanor Swain
The early morning sunshine shone on the trees lining the route from Sault Ste. Marie to Goulais River, making the red, russet, yellow and orange coloured leaves seem like coals of fire ablaze in autumnal splendour. It was a perfect day to rejoice and give thanks to God for His providing once again a fruitful harvest. As the Lord said, 'As long as the Earth endures, seedtime and harvest, cold and

heat, summer and winter, day and night *will never cease.*' (Genesis 8:22, italics added)
Harvest Thanksgiving at Saint James', Goulais River, was an extra special one on Sunday, September 29, 2013. Susan and Richard Martin, from Suffolk, England, friends of Fr. John Swain and his wife Eleanor, were attending the service. The church building was beautifully decorated by parishioners, Penny Elliott, Helen and
See Chance - p. 8



From the Anchorhold



By Sister Mary Cartwright
November has never seemed bleak to me. It begins with such a blaze of glory, ever brighter as I draw near the end of my pilgrimage All Saints, and its partner, All Souls, shines with the light and promise of the Eternal life that is God's gift to us in Jesus. Here are all the saints ancient and modern, in Kairos it makes no difference, all our loved ones and those we wish we had known, the Communion of Saints.
They have run the straight race, have finished their course, kept the faith and now cheer us on. Thinking of the Olympics, we should be able to capture Paul's picture, we are running the race of our lives, running towards our Lord, in His Way, to reach for an immortal crown, not a medal! The grandstands are packed with the Communion of Saints, all cheering us on, "Keep going! Get up! Go on! You'll make it!" We should always be aware of them, especially at the Eucharist, the bridge between the worlds, as we join our praise, "With Angels and Archangels and ALL THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN!" Remember John Keble's lines:
"Tis sweet, as year by year, we lose
Friend out of sight, in faith to muse-
How grows in Paradise our store."
I have so many meetings to look forward to, as I am sure you have, though the unspeakable joy of greeting our Lord, face to face, comes first.
As to this month's saints, we remember Bishops: Willibrord, Leo, Martin, Hugh and Clement; the Royals, Margaret, Elizabeth, Edmund, then Hilda, wise and holy Abbess of Whitby, and of course, God's fisherman Andrew, Apostle and Martyr, patron of Scotland.
We look to the end of one church year, and the beginning of another, as we approach Advent, bright with the expectation of the Coming of Christ. We, too, go through the cycle of years, living through sorrow and joy, always held in the hand of God.

"O God of saints, to thee we cry
O Saviour plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our guide and friend,
Grant us thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with thee."



The mission to Britain

By the Rev. Peter Simmons
Gregory the Great was a man of vision. He was determined to go on a mission to Britain, proclaiming the Christian faith. The story is that Gregory, who was an archdeacon at the time, was making his way through the form of Rome, the Eternal city. In one part of the area, he noticed a number of slaves for sale. They were different in appearance from those who were normally for sale. He soon resolved to make his way to Britain. It is told that he actually set out on his way, however friends and follow citizens urged him to abandon his mission and return. With the death of Pope Benedict I, a new opportunity would emerge.
Gregory became Pope. With this the mission was on. Rather than undertaking the task himself, he chose Augustine, Prior of a monastery in Rome. Augustine was to be accompanied by 40 monks who would assist him. Soon after setting out for Britain, many of the monks became fearful, persuading Augustine to return to Rome. Gregory, in a letter, urged them to continue and not to give up. Continue they did, mak-

ing their way through France, and sailing on to Britain. They landed on the Isle of Thanet on the coast of Kent on August 7 596 A.D.
Ethelbert, King of Kent, whose wife Bertha was a Christian, met them some days later. He declined to become a Christian, however he allowed Augustine, and those
Anglicanism
with him, to preach the Gospel. They made their way to Canterbury and the Church of St. Martin, one of the oldest churches in England. Ethelbert would be baptised on Whit Sunday June 1 597 A.D. Many followed the king's example and were converted to the Faith.
The time had come for Augustine to become a bishop. He was consecrated in France at Arles as Bishop of the English in November 597 A.D. He was soon back in England with new responsibilities and directives from Gregory. Augustine was given the freedom to adapt liturgies and services best suited to the English. In 601 A.D. as growth continued, Augustine

felt a greater need for more missionaries. Gregory sent Mellitus, Justus, Paulinus, and Ruffinianus to Britain to further the proclamation of Christ. It was planned to have 12 bishops under the authority of Augustine, however the British had different ideas.
A conference was called with Augustine and the various British Bishops in attendance. Nothing was resolved. A second conference was attended by seven bishops and a number of monks of Bangor. Augustine, who remained seated when meeting those in attendance, was viewed as haughty and full of pride. The British refused to submit to Augustine's authority and change their customs and practices. While Augustine struggled, Mellitus had some success with Sebert, King of Essex. He was consecrated Bishop of the East Saxons, with the see in London. Justus became Bishop of Rochester, while Paulinus became chaplain to Ethelburga, wife of Edwin, King of Northumbria. Augustine died in 604 A.D., seven years after his arrival in Britain. What would the future hold?
To be continued.

Chance meeting brings vision to life

Continued from p. 7

Nick Kaiser and The Ven. William Stadnyk. There were many branches of deep and vibrant red leaves, bulrushes and a large quantity of produce donated by parishioners and Farmers' Market. These would be given to the Food Bank in Sault Ste. Marie.

This Sunday was a time, not only to thank God for the fruits of the earth. It was also a time to count one's blessings and thank God for them all. For the Martins and Swains it was a time also to thank God for the gift of friendship.

At the beginning of the service, Susan Martin spoke about her experience in Kenya, Africa, where she went to help teach some young people. It all began in 2010. Susan's and Richard Martin's elder son, James, had just begun training at Capenwray Bible College in Lancashire, England. Part of the course required that the students went to less privileged places to do practical things to help others in need. James Martin and his fellow students were sent to Kenya.

Soon after arriving in Kenya, the bus broke down while taking them to their designated village. While they waited for repairs to be done, Mr. Martin was approached by an African woman named Evelyn.

She poured out her heart to him about the vision that she had of God providing a place of refuge for children who were blind, deaf and physically abused by their parents. For many years Evelyn had constantly prayed for this vision to become a reality. As James Martin listened, he was moved to do something about this.

When he returned home at the end of the semester, he spoke with the church there. They agreed to help not only financially but practically as well in Kenya! The next summer James Martin and a group from his home Church went to Kenya and began the process of building a school for these special children.

The following summer, 2012, he was back again for two weeks in the village in Kenya, and Susan Martin went there later with others from the Church. The Church at Saint James prayed for these people, especially for their safety from accidents, attacks and disease. In the summer of this year, Susan Martin again went to Kenya to do more.

Meanwhile, the school building was begun and James Martin went on to Moody Bible College in Chicago. One day he received the news that the school building work had



GIVING THANKS: On Sunday, September 29, 2013, the people of St. James', Goulais River gathered to celebrate Harvest Thanksgiving. Pictured before the serve are, from left, Ven. Bill Stadnyk, Doreen Stadnyk, Fr. John Swain, Eleanor Swain, Susan Martin and Richard Martin.

halted because of lack of funds. The walls were up but there was no roof and soon the rains would come. He went into the next lecture feeling very depressed. The student next to him asked, "Why are you so down?" He told him. At lunch time the student went up to Mr. Martin and gave to him a cheque to cover the cost of the roof. It was in place two days before the rains began!

Currently there are thirty students at West Special

School, as it is named. Outside there is a notice with the words printed on it: 'We nurture what once was considered waste'. God is doing mighty things at West Special School. He began by organising the meeting of James Martin and Evelyn when the bus broke down, indirectly in answer to her prayers! There is much for which we thank God, culminating especially as a Church at Harvest Thanksgiving.

There is considerable trauma in society today

By Charlotte Haldenby

When I started teaching History in the late 1960's, when courses ran for the whole year and when classes stayed together all day, I always checked with the English teacher of my Grade 10 class to see if we could coordinate our efforts. In Canadian History in the Twentieth Century, I would be teaching World War I, in terms of alliances, diplomacy, battles, chronology, Arthur Currie, and Canada being recognised as independent from Britain for all the effort our young men had put forth. Would it be possible for him to do *All Quiet on the Western Front*, the novel by Erich Maria Remarque, at the same time? Remarque had been drafted at age 18 into the German army and wounded several times. Even though he was "the enemy" he told it like it was for all soldiers on the front lines.

How many Canadian families sent off their eager young lads to fight that war which was "to end all wars", never to see them again, as they lay buried in Europe? How many welcomed their sons home, so grown-up now, some with terrible physical injuries? Many were left with that deadened look in their eyes that said they had seen all the horrors that life could possibly bring.

In more recent times we have had Romeo Dallaire, commander of the UN forces in Rwanda, trying to keep the peace and end the genocide between the Hutus and the Tutsis, without the full support and direction he needed: a general, coming home and found

Looking at the World

alone on a park bench in Ottawa, devastated by what had happened, and what he had not been able to do. Eventually he recovered and wrote about his experiences to educate us all, especially about the plight of child soldiers. This year, many people are suffering from that "shell shock" identified in World War I., now known as PTSD, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.

You go with your young diplomat wife to the mall in Nairobi to pick up a few things, shots are fired, and you come home alone, devastated. In Ottawa you and your husband celebrate your anniversary one night. He kisses you as he leaves for the early shift on the 8 o'clock bus run, and now he's dead, and people are saying it's all his fault!

You are a rescue worker called in to search the downtown of Lac Megantic, or the Elliot Lake Mall last year, for survivors. Did you hear something? But the search was called off before you could get there.

You and your young family are just settling into your first house near the Bow River in Alberta. It's your dream come true! And it's so ruined in the floods, it might as well be gone!

Those are the cases in the news over and over, getting national

coverage, with reporters in your face or besieging your family to get the inside story of how it feels. You are so heartbroken, no longer sure of who you are and how you can go on, and you just can't talk about it yet, maybe never. Why can't they leave you alone! But then they do, and now does anybody care? And then there are the stories that don't make *The National*.

The teenager driving his friends home from a party and being the only survivor when they collide with a truck. A spouse served with divorce papers, seemingly out of the blue, who thought things were going all right, except for those money

"How many people are "walking wounded" in our society?"

problems. A young girl whose picture for her boyfriend (??) has travelled around the world. At school everyone is laughing and pointing and bullying! An even younger child who sees himself replaced, now his baby sister's arrived, and whenever he says to dad that it's not fair, all he gets is a slap.

How many people are "walking wounded" in our society? How many people have had their idea of who they are shattered? Who are you now, if you're not her husband? Why did you survive?

Is this pain going to go on forever? Those people in the news will have doctors and counsellors and lawyers all lining up to help, but who can you turn to?

Back in the 1960's when classes still stayed together, you had classmates who would stand by you forever, who still keep in touch. Sometimes in rural communities today, people up and down the sideroads do know your name, and show up to help, even if they're still calling your place, "the old MacLean farm". Your kids have ridden the school bus together, or maybe you carpool into town for work, or help out at the turkey suppers at the community hall. But in the city where do you find community, now?

You may be fortunate and get to the helping professionals very soon. Sometimes you are left feeling that you're just the "four-o'clock", while the doctor concentrates on typing all your answers into the computer; or the "bi-polar", so if you just do this, with this medication, according to the book, it will all work out, or "This is just like that case I had last year. No problem!" A friend recommended that people in the helping professions should read *The Beautiful Risk* by James T. Olthuis, of the Institute of Christian Studies and take it to heart so they really see and hear the person in front of them and work with them, not at them. It is a good read, with real people. Still that's only an hour a week,

if that.

There might be a group at church, where you can meet with others who've been through similar stresses, and share experiences and what worked. But maybe you're not at that stage of opening up yet. You might just want to be one-on-one with someone you can trust who comes to your house and listens and deeply hears your pain, not issuing orders but just being there stroking your hand or giving you that big hug when you ask. Does that church down the road have a pastoral care team? Maybe all you need right now is being put on the prayer list, knowing that people are offering your name up in prayer to the greatest Healer.

And how about, if all of us in community, every day, treated each other respectfully, and care-fully, saying "Hi! How are you doing?" Maybe a bit more about the weather or the hockey game, building up relationships; even shovelling snow together. Eventually we might even go for coffee. You get to know us and that we're there for you when a crisis comes.

In Paul's wonderful chapter, I Corinthians 13, we are told, "Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things." Isn't this what we all need? And what we can share?

Sometimes that "Hi!" and smile, or that blueberry muffin, warm from the oven, might be exactly what you needed to get through the next "one day at a time". Me too.