

ALGOMA ANGLICAN

October 2011

Official Voice of the Diocese of Algoma – A section of the Anglican Journal

Vol. 54 – No. 8

Support your diocesan newspaper

By the Ven. Deborah Kraft

Mea Culpa. I am going to begin with a confession. I can't remember the last time that I sent money to support this publication. I'm wondering now if I have ever financially supported the Algoma Anglican. Surely I must have! But I truly don't know or remember. I usually misplace the mailing envelope for donations and then I forget about it.

I do know that I have sent many articles over the past decade. I have mailed photos and articles by snail mail, and more recently I have sent my submissions by e-mail. I do know that I always enjoy seeing my photos, and the photos and articles submitted by others published in the paper.

I always get a little lift in my heart when the new issue arrives. I find myself smiling and eager to turn to my two favourite features: The Letter from the Bishop, and Rev. Bob Elkins' column. The Bishop's Letter makes me think, and Bob's column makes me laugh. I love both. Some months I turn to the Bishop Stephen's Letter first, and other months I turn to Bob's column first. I enjoy their very different writing styles.

I end up reading nearly everything in the paper before I turn to the Anglican Journal. Both papers end up in a magazine rack in our bathroom where they continue to be read and pondered. I like to read in the bathtub with a cup of green tea or a glass of pinot grigio beside me.

The Algoma Anglican is a huge amount of work to produce, and I commend the Editor, Rev. Peter Simmons, for his diligence, and I commend all of you who send in articles. I believe that this monthly publication is essential to our sense of community and identity as Algoma Anglicans. We must be continually reminded that we are part of something bigger than our individual parishes and even our deanery.

I am writing this article on a laptop, and I use a BlackBerry, and I read many books on my e-Kindle, and yet I appreciate touching the pages of the Algoma Anglican. I will sometimes read our Thunder Bay newspaper on-line but I prefer holding the actual newsprint. I feel the same about the Algoma Anglican. Besides, I don't like bringing electronic readers into the bath-



READING OF LIFE IN THE DIOCESE: The Ven. Deborah Kraft takes a little break to catch up on news and happenings in the Diocese of Algoma. In her article, Archdeacon Kraft writes of the need to not only support the paper by reading it and submitting material, but also supporting the publication financially.

tub!

The costs of this newspaper are covered 100% by individual donations and the Diocese of Algoma. Perhaps part of me thought that this diocesan paper was financially supported by the Anglican Church of Canada.

In order to remain viable and to avoid putting too much financial pressure on the Diocese, the Algoma Anglican must have our financial support. Each issue costs

around \$3000 to produce and mail. This publication needs a reasonable \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year from you and me, the subscribers. The recommended donation amount is only \$10 to \$12 a year! That's way less than my monthly subscription to Chatelaine and Cottage Life.

I have decided that I must support this newspaper with more than faithfully reading it and submitting material. I must support it financially. I have already made a

donation for \$30 through an on-line charitable donation site called www.canadahelps.org. This site is easy to navigate. I selected the Diocese of Algoma and then the Algoma Anglican. I used my VISA and two minutes later I received my charitable receipt. What could be easier? Of course, a mailed cheque to the Diocese in Sault Ste. Marie is always welcomed. There is a donation envelope included

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Inside Algoma



Youth Synod 2011 at Camp Manitou

Young people, from all points in the diocese, gathered at Camp Manitou for the annual Youth Synod held on the Civic holiday weekend.

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Special fundraiser held at Ullswater/Bent River

Frances Balodis, a parishioner at St. Thomas, Ullswater/Bent River played, non-stop, at least one verse of all 769 hymns in *Common Praise*, 1998 as a fundraiser for the church.

See p. 8

Next deadline

The deadline for the next issue of *The Algoma Anglican* is **Friday, October 7.**

Send items to:

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A children's story: how Tekakwitha became Kateri

Story of a woman's journey growing in the faith

By the Rev. Judie Cooper

Editors Note: This material is from the St. Luke's Canadian

Aboriginal Day celebration held June 19, 2011 in Thunder Bay. All information has been gathered from various books about Kateri Katekwitha, a full list of which can be found at Amazon.com. Any errors or misinterpretations are strictly the authors.

Our story begins in 1660 when Tekakwitha was only four years

old. She lived with her mother Kahenta and her father Tsanitongowa and her baby brother in the Mohawk village called Ossenenon. That is in the northern part of what is now New York State. This was back in 1656, before there was a United States of America, but the Mohawk people, of course, had lived there for generations.

Tekakwitha and her family lived in a long house with other family members and friends. If one could look inside their home one would see corn hanging on a lodge pole and lots of bread baking in a stony firepit. Tekakwitha's baby brother would be safe and comfy in his carrying board or

tucked lovingly into a ledge bed close to his mother. Their home was a fine home, and they had a fine life together. Tekakwitha was a very happy child. It was a fine way to live. Her father Tsanitongowa was the chief of the Tortoise Clan and her family was respected and admired for all of their hard

See Tekakwitha – p. 6

Diocese of Algoma
Anglican Church Women
DEVOTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER



During Pentecost, our Bible readings focused on the book of Genesis and the three patriarchs, their families and their journeys in search of God’s plan for them. The first was Abraham: “No longer shall your name be Abram, but your name shall be Abraham; for I have made you the ancestor of a multitude of nations” (Gen. 17: 5). The second of the three patriarchs of the Israelites was Isaac who was born to the hundred-year-old Abraham and the ninety-year-old Sarah. (Harper’s Bible Dictionary pg. 425). The third of course was Jacob “the brother of Esau, the son of Isaac and Rebekah, the father of Dinah and of twelve sons whose names are those of tribes”, and like Abram, God gave Jacob a new name, Israel. (Harper’s Bible Dictionary pg. 443).

The journeys these three God-chosen patriarchs undertook were of epic proportions as they traveled over mountains and across deserts in search of land and food. The land was similar to the land of The New Testament where Jesus and the Apostles journeyed and later where Paul traveled extensively. When one studies these many journeys, especially the ones Paul undertook to spread the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, one cannot but be astounded. All these travelers faced tremendous odds, the rough terrain, drought, heat and cold, wild animals and

who knows what other hardships. However it is the terrain which sticks in one’s mind.

Several years ago, we had the privilege of touring Greece in an air conditioned bus powered by a Rolls Royce engine. One could not help but look out the window and envision Paul struggling through mountain passes and endless valleys on his way to Corinth during his third missionary journey. He was not wearing today’s sturdy hiking boots. The comparison was almost incomprehensible and heart breaking. Besides being awed by these epic travels one is thankful such journeys have been recorded throughout the Bible because the writings emphasize the value and blessing the patriarchs placed on their families. Dare we presume to say we are especially thankful for our family.

This year we are experiencing wonderful events. Our nephew and his family arrived from Florida, in his enormous mobile home which he successfully berthed in our driveway. We had not seen him since he was about seven years old so you can imagine the change in him, not to mention he now has a wife, two children and two dogs. Hugs and happiness were the order of the weekend and during many heart to heart talks, it became abundantly clear we all realized the value of maintaining family connections. Thanks be to

God.

Could it get any better than this. Yes, because we are looking forward to the birth of our first grandchild in December. We have so much to be grateful for this Thanksgiving. The leaves are putting on their autumn finery, harvests are being gathered, some to keep, some to share and some to decorate our Churches.

Here is a prayer for the season: “O Almighty God, whose dearly beloved Son, after his resurrection, sent his Apostles into all the world, and, on the day of Pentecost, endued them with special gifts of the Holy Spirit, that they might gather in the spiritual harvest: We beseech thee to look down from heaven upon the fields, now white unto the harvest, and to send forth more labourers to gather fruit unto eternal life. And grant us grace to help them with our prayers and offerings, that when the harvest of the earth is ripe, and the time for reaping is come, we, together with them, may rejoice before thee, according to the job in harvest; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.” The Book of Common Prayer, 1962. pgs. 618 – 619.

A blessed and happy thanksgiving to everyone.

By Pam Handley, ACW
Devotions Secretary

It is to God that we
return

By the Rev. Grahame Stap

This summer has been a very busy summer for my wife Ina and I in many different ways. We have had lots of company stay with us. Old friends from St. Christopher’s, family members and others who just stopped in for a short visit and we are still rebuilding our house. Almost finished. It occurred to me how very lucky we are. We have lots of friends and for our age good health. We also live in a wonderful part of Ontario.

As I look out of my window I can see the lake. The ripples on the water as gentle zephyrs come in from the west and the sun sparkling on each tiny wave. A loon has been nesting on the shore close to us and the male swims and dives finding food to feed the young. A short time ago we had two young moose feeding in the wooded area of our lot. God is in his heaven and all is right with the world.

Then I switch on the television and it all comes crashing down; riots in England, fighting in Libya and Syria, terrible famine in many parts of Africa, and a tornado in Goderich. We truly live in a broken world and for most people in this world there is not much to be thankful for.

In our own lives, this summer, Ina and I have had to face the death of someone we loved. First one of Ina’s sisters died and we drove south for the funeral. While we were there I went to see my brother in hospital. He was not in a good way but where there is life there is hope. We were home for one day when we got the news that my

brother had died and we headed south again.

I guess we both realized that we are at that time of life when we must face not only the passing of siblings and friends but also our own end. I find it hard to believe that I will be seventy by the time you read this and my brother who is eighty-two will be in Canada. He lives in France, and is coming to help me through this passing into another phase of life.

I find it all very strange. In my mind I am still young and have a

Thoughts from
Grahame

full head of hair my bones don’t ache and my teeth are all my own. I remember things then I look in the mirror. Time passes so fast.

I realise this is how life is. The terrible tragedies of the world do happen, mainly through our indifference to the plight of others, I also realise that God knew all this was going to happen; that we were going to live in a broken world so he sent Jesus who for us died on the cross then rose again

If Jesus had come down from the Cross and saved himself as bystanders tempted him to, he would have done what we cannot do. Jesus stayed on the Cross and died, and rose from the dead to show us the path. And for this I will always be thankful because no matter what happens we are loved by God and it is to God that, when our time here is over, we will return.

As always it is only my opinion

IN CELEBRATION OF A LIFE
WELL LIVED

Christine Wright
October 20, 1947 - September 24,
2010

Wife, Mother, Companion, Friend
Loyal Bishop’s Assistant, and Caring
Resource and Friend to the Clergy
of the Diocese for 16 Years

Christine’s life was lived with love,
integrity and devotion
Her legacies will be conveyed through
those alive and those yet to be.

Her Family and Friends

An Afternoon Conference on
RURAL AND SMALL CHURCH MINISTRY

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE
5 HOSKIN AVE. TORONTO, ON
Wednesday October 12th 2011
3 pm

THEME: The Future of Rural Ministry

SPEAKER: Cam Harder Director of Circle M
Centre for Rural Community Leadership and Ministry
“equipping rural and remote clergy and lay leaders to help revitalize rural Canadian communities”

Followed by a panel discussion
Circle M along with the Saskatoon Theological Union has just developed an accredited graduate degree program: Doctor of Ministry Program in rural ministry.

Two visions of Circle M:
that rural church leaders have useful tools to help change the “palliative care” pastor-as-personal-chaplain of a dying congregation” mindset into a
vital mission-oriented perspective
a place that helps denominational structures to
recognize and value rural churches

A group is going from Muskoka if you are
interested and want to hitch a ride or do a billet lay over call:

Rev. GailMarie 705-789-7544 or email northmuskokaparish@vianet.ca

EDITORIAL

The Algoma Anglican is the Official Voice of the Diocese of Algoma.
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The Right Reverend Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop
Peter Simmons, Editor

Letter from the Bishop

A tribute to The Rev. Dr. John Stott

Dear Friends,

A number of people have asked me for my recollections of what The Rev. Dr. John R.W. Stott was like. Many of you will be familiar with his name. In 2005 *Time* magazine identified him as one of the world's 100 most influential people, and his more than fifty books have been read by millions around the globe. An eminent church historian has said that, next to Archbishop William Temple, he was the most important cleric in the Church of England in the twentieth century. His death at the end of July was noted in the world's mainline papers, and a memorial web site has attracted 1,100 moving tributes to his life and ministry from every continent. A few of you may know that it was my privilege to serve as his

Study Assistant in the mid 1980s. I have already tendered some thoughts about him on my blog, benedictus benedicat. But I want to take this opportunity to say a bit more about the man that I knew in the hope that a reader might be inspired to take up one of his books or support his vision for a global church mature in faith and deed.



John was the product of a privileged upbringing. The son of a titled cardiologist, he was sent to the elite public school, Rugby, where his leadership qualities were recognised in his being appointed Head Boy. But towards the end of his time at school he became a Christian, and at the conclusion of his first degree at Cambridge he shifted his vocation from the diplomatic service to the priesthood (much to the disappointment of his parents). In 1945 he became Assistant Curate at the London church where he had grown up. When the Rector died five years later, the congregation took the unprecedented step of petitioning the crown to have John appointed his successor. John then served as Rector of All Souls', Langham Place, for twenty-five years, before being commissioned for a world-wide ministry. For the next thirty-six years, he would remain on staff as Rector Emeritus. Before his death at the age of 90, he had received a number of honorary degrees, had served as Chaplain to the Queen, and been made a Commander of the British Empire.

Well, there is a great deal more to say about the events of John Stott's life and the impact that he had on the church. You can read about it in one of the biographies that have appeared (one runs to more than a thousand pages!). Here I simply want to describe some of the personal characteristics that made him such an effective servant of Christ.

First of all, he was a man of enormous discipline and energy. He had a daily routine of rising at five and retiring at eleven. His remarkable powers of concentration enabled him to remain focussed on his work for long periods of time, making him a prolific correspondent, preacher and author. This was combined with a rigorous logic that enabled him to keep discussions on track, see arguments through to their logical outcomes, and made his sermons rationally compelling.

Secondly, he was a faithful friend, colleague and pastor. Even people who met John briefly or casually felt a sense of warm affection from him. He frequently expressed his appreciation for those with whom he worked, rarely missing an

opportunity to say thanks. He had a servant heart and cared for the neglected. When home from his globetrotting, he would take communion to elderly shut-ins during the holidays. And he was faithful in his prayers, which were systematic and comprehensive. He had a large list of people and situations that he brought before God in his morning and evening devotions, and the knowledge that he prayed for me daily is still humbling.

John was also a generous man. When I went up to Cambridge to do doctoral work, he and his secretary, Frances, both gave us financial support. I know many others who received similar assistance, which was always discretely dispensed. Indeed, he did not profit personally from the considerable royalties of his books. He took the same stipend as any other priest of the Church of England, but the earnings from his publications went to provide books and scholarships for Majority World church leaders. This is a ministry that continues through national charities around the world organised under the name of Langham Partnership. It is my privilege to chair the Canadian partner organisation (you can learn more at www.langhampartnership.ca).

John was often recognised for his Christian integrity. He held his evangelical convictions firmly, but also reasonably. He was always prepared to examine his own assumptions and to scrutinise his motives. He also took great pains to be fair to those with whom he disagreed, and displayed an uncanny knack of being able to state opposing positions better than his opponents could! Having said that, he was also known as a statesman and peace maker. He established a reputation for being able to broker agreements between dissenting parties. I remember when John was concerned about a public debate between two respected Christian thinkers. He took the initiative to bring about a reconciliation by arranging an opportunity for them to meet face-to-face, in the company of others who cared for Christian witness and the truth being debated.

Fifthly, John was a man of simplicity. He lived in a small flat and possessed a modest wardrobe and library. And, unlike other Christian statesmen of his stature, he mostly stayed in people's homes when he travelled. John was not frugal, but simple. His automobiles were always basic and adequate, and some of my fondest memories include being a passenger in his Mini Clubman Estate which he drove like Jehu!

John Stott was an extraordinary individual. In the end, however, he wanted to be remembered 'as an ordinary Christian who struggled to understand, to expound, to relate and to apply the Word of God'. The slate that will mark his grave near his cottage in Wales will say, simply, that 'both as the ground of his salvation, and as the subject of his ministry, he resolved to know nothing except JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified' (1 Corinthians 2:2).

May God bless his legacy and grant us all the same resolve.

Stephen Andrews
Bishop of Algoma

Letters to the Editor & Submissions Policy

Letter writers and authors of unsolicited submissions are reminded to include a signature and phone number for verification purposes. Letters will be reviewed and may be edited for length and content. While letters expressing opinion are welcome, all letters and other submissions are subject to approval before publication.

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Youth Synod 2011 held at Camp Manitou

By Sheena Larson
Youth Ministry Council
Secretary

Growing up in today's society can be challenging at best. Human beings are faced with much adversity in discovering who their identity, dealing with assumptions and judgments from peers, and feeling the pressures from mainstream media. There is something that can be even more challenging: being a Christian youth.

Youth Synod is an annual gathering of young people ages 13 to 24 from all across the Diocese of Algoma. Every Civic Holiday weekend in August, these young people travel to Camp Manitou to worship and praise God. This year, was the 26th Youth Synod. The theme was "Consumer's Fire: Christianity, Pop Culture and You".

Yes, it is true that youth face pressures from mainstream media, but in what sense? This year attendees discovered and realised the prominence of God in their favourite movies. Popular music was broken down and analyzed: what was really being said to the listener. A look was taken at the images society displays and how one should act and respond. Those in attendance examined what it all really means. Anglican youth carry strong morals and sharp minds. This year at Youth Synod, it was realised that the only image which one should try to portray is that of God reflected through the individual.

A synod can be defined as an assembly and in the Anglican Church. It also is a governing

body. This year at camp, the "synod" was brought back to Youth Synod. There was a resolutions committee that met throughout the weekend and brought forward several resolutions to go to the Executive Committee and the Bishop. Deanery meetings were held and the newest members of the Youth Ministry Committee were elected. They had a working dinner meeting at camp.

This year the Rt. Rev. Dr. Stephen Andrews and his lovely wife, Fawna joined participants in camp life for the last day. The Bishop and his wife were started off easy with a hike up Mt. Stadnyk where the youth lead in a bible study. The climb was tricky but the view was worth it. The infamous "Bishop's Bear Pit" was held where the youth can pick the Bishop's brain on any topic. Bishop Andrews turned it around on participants this year and asked everyone present why they were Christians. It was a loaded question full of personal revelations and hearts pouring out with a passion for God.

Camp Manitou and Youth Synod have a profound impact on young people. Whether they are lying on the rocks at night, participating in Bible Studies and committees or even climbing a mountain, the wonder of Camp Manitou lasts a lifetime. When you have a place full of friends and comfort, a place where the love of God is abundant, where the memories and experiences last like the heat of the sun on Manitou's rocks at night, being a Christian youth today just doesn't seem as challenging as before.



YOUTH SYNOD 2011: Attendees of the annual diocesan Youth Synod gather for a group photo. The annual event, held annually at Camp Manitou on the Civic holiday weekend, brings together youth from throughout the diocese.



SPECIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION: Rose Ethel Gibson, centre, is pictured with her daughters, Susan Physick, wife of Canon Greg Physick who is retired from the Diocese of Toronto, and Marilyn Skedgel at a gathering in celebration of her 90th birthday. Mrs. Gibson attends St. Stephen the Martyr, Thunder Bay. At the Sunday service on August 7, 2011, incumbent Fr. Ed Swayze made special mention of Mrs. Gibson's birthday and flowers from the congregation were given to her. Mrs. Gibson lives in her own apartment, enjoys sitting on her balcony in the summer, visits the mall with friends, and does her own grocery shopping.

The Algoma Anglican is sent to 4,500 subscribers in diocese and beyond

Continued from Front

in this issue and I encourage you to keep it where you put your car keys.

I had fun doing the math. The diocesan newspaper is sent to 4,500 subscribers 10 times a year. If 1 out of four of you reading my appeal joins me in making a donation, and your average donation is \$12, then the total amount raised

will be \$13,500!

I take my hat off to all of you generous donors who have been more disciplined and committed than me, and have maintained regular financial donations. On behalf of the Algoma Anglican, thank you to the past, current, and future donors.

May God bless our monthly newspaper.

Contact

The Algoma Anglican
at our E-mail address:
anglican@muskoka.com

St. Stephen's, Vankoughnet celebrates 120th anniversary

By Jennifer Milne

On Saturday, July 30, 2011 at 4 p.m. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop of Algoma, presided at a service in celebration of the 120th anniversary of the consecration of St. Stephen's Anglican Church, Vankoughnet.

Bishop Andrews preached a moving sermon that described the brutality inflicted on our patron St. Stephen, and then the agony of the Martyr's death. He discussed the contribution of modern martyrs in contemporary society. It was a powerful and passionate sermon, and a service that all those present will remember.

The Officiant was Rev. Kelly Baetz, Incumbent of St. Stephen's.

The Gospeller and Bishop's Chaplain was Rev. Barbara Graham and the Eucharistic Assistant was Rev. Barbara Nangle. The readers were Joanne Sutton and Patricia Stephens. The Prayers of the People were led by David Hudson. The musicians were Judy Flemming on keyboard and Richard Lamoureux on various instruments.

All of those attending the service received commemorative book marks with a brief history of St. Stephen's as follows:

"On January 12, 1891, Bishop Sullivan, the Bishop of Algoma, consecrated St. Stephen's Anglican Church.

Work began in August 1890 by Thomas McMurray assisted by

James and William Elliott.

The building has a foundation of granite and ten foot high stained glass. The Church has a Gothic chancel arch, communion rails, seating and furniture.

The Reverend Thomas Lloyd, the Rural Dean of Muskoka said 'when finished the building would be as handsome as any in the Deanery and a great credit to all concerned.'

On the reverse of the bookmark, with a beautiful picture of the Church, and the following:

"St. Stephen's Anglican Church: connecting spiritual journeys through friendship July 30th, 2011"

See Many – p. 6

Here today and here tomorrow

By the Rev. Bob Elkin

Everybody should have a year that belongs to them. Mine was 1967. I kicked around Europe for six months, came back and got whisked off to Expo in Montreal and then returned and hooked up with my wife Connie for the next 40 plus years. It was great! I had such a good time I resolved to do it again every couple of years, the travel, not the wife. Then the children started arriving and we never went anywhere for a quarter century. All things come to he who waits however. Eventually the kids moved out, the dog died and we were free! So it's off to Europe in the fall once more and boy am I ready!

I realize that it won't be like it was. In 1967 Europe was Europe and Elkin was Elkin and things have certainly gone downhill since then. I'm not sure that the years have brought me maturity but I've learned to be cagier! A few years ago we visited people who knew I worked for the church and they immediately dragged us out to see every cathedral, chapel and shrine within a hundred miles. An old

dog can learn new tricks though.

So in preparation for this trip I've written everyone we might run into and let them know of my new career interest as a tavern reviewer and beer taster. It's not like I'm lying. I've always had a keen amateur interest in this field. With

luck it is good-bye psalter and hello pilsner, except for Sunday, of course. Never let it be said I forgot the fourth commandment!

My wife is from Holland and I'd envisioned making the rounds of the relatives to hear the stories of long, long ago when my brother-in-law e-mailed to suggest that he and I take two of his motorcycles and go touring while the ladies do the visiting thing. It was a difficult decision to make but just to keep him happy I agreed to go. If you believe that I have swampland for you! It'll be like the good old days

except for the saddlebags full of liniment and Geritol. Sort of an *Easy Rider* meets *Grumpy Old Men* kind of thing. Rock on baby, rock on!

We aren't really heading abroad with much else planned as we decided to just let things unfold as they will. I used to over-plan and try to wring every ounce of action out of each moment. I have learned over the years that you miss a lot that way. I don't want to have to look at the photos afterwards to know where I've been and what I did. It is much more exciting to examine your new tattoo and wonder where it came from for the rest of your life! Interesting things happen when you didn't plan for them. Life is what happens when you're on your way to somewhere else!

Well, I've gotta go because I've gotta pack. And don't worry that I'll embarrass the diocese because it just won't happen! I talk a good talk but I know how to act. Grace and decorum are my middle names! But if I need bail, I'll write!

Celebration of new ministry at the Epiphany, Sudbury

By Wendy Collinson

There was a buzz surrounding the church for most of Tuesday, August 9, 2011, as preparations began for the Celebration of New Ministry between Rev. Dr. Timothy Perry and the Church of the Epiphany in Sudbury. At service time the church was filled with members of the Epiphany as well as other churches in the Sudbury-Manitoulin Deanery. Also welcomed were Bishop Stephen Andrews, Rev. Dr. Jay Koyle, members of St. Andrew's United Church choir and clergy from the Sudbury Roman Catholic, United, Presbyterian, Lutheran and Jewish Communities.

Members from various groups within the Epiphany including the Choir, Sunday School, Altar Guild and Youth Group presented Fr. Tim with the symbols of the ministry of the whole people of God. After all of the gifts had been presented, Bishop Andrews officially presented Fr. Perry as the leader of ministry at the Epiphany. This was welcomed with an exciting round of applause. The members of the Church of the Epiphany are excited to have begun this new journey with Fr. Perry, his wife Rachel and children Calvin, Sara and Hugh. All are looking forward to a bright future together.



CELEBRATION OF NEW MINISTRY: Bishop Andrews and Rev. Dr. Timothy Perry are attentive to Ven. Anne Germond during the service welcoming Fr. Perry as the new incumbent of the Church of the Epiphany in Sudbury. The service, held on Tuesday, August 9, 2011, brought together people from the community of Sudbury and beyond.

The man the Bishop rejected: part two

By the Rev. Richard White

It was April 13, 1764. The brown-coated figure ran awkwardly through London's streets. He skipped around raw sewage, skirted hawkers' carts, and pushed his way awkwardly through the afternoon crowds. John Newton had an appointment to keep.

In his pocket he had a letter to the recently installed Archbishop of York, Hay Drummond, from the Bishop of Lincoln, John Green. It requested that the archbishop interview Newton and possibly have him added to the ordinands who would be deaconed the following day, Sunday April 14th. It was a gamble. The archbishop's predecessor had rejected Newton.

Seven years earlier Newton had approached the then Archbishop of York, John Gilbert, about ordination. His secretary broadsided the application and advised Gilbert against it. In fairness Newton didn't fit the usual mold. He was a reformed slave trader. He lacked the formal education the Church expected of its clergy. He was entirely self-educated in the classics, the Bible, Greek and Hebrew. In fact, he had little connection with the Anglican Church. Gilbert easily dismissed Newton, sight unseen.

Theologian and evangelist John Wesley, who knew Newton, was aghast at the arrogance of Archbishop Gilbert. He wrote in his private diary... "Our church requires clergymen to have a university education... But how many have a university education and yet no learning at all? Yet these men are ordained! Meantime, John Newton who has eminent learning as well as unblamable behaviour cannot be ordained, 'because he was not at university!' What a mere farce is this?"

Newton was crushed by that experience. Still, for the next many years he continued to seek ordination both within and without the Church of England while working as a tide surveyor in the Port of Liverpool. He buried himself in books, prepared Bible studies, wrote sermons and accepted numerous invitations to speak about his slave days and to preach. He and his wife moved in circles that included the best-known evangelists of the day: George Whitfield and the Wesley brothers. He wrote tracts on a variety of issues and produced a tell-all autobiography. It drew the attention of William Legge, the 2nd Earl of Dartmouth, a philanthropist, statesman, and committed Churchman.

Lord Dartmouth owned an

estate in Olney, a bustling market town in Buckinghamshire about 60 miles northwest of London. His parish church there needed a vicar. A meeting was arranged with Newton. Impressed, Dartmouth referred Newton to his friend, Bishop John Green for ordination. The moment Green heard that Newton had been

History Byte

rejected by the Archbishop of York several years previous, he wisely wrote a letter asking the new Archbishop of York, Hay Drummond to meet Newton and possibly he could squeeze Newton into the line-up of ordinands. The ordination was scheduled for Sunday, April 14th. That was why on the Saturday before, Newton was running through London.

He arrived late. Archbishop Drummond didn't see him, instead he had a brief meeting with the archbishop's secretary, the same man who had influenced the previous archbishop, his secretary. "Sir," sneered the secretary, "you were formerly disappointed. His Grace (the Archbishop) desired to be excused." Newton remembered

the words well as he left. It looked like it was over. But was it? Could there be a "plan B?"

He pushed himself back through the streets of London to Dartmouth's residence. Dartmouth wrote a sealed note to Archbishop Drummond. Newton ran back to the archbishop. Drummond was amiable, but firm in his rejection. He wrote a note back to Lord Dartmouth. It was curt, suggesting that Bishop Green and not Lord Dartmouth, chose who to appoint as vicar for Olney Parish, and he could choose any man he wanted, implying "except Newton." Back at Dartmouth's, a defeated Newton handed his friend the letter and picked over a late supper as he relived the day's events in dramatic detail. All seemed lost. But perhaps not.

Dartmouth was annoyed and impatient. The next day, Sunday, he spoke to Bishop Green. He must have known that if Green ordained a man his senior archbishop refused to, it would jeopardize any chance of promotion within the Church. Bishop Green made a courageous decision: he arranged a meeting with Newton for the next day. He gave him an extensive oral exam on his biblical and theological knowledge which Newton passed.

On Sunday, April 29th John Newton, a man with no formal education and no seminary training, was ordained deacon in the Church of England in the private chapel of Bishop John Green, and was appointed to Olney, and priested two months later. The impact of his presence in Olney was immediate. Within his first year a gallery had to be added to the church to increase its capacity, and weekly prayer meetings grew so large they had to be moved to Lord Dartmouth's estate house.

Newton became one of the leaders in the Church's 18th century Evangelical Awakening. He shook the established Church with his horrifying tales of the slave trade and joined William Wilberforce in a nation-wide movement to abolish it. He coauthored one of our first hymnals, the Olney Hymnal (1779), and wrote hundreds of hymns, including "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken," and the most popular hymn in the English language, "Amazing Grace." In 1792, then blind, he received a honorary Doctor of Divinity degree from what is today Princeton University. He is buried today beside his wife in Olney, Buckinghamshire.

Tekakwitha grew in faith and love for God

Continued from Front

wor on behalf of the village.

Tekakwitha had a special time with her mother every day, when Kahenta would tell her stories about the Great Spirit and His Son Jesus. Kahenta had learned about Jesus in another village before she was married, and brought her faith and all the stories of the BlackCoats, the missionary preists, to her new family. She wanted Tekak to learn all the stories in her heart.

One day there was very sad news. Tekakwitha’s mother and father and baby brother and many of the villagers all became very ill. They had a disease which they called the “Purples” because of the terrible sores that covered their bodies while high fever made them very, very weak.

The first time they saw the purples was when a trader arrived in a canoe. He was a white man from across the ocean. He was very sick and soon his sickness spread to everyone else. The Mohawk people had never had such a disease and could not fight it off at all.

Tekatwitha spent time holding her mothers hands and cooling her forehead with a cloth, but Kahenta finally told her that she was going to go away to Jesus, and to always remember to believe in Him. Soon Tekakwitha also caught the smallpox purples and became very ill. One day when she was feeling a little better her aunt Anastasia came to her bedside and told her that her mom, dad and baby brother had died.

How sad it was! Tekakwitha cried very hard, Aunt Anastasia said that her mother’s last words were for her daughter to remember, to believe in Jesus and to know that one day they would be together with the Creator and with Jesus. When Tekakwitha finally got better, her father’s brother and his wife took her into their home and loved her very much. Life became very hard for little Tekakwitha because, although she survived, the terrible disease left her with many scars all over her body. She was weak in all her muscles and her eyesight had been so damaged that she could see only a little when it was dark, and could see almost nothing in bright sunshine. The light was painful to her and caused terrible headaches. Although she was not strong, she always tried her best and would often do her small chores in the twilight. She could plant corn and carry small bundles of firewood to help her family.

One day some visiting Mohawks brought a white man with a Black Coat and white collar and big hat to the elders, and then to Tekakwitha’s uncle, the new Chief. The BlackCoat blessed the crops and said prayers of thanks to the Creator and he said Jesus name. Tekakwitha listened very carefully, but did not say a word in the circle. She was very shy in

large groups.

Instead she talked out loud in the forest where no one but God and the animals could hear her. She thanked the Great Spirit and she thanked Jesus for her aunt and her uncle and for all the beauty that she saw everywhere around her. She especially loved turtles and squirrels, and the butterflies that seemed to follow her everywhere. She also began a wonderful new thing – she took small twigs and tied them with vines to make small crosses. She left a small cross in the earth wherever she walked and prayed so that everyone passing by would know that Tekakwitha had prayed for them and for the land. Soon small crosses were found many miles in each direction surrounding the village.

Tekakwitha spent all her teenage years just that way: planting the corn seeds, carrying small loads of fire wood, resting when her headaches got bad, praying and planting her little crosses. She remembered the stories of her mother and the Black Coats that came from time to time, and she kept them in her heart. She began to think that the Creator wanted her to spend a lot of time just being thankful and saying the prayers. When Tekakwitha turned twenty years of age, a new Black Caot arrived in the winter, and she asked him if it would be possible for her to be baptised. She told him everything about her faith in Jesus. And he said “Just a few more lessons and you will be baptised on Easter Day; the day that Jesus rose up from the grave.” She was very excited. She listened and learned and prayed and got ready!

On Easter Sunday in 1676, Tekakwitha was baptised. Father Jacques had her kneel in the sharing circle outside the bough-shaped chapel, which had been decorated with lilies and wild flowers. Her aunt/mother and uncle/father, the Chief, were all very happy for her. Father Jacques gave her another name: her Christian name, and from that day on she was called “Kkateri Tekakwitha” or sometimes just “Kateri”.

After she was baptised, Tekakwitha’s aunt and uncle wanted her to be married, as was the custom of the people. They had let her follow her faith and pray in the forest long enough, they felt. It was time to be married and have a husband and children who would help her when she was old.

But Tekakwitha did not want to marry. She believed that her whole heart belonged to the Creator and to Jesus. She wanted to spend all her time serving the Great Spirt instead of having a family. Her aunt and uncle were not happy with her. Some of the little children started to tease her, and throw stones at her, and say that she could not find a husband because of the pox scars.

Father Jacques told Tekakwitha about another village over 200 miles away on the other side of a great river. There, all the people in the village worshipped the Creator and Jesus, and were baptised. It was called the Mission Village of St.

Francis. Years before, when Tekakwitha was only ten, Anastasia, her aunt, had gone with her new husband to live in the village. Now they wanted Tekakwitha to come and live with them.

So on a moon lit night, when an owl hooted, Tekakwitha knew that the three men who would guide and protect her were ready for her to come to them. She slipped out of the long house, took her blanket and her walking stick and some corn meal and walked off into the night, staying behind the men because she was shy.

It took a long time for her to walk so far. Almost two months of sleeping on the ground and being cold in the night and hungry often in the day. Finally, they borrowed a big canoe and crossed the great St. Lawrence River. They came to shore at a place now called Kahnawake, near Montreal in Quebec. Then it was the Mission of St. Francis Xavier.

Running from the village toward her she saw someone she knew so well! Her aunt Anastasia! Anasatasia hugged Tekakwitha and brought her to her new home. There she had a liittle niece and nephew to love.

Tekakwitha spent four years at the mission. She had a wonderful time. The Black Coat priests asked her teach lessons to the children. They built a sun shade school where she could teach all day with the bright sun hurting her eyes and starting her headaches. She also spent time each day praying for people who were sick and many of them got better very quickly. She helped many people to understand how much God loved them and even poured the water for the priests when people were baptised. Everyone understood that she was much too busy to get married and have a family. She already had a family: all of them.

After three years, Kateri Tekakwitha was struck by another terrible disease called tuberculosis. Her already weak body was not able to heal from this disease, and when she was only 24 the people knew that she was dying. Aunt Anastasia dressed her beautiful beaded deerskin, and Father Jacques gave her a cross and rosary that had come all the way from a place called Rome just for her.

Kateri Tekakwitha died with great peace. And as soon as she died, a great light came over her face, and all the scars from the smallpox so long ago disappeared right before their eyes. Father Jacques said it was a miracle to strengthen them all.

Kateri Takekwitha was buried by the great river whose banks she had walked so many times. On her cross, they wrote words which translate as “Kateri Teackwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks”. Kateri Kakekwitha may soon become a saint in the Roman Catholic Church book of saints. She was declared Venerable in 1943 and Beatified in 1980. She is the first Native American to be declared Blessed.



CANADIAN ABORIGINAL DAY: Elder Dora Wawia, a parishioner at St. Luke’s, Thunder Bay and professor at Lakehead University, wears her regalia at a service held at St. Luke’s celebrating Canadian Aboriginal Day. Ms. Wawia is involved in many ministries at the church and is a nationally recognised story teller.

Many gather for very special celebration in Vankoughnet

Continued from p. 4

“For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.” Matthew 18:20

The bookmarks were a gift from Beth Gallagher and Shawn Gallagher. Thank you to both of you for your kindness.

Finally, there were two young people who quietly chose to receive their first communion on that day, Richard, age 13, and Ian, age 11. It was a special day.

Following the service many of those present walked up the road to the local Village Square, formerly Oakley Public School, for a sumptuous roast beef dinner with all the trimmings. As is the practice in Vankoughnet, the Anglican congregation was joined by many of our friends from Wood Lake and the only other local church, St. David’s Presbyterian.

It was wonderful to have many friends from St. Thomas’, Bracebridge join with everyone to celebrate this special day. Thank you to the Andersons, the Beaumonts, the

Van der Jagt family, the Sokoloskis, Dorothy Lloyd and her party, and Carol Peterson and Audrey Fisher. Sister Mary Cartwright attended both the service and the supper. Thank you to those who helped to make this possible. It was everyone’s great pleasure to meet or renew acquaintance with Fawna Andrews, a delightful and warm woman.

We were privileged to have among our number not only Rev. Mal Binks and his wife Ruth, but also Rev. Dr. James Sitler, recently retired minister from Knox Presbyterian Church in Gravenhurst, and his wife Gwen. Also in attendance was Rev. Michael Barnes, retired minister from Knox Presbyterian Church in Bracebridge and his wife Janice.

It was a special treat to have Sister Beryl present. Sister Beryl is a member of the Sisters of Saint John the Divine. This lovely lady not only provided many wonderful photos from the day, but she also entertained us with fascinating anecdotes about Sister Catherine, one of the SSJD who came from

Vankoughnet and served her order devotedly for many years. One of Sister Catherine’s nieces, Errol Reid, attended both the service and the dinner with her family and guests from Britain.

It is always a group effort to plan and organize one of these events and there is much furniture moving and set up involved. Thanks to the Manders family, the Wykurz family, David Hudson, Dillon Sutton, and Don Ramsay. These people were patient and good natured throughout.

Alice Tate from St. Thomas’, Bracebridge trained and managed our young servers with just the right combination of motherliness and firmness. Bravo Austin Golding, Brenna O’Byrne, Brittany Wykurz, Nolan Golding and Sam Wykurz for a job well done. You are on your way with your community service credits!

If you would like to be on e-mail to follow events at St. Stephen’s Vankoughnet and to see pictures from the 120th anniversary celebrations, contact mondayschild47@bell.net

Algoma Cycle of Prayer

Sunday, October 2nd - 16th Sunday after Pentecost
Lay Readers of the Diocese - Pray for the Lay Readers as they attend their Conference (September 30-October 2), and for the ministries of all Lay Readers in the parish, deanery and diocese

Sunday, October 9th - 17th Sunday after Pentecost: Thanksgiving Sunday
St. Luke's Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie
The Very Rev. Jim McShane
The Very Rev. Lawrence Robertson (Dean Emeritus)
The Ven. Harry Huskins (Hon.)
The Rev. Canon Henry (Harry) Morrow (Hon.)

Sunday, October 16th - 18th Sunday after Pentecost
St. Paul's, Thunder Bay
The Ven Deborah Kraft
The Rev. Robert Brown (Hon.)
The Rev. Gordon Holroyd (Hon.)

Sunday, October 23rd - 19th Sunday after Pentecost
St. Alban the Martyr, Capreol
The Rev. Douglas Prebble

Sunday, October 30th - 20th Sunday after Pentecost: All Saints Day (Nov. 1)
All Saints, Huntsville
The Ven. Dawn Henderson
All Saints, Coniston
The Rev. Canon Genny Rollins



CELEBRATION IN VANKOUGHNET: From left, Mrs. Jennifer Milne joins Rev. Barbara Graham and Rev. Kelly Baetz for a service in celebration of the 120th anniversary of St. Stephen's, Vankoughnet. Following the service, a dinner was held at the Village Square, formerly Oakley Public School.



From the Anchorhold



By Sister Mary Cartwright

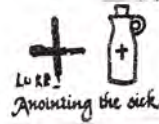
October, and the glory of Fall created by the Master Painter is upon us again. The nights are cool and crisp and the days are mellow. My favorite time of year! This was my first summer in a seniors' retirement home. At least I have grass, trees and woodchucks to look at and when I pray at my oratory, with my own furnishings around me, I can look up at the hills where I pray the best. Though my sight is failing, I can still see well enough to do all my offices and I have plenty of time to do my meditation. Writing and reading are still problematical for me and consequently Lynne van der Hiel has agreed to proof read, type and get my article to the paper by the deadline. My mental pictures are very clear, however: driving across Canada, doing quiet days, talks and sermons, my holidays to see my family; how visibly I see my home mountains other mountains and glaciers, rivers, fertile valleys, ocean and lakes. More than anything, I see the beloved faces of my children, grandchildren and great grandchildren and all my dear friends as well as those gone ahead whom I am waiting to see again. My Fall is past and Winter comes, but all seasons are beautiful and blessed by God.

It is also Thanksgiving (as all days should be) "for health, strength and daily food" in which so many in our small planet do not share—and for water which is taken for granted by us. Above all, we give thanks for God's only Son, Himself both food and feast here and hereafter inviting us to His table. Maybe we should invite Him to ours.

We have a harvest of Saints too. Religious: Francis of Assisi, Troubadour of Christ wearing His wounds; John of the Cross and Teresa of Avila two great mystics a fire with God; Paulinus, Edward, and Jean de Brebeuf and his brethren; back to James of Jerusalem; patron of doctors and artists: lastly two apostles, Simon and Jude.

We thank God for all their examples and interest in us.
Let us give thanks to the Lord our God
It is right to give our thanks and praise.

*"We thank thee then, O Father
For all things bright and good
The seedtime and the harvest
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts
And what thou most desireth
Our humble, thankful hearts."*



New help for child and youth ministry in your parish

By the Rev. Heather Manuel

The Strategic Plan for ministry in our Diocese called for a staff dedicated to assisting parishes to create and strengthen their Child and Youth ministries. The new staff is a network of 'Deanery Child and Youth Ministry Facilitators', and our Deaneries are currently in the process of interviewing applicants for this ministry. They are Algoma's answer to the question 'who can help us?' when it comes to ministries with our children and teens.

What does the Facilitator do?

The goal of your Deanery Child and Youth Ministry Facilitator is to assist each parish in discerning the type of child and youth ministry that is appropriate to its gifts, resources and community. The Facilitator can help your parish plan and prepare for new ministries as well as evaluate and improve existing ministries. They can help with training child and youth ministry leaders. They can provide new ideas for churches that are struggling with their ministries. This part-time job pays 13 hours per week, although it is expected that some weeks will require more than 13 hours and some will require less. The job also includes a travel allowance to enable the Facilitator to travel to the parishes in the Deanery.

Will the Facilitator lead our Child and Youth Programs?

The Facilitator's role is to help a parish find and prepare its best child and youth ministries, but the people of the parish

are responsible for leading that ministry. It would be wonderful if we had enough funding to provide each parish with a paid child and youth leader, but the reality of our situation is that your Facilitator will have to split 13 hours per week between all the parishes of your Deanery. It is impossible for your Deanery's Facilitator to lead every child and youth ministry in the parishes in your deanery. The Facilitator will be helpful in planning ministries, training leaders and helping with the ongoing care of the ministry leaders.

How will the Facilitator be Trained?

Initial and annual training will be provided by the Diocese of Algoma through the Diocesan Youth Ministry Committee and the Congregational Development Officer. Each Facilitator will be trained in the various types of children and youth ministry, so that they will be able to help parishes connect to the ministry that best suits their unique circumstances. Each Facilitator will be trained in how to train leaders in child and youth ministry, so they can offer training to each parish. Each Facilitator will be trained in methods to provide pastoral support to parishes that are discouraged and pessimistic about child and youth ministry.

Who is 'in charge' of the Facilitator?

Your Facilitator is an officer of the Diocese and the Deanery. Your Deanery Council created a Selection Committee to recruit for this job, interview applicants, and bring forward a recommendation for hiring. The final decision for hiring

belongs to the Bishop, and the Facilitator will be paid by the Diocese. The Facilitator will report to your Deanery Council as required and report to the Diocese as required. Since the bulk of your Facilitator's time will be spent working with parishes, it will be the Facilitator's responsibility to ensure that working time is divided fairly between the parishes of the Deanery.

How is the Diocese Paying for this New Staff?

The Diocese reorganized its existing Youth Ministry Department to cover the cost of salary and travel for this new staff without needing additional funding. This required some cuts to the annual Youth Synod, which will keep growing stronger with a lean budget. Some funds from our Strategic Plan initiatives will be used for initial training of this staff, but the plan of your Diocesan Youth Ministry Committee is to cover salary, travel, and training for the same amount that the Diocese was spending on its previous system.

How will this affect my Parish?

When your Deanery hires its Child and Youth Ministry Facilitator, he or she will contact your parish to set a date to meet you and get to know your people and ministries. Together you will determine what role the Facilitator can play in assisting your parish. This could be the beginning of a beautiful relationship! Enjoy!

Special fundraiser held at St. Thomas, Ullswater/ Bent River

By Peter Simmons

Was that a G, or an A? Let the play-a-thon begin! Begin it did on Friday, August 5, 2011 at 9:00 a.m., as Frances Balodis played the first hymn, *Holy, Holy, Holy*, in *Common Praise*, 1998. Her goal was to play, non-stop, at least one verse of the 769 hymns in the hymnal.

As the day progressed, people came and went including many parishioners from St. Thomas', local citizens, politicians and members of the Parish of St. Stephen. St. Thomas' is one of four churches in the parish. Mrs. Balodis played on: played on the Hammond electronic organ at the church and on a digital Roland C-30 Harpsichord/Tracker organ. Mrs. Balodis' hus-

band, Gunars Balodis, kept track of the hymn number being played and the amount of money raised as donations came in throughout the day. As early evening arrived, Mrs. Balodis achieved her goal.

The idea of a play-a-thon, came to Mrs. Balodis a number of years ago. It was designed as a fundraiser for St. Thomas Anglican Church, Ullswater/Bent River. People were able to pledge money by the hymn, or by the half hour. Many who dropped by gave a one time donation. Monies raised from this event will be used to make the sacred space accessible for those who are physically challenged. To date nearly \$4,300 has been raised for this most worthy cause.

Letters to the Editor & Submissions Policy

Letter writers and authors of unsolicited submissions are reminded to include a signature and phone number for verification purposes. Letters will be reviewed and may be edited for length and content. While letters expressing opinion are welcome, all letters and other submissions are subject to approval before publication.



LET THE PLAY-A-THON BEGIN: Frances Balodis strikes the first key of the first hymn of many she played at a fundraiser held on Friday, August 5, 2011 at St. Thomas Anglican Church, Ullswater/Bent River. Proceeds from the this event will be used to make the church accessible for those who are physically challenged.



SUPPORTING THE CAUSE: Allen Edwards, local councillor for Ward B in the Township of Muskoka Lakes, dropped by to support Frances Balodis and the parishioners of St. Thomas', Ullswater/Bent River during the play-a-thon held at the church on Friday, August 5, 2011.

The art of writing: using our hands and our minds

By Charlotte Haldenby

When I started teaching high school History in the late 1960's, my four year Business and Commerce students still had courses in Penmanship. In fact, one day after the staff meeting was held in my classroom, I noticed their teacher watching me write notes in the staff room. "Aha!" she said. "You do write left-handed! And it's even good on the black-board."

The next day my students came in and said "Gee, Miss, thanks a lot! We can't use the left-handed excuse any more!" Part of this, I think, is because Mrs. Scott in Emsdale, Grade 1, had allowed me to put my paper in the directly opposite position to all the right-handed kids, so I didn't have to write practically upside down.

You may have heard rumours that kids don't need to have that much emphasis on cursive any more, as they'll always have their computer, or some other device. Maybe you look at your own life and say, "Well, I do write cheques, but there's on line donations and banking; well, I do sign for my credit card purchases, but now there's the chip; well, I sign my name on birthday cards and sometimes I write a little note. Oh, and then there's my shopping list!" You can see where the decision is coming from.

You can see the other one, about "Why learn times tables, when you'll always have your calculator?" But, don't we all have a tale of the cashier when the power's out who can't figure out our change? Don't any of the

Looking at the World

people making these decisions remember the thrill of running home from school, with the big surprise to show their parents: "Mummy, Daddy I can write my own name!" They were so proud!

I have a beautiful picture book waiting for my Egyptian-born brother-in-law to read to his granddaughter, Sophia, when she gets to this event, called *The Day of Ahmed's Secret*. It is about a young boy in Cairo making deliveries for his father's business with his donkey cart, and keeping his secret until he's home at night, that he can write his own name! "I write my name over and over as they watch, and I think of my name now lasting longer than the sound of it, maybe even lasting, like the old buildings in the city, a thousand years!"

It's exciting, and it's so right developmentally. When you write you watch your hand, you can see your writing right there! And you can be distinctive with your letters, just as Sophia's father, Alain, wrote his capital B's like Greek beta's, to his Greek grandmother's delight! Maybe this is not too distinctive in class if the teacher is marking you, but hey! Now you can sign your name the way the grown-ups do on those cards, and your aunt can see how you're improving! Sometimes you put in

a little letter too.

Also, you're developing those fine motor skills. These are necessary for art and building models. It is good for all sorts of creative expression now, and in some hands-on occupations or hobbies later, or for being the fix-it person in your family.

There's a little guy at St. John's, Sault Ste. Marie "Back to Basics", who is so keen on cars. Every day he bounces in and heads straight to the garage box to get out his ramps and straights and try out his cars in today's formation. Some days he will let others race along with him, but he's happy just doing it on his

"So hold off on the computer until the kids are ready for them!"

own. All of the adults walking by better pay attention and not mess up his track! At the end of last year he started trying out the car-racing programs on the computer. It just wasn't working! He had to watch what he was doing with his hands and he had to watch what was happening on the screen at the same time. He had so many crashes, and it wasn't fun at all!

Any of us who use computers know that problem! Isn't it good that there are "backspace" and "delete" keys when you're word-processing? There's a reason that typing was kept to high

school years! That's when you can handle doing one thing with your hands and having the results show up elsewhere!

As for those times tables! Aren't they so much easier to learn when you do it hands-on, when you can touch things as you count and arrange things in groups. You get some concept of what those large numbers mean. They build up the memory patterns in your brain!

Every child has many senses, and many styles of intelligence, and therefore many ways of learning. The more teachers and parents can integrate those into school lessons and lessons of life the better and the longer the child will remember them. Our enthusiasm can show kids that what they're learning is worthwhile.

The kids at St. John's know they don't have all the gadgets that other kids have. They are reminded every night on television! That woman has the four-year-old computer and they bring the computer store to her! Do you think she'd donate the old one to us! Then there's: "If you don't have the iPhone you can't do this!", or all the apps!

Just consider this! How much are computers taking up of the school budget? How often do they have to be replaced to keep up to date? How much has the library budget for books been cut? Check with your local school librarian, and donate! How much have the arts budgets been cut?

And band instruments do develop those hands-on skills, and they do have a longer life! How much have field trips out into the museums or farms been cut back, and those are the places where you see real life stuff, so you can understand your grandmother when she talks about dialing the phone. You will know what cows look like up close, maybe a bit scary 'cause they're big, and learn how they're milked, and Peeuw! What's that smell! No computer can give you that hands on, right here and now experience of history and science.

So, hold off on the computers until the kids are ready for them! Hold off until they grow into the computer furniture and aren't straining their eyes and fingers and backs! Tests have shown that computers can be a tool for learning, but they have not lived up to the hopes that they would make dramatic changes in any one's test scores. All those other activities mentioned above have a definite positive effect on learning! From your older media such as television. Only Sheldon on the *Big Bang Theory* would think you could learn to swim on your living room floor, from a computer.

And even older forms such as print. Zach Hill in the comics this summer, gets sent outside when there's a power shortage and his computer/video games don't work. His mother calls him back in when the power's on! But no! he's discovered the power of the real world outdoors!