

# Restoule says good-bye to parishioner

*Dora Knell much loved and respected in the community*

By the Rev. George Kwari

When a person comes to live in Restoule, Ontario, it's usually permanent. This is not just

because it is 'an end of the road kind of place'. One cannot actually get to anywhere else from Restoule, but because it is such a loving and caring community. So, when one of its long standing residents announces that they are about to move away, it calls for something special to mark the occasion. At least this is how the

ACW at St. Alban's, Restoule felt when Dora Knell told them she was moving to live closer to one of her daughters. Of course they understood, but for the last twenty years Mrs. Knell had been a much loved and respected member of the community and she would be greatly missed. The author suggested that they hold a special

service for Dora Knell and her family, followed by a party, and Oh' how Restoullians love a party. Certainly, this was to be a bittersweet occasion; joyful because she was moving to a lovely new home on the East Coast and sad because, well, it is always hard to say goodbye.

Born in Timmins, Ontario,

Dora Theresa Knell attended St. Mathew's Cathedral, where she was baptised, confirmed and later married to her late husband George Pente. She was a dedicated nurse and studied hard, later becoming a Collage Professor teaching nursing, and eventually gaining her Masters of Education

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## ALGOMA ANGLICAN

October 2012

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### Inside Algoma



#### A busy summer in the parish of St. Mary's, Nipigon

Boats were blessed, food was served, and people celebrated throughout the Nipigon area this past spring and summer.

See p. 5



#### Many in attendance at the Justice Camp in Peterborough

Eleven people from the Diocese of Algoma attended the Shalom Justice Camp held in Peterborough from August 19 to 24, 2012.

See p. 8

#### Next deadline

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

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## Algoma Anglican excites, invites and has something for all

By the Ven. Dawn Henderson

What is it that inspires us, feeds our souls, informs us, touches our funny bones, engages our minds, other than the weekly Sunday morning sermons, that is? Of course, it's the *Algoma Anglican*! Judging by the number of people who regularly begin conversations with "saw your picture in the *Algoma*", read the Bishop's article, laughed at Bob Elkin's column or "Did you see what the church in...is up to?" what a great idea – maybe we could try something like that" or "we could do that here...why didn't we think of that?" There are a vast number of Anglicans across this Diocese who would agree.

Certainly, a goal of our Strategic Plan is effective communication, and the *Algoma Anglican* is an integral part of that. But more than a conveyor of "just the facts", the *Algoma Anglican* keeps us connected, like letters from home. We are, after all, one family: large, diverse, and far-flung, but family nonetheless. The *Algoma Anglican's* pages keep us in touch with the events of our diocesan lives; births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, confirmations, ordinations,

and provide us with a window into the lives of our sister parishes. A tapestry of different voices, of all ages, shares journeys and stories of faith that inspire us.

The *Algoma Anglican* reminds us that we all belong to the same body and that we are all on the journey together, whether the History Bytes that highlight the saints of our past or the articles that speak of the ACW transition process or the various discoveries and encouragements of the parish assessments and the Strategic Plan.

The articles encourage and challenge our stewardship of time, talent, treasure, and of God's creation. We are reminded that we are part of a far bigger picture, and that mission is looking beyond ourselves to share good news beyond our walls, within our communities, throughout our Diocese and beyond its borders.

Our Bishop's columns are always interesting and challenging, encouraging and engaging. We can have the privilege of sharing the mind, the faith and the concerns of our Bishop, fodder for thought, sermons, discussions and prayer. And, lest we take ourselves

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**EFFECTIVE COMMUNICATION:** The Ven. Dawn Henderson, Archdeacon of the Deanery of Muskoka and incumbent of All Saints', Huntsville, is pictured with her dog Potter, as they peruse the pages of the *Algoma Anglican*. Archdeacon Henderson reminds readers of how the *Algoma Anglican* keeps us in touch with events taking place throughout the vast area of the Diocese of Algoma.

## Story of Mission to Seafarers told at St. Paul's Grassmere

By Betty Fulton

Rev. Ed Swayze of Mission to Seafarers in Thunder Bay, along with his wife Diane visited St. Paul's, Grassmere on Sunday, August 12, 2012. With the help of John Oliver, Rev. Swayze shared with us, via power point presentation, something of his work as Chaplain of the Mission. In addition to that responsibility, he is also Incumbent of St. Stephen the Martyr. St. Paul's has been a supporter of the Mission since the 1950's when the late Gerry With-

ers sparked the church's interest.

The history of the Mission dates back to 1835, and a young Anglican clergyman John Ashley. It was first known as the Bristol Channel Mission. Its purpose was to bring God's message of love and compassion to the seamen. Over the years, it took on the extra responsibility of working for justice in better working conditions on the ships and in fair wages.

The Thunder Bay Mission to Seafarers was founded in De-

cember 1961, on St. Nicholas Day, Patron Saint of Seafarers. It began in response to the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, which brought ocean-going vessels through the Seaway. Crews are composed mainly of Indian, Phillipino and Euro-American men, and their wages equal about \$1200 monthly in U.S. funds. The ships often flying under a flag of convenience. The Mission visits over 85% of ocean-going ships which visit the port, bring-

See Mission – p. 5



Diocese of Algoma  
Anglican Church Women

DEVOTIONS FOR OCTOBER



To paraphrase Edward Elgar, “there was music in the air” as lovely autumn was set to arrive to the strains of the *Fugue in c, BWV 546* by J.S. Bach, played on the organ of St. John the Divine in North Bay by Aaron James. Mr. James is a doctoral candidate in organ performance and musicology at the Eastman School of Music Rochester, New York. He was in North Bay recently for the annual Cranmer Conference. Aaron James led the choir in the Mass Setting *Missa Brevis in D*, by the Canadian composer Walter MacNutt, during Friday evening’s tribute to St. Bartholomew, Apostle and Martyr. The Rev. Canon Dr. Timothy Connor, Rector of St. George’s Church in London, Ontario, where I was confirmed many years ago, preached the sermon where he said St. Bartholomew was an apostle of Jesus doing a servant’s work just as Jesus did.

This was the opening service for the Cranmer Conference, a weekend primarily for young people who were “eager to learn about our Anglican faith and heritage” as expressed by the rector of St. John’s, Fr. Andrew Nussey. St. John’s hosted the event.

While the younger generation were off studying on Saturday, the rest of us enjoyed The Prayer Book Society’s North Bay Branch luncheon at Christ Church with Rev. Dr. Timothy

Perry, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Sudbury. Fr. Perry was the conference’s keynote speaker. Fr. Perry led us through the structure of the Communion Service in the 1552 *Book of Common Prayer* revealing, in part, the Comfortable Words are not meant to make us warm and fuzzy, but to give us strength, hence Comfortable Words. Further, there is no “Amen” at the end of the Eucharistic Prayer because our receiving of the Sacrament is our “Amen.” This resulted in a lively discussion about the book Thomas Cranmer was instrumental in turning from the *Latin Sarum Rite* into this new English use during the time of the English Reformation.

Aaron James was at the organ again on Sunday opening the service with the *Andante* with variations by Felix Mendelssohn. Fr. Andrew Nussey was the celebrant with Fr. Perry as the guest preacher. Mr. James closed the service with Toccata by Eugene Gigout. This was just a taste of what was to follow the Linger Lunch.

After lunch, Aaron James opened the Organ Recital with the stirring *Crown Imperial March* by William Walton, which immediately got our attention only to be lulled by Two Chorale Preludes by Johann Sebastian Bach. These were followed by the beautiful *Prière* by Joseph Jongen. Then back to a somewhat familiar *Chorale Fantasia on the “Old Hundredth”* by Parry. Mr. James then explained the whimsical *Suite Carmelite* by Francaix.

Personally my eyes were closed throughout most of the recital allowing me to be transported to a state of contemplation with God and His universe. And even now as we gaze with awe and wonder on the lovely leaves of Autumn we recall in their rustling the lovely strains of the organ as Aaron James finished his recital with *Prelude and Fugue in G. minor, op. 7, no. 3* by Marcel Depré. Encore, encore!

This Thanksgiving we give humble thanks for all the guest speakers and musicians at the recent Cranmer Conference and for the opportunity of being able to participate in some of the events where we learned so much. We were thankful for the food and fellowship and for the music led by and provided by Aaron James at the organ. We ought to stop to recognise and appreciate the treasure of our Anglican heritage and faith, as did we during that whirlwind of a weekend: young people and older people alike are hungry for solid “food for the soul,” and they and we have found it in the *Book of Common Prayer*. Truly a musical paean to God himself.

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

Lord to whom  
would we go?

By the Rev. Grahame Stap

And Peter said, “Lord to whom would we go? You alone have the words that give eternal life” John 6:68. Peter had made his decision. He had accepted that Jesus was indeed the Son of God and through Jesus, life eternal was not only possible, but was a reality. As C.S. Lewis said “either Jesus was indeed the Son of God or he was like a man that thought he was a poached egg.”

Sometimes it is so hard to accept that life continues after death and we wonder is it true or just wishful thinking. We have no way of knowing for sure. Only our faith gives us the hint that it is indeed reality. Sometimes, however, something happens that can truly strengthen our faith. For me it was the death of my Mother

In September, 1985, my mother was diagnosed with cancer. She was told the cancer was terminal but with chemotherapy the amount of time left could be extended. Mother was a person who believed in God, in heaven, in life everlasting so extending her life was, to her, not of great importance. To her death was a reuniting process. She would be together with her husband of fifty-two years who had died five years earlier.

Reunited with the man she loved and missed. Death to mother, at that time, was a good thing, but as a caring loving person she did not think of herself. Her first thought was of others. She had things left to do. She felt there were people around her who needed her, and so this loving caring person had the chemotherapy treatments and hated each and every one of them. They just made her sick and really did not do much good.

With Christmas on the way, it looked as if this year we were going to have a funeral instead of the usual festivities. I felt if I prayed to God, if there was one, in those days I was not sure, then perhaps Mother might live a little longer.

Dear God, my mother is 81. It does not seem reasonable to pray that she might live, I was practical if nothing else, but that she might live a little longer. She did! Mother went into full remission. The cancer left her body. It was as if it had never been there in the first place.

Mother did what she needed to do. She helped those who needed her help. I do not relate who she helped and what she did as that is their story, not mine. I only relate the lives she helped were better for her help. She fulfilled a purpose, a purpose I believe God wanted her to fulfill.

Late February 1986 the cancer came back. I went with my Mother to the doctor who explained with chemotherapy treatments her life could be extended. I will never forget the look on Mother’s face. She had a look of total peace. I do not know any other way to describe

her demeanor. She reached forward and with a beautiful smile on her serene face touched the doctors hand and said “It’s OK doctor we will just let nature take it’s course” She died on March 25, 1986 which was also our son Matthew’s 17th birthday.

During her time in hospital, my brother and sister and I were with her 24 hours a day. We watched her sink lower and lower. The doctors kept increasing the amount of morphine they

Thoughts from  
Grahame

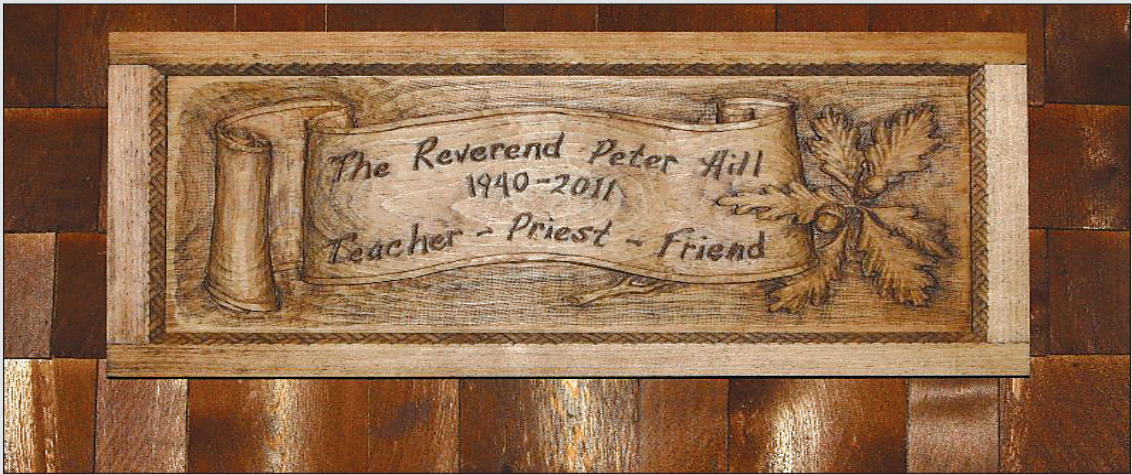
were giving her so as to lessen her pain. As a consequence she had no grasp on reality. She could not talk or move of her own accord. Just before she died, I was with her on a Sunday afternoon when she sat up in bed and said “Grahame what are you doing here.” I was, as you can imagine very surprised and for once in my life, was lost for words. I stammered, “I came to see you.” She said, “I just had the strangest dream. I dreamt I was on the bank of a river. Across on the other side I saw your father and my brother.” Both of them were predeceased. “I called to them, they looked at me and said ‘Mollie what are you doing here? You are not due until Tuesday’.”

She fell back into the bed never said another word and died on Tuesday. Every time I tell this story I get goose bumps. It was either a remarkable coincidence or it truly a message from God. I have absolutely no way of knowing for sure. All I have is faith and that is not good enough to say whether or not there is life after death. All it really is is a start, a beginning. It gives the possibility that life after death exists. Before, I go further, it must be stated that neither I, nor anyone else can prove that there is more than this earthly existence.

Even people who have had a near death experience cannot prove what they experienced was what actually happened. We cannot read the minds of people to know for sure what they experienced. All we can do is make a decision as to whether we accept their experience as true, or whether we write it off as an hallucination caused by a lack of oxygen to the brain.

At the time of Jesus, the Pharisees, the religious leaders, believed in life after death. While the Sadducees, also religious leaders, although more strict in the discipline of the law than the Pharisees, did not. There has always been a conflict between those who believed in the hereafter and those who do not. I choose to be like Peter “Lord to whom would I go? You alone have the words that give eternal life.”

As always it is only opinion



A FAITHFUL SERVANT REMEMBERED: On Sunday, August 12, 2012, the Rt. Rev. Stephen Andrews, Bishop of Algoma, preached at the service at Christ Church, Wintermere. Bishop Andrews also dedicated the above memorial plaque and a tree in memory of Rev. Peter Hill who served as the spiritual leader at Christ Church from 1994 to 2011. Rev. Hill died peacefully on Christmas morning in 2011.



# 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

# Music enjoins both the body and the emotions

*Editor's note: The following is the sermon preached by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Stephen Andrews at the Service of Blessing and Dedication of the Beckerath Pipe Organ. The organ was Given to the Glory of God, in loving memory of Captain Nichola K. S. Goddard and in thanksgiving for the lives and service of Janet and Perry Short. The service took place on Thursday, August 30, 2012.*

On behalf of the Cathedral congregation, I would like to thank His Excellency the Right Honourable David Johnston and his wife, Her Excellency Sharon Johnston, for agreeing to participate in the dedication of this fine new instrument. We are grateful too for the presence of our friends from the Canadian Forces, the 49th Field Artillery Regiment, as well as members of the local community and area churches. We are indebted to the generosity of those who made the purchase of the new organ possible, especially the Short family. But nowhere is our debt and gratitude greater than it is to those who have put themselves in harm's way in order to protect and defend Canada, to promote international peace and security, and who have done so by paying the ultimate sacrifice. It is fitting that their memory should live on in the music of this instrument, for from ancient times music has been regarded as one of the few things shared by both humans and angels, resounding on in heaven as well as on earth.

His Excellencies will know from their academic backgrounds that music was one of the four subjects of the medieval university, with arithmetic, geometry and astronomy completing the quadrivium. The ancient philosopher, Boethius, argued, however, that music deserved pride of place, for it is the only discipline of the four that engaged the moral sensibilities. In this Boethius was drawing from the theology of St Augustine who, in his treatise on music, maintained that the proper study of the subject results ultimately in wisdom, for its highest application is in extolling the glory of God. [1] Modern psychologists and neuroscientists are in agreement with Boethius on this, at least, that music enjoins both the body and the emotions, the rational and the suprarational, even the physical and the spiritual. It is appropriate to this occasion to observe that the field of music therapy was developed as a discipline in 20th century Britain when music was employed in the treatment of soldiers suffering from war-related emotional and physical trauma. But the healing properties of music were understood as far back as the first millennium BC, when the young lad, David, soothed the warrior King Saul's tormented mind by playing sweetly on

the harp (1 Sam 16.23).

As a Scriptural theme, music operates in three spheres. The first is the sphere of nature and the created order. In our reading from Isaiah, the sea is instructed to roar and the desert to lift up its voice in its new song to the Lord. Here we learn that creation itself is given utterance which it uses in praise of its Creator. Those of us who have the ears to hear it will readily recognise these songs of acclamation: the booming surf that tells of God's relentless power, and the delicate song of the Desert Warbler which speaks of his beauty and tenderness.

Secondly, Scripture speaks of music as the sphere of God himself. Our second reading refers to the 'song of the Lamb'. While this designates in the first instance the song that the angelic host sings about the Lamb, there is something to be said for regarding it as the Lamb's own song which the divine choir repeats. [2] The image here is that the story of Jesus, the birth, life, death and resurrection of our Lord is itself a divine opera, taking place on the stages of heaven and earth. Something of this notion was taken up in C.S. Lewis's *Chronicles of Narnia*, when the lion, Aslan, sings the world into being. [3] The whole of human history is a part of a cosmic libretto, with you and I adorning the divine melody.

The final sphere is that of God's people, when as a community, they give expression to the song of the Lamb planted in their souls. To the accompaniment of the harps of God, the Seer of the Revelation foretells a time when all humanity will sing the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb, admiring the great and amazing deeds of God, and commending his ways, which are just and true. We do this when, as a believing body, we assemble to worship. But we perpetuate the echoes of our worship as we move out into the world, the melody fixed in our hearts and on our lips.

And it is with this thought that I wish to conclude my brief meditation. I doubt that there are any here among us this morning who have not experienced the transporting beauty of music. But have you ever thought that in the divinely authored symphony of the universe, you and I are God's chief musicians? This morning we are bidden to think of our lives as the instruments of God's song of love in the world.



Now you may say, 'But I can't sing! I don't have an ear for music!' My friend, that is what this choir is for. That is what this organ is for. We do not come to church to be entertained by them, for they are not performing to please us. Rather, the music is offered to us so that it may become our own, and we may enter into the ascendance of a praise that is the first step in the perfecting grace of God whereby all that we feebly and incompetently offer to him is made beautiful.

But this is a metaphor for every aspect of our lives. In university I had a friend who had aspirations for a career playing the piano. We often talked about what made a musician good. How much natural ability is required? How important is theoretical knowledge and how important is practice? And for a musician really to make it as a performer, does he or she have to have stage presence? My friend seemed to possess all of these qualities in varying degrees, but he was philosophical. All of them are necessary, he said, but the possession of them all is no guarantee of success. Indeed, it was his opinion that the wrong combination of these was a recipe for disaster, for a musician can spoil the music just as much by over-practice, as by neglect; as much by dominating the stage, as by timidity. 'So what do you strive for?' I asked him. 'My challenge is to let the music have its way with me,' he said. 'I am strictly its servant, its vessel, and I must disappear. For me,' he explained, 'the highest compliment is not when people say, "My! You're a fine pianist!" but, "My! Bach was a wonderful composer!"'

I sometimes think of the Scriptures and the tenets of the Christian faith as the score for the Lamb's song, and the Church as its musicians. Our job is so to live the Christian life that people who witness our performance respond, 'My! What a great Composer! This One is worthy of my reverence and my loyalty! I want to join in singing this song for eternity!'

It is my prayer that the gift of this Rudolf von Beckerath Organ will enhance the ministry of St Luke's Cathedral in this way: that those who do not know the divine song may detect its strains in this place, and find themselves drawn inward and upward, where they will discover the healing love of Jesus Christ. Amen.

[1] Augustine, *De musica*; cf. Boethius *De Institutione Musica*.

[2] Just as the 'song of Moses' is the song sung by Moses.

[3] The Magician's Nephew.

### 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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# “The vigilant parish register”

By the Rev. Richard White

They are those large black books common in all Anglican churches that record Sunday attendance, baptisms, weddings, funerals, attendance at vestry meetings and more. They are registers. The early Church didn't have them. Even today many non-Anglican churches don't keep registers including many Baptist, Brethren, Evangelical and independent churches who might not even record the Sunday attendance. Why then do we? It could be connected to the Crown's need to do some intelligence gathering in the 16th century.

The preoccupation with parish statistics and parishioner lists began when we separated from the Church of Rome. On September 5, 1538, following that split king Henry VIII ordered that each English parish keep a register of baptisms and marriages and a record of the members of each parish. Baptismal records especially, were an indicator of allegiance to the monarch, the Head of the Church of England. All registers had to be kept locked with two locks, one key for the priest, the other for the wardens. A fine of three shillings four pence was imposed for failure to keep such records. His subjects were suspicious. Was the information going to be used for some new tax? The royal decree was repeated in 1547, and softened with the promise that fines for noncompliance would go for the relief of the poor.

As Anglicans got used to their independence from the Church of Rome, our church entered uncertain times. Was this new Anglican Church Protestant or Catholic? What liturgies should it use? Would it keep bishops? And for security reasons, how should the Head of the Church handle those who still felt a loyalty to Rome, and did divided loyalties signal dissent? Henry's successor was the boy king, Edward VI. His answer to the first few questions was the First Act of Uniformity of 1552, an act repeated and modified in 1559 by his half-sister Elizabeth I. These Acts of Uniformity standardized worship across the land by introducing *The Book of Common Prayer*. The 1559 Act added the stipulation that any person absent from Sunday worship in an Anglican church without reasonable cause, was to pay a fine of twelve pence, a tidy sum in those days. The parish register helped to keep track of this. This no doubt introduced anxiety to the worship experience as churchwardens found themselves keeping records on the faithful, and attending your local Anglican parish was like a weekly vote of loyalty to the Crown.

Elizabeth had initially left worshipping Catholics alone. It was the Catholics who threw the first punch in a decades long battle

against them. A Papal Bull that was issued in 1570 that called her a heretic and urged Catholics to “deprive her of her throne”. Then Catholic missionaries appeared from Rome. England responded by exiling them along with all Catholic priests in 1585. The Pope's cardinal to England called Elizabeth “Lucifer” and voiced his support for Spain, England's enemy at the time. All Catholics in England then became suspect. In 1592 the Religion Act was Elizabeth's response. It was draconian, and the parish register was the

## History Byte

tool used to enforce it.

To ferret out Catholic sympathizers, the Religion Act fined or imprisoned anyone over the age of sixteen who failed to attend Church, or who was caught trying to persuade others to do the same, and anyone who denied Queen Elizabeth's sovereign authority. Records of baptisms, marriages and burials were ordered kept in register books “of parchment” were to be kept locked in a chest with three locks. If you couldn't prove yourself an Anglican by baptism and membership, it was pretty obvious you were on the wrong side!

They were perilous times. From 1584-1604 England was at war with the Roman Catholic heavy weight of Europe, Spain. This culminated in the failed attempt by Spain to invade Elizabeth's realm, and overthrow this Protestant Queen. England survived. What role the parish register had in securing this may never be known.

The parish register fell out of favour for a while in the 17th century. The English Civil War, 1643-1647, and the overthrow of the King Charles I, the son of Elizabeth's successor, led to a republican form of government, the Commonwealth from 1649 to 1660. The Act of Uniformity was repealed, the *Book of Common Prayer* was removed and the episcopacy was deprived of significant authority. The need to keep parish registers seemed to dissipate too. When the monarchy was restored in 1660 and Charles II ascended the throne, the need for parish registers resumed, providing successive governments with useful information on its citizens used for any number of purposes, including taxation.

The Anglican preoccupation with keeping church records could be unparalleled among the world's Churches. We have inherited a need and an appreciation for keeping records on ourselves. A positive side-effect is that the centuries of well-kept parish registers now provide vital information for historians and genealogist, as well as for those obsessed with church statistics, for better or for worse.



WHAT! DORA'S LEAVING?: On Sunday, May 20, 2012 family and friends filled St. Alban's, Restoule to say good-bye to Dora Knell. Pictured are, from left, Amy, David and Laura Fox, grandchildren of Mrs. Knell, Dora Knell, Fr. George Kwari, incumbent of St. Alban's, Cathy Pente-Fox and Patti Pente, daughters of Mrs. Knell, and her son-in-law Michael Fox.

# Dora Knell has always served others much of her life

Continued from Front

Degree at the age of 56. It was in 1992 that Mrs. Knell and George finally settled in Restoule, to enjoy it's lovely scenery and the changing colours in the fall. After George died, she stayed on in the home she had grown to love, until now that is!

And so it was, that on Sunday May 20, 2012 the little Anglican church of St Alban's, filled with family and friends, joined with Dora Knell to celebrate and give thanks for her time spent in Restoule. It was a happy occasion filled with fond memories of pleasant family gatherings, special prayers and her favourite hymns. In his homily the author likened Mrs. Knell to Anna the prophetess who spent all her days in the Temple. Anna had learned to put her trust in God, she had waited on him faithfully all her life, so too had Dora, from an early age she had put her trust in Christ.

Anna was a servant putting herself last; she cared for God's house and for his people. Dora Knell also had spent much of her life in the service of others, first as a nurse and teacher, and more recently in visiting shut ins and assisting at the local nursing homes services of Holy Eucharist. Often, after assisting at the Eucharist, she would take the reserved sacrament to the rooms of those unable to attend the Chapel services, bringing as well, the gift of gentle comfort and encouragement. There will be many who will miss her tender ministry.

Anna remained in the background, a quiet and gentle individual who did much, and told know one. For those who know Mrs. Knell, this is perhaps the closest likeness, for she makes little of her own achievements and even less of her troubles, and the word no does not appear to be in her vocabulary.

Finally, Anna was a warrior. She spent little time dwelling on

the past but looked forward to the future. Dora Knell also maintains a positive outlook on life, quietly overcoming adversity she moves on, even if that sometimes means change.

In his summary the author said that Dora Thersa Knell was a wonderful Christian, a role model for us all to follow. She will be a blessing to her new community. He wished her well and thanked her for all that she had done, and for who she is.

After the service everyone adjourned to the Legion, just across the road, to enjoy a feast prepared by the many excellent cooks that live in Restoule and area. And then it was time to bid farewell to Dora Knell. She will be missed but she will always occupy a special place in our collective hearts.

Everyone wishes Dora Knell 'God's Blessing' in your new home in Sackville, New Brunswick.

# Newspaper draws us closer together in our shared mission

Continued from Front

entirely too seriously, Bob Elkin always manages to wrap theology and the challenges of pastoral life in a warm blanket of humour.

What do I get from the *Algoma Anglican*? There are many answers. I grew up in the Diocese and it has been a part of my life as long as I can remember. Aside from all I've mentioned above, the *Algoma Anglican* helps inform my prayer life: it is an aide memoire. It reminds me to pray for the broader concerns of our Diocesan family. Often I clip out pictures from the paper and add them to my 'illustrated prayer list'. Sometimes, I find it easier to pray for people when I have their faces in front of me. The *Algoma Anglican* helps me remember that our parish families are so much more than just names on a Diocesan Cycle of Prayer, large and small, like or unlike my own parish, next door or in the far corners of our Diocese, with all our various challenges and causes for celebration. And, above all, the *Algoma Anglican* reminds

me that we are joined together; we belong to one another because we belong to Jesus.

As I review the list of what the *Algoma Anglican* means, to me, and to so many, it is evident to me that the *Algoma Anglican*, in a very effective way, underlines our Diocesan core values.

1. A commitment to faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour.
2. A commitment to prayer and spiritual growth.
3. A commitment to authentic and joyful Anglican worship.
4. A commitment to maintain and grow healthy churches that care for all people and practice fiscal responsibility.
5. A commitment to spreading the good news through evangelism.
6. A commitment to caring, ongoing relationships encompassing the family of God through shared ministry.
7. A commitment to social justice through mission, seeking Christ in all persons, and living in harmony with the environment.

The *Algoma Anglican* is a great read, and yet is accomplishes something important often without us really being aware of what it does. At a very deep level it draws us closer to each other in the mission we share, the faith we proclaim, and the Lord we serve.

Each one of us has an opportunity to be involved in our Diocesan newspaper. How? Well you may ask... Read the paper. Contribute articles and pictures, stories of faith, accounts of what God is doing in our lives and the life of our parishes; and of how we see God at work in our midst, and around us. Share celebrations. Build up one another in our faith. Of critical importance to pray for all those whose lives we share through the pages of the *Algoma Anglican*; for the ministry of our diocesan paper and for Peter Simmons, the editor and for all involved! And, as I intend to, send in a financial donation to support this very valuable ministry.

Read. Contribute. Pray. Support.

### Algoma Anglican E-mail Address

To reach the Algoma Anglican by E-mail, send your material to us at: [anglican@muskoka.com](mailto:anglican@muskoka.com)



# Boats blessed and food served this summer in Nipigon

By Kathleen Aitken

Summer at St. Mary's, Nipigon began with a memorable Pentecost Sunday. The church has flexible seating, and was already set up with tables and chairs for the Birding Festival. Rev. Diane Hilpert-McIlroy took advantage of this seating arrangement to recall the house where Jesus' disciples were gathered on the day of Pentecost.

Pentecost is the birthday of the Church. It is also 140 years since worship began in Nipigon, at St. Mary's. The celebration was led by liturgical dancers with bright red streamers. The young people got to take the St. Mary's birthday cake to Sunday School.

The liturgy acknowledged that people have not loved one another, nor used their gifts in the service of Christ. Those in attendance were reminded that the One who calls people is the One who equips. The story of the coming of the Holy Spirit was heard again; the Spirit who will guide us to truth.

Jesus was leaving them. The disciples could not imagine the loss of his physical presence: what were they to do? But Jesus did not leave them bereft and alone, as He does not leave anyone without a way forward, if He is sought and the guidance of the Holy Spirit is accepted.

Soloist Bernice Hamilton, sang *The Presence of the Lord Is In This Place*. Adrien Marceau sang of *The Wind of the Holy Spirit*. As the disciples were inspired by the Holy Spirit to take the Christian Church to all people, the Holy Spirit is received through the courage to tell the story today, in this time.

## Blessing of the Fleet

With shipping open, the fishers took to the water again; motor boats, canoes and kayaks slipped into the Nipigon River; tour boats began taking people to see the petroglyphs on the way to the open water of Lake Superior. On June 3, 2012 community members gathered as Rev. Diane Hilpert-McIlroy prayed for God's blessing and protection for the varied Fleet at the Nipigon Marina.

## Parish events

The parish of St. Mary's Nipigon covers a wide geographic area, along the north shore of Lake Superior. It includes the former parishes of St. Peter's, Red Rock and St. Matthew's, Dorion/Hurkett. St. Matthew's and St. Peter's had their

own rich histories of pioneer dedication, community development and faithful worship. Their closures meant a loss of much-loved community focus for those communities.

Red Rock is just a couple of kilometres down river from Nipigon, but 18 kilometres by road, around Paju Mountain. The communities of Hurkett and Dorion are some 30 kilometres from Nipigon, toward Thunder Bay. St. Mary's is blessed to include within its membership people who live in Red Rock and Dorion/Hurkett. The efforts of those members are appreciated as they journey to Nipigon in all kinds of weather. They contribute so much in spirituality, leadership and friendship.

Each of the communities, Dorion/Hurkett, Red Rock and Nipigon, hold annual events which attract visitors from a wide area of Canada and the United States, and this is one of the reasons that St. Mary's is kept busy serving visitors to local events and festivals. It is a happy task because of the opportunity to meet and serve local people and those from far away. As everyone works together all grow to appreciate each other's abilities and gifts:

- the Canyon Country Birding Festival, hosted by Dorion/Hurkett residents, brings birding enthusiasts from across Northwestern Ontario and beyond, to the Dorion/Hurkett and Nipigon/Red Rock area. For the second year, St. Mary's served breakfast and lunch for Festival participants, on Sunday, May 27, 2012 providing lots of good food and beverages to sustain the birders for their hike along the trail between Nipigon and Red Rock. About 75 people came, despite the rainy weather.

- Nipigon's Blueberry Blast took place on the Civic Holiday weekend. St. Mary's again provided a Spaghetti Supper for tired blueberry pickers. This year, Levina Collins enlivened proceedings by dressing up as the human blueberry mascot!

- Red Rock Folk Festival. St. Mary's booth at the Red Rock Folk Festival is a yummy food service that gets busier every year. The granddaughter of two Red Rock parishioners entertained visitors to the booth, making balloon animals in exchange for "what you can pay" donations for St. Mary's. David

Buley, that treasured musician from Sudbury who people were introduced to at the last Synod in the Sault Ste. Marie, was also at the festival. Several members of St. Mary's joined the festival choir, trained by Mr. Buley in festival workshops, and performing in the closing ceremonies. In addition to these festivities are events in each community which take advantage of two major local resources, water and ice, as fishing novices and experts compare their skills. Another spaghetti supper is being prepared.

## September

This is the time of year when all return from their travels and bid goodbye to family and friends who have visited. Ko Oyakawa has returned to his studies in Japan; many grandchildren have returned home for a new school term; other friends and family have returned to their jobs in western Canada and elsewhere.

Today, people can keep in touch with those they love in numerous ways, through increasingly sophisticated communication gadgets, but it is not the same as seeing each other face to face, exchanging hugs and sharing lives for a short time. Vacation time is an opportunity to measure grandchildren against the grandparent: some getting shorter, while they get taller. Time has been had again to share how everyone looks at the world, how thankful people are for God's love for each of person, and what living in a church-centred community can mean. Not all people are so blessed.

## Sunday School Update

St. Mary's Sunday School children and youth have collected handmade bears and sent them with their prayers to Cuban children. This project is related to one of the missions supported by St. Mary's: the Medical Equipment Modernization Opportunity (MEMO:Cuba) a Canadian not-for-profit humanitarian organization begun by Dr. Jerome Harvey of Thunder Bay. This organisation ships used medical equipment to Cuba and teaches Cubans how to use the equipment.

Members of St. Mary's are looking forward with affection to the return of exuberance and the wisdom of the young, as Sunday School gathers again.



**SENDING THEM OFF:** Rev. Diane Hilpert-McIlroy delivers a message before blessing the fleet on Sunday, June 3, 2012 at the Nipigon Marina.



**FOR A MOST WORTHY CAUSE:** Children of the Sunday School at St. Mary's, Nipigon have collected handmade bears to send to children in Cuba. Pictured with some of the bears are, from left, Bradyl Smith, Montana Sacchetti and expert bear maker Maryanne Booker.

# Mission provides much to visitors

## Continued from Front

ing with them bags of magazines, port information, pamphlets and a map of the city. Christmas gift bags are also distributed. They have a 1981 Dodge Van, note the age, which transports seafarers to the Mission Centre, or on shopping trips for things such as chips and pop at Wal-Mart. The Seafarers Centre has a chapel and Bibles in 22 languages, three computers, two telephones and phone cards allowing the seafarers to contact family at home. There are also postage stamps for sale. Donations of winter clothing are always appreciated. All Saints', Huntsville helps out in this area. Coming from warm climates, they are not prepared for the harsh winter weather.

There are now about 700 Christian Seafarers Missions worldwide. Canada's largest is in Vancouver, next is Halifax. Ninety-five percent of global trade goes by sea, which gives an idea of how important seafarers are to daily living. Where previously seafarers could be in port for extended periods of

time requiring assistance with living conditions, now with improved ships and methods of loading and unloading, their stay may be a matter of hours. It takes only about 24 hours to fill a ship's containers with grain, which is Thunder Bay's largest export. The Mission's base in Thunder Bay is at the Keefer Terminal. Their busiest season is September to December when most of the wheat is shipped.

Fr. Swayze has been Chaplain since 1996. He is employed eight days a month in this capacity, and has 25 volunteers assisting him. They are presently in need of about \$3000 for capital improvements. If anyone is interested, the Mission could always some help. Their address is Mission to Seafarers, Lakehead Branch, Suite 450, 100 Main St., Thunder Bay, ON, P7B 4R9. The telephone number is 807.344.8241. Rev. Swayze's presentation was interesting and informative, ending with a quote from Scripture, Matthew 25, verses 31 to 40.



**SPECIAL VISITOR:** The Rev. Ed Swayze, who is Chaplain of the Mission to Seafarers, Thunder Bay, visited St. Paul's, Grassmere on Sunday, August 12, 2012. Fr. Swayze, pictured second from the left, is joined by wardens Ruth Lindsey, on his left and David Hockin, far right. Incumbent, Rev. GailMarie Henderson is standing beside Rev. Swayze. He has been Chaplain of the Mission to Seafarers since 1996.



# Howdy Neighbours!

By the Rev. Bob Elkin

We went to Toronto a few weeks back and in the three days we were there nobody waved, nobody nodded, nobody said “Hi!” Now you might say: “Yeah, well that’s Toronto! What did you expect?” But I waved and nodded and said “Hi!” and you would think that out of human kindness or a willingness to be nice to the crazy old geezer who waved at them, they’d wave back. But nope, it didn’t happen. Well too bad for you Toronto! You lose by that unfriendly attitude!

Where I live everybody waves or nods or says “Hi!” whether they know you or not. The first thing you have to learn when you move here is how to drive one handed because you need the other hand to wave back at everybody going the other way. It’s the same in the grocery store or the liquor store or any other store you might go in. It’s a constant barrage of: “How you doing?” “Nice day eh?” “Summer sure went by quick, didn’t it?” I haven’t got a clue who is talking to me half the time but that isn’t important because they probably haven’t got a clue who I am either. But who cares? It’s the thought that counts and it would just be downright rude to not greet your way down the street when you’re in town.

Heck, some of us even say “Hi!” to the non-human population of the neighbourhood. There is a dog named Tiny living near me who barks and growls and threatens whenever I go by. If he wasn’t tied I’m sure he’d take my leg off but I try out the neighbourhood charm on him and always say: “Nice Tiny” or “Good boy Tiny” or “Lay down Tiny” whenever I pass his house.

Well one day guess who broke his chain and kept right on coming to my side of the street? Desperate times call for desperate measures and I desperately tried out my whole doggy repertoire. “Good boy Tiny!” I cried. “Nice doggy! Go lay down!” Under my breath I said a few other things too, I mean

prayers, of course! Either the dog or God heard me because old Tiny stopped dead, gave one little wag of his tail and then went back to his yard. I went home to change but it could have been worse! Who says friendliness doesn’t pay!

Where I live you may not know the person standing in front of you but you’re guaranteed to know somebody they’re related to. The implications of that are pretty obvious: don’t talk about anybody!!! And keep in mind that the ties go back for generations

## Letter from Bob

too! Some innocent remark like: “That road is so crooked that the surveyor must have been drunk when he laid it out!” is likely to get answered with: “My great grandfather built that road!” and then you’re back-peddling and trying to undo the damage. Just don’t say nothing about nobody! If you get sick to death of that and feel you just have to say something awful about somebody beat up on the Prime Minister or the Premier, they’re fair game around here. If the person you’re talking to is a church goer, it is also OK to have a shot at the bishop. He’s got broad shoulders and lives far away and probably isn’t related to anyone from around here. Nobody has said anything so far anyway!

My ultimate friendly experience happened not long ago at the airport, a couple of clicks past my place. It’s just a tarmac strip in the middle of nowhere and I’ve never seen it used but that evening while walking my dog a small Cessna, practising touch and goes made a couple of passes overhead and then landed. It taxied the runway, turned, revved up and took off passing by me and the dog thirty feet off the ground. I waved and got back a wing waggle and a grand wave from the pilot! Now that’s friendly! So stick that in your pipe Big Smoke!

# Parry Sound partners for upcoming conference

By the Ven. Nelson Small

Trinity Anglican Church, Parry Sound, is pleased to be a partner site for Trinity Institute’s 42nd National Theological Conference. This year’s conference will be led by Sister Joan Chittister, a Benedictine sister, who has been a leading voice for the essential connection between spirituality and social action for more than three decades. The conference will offer tools for making the connection between contemplation and social action.

Here are some of the questions that will be explored:

- How can we energize our communities as forces for positive change in the world around us?
- What practices help us to discern

where we are called to engage?

- Where may we find sources of creativity and resilience within our tradition?

- How can we work in partnership with those of other faiths and no faith as we follow God’s call?

Participants will share in the conference via live-feed from Trinity Church, New York. Since space is limited, persons interested in attending the conference are encouraged to register early. The registration fee is \$20 which includes a continental breakfast, lunch and refreshments. For more information about the conference, visit [trinitywallstreet.org/institute](http://trinitywallstreet.org/institute).



**NEW INCUMBENT:** On Thursday, July 26, 2012, St. Mary Magdalene, Sturgeon Falls welcomed Rev. Michelle Fergusson as the new incumbent. Pictured from left are Steven Friedrich, Candice S. Rapp, Rev. Marie Loewen, Rt. Rev. Dr. Stephen Andrews, Marie Leclerc-McAdam, Rev. Michelle Fergusson, Rev. Grahame Stap, Rev. Eugene Mbuya, Ven. Linda White, Garfield McAdam, and Richard Samson. Kneeling in front is Rev. George Kwari. (Photo courtesy of John Rapp).

# St. Mary Magdalene, Sturgeon Falls welcomes new priest

By Carole Anne Friedrich

On Thursday, July 26, 2012, the church of St. Mary Magdalene in Sturgeon Falls had standing room only for a special occasion. That evening, church members, the diocesan Anglican community and the broader community of West Nipissing welcomed Rev. Michelle Fergusson as newly appointed priest of the parish. Rt. Rev. Stephen Andrews, Bishop of Algoma

officiated.

The day began for Rev. Fergusson with the delivery of a dozen red roses from her husband, Gordon, who was unable to attend the ceremony. Other immediate family members did arrive for this special day. Rev Fergusson’s father, brothers, sister, an aunt and uncle attended from various Canadian locations including Ottawa and Calgary. Joanne Savage, the mayor of West

Nipissing, was also in attendance, as well as various clergy from the community and the Temiscaming Deanery. Music for the occasion was provided by Chris Wielisiewicz. In true Anglican tradition a hearty meal was served following the service, when many attendees had an opportunity to meet Rev. Michelle and welcome her to the church and community.

# St. Alban’s, Restoule hosts combined service and picnic

By Marcis Grawbarger

St. Alban’s, Restoule hosted a parish worship service and picnic on Lake Restoule on July 29, 2012. This three point parish composed of St. Peter’s, Callander, St. Mary’s, Powassan, and St. Alban’s, Restoule rotates services and shares Fr. George Kwari’s ministry. All works smoothly until we have a month with five Sundays.

When Fr. Kwari became the incumbent, the practice of having one shared parish service on the fifth Sunday of the months of May, July and September began. July was St. Alban’s turn. It was a wonderful day of worship, fun, sun and great food.

Everyone was so pleased to be able to borrow a 20’ x 40’ tent from St. Joseph’s Roman Catholic Church in Powassan and another 10’ x 20’ tent from a family member of Al and Barb Proctor who opened their

home and waterfront for the service and picnic. Chairs were set up under the largest tent to keep the sun off of everyone when the 10:30 a.m. service started. Everyone enjoyed wonderful music provided by Chris and Rob Odd, John O’Neill and Karey Loney.

After the service, many people grabbed their food and returned to one of the tents, though many others staked out the numerous picnic tables provided. The venue was glorious. It is always a blessing to be made aware once again of God’s beautiful world.

Many men of the parish gathered on Saturday to set up the tents and many more stayed around after the service to dismantle it. What a huge job. The food, as is always the case at a potluck, was wonderful. No one should have left hungry. It was a wonderful, hot, sunny summer worship and picnic time together.



**COMING TOGETHER:** St. Alban’s, Restoule hosted a parish worship service and picnic on Sunday, July 29, 2012. Preparing to enjoy some time together are, from left, Colin Dennis, Jill Dennis, Doug Young, Clara Young, and Pat Young.



## Hope Bear for Baptism

You or your parish may buy a Hope Bear for Baptism with a donation of \$20. That money is donated to the **Kids Helping Kids Trust Fund**, and a child in need right here in Canada benefits.



call: (416) 924-9199 ext 234 or email: [foundation@anglicanfoundation.org](mailto:foundation@anglicanfoundation.org)

# Update from the ACW Transition Team

By Jacquie Howell, Donna Oliver and Janet Pike

The Transition Team has continued to communicate through emails and met for three hours by Skype on Monday, August 27, 2012. The focus has been the review of the constitution. Following the suggestions from the Annual meeting and the numerous responses to the follow up questionnaires, the Team looked at the Constitution: only pages four to nine in the handbook. This concerns the officers of the organisation, length of terms in office, nominations, elections and meetings.

The proposed constitution was sent to Deanery Presidents and discussed during a teleconference on Wednesday, September 5, 2012. A representative of the Transition Team will be available to attend each Fall Deanery meeting to present the revised constitution for approval in principle. At the Annual Meeting May 27 to 29, 2013 the membership will cast their vote on the constitutional amendments.

The Deanery of Muskoka will host the annual.

The dates for the Fall Deanery meetings are as follows: Muskoka; Wednesday, September 12 in Baysville; Algoma; Saturday, Oc-



tober 13 in Thessalon: Sudbury-Manitoulin; Saturday, October 20 at the Church of the Epiphany: Temiskaming; Wednesday, October 24 at St. Peter's in Callander: Thunder Bay; Wednesday, October 24 at St. George the Martyr.

Just a couple of reminders:

Our Mission for 2012-2013 as voted on at the annual is Hope Bears, part of the Anglican Foundation "Kids to Kids Trust Fund" for youth in need or to assist parishes in making Sunday school facilities and material available, particularly in our northern Dioceses. There is much to be thankful for in personal life, parish life and as Canadian citizens. It is hoped that in daily prayer members will give thanks and at that time, practice financial stewardship with a monetary gift in your mite box or jar or can.

Anglican Church Women Sunday will be June 2, 2013.

Remember to check with your Deanery President, CONTACT person in your parish and the web page to read, pray and be knowledgeable when you attend your deanery meeting and discuss the proposed amendments to the constitution.

## Best New Songs in Common Praise 1998

The Worship Committee of our Diocese is looking for your church's vote on the best new songs in Common Praise 1998, songs that were in neither The Hymn Book 1971, nor the Common Praise 1938. Two examples include *Come and Journey* and *Will You Come and Follow Me*. Are there others? A list will be compiled and published within our Diocese.

Please submit your choices to:  
[linda@christchurchnorthbay.ca](mailto:linda@christchurchnorthbay.ca)

Contact

## The Algoma Anglican

at our E-mail address:  
[anglican@muskoka.com](mailto:anglican@muskoka.com)

## Algoma Cycle of Prayer

**Sunday, October 7th - 19th Sunday after Pentecost:**  
**Thanksgiving Sunday**

**St. Luke's Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie**

The Very Rev. James McShane  
The Very Rev. Lawrence Robertson (Dean Emeritus)  
The Ven. Harry Huskins (Hon.)

**Sunday, October 14th - 20th Sunday after Pentecost**

**St. Paul's, Thunder Bay**

The Ven. Deborah Kraft  
The Rev. Gordon Holroyd (Hon.)  
The Anne Carr (Deacon Assoc.)

**Sunday, October 21st - 21st Sunday after Pentecost**

**St. Alban the Martyr, Capreol**

The Rev. Douglas Prebble

**Sunday, October 28th - 22nd Sunday after Pentecost: All**

**Saints Day (Nov. 1)**

**All Saints, Huntsville**

The Ven. Dawn Henderson

**All Saints, Coniston**

The Rev. Canon Genny Rollins

**All Saints, Mactier - 100th Anniversary Celebration**

The Rev. Dr. David Hardie  
The Rev. Margaret L. Johnston (Hon.)



## From the Anchorhold



By Sister Mary Cartwright

Here it is; October again! The leaves remind us of the glory and Majesty of God. What a consummate artist He is! We could not even imagine the colours He uses to mark the end of the fall season, before winter comes with its purity of snow, but also with its little deaths for much of nature, ready for Resurrection in the spring.

It is also another great month for Saints. The mystics: St. John of the cross and Teresa of Avila; Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan orders, the little poor one, follower of Jesus, even to the marks of the Passion. Edward the Confessor, King and builder of Westminster Abbey; the "Red Letter" saints: Luke the beloved Physician and Evangelist, James of Jerusalem, Saints Simon and Jude, and also Brebeuf, Wyclif, Alfred of cake burning fame, Ignatius and Paulinus.

No wonder this is known as a month of both thanksgiving and Harvest. The saints are the Harvest of Heaven, as all our good things are the Harvest of the earth. As we tidy our gardens and gather in the last of the produce, and make the last of our jams and jellies, like the squirrels and other animals preparing for winter, let us be truly thankful. In the words of John Preston:

*"Thank you Lord, for the food we eat  
For the shelter You give from storm and sleet  
For health and strength, for love and laughter  
And finally God, for the hereafter."*

Don't forget to pray for famine stricken areas, some in Canada, due to drought, or flood and climate change. Pray hard!.



Teresa



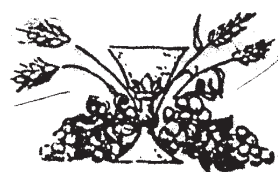
Edward



John of the Cross



Ignatius



*The earth has yielded its fruits  
God, our God has blessed us*



## Please remember to keep the conversation going

As you consider making a donation to the *Algoma Anglican*, please remember to support the *Anglican Journal*



# Justice Camp in attended by people of all ages

By Beth Hewson

The Shalom Justice Camp held in Peterborough from August 19 to 24, 2012, was not a bunch of academics sitting around a table discussing policies. It wasn't even activists marching on city hall to demand justice. It was a mixture of all ages of people, mostly over 35, from different social and economic backgrounds interested and passionate about how to practice their Christian faith making the kingdom of God begin happening here on earth.

There were eleven people in attendance from the Diocese of Algoma at the Shalom Justice camp. There were nine immersion tracks and the group covered six of them. For three of the five days, campers were fully engaged with the topic of their choosing. They learned about the subject matter by being actively engaged in projects, balanced with thoughtful, lively dis-

cussion on how as Christians we practice justice and not charity.

We got "down and dirty". Some worked on farms, visited an aboriginal reserve, worked in a food bank, painted the ceiling of a Habitat House, followed the flow of Peterborough water to its source, and created healthy communities. Bible studies in bus stops, movie cinemas and parks were intentionally planned. The many liturgies were rich with meaning, symbolism, and deep prayer. The creative music, traditional, classical, Praise and Taize, augmented the liturgies which centered us as always in our faith. On the last day, each group creatively presented their topic highlighting the concerns that had surfaced during their three days. It was fun, busy, thought-provoking and invigorating. This group of passionate folks will keep their eye on the Kingdom.



**LEARNING EXPERIENCE:** Eleven people from the Diocese Algoma attended the Shalom Justice Camp held in Peterborough from August 19 to 24. Pictured are, from left, Beth Hewson, Rev. Jeffrey Hooper, Sarah Armstrong, Peggy Morrison, Maria McAdam, Deek Neal and Garfield McAdam. In front from left are Michelle Taylor and Bev Vander Jagt. Ellen Hooper is on her bicycle. Missing from the photo is Lynne Preston.

## 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](mailto:anglican@muskoka.com)

# Get to know and love your neighbours

By Charlotte Haldenby

I have only held a gun once in my life, for maybe five minutes. When I was in high school, a friend and I were opening his family's cottage in the spring, and there might have been bears. In Dawson, the native family who used the church boat during the week, and paid us in fish right from the river, also took my dad out for a few days on the caribou hunt each year. And my next door neighbour gets his annual deer, and they have lovely venison through the winter. So I do know good reasons why people have guns.

But I also know how harmful guns can be. When I was in elementary school, one of our teachers was off for a few months because she had shot herself in the leg while climbing over a fence while hunting. And when I was in Grade 13, the older brother of one of my best friends forever, from the Yukon, was killed in a gun accident. He was talented in music, art and writing, both serious and laugh out loud. I often wonder how he might have enriched our world.

So this summer when there were shootings at the Eaton Centre, and at a block party in Toronto, and at the theatre in Arizona, I really want to know why. The Toronto shootings are attributed to gangs. How do gangs start? Why do guys join in?

Maybe there are strong guys

## Looking at the World

who have their strength as their major attribute and want to show that to the world, by plaguing others. "I'm a big man and see what I can do." But then that's not enough, I need to build up my strength. "You're either for me or you're toast!" And now I have 20 guys with me we can take over the playground/playing field. "That other kid thinks just because he's one grade ahead of me and he has 25 kids with him that he's better! I'll show him. I'll get more guys with me!" "And no one can do anything around this street without my say!"

And you can see it, the little wimpy guy who doesn't want any trouble getting harassed. Or the new kid figuring out he has to make his choice of gangs or he isn't going to survive here! Or his brother is in this gang, so he has to be!

And there are tests and trials and initiations, just to see how committed you are, and you do them to save yourself from big trouble with the leader even though you know they're wrong. And it just keeps building. It all started with one guy trying to prove he was important. There must be other ways!

What if family, friends or neighbours noticed how strong he was, even as a little kid, and praised him and they had connections or someone heard through the grapevine and he got into a program for weightlifting or wrestling. Hey, he did see the Olympics one rainy day this summer when he stayed inside and watched television. You could win a medal and the whole world would know who you were! Well, at least you'd be a Big Man on Campus, when you

*"He was talented in music, art and writing, both serious and laugh out loud."*

won the city championship, and maybe guidance could find a tutor to help you with that academic stuff. It sure would beat prison or getting shot yourself!

But as we learn more about the guy in Arizona, I wonder if that could have been prevented. Now we wonder if people in his university program had noticed he was getting more remote and weird, or was that how he'd always been, as long as they'd known him? Did anyone bother to find out why they hadn't seen him for a while, or why he seemed to be dropping out of

society? And didn't any of the deliverymen notice all the packages? Did anyone notice all the harmful stuff building up in that house in North Barrie?

What could anyone do? In our "isolated society" we don't want to get involved. What if we reported it, and to whom? that that quiet guy over there is getting even quieter. Perhaps it turns out his mother died and he's just grieving? Well, we'd feel sort of dumb and he'd hate us for interfering! So we don't do anything!

Afterwards, when there are people dead, how do we feel when we think there must have been something we could have done? Maybe if we'd just said "Hi!" when we saw him, or invited him out with the other guys at the weekend? Maybe someone could have found out the pain! Did he know how much he was changing, and just need that talk that showed somebody cared to get off his dreadful path, and into some counselling sooner.

In small towns, or farming valleys everyone knew their neighbours, and help was "just being neighbourly". Is it possible to know your neighbour now, let alone someone two streets over? One day this week I saw an unattached dog on my walk. He growled his way past. He did have tags and a little bell. The

girl walking across the street didn't know him, but the two ladies out for a walk coming along did say he belonged to a neighbour and they'd tell her when they got home. He growls because he's going blind. Then there was the tiny bird dead on the sidewalk, which I picked up later and covered up in my backyard forest. I'm sure you would have done the same when you saw animals in trouble.

If we can care about the fate of our animals, surely we can care for the people we are in contact with day to day. Looking your grocery store cashier or bank teller in the face when you say "You too" to their "Have a nice day" might make a difference. Holding the door or saying "Thank you" to the person who did. Saying "Hello" to the people you know from church when you see them at the mall. Smiling at the young mother trying to pick healthy cereal with her 5 year old. Building connections so no one feels alone. Everyone is our neighbour.

By seeing each child we meet as the wonderful gift from God they are, with all their possibilities, and just being there and encouraging them, and opening doors for them to be their best, in fact "loving our neighbours", we might prevent such disasters in the future.