

Please continue to support the Algoma Anglican

By the Rev. Peter Simmons

In 1998 I received a call from Christine Wright, then Executive Assistant to Bishop Ferris. Bishop Ferris would like to ask you to become the proof reader of the *Algoma Anglican*. I was a little daunted, yet with much delight, I accepted. Such was my involvement with our diocesan newspaper until the Fall of 2007.

Don Smith, with whom I had worked closely for the nine years, telephoned me to let me know he was going to retire as editor of the newspaper. Mr. Smith wanted me to know of this upcoming change and told me I would soon receive a call from the Ven. Harry Huskins, Executive Archdeacon of Algoma. As I recall it was within minutes Archdeacon Huskins called. He asked me if I would accept the position of editor of the *Algoma Anglican*. I would be supplied with all the necessary computer technology and software required for the position. Instruction would be provided by Marc Bonitatibus, the extremely capable and patient Production Manager of *Muskoka Lifestyle Magazine*, a publication founded by Mr. Smith. I was up for the challenge and accepted with humility, and not unlike the occasion of becoming proof reader, with a little trepidation. Within days I received a call from Bishop Ronald Ferris offering his full support and encouragement. It is a privilege to edit a publication with a lengthy history and one which conveys such important stories in the lives of people of Faith.

For 57 years the *Algoma Anglican* has chronicled so many events and happenings in the life of the Diocese of Algoma. Diocesan synods have been written about, as have national events in the life of the Church. The Consecrations of Bishops Nock, Peterson, Ferris and Andrews have been documented. Regular columnists have addressed serious subjects, while others have found humour in the Christian journey. The paper has covered various facets of the life of Thorneloe University College in Sudbury. Young people have



STORIES OF FAITH: Rev. Peter Simmons, editor of the *Algoma Anglican*, takes a few moments to catch up on news from around the diocese. Our diocesan newspaper has been a presence in the home of Anglicans in Algoma for 57 years.

featured prominently in the paper with stories from Youth Synod at Camp Manitou to youth events in area deaneries. Births, baptisms, confirmations, marriages, ordinations and personal stories have found a place in the pages of your diocesan newspaper. The vast majority of news coverage in the *Algoma Anglican* comes from readers like you.

Your contributions of articles and photos make our diocesan

newspaper the fine publication it continues to be. Archbishop Wright, in the first edition of the *Algoma Anglican*, encouraged Anglicans in the diocese to let people know about the newspaper and to “participate in its function” and “The dissemination of church information” as a primary task. This has not changed.

Please continue to send articles, photos and the stories of the life of your community of Faith in our

diocese. Your financial support is also necessary and greatly appreciated. You can do this through an on-line charitable donation site called www.canadahelps.org, or by placing a donation in the envelope enclosed in this edition of the *Algoma Anglican* and mailing it to the Synod Office. Thank you for your continuing support generosity. May God bless the Diocese of Algoma.

Inside Algoma



Shedding some light on the church in McGregor Bay

For over 50 years St. Christopher's, McGregor Bay has welcomed people from near and far and all of the various denominations for services of worship from June to August.

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A good and faithful servant in Sturgeon Falls

On Sunday, May 11, 2014, members of St. Mary Magdalene, Sturgeon Falls, honoured Mary Razeau who has served the church in a multitude of ways.

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Next deadline

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

Send items to:

Mail or courier:

P.O. Box 221

1148 Hwy 141

Rosseau P0C 1J0

E-mail:

anglican@muskoka.com

Ten thousand blessings and love

Kayla Reszitznyk writes of her time in Tarime

By Kayla Reszitznyk

There are ten thousand different ways it could be told. Ten thousand words could be said about

this trip. But there are three words that stand out the most: Love: the love that the people of Tarime had for God and shared with us through their hospitality; Faith: the childlike faith that they had for our Saviour; and Joy: the joy that they expressed through their worship in dance and through their praise in song.

On July 2, 2014, I had the amazing opportunity to travel with ten other people to Tarime, Tanzania. We travelled more than fourteen hours just to get to Nairobi, Kenya. In Nairobi we had our first taste of Africa, the culture, and the people. While in Nairobi we had the chance to stay at the Methodist Guest House, where

they were very accommodating and brought us some humour with signs around the property.

We had lunch with Archbishop Eliud of Kenya, his wife, along with other clergy and members of the church. The lunch was a chance for us to worship together and talk about the different issues that affect the church in Kenya and

the church here in Canada. During the opening worship time, two songs brought me to tears, *Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!* and *Praise My Soul the King of Heaven*. Both are songs I have heard time and time again, yet with the small group of about 20 of us there was so much joy, love and passion for our God

See Opportunity – p. 4

Diocese of Algoma Anglican Church Women

DEVOTIONS FOR OCTOBER



Most of my Mother's possessions from her apartment have now been incorporated into our household while a few were earmarked for a September potluck supper and auction at St. John's, North Bay. Now I have finally reached the boxes of photos with one probably dating back to the late 19 hundreds. It shows my grandmother as a young girl with all her sisters and friends sporting long skirts and big hairdos. I was pretty sure I spied my Grandmother in the front row and Mum was able to confirm this with the help of her magnifying glass. This is a box of photos that Mum has been meaning to sort and identify for years, however she has always been too busy raising children and helping with grandchildren, her Church work and helping Dad out with his Lion's charity works. Now I am undertaking this onerous but pleasant task of organising her photos along with mine so future generations will be able to appreciate their ancestors as they continue adding leaves to our colourful family tree.

However computer technology was appreciated in all its glory the other day during Mum's 99th birthday which was celebrated with family, friends and others patients in the hospital. I had made a cursory stab at this box of photos picking out special ones of Mum which our son and wife turned into a wonderful slide show. This I presume will be a work in progress as we discover more unique snaps along with some 99th birthday favourites.

It was a super party with balloons and flowers, snacks and a cake, tea, coffee and presents. The little dining room in the hospital was quite packed with the men, of course, congregating in the hallway while the women oohd and aahd over presents, two beautiful therapy dogs and of course Mum's little great granddaughter who made friends with everyone and is the "apple of our eye".

That familiar phrase is found in Psalm 17:8 and is in a prayer in the *Book of Common Prayer* on page 723. I say to Mum nearly every night as we have prayers over the phone just before she goes off to sleep. She

says this is a wonderful way for her to end her day. I must admit I don't go to bed quite that early. I came across this familiar verse when doing the morning reading the other day and found this explanation at the bottom of the page:

"Just as we protect the pupils ("apples") of our eyes, so God will protect us. We must not conclude, however, that we have somehow missed God's protection if we experience troubles. God's protection has far greater purposes than helping us avoid pain; it is to make us better servants for him. God also protects us by guiding us through painful circumstances, not only by helping us escape them." *Life Application Bible* p. 918.

This reminds us again of what Rabbi Kushner said on the CBC one day when discussing his book *Why Do Bad Things Happen To Good People*. To paraphrase, God does not promise to heal all our hurts but he does promise to give us the strength to endure them.

When making our way down to the end of the garden the other day, we discovered apples are beginning to grow on the huge old tree and there is promise of a good crop again this year, leaving the ones that fall to the ground for the deer and other animals that forage through the tall grass. Although an apple was Adam and Eve's downfall "Have you eaten from the tree of which I commanded you not to eat? Gen. 3:11b, we remember that besides making excellent apple sauce, "an apple a day keeps the doctor away". When Googling this familiar phrase we learn its core is found in Welsh culture.

We seemed to have digressed from the original intent of this devotion which was to honour the old photos of our relatives past and present, some seen before but others are new ones, especially ones of my Dad: first in the British army, London police force then Royal Air Force. These I think, are going to go in a special album along with all his certificates and papers pertaining to his careers in uniform. I know our son, who is still mad about planes, has begun researching his past as a Royal Air Force navigator during WWII

and his four years in India. We also found very smart photos of Mum as a young girl beginning at the age of 16 and progressing through her career in dry goods in London shops. She said the other day, one was able to have a photos taken and printed on postcards for only sixpence.

I have become immersed in 100's of photos, sorting and merging them into my myriad of albums where duplicates and even triplicates are appearing. So many memories of cities we moved to and houses Dad and Mum repaired and painted and made into homes. So many memories of friends long gone but happily some we are still in touch with when we write or even e-mail and compare the joys and pains of advancing years.

There is one special friend I went to school with in England until the age of 10. I am thinking of collecting all her photos from the past 66 years and putting them in an album of their own and maybe even sending it to her one day as I suspect my future ancestors will not be that interested in her. I know she has kept all my letters.

One of my nephews visited recently from Calgary to see Mum and we spent a wonderful Saturday night going through and comparing photos and seeing resemblances among relatives. Remarkably it seems, in many cases, the most striking sameness is captured and recognized across the area of the eyes. It is amazing to see how likenesses are inherited and forwarded from one generation to another, all the while remembering:

"He gave them a fixed number of days, but granted them authority over everything on earth. He endowed them with strength like his own, and made them in his own image. Sirach 17:2-3.

By studying our photos we learn from and revere our past. We thank God for and appreciate today and we have faith in the future, in future generations and the life we shall one day share with God for all eternity. Happy photo finding and God bless.

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

Mission before budget

By the Rev. Grahame Stap

I have always believed that if the church is not involved in mission, and part of the surrounding community, it will not survive. It is wonderful to see a real sense of mission growing in both the Anglican and Lutheran churches.

In the *Anglican Journal* at the top left of the front page was the headline 'Renewed energy in Churches'. It reads: "When the heads of the Anglican and Lutheran churches in North America met recently in Toronto, a common theme emerged as they shared developments in their respective churches: all felt a sense of "renewed energy" that they attributed to a "renewed focus on mission."

Also on page 11 from Niagara Falls, and again I quote: "When Parishes are "elastic" and embrace different ways of being a church, when Parishioners are collaborative and have a "strong Spiritual core" and when they reach out to communities beyond their walls they become healthy and vital. But they often wither and fail when there is no openness to new ideas."

Also on the same page, Rev. Bruce Bryant-Scott writes, "As a Christian, my fundamental ethic is care and concern for other persons, who are all created in the image of God."

To become a church of energy and mission it really is necessary to put, as the Alban institute, and others that understand church reasons for growth and demise have said, mission before budget. It seems however, some still do not get it. We at St. John the Divine, North bay, are still waiting for the diocese and executive to approve the use of the Don Landon endowment to update our subsidised housing unit. It seems however that there is more concern about how the diocese could repay the capital in the event that the Bliss Gillmor Corporation is incapable of doing so. If we get approval we can put in new windows, pay off debts, and become a viable ongoing mission in the heart of North Bay.

Our parish hall is part of Bliss Gillmor and it is where we feed marginalised people, have a food bank, and also during the winters the only warming centre in town. I should also mention that once we have the leak in the roof fixed, a new roof is being installed even as I write this, and the water damaged apartments repaired C.H.M.A will move in their

Thoughts from Grahame

clients and guaranteed the rent. Some have already moved in. Perhaps I should also mention Bliss Gillmor has never defaulted on a mortgage payment and although nothing is guaranteed, I doubt if anyone will ever be held libel for repayment of the debt.

I am writing this to implore the Diocese and the executive to approve the investment of the Don Landon endowment and let St. John's be all it is called to be and to understand that it is the will of the church that this all take place. I say this because at a special vestry the vote, with one abstention, was unanimous.

To clarify some rumors that seem to be floating around, the Church of St John the Divine is not waiting for this to happen as the only salvation of our mission. We have as of now invested \$32,000.00 in updating fire regulations, putting on a new roof, with some help from the insurance company, repairing apartments, paying insurance and hydro bills which when fully rented Bliss Gillmor will be able to take over and pay these bills on their own.

I never met Don Landon, but from what I have learned about him I know he would approve and look down from heaven with a smile on his face. This is not my opinion but the opinion of all those who understand the true mission of the church and know how important it is to fulfill the mission of Jesus and to walk in his footsteps.



QUIET PREPARATION: Rt. Rev. George Elliott is pictured in Christ Church, Windermere preparing for the 8:30 a.m. service held on Heritage Sunday, August 10, 2014.

EDITORIAL

The Algoma Anglican is the Official Voice of the Diocese of Algoma.
Address: P.O. Box 1168, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. P6A 5N7
The Right Reverend Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop
Peter Simmons, Editor

Letter from the Bishop

And thereto I plight thee my troth

Dear Friends,

Most of you will know that we had a wedding in the family this past August. Our older daughter, Clare, married her fiancé, Luke, in a very dignified service at the Cathedral. The ceremony was followed by an elegant reception on the lawn at Bishophurst. It was a beautiful event with many touching moments, and Fawna and I are still sorting through the photos and recalling things that surprised and delighted us. We are so grateful for the well-wishes of many across the diocese, and for the way that church folk in the Sault contributed to the day's success.

I have been in the marrying business long enough to know that for all the joy they bring, weddings can be very stressful occasions. I used to tell couples that if they got to the altar with everybody involved still on speaking terms, their marriage was off to a great start! I am relieved to say that the Andrews-Norton wedding survived with the communications department still intact, thanks largely to the patience and understanding of the couple as they tried to accommodate the senescent expectations of their parents. Marriage customs and the attitudes that shape them have changed a great deal since we were married, nearly thirty years' ago. To begin with, the marriage rate in Canada has more than halved since 1985, while the average age of those getting married has increased almost five years. And then there are the economics. Anyone who has cable TV knows what I am talking about, as there are over a dozen reality television shows treating everything from wedding cakes to wedding dresses to wedding planners. Weddings are big business these days.

But there are two aspects of marriage that seem to be relatively impervious to the shifts and distortions of modern fashion. Indeed, I found their presence in our daughter's wedding particularly significant and moving. The first has to do with the nature of the vows; and the second with the nature of the witnesses.

Now, you may chalk it up to parental partiality, but I don't think I have ever officiated at a wedding where I have heard a couple utter their vows with such conviction. They did not simply repeat their lines. One detected in their voices a passionate determination to live up to this high ideal of mutual self-giving. The ancient Prayer Book phrases thus came alive as they conveyed trust, resolve and the declaration of wills, and mere words took on a power to bind. There are few instances in human language when words perform such a noble task, that is, when they actually bring into being what it is that they proclaim. Just as the shackles come off when the judge says, 'You are free to go', or the brightness penetrated the darkness when God said, 'Let there be light', so the pledging of one to other in the wedding ceremony effects a marriage, a union created between two formerly distinct individuals. It was a compelling moment.

Of course, for all of its exaltation, the language of the marriage service is also realistic. For no sooner than vows and rings are

exchanged, we pray that God would send his blessing upon his servants, 'that they may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made'. Relationships are hard work, and there is often a painful distance between marriage in the ideal and the flawed post-honeymoon reality. A husband said to his wife during a quarrel, 'You know, I was a fool when I married you.' She replied, 'Yes, dear, but I was in love and didn't notice.'

However, recent research at the University of



Virginia suggests that 'those who have more guests at their nuptials are more likely to report high-quality marriages than those with a small wedding party'. The report's authors believe that this finding has to do with making a public declaration of commitment and having community support. The other notable feature of our August wedding was the devotion of family and friends who had come together from far and wide, and at some expense, to witness and celebrate the matrimonial vows. Fawna and I simply couldn't have hosted such a grand event without them, and their cheerful involvement in every aspect of the wedding weekend made a deep impression on the new-lweds.

When we pray for God's blessing on a couple, it is often with the expectation that he will grant them an inner fortitude to keep true to their promises. But in an age that glorifies independence, we may overlook the fact that one of God's chief blessings is community. Publicly declared oaths creates social accountability, which is why, as an institution, marriage deserves the protection of the state. In the Church, 'community' means a fellowship that treasures marriage and stands ready to aid couples as they forge a new life together. In the BAS liturgy, we ask the congregation, 'You are the witnesses to these vows now being made. Will you do all in your power to support and uphold this marriage?' Now that the wedding season is drawing to a close, it is worth asking what are we doing as parishes to fulfill our own vows.

Henny Youngman once quipped, 'The secret of a happy marriage remains a secret.' Our summer experience has convinced me more than ever that this is not true. The secret of a happy marriage is a formula of vows made with integrity in the presence of a loving and supportive community, both of which are manifestations of the grace of a caring God.

+Stephen Andrews

Stephen Andrews
Bishop of Algoma

The fish book



By the Rev. Richard White

It smelled. Fisherfolk, fishwives, fishmongers, families with children, and members of the college community all jostled together at the weekly fish market in Cambridge, England. It was Tuesday, June 23, 1626. The air was pungent with fish-oils and sweat, and alive with bartering, shouting and laughter as people haggled over locally caught trout, catfish, pike, smelt, perch and lampreys, along with salmon, plaice, mussels, cockles and of course cod from ports to the north and south. But beyond the smell of the market, a whiff of something extraordinary was coming their way.

Dr. Joseph Mede, a scholar at nearby Christ's College, was dreaming about dinner, a nice salmon steak from the Thames perhaps, when a gasp, a shout rose up from one of the fish stalls. A seller had been gutting and slicing a large cod when he made a discovery of a treasure in the belly. A brown, slime-covered glob of tiny pages was lodged in the cod's innards. It was a book. The book was passed through several hands, and then on to Mede. The find could not have gone into better hands.

Mede, 1586 – 1639, was a Bible scholar at Cambridge. His commentaries on the Books of Daniel and Revelation earned him broad acclaim. He had used the symbolic numbering in those prophetic books to fix a date for the Second Coming of Christ, 1716. He was of course wrong. Apart from his numerical juggling Mede was one of the College's finest, a linguist, a church historian, and a representative voice for the Church of England among Europe's leading Protestant theologians. Mede recognised something potentially unique about the fish book. He took it to the vice-chancellor of the university who then passed it to a book-binder who cleaned it and brought its remarkable con-

tents to light.

The book was a copy of a religious tract written in the previous century. It had three essays in it. While no name was attributed to any of them, Mede recognised one of the essays as *A Mirror or Glass to Know Thyself* written by John Frith who had been martyred during Henry VIII's early reign.

History Byte

The other two essays were *The Preparation to the Cross and to Death*, and *A Brief instruction to Teach a Person Willingly to Die*, and while scholars would haggle over their authorship, a good case could be made that those were written by Frith as well.

So who was John Frith, 1503-1533? Frith had been a highly acclaimed Cambridge graduate and a young canon at Oxford who fell out of favour once he became a pamphleteer for the Protestant cause. With amazing clarity, he challenged two doctrines of the Roman Catholic Faith, transubstantiation and Purgatory. The dogma of transubstantiation said the communion bread and wine became the natural body and blood of Jesus Christ during the Prayer of Consecration. The doctrine of Purgatory said Purgatory was an intermediate place the Faithful went after to be purified for Heaven. The Church of England had yet to break with Rome and embraced both doctrines.

Frith's very public opposition to such dogma made him suspect. Quite early on, he was arrested along with nine others for possessing heretical books and held in a fish cellar in Oxford. Once freed he was on the run, often disguised as a beggar, and pursuing a written campaign against those two doctrines in particular. In 1529 he wrote *A Disputation of Purgatory*, aimed squarely at

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ALGOMA ANGLICAN

Official Publication of the Diocese of Algoma
The Right Reverend Dr. Stephen Andrews, Bishop
Peter Simmons, Editor Jane Mesich, Treasurer

Produced Monthly by Peter Simmons

Send articles for publication to:
P.O. Box 221, 1148 Hwy 141, Rosseau POC 1J0
Phone (705) 732-4608 Fax (705) 732-4608
E-mail: anglican@muskoka.com

Please send subscription renewals and changes of address to:
The Algoma Anglican, Anglican Journal,
Circulation Department
80 Hayden Street, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 3G2

Postmaster: Please send all returns and changes of address to:
The Algoma Anglican, Anglican Journal,
Circulation Department,
80 Hayden Street, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 3G2

Synod Address
P.O. Box 1168, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario P6A 5N7

Frith was the first to write “nose to the grindstone”

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the Lord Chancellor, Thomas More, and the hierarchy of the Church of England. Chancellor More answered back with a somewhat weak rebuttal. Frith responded with the essay *A Mirror or Glass to Know Thyself*, a copy of which was found in the so-called Fish Book.

What did the essay say? The “mirror” in its title referred to the Bible. Protestants held the Bible should be the standard for gauging the truth of any Church doctrine. It was the judge as to whether or not such doctrines about transubstantiation or Purgatory were true or merely illusions of the Faith. At one point Frith switches the metaphor of the Bible as a mirror and loosely uses the term “grindstone.” In so doing, he gives us the first written use of the phrase “nose to the grindstone.”

“Nose to the grindstone” was intended as a violent metaphor. In his disdain for the Church hierarchy, he believed the faces, i.e. noses, of false religious teachers would be ground down by the Biblical injunction to teach the people the simple Word of God. Frith said those in Church leadership were “double thieves and murderers” because they neither preached God’s word, nor allowed others to “do it purely,” but instead persecuted and put them to death. It is fitting that the remaining two essays in the Fish Book addressed death and Christian martyrdom. That would be Frith’s fate.

Arrested several times, he used prison as an opportunity to write. His writings were monitored by More. Frith was eventually sent

to the Tower of London, where he penned his views on Holy Communion in opposition to the doctrine of transubstantiation, knowing they would be used, in his words, “to purchase me most cruel death.” He was sentenced to death by fire and offered a pardon if he professed a belief in Purgatory and transubstantiation. His answer was clear “No man is bound to believe the (Church) Doctors except they can be proved true either by Scripture or good reason not repugnant to Scripture.” He was clear: the Catholic doctrines he was challenging lacked Biblical foundation. He died in a public burning at Smithfield, London, July 4, 1533. He was 33, married with children.

The story of John Frith is filled with ironies. A week after his execution, Henry VIII was excommunicated from the Roamn Catholic Church. Frith’s chief adversary, Thomas More was executed for treason two years later, July 6, 1535. More’s brother-in-law, barrister John Rastell who had interrogated Frith, eventually converted to Protestantism through Frith’s writings. Thomas Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury at the time of Frith’s martyrdom, later drafted the Forty-Two Articles of Religion, the predecessor to our Thirty-Nine Articles, which condemned the doctrines of purgatory and transubstantiation as unbiblical. The Fish Book or “Vox Piscees” as it was called, underscored that position for a new generation of readers. It also gave the English language the phrase, “nose to the grindstone.” How the book ended up in the belly of a large cod fish remains a mystery.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?: Bishop Mwita Akiri was showing the Mission Team from Algoma the location where he hopes to build a school. This little girl, overhearing the conversation, asked Kayla Reszitaryk if the team was going to build a school, expressing her desire to go to school.



LENDING A HELPING HAND: Kayla Reszitaryk is pictured carrying a jug of water on her head while helping to build a church in Tarime, Tanzania. Ms. Reszitaryk was a member of the Tarime Mission Team from Algoma who travelled to Tarime in July.

Opportunity to see many churches and meet local people

Continued from Front
that the feeling of the Holy Spirit in that small chapel was overwhelming to me.

The conversation that we had during the group time and lunch was delightful and informing. I personally learned that across the world the church is struggling with how to keep the youth involved, and that in Kenya they are devoting an entire worship service for the the youth, who plan it, with certain things they must maintain in the service, and run it in a way that is natural for them in their worship of God. Nairobi brought us to see the first light, of sorts, of how meaningful the church of God is to the Christians there.

After our short, but lovely time in Kenya, we all headed back out to the airport to fly to Mwanza, Tanzania. At the Mwanza airport we were greeted by Rev. John and one of the drivers. From there we were split into two cars and drove to the centre of Mwanza. We had a lunch together, and then Ven. Marie Lowen, and Rev. Roberta Wilson-Garret, and I went to a local sewing shop. It was very interesting seeing how the people of the town interacted with each other and interacted with us.

To get from Mwanza to Tarime we had to drive for four hours. On our drive we had a little flat tire and so took a break to stretch our legs and talk to some locals. When we arrived at the agricultural centre, we were greeted by singing and dancing, smiles, hugs, and joy.

On our first Sunday in Tarime we headed to a local church, where the congregation was standing outside singing and dancing, waiting for us to join them. During the church service we witnessed the Confirmation of a large group of youth. They came up two by two with their Bibles in hand. The gentleman, Thomas, who was sitting next to me during the service and translating for me, was overjoyed to see his little sister

receiving the blessing of Confirmation. Throughout our time in Tarime we were invited into many churches and made to feel part of the family, while witnessing many Confirmations. The candidates for Confirmation always had so much joy and faith in their eyes. After the service, we all went outside to shake everyone’s hand and to have so many photos taken. I’m pretty sure I had my photo taken with every single young person that was there and it was the best time I have ever had with people I have just met.

A group of us also helped build a church alongside the local congregation. We learned how to create a building the way the local people do, using mud bricks and cement. We learned through actions, with minimal spoken instructions. While at the job site, the congregation welcomed us, taught us, laughed with us, and became friends with us. We learned how to walk with water on our heads, which was a lot harder than you’d think it would be! While I went with the ladies to get the water, they gave me a new name: Penina! I felt so loved and special to be given a name and welcomed into their family. Being on the job site brought us closer with the people, working side by side and playing with the young children that where there.

While on our trip we had the opportunity to see many of the churches and meet many of the local people. We had the privilege of going to the African Barrick Gold mine. The mine has been in the news recently because of conflict over how the mine is run and what will happen when the mine eventually closes. We were shown some of the community projects supported by the mine.

We were also able to go to the sewing school and see how the girls learn a skill that will help them in the future. We met with the local Mothers’ Union and had

lunch with them. Bishop Mwita Akiri also showed us the plot of land on which he is planning to build a girls’ school. While looking at the land and hearing his ideas, this young girl walked past us, and, when she came back with another little girl, she asked me if we were going to build a school there because she wanted to go to school. It warmed my heart and brings me to tears every time I think about it.

On our last night the Tanzanians hosted a lovely going away party for us, with all the clergy, Mothers’ Union, and friends we had made. We presented the gifts that we brought and were also presented with gifts ourselves. For me, this trip to Tarime, Tanzania, opened my eyes a lot more about the world around me. I came to see that our church does not need fancy buildings or fancy liturgy to worship God. All we need is a strong faith, a love for our Saviour, and joy. Church is not the building that we go to every Sunday, it is the community with whom we share our joy in good times with and our sorrow in bad times. It is the community that is always there for us, regardless of how we look or what language we speak. It is a community, a friend, a family that loves one another and shares the love of Jesus with everyone we meet.

Here is what I pray: that we all remember our brothers and sisters in the Diocese of Tarime; that God would help strengthen their spirits and faith, and enable the church to grow and prosper; that the unrest in the country, communities, and at the gold mine comes to an end; that we as a church do not act out of self interest, but rather act for the benefit of the whole family; that we share Christ’s love and good news with everyone; that the greeting, bwana asifiwe, ‘praise the Lord’, becomes a part of everyday life.

Bwana asifiwe! Amina!

Spotlight on St. Christopher's, Anglican Church, McGregor Bay

By the Ven. Anne Germond

The Diocese of Algoma is blessed with many beautiful churches and congregations. Let me tell you about one of the hidden gems of a parish in the Deanery of Sudbury/Manitoulin. It's one of our summer congregations, St. Christopher's Community Church in McGregor Bay. This beautiful and well cared for church, that is open for just a few months of the year, overlooks some of northern Ontario's most magnificent waterways, and some of its stunning scenery, the La Cloche mountains. There is no road to St. Christopher's, it is accessible only by boat.

St. Christopher's Community is a twenty minutes boat ride from the marinas at Birch Island off Highway 6. You can hire a boat to take you to McGregor Bay if you want to visit it on your own, but it costs about \$60 one way, so best to make friends with one of the parishioners and hitch a ride with them!

The church is open from June through August each summer, and the Bishop of Algoma appoints a student intern to serve in the congregation. St. Christopher's sees itself as a teaching parish. The wardens smile as they recount that the first order of business when an intern comes on board is to make sure they know how to drive a motor boat.

Many of the students are in their second or third year of Divinity school and this is a wonderful opportunity for ministry in a vibrant congregation. In the past some of these students have included Ven. Harry Huskins, Rev. Canon Bain Peever, Rev. Paul Walmsley, Rev. Joan Locke, Rev. Peter Simmons, and Rev. Lyn Fisher. Writer Tom Harpur served there in 1970.

For the last two years, Charlene Scriver, a postulant for ordination, has served this congregation. Sunday services are usually the Service of the Word, with the occasional Eucharistic celebration provided by visiting clergy. Bishop Andrews never misses an opportunity to visit St. Christopher's each year.

How did St. Christopher's begin? It's an interesting story that started when a pioneering family, Jenkins by name, established a pri-

vate burial ground at the site of the present church. This happened in the early years of the 20th century. In 1949 private burial sites were deemed illegal under the laws of the Province of Ontario. Therefore, in order to avert the relocation of the graves, planning started to establish a church in the Bay, thus allowing the burial ground to be consecrated as a church cemetery.

In the process of solving a practical problem, the mission of St. Christopher's was established. On July 4, 1951, Archbishop Wright entered the Bay and consecrated the cemetery and also held the first service where the church would be built. In the 50th Anniversary flyer it is mentioned that 79 people were at hand on that day 'suggesting that the occasion was deemed more than a practical solution to a private problem.'

While some in the deanery of Sudbury/Manitoulin face a great exodus from parishes during the summer months, St. Christopher's is a hive of activity. Sunday attendance is upwards of 100 people and oftentimes the church is so full that you will see people sitting on the church steps. The service can also be heard in the parish hall just down the hill, which makes it easier for those with mobility issues. There is a beautiful sense of ecumenism at St. Christopher's as the 'people of God' who attend represent an incredible number of religious denominations and communions. It is a model to emulate.

Many of the congregants own cottages in the area and live in 'The Bay' for four or five months of each year. Some people now in their 60s and 70s have been coming to McGregor Bay since they were children. This is a place that stole their hearts and that has now become home away from home. You will often find generations of families at church on a Sunday morning, and during the week they participate in some of the activities that are offered. The Parish Hall is also the community centre for The Bay, and the monthly calendar seldom has a blank square on it. These activities include Bible Studies, activities for young people, "Snake and Lattes" games days, bridge,

yoga and kayaking, sailing, 'Desert with a Dash of History'. And there is always food, glorious food!

Many of the parishioners are active in their 'home' congregations in the United States and Canada and bring with them their deep faith in God, as well as the wealth of knowledge and expertise in so many aspects of parish life that they share freely with each other and those they serve. Many of them continue to support St. Christopher's throughout the winter months.

The interior of the church looks very much like a log cabin with its pine pews and altar. It truly reflects the rustic beauty of Northern Ontario. Behind the altar is a window in the shape of a cross that fills the sanctuary with light. Often you will find a simple arrangement of wild flowers on the windowsills of the church. These are picked alongside the many boardwalks leading to the church.

I have had the pleasure of visiting St. Christopher's twice since becoming the Archdeacon for Sudbury/Manitoulin. In 2013 I attended one of their monthly board meetings and then enjoyed a lovely afternoon with Charlene Scriver and parishioners Dick and Alice Lockrem.

This year I visited again, with Colin. We brought classical music to "The Bay" as he and his accompanist Philip, provided an afternoon of wonderful music. We were transported in style down to St. Christopher's by boat and were received in the usual gracious way that the folks there welcome all their guests. There was a chance for us to visit with the friends I made last year, and to meet and make new friends.

I give thanks for the faithful ministry of the leaders and parishioners at St. Christopher's. They all share a deep love for God and God's church and I pray that those who come after will continue the work that has begun in this place. If you ever have the opportunity to catch a ride out to St. Christopher's, don't miss the boat! May God bless all of those who call St. Christopher's their parish family.



WELCOME TO ALL: Located in McGregor Bay, St. Christopher's Anglican Church is the place of worship for people from all over the world during the months of June, July and August.



THANK YOU: Conrad Tucker, Rector's Warden, Christ Church, Windermere presented Brenda Whiteside with a beautiful vase of flowers on behalf of the congregation. Mrs. Whiteside is Associate Vice-President of Student Affairs, University of Guelph, and was this year's Heritage Sunday guest speaker at the service held on Sunday, August 10, 2014. She is the daughter of the late Rev. Ron and June Armstrong, who revitalized Christ Church when they came back to Windermere in 1983.

Sore feet, tired bodies and Jesus on pilgrimage

By Beth Hewson

It was a distance of 188 kilometers, over eight days, 22 kilometers per day walking from the Ignatius Jesuit Center in Guelph to the Martyr's Shrine in Midland in the middle of August. It was a pilgrimage that nourished my spirit and faith. Walking on pilgrimages to holy places has deep roots in many religious traditions. Pilgrimages were physical journeys that combined a spiritual intent with the testing of the body, heart and soul. Each day 70 to 100 pilgrims who walked to the Martyrs' Shrine remembered a different Jesuit missionary who had brought the Gospel to the Huron Wendat Nation people of this area.

The days had a predictable rhythm. Get up, dismantle the tent and bring it to the truck. Find the coffee, secure a camp chair for the outdoor worship service, and before walking, study the scriptural passage and intention for the day. During the walking, pilgrims sang, prayed, chatted with each other

and had periods of silence. In the evening sacred circle we shared reflections using the scriptural passage as a springboard to how God was working in our lives.

The community of seventy varied in age, the youngest was nearly one and the oldest about eighty years. People walked the distance they were able and some joined us for part of the eight days.

The veterans on the pilgrimage told the newbies that we would meet other groups of pilgrims. Our motley group of seventy was medium in size compared to the Burlington/Brampton group of about 35 but small potatoes compared to the 200 Polish pilgrims, walking in three groups.

The reputation of the Polish group preceded them. "Wait till you see them," the veterans said. It was an incredible site to watch this group of "200 strong" approach us. We imagined it was an Old Testament army pressing forward. First we would notice the lead security car as it passed our

group and then we would hear through a loudspeaker the announcement of their next song. Songs were always enthusiastically sung and accompanied with clapping and shaking of tambourines. With military precision this group maintained an incredibly fast walking pace. We reached our rest stop just in time to turn and cheer this Army for God along while we were buoyed by their gusto and energy.

Meals were delicious feasts. For one evening meal, the local church team transported in commercial size gas stoves to the site. Fresh Ontario corn on the cob, tasty tomatoes, grated garlic, roasted zucchini, chicken and fresh fruit were devoured quickly and appreciatively. Those like me in the "nutritionally challenged" group, as we were labelled, vegetarian, gluten free or just plain picky, went first. Definitely a perk!

A constant and never-ending topic of discussion was how to treat blisters. There

See People – p. 7

Gotta love that neighbour!

By the Rev. Canon Bob Elkin

Some fool once said: “Good fences make good neighbours!” . That that isn’t true where I live. Good neighbours here give you the run of their workshop, keep their beer fridge full and available and don’t get hostile when your dog forgets which side of the property line is his and leaves surprises on their lawn. You do the same for them because it is all about trust. I park my car all over the township and never lock the doors except in September. If you leave them open then you’ll come back and find the back seat full of zucchini but if you happen to like zucchini: bonus! Yep, I live in a great spot with good neighbours and I’ve never seen a fence out here. Go figure!

A bonus neighbour is a helpful soul who knows stuff that you don’t. This is a rural area and our house has a septic system which I’d always thought that my years in ministry had equipped me to deal with but when I needed to know something it was my neighbour who came over and showed me where its various parts were buried because he’d helped bury them thirty years before. That’s common around here.

People remember things and fifty years ago is just as fresh in people’s minds as yesterday. The big white house on the corner is Smithers’ farm-house even though there hasn’t been a Smithers in it for sixty years and it stopped being a farm when its acreage got sold off a quarter century back. I understand it fully. New people come and go but the Smithers built the place and since they’re a pioneering family, that half the township is related to, it makes sense to keep them current. You know you’ve arrived when you start referring to it as Smithers’ place too, even though you’ve never met a Smithers and know that the family living there now is named Franklin. Hey, Franklins come and go but Smithers are forever, at least here anyway!

The gold standard for neighbours is someone who knows how to fix things that you can’t and that would cost you a fortune if you had to pay someone. I, for example, am a complete idiot around cars. I know nothing, I can fix nothing and I firmly believe the engine is full of little devils that make it go and hate me. The high point of my mechanical life came at the age of twelve when my father was working on the family wagon and I said I thought it was

carburetor trouble and it was! It was a tremendously lucky guess but it has been downhill with me and cars since then.

Recently when our car started making strange noises I got the neighbour to come over to get his opinion. We listened awhile and then I ventured my “I bet it’s the carburetor ” gambit. “Probably not” he replied. “The cars fuel injected for one and usually

Letter from Bob

they didn’t put the carburetor in the wheels anyway. Its brakes.” and with that he gave me a list of parts to buy and fixed the whole thing in half an hour the next day. I couldn’t have been more amazed had he translated the Rosetta stone into Swahili. I couldn’t have fixed it in ten years and he did it in a half hour! Of course I wanted to pay back but my career choice has equipped me with few options. “Should you and your wife ever decide to get married call me” seemed a bit presumptive and “If you ever need anyone buried...” didn’t seem to hit it either. I was stammering out my thanks and looking for something to offer when he smiled and said: “I work for beer!” which was perfect. A good neighbour that you have lots in common with is a good, good thing indeed!

There really is no down side to the relationships in a happy neighbourhood. We’ve got a sprinkling of odd ducks living here but they’re friendly and give no harm and can certainly give you something to think about when they stop you on the road to explain why public education is really a tool of big business or how organized religion helps further the work of the Anti-Christ. Besides, it’s not like those thoughts haven’t crossed my mind once or twice before!

The rules for fitting in and getting along are not difficult. Be friendly to everyone, gossip about no one and don’t have too loud an opinion about how things are done around here. If the people here wanted things to be like somewhere else they’d move to somewhere else but since they haven’t done that it almost always means they like it here. Honour that and respect it in your good neighbours and before too long you’ll be considered a good neighbour too.



GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT: On Sunday, May 11, 2014, parishioners of St. Mary Magdelene, Sturgeon Falls honoured Mary Razeau for her dedicated and faithful service to the church and its members.

Faithful member honoured at St. Mary Magelene, Sturgeon Falls

By Carol Anne Friedrich

Every church has one, or they should: that church member who can be counted on in an emergency, knows most of the current church members and remembers the names of past members and sometimes their new location. He or she, knows where the oldest and most moth eaten former choir gowns are stored, can recite dates of previous church functions and provide the pictures to prove it. This is the person who sends out seasonal greetings from the church to all past church members who live out-of-town and adds little post scripts in the cards to let them know what is currently happening in the church.

St. Mary Magdelene, Sturgeon Falls is blessed to have such a

member. Her contributions to the church over many years have been varied and numerous. For years, she played the church organ, assisted Lay Ministers when there was no incumbent, guided the A.C.W with wisdom, organised funding socials such as the monthly Soup and Sandwich lunches, garage sales and Christmas bazaars. She has also served as Church Warden, Lector and minister to the sick and those confined to their homes. Someone told me she even volunteered to get their groceries!

Most recently she established a Prayer Shawl ministry, initiated the annual International Christmas Choral Sing, and collected photos and written archival material of the church to submit to the Historical Society in the greater community

of West Nipissing. These materials were subsequently digitized for storage and historical reference at the local library. She couldn’t be ignored. On Sunday morning, May 11, 2014, Marie Razeau was honored for her many years of a multitude of services to and for St. Mary Magdelene, Sturgeon Falls and its members. There wasn’t a dry eye in the place.

Members of Marie Razeau’s family surprised her by showing up for the occasion. Visitors arrived from Renfrew, Stittsville, Ottawa and North Bay, and of course many family, friends and church members from the West Nipissing and Sturgeon Falls area. Following the service everyone moved downstairs for a well attended luncheon.



REMEMBERING THE PAST: A display of historic and new baptismal gowns from parishioners and friends of Christ Church, Windermre was held at the church on Heritage Weekend, Saturday, August 9 to Sunday August 10, 2014. Some of the gowns, which continue to be used, date back to the 1850’s.

The Bishop has a blog!
It is called
'benedictus benedicat'
You can find it
at
<http://stephenalgoma.typepad.com/benedictus-benedicat/>

Trailblazing: a new program for youth leadership development

By Judy Steers

"I love working with youth in my congregation but sometimes I feel like I don't know what I'm doing."

"How do I get training as a youth leader?"

"I want to put more spiritual content in our youth program in ways that the kids can relate to"

"Can I get more in-depth formation as a youth ministry leader without going away to take expensive courses?"

"The young people I work with ask so many great and profound questions, but I have no clue how to respond."

If you have ever said one of the above, you're not alone! Across the country, there are many volunteer and part-time youth workers who don't feel fully equipped for their vital ministry role. As a church, we share passion for working with young people. But how, without heading away to seminary, will any of us gain the skills to do that better? In many dioceses across our church, we turn to our part-time youth workers and rely on them as 'youth experts.' How often do we resource and equip them to truly be those ministry experts?

Responding to these concerns, the National Youth Initiatives Team, in collaboration with the Ask & Imagine youth theology program at Huron University College, Faculty of Theology created Trailblazing.

Trailblazing, trailblazing.anglican.ca, is a new online theological formation and leadership development program for youth leaders. It's Canadian. It was developed by Anglican youth leaders and theologians.

"Many youth workers are dedicated volunteers" says Trailblazing coordinator Andrew Stephens-Rennie, from Vancouver "and yet they don't necessarily have much youth ministry formation beyond their own experience of youth group. Perhaps they have a degree in education, or a diploma as a child and youth worker in a secular setting." Very few leaders have theological training, even though the task of youth ministry is to work with families and congregations to provide young people with Christian formation that will help them to navigate their spiritual lives and life choices.

Trailblazing fills some of those

gaps by providing an accessible, easy-to-use, do-at-you-own-pace kind of training for youth leaders.

Through a collection of on-line learning modules, on computer or tablet, learners can explore such topics as Introduction to Theology, Worldview and the Gospel, Building Community, Faith and Film, Theology and Music, The power of Story, Youth Ministry Basics, Mission and Formation and many more.

Each module takes between two and three hours to work through and they build on each other to form a thorough, theologically rigorous and engaging series of lessons. Online forums allow learners to interact with each other through conversation and reflection on the module content. Videos, articles, animations and interactive content all serve to help learners learn and connect with the material.

Like knowing the right tool for the right job, Trailblazing challenges learners to think about why they do what they do.

Judy Steers, program director of Ask & Imagine and Trailblazing notes that, "until we know how to think and reflect on our ministries, developing skills in theological reflection, we will just be doing program for the sake of program." Often-times, youth workers are going online for the latest 'grab and go' idea for cool youth meetings. Rarely do these online sources equip leaders to engage young people in ways of navigating the world where faith and real life intersect.

Traiblazing gives youth leaders tools for the job, tools that can be applied to many situations. In the same way that one wouldn't grab one type of saw to do all kinds of woodworking, Trailblazing aspires to 'fill youth leaders' toolbox,' giving them skills and confidence in knowing what's in their toolbox and how to use it.

A \$75.00 annual subscription gives a subscriber access to ALL current and future modules for a 365 day period. The price is set to make the program sustainable, while being absolutely accessible and affordable to part-time or volunteer leaders and their parishes.

Visit www.trailblazing.anglican.ca to see a sample module, watch a video about the project, read what other youth leaders have said about it and

Increasing Roman influence

By the Rev. Peter Simmons

Throughout the 10th and 11th centuries, the influence of the Church of Rome began to steadily increase. This period, commonly known as the Dark Ages, was a period of confusion and corruption for the churches of continental Europe. During this time, the Church was used not to proclaim the Good News, but for the furtherance of an individual's well being, especially financial. The pattern of prince-bishop arose, melding the authority of the state with the Church. The position was then passed down from one generation to another. It became evident the Church was not immune to outside untoward influences.

The Church of Rome continued to grow in power, especially after the fracture of Eastern and Western Christendom. By the 11th century the beginnings of papal reform had begun. The Norman Conquest of 1066 was a major turning point for Britain and the English Church.

The English had lived through the reign of Charlemagne and various Danish invasions of the island. With the Norman Conquest, England was integrated into the sphere of European influence and the life of Europe. Edward the Confessor, who was to be one of the last Anglo-Saxon kings, died in 1066.

He was succeeded by Harold, son of the Earl of Godwin. Harold was defeated in battle by William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings in 1066. William was crowned king on December 25, 1066 in Westminster Abbey.

The new king set about consolidating the nation. He stressed that the king was to be the head of the nation. Stigand, who was Arch-

Law as the order of the Church. Behind all the reform in the Church during this period was one person in particular: Hildebrand.

Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII, was a person of great passion for righteousness and piety. He believed in what has been described as a universal theocracy. Those in positions of earthly authority including kings and other rulers, were subject to the source of spiritual authority on earth: the Church. Clergy were to be like a disciplined and obedient army out in the world. It might be said Hildebrand was over reaching his bounds in regards to secular authority. As for his relationship with William the Conqueror, it was "unique" in nature.

William acknowledged the spiritual supremacy of Rome, but would not pledge feudal allegiance or fealty to Gregory. William was the head of the nation. He did not allow papal letters to be received in England without his permission, nor would any proposed of legislation in any council in the English church be considered without his approval. He also forbade any English bishops from going to Rome without his consent even if the Pope had summoned them.

To be continued.

Anglicanism

bishop of Canterbury at the time of the Conquest, had an unsteady relationship with William given he had supported Harold in his efforts to occupy the English throne. He would be succeeded by Lefranc, an appointee of William. He was an Italian by birth, who was prior of Bec in Normandy and Abbot of the monastery at Caen. A number of reforms were initiated under his tenure as archbishop including the replacement of many of the Anglo-Saxon bishops with foreign born individuals. A number of Church Councils were held and the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury was firmly set. It was during Lefranc's time an attempt was made to impose celibacy on the clergy. Lefranc also established Canon

People were brought together

Continued from p. 5

were many remedies for blisters and sore feet. The most popular were: special foot cream, corn-starch and talcum powder or the magical duct tape. We imagined all the miles that Jesus and the disciples walked and wondered how they treated their feet. We gained an appreciation of how loving and poignant the act of washing another person's feet really is especially tired, aching and blistered feet. Each night when the walkers entered the camp site, there were individual Epsom Salt foot basins for each of us. We would sink into the camp chair, gently take off our socks and shoes and with a prayer of thanks put our feet into the basin. The foot basin of soothing water was Jesus's love being extended to each and every one of us.

The pilgrimage brought different

denominations of people together. We shared the challenges of keeping tents dry and upright, negotiating the use of the one sink and faucet, taking turns at the porta potties, and crossing busy roadways in a practiced and sophisticated foot shuffle. In our combined worship service we remembered with joy that we are all one in Christ and Christ is one in us.



LUNCH IS SERVED: Located in St. John the Evangelist, Thunder Bay, St. John's Cupboard is an outreach ministry to area residents to help them meet their food needs by providing enough food to feed an adult for two days. On Sunday, August 10, 2014 a luncheon was held to celebrate the community and to raise funds for the foodbank. Support came from local churches and the generous support of the parishioners of St. John's. Pictured serving lunch, from left are, Sharon Sparkes, Audrey Love, Steve Ash, Dorothy Nesbitt, Rita Ash and Erminie Reid.

Contact

The Algoma Anglican

at our E-mail address:

anglican@muskoka.com

THE BIBLE SAYS GOD LOVES ME

Words and tune: Ernie Watthey
Arranged by Scott Rose

The Bible says God loves me
and what it says is true
Yes the Bible says God loves me
and it says God loves you too

Refrain
So let's clap our hands together and let us sing with joy
Because God loves every little girl
and God loves every little boy

Tell Mom and Dad you love them
and that you love God too
That you will do your very very best
to be good like He wants us to

Refrain
So let's clap our hands together and let us sing with joy
Because God loves every little girl
and God loves every little boy

And don't forget to say your prayers
in the morning and bedtime too
Thanking God for the blessings of the day
and be with you all night through

Refrain
So let's clap our hands together and let us sing with joy
Because God loves every little girl
and God loves every little boy

Let's always thank Lord Jesus
who died on the cross for all
So our sins will be forgiven
When we go to heaven at God's call

Refrain
So let's clap our hands together and let us sing with joy
Because God loves every little girl
and God loves every little boy



GOD HAD A HAND IN THIS: Ernie Watthey, a parishioner at Trinity Anglican Church, Parry Sound left is pictured with church organist Scott Rose. Mr. Watthey, who has a great interest in music, sat down one day and the wrote the hymn *The Bible Says God Loves Me*. With the words before him and the tune in his had, Mr. Watthey consulted Mr. Rose who was able to arrange the music for this hymn. Mr. Watthey credits our Lord for providing him with the words and music and is very thankful to Scott Rose for sharing his time and talent. The music for this hymn is available from Trinity Anglican Church in Parry Sound.

One must have the whole story to understand

By Charlotte Haldenby
In my last year at the University of Toronto, our professor for the History of New France told us that the first question on our exam would not be a big essay to show off our knowledge, but a nice little question to show off our ability as historians. Oh sure! So there we were a row of 20 people in a big gym opening our exam and breaking out in laughter. The other students wondered what was going on.
Dr. Eccles had given us a two line profile of various people we might interview after the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, and asked us to tell what we thought their information might be, and whether we would accept it as reliable with our reasons. I can't remember exactly, but here are some examples: Wolfe's second in command; the French intendant, colonial administrator. That was easy! What about the fur trader who just arrived in Montreal from out west or the bartender in Albany, NY serving the English soldiers before and after? How do you get the whole story, and until you do how do you understand the situation now?
So, how does this apply to the world today? One of my magazines had a good cartoon, of two men poring over a book titled, on the spine, *History of the Middle East*. One is obviously an Orthodox Jew, the other an Arab. They each are looking at their own page, and saying to the other, "I wish you knew more about our history".
You know the conversation, right?
"Well, it says in the Bible that this land was given to us by

Looking at the World
God!"
"But you left 1700 years ago, and we've been here a long time since then! We're even mentioned in the Book of Acts on the day of Pentecost!"
And then, "But we have suffered and been discriminated against out there. We needed a homeland!"
"But it's our home!"
"But we have this statement from Lord Balfour, a leader of the British Empire, the most powerful on earth, in 1917, that the Jewish people should have a homeland in Israel."
"OK but you only read as far as the comma. Then it says 'without disturbing unnecessarily the current occupants.'"
"Look, we did suffer. The Holocaust happened! Six million Jews."
"But we didn't do that! Why should we have to pay for what Europe did to you?"
"Well when we came you got up and left, so too bad. You're out now and you're not getting back in."
"Just a minute. Your Irgun destroyed our village of Dayr Yasin and killed 254 men, women and children. Were we supposed to hang around and have our whole families killed?"
You can see very easily how the history differs. Each has their major event which tried to destroy them. Each has their own evidence to support their claim. And because of this there will

always be clashes like that of this summer.
Few of us would agree with Hamas shooting rockets into Israel, but how long have the people of Gaza been waiting for the security that Canadians take for granted? Having enough food, being able to fish beyond the two mile limit. Getting medicine. Wouldn't you feel a little oppressed? And if it goes on for years and years, and for part of that time you even had those people put settlements in your area, wouldn't the tension build up? And when they do take the settlements out then they put up a blockade on things coming in. Wouldn't you want to do something to get outside people to realise it isn't fair? Few people can be as forgiving as Dr. Abuelaish, the Palestinian, now Canadian, doctor who wrote I shall not hate, after having his children killed by Israelis. How did Hamas get into power in Gaza, except for the daily frustration of never really being in charge of your lives?
I recently read two very different books on the first twenty years of the history of modern Israel. One was based on recent interviews with Shimon Peres, remembering those good old days of Ben-Gurion's leadership, occasionally broken into with word-for-word transcripts where the actual writer queries his account.
The other was written in 1968 by a French Jew, Maxime Rodinson, who had lived in Lebanon and Syria, and edited the magazine *Middle East*. It is titled *Israel and the Arabs*, and is exactly that, with each chapter on happenings in Israel counter-balanced with what was happening in the surrounding Arab nations at the time.
As he says, until a country hits our news we don't really know about it nor do we care. When it does, we search our memories to see what we've ever heard of it. And many of us stop there and decide who's in the right. So if you were around when WWII happened and know about the Holocaust, if you heard of Jews moving to Israel, if you listened to the early leadership, quite fluent in European languages and dressing just like you, and your kids read *The Diary of Anne Frank* in high school and you saw the movie *Exodus*, or later *Schindler's List*, and that's it, you maybe have heard only one side of the story. In early years how many interviews were done with the leaders of the Arab states who took in all those refugee Palestinians, and did we write them off as those people who don't dress like us and always need an interpreter? TCM Network in September is running four Tuesday nights of Jewish movies, for Jewish New Year festivals. Is it possible to put together even one night of Arab movies, or have we only heard of Lawrence of Arabia, an Englishman? How many theatres will show the new movie *When I Saw You* about a little boy trying to

find his father in a refugee camp after the troubles of 1967?
Israel invited Canadian parliamentarians to visit in August to see the situation. The NDP refused to go, saying the tour would probably be one-sided. And for sure, what is the Israeli government going to show people they hope will be on their side? If the parliamentarians were allowed to meet Israeli Jews, and Israeli Arabs, Moslems and Christians, Israeli Bedouins, Israeli Christians, Palestinians in Gaza and the West Bank, and Israeli settlers in those areas, they might realise that even in Israel, the government does not have 100% of the people's support. Here I am speaking from personal experience of meeting people in all those categories except the settlers and the Gazans in 2000 when I was volunteering on a dig and also travelling around quite freely without the walls and checkpoints Israel has since constructed.
In every situation we must find out the whole story from all sides, to make good decisions. So, if you can still find it, read the September issue of *Harper's Magazine*, with its Forum on the situation in the Middle East, with people from all sides of the situation. Amazingly the discussion was just about set up when the bodies of the first young men were found that triggered this current round of hostility. And keep on praying for the people on all sides of this issue that they may come to understand how peace can only come when everyone can feel safe in their own homes.