

## Mission team travels to Tarime, Tanzania



**WELCOME TO KENYA:** Archbishop Eliud Wabukala and Rev. Philip Makokha hosted the Tarime Mission Team from Algoma, while on a stop over, for lunch at the home of the Archbishop. From left are pictured Rev. Philipa Makokha, Rev. Robert Wilson-Garrett, Rebecca Makokha, Sue Speller, Rev. Beth Topps-Willems, Kayla Reszitynyk, Fawna Andrews, Bishop Stephen Andrews. Archbishop Eliud Wabukala, Rev. Rhonda Wabukala, a retired diocesan official, Ven. Marie Loewen, Rob Lowen, Ven. Dawn Henderson, Archbishop Wabukala's son and Samuel Hodgkins-Sumner.

**By Sue Speller**

*Editor's note: In the following, Sue Speller writes of the experiences of the Tarime Mission Team during their time in Tanzania in July.*

The mission trip to Tarime was in the works for over a year before we left, so excitement and imagination had plenty of time to ferment. Nonetheless, the reality of the experience was in no way dimmed by the anticipation. Multiple planes and airports wore out the body, but not the spirit.

When Rev. Philip Makokha met us at the

airport in Nairobi, a lengthy series of warm welcomes began. Everywhere we went, from the home of Eliud Wabukala, Archbishop of Kenya, to the tiny fabric shop in the market area of Tarime, we were met with open arms and joyous faces. My predominant memory of this trip will always be the faces of the people I met.

Pastor John met us at the airport in Mwanza, to welcome us and transport us to Mogabiri, the agricultural centre in the Diocese of Tarime, where we would stay for the duration of our visit. The towering pile of luggage we

brought caused a sudden descent of porters anxious to negotiate its care. Eventually all the bags were loaded, tied and tarped onto the top of the larger landcruiser, and we all piled in. And so began our time in Tanzania.

Our greeting at Mogabiri was a surprising and most touching welcome. The landcruiser pulled up between two buildings, and a crowd of people, singing and dancing and playing musical instruments appeared. Feelings of joy and delight were immediately followed by a sense of humbleness and a startling memory of Jesus' welcome

*See Bonds – p. 5*

### Inside Algoma

#### Ever wonder what clergy do during the summer?

In his monthly column, Rev. Canon Bob Elkin writes of his experiences thus far during this summer of 2014 including a trip to the Winnipeg Folk Festival.

*See p. 6*



#### The story of an extraordinary journey

Dr. Colin Germond has come to appreciate life so much more after being diagnosed with a form of lymphoma in 2008.

*See p. 7*

#### We must learn more about Aboriginal Peoples

Charlotte Haldenby writes of a course she took on Indigenous Theology in her monthly column noting our need to better understand our Aboriginal Peoples.

*See p. 8*

#### Next deadline

The deadline for the next issue of *The Algoma Anglican* is **Tuesday, September 2.**

Send items to:

**Mail or courier:**

P.O. Box 221

1148 Hwy 141

Rosseau P0C 1J0

**E-mail:**

anglican@muskoka.com

## Prayer Vigil held in North Bay

### Missing women were remembered at event

**By Beth Hewson**

It had been raining cats and dogs all day on June 12, 2014. Then miraculously the clouds

broke up and the sun shone brightly on the North Bay Ecumenical Prayer Vigil. A group of eighty people walked, prayed and honored the abducted Nigerian school girls and missing women including women of aboriginal descent in Canada and the global community.

As people of faith, do under-

stand the power of prayer. The Archbishop of Canterbury reminds us that "Prayer is a key action we can do and continue to do." Things change when we pray.

The Vigil acknowledged the support of the White Ribbon Campaign, an international movement of men who are against violence

towards women whose humble beginnings are Canadian. Their motto is "I will not commit, condone or remain silent about violence against women and girls." Wearing white armbands with the names of missing women and following the white flags, the group moved from the Roman Catholic Church to the United Church and

finished at the Anglican Church. At each church, a short liturgy including music, prayers, stories and facts was poignant, reverent and moving.

The liturgy began with the powerful and dramatic story of Hagar showing that God works

*See Honouring – p. 2*



# Diocese of Algoma Anglican Church Women

## DEVOTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER



Chorus: *Come and journey, come and journey  
With a Saviour who has come.  
We are all God's sons and daughters.  
In the Spirit we are one.  
In the Spirit we are one.*

This hymn, the words written by Herbert O'Driscoll, has a very catchy tune. The words are wonderful as we sing of our life long journey with our Saviour, Jesus Christ. We may have two journeys throughout our lifetimes: one spiritual and one physical. Our spiritual journey is a life-long journey with Jesus and his words which we find in the scriptures and hymns; and our physical journey as we undertake trips large and small. Sometimes both journeys overlap as we visit ancient cathedrals and sacred spaces, such as the Areopagus in Athens, Greece where there is a rock with a plaque containing the Apostle Paul's famous sermon which says in part:

"Athenians, I see how extremely religious you are in every way. For as I went through the city and looked carefully at the objects of your worship, I found among them an altar with the inscription, 'To an unknown god.' What therefore you worship as unknown, this I proclaim to you." Acts 17:22-23.

Although my Mother was not on my trip to Greece, we have taken many trips together over the years including sailing from England to Canada in 1948. This undertaking by my parents was certainly a leap of faith as we ventured to begin a new life in a new world.

After my Father died, Mum and I sailed the Inside Passage to Alaska on one of those big white cruise ships. While 99 percent of the passengers were down playing the slots, Mum and I leaned on the railing at the prow of the ship as we sailed oh so smoothly among the islands on our way north. God's creation never looked more beautiful and peaceful than that evening. Fur-

ther north we saw his majestic power in Glacier Bay as icebergs calved from the mother lode. Then as we skimmed over rocky mountain tops in a tiny plane, we saw views that took our breath away; they reminded us of his abiding presence. God's presence is always with us, no matter what the circumstances, he is our rock.

"Be to me a rock of refuge, a strong fortress, to save me, for you are my rock and my fortress." Psalm 71:3

One autumn we sailed from Kingston, Ontario in a much smaller ship up the St. Lawrence in a paddle steamer. Days later as we came to a wide curve in the mighty river, we anticipated what was to unfold before us; the majestic Quebec Citadel. After a tour of this awesome complex, we continued along the river to Tadoussac where creatures of the deep performed on cue. Then up the St. John River to Trinity Bay and as I have mentioned in another devotion, found an enormous statue of the Virgin Mary way high on a cliff. She had been placed there to honour the people who had lost their lives at sea. Then we sailed away while she continued her lonely vigil, a scene still so vivid in my memory.

Since Mum moved to North Bay 10 years ago, we have spent many happy hours sailing Lake Nipissing on Chief Commanda II. Our favourite trip being part way down the French River, a four hour trip after Church on a Sunday afternoon. We were following the route of the early explorers, voyageurs and missionaries as Lake Nipissing was and still is an integral part of the way west, if one has the fortitude to undertake some pretty extreme portages.

However Mum has reached the stage in her life where she will not longer be able to go sailing. For awhile it appeared as though her journey was reaching its destination, but God had

other plans because she is still in hospital where she is learning to navigate a wheel chair and learning to walk again. Mum also has a wonderful machine on which she can listen to a whole book on one disc and it even remembers where she left off the story. This nifty new machine sits on her bedside table along with a radio and music player and telephone with sticky tape on the salient numbers as Mum is also legally blind. Her room is beginning to look a little like command central but is softened by her collection of orchids, photos and a bear called Winston, a rabbit named Nanna and the latest addition, a Farley who was looking for a home in the hospital gift shop.

We are not sure how long Mum's journey will be this time but we cherish each day. When she first went into hospital this last time she was in pretty bad shape and we spent many hours just holding hands while she talked and talked, so anxious to get so many things said while there was still time. But thanks be to God and the loving care of the nursing staff and her doctor who seems to find yet another answer in "his box of tricks", she continues to listen to her books and knit dish cloths for St. John's upcoming Tea and Bazaar in November. Because of her many years and experiences in England and Canada, friends, staff and volunteers enjoy talking with her. So we thank God for each day Mum is with us and by the time this is read she will have celebrated her 99th year with a birthday party in the hospital with all her Ontario family and friends and other patients in Unit A1. Only God knows if Mum's journey may include a letter from the Queen on her 100th after all.

Come and journey, come and journey.....

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

# Every church has a history

By the Rev. Grahame Stap

Every church does indeed have a history but sometimes we lose track of where we have come from. We get so wrapped up in bricks and mortar and budgets that we forget our beginnings. St. John the Divine, North Bay, is no exception

At first the church was called St Michael and all Angels. The minister who held the first service on September 28, 1884 was Rev. Forster Bliss. The second was Rev. Canon Gowan Gillmor.

During the time of Rev. Canon Donald Landon a decision was made to change part of the church in to an apartment building. It was Canon Landon who chose the name Bliss Gillmor as you can see the last names of the first two priests of the parish.

Canon Landon died, but in his death he did not forget the church of St. John the Divine. He endowed the church with \$100,000.00 with the proviso that only the interest could be used and that the responsibility of using the interest was in the hands of the incumbent and wardens of the parish.

I think that everybody in the diocese has heard of the problems of Bliss Gillmor, which is now a subsidised housing unit. To solve these problems, the incumbent and wardens have put forward the idea of investing in ourselves so we can continue to do the work God is calling us to do. The church of St. John believes that we should invest the endowment in Bliss Gillmor which was so close to the heart of Rev. Landon allowing us to fix all the problems we face. Nipissing housing would continue to manage the building in a professional manner making sure that all apartments are rented and money put aside for preventative maintenance. Bliss Gillmor would also pay the endowment back having signed a promissory note at a rate of three percent this would be good for

both the church and Bliss Gillmor. I should point out that Bliss Gillmor has not missed a mortgage payment since the beginning in 1983.

Why am I writing this? Well I believe that we cannot continue to do things the way we have always done them. We really do need to think outside the box. We as Christian's have to do as we have always done and that is preach the gospel and let people

## Thoughts from Grahame

know that God loves all things God created but we need to take it a step further. We must also do as Christ did and minister to the marginalised people of this world. We must be part of the community in which we live.

If you search the internet for 'Autopsy of a deceased Church' you will find first among the 11 reasons the following: The Church refused to look like the community. The community began a transition toward a lower socio-economic class thirty years ago, but the church members had no desire to reach the new residents. The congregation thus became an island of middle-class members in a sea of lower-class residents.

Fortunately a lot of churches have learned this lesson and are reaching out. We have learned that is no longer enough to preach theology we must preach love for all things. But no church can do this alone we all need to work together all churches and the diocese together reaching out to those Jesus seemed to love the most. My concern is that if we do not do this we will not only be a deceased church but also a deceased diocese and perhaps even a deceased Anglican church of Canada.

As always it is only my opinion.

# Candles were lit and prayers offered for missing women

Continued from Front

through difficult and heart wrenching situations. Interwoven throughout the narrative were prayers and Taize chants emphasizing the hardship of her life and the hope that Abraham's God offer. At the second church, holding slips of paper, people read aloud the names of missing Aboriginal women. The North Kwe Drum group offered the "Strong Woman Song" as the disturbing fact that over 1200 Aboriginal women are missing settled with the group.

On a final note at the third church, four young people articulated their hopes and dreams for

the future. One thought articulated was: "I hope and pray that all girls and women feel safe wherever they are, that their human dignity is respected and they are able to access education without the threat of violence or backlash."

As candles were lit and prayer for those missing was offered. Those present remembered that God's light and love will shine and that people of faith are to bring the light forward. The ecumenical event helped forge new connections while old connections were strengthened within this multigenerational, multicultural and multi faith group.



# 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

### Overwhelming experience

Dear Friends,

I would like to thank you for the prayers and support that accompanied our Tarime Team during our extraordinary visit to Tanzania. For the next little while we will be looking for opportunities to share our experiences in parishes, in deaneries, at ACW meetings, in the Algoma Anglican, and just about anywhere we hear someone say, 'So, how was your time in Africa?'

But I want to warn you that we may be a bit tongue-tied. The experience was overwhelming for us in so many ways that we are still trying to understand how we have been changed by it. One reaction we have in common is that we wish everyone we speak to could have come with us. Only a first-hand encounter with the joy, faith and generosity of our Christian brothers and sisters could rescue our words from sounding trite. But we will try our best, and we hope to illustrate our experiences with photos and personal stories.

One trite sounding but true statement would be, 'We received more than we gave'. By some measures, we brought a fair bit with us: funds to roof five churches; two motorcycles; medical supplies; sewing supplies; communion vessels; office supplies. When we landed at Mwanza airport, Fawna was selected from the group and a Tanzanian customs official demanded to know what was in all of the extra luggage we were bringing into the country. We were a little worried about what it might cost us to import these goods. Fawna replied that we had a variety of things, including building supplies and soccer balls. But of course the first suitcase had neither. What it did have was bibles. The customs agent eyed Fawna. 'Are you with the Anglicans?' he asked. 'Yes!' she answered. 'Well I'm an Anglican,' came his response, 'Can I have one of these bibles?' 'Go ahead,' Fawna said, 'but make sure you read it!' 'You can quiz me when you come back through!' was his repost. And with that friendly exchange, the official closed the bag and waved everything through.

This encounter was a foretaste of future encounters, for we regularly found ourselves in situations where, separated by a language and culture barrier, we weren't quite sure what was being communicated to us or what was being expected of us. But that kind of self-consciousness gave us a critical perspective from which to view our own cultural assumptions. We were often reminded of how driven and self-reliant we are in contrast to the African ability to accommodate, adapt and work together as community. Our puzzlement at the African way of doing things brought to mind the words of a Nigerian I heard at an international conference. 'You English have your watches,' he chided, 'but we Africans have the time.'

We also learned that there are 'languages' that transcend culture, whose grammar consists of shared belief and gesture. Wherever we went, we were greeted by singing and dancing, and our testimonials at church elicited applause and ululation. The sincerity and gladness of Tanzanian worship resonated with us, and even long services (I confirmed 39 my first Sunday!) seemed to pass quickly. The presence on our part of four female clerics looked to be a source of great encouragement to them, as they have been deliberating over the matter of the ordination of women since their synod

last year. The leadership given by Tarime women as catechists and as members of the Mothers' Union is a significant part of the ministry of the diocese. And the gifts. At nearly every event, Fawna and I were presented with a bolt of colourful African fabric, and their parting presentation to our team included tailored shirts for the men and dresses for the women. The hospitality and good will of the people was all the more remarkable to us because we knew that these things represented a great material sacrifice for our hosts.



There are many more experiences to relate and reflections to share, and doubtless some of these will become part of future letters here. In the meantime, the members of the team are asking the 'what next?' question. We are hoping to personalise our diocesan partnership

by developing links with groups and parishes in Tarime, and by praying for them in a more intentional and structured way. I have asked Bishop Mwita to be present with us by video conference at our Synod in May, and it is not too soon to begin to think of a return trip (a youth adventure in 2016?). And, of course, we will continue to promote some of the needs of the diocese, including plans to establish a girls' school.

However, an urgent need arose in the diocese just a few hours after our departure. Bishop Mwita's car, which had been in constant use ferrying our crew around the diocese, was involved in a very serious accident on the way home after depositing us at the airport. Fortunately, neither our driver nor the driver of the oncoming car were seriously injured, but the vehicle has been rendered useless. Bishop Mwita has written to me to say that he has found refreshment in Jesus' words, 'Let not your hearts be troubled' (St John 14.1), but he is now faced with the task of replacing his car with a vehicle capable of travelling the punishing African roads. If you should feel inspired to support this project, please send your donation to the Synod Office with the designation '+Mwita's car'. A tax receipt will be issued.

If we had to sum up our African encounter, it would be with the two Swahili words we learned before we went, Bwana Asifiwe! Praise the Lord! They were the two words that overcame every linguistic and cultural barrier, as individuals and groups gave instant and enthusiastic reply, Amina! Amen! And one of the reasons we are so anxious to tell you of our exploits is because it is an opportunity to have you praise the Lord with us.

*+Stephen Andrews*

Stephen Andrews  
Bishop of Algoma

## Naming the church

By the Rev. Richard White

Why do we give our churches the names we do? Last September the parishes of St. Paul in Haileybury, and St. John the Evangelist in New Liskheard Ontario merged to form the Church of St. Paul and St. John. That made sense. Church mergers aside, the names we adopt as churches and parishes is curious, and often historical.

Stepping outside of the Anglican fold for a moment, consider the names we might see on other churches:

- Baptist, Pentecostal and nondenominational churches often take on the names of prominent Biblical places such as Calvary Baptist, or Mount Zion Pentecostal or Bethel Gospel Church.

- Churches whose denominations trace their origins to a 16th century continental reformer, might name a church after a reformer, for example Calvin Presbyterian named after John Calvin (1509-1564).

- There are churches that have a numerical approach to their name, ex. First Baptist or Second Christian Reformed. Others express their prominence somewhat differently. An independent evangelical church I knew had a bitter split. The breakaway group claimed the rights to the name and so took it; The Congregational Church. The old guard objected, fighting back by rebranding themselves THE, capital letters, Congregational Church.

- Still others label themselves according to a Christian virtue such as Hope Pentecostal, or Grace Congregation or Faith Chapel which is laudable.

- An independent, nondenominational church might try to work some aspect of the creed into its name so people know what it stands for example The Independent Full Gospel Free Will Holiness Church. Phew!

- Some use the marketing strategy of incorporating their location into their names, such as Greenwood Baptist Church on Greenwood Avenue. That of course works fine until they outgrow their facility and move. And they did.

These other approaches to naming and labelling a congregation may seem so un-Anglican to us. Imagine driving into a community where a new Anglican or Episcopal congregation decided to name itself after one of our reformers or early theologians such as Thomas Cranmer Anglican, or The Hooker Anglican Church, after the eminent 16th century theologian Richard Hooker; hmmm, maybe not. And it would seem almost confrontational and most uncharitable if we named a parish First Anglican or THE Anglican

### History Byte

Church of Somewhereville. And we don't usually find an Anglican or Episcopal Church named after a Christian virtue such as Grace Anglican or Mercy Episcopal although such names might reduce any inclination to start a church fight.

So how and why do we have the names we typically have? Anglican church names tend to be Biblical or historical. Some Anglican churches derive their names from the work of Christ, such as Church of the Resurrection, Church of the Ascension, or Church of the Redeemer. Many if not most of our churches come from Biblical or historical saints, such as St. Matthew, St. Luke, St. James or St. Brice, St. George, St. Margaret. Some of our churches go right to the top of the hierarchy with names like Christ Church or Trinity.

The reason we opt for the names of Biblical or historical saints is no doubt linked to the customs of our Latin ancestors did: we are, after all the offspring of the Roman Church. And the reason we opt for the names of Biblical or historical saints is no doubt because the Orthodox Church before them did it, and continues to do that. Some Protestant or evangelical churches on the other hand have severed their ties with their roots so completely, that it might seem anathema to

See In - p. 4

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



# Honouring God's creation

By Beth Hewson

People driving along Highway 169 might see workers decked out in safety vests, wearing heavy duty gloves and boots while filling garbage bags with trash. For more than fifteen years, Trinity/St. Alban's, Bala has quietly tended to a two mile section of this highway. This is one of the many examples of how churches in our Diocese look after God's creation.

In June 2014 the Executive Committee approved the Diocesan Environmental Policy. The policy is guided by our Baptismal Covenant, the Fifth Mark of Mission from the Anglican Communion and addresses the goals of our Strategic Plan (6.4). Parishes can implement their environmental initiatives through worship, education and/or programming.

In part the policy reads as follows:

**Worship:** On a regular basis, through liturgy, prayers and music, our congregations will celebrate the creation which the Creator has entrusted to our care.

**Education:** Through educational

and advocacy programs, our congregations will become knowledgeable about the latest environmental and technological challenges and issues that impact creation positively and/or negatively.

**Programming:** Parishes will adopt and integrate environmental approaches and activities based on the philosophy and practices of reduce, reuse and recycle. Through responsible lifestyle choices and energy efficient actions, parishes will make decisions that will have a positive impact on their ecological footprint. Some examples may include: composting, the use of earth-friendly cleaning products, low maintenance landscaping, encouraging sustainable transportation, and the banning of plastic water bottles. For ideas on programs and activities parishes can refer to web sites such as: PWRDF (pwrdf.org), Green Church (www.greenchurch.ca), Kairos (www.kairoscanada.org), Faith and the Common Good (www.greeningsacredspaces.net).

Through creative and responsible stewardship and as disciples of Je-

sus, Christians commit themselves to honoring and caring for God's creation, God's gift of love to us. The Creation Keepers of St. Brice's North Bay, the solar panel installation at St. John's and St. Stephens, Thunder Bay, the Church of the Ascension Green Audit, Sudbury and the community garden project at St. Matthew's, Sault Ste. Marie, are some of the imaginative green initiatives happening throughout the Diocese. There are many ways resources and project ideas can be shared with others. Some are: using the Diocesan Face book page, writing an article for the *Algoma Anglican* or partnering with our ecumenical friends. The web sites listed in the policy provide creative and sustainable ideas based on sound theology giving direction and purpose to "green" practices. Read lots on the subject matter, plan an initiative and take action. Individual and group practices make a difference becoming more knowledge and "walk the talk" in being caretakers of the God's creation.



**UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT:** Shortly after delivering the members of the Tarime Mission Team to the airport, Bishop Mitwa's car was involved in a serious accident. Fortunately no one was seriously injured.

## In Algoma the authority to name a church lies with the bishop

*Continued from p. 3*

them replicate the Roman or Orthodox customs.

Historically the authority to name an Anglican congregation rests with the diocesan bishop unless the diocesan bishop has concurred with a different mechanism for doing that. A synod might want that privilege to rest with, say, a parish council, or there might be a diocesan canon in place that allows for a different process. In Algoma the authority for church names lies with the diocesan bishop, who habitually

enters into a conversation with the new congregation regarding their thoughts on the matter.

What's in a name? Very little, according to Shakespeare's Juliet. But just as our own names can inform our image of ourselves and become part of our identity, a parish's name can serve the same function. Many parishes have a patronal or maternal festival to celebrate their name-sake. In some English communities, the festival spills out into the neighbourhood with live entertainment, games and food, lots of food, for parish-

ioners and neighbours to enjoy together. It becomes an annual outreach event enjoyed by all.

Getting back to church mergers for a moment, when St. James Square Presbyterian Church and Bond Street Congregational Church in Toronto merged they became the congregation of St. James-Bond. That made sense, sort of. Spy novelist, Ian Fleming must have chuckled over that one. Imagine the potential for creativity if St. James-Bond had held an annual patronal festival.



**NEW CANONS:** On Sunday, May 25, 2014 during the morning Eucharist at Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa. Rt. Rev. Peter Coffin, Military Ordinate, made and welcomed four new canons in the Miliatry Ordinate. From left are pictured Major Doug Friesen, Lieutenant Commander Andrew Cooke , Major Shawn Samson and Lieutenant Commander Ed Swayze. Canon Friesen, Canon Cooke and Canon Swayze have all served in the Royal Canadian Navy.

### AN OPEN INVITATION TO ALL LAY READERS TO ATTEND

The Diocese of Algoma Lay Readers' Conference  
"Learning and Growing"  
hosted by The Deanery of Muskoka Lay Readers' Association  
September 26 to September 28, 2014  
Meeting Location: St. Thomas Anglican Church  
4 Mary Street  
Bracebridge, Ontario  
Session Leaders:  
The Rev. Dr. Jay Koyle, Congregational Development Officer, Diocese of Algoma  
The Rev. Dr. John Harvey  
Registrar of Thorneloe University of Theolgy and Incumbent of St. James Anglican Church, Sudbury

#### REGISTRATION

The registration fee is \$65.00 and includes Friday evening reception, Saturday lunch, and Saturday dinner.

Please ensure your cheque or money order accompanies this registration form; to be received by Friday, August 15th.

Cheques should be made out to 'Muskoka Layreaders Conference'.

Payment and registration may be mailed to:

Bob Romberg  
1037 Burlmarie Rd.  
Baysville, ON POB 1A0

Bob Romberg (705) 767-1102  
email [boblynn@sympatico.ca](mailto:boblynn@sympatico.ca)



# Bonds were forged while at a building site at Nkongore

*Continued from Front*

into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday.

Beginning with Kenyamanyori Church on our first Sunday in Tarime, with a foundation stone blessing and confirmation of 39 people, every church we visited intensified my feelings of joy and wonderment, as the welcomes from the people of Tarime were expressed in song and dance and waving of branches and flowers. "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord" was the theme of every celebration. Every leave-taking rang with "Bwana asifiwe" as we all shook hands in a round-robin of farewells.

During the two days at the building site at Nkongore, Church bonds of friendship were forged with the men, women and children as we worked, played, ate and prayed together. They patiently, cheerfully, taught us to mix mortar, lay brick and carry water while, to the delight and amazement of many, we took innumerable photos of our progress and of anyone who was willing to pose. Laughter resounded throughout the days as we skipped, threw balls and frisbees, and drew and coloured with the children. Hats, sunglasses and cameras were passed around, exclaimed over, and eventually reclaimed. Heartfelt prayers were said as the walls went up, and everyone praised God for his grace and favour in bringing us together, Algoma, and Tarime, and Wycliffe, to participate in serving Him together.

Throughout our stay, everywhere we went, we were driven by Bishop Mwita's trusted and skillful drivers, and accompanied by various staff members to translate and guide us on our journeys. We were housed in comfort and fed delicious local foods and cared for superbly by the staff at Mogabiri. We enjoyed mealtime conversations, worship and other activities with the folks from Wycliffe who were also visiting Tarime. We

toured Africa Barrick gold mine, several schools and a hospital. We visited the sewing school for girls run by the Mother's Union. We shopped in the market. We spent an unforgettable day in the Serengeti enjoying the beauty of God's creation there.

Finally it came time to take our leave. At the closing festivities on Sunday evening, a farewell party to end all parties took place. We feasted, danced, sang, celebrated past and future endeavours and partnerships. We from Algoma presented the gifts we had brought from all the people of Algoma Diocese for all the people of Tarime Diocese. And they, with song and dance, presented us with farewell gifts. One of my gifts was a traditional Tanzanian outfit in brilliant pinks and golds, which two ladies, with smiles and hugs, immediately helped me to don, and so I danced farewell with the crowd.

We took heaps of luggage full of soccer balls, skipping ropes, sewing and school and office supplies, bibles and chalices and patens. We took offers of friendship and partnership, material assistance and prayer. We came away with material gifts too, but most precious of all, we came away with joy, friendship, renewed faith, spiritual blessings in abundance, and hearts full of love. Our brothers and sisters of Tarime are not poor, even though it may seem to us that they lack material wealth. In truth it is we who lack wealth and they who have it in abundance. In terms of material wealth, they live in a subsistence economy, but in terms of Christ's love, they live abundantly in the Spirit. I came away with a sense that we and they are truly brothers and sisters in Christ, part of the world-wide Anglican Communion, sharing our gifts freely, and, as such, strangers no more.

Bwana asifiwe!

## A connection that matters

For decades, the *Algoma Anglican* and the *Anglican Journal* have been a vital communications link between parishes, dioceses and the national Church. Together, we have shared stories, ideas and opinions from a faith perspective in a way that has helped us put that faith into action. Whether encouraging a response to human need, educating about the care of creation, or helping readers discover new ways to reach out and grow the Church, the *Algoma*

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**SERVICE OF CONFIRMATION:** Bishop Stephen Andrews lays hands on two new confirmands in the Church as Bishop Mwita Akiri of the Diocese of Tarime looks on. The service took place at Kenyamanyori, Tanzania during the Mission Team trip to Tarime in July.



**PLACE OF LEARNING:** The Sewing Centre in Tarime, Tanzania offers women and girls an opportunity to learn a new skill which allows for the prospect of greater financial and economic possibilities.



# Summertime...and the living is easy!!

By the Rev. Canon Bob Elkin

I was rooting behind the couch cushions the other day looking for change when I happened to pull out somebody’s Christmas Newsletter from a few years back. You know the kind; brag, brag, brag! I’ve still got it etched in my memory: “This year we used Bill’s bonus from the law firm to make the grand tour of Europe and you can imagine our surprise when we returned to learn that son Reggie had been accepted at Harvard while daughter Mary announced her engagement to Chauncy Depew, only son of the Detroit steel Depews. Happy New Year to all!” Just once I’d like to get one that said: “Bill lost his job at Wal-Mart in October but luckily we already had the bus tickets to Cleveland so we were able to make the trip and move mom into the Destitute Old Crone’s Retirement Home. Imagine our surprise when we got back to learn that son Spud’s dog “Killer” had taken a five inch bite out of the landlord’s leg while daughter Meadowlark had moved her wedding date up from a year next August to a week this Tuesday although for the life of us we can’t imagine what the rush is about. Oh well, Happy, expletive deleted, New Year.”

I don’t wish ill on anyone but the second family would be a lot easier to pray for than the first batch! Anyway, it suddenly occurred to me that I had a great opportunity to practice what I’m preaching. Every year since time immemorial kids have been given the September school assignment to write a story about: “What I Did This Summer.” Well kids, here’s my story about what I did this summer. Read and heed!

I went to the Winnipeg Folk Festival on my motorcycle which was interesting. I’d been to the last two Woodstock Concerts and figured it would be something like that but it wasn’t really. The headliners were Joan Baez and Buffy St. Marie who are older than dirt but that’s alright, I’m not as young as I once was either. It poured rain; it always pours rain, and everybody put on Tilly hats and yellow rain suits and looked like a field of bruised bananas. At the Woodstock concerts everybody took off their clothes and rolled around in the mud. Considering that the average age at Woodstock was twenty five and in Winnipeg it was a hundred and five the hats and rain suits might have been a good thing. At least I didn’t end up in counseling for PTSD or anything.

I’m a volunteer firefighter where I live and we had a spectacular July fire in the heart of Thessalon when the pizza parlour burned down. Nobody was injured and the pizza place was destroyed but we did an outstanding job of saving the liquor store next door! Firefighters on the roof hosed down the flames while others used poles to push the smoldering pizza walls back from the liquor store. Another squad of us massed in the street, axes in hand ready to

## Letter from Bob

smash out the liquor store door and evacuate the product if worse came to worse. The store manager could have just unlocked the door and let us in but for some reason chose to keep the door locked and take his chances with the flames instead. Some people just don’t think too clearly in an emergency I guess.

Through my eldest son we discovered we were related to a flock of people up in Kenora so our gang got together and motored up to meet their gang. It was awesome! We spent nights around the fire with them sharing food and drink and swapping stories. They’d been heavily involved in the protest movement and occupation of Anicinabe Park and were we impressed! Our side could show some run ins with authority and jail visits too but not wishing to appear to brag we kept low key about all that. We finished the visit with promises to stay in touch and not lose track of each other and we all look forward to getting together again in the near future.

I worked a mixed bag this summer spending one Sunday a month leading Anglican worship and one Sunday a month at the United Church. It was pretty good once I remembered to not tell drinking stories in the United Church and stories about giving money in the Anglican Church. Slightly risque seems to fly in either church so there is always something available to liven up a sermon. I’m having fun and I think they are too and I like that. It is supposed to be enjoyable.

So that was my summer. A little of this and a little of that. No big brags but no disasters either and I hope the same was true for all of you. If not, well winter is not far off and “What I Did This Winter” is a whole other story just waiting to be written!

## 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.



**GOD BLESS YOU:** Rev. Sherry de Jonge is pictured at the annual Marine service and Blessing of the Boats held by St. John the Evangelist, Kagawong at the docks on Sunday, July 19, 2014. This was held in conjunction with the village’s Summerfest fun day. Following singing at the dock, participants made their way to the church to sing marine hymns, toll the bell as names were read of those lost on the water and to hear the local marine history. Food and fellowship was enjoyed by all after the service. Photo by George Wolfe.



**OPPORTUNITY TO VISIT:** From left, Rev. Roberta Wilson-Garrett, Ven Dawn Henderson and Rev. Beth-Topps-Willems had the opportunity to meet Cathéchist Bathsheba Marwa while on the mission trip to Tarime in July.



**DANCING IN JOY AND PRAISE:** From left are pictured Kayla Reszitaryk, Fawna Andrews, Rev. Roberta Wilson-Garrett, Ven. Dawn Henderson, Rev. Beth Topps-Willems, Sue Speller and Ven. Marie Lowen in traditional Tanzanian attire presented to the group from the people of the Diocese of Tarime.



# An Extraordinary Journey

By Dan Lessard

Dr. Colin Germond appreciates life a lot more these days. It's a quiet but open gratitude from a reserved and dignified man. It's an appreciation cultivated during a 20-year career as a medical oncologist at the Northeast Cancer Centre. But it's a gratitude also forged by his own experience with cancer. He was diagnosed with a form of lymphoma in 2008.

Dr. Germond's story mirrors that of the Northeast Cancer Centre. Both involve breaking new ground, working through challenges, and exceeding expectations.

To appreciate the parallel journeys of Colin Germond and the Northeast Cancer Centre, you have to go back to 1989. Dr. Germond had just settled in Sudbury, having moved to Canada three years early from South Africa. Back then, limited cancer care services were being offered on the site of what is now the Ramsey Lake Health Centre. The Northeast Cancer Centre would not be officially opened for at least another year.

"When I arrived, patients in Greater Sudbury went to Toronto for treatment," Dr. Germond reflects over a cup of coffee at a downtown café. "There was no radiation service yet, and only some chemotherapy was being administered to patients. Princess Margaret Hospital was still sending specialists up to Sudbury to provide follow-up care. But soon we were providing all medical oncology services."

It took extensive lobbying by the community to convince the government that northeastern Ontario warranted its own cancer centre. The equally challenging argument to make was that the care provided at the fledgling Northeast Cancer Centre could be as good as what was offered at the more established centres.

"At first there was some concern. It takes a while to build a reputation. But it was a very exciting place to work with lots of room to try new things. With the recruitment of Dr. Anthony Ho in 1989 as head of research, we moved several rungs up the ladder."

Dr. Anthony Ho began the centre's stem cell program. It became the first in Canada to collect and transplant peripheral blood stem cells, to help regenerate the bone marrow of patients so they can tolerate higher doses of chemotherapy. It remains one of the centre's proudest accomplishments.

Ironically, this breakthrough in cancer care was the same treatment Colin Germond would undergo during his own battle with cancer.

"I had a curable type of lymphoma. That's the good news. The bad news is I had an unusual subset of that type of lymphoma, which usually kills most patients within six months, and standard treatment options are not good."

It was recommended that Germond undergo an experimental kind of treatment in Ottawa, involving high doses of chemotherapy and total body irradiation, followed by stem cell reinfusion. Despite the treatment, Dr. Germond's cancer recurred within six months, requiring further radiation and chemotherapy. Subsequent courses of chemotherapy have kept

the disease under control.

"I thought I only had a couple of months. The median survival for this form of cancer is four months. I've been living six years. It's very unusual. I have the excellent care at our centre to thank for that."

His own experience with cancer has had an impact on Germond's views on life and health care.

"Back in 2008, I wondered if I'd see my daughter Caitlin graduate from high school. Now I'm expecting to go to her university graduation in June." Caitlin Germond is graduating from the Radiation Therapy program at Laurentian University. Colin's son Richard is studying engineering at Queen's University in Kingston.

"What this taught me is that treatment is tougher than I ever imagined. When you have to go through it, you appreciate how devastating the impact of cancer is."

Dr. Germond believes the treatment offered by the Northeast Cancer Centre is as good as you will find anywhere. He's also confident the creation of the Advanced Medical Research Institute of Canada (AMRIC) will further enhance care. "Research is so entrenched at the cancer centre, and AMRIC will build on what's already here."

This view is shared by another long-time employee of the Northeast Cancer Centre. Like Dr. Colin Germond, Mark Hartman's journey to Sudbury began halfway around the world.

Mark Hartman arrived in Sudbury in 1992, as a radiation oncologist from Australia. He rose through the ranks to become Vice President of Cancer Services in 2012.

During this time Hartman has watched the Northeast Cancer Centre evolve. "We've adopted a regional model of care for patients, plus we have branched into more aspects of the patient journey such as prevention, screening, palliative care, and survivorship. We've also done a lot of work to create partnerships with other communities in the northeast. In fact, we have the highest volume of chemotherapy treatments in satellite sites in Ontario, and for oncology we have the highest use of telemedicine in the province."

Hartman credits the success of the centre to those strong partnerships, along with generous support from patients, families and the community, led by the Northern Cancer Foundation. That community input still drives the centre's ongoing progression.

A new frontier being explored at the centre is personalized medicine, which tailors a patient's diagnosis, treatment and follow-up care on their individual genetic makeup. Research on this front will be done at AMRIC, through Dr. Rebecca McClure, a pathologist and leader in the field of next-generation DNA sequencing. "With Dr. Rebecca McClure's arrival, there will be significant improvements in diagnoses and care."

But cancer care is not just about the body. It's also about the mind and heart.

Dr. Carole Mayer believes this holistic approach is indispensable to effective cancer care. Mayer is the Director of Research and Regional Clinical Lead for the Sup-



**SPECIAL BIRTHDAY:** The Ven. Anne Germond celebrated the 60th birthday of husband Dr. Colin Germond with family and friends in March of 2014 while visiting in Johannesburg, South Africa.

portive Care Oncology Department. She joined the centre in 1989 as its first-ever social worker, eventually earning her Ph. D. in the field.

"If you don't support the patient and their families and address their psycho-social well-being, it can deter patients from following treatment," says Mayer. "They can lose motivation. The potential for 'cancer fatigue' is very real, which is why all patients at the Northeast Cancer Centre are screened to determine their psycho-social needs."

Supportive Care services include one-on-one counselling, support groups and classes led by professionals, dietary advice, a specialized nurse who works with children receiving cancer care, and a support worker to help patients navigate the cancer care system.

Another unique feature of the Northeast Cancer Centre is its Dental Oncology Clinic. There are only two such clinics in Ontario. An estimated forty percent of cancer patients will experience oral side effects during treatment, which can lead to a disruption or discontinuation of their care. To prevent or minimize this, the Clinic provides oral care for patients before, during, and after treatment. They also provide rehabilitation for head and neck cancer patients who require special prosthetics after oral reconstruction. It also offers a clinical tobacco intervention program and oral cancer screening.

"The mouth is a window to your overall health," states Dr. Deborah Saunders, a dentist and the Clinic's

Medical Director. "Head and neck cancer patients have some of the highest morbidities and side effects after treatment. When I started here there was no oral cancer screening, no clinical tobacco cessation program, no prosthetic rehab program. We've been building more services to provide access to care not offered elsewhere in this part of the province. We're on the map nationally and internationally for the unique service we provide here."

Dr. Andrew Pearce is spending a rare moment in his office, preferring instead to be on the treatment floor, closer to his patients. Dr. Pearce is a radiation oncologist and the Chief of the Department of Oncology at the Northeast Cancer Centre.

Dr. Pearce joined the centre in 2009. Raised in Sudbury, he completed his university undergraduate and master's studies at Laurentian University, before completing medical school and residency training in Toronto and Calgary. "It was an easy decision for me to move back here," says Dr. Pearce. "It's great to work and live here."

Since his return to Sudbury, he has noticed some significant changes at the centre. "When I came here five years ago, a patient needing radiation treatment for head and neck cancer could get advanced treatment, but it would take 45 minutes. Now, that same procedure can be done in five minutes thanks to new linear accelerators purchased for us by the Northern Cancer Foundation. Treatment is faster, there are fewer side effects,

and we can target more radiation to the tumour and less to surrounding healthy tissue."

Dr. Pearce has also noted improvements to the way chemotherapy is delivered. He says new drugs are leading to increased survivability, decreased toxicity, and better quality of life.

Given all the changes that he's witnessed in a relatively short time, what is he most proud of? "All of us are very aware that we are seeing people at their sickest, and everyone here puts the patient first. The most important thing to me is to know you are making a difference in the lives of people."

Dr. Colin Germond would agree. Due to his cancer, Dr. Germond stopped practising as an oncologist in 2009. He misses his work. "I loved it. People would say to me: working in cancer must be depressing. How can they think that? People's lives are saved and improved, and I was a part of that."

He still is – in his quiet, dignified way. These days, he's not improving lives with the power of pharmaceuticals or beams of radiation, but with the power of his story. Dr. Germond and those who continue to work at the Northeast Cancer Centre are dispensing an equally powerful prescription for their patients' health and well-being: hope.

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**OPPORTUNITY FOR LEARNING AND GROWTH:** A course entitled Indigenous Theology was offered at Thorneloe University College, Sudbury from June 23 to June 27, 2014. Pictured are the course participants. In the back row, from left are Emily Noble, Richard Moore, Sue Glover and Beth Hewson. In the middle row from left are, Rachel Perry, Patricia Dorland, Beverley van der Jagt, Neil Turner and course instructor Rt. Rev. Mark MacDonald. In the front row are from left, Laura Hutchinson, Marlice MacLeod-Bastien, Charlotte Haldenby and Yvonne Morrison.



**COMMUNITY PROJECT:** The Anglican Church Women of All Saints', Huntsville have begun a new project with young Moms called Moms to Moms. Sutherland Hall was the location of a sale held on Saturday, April 26, 2014 in support of the project.

# We all need to learn more about Indigenous Peoples

By Charlotte Haldenby

I had to go to Barrie for Isabella's birthday! After all she's been waiting her whole life for this! But I never make a trip for just one day, so I fit in visits with all my other grandnieces, and a first time meeting for the new four month old.

So it was a good fit, after National Aboriginal Day, June 21, to attend a course at Thorneloe College from June 23 to 27, taught by Rt. Rev. Mark MacDonald. My fellow students were Yvonne, a Cree originally from James Bay, Laura and Marlice from the United Church in Timmins, Patricia and Richard from Cochrane, Neil from Hamilton, Rachel, Sue and Bev from Sudbury, Emily Noble from the Sault, and Beth Hewson from North Bay.

The course was entitled Indigenous Theology. At our first session we introduced ourselves the usual way, but then by our traditional names, or clans. First by our mother's birth people; then our father's ancestry; then our mother's ancestry; and then by our father's birth people. In some First Nations, it would be the mother's line which would determine your clan, your inheritance, and where you lived; in others it would be your father's line. But by doing this exercise we definitely showed that Canada does live up to its original meaning of "Big Village".

We also discussed the traditional beliefs of the Ojibway, Navajo and Alaskan First Nations, all from Bishop MacDonald's first hand knowledge, and the Cree, from Yvonne, and the dominant

## Looking at the World

connection of all of creation right down to the lakes and up to the sky: Creation in which we are all working together and responsible to and for each other; where humans might have to use another part of Creation but would always honour and respect, by prayers, ceremonies and gifts, that other part.

Then there are the attitudes of the Europeans at first contact, the new Doctrine of Discovery. As the ship sailed up to the coast of North America the sailors would rejoice in seeing land again. The captain would step ashore putting up his flag to claim the land for his country, and the men would be sent out to explore, for fresh food first, but also to see what resources were available to pay back their investors. Meanwhile, the indigenous people might be quiet, waiting behind trees to see who came off this big boat, from the direction of the sunrise. "Who are these strange people, so pale, and dressed in such strange clothes?"

The sailors again, as the indigenous people came out, would be thinking, "Who are these strange creatures, so dark-skinned, and dressed in animals skins. Are they really people?" And the indigenous people, "Who are these people that they don't even know what is good to eat? We will have to help them survive."

The captain again: "Their language is so strange and they talk about the Earth as if she were their mother, and just hear these blessing prayers to the animals they hunt. They are not like us. They are not Christian. They must change."

"But we believe in a Creator and that we are all, humans, animals, plants, rocks and lakes, sun and moon, together parts of God's creation and responsible to and for each other. You are just destroying things by cutting down our forests and demanding furs."

It went, the conversation between the captain's successors, believing in legal written documents signed and sealed, settling

*"We learned the value of the elders in making decisions for the community."*

things permanently. The indigenous people, were only able to say how they knew things so far. They were always going to the councils of elders with disputes for adjustments and change. The captain's people, who believed in education and literacy for "civilization" and conversion to Christianity, and the indigenous people who believed that you learned hands-on from your parents and the elders, and observation of how nature worked, constantly learning how to survive in partnership with creation.

Every day of the course, we

began with prayers facing east, and a bit of traditional chant. This was followed with three readings of the lectionary gospel, in the pattern of Gospel Based Discipleship. What word or phrase stands out for you? What is Jesus saying to you? What is Jesus calling us to do?

We talked about the four directions, the four colours and their meanings in tradition, and how they could be applied to Jesus' life and to prayer times as well. We were seated in a traditional circle so we could always see each other's faces and postures as we discussed ideas. Wouldn't it be wonderful if every discussion could take place like that, so that everyone can recognise we are all here together, making our decision together, with no one big boss who just says "This is what I think and this is how it's going to be?"

We learned the value of the elders in making decisions for the community. They were picked not just for their age but for their exemplary lives. If you were a wild and crazy teenager, that followed you, and you would not become an elder. A chief might be chosen in time of crisis for immediate action but most decisions were made after long deliberations with everyone's voices heard. Imagine if our Senate, set up to be a second chamber of due deliberation followed this tradition. As I write Mike Duffy is charged with 31 counts of wrong-doing. We learned about considering every decision with future gen-

erations in mind, not just saying "Oh, things will work out!" but thinking "What will my grandnieces and their children have because of my decisions?"

In our final session on Friday in the Thorneloe Chapel, which could be seen as in the shape of a traditional indigenous structure, we had smudging to begin our Eucharist. We then thanked the Creator for bringing us together, so we could learn about old but new ways of seeing our lives, and we closed by shaking hands in the traditional ways one to another. We hope now to be a network of friends, opened from this experience to all life, aware and concerned about all of creation.

In addition that Thursday, the courts of Canada recognised the indigenous principle of collective ownership for a First Nation in British Columbia, meaning that the captain's peoples cannot insist on deeds and individual ownership as they have all the way back. Also when we talk about the difficulties of First Nations today, Maclean's July 17, we must change our attitudes. It really is not helpful to say "Yes, things happened but I wasn't around so I'm not responsible." Instead, from an article I read on another issue catching up on my magazines, we might think of our "response-ability". What can each one of us do to learn more about indigenous peoples, to learn from them, and walk with them, to recognize and respect and restore Canada's First Nations?