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Primate to attend gala for PWRDF

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Holy Land trip not all business



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No need to be lost for words

# The Anglican

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO

A SECTION OF THE ANGLICAN JOURNAL

www.toronto.anglican.ca

OCTOBER, 2010

## Green church starts up

BY CAROLYN PURDEN

**THERE** are a lot of Canadians who are concerned about the environment but feel the church has not adequately responded to their concerns, says the Rev. Stephen Drakeford, incumbent of St. Matthew, Islington.

And so he is developing a fresh expression of church, called the Green Witness Community, that he hopes will attract these people. He is holding outdoor worship services across the Greater Toronto Area, and out of this he hopes to build a community that will work on major social justice issues such as global warming.

Mr. Drakeford is passionate about creation. He is chair of the diocese's Environmental Working Group, which has been developing an environmentally friendly theology across the diocese. He is also a member of the diocese's Fresh Expressions Working Group, which seeks new ways of bringing the Gospel to those who do not attend church.

Out of these two concerns, Mr. Drakeford decided he wanted to call together people who had been disenchanted with the church's perceived lack of response to environmental issues, and bring them into a new worship and ministry experience.

"It occurred to me that there is a real place for a community that is focused on the discipleship of Jesus Christ, first and foremost, but is aware of the environmental implications of that call to discipleship," he says.

During the summer, Mr. Drakeford experienced a little of what he hopes to achieve. He was on a

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## How was it?

**HOW** was your Back to Church Sunday experience? Did you invite a friend? Write to us at [editor@toronto.anglican.ca](mailto:editor@toronto.anglican.ca) and we'll consider it for publication in *The Anglican*.



Archbishop Colin Johnson (second from left) displays some of the food items he will be eating for three days. Joining him on the diet will be, from left, Murray MacAdam, Deacon Kyn Barker of St. Matthew the Apostle, Oriole, and Elin Goulden, a parishioner of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Toronto, and the parish outreach coordinator for York-Credit Valley. At right is Ted Glover.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL HUDSON

## Diet an 'eye-opener'

Anglicans to tighten belts for poor

BY HENRIETA PAUKOV

**A WOMAN** flees an abusive situation and is left with nothing, not even a can opener. A disabled couple cannot work, have trouble getting around, and can barely afford to pay their bills. A boy comes to school hungry because his father cannot afford to give him breakfast.

These are the people Ted Glover, a parishioner at St. George Memorial in Oshawa, will have in mind in October, when he lives for three days on food that would typically be handed out in a food bank hamper. They are all people he has met through his volunteer work with

social service organizations and his job as a teacher.

The three-day diet is part of the Do the Math Challenge, a campaign that will see Anglicans, along with community leaders and other concerned citizens, calling on the government to increase social assistance rates by \$100 a month, and in the longer term, revise those rates based on actual local living costs.

"The amounts that people get through Ontario Works and the Ontario Disability Support Program are simply inadequate," says Mr. Glover. "They are unbelievably low. These people are re-

ally suffering. Many live in deplorable conditions."

Individuals on social assistance receive only \$585 each month for all their needs. Often, the only diet these Canadians can afford is monotonous and unhealthy, says Murray MacAdam, the diocese's Social Justice and Advocacy consultant. "I think the people who participate in the Do the Math Challenge poverty diet will find they have less energy," he says. "It's filler food: it fills you up but doesn't give you the nutrients and protein you need."

Archbishop Colin Johnson, area bishops, and Evangelical Lutheran bishop Michael Pryse will partici-



pate in the poverty diet. In a letter inviting Anglicans to join him, Archbishop Johnson says that while he is not looking forward to subsisting on a plain, bare-bones diet for three days, at least he has a choice. "That is not the case for thousands of people across Ontario," he writes. There are 380,000 food bank users in the province.

"Throughout his life and witness, Jesus Christ made abundantly clear his sense of compassion and caring for those on the margins of society," he continues. "We need to follow his example today,

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VISITING OTHER PEOPLE'S CHURCHES - SEE PAGE 5



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**Mon. 1st Nov. at 6 p.m.**  
**All Saints Evensong (BCP)**  
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## SUDAN: A NATION DIVIDED?

**with Alice Jean Finlay**

Sudan is Africa's largest country - but perhaps not for long. What will happen in 2011 if an independence referendum separates the mainly Christian south from the Islamic north?

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## Green service to move around GTA

Continued from Page 1

university campus in Georgia and helped to create an outdoor worship event at a wooded crossroads on the campus, under a large growth of oak trees. An altar was set up and there were musicians.

"People who were gathering for worship came from different directions on the crossroads and they were grinning," he recalls. "It was almost as if we were doing something subversive because we were worshipping outside."

Being outside is a vital component of the Green Witness Community service. The 50-minute service, held at various sites across the

GTA, will be built around music, a reflection and dialogue on scripture, and Holy Communion.

Everyone is welcome at the eucharist, and Mr. Drakeford emphasizes that the service is not intended to replace worshippers' own Christian communities. Rather, he wants them to participate in the service and take it back to their home community.

The first Green Witness Community service took place in mid-September in a parkette close to St. Matthew's, under a century-old maple tree. Future services are announced on the Green Witness Community website at [www.saint-matts.ca](http://www.saint-matts.ca).

## Government urged to boost social assistance

Continued from Page 1

and the Do the Math Challenge is one way that we can be, however briefly, in the situation of people who are truly on the margins of our affluent society."

For his part, Mr. Glover expects that eating a poverty diet for three days will be "a real eye-opener. I'm planning to be disciplined about it. I think it's going to be a challenge, and I think it's going to make me more sensitive and aware of people who live like this every day."

The Do the Math Challenge will be launched at a press conference at Queen's Park in Toronto on Oct. 4. Premier Dalton McGuinty and other politicians will be asked to take part in the poverty diet. "We

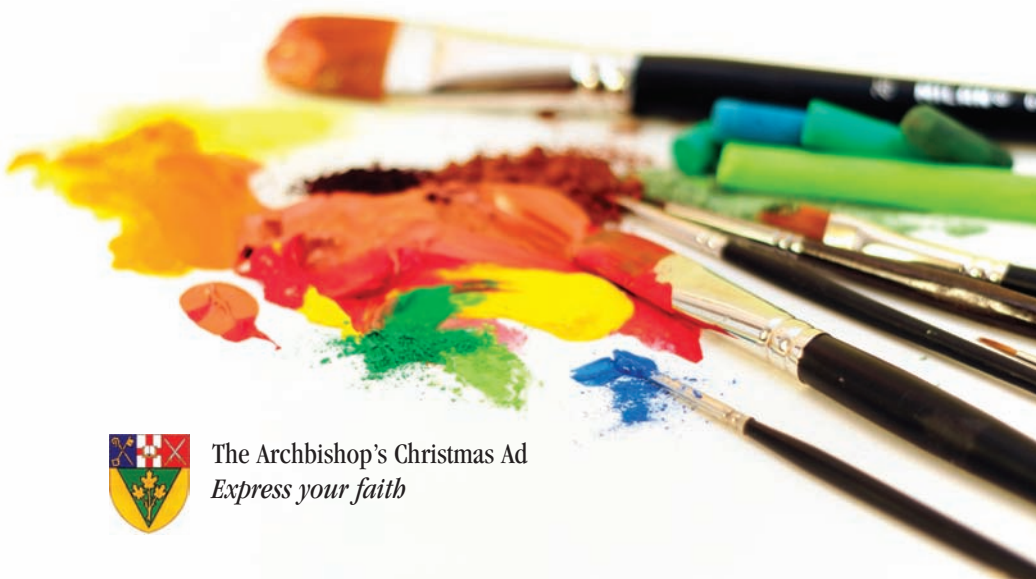
don't see this as a one-shot event," says Mr. MacAdam. "We expect that people who have taken part in the Do the Math Challenge will speak about it in their parishes and that there will be follow-up meetings with local MPPs and politicians. We will really be trying to make our case in the fall as the government starts working on the budget for the next year."

*If you would like to get involved with the Do the Math Challenge Poverty Diet, contact Murray MacAdam, the diocese's Social Justice and Advocacy Consultant, at [mmacadam@toronto.anglican.ca](mailto:mmacadam@toronto.anglican.ca) or 416-363-6021, ext. 240, or view the information posted on the Social Justice and Advocacy webpage, [www.toronto.anglican.ca/sjac](http://www.toronto.anglican.ca/sjac).*

# IS THERE A YOUNG ARTIST IN YOUR CHURCH?

Archbishop Colin R. Johnson, Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Ontario, is holding an art contest for all young Anglicans and Lutherans (ages 13-19) who live in the Province. The purpose of the competition is to celebrate the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The top three entries will be published in a full-page ad in The Toronto Star on Dec. 22, 2010. The top 50 entries will be posted online. All participants will receive a letter of thanks and encouragement from the Archbishop.

**The deadline for artwork is Nov. 1, 2010.**  
**For full details about how to enter, visit**  
**[www.toronto.anglican.ca/christmasad](http://www.toronto.anglican.ca/christmasad).**



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— EPHESIANS 3:20

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## CHAMPS

Members of Christ Church, Scarborough, and St. Bede celebrate after winning The Reverend Peter Trant Memorial trophy at a baseball tournament in Scarborough on Aug. 14. Six local church teams competed in the tourney, which was organized by the Scarborough Anglican Youth Movement. The teams competed against each other throughout the summer.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL HUDSON

# Diocese fêtes PWRDF

## Primate to express thanks at gala

**THE** diocese will celebrate the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund's 50 years of ministry on Nov. 23 with a gala evening of food, music and fellowship. The event, called "One World at the Table," will help to raise awareness of PWRDF and some of the projects around the world where Anglicans are making a difference through their financial support.

"Over the past 50 years, the Diocese of Toronto has maintained a deep-rooted connection to PWRDF," says Archbishop Fred Hiltz, Primate, one of the evening's speakers. "The dinner gives you and your parish community an opportunity to join together in respecting the dignity of every human being and in honouring their basic right to food, water, shelter and education."

Since its founding, PWRDF has contributed more than \$90 million toward international relief, including \$2 million in response to the earthquake in Haiti.

"PWRDF is a good news story for the Anglican Church," says Bishop Philip Poole, area bishop of York-Credit Valley and chair of the 50th anniversary committee. "It's our international development and relief ministry. Archbishop Colin Johnson and I are looking forward to joining the festivities."

Proceeds from the evening will support a PWRDF project in the Province of Nampula, Mozambique. The project will train 31 community health workers who will act as health educators in local communities. The project will also help to lower the high rates of maternal and child deaths in the region by creating two rooms



Archbishop Fred Hiltz

adjacent to rural hospitals where pregnant women can stay while

they are waiting to deliver.

"Mozambique has been hit hard by political turmoil, but it is beginning to create stable communities that will benefit from health education," said the Rev. Cathy Miller, the diocese's PWRDF representative. "It would be wonderful to make a difference there."

The gala will take place on Nov. 23, from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m., at Artscape Wychwood Barns, 601 Christie St., Toronto. Tickets are \$100 per person (a tax receipt will be issued for a portion of the ticket price) and will be available on the diocese's website, [www.toronto.anglican.ca](http://www.toronto.anglican.ca), or by calling 416-363-6021, ext. 243, or 1-800-668-8932, ext. 243 after Oct. 1.

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## BRIEFLY

### West Indies archbishop to visit

The archbishop of the Province of the West Indies, the Most Rev. John Holder, will be the guest speaker at the annual Bishop Basil Tonks Dinner, to be held Oct. 30 at St. Andrew, 2333 Victoria Park Ave., Scarborough. Money raised by the dinner will support the work of the Anglican Church in the West Indies. The dinner, which will include Caribbean food and music, is hosted by the Canadian Friends to West Indian Christians, and is now in its 28th year. The evening starts with a eucharist at 5 p.m., followed by dinner at 6:30 p.m.

Tickets are \$50 (an income tax receipt for \$25 will be issued.) To order, call Derek Davidson, at 905-731-6740, or Marjorie Fawcett, at 416-447-1481.

### Group helps with reconciliation

Is your parish interested in learning about residential school issues? Are you wondering how aboriginal and non-aboriginal church members can work together to build "right relationships" with one another? You can now call on a group of specially trained volunteers, the Ambassadors of Reconciliation, to hold a presentation for your church. Contact Archdeacon Judith Walton at 705-444-0233 or [revjudy@rogers.com](mailto:revjudy@rogers.com).

## FOOD FOR THE SOUL at the Cathedral

### Come Holy Spirit: The Future of the Global Church

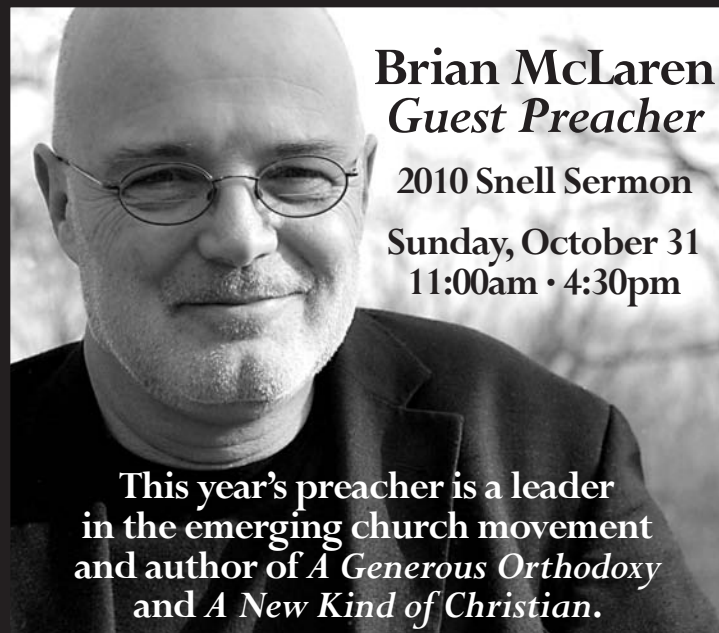
Four Wednesday Evenings:  
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PHOTO BY BLAIR ANDERSON OF A VISUALPLANET.COM



# Book rekindles love, anger



**T**his year marks the 50th anniversary of the publication of Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*. My wife, Linda, chose it for her book club, so I thought I would revisit it. To my delight, the local library had it available as a talking book, so I have been enjoying the story unfold as I drive around York-Simcoe.

The book became an overnight bestseller in 1960. It made its way onto the high school curriculum in Ontario, which meant that I read the book in either grade 10 or 11 in the late 1960s. It made quite an impression on me then, along with Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*. You see, I grew up in a family where racial and religious prejudice lay very close to the surface, in a north Toronto community that was about as white bread as you could get. Intellectually, I rejected these notions, but emotionally, as a child growing up, they weighed heavily on me. Books like *To Kill a Mockingbird* opened another door into the world of bigotry and intolerance. Like Scout, the young girl in the novel who narrates the story, I could not understand how or why such hatred existed. Hand in hand with my maturing faith, my attitudes towards those different from me were remoulded. Loving your neighbour as yourself meant more than just loving those who were just like you. God's love was extended to all, regardless of race, skin colour, or creed. Mine should be too.

## BISHOP'S OPINION

BY BISHOP GEORGE ELLIOTT

Ten years later, I found myself once again thinking seriously about intolerance. I was in my third year of theological studies at Wycliffe College, writing a paper on Jesus' parable of the wheat and the tares. You will remember that the enemy plants weed seeds amongst the farmer's wheat. The servants are ready to pull out all the tare or weed seedlings. However, the farmer stops them for fear that in doing so, the wheat seedlings will be damaged. He tells them to let them grow together and that they will be separated at harvest time, the weeds going into the fire and the wheat into the barn. This parable spoke to me about tolerance. It was not up to me to decide or judge. God would be doing all that. My task was to grow in faith and bear fruit in the Kingdom of God.

Throughout my life, I have sought to love others, especially those whose values, religious beliefs, and racial background differed from mine. I have not turned away from who I am and what I believe to be the truth. What I understand more and more each day is that I do not and never will possess all the truth. No one will. Instead, I seek, in all that I do, to love as my friend and Saviour did and continues to do. I am appalled by the news from Florida, where a Christian pastor thinks burning the Qur'an is an appropriate way to protest the building of a mosque near the site of the former World Trade Centre in

New York City. I am appalled by the Christians from the Highfield Road Gospel Hall in Toronto who preach anti-gay sermons in front of the homes of gay and lesbian couples. I do not challenge what these folks believe. What I challenge is the intolerance of their actions which, to me, are motivated by hatred, not love.

The circumstances of our lives change from generation to generation. However, the need for us to live together in harmony and peace will never change. That is surely God's desire, and, thankfully, one that has been made possible through the saving grace of Jesus Christ.

Being drawn back into the lives of Scout, Jem, Atticus, Dill, Calpurnia and the myriad of other characters in *To Kill a Mockingbird* has helped to renew in my spirit what it means to love my neighbour as myself. I've laughed as the children plan again and again to bring out their reclusive neighbour Boo Radley. My anger has burned often at the attitudes white folk have of the coloured folk, to say nothing of the fate of Tom Robinson. I've cried more than once as Atticus shows his true character in standing up when no one else will against the forces of evil at work in the fictional town of Maycomb, Alabama in the 1930s.

It has been interesting revisiting this book now, more than 45 years since I first opened its pages. It has been a very different read in comparison to my teenage years when my worldview was very small. I would recommend this book to you. I hope you enjoy it as much as I have.



## TheAnglican

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A global community of 70 million Anglicans in 64,000 congregations in 164 countries.

### Archbishop of Canterbury:

The Most Rev. and Rt. Hon. Rowan Williams, Lambeth Palace, London, England SE1 7JU.

### In Canada:

A community of about 600,000 members in 30 dioceses, stretching from Vancouver Island to Newfoundland and north to the Arctic Ocean.

### Primate:

The Most Rev. Fred Hiltz, Church House, 80 Hayden St. Toronto, ON, M4Y 3G2.

### In the Diocese of Toronto:

A community of 254 congregations in 210 parishes covering 26,000 square kilometers. Of the nearly 5 million people who live within the diocesan boundaries, 376,000 claim to be affiliated with the Anglican Church, with about 80,000 people identified on the parish rolls. The diocese is home to many ethnic and language-based congregations, including African, Caribbean, Chinese, Filipino, French, Hispanic, Japanese, Korean and Tamil. The City of Toronto has the largest population of aboriginal peoples in the country.

### The Archbishop of Toronto:

The Most Rev. Colin Johnson

### York-Credit Valley:

The Rt. Rev. Philip Poole

### Trent-Durham:

The Rt. Rev. Linda Nicholls

### York-Scarborough:

The Rt. Rev. Patrick Yu

### York-Simcoe:

The Rt. Rev. George Elliott

### The Diocese of Toronto:

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Tickets available Oct 1, 2010



Diocese of Toronto  
Anglican Church of Canada

## Outreach conference offers free childcare

Free childcare makes it easier for parents to attend the diocese's Outreach Networking Conference, taking place on Oct. 16 at Holy Trinity School, 11300 Bayview Ave., Richmond Hill. The conference's program for young Anglicans (age 14 to 30) includes storytelling, hip hop music, biblical reflection and ideas for taking action.

This year's keynote speaker, Ched Myers, is an author, biblical scholar and expert on such topics as Sabbath economics and radical discipleship. He'll give a keynote address entitled "Beyond Food-banks to God's Great Economy." Conference participants have the choice of a wide range of morning workshops, including one on reaching out to new communities, and another on how Anglicans can work with broader advocacy coalitions, such as the 25 in 5 Network for Poverty Reduction and the Kairos coalition. To learn more and to register, visit [www.toronto.anglican.ca/outreachconference](http://www.toronto.anglican.ca/outreachconference).

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# Other people's churches

BY THE REV. W. TAY MOSS

The most delicious treat of summer for me and many Anglicans is the chance to taste some OPC: Other People's Churches. Travelling or being on summer break provides the perfect opportunity to see how church is done by other people. Some will be tempted to take a break from church for a Sunday altogether. One clergy friend told me that she had planned to skip church one Sunday until her young daughter laid on the guilt: "Mom! There are Christians in the world who are dying for our faith; we have the privilege to go to church on a Sunday!" Faced with that kind of prophesy from a 10-year-old, what's a parent to do except finish up her coffee and load up the minivan? Unfortunately for many of us, however, it's difficult to attend OPC without hearing the nagging inner commentary: "This bulletin is far too cluttered. This communion wine is way too sweet. Hmm, that's a really well written prayer, I wonder where they found it?" Usually I find that the inner monologue of analysis and comparison is loudest when I am closest to home. When I visit a Toronto Anglican parish, it feels like I notice everything. But this summer, I went further afield and discovered that, in fact, the grass is not greener on the other side.

My wife, infant son, and I packed up one morning to visit a charismatic evangelical (non-Anglican) church in a western Canadian city. It's one of those soon-to-be mega churches attracting the elusive 20s and 30s demographic. They are in the middle of a major capital campaign to build a new Jesus palace in the suburbs. In the meantime, they are making the most of their current space with excellent AV and a rocking band.

The rain that morning had stopped by the time a parking attendant directed us, airport-style, into an empty spot near the church (members deliberately park away from the church to make sure visitors get the best spots). Before I could even get out of the car, a greeter was at the window with an umbrella and a smile. He escorted us to

the entrance of the church, where we were passed on to another greeter, who made sure we registered our infant with the Sunday school staff. In exchange, we were given something like a baggage claim ticket.

Worship was beginning in earnest, so we were escorted past the coffee bar with smiling baristas and a gleaming chrome espresso machine into the worship space. So far, my inner voice had been admiring the efficiency, warmth, and slickness of this church. But this positive impression of the welcome soon gave way to uneasiness as we encountered the actual substance of this church's message.

This is the sort of church where men are Christian warriors and women are mothers. We noticed that the leaflet had pictures of pastors-and-wives and were told that this church sees husbands and wives as teams (with the man in charge, of course). When I asked whether the church would ever call a single person, perhaps a woman, to be its pastor, I was met with a puzzled expression. It had never occurred to our hosts that a single person could be a pastor. "We just think that men and women offer different things. You need both." We sang songs about awakening the spiritual warrior within, and I noted the full-size sword hanging from the pulpit. Everything else was about family—family this, family that.

But nothing made my inner critic scream more than the sermon. As the pastor read some passages from Paul's epistles, he would skip over Greek names of people and places rather than attempt to pronounce them. Instead of "Sosthenes" and "Achaia," the preacher comically cleared his throat in a self-deprecating way and chuckled. He did this several times as he read from the NIV text, and my mind raced to figure out whether this was a gambit to make the text seem more approachable, or whether the preacher was actually ignorant of how to pronounce these names. Either way, it was odd.

Call me old-fashioned, but I want my preachers to know how to read the Bible out loud. The rest of the sermon was disappointing. He seemed confused about what he

wanted to say, but the gist seemed to be, "Most popular culture is bad for you, but it's okay to watch some stuff, except vampire shows, which are always bad." He had a hard time connecting this critique of popular culture with scripture, and I could immediately think of far more relevant passages than the ones he picked.

Besides being confused about his message and not being a good reader or exegete of scripture, the preacher decided to be boring as well—he read us several paragraphs from a paper he wrote for an undergraduate sociology class eight years ago. Yikes! Few things slam the homiletical brakes more than quoting your own academic paper that you wrote as an undergraduate. I found myself wondering whether, if I rushed the stage, I could grab the sword and tear my own ears out before they could stop me. Psalm 69 occurred to me as I prayed for deliverance from the power of sin and death (and bad preaching).

I admit it, I felt a little smug as we left. I thought to myself, "I'll take an Anglican church with poor coffee and a sermon written by somebody who went to seminary over this any day." It's hard not to come away from OPC without a certain amount of judgement in mind: one's home congregation is put on the scales against the stranger and found to be good or bad (usually just confirming what we thought before our wandering began).

Yet mostly what I feel when I visit OPC is relief—relief that even the mega-churches with their coffee bars and over-full Sunday schools have their own problems. I have never found an OPC that has it "all figured out," no matter how confident their ecclesial persona may appear. If we, both collectively and individually, are the body of Christ, then surely it is the crucified body. "Church is a place for sinners," it is said. True, and there are no sinners I would rather hang out with than the quirky, quarrelsome, sometimes vexing Anglican Church of Canada.

*The Rev. W. Tay Moss is the incumbent of the Church of the Messiah, Toronto.*

## EDITOR'S CORNER

BY STUART MANN

## Found it

Once in a while I used to daydream about the perfect worship service. In this fantasy, I'd be welcomed at the door but not smothered. I'd find a quiet pew about half-way back from the altar; there'd be enough space for me to stretch out but not so much as to feel I was an island. The music would be contemporary but not forced—no clapping along, please. The sermon would be excellent, linking my life and the lives of my fellow pew-sitters to the Gospel. The whole thing would be casual but meaningful, laid-back but not sloppy. At the end of the service I would feel that I had experienced God with a band of like-minded people.

Well, I was a little astonished this summer to find that this service actually exists. I was at a conference in Halifax (no, not General Synod) when the group decided to go to St. Paul's on Sunday morning for the early service. To be honest, I was reluctant to go. It was raining and the church, located in the oldest part of town, looked rather gloomy and forbidding. It's a beautiful wooden church, but on this morning, wreathed in fog and quiet as a graveyard, it just didn't seem that appealing.

A man greeted us at the door, gave us a bulletin, and we went inside. We were left to wander around a bit, then found our own places in the pews. My heart sank when I saw the video screen at the front, but the jumble of guitars, violins and a piano over on the other side of the sanctuary offset that. More people trickled in—young and old, regulars and visitors, some dressed formally, others casually. Some chatted while others remained silent and undisturbed. This could be interesting, I thought.

Well, it was more than interesting—it was fantastic, the best service I've ever been to. I came away uplifted and thankful and feeling closer to God.

Why? Well, all of the above, plus a few other things: a wonderful selection of ancient and modern hymns that seemed rooted in that congregation's history and culture; the heartfelt involvement of the laity in the service; a palpable sense of being with a group of parishioners who really wanted to be there; a pastor who said a few kind words of welcome to me during the coffee hour afterwards.

Of course, there are a lot of services like this one. There's a service for every taste, especially in our diocese. So if you haven't been to church in a while, get out there and look around. You might find just what you're looking for.

# I offer myself as an instrument

BY AMIT PARASAR

Ability that differentiates human beings from other animals is the aptitude to make and use complex tools and instruments. Human instruments are numerous and various. A surgeon might call a scalpel an instrument, a musician might name a piano, while a pilot will regard the array of dials and control panels in the cockpit of an airplane as instruments.

It's possible that the human ability to make and use instruments is a creative characteristic developed by evolution and inherited from our Heavenly Father and Creator. It has made us like mythical demigods in relation to the rest of the animal kingdom, supporting the possibility that the power to create and use instruments has divine origins.

This ability has proven to be an incredible competitive advantage that has led to humanity's prominence in the natural world. If humans have found instruments to be advantageous, God could certainly use His creations as instruments on occasion.

An instrument can be defined as a means by which something is achieved or done. Some may be uncomfortable with the idea of using a human being as a means to an

end, but that discomfort should be quelled if God is the user.

Surely a good and loving God will take care of His instruments if human beings have the wisdom to do so. For example, a surgeon sanitizes and sharpens his scalpel to increase its longevity and prevent the spread of infection. A musician tunes and cleans his piano to make sure it looks and sounds its best. A pilot maintains his instruments lest they malfunction and cause a catastrophe.

As God's instruments, we'll have to do some work under His control and guidance. Just as we develop and improve our instruments, God will do the same with us, for God takes us as we are and makes us into what we can be.

The added benefit of being God's instrument is that He'll help our work prosper if we ask Him to, as David did when he wrote, "Let the favour of the Lord our God be upon us, and prosper for us the work of our hands" (Psalm 90: 17). David demonstrates the importance of faith in order to be God's instrument by petitioning God for His help.

Faith strengthens the will to be a consenting instrument of God. St. Augustine emphasized the role of the will in his own faith journey, writing, "For to go along that road and indeed to reach the goal is nothing else but

the will to go. But it must be a strong and single will, not staggering and swaying about..." (Confessions, Book 8, Ch. 8: 19).

Freedom, the very thing that makes the human will stagger and sway at times, is what distinguishes us from even the most powerful human-made instruments. Yet, despite my free will, I feel I'm like an inanimate instrument, useless without an operator.

My past attempts at controlling my future only brought me dissatisfaction, unhappiness and frustration. It was only when I willingly gave my life to God that I became useful. I see people who carry all of their life's burdens and suffer from psychological problems like anxiety. They either don't believe in God or don't trust Him. They're like instruments without an operator, lost and confused.

I offer myself as an instrument to the perfect and only God because I know my imperfections will always be a hindrance to me. Sometimes my faith weakens and my will staggers. Nevertheless, I endeavour to serve Him to the best of my ability because it's by His power and not mine that I'll live up to my potential.

*Amit Parasar is a member of St. Paul on the Hill, Pickering.*



# Journey through a land of contrasts



Navigating the twisting road on Mount Tabor.

*The Rev. Michelle Childs, incumbent of St. John, Weston, travelled to the Holy Land with 18 other clergy from the diocese this summer. In these excerpts from her blog, she describes the experiences that changed her life forever.*

## Day One: First day full of surprises

I will begin this tale on the day I arrived in Jerusalem, because no one really wants to hear about plane delays, sleepless flights, or the exquisite gastronomic delights of aircraft food. But what I will say is this: I have come to realize that clergy are some of the most interesting people with whom one could ever travel. Perhaps over 10 days, my mind will change, but I am quite prepared to say I would travel with them again, anytime. Just name the destination!

After passing through Israeli customs in Tel Aviv (an experience which wasn't nearly as bad as I had been led to believe it would be) and walking out into the brilliant sunshine, I realized this country was far hotter than I could have imagined, and it was with that radiant heat pouring down on me that I realized I really was in Israel. I'm here for a full 10 days to take it all in. I will be spending my time learning, experiencing, seeing, smelling, touching, and walking in the places where Christ did all those things himself, 2,000 years before me. Ecstatic to be here and enthusiastic to begin exploring, I boarded the coach with my travel companions and headed for Jerusalem.

As I gazed out the bus window during the hour-long ride from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, it became clear to me this was a land of contradictions. Scripture calls it the Promised Land, flowing with milk and honey, yet we drove past hills of rock, covered with low-lying shrubs and cacti hanging on for dear life in a wind-swept, barren wilderness. Israel is the birthplace of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, yet the tension from millennia of conflict was present everywhere. Before I arrived, I had thought of Israel as a land for wandering pilgrims, but wandering would be difficult with so many walls built with observation towers, manned by so many soldiers, with so many guns. The contradictions made me pause. Of the three religions that call this place home, whose promised land is this anyway? What is the promise in this promised land? How will this promise come to fruition?

My first day in the Holy Land drove home the naiveté of myself and so many Christians in our understanding of the holy sites, as if we somehow have a claim on them. Judaism, Christianity and Islam — three faiths collide, converge, overlap in this holy city. Perhaps this is the heart of it, the crux, if you will: three faiths, vying for what is precious to them. Each would claim it for its own, but this land is God's promised land and what do we do with that? There are so many things I must sleep on.

## Day Three: A piece of purple silk

Today was extraordinary. I awoke at 5:30 a.m., ready to go. I went to mass at 7 a.m. After breakfast, we heard a brief lecture about the seven gates of Jerusalem and the four quarters of the Old City. We were given an assignment to explore the city. Divided into "families" of four, we were assigned one of the quarters and given a list of things to find out.



The Rev. Michelle Childs rides a donkey with a little boy in the wilderness of Wadi Qelt as his father holds the reins.

Entering the Old City via the Damascus Gate, we four were plunged into a completely different world. It was an indoor bazaar. Set into the walls were stalls of vendors selling everything you could imagine: baklava, turkish delight, scarves, purses, shoes, olive wood carvings, icons, candles, thuribles, incense, and, of course, falafel. Vendors wanted to invite us in for drinks and a sales pitch. My sense of what is old is changing as I see narrow roads, shiny and slippery smooth from 1,600 years of human foot traffic; stones, laid down in the 3rd and 4th centuries and still there to this day.

We wandered deep into the Christian Quarter, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was a beautiful, simple and ancient building on the outside. When we went in, my eyes were met with a gorgeous mosaic of the crucifixion of Christ, the anointing of his body, and burial in the tomb. I knelt on the floor and kissed the large slab of stone soaked in scented oil, marking the place where tradition says Jesus' body had been anointed for burial. Further in, an enormous black tomb rises from the ground, reaching up to heaven, the burial place of Christ and the place of his resurrection. There is something sobering to the soul to be standing in the city where our Redemption became possible. It is something that hangs in the heavy scented air, the echo of ancient feet walking on the smooth stones, the taste of sweet oil

on my lips, and the dark empty tomb. Christ is not here. He is risen.

We entered an Ethiopian chapel beside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, following a series of close, narrow passages until we came to another church. We descended, by way of a narrow and close passage, into the depths of an ancient cistern, in the depths of St. Helena's Coptic Orthodox Church. Inside the cistern, it was dark and damp. The water was deep and black, the ceiling cavernous. Every step reverberated around us, echoing into the shadows. When we reached the bottom, the four of us sang two Taizé pieces. The sound was eerie, haunting and beautiful.

As we continued our journey through the Christian Quarter, a beautiful piece of purple silk, billowing in the wind, caught my eye. I left my companions, who were seeking refreshments, and promised to be back in a second. But it was at that moment I met Bilal, the finest silk and fine cloth trader in the city of Jerusalem. I found myself invited into a shop with the most sumptuous fabrics I have ever laid eyes on. He invited me to have some refreshments with him, and we sat and spoke of his love of Jerusalem, his passion for peace with his neighbours, and his respect and admiration for Jews, Christians, and Muslims. He exclaimed: "They are one—Abraham's God, Muhammed's God, Jesus Christ! It is politicians and politics that keep us from peace." Truer words were never spoken.

He, like many of the shop keepers in the Christian Quarter, was actually Muslim—most of the Christians have moved away. I told Bilal of my background; he was ecstatic to have a priest in his shop. My family of companions found me, and we spent the afternoon looking at silks, hearing the stories of their weaving and patterns. We finally left for lunch, I with a white silk chasuble and stole, Bilal's business card so I can find him and his shop again, and an experience of Muslim-Christian relations of such joy and hospitality that it defies being put into words.

After we feasted on a fabulous lunch of pine hummus, falafel and kabuh (little spicy balls of ground lamb that had been deep fried), courtesy of my new friend, we made our way to the Armenian Quarter, to the steps of the Armenian Convent of the Holy Archangels. At first we were told we couldn't go into the compound, but as we were standing at the door, a troupe of a dozen black-robed Armenian clergy whisked past us in smooth silence. The last priest turned and motioned for us to follow.

We followed them down a maze of open passages, right into the church of the Holy Archangels. Moments later, they were robed in service robes, and we found ourselves soaking in evening prayer chanted in Armenian. I cannot begin to describe the otherworldly experience of hearing prayers chanted in a foreign language. Perhaps it is be-



# 'I feel my soul can just be, my spirit free'

cause I am free to let go, and as my mind gives up on fighting to understand the words, I feel my soul can just be, my spirit free to absorb the beauty and holiness, and to experience God in prayer.

As I write this, I can hear the Muslim call to prayer echoing into the night. My brothers and my sisters are at prayer. It is truly a city where cultures merge and overlap.

## Day Four: A call to prayer

I awake each morning to the sound of birds. This morning, I opened my eyes while they were singing in the night, just before dawn, singing because they knew the sun would soon be coming up. We had breakfast, leaving St. George's College later than we should have, and arrived at the courtyard on the Temple Mount. We saw impossibly tall cypress trees reaching for heaven. I knew the moment my feet touched the ancient flagstones that I was in a holy place. It didn't matter that I was a Christian at a Muslim shrine: holiness is more than religious identity or creed. Holiness penetrates the very core of things, it is not a monument, a building, or a façade—it is the presence of God in a place.

I felt the gravitas and weight of thousands of years of divine worship in this place. Tradition says it is Mount Moriah, the place where Abraham came to sacrifice his son Isaac. It is the place where Solomon built the first holy temple to house the ark of the covenant, the gift of God to his people. It is the site of the temple, built by Herod the Great, the temple that Jesus the Christ walked in, taught in and overturned tables in. It is the place where Mohammed ascended into heaven and received the gift of the salat, the command for Muslims to pray five times daily. It is a place sacred to all three traditions, a place of holiness and prayer. I'm not entirely sure it matters whose monument is built there, Jewish, Christian, or Muslim: it is a place where God has chosen to touch the lives of his children.

We walked from there down to the Pool of Bethesda, a place of healing. In the time of Christ there were pools and cisterns filled with water for cleansing. It is now an archaeological site, and ruins and columns lie at the bottom of the pools of once beautiful bubbling waters. The waters themselves have receded, now hidden deep below in a dark, dank cistern.

Also on this site was St. Anne's Church, celebrating the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was built in the time of the crusades, saved from destruction because Suleiman



Outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the place of Christ's burial and resurrection.

the Great fell in love with the architecture, inscribing upon the lintel his command that it not be destroyed. It is a gorgeous old structure, solid, with beautiful acoustics, demonstrated by groups, including ours, singing their hearts out.

## Day Five: The Shepherds' Field

After breakfast, we boarded the coach and headed toward Ein Kerem, in the hill country of Judea, the place where Mary went to visit her cousin Elizabeth. I had always imagined it was a great distance, but it seemed to take little time to get there, and then I realized the trek was made on foot, or by donkey, or horse. It was a very steep trek up the hill. I cannot imagine doing it pregnant, as Mary had done.

The Church of the Visitation overlooks deep valleys, and one cannot help but feel elevated, looking out over the countryside from a great height. Built in the Italian style, there are beautiful frescoes painted on the walls depicting various important parts of the story: the visit of Mary to Elizabeth, the Holy Spirit pouring down upon the two women; Zechariah, the father of John the Baptist, a priest in the temple; and the murder of the Holy Innocents by Roman soldiers, an angel guarding John and his mother Elizabeth. As a lover of mediaeval and Renaissance art and architecture, and a Byzantine at heart, I've always loved the use of architecture, art, icons, and mosaics to help tell the story of the Gospel.

We walked from there to the church of St. John the Baptist, built on top of the traditional site, the cave of his birth. It was built by the Spanish monarchy and is a lovely monument in painted blue and white tile. I am increasingly aware of the importance of sight and touch on this trip.

From there we drove to Shepherds' Field, the place in Bethlehem where tradition says the angels appeared to frightened shepherds and gave them glad tidings of joy regarding the birth of the Redeemer, Jesus Christ. I close my eyes, and I can imagine the shepherds and their flocks. Wandering around, I found shepherds' caves, carved into the hard stones by millions of years of water, time, and erosion, used to keep the sheep safe at night while the shepherds guard the door with their crooks.

After lunch, we drove to the Church of the Nativity, originally built in the 3rd century, and expanded in the 5th century. The entrance is tiny; even I had to bend down to get in. It originally had been a grand entrance, but due to invasion and the desecration of churches, the entrance was decreased in size to make this more difficult. Climbing through this tiny portal was like going back in time. The main part of the church is almost 1,700 years old. The smell of incense hung in the air like prayers to God; mosaics, paintings and icons were on every surface; there was a sense of closeness, intimacy, and comfort, embracing and enfolding me. Marked with a fourteen-point star, covered in silver, indicating the number of generations of Jesus' ancestors, it was uplifting and inspiring to kneel down and touch with my hands and lips the traditional birthplace of Christ.

## Day Seven: A simple meal

On our way to Galilee, we stopped at Wadi Qelt to contemplate the wilderness experience. The rolling sable hills stretched into the distance for miles, with nothing but the hot dry earth below me, and the beating sun above with which to contend. It is the wilderness Jesus wandered into to be tempted by pride, power, and prestige. As St. Jerome said, the barren wilderness will lay



Clergy from the diocese, slathered in mud, take a dip in the Dead Sea.

your soul bare.

While there, I met a man and his son, a sweet little boy. The man invited me to ride on his donkey. He lifted me up, setting me down gently on top of it. As I sat there with his son sitting in front of me, I experienced for the first time what it is to ride on a donkey, as Mary would have done, Jesus the toddler sitting in front of her as they made their escape from Herod, into Egypt. The donkey is a small and humble animal, gentle in disposition, and I think about the unmistakable statement Jesus was making when he rode such a beast into Jerusalem. A different kind of king indeed.

From there we went to Beth She-an, where the ruins of an ancient Roman city are located. The ruins have been destroyed further by earthquakes over the centuries, but much has been done to excavate and reconstruct the site. Ornatly carved capitals, beautifully elaborate floor mosaics and an amphitheater were just some of the sights to take in.

We arrived at Pilgerhaus, a gorgeous retreat run by Benedictines. It is one of the most beautiful locations I have ever seen, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. We dumped our luggage in our rooms, and most of us went down to swim in the water. After our swim, we all went to an outdoor altar, on the shores of the sea.

I was honoured to be called upon to preside at the Eucharist there. I sat behind a carved stone altar, my back to the Sea of Galilee. I could hear the soft slap of the waves on the shore, as I led my colleagues, my friends, in the prayers, in the breaking of bread and sharing of wine. It was a simple, intimate, and holy meal, on the very same shores Jesus prayed, broke bread, cooked fish, and shared in intimate conversations with his own friends, the disciples. I may spend the rest of my life unpacking the experience. I cannot begin to describe what it was like to be following so closely in the

steps of Christ.

## Day Eight: On forgiveness and St. Peter's fish

We arose the next day and travelled to the Mount of the Beatitudes. As we wandered around the grounds in silence, I was contemplating one of the beatitudes: Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. I was thinking about the Jewish purity laws. Even one imperfection or impurity makes something unclean, which for a human being, prone to making mistakes from time to time in thought, word and deed, seems harsh. I was struck by the importance of praying for a pure heart, for the blemishes in my life to be made clean, for the weight of guilt to be lifted, and for full restoration into right relationship with God. While I often confess my sins and pray for forgiveness, it seemed to me more poignant up on that mountain, and I wonder about what it might be like to pray my way through the eight beatitudes.

We went from the Mount of the Beatitudes to the Church of St. Peter's Primacy, the place where tradition says Jesus called Peter to be his disciple. We celebrated the Eucharist there, and a colleague gave a wonderful sermon on the reading for the Primacy of Peter. In his view, he said, it began with a small, initially reluctant obedience to Christ, moved to a passionate spirituality, and then ended in being commissioned by Christ to go and be a fisher of people—a co-mission, so that we, like Peter, work with Christ, and are sent out by Christ. One of the precious things about being on this trip with colleagues is hearing them articulate their own thoughts, experiences and reflections, and having the privilege to know them better as we go through this together.

We moved from there down to the water of the Sea of Galilee, and, removing our shoes and socks, we entered the water and renewed the vows of our baptism. I couldn't help but think about my prayers earlier in the day, as I said aloud I renounced that

Continued on Page 8



A chapel on the Mount of the Beatitudes



# 'I felt a desire to share with those I'd wronged'

Continued from Page 7

which corrupts and destroys the creatures of God, renounced all desires which draw me from the love of God, and that I put my whole trust in Jesus' grace and love. There is something incredibly powerful and freeing about forgiveness, and being forgiven.

## Day Nine: Images of Mary

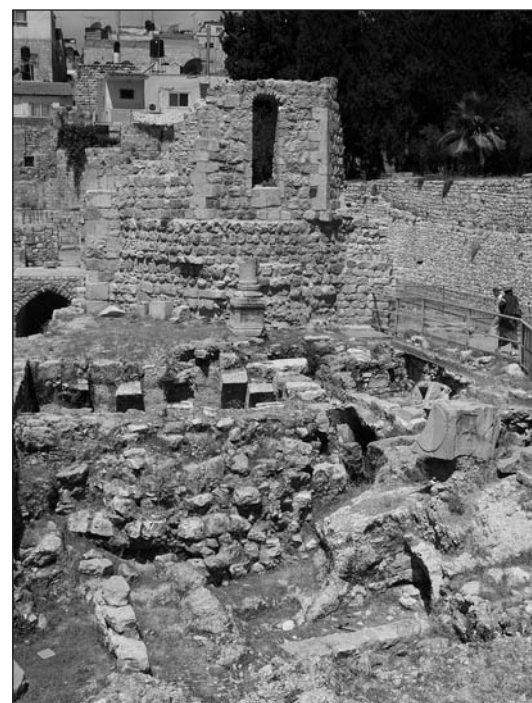
We left Pilgerhaus. I could have spent the remainder of the trip there, and I wonder what Jesus must have been feeling and thinking as he left beautiful Galilee to set out for Jerusalem, to face his crucifixion. We headed to Mount Tabor, one of a few potential sites of Jesus' transfiguration, as witnessed by Peter, James, and John.

The first thing that struck me on Mount Tabor was the fantastic smell of earthy, warm, dry, pine needles; the air smelled like a hug, enfolding and encompassing. We celebrated mass together on the mountain top, followed by time to wander and pray. I wandered down the mountainside, stunned by the view, intoxicated by the scent. I found a shady grove of trees, perched on a rock, and looked around me. I could see for miles. We were so high up, I closed my eyes and could imagine the mountain being enclosed and shrouded in a thick cloud. The mountainsides were so steep, so rocky, I could understand the disciples' fear. It is not a place where one would want to become blinded and disoriented. Terrifying in the dark, stunning in the light, a parallel for living life by the light of faith.

## Day 10: A piece of Golgotha

After lunch, we went by coach to the Mount of Olives, the place where Jesus went to pray on the eve he was betrayed by Judas and arrested by Roman authorities. It was bizarre to look out at the city of Jerusalem in the distance, and see below me blindingly white tombs covering the entire side of the mountain. There was a quiet which hung in the air, nothing but the sound of the blowing breeze, the only reprieve from the stifling heat. I could understand why this would have been a favoured place of Jesus. It was so peaceful.

A little further down the hill was a beautiful chapel, designed to reflect the garden in which it was built. Inside was an intricate metal-work screen resembling olive trees, and the stained glass of varying purple shades cast a deep twilight over the interior of the church, reminiscent of the night Jesus prayed that the cup of crucifixion might pass from him. Jesus was arrested there, and taken across the way, to a place where the Church of St. Peter Galllicantu now stands. Galli-cantu means cock-crow, a reminder of Jesus' prophecy that Peter would deny him three times before the cock crowed. Deep in the bowels of this church are pits, which may have been used as a prison chamber where Jesus may have spent the night. Wandering through there was a surreal experience; without artificial light, it would have been pitch black in there. I imagine the strength of charac-



Clockwise from top left: the ruins of the Pool of Bethesda; the outdoor altar at Pilgerhaus, a Benedictine retreat on the shores of the Sea of Galilee; the Garden of Gethsemane.

ter Jesus would have had to await with patience and courage the sentence he knew would be handed down.

## Day 11: Blinking back tears

I awoke very early on Thursday morning so I could stand outside with the singing birds and my mostly silent colleagues, all of us awake earlier than we might have wished, to walk the Way of the Cross. In retrospect, I can tell you I was rather cavalier about it all; I figured it wouldn't be much different from any other stations of the cross I had done previously, except that I was going to do it in Jerusalem. I could not have been more wrong.

As we walked in silence to the location of the first station, where Jesus was judged, I was struck by the early morning silence of a city that I had only experienced as bustling. The shops were closed. The streets were empty. There were a few feral cats, trying to find some sustenance in the refuse of the night before, and the occasional person slipping past on their way to some unknown place, but for the most part, it was deserted.

We stood in the traditional place where Jesus Is Judged: a ring of thorns on the ceiling of the church, aged paving stones, all nice. We moved from there to the place where Jesus Receives His Cross, in the same building. We left there for the third station, where Jesus Falls for the First Time. Between stations, someone would take the cross and carry it.

"We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you, because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world." We stood in the place where Jesus Meets His Mother. John speaks about the agonizing grief of Mary, who watches helplessly as her son struggles, with his cross, to his death. I suddenly felt ill. Nauseous. I started weeping. Being stoic, I hadn't thought to

bring tissues. All I could think about was the people in my life I had watched being crucified; the people in my life whom I had unintentionally crucified by my thoughts, words and deeds. I thought about my own mother, whom I dragged through hell more than 15 years before. Tears streamed down my face. And I didn't feel like an idiot.

In some ways, from that point on, I felt like I was alone. My colleagues were there, walking with me, some crying, some looking at their toes, some looking into the distance, but I believe each of us walked alone. As we moved to each station, it occurred to me that we all die alone. The only one who faces our demons with us is Christ. We stand alone, beholding what we have done, what we have not done, and bearing the weight of guilt, the cross, on our shoulders, as we walk forward. Simon of Cyrene Helps Carry the Cross; Jesus' Brow Is Wiped by Veronica; He Falls; Jesus Speaks to the Wailing Women; He Falls Again.

Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments. Nakedness and vulnerability are, in many ways, indistinguishable, and by this point I felt like I had been laid bare; to be stripped is to be disrobed of all dignity, our protection, our security, yanked away; nothing but our mistakes and our mortality to offer. I was beginning to get a sense of the humiliation crucifixion conferred on those who suffered it, tenuous and far-stretched as my relatively comfortable understanding of it was.

Stripped of his garments, Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross. Jesus Dies on the Cross. I had always thought these were the pinnacle of freedom: to take our faults, weaknesses, sins, despairs; to take them, and nail them to the cross and put them to death, once and for all, to drive the spikes in, and crucify forever what holds us back, weighs and drags us down.

But as I stood at these two stations, it was not freedom that consumed me, but desolation and overwhelming grief. I could nail all my sins and faults on the cross, but it would not bring life. It occurred to me that the cross could very well be a destination for anger or despair, perhaps even a final stumbling block for our pride, thinking, mistakenly, that we have the power to crucify what holds us back. I realized we must get beyond the cross.

Jesus' Body Is Taken Down from the Cross. Jesus' Body Is Placed in the Tomb. Deep inside the bright, garish, over-decorated Church of the Holy Sepulcher is a short passage, which leads to a dark, dingy, smoke-blackened cave, the ceiling bearing down on you, the ugly floor reaching up, nothing attractive to speak of at all. And then a voice calls out, "People of God, why do you seek the living among the dead?" We give our reasons, excuses.

The tomb was empty. There were no more wounds to dwell on, no more shame, regrets, or forgotten lies, only a cold, empty tomb, and the promise of life—a life outside the tomb.

Later that night, I sat in my room with colleagues, now friends, and we shared our experiences. We had spent the week leading up to this—not only seeing and experiencing the land of the Holy One, but experiencing it together, as disciples on a pilgrimage. I imagine the experiences of the disciples with Jesus also bound them more closely together.

I described my experience of the morning, the grief, the painful memories, the desolation, the relief at finding they were dead in the grave, and the realization that I was free from things I hadn't even realized were holding me back spiritually. And I had felt an irrepressible desire to share with those I'd wronged. One friend turned to me and said, "Go and tell the others." Those are the words of Jesus, in the Gospel of Matthew, when the women witnessed his resurrection from the dead. I laughed. Sharing this was what I wanted to do more than anything else. It was what we were all doing—sharing our experiences, putting them into words to be heard by each other, and making witnesses of each other to the change in our lives. It is the hope of the Easter Gospel: a hope in grief, in death, in resurrection, in freedom. It is the hope to which our lives, and the lives of all believers, bear witness.



# We can draw on deep well for healing

Many prayers available when our words fail us

BY THE REV. DANIEL GRAVES

**FOR** the lay visitor or cleric visiting a sick parishioner, the section entitled "Ministry to the Sick" in the Book of Alternative Services may not be of much help. Of course, if one is bringing the sacrament or offering anointing, a suitable liturgy will be found there. However, if the sick person were suddenly to ask for prayers for an upcoming operation, or if they have just received bad news about a chronic or terminal illness, or even if the person wishes their minister to give thanks for some healing that has occurred, we find the BAS sadly lacking. In the best of all worlds, perhaps, the visitor would be able to offer up a wonderfully extemporaneous prayer that would strike all the right notes that would make the great worthies of Anglican devotion such as Lancelot Andrewes or Jeremy Taylor proud. The truth, though, is that most of us could use a little help from our friends, and in this case, those friends are the service books and liturgies from around the Anglican Communion that have included such prayers and can be of great assistance when our own words fail us.

Even for those of us who are supposedly "trained to pray," there can be times when it is just plain difficult to find the right words for the right situation. Try as we might, we may impress our own concerns upon the prayers we pray for others, or the illness and condition of the person may touch a gentle spot within us, or we may simply be at a loss for words. The wonderful thing about the Anglican tradition, though, is that we have the well of "common prayer" from which we can draw. If we search our tradition, there are riches to be found.

When I began my work with the Bishop's Committee on Healing some years ago, it became clear to us on the committee that both clergy and lay visitors (including lay anointers) would benefit greatly from a little collection of such prayers. At the time, I was the manager of the Anglican Book Centre (ABC), and due to requests from both academic liturgists and parish clergy alike, I had taken it upon myself to stock and provide the most extensive collection anywhere of prayer books from around the Anglican Communion.

The last 40 years have seen an explosion in liturgical revision. Since the publication of the BAS in 1985, many provinces in the world-wide Anglican Church have published exciting revisions that have a wealth of liturgical resources, including re-

sources for healing prayer. However, most of these resources are extremely hard to find, and it is beyond the financial means of most lay visitors, not to mention clergy, to own copies of the various books (indeed, I would often have to procure them for the Anglican Book Centre by sending American cash with those visiting abroad, and need to stock dozens of copies as it was impossible to restock small quantities with any regularity). I began to peruse these editions and collect the various healing prayers and categorize them. To my surprise, the harvest was plentiful.

What had begun as a simple project of collecting some pertinent and useful prayers soon developed into a publication project. After I left the book store to enter parish ministry, I approached ABC Publishing, which enthusiastically accepted the project for publication and sought the appropriate copyright permissions from the member provinces. To round out the collection, I provided a theological and historical introduction on the topic of healing prayer and headed each section of the collection with several "pastoral rubrics" that would provide assistance to those entering into any given pastoral situation in which they would be asked to pray for healing. The book was published in January and is now heading into its fourth printing.

Healing prayer is about praying together, and this is what the Anglican tradition does so well. Common prayer is about more than slavish devotion to a particular text, but rather the acknowledgement that when we pray together, we do so in the company of the saints who have gone before us. Illness can be so isolating; praying together, using prayers that have been prayed globally and through the ages, is a tangible sign that we are not alone. And of course, in all prayer we meet that Great Physician who gently enfolds us through the greatest trials of our earthly life. My hope and prayer is that this book will be of use to those who seek to find the right words to pray and those who will use the prayers as a beginning as they take part in the ever-flourishing growth of the Anglican prayer tradition.

*The Rev. Daniel Graves is a priest of the diocese and a member of the Bishop's Committee on Healing. Prayers for Healing from the Anglican Tradition is published by ABC Publishing and available for \$13.95, plus HST, from Augsburg-Fortress/Anglican Book Centre.*



Brian, an artist and former inmate, displays his artwork at Prisoners' Justice Day at Holy Trinity, Trinity Square, Toronto. PHOTO BY MICHAEL HUDSON

## More ex-inmates homeless: report

**MORE** than 250 people, including ex-prisoners and the homeless, gathered at Holy Trinity, Trinity Square, Toronto on Aug. 12 for Prisoners' Justice Day. "Some of the most moving stories were from the wives and sisters of inmates, and from the ex-inmates themselves, who shared their experiences, their pain and their hope for a change in a system that penalizes rather than rehabilitates," says Garry Glowacki, program director of The Bridge, a prison ministry.

The event was organized by the Archbishop's Working Group on Justice and Corrections. "In light of the government's deci-

sion to build more prisons and condemn men and women to even longer sentences, we wanted to organize an event that would express solidarity with every brother and sister imprisoned and call for changes within our criminal justice system that would respect the humanity of all," said Mr. Glowacki, a member of the working group.

The John Howard Society presented its findings in a recent report which said that each year, more people are leaving Toronto jails with nowhere to call home and no plan or supports to keep them from returning to jail. The report says that one in five pris-

oners is homeless when he heads to jail, and nearly one in three has no home to return to when he gets out. The report estimates that hundreds of people are in this situation, and cost-benefit studies have shown it is cheaper to provide supports and affordable housing than to deal with the "homeless prisoner" population.

The report, titled *Homeless and Jailed: Jailed and Homeless*, makes a number of recommendations, including increased funding for non-profit agencies to provide discharge planning that would help place inmates directly into rent-subsidized dwellings.

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## Services

**OCT. 3** — St. Olave, Swansea, presents a choral evensong for Michaelmas, with the choir of St. Peter, Erindale, at 4 p.m. Followed by peach tea and a lively talk on Samuel Sebastian Wesley, whose works have a prominent place in today's evensong. Contributions appreciated. For more details, call 416-769-5686 or visit [www.stolaves.ca](http://www.stolaves.ca).

**OCT. 3** — Blessing of Animals at St. Nicholas, Birch Cliff, 1512 Kingston Rd., Scarborough, at 2 p.m. on the front lawn. Treats will be provided. For more information, visit [www.stnicholasbirchcliff.com](http://www.stnicholasbirchcliff.com) or call 416-691-0449.

**OCT. 3** — St. Thomas, Balsam Lake, invites all to help celebrate their 125th anniversary at 11 a.m. For further information, contact Sandra Burton at 705-438-3283.

**OCT. 17** — Jazz Vespers at St. Philip, Etobicoke, 25 St. Phillips Rd., at 4 p.m. Featuring Kate Schutt. Call 416-247-5181.

**OCT. 24** — Homecoming service at St. Mark, Midland, at 10 a.m., celebrating the church's 125th anniversary. All former parishioners are invited to attend. For more information, contact the church office at 705-526-6562 or [smac@csolve.net](mailto:smac@csolve.net).

## Fundraisers/Social

**OCT. 22** — St. Mark, Midland, is celebrating its 125th anniversary with a buffet dinner. All former parishioners are invited to attend. For more information, contact the church office at 705-526-6562 or [smac@csolve.net](mailto:smac@csolve.net).

**OCT. 22** — Church of Our Saviour is holding its 50th Anniversary Gala Dinner, Dance, and Auction at Spirales Banquet Centre, 888 Don Mills Rd., Toronto. Tickets are \$40. For more information, contact the church office at 416-385-1805 or [cos502010@hotmail.com](mailto:cos502010@hotmail.com).

**OCT. 29** — Diva Nite at St. Dunstan of Canterbury, 56 Lawson Rd., Scarborough, at 6:30 p.m. Come dressed as your favourite diva. Entertainment, glass of wine, food, cash bar, live and silent auctions. Tickets are \$30; proceeds to be shared with brain cancer research. For information or tickets, call 416-283-1844. Visa accepted.

**OCT. 30** — The Canadian Friends to West Indian Christians invite all to the Bishop Basil Tonks Dinner at St. Andrew, Scarborough, 2333 Victoria Park Ave., with the Most Rev. John Holder, Archbishop of the Province of the West Indies, as guest speaker. Eucharist at 5 p.m.; dinner at 6:30 p.m. Tickets are \$50. For more information, contact Derek Davidson at 905-

731-6740 or Marjorie Fawcett at 416-447-1481.

## Lectures/Conferences

**OCT. 17, 24, 31** — St. Clement, Eglinton, 59 Briar Hill Ave., Toronto, presents its fall series Forty Minute Forum, Sunday mornings from 10:10 to 10:50 a.m. The speakers will be: Oct. 17, John Tory, chair of the Toronto City Summit Alliance, on Building a Better City; Oct. 24, Ted Barris, journalist, with a talk entitled They Never Talked About It, putting a face on the service and sacrifice of men and women in uniform; and Oct. 31, Bridget Stutchbury, professor of biology at York, on the secret lives of birds. All events in this series are free, and everyone is welcome. Call 416-483-6664.

**OCT. 22-23** — Mark your calendar for this year's Prayer Conference, God Yearning to Hear, at St. John, York Mills. The keynote speaker will be the Rev. Mike Flynn, an Episcopal priest in California and director of FreshWind, a Christian ministry that teaches responsiveness to the Holy Spirit for life and ministry. For more information, contact Tony Day at [tonyday@sympatico.ca](mailto:tonyday@sympatico.ca) or visit [www.toronto.anglican.ca/prayerconference](http://www.toronto.anglican.ca/prayerconference).

**NOV. 9** — The Neighbourhood Interfaith Group invites all to a talk with Rick Kardon, who will discuss his book *Victor Kugler: The Man Who Hid Anne Frank*, from 7:30 to 9 p.m. at Grace Church on-the-Hill, 300 Lonsdale Rd., Toronto. For more information, contact Bryan Beauchamp, at 416-926-9438 or [bryan.beauchamp@sympatico.ca](mailto:bryan.beauchamp@sympatico.ca), or visit [www.gracechurchonthehill.ca](http://www.gracechurchonthehill.ca).

## Sales

**OCT. 16** — Grace Church, Markham, 19 Parkway Ave., will hold its famous semi-annual Rummage Sale from 8:30 a.m. until noon. Bargains galore, including clothing for all sizes, linens, household goods and small appliances, books, toys, and much more. Call 905-294-3184.

**OCT. 16** — Holy Trinity, Thornhill, 140 Brooke St., will hold its Fall Rummage Sale from 9 a.m. to 12 noon. A large selection of clothes, household items, linens, books, games, toys, jewellery and much more will be available at great prices. For more information, call 905-889-5931.

**OCT. 16** — Grace Church on-the-Hill, 300 Lonsdale Rd., Toronto, will hold a Clothing Sale & Boutique from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. (easy access from St. Clair West Subway—Heath Street exit). High quality, gently used clothing, including great outerwear and brand names for children, teens, men and women. Very popular boutique & vintage section (adult and children's wear). For more details, call 416-488-7884 or visit [www.gracechurchonthehill.ca](http://www.gracechurchonthehill.ca).

**OCT. 23** — Country Fair at St. Crispin's, 77 Craiglee Dr., Scarborough, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Luncheon, BBQ, door prizes, bake sale, books, country store, silent auction, kids' corner, and much more. Call 416-267-7932 or email [sterispins@bellnet.ca](mailto:sterispins@bellnet.ca).

**NOV. 6** — Christmas Bazaar at Christ Church, Scarborough, 155 Markham Rd., from 9:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Crafts, baking, needlework, preserves, Granny's Attic and lunchroom. Everyone welcome. For further information, call the church office at 416-261-4169.

**NOV. 6** — Christmas Bazaar at the

Church of Our Saviour, 1 Laurentide Dr., Don Mills, Toronto. Baking, jams, preserves, soups, knitted items and crafts, jewellery, gingerbread house raffle. For more information, call 416-447-9121 or 416-447-2205.

**NOV. 6** — St. Nicholas, Birch Cliff, 1512 Kingston Rd. (east of Warden), invites all to its church bazaar from noon until 3 p.m. Wonderful crafts and Christmas decorations, "Lavender and Lace," baked goods, candies and preserves, books, attic treasures and much more. Enjoy lunch in the tea room. Call 416-691-0449 or visit [www.stnicholasbirchcliff.com](http://www.stnicholasbirchcliff.com).

**NOV. 13** — The Belles Ring in Christmas at St. Timothy, Agincourt, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Unique crafts/snow people, Field to Family preserves/pickles, gifting treasures, glass/brass, festive baking, jewelry and fashion accessories. Free admission. Lunch tickets \$10 each at the door. For more information, call 416-293-5711 or 905-472-5855.

**NOV. 13** — Christmas Fair at St. Cuthbert's, 1399 Bayview Ave., Toronto, from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Featuring Ted's Art Gallery, crafts, home baking, books, quilt raffle, silent auction, luncheon and more. For more information, call 416-485-0329.

**NOV. 13** — Christmas Fair at St. Clement, Eglinton, from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. at 59 Briar Hill Ave., Toronto. Come enjoy treasures, baked goods, jams & jellies, everyone's favourite tombola, a quilt raffle, and a youth fair. Photo with Santa. To find out more, call 416-483-6664.

**NOV. 13** — Christ Church, Brampton, is holding its 65th Christmas Tree Bazaar from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. The church is located at 4 Elizabeth St. N. For more information, call the parish office at 905-451-6649 or email [christchurchbrampton@bellnet.ca](mailto:christchurchbrampton@bellnet.ca).

**NOV. 13** — Grace Church, Markham, 19 Parkway Ave., will hold its annual Gingerbread Bazaar & Luncheon from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. Antiques & collectibles, baking, coffee time, crafts, knitting, new & nearly new, plants, preserves, sewing, surprise packages and grab bags will be featured. Lunch will be served. Call 905-294-3184.

**NOV. 13** — A Fall Extravaganza and Fair from 9:30 a.m. until 1 p.m. at St. Simon the Apostle, 525 Bloor St. E., close to the Sherbourne subway station. Live auction, bake sale, vintage jewellery, books, videos, CDs, stamps, Christmas decorations, contemporary art, photographs, fine linens, crystal and china. Followed by an English Tea and Sing-a-Long for \$5. Call 416-923-8714 or visit [www.stsimons.ca](http://www.stsimons.ca).

**NOV. 13** — The Church of the Resurrection, 1100 Woodbine Ave., Toronto, invites all to its Holly Bazaar, from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. Home baking, jams and preserves, Victorian Room (linens, lace & fine china), hand-knitted baby sets, books, tea room, and more. For more information, call 416-425-8383.

**NOV. 13** — St. Mary, Richmond Hill, 10300 Yonge St., will hold its Christmas Bazaar and Luncheon from 10:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Check out the deli and country kitchen, baked goods, knitting, jewellery and scarves, Christmas gifts and decor tables. Christmas luncheon available. For more information, visit [www.saintmaryschurch.ca](http://www.saintmaryschurch.ca).

**NOV. 20** — St. Timothy, North Toronto, invites all to St. Timothy's Christmas Kitchen, from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Huge silent auction and much more.

Home baking, tourtières, preserves, lunch. For kids: Instant photos with Santa, shopping, cookie-decorating. For more information, visit [www.sttimothy.ca](http://www.sttimothy.ca) or call 416-488-0079.

**NOV. 20** — Holy Trinity, Thornhill, 140 Brooke St., will be holding its Festival of Christmas from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. A selection of hand-made gifts, decorations, a large bake sale, raffle, and festive luncheon will be available. For more information, call 905-889-5931.

**NOV. 20** — Holy Family, Heart Lake (Brampton), holds its Annual Christmas Bazaar from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. International foods, crafts, baked goods, treasures table, silent auction and more. For more information, call 905-846-2347.

**NOV. 27** — Holly Berry Fair at St. Luke, East York, 9:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Tea room, crafts, baking, books, jewellery, pre-owned treasures and much more. Call 416-421-6878, ext. 21.

## Music

**OCT. 14, 21, 28** — Lunchtime Chamber Music, Thursdays at 12:10 p.m. at Christ Church, Deer Park, 1570 Yonge St. Admission free; donations welcome. For more information, visit the music page of the church's website, at [www.christchurchdeerpark.org](http://www.christchurchdeerpark.org).

**OCT. 16** — St. Dunstan of Canterbury invites all to a performance of Isshin Daiko, a Japanese Taiko Drumming Group, at 8 p.m. The church is located at 56 Lawson Rd., Scarborough. Optional lasagna dinner available at 6:30 p.m. Dinner and show: adult \$25, student \$20. Show only: adult \$12, student \$8. For more information or to purchase tickets, call 416-283-1844. Visa accepted.

**OCT. 16** — St. Andrew, Alliston, presents a Musicfest and Gala, with singers, live entertainment, karaoke, and gourmet dinner. Musicfest begins at 2 p.m.; Gala begins at 5 p.m. For more information and tickets, call 705-435-9711.

**OCT. 16** — The Toronto Mendelssohn Choir (TMC) presents Singstons Saturdays, choral workshops where

anyone who loves to sing is invited to join with noted local conductors and TMC choristers to learn about and sing some of the great choral masterpieces. On Oct. 16, participants will sing Bach's St. John Passion with TMC Assistant Conductor Ross Inglis. The workshop runs from 10:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., at Yorkminster Park Baptist Church, Cameron Hall, 1585 Yonge St. The fee is \$10 and includes refreshments. Participants can register at the workshop. For more information, call TMC at 416-598-0422, ext. 24, or visit [www.tmchoir.org](http://www.tmchoir.org).

**OCT. 24** — Christ Church, Scarborough, 155 Markham Rd., will hold an "Evening of Music" featuring the church choir and guest artists at 4:30 p.m. Tickets are \$20. For further information, call the church office at 416-261-4169.

**NOV. 12** — Celebration of Music, at the Church of St. Simon-the-Apostle, 525 Bloor St. E., Toronto, at 7:30 p.m. The Yorkminstrels Show Choir; Patricia Haldane, alto, accompanied by Jennifer Tung on the piano; and John Sheard, jazz pianist, with vocalists Michelle Willis and Cherie Camp. Dessert and coffee available during intermission. Tickets are \$20 (students \$15). For advance sales by VISA or MasterCard, contact Kirk at 416-923-8714, ext. 208. Cash sales only at the door. Proceeds support the church's music program and ongoing efforts to create musical opportunities for young people.

**DEC. 5** — Children's Christmas Musical "Once Upon a Starry Night" at St. John, York Mills, 19 Don Ridge Dr., Toronto, at 3 p.m. Admission is by donation, minimum \$5 recommended. Call 416-225-6611.

**DEC. 8, 12** — Christmas Flourish at Christ Church, Deer Park, featuring the Toronto Welsh Male Voice Choir and the HMCS Navy Band, celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Royal Canadian Navy. Dec. 8, 7:30 p.m.; Dec. 12, 3 p.m. For more information, contact Bonnie Booth at 416-410-2254 or [info@twmvc.com](mailto:info@twmvc.com).

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**November 1 at 7.30 p.m.**  
at the Church of the Redeemer for a public meeting

**November 2 at 9.30 a.m.**  
at St. Philip's Etobicoke with clergy of the Diocese

"The Emerging Church movement offers a new model for churches that combines justice and evangelism while blurring the old liberal-conservative battle lines" (United Church Observer)



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## READING THE BIBLE

BY THE REV. CANON DON BEATTY

# Paul's last letter gives encouragement

Several years ago, I was invited by the Archbishop of Toronto to lead a retreat for five newly ordained deacons. For the scripture meditations that we would read and reflect upon, I chose the second epistle to Timothy. 1 Timothy is about church administration and worship. 2 Timothy is about pastoral care. Thus, this second letter to Timothy was an excellent passage for new deacons. This October, the epistle readings will be from this letter.

This was Paul's last letter. It was written while he was in a Roman prison as he awaited his execution about 67 CE. He was trying to help Timothy in his role as the "overseer" at Ephesus. Timothy, according to tradition, was the first Bishop of Ephesus. He died about 97 CE.

Paul's letter was composed during his second imprisonment. His first detainment was a house arrest in which he was free to receive visitors, teach the faith and write letters. This time he was chained in a cell and not able to receive many visitors.

In this epistle, Paul wrote his final words of encouragement and instruction to his "son in the faith." He mentioned Timothy's grandmother, Lois, and his mother, Eunice, who were among Paul's early converts to Christianity in Lystra during his first missionary journey (1:5). Paul reminded Timothy of the gift of God that is within him through the laying on of Paul's hands (1:6). God gave Timothy the Spirit of power, love and self-discipline (1:7). Timothy had received all that he needed to be a pastor and a bishop. Paul reminded him to rely on this power and not to be ashamed of the Gospel or of Paul's imprisonment (1:8). God calls us not because we are holy, but to make us holy (1:9). This is a very compelling and powerful opening chapter.

Paul reminded Timothy, "Remember Jesus Christ, raised from the dead. That is my Gospel for which I suffer hardship, even to the point of being chained like a criminal" (2:8-9). In the third chapter, we see Paul explaining to Timothy that all scripture is "God-

breathed." He was referring to the Old Testament, as there was no New Testament at this time. Notice, he did not say "dictated" by God. The authors of scripture were inspired by the Holy Spirit. It should be remembered that all scripture, Old and New Testaments, were originally copied by hand and passed on to succeeding generations. Many editors and scribes had a hand in shaping the words we possess today. One scribe may make a note in the margin and the next one decides that it fits very nicely into the text and so it becomes part of scripture. Does this make the word of God less valid? No, I believe the Holy Spirit can work through the hands of the scribes, editors and redactors as well as the original authors. Do we accept every word as infallible? Again, I believe the answer is no. These words were written for the people of that day. We need to understand scripture against this background, learn as much as we can about the age in which they were written and then interpret them for our present age.

Paul informed Timothy that scripture leads to knowledge of salvation and opens up the way to God. Scripture is useful in teaching about the faith and in confronting us about our sin (3:16-17).

In chapter four, Paul reminded Timothy of the need to preach the word, correct errors, rebuke when necessary, and encourage the faithful with patience and careful instruction. Remember, he wrote, be sober, endure suffering, do the work of an evangelist and carry out your ministry (4:5). Paul had laboured for 35 years in the Gospel and now he was entrusting the work to his protégé.

This beautiful epistle is most helpful in our ministry. I often wonder if those five deacons remembered the words of Paul to Timothy and if they were useful for their ministry. They have been in mine! Listen to those words by Paul as he calls each of us to be faithful to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

*The Rev. Canon Don Beatty is an honorary assistant at St. Luke, Dixie South, Mississauga.*

**PLEASE RECYCLE THIS NEWSLETTER. Give it to a friend.**

## IN MOTION

- The Rev. Dr. Byron Gilmore, Regional Dean, North Peel, July 1.
- The Rt. Rev. Bill Hockin, Interim Priest-in-Charge, Holy Trinity, Thornhill, Sept. 1.
- The Rev. Jeff Brown, Interim Priest-in-Charge, St. Joseph of Nazareth, Bramalea, Sept. 1.
- The Rev. Canon Jim Garland, Interim Priest-in-Charge, St. Michael and All Angels, Toronto, Sept. 1.
- The Rev. Jeyaretnam Vivekanathan, Pastor-in-Charge, St. Margaret Tamil Congregation, Sept. 1.
- The Rev. Jeffrey Donnelly (California), Incumbent, St. Peter, Oshawa, Sept. 15.
- The Rev. Beverley Williams, Interim Priest-in-Charge, Christ Church, Scarborough, Oct. 1.

**Vacant Incumbencies**  
*Clergy from outside the diocese*

*with the permission of their bishop may apply through the Ven. Peter Fenty.*

### First Phase - Parish Selection Committee in Formation

- (not yet receiving names):
- St. John, Blackstock
  - St. Matthias, Etobicoke
  - Holy Trinity, Thornhill
  - St. Cyprian
  - St. Giles, Barrie
  - St. Joseph of Nazareth, Bramalea

### Second Phase - Parish Selection Committee Receiving Names

- (via Area Bishop):
- St. Philip on-the-Hill, Unionville (York-Simcoe)
  - Minden-Kinmount (Trent-Durham)

### Third Phase - Parish Selection Committee Interviewing

- (not receiving names):
- St. Monica
  - St. Thomas, Brooklin

### Conclusion

- The Rev. Derek Davidson concluded his diaconal ministry at St. Mary, Richmond Hill on Sept. 1.

### Ordination

- The Rev. Joyce Barnett was ordained a priest at Holy Trinity, Trinity Square, Toronto, on Sept. 14.

### Death

- The Rev. Oakley Peters died on Aug. 13. Ordained a Vocational Deacon in 1996, he served as Deacon Assistant in the Parish of St. George, Newcastle, and St. Saviour, Orono, until his retirement in 1998. He served in the Diocese of Ontario in his retirement.

## PRAYER CYCLE

### FOR NOVEMBER

1. Founders and Benefactors of the Diocese of Toronto
2. Trinity Church, Colborne
3. St. Stephen's Community Ministries (FaithWorks)
4. Toronto Urban Native Ministry (FaithWorks)
5. Working Group on Aboriginal Issues
6. The University of Trinity College
7. Oshawa Deanery
8. All Saints, Whitby
9. Ascension, Port Perry
10. Christ Memorial Church, Oshawa
11. St. George Memorial, Oshawa
12. St. George, Pickering Village (Ajax)
13. St. John, Blackstock (Cartwright)
14. The Philip Aziz Centre (FaithWorks)
15. St. John, Whitby
16. St. Martin, Bay Ridges (Pickering)
17. St. Matthew, Oshawa
18. St. Paul on-the-Hill, Pickering
19. St. Paul, Uxbridge
20. St. Peter, Oshawa
21. Rural Outreach Centre (FaithWorks)
22. St. Thomas, Brooklin
23. Administration and Finance Department
24. Campaign 2000
25. Mission to Seafarers
26. Camp Couchiching
27. Chaplaincy Services of the Diocese
28. The Community of Deacons of the Diocese
29. Wycliffe College
30. Bishop Strachan School

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# We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing...

**T**his year, when we remember the many blessings that God has given to us, let us also give thanks for

**FaithWorks Community Ministries and Partners.** With your support, they help us build communities of hope and compassion throughout our Diocese, across Canada and around the world.

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*It is God's power,  
working in us,  
that can do  
infinitely more  
than we can ask  
or imagine.*

—Eph 3:20.



***Faith*  
WORKS**

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