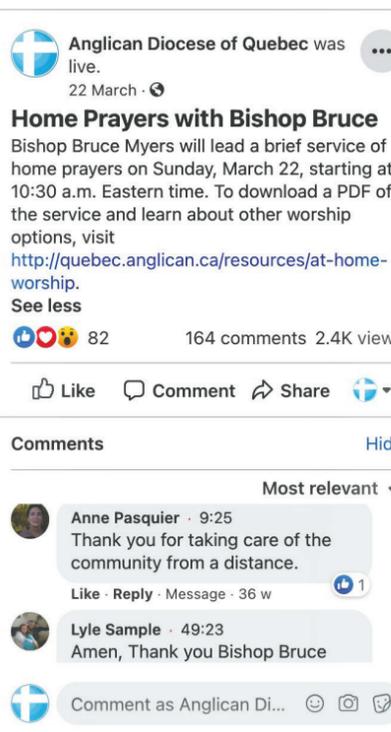


Quebec Diocesan Gazette

DIOCÈSE ANGLICAN DE QUÉBEC • ԺԿԺ ԵՐԷԿՈՒ ԳԵՂԳԵՐՆԵՆԻ • ANGLICAN DIOCESE OF QUEBEC

Study shows how COVID has changed way we worship, grieve



Bishop Bruce and other clergy of the diocese have offered weekly online services since March. (Photo: contributed)

By **Andrea Reeve**
Student Abroad

As lockdown measures began this past March, I was starting a Ritual Studies course at Radboud University in the Netherlands. I needed to propose a project that was viable with only online correspondence, and no access to the locked-up university library. I had also learned about the severity of coronavirus in Quebec, and was concerned for the extended community of which I am a part. Given these circumstances, I chose to research changes in ritual resulting from COVID-19, as experienced by members of the Anglican Diocese of Quebec.

There were two topics I wanted to explore: What were the changes to the now-online Anglican services, and how were these changes experienced by the congregation? Also, as no one was permitted to visit the ill or elderly, or attend funerals, how were people coping with being denied traditional death and dying rites?

A couple of months into the lockdown I conducted interviews with two members of clergy, as well as twenty congregants. I personally knew about a quarter of those interviewed, however all information from laypeople was anonymized before it was referenced. I must also mention that while I study religion, I am not formally associated with the diocese, or any religious tradition. I am, however, part of a small summer community on the Lower Saint Lawrence, for which the local Anglican church serves a central part of village life.

Virtual liturgy

Moving to an online format was an enormous adjustment for everyone, and there was little time in which to make the transition. Only one day passed between the announcement for, and broadcast of the first service. Given this, the popularity of the online (or phone-in) services was remarkable; both clergy interviewed believed that more people were attending services virtually than there would be if churches were physically open.

This may speak to ease of access, increased free time during quarantine, or a greater spiritual need in times of uncertainty.

To be sure, the rites within the service changed, but for the most part congregants did not comment on this. There was great anxiety among clergy relating to the lack of eucharist, but only a quarter of respondents mentioned this, even when urged to complain about anything of their choosing. Only two were acutely upset by not receiving the Host, whereas most people preferred to complain about—or alternatively praise—social elements of the service. Typically, this took the form of grieving the absence of physical gatherings, or celebrating the ability to connect with others through song or intercessory prayers.

“We must acknowledge that the temporary solutions are no replacement for being in the same physical space with people we love during critical times.”

What presented the greatest problem for the congregation, was the use of Facebook as a platform of worship. There was a learning curve, as people dealt with distraction during the service and navigated proper chatroom use. Many wanted to socialize, but a diocese-wide chatroom limits what one should say. Some unexpected chat-behaviour emerged, for example, making jokes at the bishop’s expense while he was giving a sermon. This would not be well-received in a traditional service; what was socially acceptable changed without spoken agreement.

The reason why Facebook presents such a problem, is because it already was a place of ritualized behaviour; complete with its own routines, associations and head-

space. Hosting religious worship here gives rise to conflict between rituals. What fascinated me, is that without being told to do so, 90% of those interviewed performed what I called a ‘pre-ritual rite’: they had a series of things they did before every service, such as collecting certain objects or performing specific activities. This helped to carve out space on Facebook in which religious worship could flourish.

Grieving alone

As someone aiming to study religious death rites, I was alarmed when I learned how coronavirus measures affected Quebec, particularly the restrictions on visiting the ill, elderly or dying. Further, almost no funerals were permitted; death seemed poised to strike due to the pandemic, yet the dead were not given traditional rites and were effectively ritually-ignored.

As I composed the interview, I hoped that there would be few affected by these measures. Instead, to my dismay, every single response indicated that either a visit to an ill or elderly loved one was cancelled (90%), or that a funeral was missed (70%). One person missed five funerals; they made an interesting comment, suggesting that when the measures are finally lifted, it will be challenging—because there will be so many funerals to attend. For 20 respondents, a total of 34 funerals were missed.

If I had known how universally these concerns would be felt, I would have asked more targeted questions. What I did ask, however, relates to a more implicit ritual: will amendment. This was a sneaky question, yet I was consistently offered great detail. A majority (60%) were at least considering amending their will, and some (20%) volunteered that they had recently created their first will. I would speculate that this relates to frustration with the sudden lack of socially-acceptable ways of acknowledging death; one cannot visit the dying, or properly mourn for their dead loved ones. Editing one’s will is an appropriate way to confront mortality; and possible during quarantine.

Despite the grief of enforced isolation, creative solutions have been reached. Many respondents mentioned video-calling fellow parishioners, or ill relatives and friends. Some attended other virtual churches, or indeed virtual funerals. New forms of spirituality have been explored, and the importance of family, singing, meditation and prayer are being (re-)discovered. Questions are being asked by clergy and lay alike; What is important? What have we been neglecting? Where do we go from here?

The issues being faced by the diocese, whether regarding remote worship or lack of visitation and funerals, boil down to issues of intimacy. We must acknowledge that the temporary solutions are no replacement for being in the same physical space with people we love during critical times. I can attest to this myself, being stranded overseas during this pandemic. However, the opportunity to conduct interviews and view services with everyone has been an immense boon. My thanks to those who agreed to be interviewed, providing me with remarkable data, and the chance to connect with the greater Anglican Diocese of Quebec community.

FROM THE BISHOP

I miss you

There's one of those illuminated Transports Québec signs on the side of a highway on the outskirts of Quebec City that I usually pass by once a week. Since the earliest days of the pandemic, it has unrelentingly flashed the same message to passing motorists day and night: LIMITEZ VOS DÉPLACEMENTS – COVID-19.

As a part of the effort to limit the spread of the coronavirus, public health officials have asked us to stay close to home and to travel as little as possible. It's advice I've done my best to follow. Since the COVID-19 pandemic officially began last March, I haven't ventured much more than an hour's drive from my home in Quebec City.

This has perhaps been the hardest part of the pandemic for me. As bishop of a geographically vast diocese, in a typical year I use a half-dozen different modes of transportation to visit congregations all over the 720,000 square kilometres of our territory. In 2020, extended trips I had planned to Kawawachikamach, the North Shore, the Gaspé, the Magdalen Islands were all cancelled, not to mention shorter pastoral visits I'd normally make to parishes between Quebec City and the U.S. border, and to a summer congregation or two.

Life in Quebec City is not exactly a hardship, and the online home prayers offered each Sunday morning have connected many of us across the diocese in a new and somewhat unexpected way. But with each passing month of dutifully staying put, I realized just how much of my ministry as your bishop is bound up with spending time with the people of this diocese, in the places where you live and work and worship, and how one of the things I love most about serving as your bishop is travelling to each uniquely beautiful part of this diocese.

And how much I really miss you all.

I was recently reminded that the apostle Paul was sometimes prevented (not by a pandemic, mind you) from visiting some of the Christian communities for which he had not only oversight, but also great affection. In his first pastoral letter to the church at Thessalonica, Saint Paul wrote, "As for us, brothers and sisters, when, for a short time, we were made orphans by being separated from you—in person, not in heart—we longed with great eagerness to see you face to face. For we wanted to come to you—certainly I, Paul, wanted to again and again—but Satan blocked our way." (1 Thess. 2:17)

While I won't pin pandemic travel restrictions on the devil, I certainly do resonate with Paul's longing to see his sisters and brothers in the faith "face to face," rather than just on Facebook or Zoom. And like Paul, I've felt separated from so many of you in the diocese only "in person, not in heart." You've been regularly in my prayers, and each Sunday I've led home prayers online or on the telephone, I've felt connected with you all in a real if imperfect way.

Paul the apostle never did make it back to Thessalonica. I, on the other hand, am looking forward with great eagerness to resuming my in-person visits across the diocese once public health authorities indicate it is prudent to do so. At the same time, I'll be taking the opportunity to ask if there are more sustainable and ecologically sound means and patterns of travelling, recognizing that going back to exactly the way things were before the pandemic isn't always the most responsible option.

In the meantime, God willing, I'll look forward to seeing you once again face to face in 2021.



+ Bruce

prolongés que j'avais prévus faire à Kawawachikamach, sur la Côte-Nord, en Gaspésie et aux Îles-de-la-Madeleine ont tous été annulés, ceci sans parler des visites pastorales plus courtes que j'aurais faites comme d'habitude dans les paroisses localisées entre Québec et la frontière américaine, et à une ou deux congrégations estivales.

Mais vivre à Québec ne peut pas être considéré comme une épreuve, et les prières à domicile en ligne organisées chaque dimanche matin ont permis à bon nombre d'entre nous à travers le diocèse de rester en contact d'une manière nouvelle et quelque peu inattendue. Mais chaque mois passé à rester consciencieusement en place me fait réaliser à quel point mon ministère épiscopal est lié au temps passé auprès des gens de ce diocèse, dans les endroits où vous vivez, où vous travaillez et où vous exercez le culte, et que l'une des choses que j'aime le plus de mon rôle d'évêque, c'est de voyager dans chacune des magnifiques localités de ce diocèse.

Et à quel point je m'ennuie de vous tous et toutes.

Récemment, on m'a rappelé que l'apôtre Paul a lui aussi parfois été empêché (mais pas par une pandémie, remarquez) de visiter certaines des communautés chrétiennes dont il était non seulement responsable, mais aussi pour lesquelles il éprouvait une grande affection. Dans sa première lettre pastorale à l'église de Thessalonique, Saint Paul a écrit: « Pour nous, frères, séparés de vous pour un temps, loin des yeux mais non du cœur, nous avons redoublé d'efforts pour aller vous voir, car nous en avons un vif désir. C'est pourquoi nous avons voulu nous rendre chez vous – moi-même, Paul, à plusieurs reprises – et Satan nous en a empêchés. » (1 Thessaloniens 2:17)

Bien que je ne mette pas sur le diable le blâme des restrictions sur les voyages pendant la présente pandémie, je ressens avec force le même désir que Paul de rencontrer ses sœurs et ses frères dans la foi « face à face », plutôt que simplement sur Facebook ou Zoom. Et comme Paul,

vous étiez tous, partout dans le diocèse « loin des yeux, mais non du cœur ». Vous étiez régulièrement dans mes prières, et à chaque dimanche où je dirigeais des prières à la maison en ligne ou au téléphone, je me suis senti connecté avec vous tous et toutes d'une manière réelle, bien qu'imparfaite.

L'apôtre Paul n'est finalement jamais revenu à Thessalonique. En revanche, moi j'ai très hâte de reprendre mes visites en personne dans le diocèse une fois que les autorités de la santé publique auront indiqué qu'il est possible de le faire. À la même occasion, j'en profiterai pour voir s'il existe des moyens de voyager plus écologiques et plus respectueux de l'environnement, car je reconnais que faire les choses exactement comme avant la pandémie n'est pas toujours l'option la plus responsable.

En attendant, si Dieu le veut, j'ai hâte de vous revoir face à face en 2021.

DE L'ÉVÊQUE

Je m'ennuie de vous

Il y a un panneau lumineux de Transports Québec identique à celui-ci sur le bord d'une autoroute située en périphérie de Québec que j'emprunte habituellement une fois par semaine. Depuis les premiers jours de la pandémie, il diffuse sans relâche le même message aux automobilistes, de jour comme de nuit: LIMITEZ VOS DÉPLACEMENTS - COVID-19.

Dans le cadre des efforts mis en œuvre pour limiter la propagation du coronavirus, les responsables de la santé publique nous ont demandé de rester près de chez nous et de voyager le moins possible. C'est une recommandation que j'ai essayée de suivre de mon mieux. Depuis le début officiel de la pandémie du COVID-19 en mars dernier, je ne me suis pas aventuré à plus d'une heure de route de chez moi à Québec.

Cela a peut-être été l'élément qui m'a donné le plus de difficulté pendant cette pandémie. En tant qu'évêque d'un diocèse géographiquement vaste, j'utilise, au cours d'une année typique, une demi-douzaine de moyens de transport différents pour visiter des congrégations situées partout dans les 720 000 kilomètres carrés de notre territoire. En 2020, les voyages



Quebec Diocesan Gazette

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A monthly record of church work in the Anglican Diocese of Quebec; a ministry founded in 1894 by the Rt. Rev. A.H. Dunn

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regions of the diocese, with special emphasis on regional activities and matters of concern for both laity and clergy. It shall provide an opportunity for the bishop to address the people of the diocese directly and seek to cover items from outside the diocese that bear on its corporate life. The Gazette shall provide a channel for information and a forum for discussion, shall be encouraged to express a wide range of opinion within the diocese, and shall enjoy editorial independence. (Canon 22 of the Synod of the

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The **deadline** for articles is the beginning of the month prior. For example: March 1 for the April paper.

HALLOWEEN ATTACK IN VIEUX-QUÉBEC

Responding to a violent act by gathering, walking, praying

By Christian Schreiner

Dean and Rector of the Parish of Quebec

“Not again!” was my first thought when a phone call woke me up on All Saints’ Sunday. Jean Thivièrge, sexton at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, had called to tell me that two murders had occurred, during the night, in the Old City, around the cathedral. A man dressed in a cape and carrying a samurai sword had killed two people and badly injured five others. As it was Halloween, no one thought to question a man wandering around town carrying a giant bloody sword.

Mayor Régis Labeaume, later that day, said it felt a bit like an old movie. Once again Quebec City, our peaceful city—with one of the lowest crime rates in North America—was faced with acts of horrible violence. Less than three years before, six people were murdered and 20 more wounded in a shooting rampage at Quebec City’s Grand Mosque.

Jean Thivièrge said that there was police tape all around the cathedral close; nobody could get in. Would there be a worship service this morning? Pierre Voyer, parish priest of the francophone Paroisse de Tous les Saints, had been forced to cancel the service—because he was not allowed to leave his home, which is literally next door to where the second murder had taken place only hours before.

I called Bishop Bruce, who was in his car driving into town. “I’ll see how far I get,” he said, “but I think the church should definitely be open!”

A few hours later, the allowed maximum of 25 met inside the cathedral for a strange, intense, sad and beautiful service of morning prayer. We really needed to be together that morning. One parishioner describes the experience thus:

“From where I was sitting, I have the image of you standing in front of the altar, with the stained-glass window behind that; and of course the thought that a murdered person had been lying so close to the other side of the window. The juxtaposition of us inside a peaceful prayer place, with violence having happened less than 12 hours earlier just feet away.”

A few days later, another parishioner approached me. “I feel like our cathedral close has been tainted by violence; is there



(Photo: George Ian Bowles/Creative Commons)

a way of blessing and somehow reclaiming our collective space?” She was inspired by a parishioner who lived close by, who had already begun walking the streets of Old Quebec in order to reclaim them. But now I understood that this was something we all had to do together.

“I would like us to meet and walk around our city together in silence, in the darkness of the night, carrying candles to reassure ourselves and each other that we are together, in solidarity. We are not alone.”

And here’s what’s different about Quebec City in 2020 compared with Quebec City in 2017: When I woke up to the phone call, in January 2017, telling me about the horrific mosque attacks, I wanted to call my Muslim friends—and had to realize that I did not have any Muslim friends. But in the years since, many friendships have

been forged. Now, we are in the habit of reaching out to each other when we are in need of community.

So I connected with my friends from other faith communities: Boufeldja Benabdallah (Grand Mosque), David Weiser (Beth Israel Ohev Sholem synagogue), Cardinal Gérald Cyprien Lacroix (Roman Catholic Diocese of Quebec), Marie-Émilie Lacroix (Innu from the community of Mashteuiatsh), Katherine Burgess (St. Andrew’s Presbyterian), Darla Sloan (Église Unie St Pierre) and city councillor Jean Rousseau. They all agreed that something should be done, and soon. I felt strongly that it should be open to everyone; any kind of religious service would have been limited to 25 people - and really complicated to put together on short notice. So, instead I decided to simply tell my story and see how my friends felt about it:

I have lived in Quebec for 16 years. I work in the Old City, and live in Saint-Roch. I walk in the streets of my city every day. This year, everything changed. Because of covid-19, the restaurants are closed, the hotels are closed, and the businesses on Saint-Jean, La Fabrique

Continued on page 7

FAITHFUL REFLECTIONS



Snow goose (Photo: Needpix.com)

Untidy with love

By Louisa Blair

Columnist

I’m really bad at the accordion. I won’t even tell you some of things my family have said about my accordion playing. The only place I can practice is outside, and even there, only when there’s no one for miles around.

But it’s getting trickier as the weather gets colder. My hands freeze and make ever more noisy mistakes. So

the other evening I made a bonfire and sat down on a haybale to play, all by myself. I would have been staring soulfully into the flames if I hadn’t been concentrating so hard. When you’re singing and playing the accordion, you have to focus on many body parts all doing different things at once: your keyboard hand searching for keys on an invisible piano, your button hand blindly feeling for invisible buttons organized in 5ths, your arms working the bellows, and your voice trying to remember the words. This level of concentration seems to do something to my face too, it’s one of the things my family laughs at the most.

But with no one listening I went wild. First I demolished a heap of my favourite hymns—I so miss singing hymns—and then I added a branch to the fire before starting to pulverize a few folksongs.

I was in the middle of *Un Canadien Errant* when I heard the snow geese. They have been flying over us for weeks and weeks, and this must have been one of the last flocks to leave. They were in perfect V-formation directly above me, but as they flew over they slowed down, they wobbled, their V broke up, and they began to sink down, honking loudly. I didn’t stop playing, I was finally getting that difficult chord change. The geese slowly pulled away, but they circled over me twice more before they finally left.

Did my playing sound like a sick goose who needed

help? Never mind, they recognized a kindred spirit, an errant lonely gooselike creature banished into the cold, honking into the north wind, and they were inviting me to go with them.

*Un Canadien errant,
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays étrangers.*

They’re in Mexico now, and they didn’t even have to quarantine. I’m still here in COVID winter. But their hesitation in the sky is something I won’t forget. Perhaps they were angels. The routine of our COVID days bares all our anguish, our sad hymnlessness, our loneliness, our broken resolutions and our ungenerosity with our closest bubble-mates to the sombre light of day.

And God’s angels, passing by, see us as we flail our broken way through this time. They forget all their rules, their virtuous plans, and get untidy with compassion. They topple, they lurch out of line with sheer affection, they start dropping helplessly through the sky with love. Who’s that making that terrible noise down there? She sounds a bit like one of us. They hesitate. Shall we scoop her up now?

Some of us will go with them. I’m staying on to try and work out these chords.

Cacouna wins CPRQ award of excellence for restoration

By Andrew Reeve & Peter Jones

Wardens of *St. James the Apostle, Cacouna*

A little over two years ago, we provided the Diocesan Gazette with an update on our ongoing restoration project. Since then, we have continued to invest in the future of our summer parish, and we would like to provide you with the latest news.

St. James is the only English-language Anglican church between Quebec City and Métis. The church itself was built in 1865 as a multi-denominational church serving the bustling 19th-century summer community in Cacouna. Our 150th anniversary was celebrated in 2015. At that time, it became clear that major renovations were needed for the church and the parsonage in order for our house of worship to survive the ravages of time.

A grant from the Conseil du patrimoine religieux du Québec (CPRQ) was secured in late 2015 and fundraising through the membership and community raised enough funds to match the provincial backing protocols. The church roof and steeple were rebuilt over the 2018 summer season.

In 2019, the next phase of the project was completed. The parsonage, where visiting clergy are housed during their visits, featured a crumbling field stone foundation in desperate need of repair. It was quite a sight to see the house raised three metres off the ground to allow workers and equipment to rebuild the foundation! In the end, the building was re-placed on a poured concrete



The restoration of the summer parsonage in Cacouna included raising off its foundations. (Photo: Peter Jones)

crete foundation and it now sits squarely and solidly in place. Now, when one enters the building, you no longer feel seasick. Along with a solid foundation, the floors, doors, and windows are all square! Make sure to visit next summer!

We have more exciting news to share. Since 2013, the CPRQ has run the Prix d'excellence (www.patrimoine-religieux.qc.ca/en/events/awards-of-excellence), a competition to highlight and acknowledge the amazing commitment, innovation, and passion Quebecers have for their religious heritage. In July we decided to enter the St. James Restoration Project.

The "virtual gala" was held on October 28th and to our surprise, we came out as the winners against seven other very strong entries in the restoration category! It is an acknowledgement to our membership, our past wardens, engaged parishioners, our parish, our diocese, the

Anglican Foundation of Canada, and the community of Cacouna that when we all work together, we can accomplish much good.

Regrettably, with the global pandemic, the doors of our church were closed tightly for the summer worship season. For that reason, the restoration project ground to a halt in 2020. Fortunately, there is one more year of funding support from the CPRQ and our supporters have continued to generously contribute. With this continued support, we aim to scratch off as many of the items on our "restoration to-do list" in 2021 as we can. Hopefully at this time next year, we will be able to update you on our 2021 Restoration Project accomplishments and our community, as well as all others across the country will be able to come back and meet and worship together after a long pause.

Anglican Foundation continues faithful support of diocese

By Judy Rois

Executive Director

Anglican Foundation of Canada

At the Anglican Foundation of Canada (AFC) we love, more than anything, to say Yes! and to help our parishes imagine more. The Foundation has been saying yes steadily and unfailingly—through good times and bad—for more than 60 years.

In the Diocese of Quebec, since 2010, we have said Yes! to nearly \$250,000 in grants and loans for your parishes. The vast majority has been invested in buildings and programs, including outreach to refugees and infrastructure projects that have helped to preserve diocesan heritage. Additionally, AFC supported a pilot project for the digitalization of the diocesan newspaper, magazines, and church registers to meet the requirements of the Indian School Settlement Agreement. AFC was pleased to support the All Saints' Memorial garden on the Magdalen Islands, the day camp for Syrian refugees at Quebec Lodge for three consecutive years, a puppet drama and music workshop for youth at Holy Trinity Cathedral, and a number of student bursaries at Laval University.

This past May, in spite of the challenges of the COVID-19 crisis and the impact on AFC's investment portfolio, we said Yes! to a restoration project at St. Matthias Church and Canon Gustin Hall in the Eastern Townships community of Fitch Bay.

For nearly 10 years now as Executive Director of the Foundation, I've had a front-row seat to some of the Canadian church's best ideas: the ministries and programs parish visionaries might undertake if only they had some strategic funding to help them get started. Knowing

Continued on page 7



AFC is supporting Heritage Fitch Bay's restoration of St. Matthias' Church. (Photo: Anglican Foundation of Canada)

A NEW LIBRARY FOR THE DIOCESE

Church hall provides new home for imperilled theology books

By Ruth Sheeran
Rural Dean of St Francis

Two thousand antiquarian books in search of a home—the challenge that faced Father Edward Simonton and myself when the Bishop’s University Library had to dispose of a large number of theological books. These volumes had found their way into the university’s care over the course of a century and a half as a result of the changing fortunes of the Anglican Diocese of Quebec. The collection included many rare and valuable items, so an ambitious project was conceived to preserve these volumes and make them available in the hall at the Church of St. George in Lennoxville.

A very successful fundraising campaign was undertaken which canvassed the priests trained at Bishop’s as well as other interested people. With the collected funds, glass-fronted bookcases were purchased to house the books on the main floor of the church hall. In order to create the appropriate atmosphere, portraits (reproductions) of the Right Reverend George Jehoshaphat Mountain, the Reverend Lucius Doolittle, and the Reverend Canon Dr. Scarth were hung in the hall. Oak tables and chairs the Bishop’s Library no longer used were procured and, with the addition of carpets and lamps, the hall has been transformed into an appealing space reminiscent of a traditional library. This has been done without compromising any of the usual activities of the hall. The tables have been fitted with rollers, making them easy to move, and no space has been lost with the addition of the bookcases. Rummage sale? Christmas Bazaar? Guild tea? No problem!

During the COVID-19 summer, we were able to take advantage of a lull in the activities in the hall to complete our task. Fortunately, the Bishop’s Library staff had compiled a database which contained all of the necessary bibliographic information for the 2,400 books. Shelving took several weeks, but with the enthusiastic assistance of the deanery administrative assistant and the sexton our task was successfully completed.

As we determined the previous owners, it quickly became evident that we were, in fact, assembling a bibliographic record of the intellectual life of our diocese. Quite apart from the inherent value of the texts, fascinating information was emerging thanks to the name plates, signed dedications, and donation plaques—information about the history and scholarly life of the Anglican clergy and parishioners over the past 150 years.

Many were owned by individuals, but the majority of the books came from two sources: the Lloyd Library at Bishop’s University and the Quebec Clerical Library. The Lloyd Library was a reading room in Divinity House (aka the Shed) created for the use of the divinity students. The library initially contained 3,000 volumes acquired by Archbishop Phillip Carrington, while he was the dean of the divinity faculty, from the late Rev. Canon Lloyd of



The parish hall of St. George’s in Lennoxville now doubles as a theological library. (Photo: Edward Simonton)

St Michael’s Church, Wigan, as a gift from his brother. Many of the books contain the signatures of the brothers, either Hugh or Charles Lloyd.

A significant portion of the oldest books bear the inscription Archbishop Tenison’s Bequest. Thomas Tenison was the Archbishop of Canterbury from 1694 until his death in 1715. Tenison was an ardent supporter of education and set up many schools and a public lending library. He was an associate of Thomas Bray, who, in 1698, formed the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge (SPCK), which went on to support the work of the Anglican Church around the world, including the Quebec diocese. Many of the titles were donated by the SPCK, which also provided much needed funds to the diocese and the university. Research to find information about the bequest and the involvement of the SPCK in the diocese is underway.

“As we determined the previous owners, it quickly became evident that we were, in fact, assembling a bibliographic record of the intellectual life of our diocese.”

The Quebec Clerical Library was originally housed in the church hall of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Quebec City. The associates of Dr. Bray contributed many of the items; in fact, the rules of Dr. Bray’s lending libraries were adopted for the management of the Quebec Clerical Library. In addition, over 1,000 volumes were donated by the Rev. Canon Thomas Richardson and many of these, now at St George’s, bear his signature.

The books yielded information about many other interesting sources. The majority of the older volumes

formed part of the Aylwin Library. This library was established in Quebec City from

the donation of the private collection of Quebec lawyer, politician, and judge, Thomas Cushing Aylwin, an original member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec and grandson of Thomas Aylwin, one of the early British settlers in the city. The oldest title in our collection was published in 1603 and belonged to this library.

Forty books, some from the 17th century, belonged to the Rev. Jasper Hume Nicolls, the first principal of Bishop’s University, and members of his family. A children’s Bible bears the charming inscription: “For Jasper with Grandpapa’s love 29 November 1891.” Many questions surround the other people whose books are now at St George’s. Why did Robert Bevan (1784-1854), Earl of Rougham Near Bury, Saint Edmund’s, donate books to the university? Who established the clerical library in La Tuque? Was William Sanders from La Chute a linguist as most of his books are classical language dictionaries? Who were Jack and Rose Cheam? And who was the mysterious Miss D. Racey who donated books in the 1940s?

In the 21st century, when information is cheap, it is humbling to reflect on the extent to which the former members of our diocese treasured books and engaged in intellectual pursuits. Lending libraries containing carefully selected titles were established across the diocese for the use of the clergy, and they were supported by individuals and institutions that understood the value of reading and learning. Large private collections were donated so others could benefit. In these times, when so much is instantly available in digital form and information pours unfiltered from the internet, books are often considered unfashionable. But we recognise it is an honour and a privilege to preserve this collection—an enduring testament to the significance our predecessors placed on the printed word.

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LAY READERS WORKSHOP

What to pray for (and how) in the midst of a pandemic?

By Samuel Borsman

Lay reader, Saint Francis Regional Minsitry

Since the beginning of the COVID-19 pandemic, more and more people have been turning to prayer. According to Google analytics, there has been a 50% increase in online prayer requests. But what are we praying for? Are we praying that God will put an end to the virus? Are we praying for hope or solace? And what image of God informs our prayers? Do we approach God as a gigantic supermarket in the sky whom, we hope, receives our shopping list of petitions? These were some of the questions raised by the Reverend Canon Giuseppe Gagliano in his November workshop for lay readers in the Diocese of Quebec.

We gathered on Zoom. For preparation, we had been asked to read a chapter on prayer from Rowan Williams' deceptively simple *Being Christian: Baptism, Bible, Eucharist, Prayer*. Prayer is not, Williams insists, "acquiring a set of special spiritual skills that operate in one bit of your life." Rather, it is nothing less than "growing into the kind of humanity that Christ shows us." Challenging, indeed!

After addressing some of the assumptions that many of us have about prayer—that it is primarily about petition and ideally spontaneous and joyful—Father Giuseppe reminded us that prayer is both intimately personal and communal. We pray in secret to the God who is closer to us than we are to ourselves. But we also pray "Our Father" as the Body of Christ. We belong to a liturgical tradition founded, after all, on the Book of Common Prayer. We're all in this together, even though some of us are praying alone with more frequency now.

In one of the cruel ironies brought on by the pandemic, we are becoming increasingly aware of our vulnerability

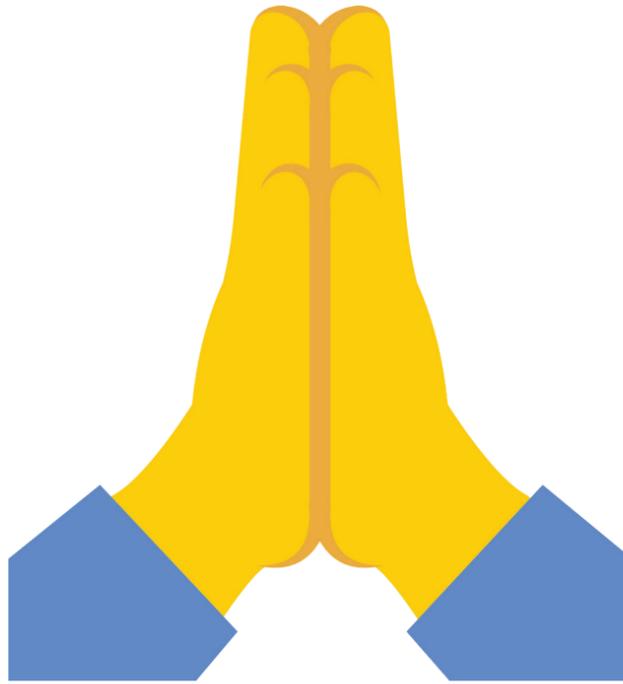


Photo: Creative Commons

and dependence on others, even as most of our churches are shuttered and our social lives curtailed. Phone calls, Zoom meetings, and online worship—as helpful as they are—have left many of us with a kind of digital acedia, a feeling of spiritual dryness and lack of rootedness brought on by online information overload. We are social animals and, as Christians, we profess an incarnational faith; we find the holy in the warmth of a friend's hug, the touch of a caring hand, the bread and wine of the Eucharist.

Father Giuseppe concluded his workshop by asking, "How has the pandemic changed your personal practice of prayer, for good or ill?" Marilyn Mastine of Danville

noted that she is trying to find God in the small things, while Spencer Nadeau of Lennoxville reflected on new layers of meaning that have opened up in his daily practice of saying the Lord's Prayer. We all agreed that prayer cannot be a flight from the world. As the First Letter of John reminds us, "for those who do not love a brother or sister whom they have seen, cannot love God whom they have not seen" (4: 20).

My prayer in these times is that the exhaustion, hopelessness, and anxiety that I feel when seeing yet another grim pandemic milestone on the news will not shut me down. I've realized with more clarity that hell is not other people; it is a self closed in on itself, barricaded against the healing balm of God's grace and the love of neighbours. So I pray for watchfulness and attentiveness to other's needs, needs that may not be verbally expressed.

People pray for hope and healing in all kinds of ways. What is meaningful to one person may not resonate with another. A Facebook friend of mine posts pictures of teddy bears and puppies in baskets, featuring scriptural quotes mixed in with TGIF-style encouragement. That is her prayer. Another friend meditatively recites: "Be still, and know that I am God" (Ps. 46:10) to assuage her anxiety. That is also prayer. And so, in its own way, was Father's Giuseppe's workshop. It nourished and fostered connection.

In her autobiography, St. Theresa of Avila defines prayer as "a close sharing between friends." She was referring to prayerful communion between God and humanity, but I think it can also refer to any sharing of oneself on a deep level, online or otherwise. With my fellow workshop attendees, I pray that lay readers in the diocese may find new opportunities for close sharing in these difficult times.

DIEU ET SA MUSIQUE

De Myriam à Jésus: À la recherche de nos racines musicales religieuses



Photo: Contributed

Par Irène Brisson

Organiste, Église Saint-Michael à Sillery

Les cantiques (hymns) que nous chantons chaque dimanche hors-pandémie possèdent souvent une longue histoire qu'on peut faire remonter jusqu'aux temps bibliques : l'Ancien Testament abonde d'allusions à la musique, qu'il s'agisse du kinnor (une sorte de lyre) ou de la flûte de Youval (ou Jubal, Genèse 4 : 21), du chant de Myriam, sœur de Moïse et d'Aaron (Exode 15 : 20), des cornes de bélier (shofar) qui firent tomber les murs de Jéricho (Josué 6 : 20), du kinnor (traduit communément par « harpe ») de David chassant les mauvais esprits qui tourmentaient Saül (1 Samuel 16 : 23).

Les quelques lignes qui suivent seront consacrées à un aspect particulier du chant sacré : le psaume. À lui seul, ce nom est une musique douce à nos oreilles, puisqu'il

vient du grec psalmos qui signifie chant accompagné par un psaltérion, un instrument à cordes de l'Antiquité. Si l'on attribue à David (Xe siècle avant Jésus-Christ) les 150 psaumes dont nous chantons ou récitons chaque semaine quelques versets, il s'agit en réalité d'une œuvre collective, qui s'étale sur plusieurs siècles : les plus anciens remonteraient à Moïse (psaume 90), tandis que ceux faisant allusion à l'exil à Babylone (psaume 137) et au Temple de Jérusalem ont été composés bien après David.

« Les psaumes 145 à 150... sont parmi les plus exubérants et les plus descriptifs en matière de musique. Hier comme aujourd'hui, ils invitent le fidèle à célébrer Dieu dans la joie, en chantant, en jouant des instruments et même en dansant. »

Ouvrons une Bible dans la section des psaumes : chaque psaume est précédé d'un entête mentionnant la présence fréquente d'instruments de musique. Quelques noms de « psalmistes », poètes ou musiciens sortent de l'anonymat : le sage Ethan l'Ezrachite (psaume 89), les fils de Koré – celui qui s'est rebellé contre Moïse et Aaron – reçoivent le crédit de 11 psaumes, tandis que 12 psaumes (50, et 73 à 83) sont signés Asaph, un musicien de la cour de David. Plus de 70 sont attribués au roi lui-même.

Les psaumes comprennent des suppliques émouvantes et des appels au secours, comme le psaume 5 accompagné par les flûtes, et le psaume 6, avec cordes. Dans un mode

plus joyeux, 53 « cantiques » rendent grâce à l'Éternel, à sa puissance, ou célèbrent une victoire. Les psaumes 145 à 150, sans doute de David lui-même, sont parmi les plus exubérants et les plus descriptifs en matière de musique. Hier comme aujourd'hui, ils invitent le fidèle à célébrer Dieu dans la joie, en chantant, en jouant des instruments et même en dansant.

Au temps de Jésus, la pratique musicale semble inchangée, comme le confirment plusieurs passages des évangiles : lors de la dernière cène, Jésus et ses disciples « chantèrent ensuite les chants de la fête, puis ils s'en allèrent au mont des oliviers » (Matthieu 26 : 30). C'est ensuite Paul qui écrit aux Éphésiens (5 : 19) : « Entretenez-vous par des psaumes, par des hymnes, et par des cantiques spirituels, chantant et célébrant de tout votre cœur les louanges du Seigneur. »

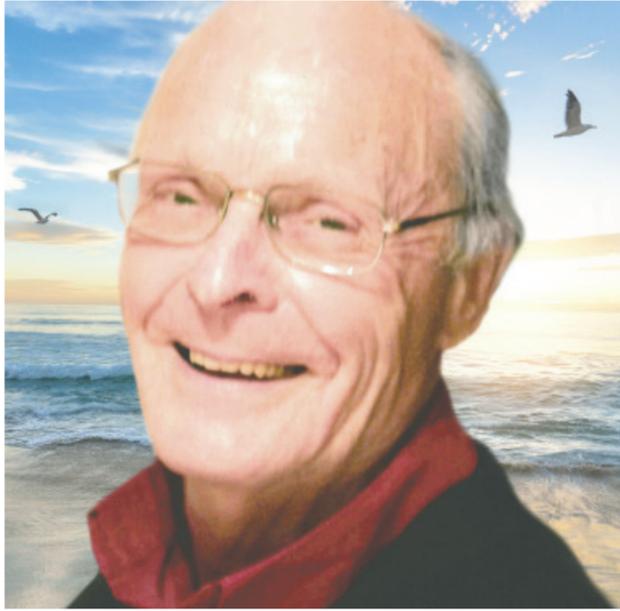
La musique originelle des psaumes a été en grande partie perdue, mais plusieurs entêtes nomment les airs sur lesquels certains se chantaient et leurs titres ont de quoi nous faire rêver : « Biche de l'aurore » (psaume 22), « Sur les lis » (psaumes 45 et 69), « Colombe des térébinthes lointains » (psaume 56)... À un psaume exaltant devait correspondre une mélodie ou une improvisation d'une grande richesse, tandis qu'un psaume long et répétitif devenait une simple récitation sur une note ou deux, avec quelques terminaisons à peine ornementées, ce que nous appelons maintenant de la psalmodie.

De là est issu tout le système modal oriental et occidental sur lequel, au Moyen-Âge, les musiciens ont forgé leur langage. Chanté en latin sous cette forme dans les monastères européens et durant les offices religieux dominicaux, le psaume s'est considérablement transformé aux XVIe et XVIIe siècles. La Réforme de Calvin et de Luther lui apportera un éclairage nouveau. Ce sera l'objet d'une prochaine chronique.



The word of the Lord in Naskapi

With the help of his granddaughter, Guylaine, the Rev. Deacon Silas Nabinicaboo blesses newly revised and published copies of the Revised Common Lectionary for Year B translated into Naskapi for use at St. John's Church in Kawawachikamach. First translated into Naskapi a decade ago, this revised edition of the Sunday lectionary texts clarifies some meanings and makes consistent some spellings. All three annual cycles of readings of the Revised Common Lectionary have been translated into Naskapi, and Deacon Silas was a part of the translation team. Copies are also available at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Quebec City for use by Naskapi-speaking worshippers. (Photo: contributed)



The Rev. Deacon John LeGresley 1928-2020

The Rev. Deacon John LeGresley died on Saturday, October 17, at the age of 92. A lifelong Anglican, John began serving as a lay reader in the Diocese of Quebec at the age of 16. In 1995 he was ordained to the diaconate, primarily serving the church of St. Andrew, New Carlisle. A funeral will take place later this year. In the meantime, you are invited to pray for the repose of John's soul and for his family. Rest eternal grant unto him. O Lord, and let light perpetual shine up on him.

AN ORPHAN CEMETERY



The Rev. Canon Fran Aird updated the history of St. James' first written by her mother. (Photo: contributed)

Book launched to support Cape Cove cemetery

September 19th saw the on-line launch of a new book, St. James' Anglican Church Cape Cove, QC: Our Story 1875-2011. This history of St. James, Cape Cove, was compiled by the Rev. Canon Fran Aird and builds on the booklet prepared by her and her mother (Cora Lenfesty Beck) in 1975, for the 100th anniversary of the church. At that time there was a small, but active, remnant congregation that dwindled over the years until the 2010 annual vestry petitioned the then bishop, Dennis Drainville, to officially close the congregation and sell the building. The Ven. Randy Murray presided at the service of deconsecration in 2011.

After passing through the hands of the Fondation du patrimoine de Percé, who were unable to come up with a new vocation for the building, it was sold to La Société secrète, who have done extensive repairs and renovations to equip the building for the production of artisanal gin.

Of course, the cemetery remained the property of the diocese and it is for its care and maintenance that Fran took on the book project. She and the Cemetery Committee hope to raise sufficient funds to install a fence and gate, to repair and reinstall some of the deteriorated headstones, and especially to add soil to the entire area to facilitate proper mowing.

There have been very few burials in the past decades, and it has become increasingly difficult to trace descendants of those buried in Cape Cove, in the hopes that they would contribute to things like tombstone repair and general upkeep. Reaching out through Facebook, the SPEC, and articles such as this it is hoped to spread the word and raise awareness of this need. The diocese maintains a small fund for 'orphan cemeteries,' such as Cape Cove, but it barely covers the annual costs of mowing.

You can see an interview with Fran and Janet Harvey, Warden for the Parish of All Saints by-the-Sea, on the Friends of St. James' Cemetery Facebook page (<https://www.facebook.com/capecovecemetery>). The book is published in English and French, with a small section of pictures in the centre and the cover photo is of an original painting by the Gaspé artist, Linda Drody.

In order to receive a copy of the book, please mail your cheque to the Parish of All Saints by-the-Sea, 236 chemin Bougainville, St-Georges-de-Malbaie, QC, G0C 2X0, or donate directly online through CanadaHelps, from the link to the Church Society of the Diocese of Quebec. A minimum donation of \$20 will get you a book and a tax receipt. Please help spread the word...

Responding to violence

from page 3

and Saint-Louis are closing, one by one.

On the night of October 31, two residents of the Old City were murdered. Several others were badly wounded. Since then, our neighbourhood has felt even more like a ghost town. With the physical distancing measures, we were already isolated from one another. Now, when I walk through the streets I thought I knew, I hear the echo of my own footsteps. I see no-one. My friends, my neighbours, my fellow citizens are afraid. We are still in shock.

I would like us to meet and walk around our city together in silence, in the darkness of the night, carrying candles to reassure ourselves and each other that we are together, in solidarity. We are not alone.

We will of course respect the health measures. No speeches are necessary. We will let the silence speak. As fellow citizens, you are all invited. This is not an official function.

Walking in silence together, we will reclaim our peaceful city and lay the ghosts to rest. We will show that we are the beating heart of this city.

The response from my little gang of co-conspirators was overwhelmingly positive. So that's what we did! Two weeks after the terrible attacks, about 200 people met behind the cathedral in the dark, carrying candles, paper lanterns and flashlights, and walked the streets to reclaim their city.

The next morning, Remembrance Sunday, after the service, the parishioners gathered in front of the cathedral for a rite of Restoration of Things Profaned (thanks a lot to Vicar General Edward Simonton for providing that beautiful liturgy!). After having blessed the cathedral close and sprinkled holy water, I proclaimed: "I declare this space restored to the use for which it has been dedicated and consecrated."

People were laughing, crying, clapping their hands and whooping with joy—something we haven't done a lot of in these difficult times.

Anglican Foundation

from page 4

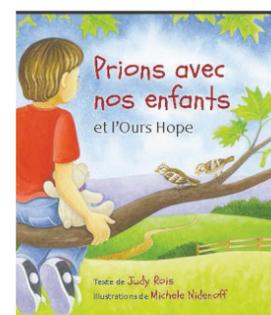
what I know about the innovative and compassionate character of the church, nationally, I cannot help but feel hopeful about the future.

Please be assured that AFC will continue to be a force for stability: we have been there and will continue to be there no matter what the future may hold. In order for AFC to remain strong and vibrant, however, I am asking those who can continue to partner with us to do so. If you are a member I ask you to renew your membership. If you have never been a member of the Foundation before, please accept this invitation to pay-it-forward.

The social and economic impact of COVID-19 on people and communities will undoubtedly give rise to compassionate and innovative responses on the part of our churches. To those currently discerning how to meet a real and pressing need in their communities—faithful leaders in the Diocese of Quebec among them—we want to respond as generously as possible.

Join us and help AFC continue to be able to say Yes! to the dreams and aspirations of the people and parishes in your diocese, and to so many more across the country.

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GLEANINGS: LEARNING FROM OUR HISTORY

Death notices offer glimpse of diocesan life a century ago

By Meb Reisner Wright

Diocesan Historian

From the perspective of January 2021, the months ahead are fraught with uncertainty. Will the pandemic, which has shaped the past year, finally come to an end? Will the interminable fear of contagion and attendant pain of loss finally recede into the status of a bad dream?

Our 2020 news was filled with statistics: numbers of those testing positive for COVID-19—those hospitalized—those who died.

Heartfelt tributes to those lost to society and taken from their families have filled the media. Death Notices and Obituaries have become distressingly familiar.

One would expect that flipping back a hundred years in the Diocesan Gazette would offer us a welcome contrast. The War was over, the Spanish Influenza was largely under control, yet—in 1920—the most frequent regional contributions to the paper were obituaries.

Why there were so many is not clear. Four or five a year would have been usual, but in 1920 there were thirteen: seven males (one a child) and six women.

Not surprisingly, all had strong church ties. Four men were priests, three serving, or who had served, in the Diocese of Quebec, the child a priest's son. Among the women, three were priest's wives, or widows, and another a priest's sister who had served a Diocesan institution (namely as Matron in the Female Orphan Asylum, precursor of Bishop Mountain Hall).

Most are filled with details about the origins, accomplishments, and virtues of their subjects. A few are starkly brief. Of this second type, is Mrs Mary Stuart's obituary, in the August/September issue:

"There died recently at Green Bay, Quebec, Mary McMullen Stuart, aged sixty years.

She left her birth place, Bush Mills, County Antrim, Ireland, in early childhood for Patrick [perhaps Portpatrick?] in Scotland. Here she was married in 1881 and in 1885 came to Canada with her husband, David Stuart.

Her loss is mourned by eight daughters and two sons who are all Communicants, and by six grand-daughters. Requiescat in Pace."

Most obituaries provide at least a date of death and some information about funeral services. This gives neither. There never was an Anglican church in any place called Green Bay in Quebec, nor is it possible to estimate where Green Bay might have been. Where the family worshipped, or the children confirmed, is equally unclear. Yet someone took the trouble to give notice of Mary's death, to extol the piety of her children and to wish her peaceful rest—a touching memorial even in the poverty of its detail.

Contrastingly rich is Mrs Henry Fleming's obituary, printed in the March issue:

"In the person of Eliza Jane Fleming, daughter of the late Robert and Mabel Monteith, of Melbourne, and widow of the late Henry Fleming, of Gallup Hill, St John's Church Gallup Hill has sustained the loss of one of its oldest and most widely respected members.

Born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1835, Mrs Fleming came to Canada with her parents in the following year, and has since been ... a life-long resident of Melbourne.

In 1854 she married Henry Fleming with whom she lived happily until his death in 1898.

Seven children, of whom three—William Robert (of High River, Alberta), Matthew John, (of Coaticook, Quebec), and Mrs Richard Johnson (of Montreal)—are living, were born of this marriage. Four of her children ... died before her.

Mrs Fleming is survived by two sisters ... fourteen grand-children, and one great-grand-child.

Soon after her husband's death, Mrs Fleming went to live with her daughter Mrs O.R. Burt, and after the latter's death in 1903, she continued to live with Mr Burt till her [own] death, taking the



St. Matthew's Cemetery in Quebec City (Photo: Bruce Myers)

place of a mother to his children.

Her life was one of exemplary usefulness and devotion to duty. She was a woman of strong faith and her faith was justified by works. During her years of health a regular attendant at the services of God's House and an active church worker, she was to the end a devout communicant.

No one who knew her could doubt either the sincerity of her faith or the reality of her spiritual life. Ever ready with sympathy and help wherever these were needed, Mrs Fleming was a tower of strength in the community and a very faithful friend.

Though she had been failing for some time, her condition was not known to be serious till shortly before the end, which came on January 31st as a shock to her family and friends.

The funeral service was held in the church which she had loved on Tuesday, February 3rd ... She rests from her labours in her Saviour's keeping and her works do follow her. May she rest in peace."

Other women whose obituaries appear were Mary Ann Robson of Drummondville, Jane Martha Sykes of Kingsey, Annie Buckland of Portneuf, and Mary C. LeGallais, longtime resident of Quebec, but native to and buried in Paspebiac.

Among the men, was Revd Canon Dr Francis John Benwell Allnatt, Acting Principal of Bishop's University, who died "after only a few days illness" in his 80th year, having just handed over the reins to the incoming Principal.

As his obituary attests, although born in England and trained at St Augustine's College, Canterbury, Allnatt was very much a son of the Diocese of Quebec. He was ordained both to the diaconate and the priesthood by Bishop James William Williams and served in Drummondville, on the Labrador coast and at St Matthews' Church, Quebec, before being appointed Professor of Pastoral Theology at Bishop's.

"It would be difficult to estimate and almost impossible to exaggerate the great, widespread and lasting influence which Dr Allnatt exercised upon the hosts of men who had come in contact with him in the thirty years during which he had been connected with the University," his memorialist asserts. "His ripe scholarship, deep spirituality and good judgment were ever at the disposition of the men who went to consult him; and they did go to consult him in great numbers, for they were always sure of receiving from him not only clear and well-balanced criticism, but also keen and loving sympathy in whatever difficulties they might have to bring before him.

Scores of men are ready to testify with sincerity and affection that they owe an immense debt of gratitude to Dr Allnatt for his influence upon their lives and characters at Lennoxville. He left his impress upon many generations of students, and followed them with his interest, friendship and advice in after life."

Dr Allnatt died at Harrold Lodge, at the University. His funeral service was held "at the College Chapel which he loved so well" and his body "committed to the ground by his former Curate and sincere friend, the Bishop of Quebec ... in 'God's Acre' at Lennoxville".

Other clerics whose obituaries appeared in 1920 were 74-year-old Canon James Hepburn (first posted on the Labrador coast in 1870) and the much younger Revd Norman Reginald Ward.

"After an illness of three weeks of typhoid fever, at the Sherbrooke General Hospital, Norman Reginald Ward, Priest, passed away," his obituary begins. A local boy, "he was of an athletic nature, playing on the Bishop's University football team, and was captain of the hockey team for two years. He also won the College silver cup two years in succession in the annual road race ..."

After ordination, Ward served in Marbleton, on the Magdalen Islands and in Sawyerville, but in the fall and winter of 1916-17 had left the Diocese to take "post-graduate work at the General Seminary in New York" and, in 1919 "took charge of the parishes of Detroit and Cookston, Minnesota." It was following a 1,900-mile journey home by motorcar that he had become ill "and was taken to the Sherbrooke General Hospital where he unexpectedly passed away."

News of yet another unexpected death, reported in the October issue, would have touched Diocesan readers with a special pang:

"The Bishop has received very distressing news from the Revd H.H. Corey, now a Missionary of the Canadian Church in the Diocese of Mid-Japan..." the article begins. "Their only son, Percival, died on 23rd August after seven days struggle with acute cerebral meningitis.

At the burial of the dear boy, all the people of the village were present and the children of the village, both Japanese and foreign, threw flowers into the grave until the little coffin was covered with them, and ever since the children have kept the little grave beautiful with fresh flowers. ...

The hearts of all who know Mr and Mrs Corey and indeed the hearts of all who read about their sad trial will be deeply moved with loving sympathy for these devoted Missionaries who have so lately gone from our own Diocese ... The Bishop asks for the earnest prayers of all readers of the Gazette in behalf of Mr and Mrs Corey ..."

John Ballantyne of Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, and Edward Harper Wade of New Liverpool, both laymen, also received memorial tributes in 1920.

The former, as his obituary reveals, although "a man of remarkable vitality," had suffered severe disability for many years. "Fortunately, however, his mental faculties remained unimpaired, and, up until the morning of his death, though deprived of the use of his limbs [through paralysis], was able to transact his own business, and for those last nine years earned his honest—though modest—salary while sitting in his chair ..."

The latter, had been a prominent man of affairs both in his church and the community.

"A native of Liverpool, England ... [Mr Wade] came out to Quebec in 1870 and entered the employ of C&J Sharples & Company ...

For many years he was Church Warden of Christ Church, New Liverpool, where his benevolent spirit and Christian demeanour exerted an incalculable influence for good ...

The interment took place in the family lot in the Mount Hermon Cemetery, Quebec. The deceased is survived by Mrs Wade and four [adult] children ..."

Whether short or long, gracefully written or perfunctory, these obituaries give insight into the lives and circumstances of our Diocesan family. They present a unique snapshot of who we were and what mattered to us communally in those days.

There was no apparent reason for so many obituaries in 1920: no outbreak of illness or widespread catastrophe. It must be coincidence that these many deaths—touching town and country, young and old, unexpected or following protracted illness—convey such fellow-feeling at the present time when we, too, face a precarious and uncertain future.