



# Quebec Diocesan Gazette

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## Hope

SPRING 2022

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COVER IMAGE: "Mother of Mercy," Ivanka Demchuk. Tempera and acrylic on wood.

SPRING 2022

# NEW FACES

If you contact Church House, you'll hear a new voice greeting you on the telephone and see a new name signing off on an email. Dong Hyuck Chang has joined the small but dedicated team at the Synod Office as our new executive assistant. He's available to answer questions of all kinds from our congregations, or to direct you to the person who can. A longtime resident of Quebec City, Dong Hyuck is a graduate of the P.W. Sims Business Program at CÉGEP Champlain-St. Lawrence.

He succeeds the dedicated Vincent Mutia, who joined the Church House team in 2020 and was recently recruited by Air Canada to work as a customer service representative based in his hometown of Montreal. Best wishes to Vincent in his new endeavours, and welcome aboard to Dong Hyuck! ■



Chang



Mutia

# EDITOR'S NOTE

Most of the copy for this issue was written before the Russian invasion of Ukraine. However, I've included the artwork of Ivanka Demchuk throughout this *Gazette*. Ivanka is a young iconographer who lives in Lviv, a city in western Ukraine. I spoke with Ivanka through Facebook on March 1 and asked her if she wanted to share anything with Quebec's Christians. She said, "I would like just to thank all your people for all this support that we get from you—we are so very grateful and will never forget it!" Ivanka said prayers mean a lot and that she's grateful for any attention called to Ukraine. Her portfolio is at <https://en.ivankademchuk.com> ■



Demchuk



ANGLICAN  
FOUNDATION OF CANADA 

In 2021 AFC awarded \$470,000 in funding to 79 grant recipients through *Say Yes! to Kids*. All the projects were different, but they shared a common goal: to *imagine more* and to put that imagination into action to grow a brighter future for young people, today.

Across the Canadian church, there are seeds of ministry waiting to be sown, green shoots taking root, and others growing stronger every day. They all need life-giving water to flourish where they have been planted: serving young people in their communities and energizing our church.

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Let us *Say Yes! to Kids* together.



By **Bethany Fehr Paetkau**

PARISHES OF NEW CARLISLE AND CHALEUR BAY

## SPRINGTIME REFLECTION: **WALKING PRAYERS**

A life of prayer may look like a quiet and calm corner of peaceful contemplation. And heartfelt compassion. And profound thoughts or intense emotions. A still body.

Prayer also fills the lives of some of us who cannot be content when confined within walls. Prayer also fills the minds of some of us who cannot think without a breath of wind whispering in our ears. Prayer also extends beyond our sight, pouring out of our hearts into the river and flowing around the world, reaching through the oceans to faraway lands. Prayer also bubbles out of the mouths of some of us, who pray while our feet move, our legs bend, our arms strain to increase our speed. A moving body.

I write here to invite you to experience and witness active prayer: walking prayer (or cycling prayer or swimming prayer or snowshoeing prayer or gardening prayer). Each season brings opportunities to pray while out-of-doors. The world around us is ready to invite us into a prayerful posture even while our bodies engage in an activity. Consider that precisely because our bodies move, our minds, hearts, and tongues may be freer to concentrate on prayer. Do you think more clearly and feel more deeply when strolling by the water or walking through the woods? Pray! Do you speak more freely and more comfortably when your feet pick out a rhythm on the sidewalk along the cracks in the cement? Pray!

Of course, I do admit that certain days may not be the best for walking prayers. For example, the scorching heat of the noonday sun may evaporate each prayerful drop in our bodies. And a gloomy, icy morning of freezing rain is well suited to praying with a cup of tea in one hand and the Bible in the other hand. Sometimes, walking

prayers need to wait for a different moment.

However, if you are anything like me, you will dedicate a modest budget to the clearance rack at an outdoor equipment store. The layers of appropriate clothing together with just a “pinch” of determination each day will ensure that, no matter the conditions, your prayers are offered outdoors in the fresh air. On one day, the sorrows and tears may mix with the rain. On another day, a sunrise will reflect the joys of praises and thanksgivings. On other occasions, the intensity of the mid-day sun will emerge, shining through the heartfelt words. Prepared for the weather and facing the sky, you will step out of walls, beyond the doors, past the windows, and you will begin a walking prayer.

In New Carlisle, Quebec, I am blessed with a multitude of good walking, skiing, cycling, snowshoeing, and gardening prayer places. Each different activity and the various routes I may take will guide and shape my prayers. Passing by the homes of neighbours, their names and stories become woven into the day's prayers. A conversation with a passerby may spark another prayer, perhaps in sharing their joy or in empathy with their sorrow. The sight of the town's flora and fauna, the woods beyond a campground, or the migrating flocks of warblers and geese will lead my prayers in various directions. Most importantly, however, my walking prayers ride on my breath and flow with my movements. Because in movement I feel so very alive, my prayers seem to take shape and find their own life.

My walking prayers surround me with life. My walking prayers surround my family, friends, neighbours, and strangers. My walking prayers surround this place and notice God's blessings. ■

By The Rt. Rev. Bruce Myers  
BISHOP OF QUEBEC

# FREEDOM

“Crossing the Red Sea”



IVANKA DEMCHUK, MIXED TECHNIQUE ON CANVAS AND WOOD

# LIBERTÉ

Par Mgr Bruce Myers  
ÉVÊQUE DE QUÉBEC

## FROM THE BISHOP

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We've all had limits placed on our freedom over the past two years. In the collective effort to protect as many people as possible from the potentially deadly effects of COVID-19, some of our individual liberties have been temporarily curtailed.

The church, too, has been subject to limitations on our freedoms during the pandemic. Most notably, our church buildings have been closed entirely, for weeks or months at a time, on three different occasions. When the Quebec government most recently authorized the reopening of places of worship, it was on the condition that worshippers present proof they've been vaccinated.

The imposition of vaccination passports on churches was decried by some as government overreach, a contravention of our constitutionally protected right to freedom of religion, even a form of state-sponsored persecution. I agree that it is problematic, from a number of standpoints, particularly when the government imposing this measure has already passed a law restricting certain kinds of religious expression in the public square.

However, I was recently reminded of what government overreach, violations of human rights, and persecution based on beliefs truly look like. This year's Week of Prayer for Christian Unity highlighted the churches in the Middle East. It's where Christianity began, and so is home to some of the world's most ancient churches. They're also among the world's most persecuted churches.

War, oppressive government policies, social and political discrimination, and economic factors have combined over the past several decades to result in millions of Middle Eastern Christians fleeing their homelands for safety and security elsewhere.

One-million Coptic Christians have fled Egypt since the 1950s. Bethlehem, in the occupied West Bank, was 85 per cent Christian in the middle

of the twentieth century; today it's about 10 per cent. A massive but incalculable number of Christians has fled Syria over the course of that country's decade-long civil war. An archbishop of the Eritrean Orthodox Church recently died in captivity, after 16 years under house arrest for openly challenging the government's interference

in his church's life and work. In these churches, martyrdom isn't some quaint or antiquated idea, but rather a bloody contemporary reality.

We're a very long way from that reality, in every sense. Yes, we are increasingly confronting government policies and wider societal attitudes that seek to limit the place of religious belief in the public square in Quebec, but this is incomparable to the fundamental existential threat facing Christians in places like Iraq, Gaza, and Syria. Nor are the pandemic restrictions our churches have been subject to a form of persecution or

oppression, words that have been carelessly used to give expression to the frustration and fatigue we all feel as we head into the next act of this lengthy pandemic drama.

The limits the state has placed on our places of worship are temporary. And even if they at times have seemed incoherent or ill informed, their goal was the common good, not to attack communities of faith.

For Christians, individual freedom is always bound up with our responsibility to others. "For you were called to freedom, brothers and sisters," writes the apostle Paul to the Galatians, "only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for self-indulgence, but through love become servants to one another."

As we slowly but surely get some of our pre-COVID freedom back, let's remember what—and who—we are called to use that freedom for. ■



PHOTO: HUMAN RIGHTS CONCERN ERITREA

**Eritrean Orthodox Church Patriarch Abune Antonios died in February after spending 16 years under house arrest.**

## DE L'ÉVÊQUE

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Au cours des deux dernières années, nous avons tous vécu des moments où des limites ont été imposées à notre liberté. Dans le cadre de l'effort collectif visant à protéger le plus de personnes possible des effets potentiellement mortels de la COVID-19, certaines de nos libertés individuelles ont été temporairement restreintes.

L'église a également été soumise à des restrictions de ses libertés pendant la pandémie. Plus particulièrement, nos bâtiments religieux ont été entièrement fermés, pendant des semaines ou des mois à la fois, à trois reprises différentes. Lorsque le gouvernement du Québec a récemment autorisé la réouverture des lieux de culte, ce fût à la condition que les fidèles aient à présenter la preuve qu'ils ont été vaccinés.

L'imposition du passeport vaccinal pour accéder aux églises a été décriée par certains comme une ingérence excessive de la part du gouvernement, une violation de notre droit constitutionnel à la liberté de religion, voire une forme de persécution parrainée par l'État. À plusieurs égards, je suis d'accord que cette exigence est problématique, particulièrement lorsque le gouvernement imposant cette mesure a déjà adopté une loi restreignant certaines formes d'expression religieuse sur la place publique.

Pendant, on m'a récemment rappelé à quoi ressemblent vraiment l'ingérence gouvernementale, les violations des droits de la personne et la persécution fondée sur les croyances. Cette année, la Semaine de prière pour l'unité des chrétiens soulignait tout particulièrement les églises du Moyen-Orient. C'est là que le christianisme a commencé et la région abrite certaines des églises les plus anciennes du monde. Elles font également partie des églises les plus persécutées au monde.

Depuis plusieurs décennies, la guerre, les politiques gouvernementales oppressives, la discrimination tant sociale que politique et des facteurs économiques se sont combinés pour amener des millions de chrétiens du Moyen-Orient à fuir leur pays d'origine afin de tenter de trouver la sécurité ailleurs.

Un million de chrétiens coptes ont fui l'Égypte

depuis les années 1950. Bethléem, en Cisjordanie occupée, était à 85 % chrétienne au milieu du XXème siècle ; elle ne l'est plus qu'à environ 10 % aujourd'hui. Un nombre massif mais incalculable de chrétiens a fui la Syrie au cours de la guerre civile qui a duré une décennie dans ce pays. Un archevêque de l'Église orthodoxe érythréenne est récemment décédé en captivité, après 16 ans d'assignation à résidence, pour avoir ouvertement contesté l'ingérence du gouvernement dans la vie et le travail de son église. Dans ces églises, le martyre n'est pas une idée vieillotte ou désuète, mais plutôt une réalité contemporaine sanglante.

Dans tous les sens du terme, nous sommes très éloignés de cette réalité. Oui, nous sommes de plus en plus confrontés à des politiques gouvernementales et à des attitudes sociétales populaires qui cherchent à limiter la place de la croyance religieuse sur la place publique au Québec, mais cela ne peut se comparer à la menace existentielle fondamentale à laquelle sont confrontés les chrétiens dans des endroits comme l'Irak, Gaza et la Syrie. Les restrictions pandémiques auxquelles nos églises ont été soumises ne sont pas non plus une forme de persécution ou d'oppression, mots qui ont été utilisés inconsidérément pour exprimer la frustration et la fatigue que nous ressentons tous alors que nous nous dirigeons vers le prochain acte de ce long drame pandémique.

Les limites imposées par l'État à nos lieux de culte sont de nature temporaire. Et même si nos dirigeants ont parfois semblé incohérents ou mal informés, leur but était le bien commun, pas d'attaquer les communautés de foi.

Pour les chrétiens, la liberté individuelle est toujours liée à notre responsabilité envers les autres. « Car vous, frères et sœurs, avez été appelés à la liberté. » écrit l'apôtre Paul aux Galates. « Mais que cette liberté ne soit pas un prétexte pour votre égoïsme ; au contraire, mettez-vous, par amour, au service les uns des autres. »

Alors que nous récupérons lentement mais sûrement une partie de notre liberté pré-COVID, rappelons-nous pour quoi et pour qui nous sommes appelés à utiliser cette liberté. ■



**“Transfiguration”**

IVANKA DEMCHUK, MIXED TECHNIQUE ON CANVAS AND WOOD

**By Louisa Blair**

COLUMNIST

# THE ELECTRIC MITTEN CHURCH

“If I had a rocket launcher, some son-of-a-bitch would die,” go the lyrics of a Bruce Cockburn song from the eighties. Bruce Cockburn is usually a peaceful kind of guy, and his fans were shocked. But he had just visited Guatemalans in a Mexican refugee camp who had been chased off their land by a brutal military government installed by Washington. Cockburn said that after the visit he went home to his hotel room and

cried. He wrote in his notebook, “I understand now why people want to kill.”

I have been having my own troubling urges recently, not to kill, but to blow up buildings.

The most recent was last weekend when my daughter and her fiancé moved to Rimouski to take up new jobs. Since COVID has forced people to stay home and work on laptops in their bedrooms, everyone has moved to



Rimouski, where they can go check their ice fishing hole for tommy cod during their coffee breaks. There is such a housing shortage that the couple had to move into the CÉGEP student residence, which was built as a prison.

The concierge slid a key under the scratched bulletproof plexiglass and pointed vaguely down the corridor. Many clanging doors later they found themselves in a narrow cement cell with a single bed, no bedding, one table and one chair. The showers and toilets were down a narrow passage. In the basement was a dark and grubby kitchen with a few tables, but COVID rules said no more than one person per table, and no visitors.

This young in-love couple were fine—they have jobs and they'll find somewhere else to live, sooner or later. But the 400 students arriving from all over the CÉGEP's huge rural catchment area, many not knowing a soul, were not so fortunate. The website promises that *les Résidences ... offrent aux élèves des services qui favorisent leur réussite scolaire et améliorent leur qualité de vie*. I hate to think what their *qualité de vie* was before if being warehoused in a building designed to punish people was meant to be an improvement.

So I was already writing the song: "If I had a wrecking ball, that son-of-a-bitch would fall" (which rhymes better than Bruce Cockburn's line, just saying), when my wrecking urge moved to churches. Churches were designed to gather and uplift us, not punish us, but they have become our prison.

Paradoxically, I realized this when COVID locked us out of the cathedral, and we held our services in the parking lot. We built a fire, we put up a card table and decorated it with a table cloth, a few spruce boughs gathered from a ditch by the roadside and a few symbolic

objects. We sang hymns to an accordion, which can be carried by one human and doesn't take \$370,000 to repair. We stood around in a ragged circle and everyone prayed what was on their heart. For confession, people took sprigs of spruce, invested them with their silent sadnesses, burdens or regrets, and threw them on the fire, to be burned up by God's love. Liturgy can so simple.

We did this because we were longing to see each other in person, to worship together, and to sing. Meanwhile children slid down a massive mountain of cleared snow. The rest of us were very very cold, except for one 91-year old congregant who was wearing a sleeping bag and electric mittens. The Bishop and the Dean stood there among us. We discovered that the Dean didn't need a pulpit to deliver his deep reflections on the scriptures. Neighbours wandered in through the gate to walk their

dogs, tourists to take a photo, or hotel workers to have a cigarette. The

Bishop, in a woolly tuque instead of a tall pointy hat, welcomed them naturally and simply to join us around the fire.

As soon as we went back into the cathedral, out came the robes, the long unshared eucharistic prayers, the 14 people sitting quietly in the back pews of a building made to hold 500 while the choir and ministers performed. I felt another kind of chill, and felt

less certain about the spring to come.

Don't get me wrong, I love the building. It's beautiful, it's full of history, including my own (I was baptized there). The imprint of the liturgy has formed my soul. But this kind of church is dying a slow death. Shall we just quietly die with it? Or is it time to blow up the churches and start again? Perhaps there's a rocket-free solution, which is to give the cathedral away and beg the new owners to take us in when it's too cold outside. ■

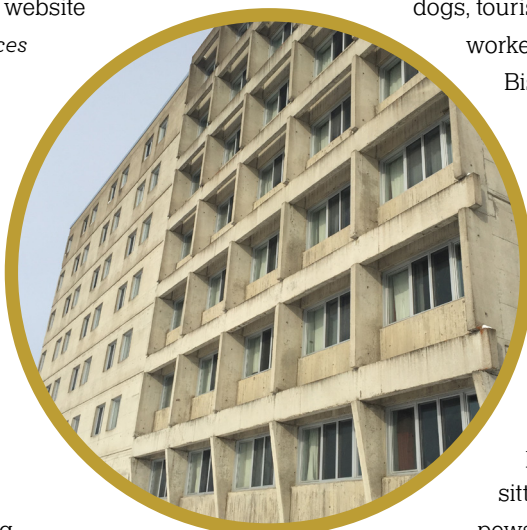


PHOTO: L. BLAIR

### The student residence in Rimouski

Par Irène Brisson

ORGANISTE, ÉGLISE SAINT-MICHAEL À SILLERY

# PETITE HISTOIRE DU PSAUME EN MUSIQUE:

## 5. LE PSAUME SOUS LES PREMIERS STUART

PHOTO: WIKIPEDIA

### Un peu d'histoire pour s'y retrouver

À la mort d'Élisabeth I<sup>ère</sup>, la couronne d'Angleterre échoit à Jacques VI Stuart (1566-1625), fils de l'ennemie jurée de la reine, Marie Stuart, exécutée en 1587. Couronné roi d'Angleterre et d'Irlande sous le nom de Jacques I<sup>er</sup>, le nouveau souverain avait été baptisé catholique – comme sa mère –, mais élevé dans l'Écosse réformée de John Knox (v. 1514-1572). Grand admirateur de Calvin, Knox avait publié en 1562 *The Book of Common Order*, et y avait fait ajouter deux ans plus tard des psaumes chantables à l'unisson, essentiellement empruntés au psautier genevois. Jacques I<sup>er</sup> aurait donc à concilier son bagage presbytérien avec ce qui se faisait dans l'église anglicane.

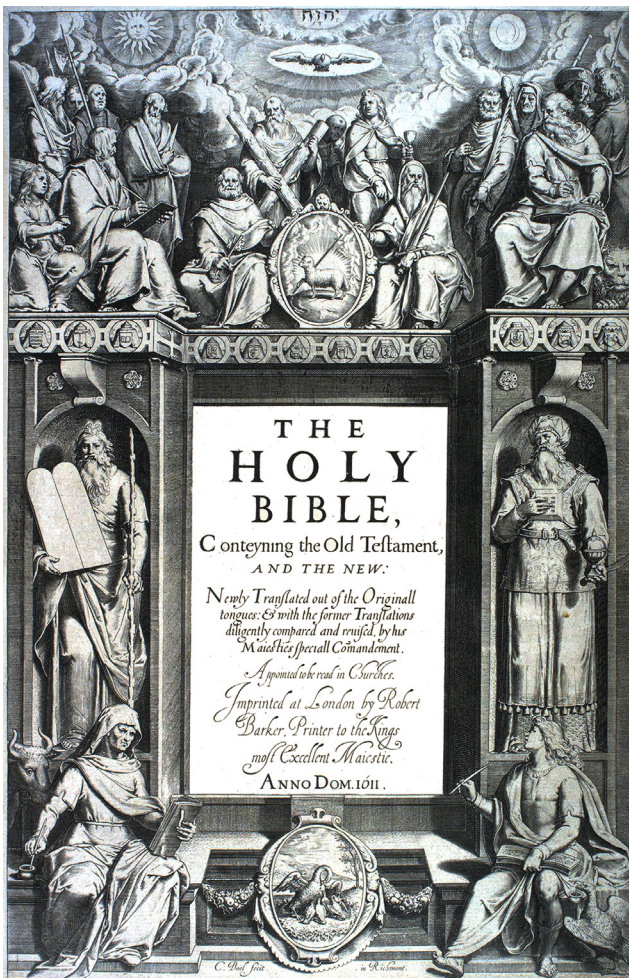
Régner sur l'Angleterre allait placer le nouveau souverain – toujours roi d'Écosse – dans une situation parfois délicate : tandis que sur le plan artistique se poursuivait « l'âge d'or » élisabéthain, le pays connaissait des difficultés financières et des crises parlementaires. En 1605, sa tolérance envers le catholicisme dont il était issu n'empêcha pas le Complot des Poudres, un attentat d'un groupe de catholiques mettant en danger sa personne et tout le Parlement. Le puritanisme hérité de l'école de Genève prenait de l'expansion, et les

conflits qu'il engendrait poussaient ses adeptes à s'exiler : c'est ainsi qu'en 1620, les *Pilgrim Fathers* s'embarquèrent pour l'Amérique pour y fonder la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

Charles I<sup>er</sup> succède à son père en 1625. Moins populaire que lui, il voit s'accroître les tensions : son mariage avec une princesse française catholique (Henriette de France) déplait, l'Écosse vit une crise religieuse et, sous son règne, l'Angleterre se dirige vers la guerre civile et la révolution. En 1649, le roi sera décapité et, jusqu'à la restauration de la monarchie en 1660, la période « républicaine » du *Commonwealth* gouvernée par le puritain Oliver Cromwell sera marquée par l'intolérance religieuse et par la mise en veilleuse de l'épanouissement artistique de l'Angleterre.

### Le Psaume, artistique ou métrique

Grand érudit, Jacques I<sup>er</sup> fait réaliser en 1611 une traduction de la Bible, que l'on connaît sous le nom de *King James Bible*. Si elle est rédigée principalement à partir de textes hébreux et grecs, elle reprend en grande partie la traduction des psaumes de Miles Coverdale parue en 1535. C'est d'ailleurs cette version des psaumes qui sera fréquemment mise en musique par les compositeurs dont il sera question plus loin.



Exemple 1 : la Bible du roi Jacques.

Sous le règne de Jacques I<sup>er</sup>, une nouvelle génération de compositeurs succède aux grands maîtres élisabéthains Thomas Tallis et William Byrd, présentés dans l'article précédent : John Ward (1571-1638), Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656), élève de Byrd, Thomas Weelkes (c. 1575-1623), Michael East (v. 1580-1648), neveu de l'imprimeur Thomas East, Thomas Ravenscroft (v. 1582-1653), et Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625) dont il sera question dans le prochain article. Plusieurs de ces compositeurs seront également au service de Charles I<sup>er</sup>. Tous ont hérité de la science musicale de la fin de la Renaissance et ont composé du répertoire profane (madrigaux, musique instrumentale), et pour plusieurs d'entre eux, des *Services* anglicans, des psaumes et des motets appelés *anthems*.

Apparus à l'époque élisabéthaine, les *anthems* – un nom dérivé des antiennes

grégoriennes – étaient des compositions sacrées dans l'esprit des grands maîtres catholiques européens du XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle, et reposant sur l'art du contrepoint et du canon.

Durant les offices religieux anglicans, les psaumes devaient être récités ou chantés intégralement, sous forme métrique. Les trois « mètres » alors en vigueur – et qu'on chante encore – étaient : le *Common Meter* dans lequel des vers de 8 syllabes alternent avec des vers de 6 syllabes (8,6,8,6), le *Long Meter* comprenant des vers de 8 syllabes (8.8.8.8) et le *Short Meter* (6,6,8,6). L'accentuation des syllabes se répercutait sur le rythme musical qu'on utilisait, créant souvent une alternance de notes brèves et longues.

Étant une composition libre, donc non-mesurée, l'*anthem* ne pouvait se substituer aux psaumes métriques. Les compositeurs en extrayaient donc deux ou trois versets qui

trouvaient leur place au commencement ou à la fin d'un office religieux. Parmi ceux qui, sous les premiers Stuart, excellèrent dans *l'anthem* figurent John Ward, avec 7 psaumes de trois à six voix, Orlando Gibbons avec *O clap your hands* (Psaume 47) pour double chœur, Thomas Tomkins, avec 94 *antheims*, dont 7 Psaumes de pénitence à trois voix, et un somptueux *O praise the Lord, all ye heathen* (Psaume 117) à 12 voix, publiés par son fils en 1668.

### Sternhold and Hopkins, la suite

Durant le XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle, *The Whole Booke of Psalmes* de Sternhold et Hopkins (1562) est réédité pratiquement chaque année, ce qui prouve sa popularité et son utilisation dans la plupart des églises du royaume. En Écosse, après le psautier de John Knox, paraît en 1635 et en 1650 le *Scottish Psalter*, qui reste dans la tradition du *Sternhold and Hopkins* et fidèle aux mélodies calvinistes de Claude Goudimel et de Loys Bourgeois.

En 1621, est édité à Londres *The Whole Booke of Psalmes* de Thomas Ravenscroft, un théoricien et chanteur de la cathédrale Saint-Paul de Londres, connu pour ses chants populaires en canon (*Rounds* et *Catches*), et auquel on attribue la musique de la célèbre comptine *Three Blind Mice*.

Harmonisé à quatre voix, avec le *cantus* (thème principal) confié au ténor (exemple 2), le psautier de Ravenscroft conserve les traductions et les mélodies du *Sternhold and Hopkins*, et ajoute les siennes et celles de compositeurs contemporains, tels Thomas Tomkins, Martin Peerson, John Ward et John Milton *l'Ancien* (père du poète éponyme). Ainsi, chacun des 150 psaumes de David possède-t-il désormais sa propre mise en musique, conforme au rite anglican. Le *Common Praise* de 1982 conserve deux des mélodies du psautier de Ravenscroft : CP 98 et CP 257.

Exemple 2 : Psaume 3, musique de Ravenscroft, mélodie au ténor.

The image displays two pages of a musical score for Psalm 3. The left page is titled 'Psalme 3. CANTVS. Tho. Ravens. B. of M.' and features a tenor part. The right page is titled 'Psalme 3. MEDIVS. Tho. Ravens. B. of M.' and features a bass part. Both pages include the lyrics: 'Lord how are my foes increas'd, which vex me more and more: they kill my heart, when as they say, God can him not restore. But thou O Lord art my defence, when I am hard bested, my worship and mine honour both, and thou hold'st vp my head.' The score includes musical notation with a treble clef and a common time signature.

Exemple 2 : Psaume 3, musique de Ravenscroft, mélodie au ténor.

Enfin, en 1696, donc sous la Restauration, paraîtra une révision du *Sternhold and Hopkins*, enrichie de nouveaux mètres, *The New Version of the Psalms of David*, signée Nahum Tate et Nicholas Brady. Elle supplantera peu à peu l'édition originale de 1562, désormais qualifiée d'*Old Version*.

Dans le prochain article, il sera question de la contribution d'Orlando Gibbons, du premier psautier américain et de la modernisation du psaume lors de la Restauration de la monarchie. ■



PHOTO: FACEBOOK

Campers enjoy some levity in 2019.

**By Ruth Sheeran**

RURAL DEAN OF ST. FRANCIS AND AND PRESIDENT, QUEBEC LODGE FOUNDATION

# HAPPY CAMPERS

## HOW THE QUEBEC LODGE OUTDOOR CENTRE IS FULFILLING THE FIFTH MARK OF MISSION IN NEW WAYS

I have attended many deconsecrations in recent years, and I have participated in many services with fewer than ten parishioners. I have often felt dejected when I nostalgically reminisced about how things used to be in our beloved church: well-attended services, Wednesday Eucharists, sung evensongs, Sunday schools, Little Helpers, AYPAs, dances, church suppers, ACWs, parish guild teas, bazaars, rummage sales, children's choirs, prayer groups, Lenten bible studies. Sadly...all gone.

Lately, however, I no longer feel despondent when I contemplate the reality of what our church has become. I am encouraged and

optimistic as I see creative change and constructive action in many places. Those who remain are finding new ways of being the church. We are no longer obsessing about how to get people into the pews but are looking outwards and finding opportunities to make a difference in our communities. When I look at the few remaining people in the pews I am heartened because we are here, we are faithful, and we are doing God's work.

One of these exciting new ventures is the Quebec Lodge Outdoor Centre. Many of you will remember the difficult time 15 years ago when the diocese faced a financial crisis and



PHOTOS: FACEBOOK

bankruptcy was a real possibility. Quebec Lodge was one of the casualties of those challenging times. The diocese had owned and operated the camp for over 60 years, but the accumulated debt and ongoing expense made it impossible to continue. So, the divisive choice was made to close the camp and sell the land.

A portion of the land was purchased by a local businessman, and this large infusion of cash contributed to the financial recovery of the diocese. At the same time an exciting new vision developed for the remaining 70 acres of land on the lake: a children's summer camp teaching respect for nature and environmental awareness. The diocese reached an agreement with the Quebec Lodge Foundation that would save the land from development and allow this new camp to be created. The conditions of the agreement were met after much hard work and thanks to the generous contributions of charitable foundations, wealthy individuals, and the local community. In December 2016, Bishop Dennis Drainville generously signed over ownership of the property to the Quebec Lodge Foundation, and the Quebec Lodge Outdoor Centre became a reality.

On taking possession of the land, the foundation immediately began development. We built and furnished three yurts, installed electricity and a septic system, drilled a well, cleared land for a playing field, laid a path to the beach, and constructed Bodtker Lodge. For the last six years, the Quebec Lodge Outdoor Centre has offered a successful summer day camp for

the local children. With the completion of the lodge in the spring of 2019, we are now able to offer overnight camp concurrently with the day camp.

The foundation is registered with the Canadian Revenue Agency as a charitable institution with an educational mandate. The bilingual program focuses on environmental awareness and healthy living and is taught by university students from appropriate disciplines. A formal curriculum develops a number of competencies defined by the Quebec Education Department. The children learn about their natural environment in activities designed to take full advantage of the wilderness setting. Local specialists visit every week to make presentations to the children on interesting, relevant subjects. The educational activities are embedded in a traditional camp program that includes ample time for swimming, sailing, and canoeing as well as the usual games.

One of the guiding principles of the foundation is that every child will be welcomed and no child prevented from attending the camp for financial reasons. Each summer we subsidize 10 to 15% of the individual registrations. Moreover, the St. Francis Deanery, with support from the Anglican Foundation of Canada, sponsors children from the Syrian newcomer community; the local RBC branch is funding under-privileged children from Sherbrooke; and The Mile End Mission in Montreal recently received a grant from the Anglican Foundation to send 12 kids from the



PHOTO: FACEBOOK

### An educational moment from 2016

inner-city to the overnight camp.

Another guiding principle is the protection of the natural environment, which, in turn, supports our educational mandate. To this end, the foundation is working with local conservation groups to preserve 50 acres of pristine forested land. The project is well underway. The ecological survey has been completed, and we anticipate the public hiking trails and interpretative panels will be created over the next two summers.

The camp is secular and no longer affiliated with any church, yet it is unmistakably an example of faithful people working in creative new directions. The presence of the Holy Spirit has been evident in many ways. Time and again, whenever we were faced with a situation that seemed beyond our capacity and abilities, the right person miraculously appeared. For example, a wealthy supporter unexpectedly made a large financial donation which allowed the project to begin. Enthusiastic fundraisers with expertise and the necessary connections joined the group. A professional fundraiser offered—and

continues to offer—his advice *pro bono*. A retired businessman developed the budget and a five-year plan. An education professor helped to produce the required professional curriculum. An experienced accountant willingly assumed the role of treasurer. An award-winning designer volunteered to oversee the building of the lodge. A competent administrator was surely sent from God. These are just some of the people who willingly contributed to the Quebec Lodge project.

Most Anglicans will immediately perceive in this venture the living out of several baptismal vows: “to seek and serve Christ in all persons, loving your neighbour as yourself; to strive for justice and peace among all people, and respect the dignity of every human being; to strive to safeguard the integrity of God’s creation, and respect, sustain and renew the life of the Earth.” The fifth Mark of Mission is fulfilled as we endeavor to teach the next generation to safeguard, respect, and sustain God’s creation. Doing the work of the church in a creative new way. ■





By The Rev. Canon Giuseppe Gagliano

PRIEST, SAINT FRANCIS REGIONAL MINISTRY, AND CANON FOR LAY MINISTRIES

# ON THE MOUNT THE FRIENDS DID GATHER

I wrote this hymn to celebrate the Ascension of Jesus Christ. Forty days after his resurrection, Christ led his disciples to the peak of a mountain and was mysteriously taken up into heaven. The first three verses recount the story, with verse 2 focusing specifically on Jesus lifting up his hand in a blessing as he was taken from their sight (Luke 24:50-51). The final two verses focus on Jesus' last two statements to his followers (Matthew 28:19-20): that they share the gospel (v. 4) and that Christ will stay with them always (v. 5).

As our hymnal, *Common Praise*, does not have many hymns to celebrate this event, I thought it fitting to write one. All are most welcome to sing this hymn in their churches to celebrate the feast, either on Ascension Day itself (May 26th) or the following Sunday (May 29th). I suggest the tune BLAENWERN (commonly used for "Love divine, all loves excelling"), but other tunes listed under the metre "87 87D" on p. 948 of *Common Praise* could work as well. ■

On the mount, the friends did gather  
called to bid their Lord farewell.  
While they followed, some still doubted,  
Jesus bid their fears to quell:  
"Share my gospel with all nations.  
I am with you to the end!"  
Alleluia! Robed in glory,  
God Incarnate did ascend.

He, through whom came all creation,  
raised his piercèd hands to bless:  
grace outpoured on fallen nature  
of restoring tenderness.  
When a cloudy pillar veiled him,  
wounded feet last touched the earth,  
'til the day when Christ triumphant  
ushers in the second birth.

"Do not crane your necks to heaven,"  
came a word to those in woe.  
Here, on earth, a work awaited—  
back to Zion they must go.  
God abandons not his children,  
and his promises are sure—  
e'en empow'rment by the Spirit,  
that the gospel may endure.

So the friends descended, joyful,  
girded with new hope bestowed.  
Still, today, with those apostles,  
faithful trek that royal road.  
We, the Church, proclaim in union,  
Jesus Christ still lives and reigns!  
Though once slain, the Lamb has conquered,  
shatt'ring Hades' ancient chains.

O Lord Jesus, King eternal,  
mete out mercy from your throne.  
While you reign without our seeing,  
we, your Church, are not alone.  
Come to us in gifts of altar,  
by the bread we break apart;  
stay with us in wine and water,  
make your seat within each heart.

By Meb Reisner Wright

DIOCESAN HISTORIAN

# GLEANINGS

## SHALL WE GATHER

The Spring quarterly issue of the *Diocesan Gazette* for 1922 is largely about gatherings.

Under what used to be called “normal circumstances” this would be no surprise, but as such gatherings have not been taking place in present-day experience for a long, long time, the notion is practically unfamiliar—except in recollection.

In the 1922 *Gazette*, we read descriptions of gatherings for worship and special events (such as confirmations and “Quiet Days”); find articles about business meetings (at the parish, deanery and diocesan level); learn about service group gatherings (the Woman’s Auxiliary, the Church Helpers, the District Associations of the Church Society, the Central Society of Sacred Study, and the Cathedral Guild to name a few); gatherings for exchanges of information and discussion—one offered by the St Francis District Association where the Rev. Professor Rocksborough Remington Smith, dean of divinity of Bishop’s College, presented a paper titled “What Does the Church of England Stand For?” At another, organized by the St Maurice Deanery, the Rev. Robert John Shires, incumbent at La Tuque, spoke to a large group of members and guests on “The Shaping Forces of Modern Religious Thought” followed by the Rev. James Henry Barnes, of Trinity Church, Quebec, on “The Spiritual Power of the Church.” In the same issue there is even an article recommending that parishes organize “mixed social activities” for young people: gatherings exclusively for socializing, fellowship, and fun.

All these gatherings, real and suggested, receive very positive press in the pages of the *Gazette*.

At the St Maurice meeting, there had been an effort to give an ecumenical colouration to the occasion and a welcome offered to clergy from the wider community. In the words of the St Maurice Deanery reporter:

At this junction [at the conclusion of the business meeting] the brethren were joined by the Rev. Mr Clarke, Presbyterian Minister, and the Rev. Mr Wells, Methodist Minister, both of the Deanery, in the conferential side of the meeting. These gentlemen were welcomed to a seat on the floor of the house, and invited to participate in the discussions which were to follow. ...

After lunch there was a roundtable conference in which the views expressed in both papers were thoroughly talked over, all present taking their parts in the discussion. ...

At the conclusion of a very happy, candid and courteous conference, votes of thanks were passed to the Rural Dean [Rev. George Henry Andrew Murray] and Mrs Murray for their kindly and generous hospitality, to the preacher [J.H. Barnes], and the readers of papers. The visiting clergy expressed their delight in being invited to share in such a helpful meeting. Prayers and the grace were then said by the Rural Dean and a happy and profitable session concluded.

Concerning potential gatherings among young people, the contributor—the Rev. Walter Shirley Gibson Bunbury of Richmond— proposed positive action for parish-organized mixed “sleighing parties, skating, skiing, snow shoeing, hikes and tramps into the country, and in the Parish Hall ... literary and debating groups, theatricals, concerts, games etc.”—perhaps, with certain reservations, even dances!

“[T]he parish that is indifferent to these things,” Bunbury warned, “is narrowing its outlook and weakening its influence and runs the risk of losing its hold upon the younger members of its flock .” At a time “when young men and young women are

most interested in each other and are most anxious to participate in some form of interesting activities in which they can be together,” he urged, “the church must take the lead in a programme of activities which says to young people ‘come with us.’”

The need to be together for whatever purpose—the need to gather—was fully understood.

There are many lifestyle opportunities enjoyed by our grandparents’ and great-grandparents’ generation for which we don’t envy them, but after many months of isolation, lockdowns, and restricted human contact, these multiple descriptions of getting together sound enviable indeed!

Bishop Lennox Williams put great emphasis on contact and communication. He liked to meet personally and speak individually, as well as collectively, with members of his flock. His visitations throughout the diocese were carried out with conscientious regularity. He often took the trouble of sending detailed, anecdotal accounts of them to the *Gazette*, so that the whole diocese would share a sense of community even in its remotest regions.

He wrote frequent pastoral letters, to be read from every pulpit in the diocese, to bring to the attention of his people issues, ideas, or objects of charity that he thought were important. He even recommended helpful books and how to order them in “The Lord Bishop’s Notes,” a feature in the *Gazette*. When he could not provide the personal touch himself, he tried to supply it in other ways.

Evidence of the extent of these efforts is Bishop Lennox’s use of the long-time office of the travelling missionary. Several articles in the in the Spring issue of the *Diocesan Gazette* show how this initiative worked and how successful it was.

To give some background, in the early days—under Bishop Jacob Mountain and his immediate successors—a very few travelling missionaries, supplied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, eked out the meagre supply of settled ordained clergy that had been appointed to established settlements. They made their way—often on horseback—among scattered homesteaders, perhaps once every few years. They preached, distributed religious tracts, performed marriages, baptized, buried, renewed bonds with



PHOTOS: JODY ROBINSON/DIOCESE OF QUEBEC ARCHIVES

The Rev. Phillip Callis appears at right of Bishop Andrew Dunn (seated) in this 1901 photo of the Cree church at Pointe Bleu.

the Church, and encouraged the use of Bible and prayer book in private worship at home.

By the turn of the 20th century, although references to travelling missionaries do crop up now and then, the position had virtually ceased to exist.

Under Bishop Lennox Williams, the post re-emerged, albeit totally transformed. Reading between the lines, his travelling missionary’s purpose seems to have been to carry his particular concerns to the regions, to explain them and make them palatable, to trouble shoot, bring people together, and reconcile difficulties, as well as generally to provide spiritual encouragement to clergy and people alike.

For this initiative to be successful, a particularly gifted emissary needed to be selected. Bishop Lennox was very fortunate in his appointment of the Rev. Philip Callis to fill this virtually unique position. He was appointed travelling missionary in the diocese in 1920, a post for which the bishop appears to have secured short-term private funding.

Callis had already been serving in the diocese since 1900—the year he was ordained deacon—most of his time having been devoted to regular parish ministry. However, from very early on, he had also spent more than a month each year (presumably during what would have been his holidays) ministering to the small Cree community that summered at the Montagnais Reserve, on Lac St-Jean, at Pointe Bleu, before they returned to their northerly hunting grounds and trap lines every winter. This had begun during the episcopate of Andrew Hunter Dunn.

How Callis came to this ministry at Pointe

Bleu—which was over and above his regular parish responsibilities during the rest of the year—is unclear. His first posting in the diocese had been Lac Saint-Jean, and his wife, who is casually described in diocesan clergy records as “d[ughter] of the Hudson B[ay] factor [Robert] Hamilton” may have had something to do with his interest in and involvement with First Nations people. Mrs. Callis certainly took an active part in his ministry among his First Nations flock. A much later *Gazette* article (published in September 1930) mentions her serving “as organist and helper in many ways” having “won the love and esteem of the whole band ...”

There is a photograph of Callis, dated 1901, in front of the little wooden church of St John the Divine at Pointe Bleu, surrounded by his flock, on the occasion of a visit from Bishop Andrew Hunter Dunn.

Callis was obviously a man with excellent communication skills: warm, empathetic, tactful and reassuring. The position he was appointed to—whatever its title—seems to have been a mixture of priest, diplomat and liaison officer rather than the come-by-chance, saddle-bags-ministry that the name implies.

The following descriptions of Callis at work in the field come from “Parish News” sent first from Bury in the Deanery of Saint Francis and, in the same issue, from the Deanery of Gaspé:

The parish of Bury was favoured with a visit from the Rev. Philip Callis during the week of the Annual Vestry Meetings.

There was an unusually large attendance at the St Paul’s meeting, probably the largest on record. The prominent feature was the perfect harmony and goodwill which prevailed.

Mr Callis came in an official capacity, bringing with him a letter from the Bishop of Quebec, asking the people of Bury to fall in line with the other country parishes which had increased their Rector’s stipend to the minimum stipend of Missionaries throughout the Diocese.

The Rev. C[hables] T[homas] Lewis [the priest concerned] vacated the chair, which was taken by the Rev. P. Callis. Promptly it was moved, seconded and carried without dissenting vote, that the Bishop’s request be

adopted. Mr Callis expressed his pleasure at the meeting which, he said, was one of the best he had ever attended during his ministry.

There is a very strong feeling amongst the clergy of the Deanery that some expression of gratitude should be extended to Sir William Price for having made it possible for such an official to visit every congregation in the Diocese.

The Travelling Missionary has filled in a large gap and has proved himself an unqualified success. His good common sense and tact, together with his sympathy for his fellow brethren have won their esteem.

It had been long felt by the Saint Francis District Association that a Travelling Missionary would wield a tremendous power for good throughout the Diocese.

Later in the same issue, under “Notes from Cape Cove”, we learn that “the mission was greatly cheered by the visit of the General Missionary [Callis] ... In spite of very wet weather, Mr Callis gave two addresses in Cape Cove, and two in Percé.” At New Carlisle, at a meeting of the Rural Deanery of Gaspé:

much pleasure and benefit was derived from the presence during the session of the Rev. P. Callis, the Diocesan Missionary Agent, who had been spending the previous two months in a thorough visitation of the Deanery.

The proceedings began with a Service in St Andrew’s Church, New Carlisle.

The Rev. P. Callis was the preacher. A pouring wet night resulted in a small congregation attending, but enough members of the choir braved the elements to make a bright and hearty Service possible.

After the Service, the Rural Dean [Rev. Alfred Wellington Buckland] motored the visiting Clergy to Paspebiac where hospitality was kindly provided for them by members of St. Peter’s congregation...

The principal business during the day was the consideration of the Report of the Religious Needs and Progress of the Diocese. The committee [is] to prepare and present this report at the next session of the Synod.

Callis's appointment as travelling missionary concluded that same year, probably because funding had run out. In 1923 he returned to parish ministry, at St Barnabas' church, Lake Megantic. Presumably this was a more convenient posting for the continuation of his summer ministry at Pointe Bleu, which would continue for more than 40 years.

Through bringing people together, Bishop Lennox was able to persuade some of his hesitant membership to pay their missionary the minimum stipend. But it was—then as now—a question of money. His intermediary, the

travelling missionary needed to be funded, too, and, economically, could not be a permanent figure.

"I wish I could buy a great many copies of the book and distribute them" the Bishop wrote of the pamphlet he had recommended in "The Bishop's Notes," but the realities of circumstances then had made that as impossible for him as gatherings have been for us. ■

*"Gleanings" delves into back issues of the Quebec Diocesan Gazette to share nuggets of our past.*

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By The Rev. Canon Jeffrey Metcalfe

CANON THEOLOGIAN AND INTERIM PRIEST, ÉGLISE ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, SILLERY

# OUR HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS

"What is the meaning of hope in a period of history when things are getting worse?"

This is a question the Canadian theologian Gregory Baum asked as he watched in helpless horror as the first Gulf War began in the early '90s. Ever an Augustinian, Baum saw this war as deeply unjust, a "technically perfect mass destruction of human life" which "sealed in blood the orientation of the new international order, the globalized economic system protected by military power, that increasingly excludes masses of the population from the means of decent human survival."

For Baum, the first Gulf War was more than a symbol of American imperialism, it was a sign of the times, a sign that broke apart any shallow optimism—Christian or secular—that the world was moving in the right direction. From the Christian vantage point, it challenged the simplicity of resurrection narratives that would turn the empty tomb of Jesus into an easy assurance that everything was going to be alright. It wasn't: Tens of thousands of people were dead, and the global economic and military order that sanctioned their murder showed no signs of slowing down. And so, Baum decided to reread Augustine's *City of God* to help answer his question: What is the meaning of hope in evil times?

Living during the fall of the Roman Empire, Augustine also experienced the world as a place that was getting worse. The *City of God* was his theological interpretation of why the Roman Empire was falling, and how and where faithful Christians were to see themselves in the midst of that fall. Baum helpfully distills Augustine's 1,000-page argument:

Augustine introduced the famous distinction between "the city of man" and "the city of God," two cities generated by two different kinds of love, the love of self and the love of God. In the city of man, "the proud city," people sought their own advantage, their pleasures and their personal triumphs, while in the city of God, "the humble city," people were friends, helping one another, grateful to God, the giver of all good things.

Critically, Baum notes that Augustine is not suggesting here that the city of God is limited to, or even necessarily includes the church. As in Jesus' parable of the wheat and the tares in Matthew 13:24-30, the church is a mixed field of peoples, not all of whom are motivated by the love of God. Indeed, even within a single person we find ourselves a mixed field of loves—we are all shot through by both sin and grace.

Augustine's insight was to see that the city of God, the humble city, was not a fixed community or time, but rather a context, a place that would arise where persons and peoples moved away from the disordering self-love of the proud city, and instead joined their neighbors in actively building the humble city. Our hope then is not bound up in the dominant social-political order. The world might be getting worse, the empire might fall and be replaced by an even crueller one, but our hope is not found in the success or failure of empires but rather in a way of life made possible for us through the triune God, revealed to us by

Israel and Jesus. As Baum puts it, despite the empire's successes or failures "God's grace alive in people's hearts, prompts them to forget themselves, share with their neighbours, and construct communities based on mutual respect and solidarity. The city of God is thus built in the midst of an imperial civilization."

Baum concludes, "If today's world is really Mr. Bush's new 'international order,' then—following the logic of St. Augustine—being socially engaged,

buoyed up by the gift of hope, means to build networks of resistance, create communities of friendship and service, and promote a counter-culture of social solidarity."

Like Baum and Augustine, I do not think everything is going to be alright. *Ça ne va pas bien aller.* The global pandemic has revealed the deep divisions that plague us, and it is a drop in the bucket compared to the crises we face on this planet as creatures of the triune God. Mr. Bush's "international order," now well established, is growing into an even

crueler one, where tech-barons animated by a capitalist and post-humanist philosophy are attempting to supersede the material world with a virtual one created in their own image. Meanwhile, everyday, another of our fellow creatures vanishes forever. Creation is groaning for redemption, and we are busy building spaceships to escape it.

What is the meaning of hope for us, in a period of history when things are getting worse? Let's be honest: As a church we are left on the other side of the pandemic with weakened

numbers, finances, and morale. We have always been fragile and contingent—that is the nature of creatureliness—and in the very near future, we may well cease to exist. We are standing at the site of the empty tomb, and rather than celebrating, we are prudently afraid.

In the midst of this fear, I think Baum points us towards a meaningful hope. The good news of Easter is not that all shall be well, it is rather that despite the social, economic, political, and



"Christ and the myrrhbearers"

IVANKA DEMCHUK, OIL AND ACRYLIC ON WOOD

ecological illnesses we see around us, despite the real limitations of our moral agency, we may yet join one another in building networks of resistance, creating communities of friendship and service, and promoting counter-cultures of ecological and social solidarity.

We might fail, but that doesn't really matter. Easter is not a story about our success. It's a story about God's creative capacity to build the humble city with and through us, despite our failures. In evil times, our hope is built on nothing less. ■



# Growing together

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