



Christ is risen... Christ has risen indeed!



The Supper at Emmaus 1601, by Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio.

Two of Jesus' disciples were walking to Emmaus after the crucifixion. The resurrected Jesus himself drew near and went with them, but they did not recognize him. At supper that evening in Emmaus "he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight" (Luke 24: 30-31, KJV). Christ is shown at the moment of blessing the bread and revealing his true identity to the two disciples.

Caravaggio's innovative treatment of the subject makes this one of his most powerful works. The depiction of Christ is unusual in that he is beardless. The intensity of the emotions of Christ's disciples is conveyed by their gestures and expression. The picture was commissioned by the Roman nobleman Ciriaco Mattei in 1601. Painting reproduced with permission of the National Gallery, London under a public Creative Commons license.

FROM THE COADJUTOR BISHOP

We are not alone

Earlier this year I had the privilege of joining about 30 other bishops from across the worldwide Anglican Communion for a course that's offered each year for those who are at the beginning of their episcopal ministries.

We gathered at Canterbury Cathedral, Anglicanism's mother church, and a sacred space in southern England where Christians have been continually praying for more than 14 centuries. Each day was enveloped by morning and evening prayer with the wonderfully hospitable cathedral community, and also included a daily celebration of the eucharist, Bible study, shared meals, and various speakers and discussions on what it means to be a bishop in this particular time in the life of the church and the world.

Our cohort of so-called "baby bishops" well and truly reflected the geographic, linguistic and cultural diversity of our global family of churches. Anglicanism is present in more than 165 countries, and though only a handful were represented at this course, there were bishops from every region of the world: Australia, Canada, Democratic Republic of Congo, England, Gambia, Guyana, India, Japan, Kenya, Mozambique, Solomon Islands, South Africa, South Sudan, Tanzania, and the United States.

Space allows me to highlight only a couple of the important things that struck me during this course. One is that despite our many apparent differences, the contexts of many of our ministries are quite similar. For example, the bishops of such diverse locales as Riverina (Australia) and Kinshasa (Democratic Republic of Congo) each serve dioceses that are geographically vast, largely rural, with a relatively small and widely dispersed Anglican population seeking new and innovative ways of doing ministry because of limited financial and human resources. Sound familiar?

Far from adopting a misery-loves-company attitude, we took delight in discovering our shared ministerial contexts and challenges, and committed to pray for one another and learn from one another.

Hearing about the contexts and challenges of some of the other bishops' ministries was downright humbling. One bishop from the Solomon Islands, an archipelago in the South Pacific Ocean, told me that his biggest problem isn't dwindling congregations but rather dwindling land. Climate change has tripled the rate at which the ocean there is rising. Five smaller islands have already disappeared under rising waters and 10 homes have been swept into the sea. The bishop told me that one village in his diocese recently had to move in its entirety to higher ground so as to avoid—or at least delay—a similar fate.

There were also a few bishops from South Sudan, the world's newest country, but one whose young life has been marked by brutality. A three-year-old civil war has killed an estimated 300,000 people and displaced another 3.5 million people. At this very moment, conflict, drought, and a collapsing economy have conspired together to create a famine in South Sudan, where four out of 10 people don't know where their next meal will come from.

These life-and-death crises faced by our Anglican sisters and brothers in other parts of the world should help put our own relatively minor challenges here in Quebec and Canada in the perspective they merit. They can also help motivate us to respond to their human need with our loving service.

The Primate's World Relief and Development Fund (www.pwrdf.org) is currently accepting donations to help with the famine



Nous ne sommes pas seuls

Un peu plus tôt cette année, j'ai eu le privilège de me joindre à une trentaine d'autres évêques de la Communion anglicane à travers le monde pour participer à une formation offerte chaque année à ceux et celles qui commencent leur ministère épiscopal.

Nous nous sommes rassemblés à la cathédrale de Canterbury, église-mère de l'anglicanisme, terre sacrée du sud de l'Angleterre qui reçoit immuablement, depuis plus de quatorze siècles, les chrétiens qui y viennent pour prier. Le déroulement de chaque journée était encadré par les

prières du matin et du soir avec les membres extrêmement hospitaliers de la communauté de la cathédrale et incluait aussi la célébration de l'Eucharistie, l'étude de la Bible, les repas communautaires ainsi que des exposés et discussions sur la signification du rôle de l'évêque dans la vie religieuse et le monde d'aujourd'hui.

Notre cohorte d'« évêques en herbe » reflétait parfaitement la diversité géographique, linguistique et culturelle de notre famille mondiale d'églises. L'anglicanisme est représenté dans plus de 165 pays, et bien que notre groupe ait été petit, il incluait des évêques en provenance de toutes les régions du monde : Australie, Canada, République démocratique du Congo, Angleterre, Gambie, Guyana, Inde, Japon, Kenya, Mozambique, Îles Salomon, Afrique du Sud, Soudan du Sud, Tanzanie et États-Unis.

Je dispose de peu d'espace, mais je peux vous relater les principaux points qui m'ont frappé au cours de cette formation. Le premier étant que, malgré les multiples différences évidentes entre nos ministères, les contextes dans lesquels nous travaillons sont très similaires. Par exemple, les évêques de localités aussi différentes que Riverina (Australie) et Kinshasa (République démocratique du Congo) œuvrent dans des diocèses de grandes dimensions géographiques, composés principalement de localités rurales, où la communauté anglicane, faible en nombre et vaste-ment dispersée, est à la recherche de façons nouvelles et innovatrices d'exercer son ministère en raison de ressources humaines financières et limitées. Ça ressemble à quelque chose, d'après vous?

Et plutôt que de se plaindre ensemble de notre sort, nous avons eu beaucoup de plaisir à découvrir les contextes et défis qui nous sont communs et nous nous sommes engagés à prier les uns pour les autres et à partager nos connaissances.

Cette initiation aux contextes et défis rencontrés par mes collègues dans leurs ministères offrait aussi une bonne leçon d'humilité. Un évêque venant des Îles Salomon, un archipel situé dans l'océan Pacifique sud, m'a raconté que son plus gros problème n'était pas la disparition progressive de sa congrégation mais plutôt... de son territoire. Les changements climatiques ont triplé la vitesse à laquelle les eaux montent dans cette région du monde. Cinq petites îles ont déjà disparu sous les eaux et dix maisons ont été balayées par l'océan. L'évêque m'a conté qu'un village de son diocèse a récemment dû être entièrement relocalisé à l'intérieur des terres afin d'éviter – ou à tout le moins de retarder – un destin similaire.

Parmi nous se trouvaient aussi quelques évêques du Soudan du Sud, le plus nouveau pays du monde, dont la courte existence est marquée par la violence. Une guerre civile déclenchée depuis plus de trois ans a causé la mort de plus de 300 000 personnes et en a déraciné plus de 3,5 millions d'autres. En ce moment, ce conflit, une sécheresse et la destruction de l'économie ont créé une famine qui sévit au Soudan du Sud, où chaque jour 4 personnes sur 10 ne savent pas d'où proviendra leur prochain repas.

Ces périls, ces questions de vie ou de mort auxquels nos frères et sœurs anglicans d'ailleurs dans le monde sont confrontés, nous

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APRIL 2017

A ministry of the Anglican Diocese of Quebec founded in 1894 by the Rt. Rev. A.H. Dunn

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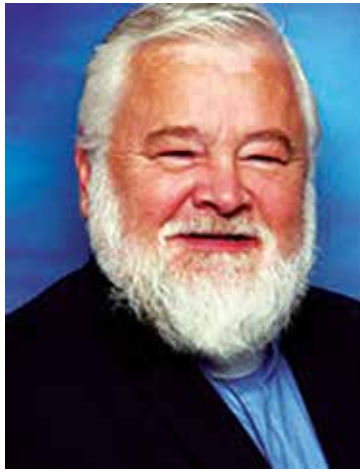
The mandate of *The Gazette* shall be to serve as a means of encouragement, communication, and community building among the regions of the diocese, with special emphasis on regional activities and matters of concern for both laity and clergy. It shall provide an opportunity for the bishop to address 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 Diocese of Quebec)

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By Yme Woensdregt

This past summer, I discovered Louise Penny and her marvelous novels featuring Inspector Gamache, set in the fictional town of Three Pines, in the eastern townships of Quebec. I fell in love with Penny's writing, and with her characters. I laughed with them. I cried with them. I delighted in their successes and mourned their failures. Penny writes real characters, broken and healed, who get lots of stuff wrong and some stuff right.

I cannot recommend these books to you highly enough! Find them. Read them.

The main character is Armand Gamache, an inspector in the Sureté de Québec—the provincial police force. Each book revolves around a particular murder

which he has to solve. But there is also an ongoing supporting cast of characters who are equally important in these stories. If it were a television show, it would be called an “ensemble cast”.

Near the end of Penny's latest book, “The Great Reckoning”, Gamache addresses the graduating class of the Academy, men and women about to become police officers. He says, “We are all of us marred and scarred and imperfect. We make mistakes. We do things we deeply regret. We are tempted and sometimes we give in to that temptation. Not because we're bad or weak, but because we're human. We are a crowd of faults. But know this.”

“He stood in complete silence for a moment, the huge auditorium motionless.

““There is always a road back. If we have the courage to look for it, and take it. I'm sorry. I was wrong. I don't know.” He paused again. ‘I need help. Those are the signposts. The cardinal directions.’”

“And then he smiled again, the creases deep, his eyes bright.”

I'm sorry. I was wrong. I don't know. I need help.

It strikes me that those four sentences are faithful signposts for a life that would be stronger and less broken for us all.

I'm sorry. We all have done things of which we are ashamed. We all have hurt other people, either intentionally or unintentionally. We all have done or said things which we wish we could take back. We all have been mean or cruel at times.

And there is only one way to get past that. You can't bluff your way out of it. You can't just pretend it didn't happen. You can't ignore it and hope it goes away. You can't just sweep it under the rug. If you try, it will fester and erupt and make life a whole lot more ugly.

The only way to get past it is to admit fault. I'm sorry.

I was wrong. It's a mark of humility to acknowledge that you made a mistake. Each of us, as human beings, has done so. It's inescapable. We can't avoid making mistakes.

And again, you can bluster and try to get around it. You can try to bluff your way out of it. You can try to ignore the mistake. But again, the only way to get past it is to admit what we've done. I was wrong.

I don't know. We are all finite creatures, and there is much which we do not know. It reminds me of the famous prayer written by Thomas Merton which begins, “My Lord God, I have no idea where I am going. I do not see the road ahead of me. I cannot know for certain where it will end. Nor do I really know myself, and the fact that I think that I am following your will does not mean that I am actually doing so. But I believe that the desire to please you does in fact please you.” There is so much we don't know, and complete certainty about anything is virtually impossible.

Again, the only way to get past it is to acknowledge what you don't know, and trust others to help you learn what you need to learn. As we live together with that kind of humility, we will come ever closer to being a community in action as well as in name.

I need help. For me, this is the crux of it. I am not a self-made man. I am who I am because of the part others have played throughout my life. My family, my friends, teachers and doctors and nurses, and strangers—all have helped me.

I'm sorry. I was wrong. I don't know. I need help.

Louise Penny describes these as “the cardinal directions” in life. They are the north, east, south and west of our lives. They are the touchstones which can make our lives more whole, more complete, and more healthy. We need these signposts, these cardinal directions, to help us learn to live with the fact that we “are a crowd of faults”, and not to let it get in the way of our journey to wholeness.

I am grateful for having learned this.

The Rev. Dr. Yme Woensdregt is the Dean of East Kootenay and the Incumbent for Christ Church, Cranbrook. This article first appeared in The HighWay, the diocesan paper of Kootenay, and is reprinted with kind permission from them.



By Marty Levesque

Recently, I saw a news post on my Facebook feed and I realized I couldn't remember who the ‘friend’ who posted it was. Obviously, not one of my closest friendships. With upwards of 1100 friends on Facebook I find it difficult to maintain all these relationships and keep straight who is who. This got me thinking about the 150 rule, or Dunbar's number.

Dunbar's number is the suggested limit to the number of people with whom it is possible to maintain stable social relation-

ships. Within a group that does not exceed this number, you know who each person is and how each person relates to all others within the group. Robert Dunbar, the British Anthropologist, first proposed this number in the 1990's.

The 150 rule wasn't exactly new though. Hutterites, a Christian farming sect related to Mennonites, create new daughter colonies when the original colony surpasses 150 people. The communal lifestyle of the Hutterites becomes endangered as the size of the group grows. Relationships drift and a sense of accountability to the collective is lost. A colony, at its absolute maximum, may have up to 250 people. Once that upward threshold is reached, 10 to 20 families leave the colony to plant a new community, leaving 150 people in the original colony. Hutterites have been engaging in this practice since 16th century.

The same principle is also true for our worshipping communities. Once membership reaches 150, social connections begin to break down and familiarity is lost. There is a certain magic about small churches. They have that family feel of knowing everyone and belonging which is comes from not exceeding Dunbar's number.

Social media lowers the bar for ‘maintaining’ relationships which allows us expand our network well past Dunbar's number. This is both good and bad. Social media allows us to reconnect with people we have lost contact with, and maintain connections that might otherwise drift or dissolve. However, as the Hutterites have known for centuries, it can be extremely difficult to keep so many relationships in order, no matter the medium. While it is nice to reconnect with that high school friend

initially, it may become more draining than it is worth.

Recently, I found Facebook becoming too much. Overwhelmed with messages from people that I was having difficulty placing, I decided that something had to be done. I found myself going through my friends list and realized I didn't know who many of my ‘friends’ were. I could easily have gone on the great Facebook cull of 2017 and un-friended 500 people. Yet I had made these connections because I had, at some point, thought they would be worthwhile so I was hesitant to throw it all away.

Facebook allows you to ‘tune’ your feed so you can see only what you want. You can unfollow someone while remaining friends, or make sure close connections are surfaced at the top of your feed. This feature has allowed me to de-clutter my Facebook, while maintain-

ing all the loose connections I want. My news feed now only contains those relationships I want to strengthen, and allows the others to become acquaintances: people to which I am available, but not overwhelmed by. And while I am no where close to Dunbar's number, the noise has diminished and my news feed is much more manageable.

Prioritize those relationships that are important. As much as we all want to be liked, nobody can be friends with everyone, or, as it turns out, more than about 150 people.

The Rev. Marty Levesque is the diocesan social media officer for the diocese of Huron and Rec-tor of All Saints' in Waterloo. This first appeared in the Huron Church News and reprinted with Levesque's kind permission.

Too many friends? Know your limit!



By Sandra Bender

Regimes don't begin overnight

"God is dead." -F. Nietzsche, *Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft*

In Friedrich Nietzsche's novel *Also Sprach Zarathustra* (Thus Spake Zarathustra), the prologue contains the allegory of a tightrope walker giving a performance high above an assembled crowd. When he reaches the midway point, another man, the Übermensch (Super-human, or Overman) emerges onto the rope and begins to cross, faster than the first man. When he reaches the first man, the Übermensch leaps over him and causes him to fall. The crowd below rushes apart, out of the way, and the first man dies soon after from his wounds.

It's an allegory with its roots in Darwinism, in the idea of the survival of the fittest. The weak will fall behind and must be left where they lie. Western thought in the second half of the nineteenth century is known as the Enlightenment period. In broad strokes, the overall notion was that humanity had risen

above the need for religion or for God, because in using our own ability to rationalise and think, we had become our own gods. Progress was thought to be unlimited, unstoppable. Nietzsche's novel and the ideas it proposed became the rallying cry behind a movement that grew slowly. Also *Sprach Zarathustra* inspired artists and musicians alike, notably Richard Strauss in his orchestral tone poem of the same name (think *2001: A Space Odyssey*). This piece has come to be associated with ideas of evolution, of humanity rising to ever greater and greater heights.

The problem, of course, is that it's a very small step from "survival of the fittest" to "let's help Nature weed out the weak" – aka, ethnic 'cleansing' and genocide. Nietzsche's novel was published in 1883, six years before Adolf Hitler was even born. These ideas were a long time in the building. Richard Strauss was a known Nazi sympathiser. These ideas were considered normal, even commonplace.

This precise pattern has already begun to repeat itself: various parties from politicians to mainstream media spread the notion that certain parts of our society are less worthy than the others, less welcome, even dangerous. We've already seen the most basic surface indicators of it in Trump's Muslim registry, extreme nationalism, white supremacy, immigration bans,

limitations placed on the media, and the suppression of basic democracy – allowing the purchase of public office, for instance. Open defiance of the law. This is not, of course, limited to our neighbours to the south. In our own city, a violent, brutal attack was carried out in Québec's Grand Mosque in Ste-Foy. Six men died, leaving behind six wives, seventeen children, and a city of broken hearts.

To their credit, our politicians rose to the occasion magnificently. Prime Minister Justin Trudeau spoke at the vigil the following night about the nature of prayer, about the fact that the very act of prayer is to be aware of something, Someone, greater than oneself, and to be humble in its presence. He was entirely correct: we have not, as a species, evolved beyond our need for God. We have not, despite our post-modern culture of individualism, outgrown our need for community. Now, more than ever, is the time to come together and recognise in one another that which unites us, rather than that which divides. We will always have more in common than we have that should keep us apart.

In Nietzsche's novel, the crowd itself is very much complicit in the fall of the first man. They rushed away from the victim so that his fall from the heights would not touch them, sully them, implicate them. Now, more than ever is the time to break free

of the silent, complicit crowd and cry out in grief, catch the victim if possible, care for his wounds if not. To recognise that we ourselves are the first man – a term which has always been associated with Adam. The first man, the first one to fall. We are all Adam. We are all the fallen sinner, the weak, the imperfect. If we build societies that breed out the weak and champion only the strong, then who are we? More importantly to those of us who call ourselves after the One who came to die for our sins, that we might be spared our own due judgement and damnation, what does that say about us? Christ spoke about "the least of these". He came first for the weak, and saved his harshest words for the strong, the rich, the privileged, and the powerful.

With the new regime not only in the US, but in the attitudes that lay behind Brexit, that want to deny refugees fleeing from war access to safe haven, that look to target fringe groups and the perceived 'weak' in our midst, now is the time to remind ourselves that the mark of human evolution is our compassion, not our brute strength. It is our ability to love and accept that which is different, to see beyond difference to the basic humanity of every child, woman, and man alive, that makes the human race 'great'. It is our knowledge that we are created equal under the God we are bold to claim, even in this day of anti-

religion and self-worship. Let us now not be silent as these ideas rise up around us. Let us actively, thoughtfully, compassionately challenge those who champion this rhetoric. Let us be light in the world, salt in the earth, harbingers of justice and freedom to the oppressed. We do not have to claim this rhetoric, for we have a Gospel of our own:

"Then the King will say to those on his right, 'Come, you who are blessed by my Father; take your inheritance, the kingdom prepared for you since the creation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me.'

"Then the righteous will answer him, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink? When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothe you? When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?'

"The King will reply, 'Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.' – Matthew 25:34-40 (NIV)

Sandra Bender is the Choirmaster and Director of Liturgy at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity.

FROM THE COADJUTOR BISHOP

Continued from page 2

relief effort in South Sudan, and I invite you to join me in making a contribution. As for climate change, it's something that affects us all, and there are a number of ways we can change our habits and practices to help to safeguard the integrity of creation and sustain and renew the life of God's creation. You can find some on the website of the Anglican Church of Canada (www.anglican.ca/publicwitness/creationmatters).

Suite à partir de la page 2

permettent de mettre correctement en perspective les défis relativement mineurs que nous rencontrons ici au Québec et au Canada. Ils nous permettent aussi de nous motiver à répondre à leurs besoins humains avec notre secours compatissant.

Le fonds du Primat pour le secours et le développement mondial (The Primate's World Relief and Development Fund - www.pwrdf.org) accepte présentement les dons visant à soutenir l'effort de secours contre la famine au Soudan du Sud et je vous invite à vous joindre à moi pour y faire une contribution. En ce qui concerne les changements climatiques, il s'agit d'une chose qui nous touche tous, et nous pouvons tous trouver des manières de changer nos habitudes et nos pratiques afin de contribuer à sauvegarder l'intégrité de la Création et à soutenir et renouveler la vie de la Création de Dieu. Vous pouvez en trouver quelques-unes sur le site Web de l'Église anglicane du Canada. (www.anglican.ca/publicwitness/creationmatters).



Our diocese covers a large territory with vast spaces between our congregations. We need **you** to send us material for your diocesan paper!

Please send in your stories, photos of events and interesting news from your part of the diocese to share via the *Quebec Diocesan Gazette* with the rest of us.

Upcoming deadlines are **March 31st for the May paper and May 4th for the June paper.**

Photos should be high definition if possible and the people in the photo as well as the photographer identified. E-mail stories and photos to editor@quebec.anglican.ca

Thanks

Allen Cook, 1931-2017 R. I. P.



The Venerable Allen Cook passed away peacefully on January 12, 2017 at St. Joseph's Hospital in Hamilton, Ontario, in his 86th year.

Archdeacon Cook served as the incumbent of the Parish of New Carlisle from the late 1950s and as Archdeacon of Gaspé in the 1990s

Loving father of Glen Cook of Woodbridge and Sheila Cook and her husband Mike Nairn of Hamilton. Allen was the brother of Barry Cook (Evelyn) of Oakville. Allen was predeceased by his beloved wife Susan, his son Michael and his sister Shirleyanne Smedley (Ross). Cherished grand- father to Julie, Sarah and Felicia.

As a young man, Allen attended Bishops University in Sherbrook QC. Ordained in 1957. his work in the Anglican Church would take him to regions across Quebec and Ontario. Allen was a minister at parishes in the Dioceses of Montreal, Quebec, Niagara and Huron. Allen was particularly fond of the time he spent in the Gaspé region of Quebec and he returned often after his retirement.

A service celebrating Allen's life took place Thursday, January 19th at Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton with interment at St. Paul's Anglican Church, Mount Hope. Donations in lieu of flowers to the charity of your choice are appreciated.

Tom Settle, 1931-2017 R. I. P.

The Venerable Doctor Tom Settle also died this same week. Born in Manchester, England, in 1931, he was a rare combination of philosopher, scientist, economist, theologian, professor and pastor. After an accomplished academic career, which included 15 years as Dean of the University of Guelph's College of Arts, Archdeacon Settle became an Anglican priest in the Diocese of Niagara in 1991. He had been ordained a Methodist minister in 1957.

In 2001 he came to the Diocese of Quebec with his wife, the Rev. Mia Anderson, serving until his retirement in 2008 as Archdeacon of Quebec and honorary assistant at St. Michael, Sillery, and also serving congregations in St. Malachie, Lac-Beauport, Loretteville, and Valcartier.

The whole diocese gives thanks for the lives and ministries of these two faithful servants, prays for the repose of their souls, and in offers condolences to all those who mourn their deaths.

Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon them.

The diocesan archives required to move



Not quite going, going, gone ... but close.

Bishop's University identified a need to transform and expand the John Bassett Library into a Learning Commons to meet the requirements and expectations of 21st Century learners. Built in 1959, the library was designed to accommodate 1,500 students. Bishop's enrollment has grown to over 2,400 students and Champlain Regional College, which uses the library, has 1,100 students.

The Learning Commons will support a student-centred approach that emphasizes active and collaborative engagement, and encourages the co-creation of knowledge by all students. It will increase opportunities for students to deepen their understanding of critical issues, learn new skills, enjoy collaboration with others, and make new connections. Key to this ambition is bringing together in one location services and resources that support and integrate learning, teaching, research and discovery, and providing environments that enable collaborative and individual learning.

To carry out this 17.5 million dollar project, Bishop's University received grants from the federal and provincial governments under the Major Infrastructure Component of the Building Canada Fund. The university's share of the cost will be 4.5 million dollars, of which 3.8 million has been already been raised including one million from a pledge from the student body. The new learning commons will be within the walls of the existing library.



GOING...

As a result the library has had to move out for a twenty month period to a temporary building near the sports complex building The Learning Commons is expected to be finished by September 2018.

In a four month project the diocesan archives material had to be re-catalogued and in many cases placed into new boxes. The more than 600 boxes of archives have been moved off-site to

a commercial archival warehouse until the library project is completed. Thus, the access for general research will be very limited for the next eighteen months. Material required by the diocesan office and requests for certified copies of church records will still be provided but they now involve a longer timeframe and additional costs as they must be retrieved from the ware-



GOING...

house.

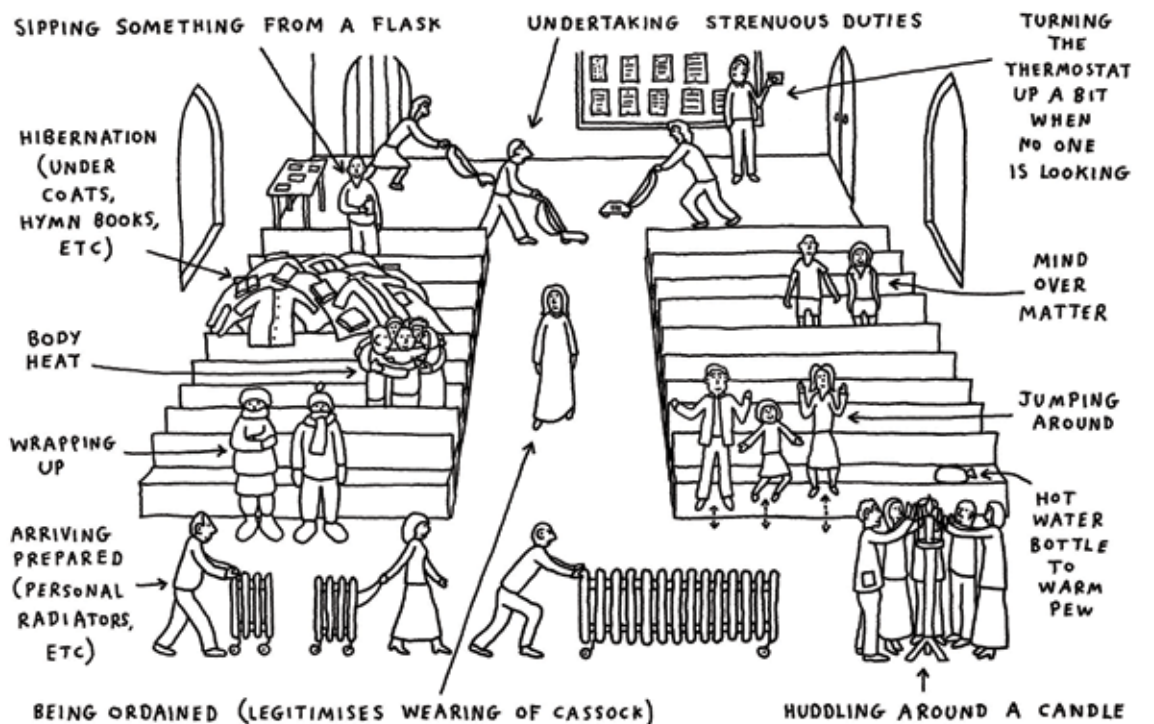
The archives is still actively accepting deposits of material from parishes and these will be processed and placed into the warehouse until the archives moves into its renovated quarters. For further information please contact the diocesan archivist: archives@quebec.anglican.ca



GONE!

WAYS TO KEEP WARM

IN CASE THERE IS ONE YOU HAVEN'T TRIED





Canada Briefs

Articles from other diocesan papers prepared by Tali Folkins, staff writer at the Anglican Journal

1. Peterborough Anglican co-ordinates shipments for northern communities

An Anglican from Peterborough, Ont., is one of the organizers behind a recently developed program for shipping tons of donated items from southern Ontario to First Nations communities in the North.

John Andras is one of the directors of HIP: Honouring Indigenous Peoples, a charity aimed at teaching Canadians about Indigenous issues and helping schools in Native communities. Last year, HIP began a program for collecting in-kind donations and transporting them to northern communities. It started with a shipment of 1,500 articles of winter clothing to nine communities. Then, this January, HIP sent three transport trucks of donated hockey equipment and other items north to 11 First Nations communities.

The setting-up of the supply chain by which these materials reach their destinations was the work of Andras and Laurie Siblock, residents of Cobourg, Ont.

So far, the shipments have been free of cost, because the trucking companies and airlines involved—MGA International, Wasaya Airways and Thunder Air—have donated their services.

“I’ve found that the trucking industry has a huge heart and they’re aware of conditions in the North,” Andras says. “They have contacts with First Nations communities along their routes on the northern highways, so they’re aware of the issues and problems, and they want to help.”

Andras says the program has grown “far bigger, far faster” than he had thought possible. “It’s having a real impact in the North—not just by getting things up there that people need, but also making connections and having



people realize there’s a lot of people of goodwill in the South who want to reach out and make things different.”
—*The Anglican*

2. If you want clergy visits in hospital, tell staff: N.B. chaplain

If you want an Anglican chaplain to visit you when you’re in the hospital, you should make sure hospital staff are aware of this, a New Brunswick chaplain says.

Canon David Barrett, who has served as chaplain at two Saint John hospitals for more than a year and a half, says both he and his predecessor have experienced “daily frustration” because hospital staff often do not ask patients their denomination, and whether they want a clergy visit, when they are being admitted.

Privacy regulations forbid Barrett from searching for patients to visit. Instead, he gets a list every morning that shows all the Anglicans reported in the hospital that day, and another one of all the Anglicans recorded as having requested a clergy visit. But the lists may not always be complete; Barrett says he himself was not asked these questions when admitted to hospital last fall for kidney stones.

Barrett says a lot of the patients he sees get few or no visitors. He once visited a woman in palliative care who cried, saying she did not want to be alone.

“Every time I moved in my chair, she thought I was leaving,” Barrett says. He stayed with her for an hour,

reading psalms and praying with the woman. As he was leaving, she said, “I needed something spiritual. You’re just what I needed today,” Barrett says.

Barrett says he takes cues from the patients when deciding what he will do on a visit. He might read from the Bible, offer prayers or even communion, he says, but sometimes the visit is simply to show someone they have not been forgotten.
—*The New Brunswick Anglican*

3. Edmonton church, art space offer religion and art together

An Edmonton Anglican church and faith-based art gallery are teaming up to explore the intersection of religion and art through a range of projects aimed at the wider community.

St. Faith Anglican Church and Bleeding Heart Art Space, located across the street from each other in an eclectic downtown neighbourhood, have been enjoying an unusually close relationship since around 2015. That’s when Urban Bridge Pentecostal Church, which had founded the art space as a faith-based community gallery and arts centre, closed.

Meanwhile, Bleeding Heart’s artistic director, Dave Von Bieker, and his family began attending St. Faith’s, and the church’s rector, Canon Travis Enright, began to realize the potential offered by closer collaboration.

Since then, the church and gallery have teamed up on a number of projects. The

church, for example, offers a Bleeding Heart service once a month, weaving creative and sensory elements into the liturgy. This May, Bleeding Heart, together with the diocese of Edmonton’s Indigenous ministries office and with funding from the Anglican Foundation of Canada, will curate a public art installation featuring a large tree, based on a Métis story, that will serve as a focus of stories of healing.

Travis says the relationship has brought a number of benefits to the church beyond those originally foreseen. “It has given us room to think about church differently,” he says.

Von Bieker says art shows can provide a way of sharing ideas about God and other topics that are sometimes challenging to discuss.

“Theology, reconciliation, sexuality, gender identity...there are a lot of issues we don’t know how to have a good dialogue about,” he says. “Art and story are keys to having those conversations. That’s what Jesus did with the parables.”
—*The Messenger*

4. Montreal mission struggles with deficit

For the first time, St. Michael’s Mission, which provides warming stations for the homeless, among other services, is grappling with a deficit and hoping for donations.

The Montreal-based mission is facing the shortfall partly because of a recent loss of \$70,000 in government support and donations from private sponsors. For this rea-

son, executive director George Greene says he is especially grateful the mission was chosen to be one of the beneficiaries of this year’s Bishop’s Action Appeal, an annual call for donations to the diocese.

In addition to the warming station, which welcomes people through the night, the mission also offers meals, showers, crisis intervention, legal advice and other services for some of the estimated 3,000 people without a home in Montreal’s downtown core.

The mission has traditionally had a close relationship with the diocese. It is located in the Anglican Church of St. John the Evangelist, and has had considerable support from Anglican parishes and individual Anglicans over the years, Greene says.

Last year, more than half of the 13 deaths reported among Montreal’s homeless population were weather-related. In the first month of 2017 alone, five died.

Donations to the Bishop’s Action Appeal can be made by calling the Synod Office (514-843-6577), or online at www.montreal.anglican.ca/baa2016.

—*Anglican Montreal*



5 A's of Food Security

- 1 **AVAILABILITY**
food is available to all people at all times
- 2 **ACCESSIBILITY**
people have economic and physical access to food
- 3 **ACCEPTABILITY**
food is culturally acceptable
- 4 **APPROPRIATE**
nutritious, free from harmful chemicals
- 5 **AGENCY**
people have the ability to influence policies or processes that affect their lives

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Gleanings

Gleanings is a monthly column by Meb Reisner Wright, the diocesan historian, who delves in to the back issues of the Quebec Diocesan Gazette to present us with interesting nuggets of our past.

There would have been hardly a family among Diocesan Gazette readers in 1917 that was not touched by the absence of a family member, a friend or neighbour away from home on active duty overseas. All walks of life, all the professions were affected in some way or other, not least the ministry of the church. Any and all news of conditions at the Front was awaited with eagerness and trepidation by those at home, so letters from abroad from serving chaplains, when they appeared in the paper, were read and reread whether or not the writer was personally known, or from the reader's part of the Diocese.

The April issue of the Gazette carried a detailed article from the Rev. Alfred Wellington Buckland, on leave from his duties as rector of St Andrew's Church, New Carlisle, in the Gaspé, then serving as a hospital chaplain in England.

"The opportunity for effective work presented in a hospital chaplaincy can hardly be overestimated," Buckland begins. "Great as is the opportunity in a Battalion, here [in hospital it] is far greater, for the obstacles in the way of getting at your men, fitting in your services and of personal work are so reduced."

"The men [in hospital] are always to be found. They have abundant leisure, they enjoy having the Chaplain visit them, to talk about their soul's welfare, to read to them, and to talk to them of the 'One thing needful'."

He goes on to describe a chaplain making his rounds in a military hospital and the first thing that strikes the reader is the huge numbers of casualties being treated. It is clear, however, that in choosing his details he is thinking of the comfort that his description might bring to his readers back home. "The thousands are divided by fifties in the long, narrow, many-windowed wards," he explains. "Into one of these turns our chaplain. The ward is a long, cosy one with a row of beds at regular intervals either side like legs on a centipede whose body is the foot linoleum matting running the entire length of the wards. The light green stain of the walls and darker green of the curtains make an apt background for the whiteness of the bed linen while the whole gets the necessary touch of colour from the masses of flowers at almost every bedside."

"Our chaplain no sooner is inside the door than he notices a new face in the bed in the corner, an arrival of last night's convoy. 'Church of England' he reads on the chart, but that would make no difference. He would find out if he could help and try to cheer the lad up whatever his religion, and the boy needs it: his wounds are serious and painful. If he can be roused into cheerfulness, as much good will have been done as the doctors' medicine. A few moments conversation and he has the boy's address and will write to assure the mother that her son is quite happy and doing nicely. ..."

"Stops are frequent as he goes down the ward. Here are a group of patients in easy chairs and armed with newspapers and magazines [for convalescent patients were looked after here as well]. 'Won't you sit down, Sir, says one?' The invitation is accepted and we halt for some minutes. Common ground is found—conversation is skillfully led into desired channels. If he cannot talk straight to them he leads where natural channels of consequence that will and so seed is sown for the Master ..."

"Down towards the end of the ward is a difficult case—a man who has lost courage and faith—Physically and spiritually in a dangerous condition. It takes God-given wisdom and tact to lift the poor fellow out of his troubles."

"Many a lesson for the chaplain himself [can be learned] in the unselfish splendour of some of these men—who smile when pain grips them like the fangs of a wolf [yet] cheer away the sorrow of others."

"But we have only dealt with the individual, the personal work. There are the Sunday Services in the Recreation room, and wards which sometimes go with a novel swing."

He goes on to describe "large congregation[s], composed of members of the staff, Nursing Sisters and Doctors" in the Rec Hall where "the tunes of old familiar hymns take us back to our own little country Church, and many forget the mud of Flanders and France." Holy Communion was frequently celebrated.

"One cannot use too much paper," he concludes, "and it has only been possible to indicate the [out]lines" of what is possible for a chaplain to achieve in a Military Hospital." During the act of writing, he breaks off, "the Medical Orderly knocks at our door. 'Sir, Private So-and-so is going to the Operating Room and would like to receive the Holy Communion before going.' Simple faith, true, but showing implicit faith, yea, childlike faith in the Great Physician" after which he simply signs his name and rank.

A post script adds that "Captain Buckland is now Senior Chaplain to the Brigade of Troops at Shoreham on sea, and Mrs Buckland is now in England doing Red Cross Work in connection with the Canadian Red Cross Society."

Faithful Reflections

By Louisa Blair

The helicopter disciple

Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me ... Whither I go, ye cannot come. Simon Peter said unto him, Lord, whither goest thou? Jesus answered him, Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards. Peter said unto him, Lord, why cannot I follow thee now? (Gospel of John)

If only they'd had Skype in those days, or text messaging, Peter could have had both: he could have let Jesus go but stayed in touch with him at the same time. Surely if we're smart enough to have all those things on earth, God must have them in heaven, at least by now. But apparently Peter had to really let go of Jesus, physically, humanly, and given the number of times Jesus repeated this at their last meal together, it seems to have been very painful for him too.

I understand Peter's questions with a special intensity right now. When my daughter went to Montreal to check out universities, like Peter, I wanted to follow her. What if she got off the bus in Trois Rivières by mistake? What if she got lost in the subway? What if she didn't ask enough questions, or asked the wrong questions? (i.e. not my questions). And what if she was attracted to the wrong university?

Of course, when she came back she said she wanted to go to the Polytechnique de Montréal to study engineering. This is where 14 women engineers were assassinated a few years ago (well, okay, 1989) just for being women engineers. Which I would have pointed out to her forcefully as we were NOT on our way there on the subway, had I gone with her.

By the way, someone once called me a helicopter mum but I'm not. I've been in a helicopter once, but I've never flown one. I mostly travel by bus.

So now, my daughter, my tiny baby girl, is leaving home. And like Peter, a big part of me is saying, *Lord, why cannot I follow thee now?* Not that my daughter is Jesus-like in any way, except possibly her hair. But for twenty years I have followed her around, making sure she didn't hurt herself, cooking and caring for her, being challenged by her, learning from her, laughing with her, leaving the outside light on for her when she was out late. One develops a certain attachment.

If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I. Of course I know I should rejoice. She will discover new horizons, she will find her own way, her own vocation, her own loves. Her adult life with the Father, instead of with her bus-travelling mother, is beginning for real. This is obviously the kind of attitude I should aim for. I should love her with the kind of love Jesus (possibly half-heartedly) is telling his disciples they should feel, the love that recognizes and values and rejoices in the freedom and happiness of the other.

And ye therefore now have sorrow.

Yes that is the kind of self-giving motherly love I should aim for. But all that self-giving of motherhood was also the most satisfying job of my life, and being loved and depended on by a small adorable being was in my experience a happy one. I now therefore have sorrow.

But I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one taketh away from you.

This is what Peter had to be content with, not having the faintest idea of what Jesus was talking about. What kind of joy can possibly seem enduring, when the people the you love most are taken away from you? It's something I plan to study, pray for, ponder on deep in my bus-travelling heart, etc.

All I can say for now is she'd better make sure I see her again, or what'll be taken away is her mother's contribution to her school fees.