



Quebec Diocesan  
**Gazette**



○ Wisdom

WINTER 2022

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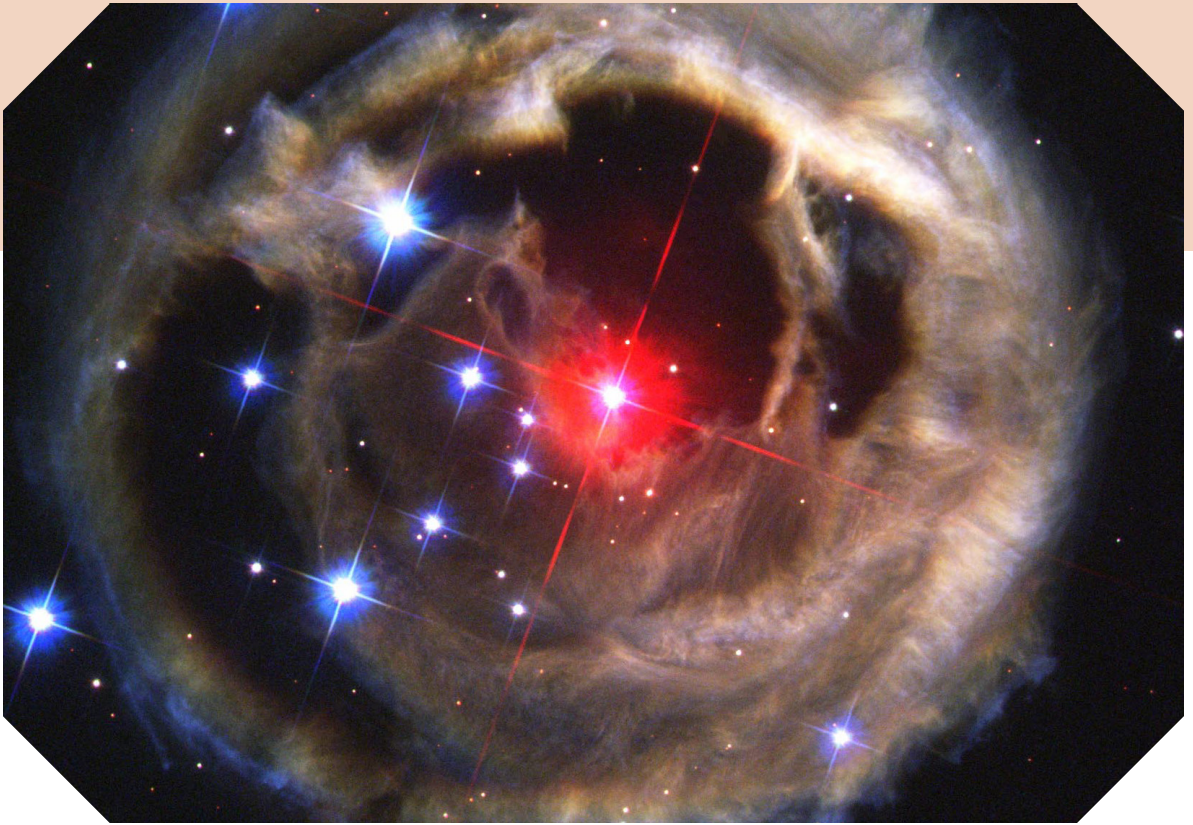
A record of church work in the Anglican Diocese of Quebec; a ministry founded in 1894 by the Rt. Rev. A.H. Dunn

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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). Editorial and advertising enquiries, as well as letters to the editor, should be directed to: [communications@quebec.anglican.ca](mailto:communications@quebec.anglican.ca) or Editor, The Quebec Diocesan Gazette, 31 rue des Jardins, Québec, QC, G1R 4L6

COVER IMAGE: "Adoración de los Reyes" (1619), Velázquez.

WINTER 2022



PHOTOS: NASA/HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE

V838 Monocerotis shortly after it became one of the brightest stars in the heavens.

**By Matthew Townsend**

EDITOR

## EDITORIAL

# LET US ATTEND

In January 2002, a previously unknown star about 20,000 light years from Earth – in the faint constellation Unicorn – did something never before seen: it temporarily became the brightest star in our galaxy. What once was so dim that it never garnered attention was suddenly an object of intense scientific interest. What was happening? How long would it last? What were astronomers even looking at?

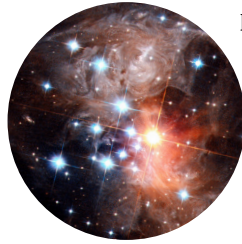
This unicorn of a star, it turned out, was experiencing a “luminous red nova” – a previously unobserved, mysterious stellar event unrelated to standard novae or supernovae.

According to NASA, the incredible outburst of energy from V838 Monocerotis illuminated six light-years of surrounding dust in a moving light echo, with light reaching outer layers of dust long after the initial flash.

Astronomers and theologians alike have pondered the nature of the Star of Bethlehem. Was it something like a luminous red nova? Or perhaps the supernova of the Hulse–Taylor star on Feb. 23, 4 B.C., brought wise astrologers to the King of Kings? Or was it a comet or an odd alignment of planets, either of which were (and are) thought of as omens for good or ill?

While I have a lifelong love of cosmology, I don't look to the skies in search of divine direction. However, I do appreciate the wisdom of those who, like the Magi, work tirelessly to discern God's will in their lives. Maybe they saw a brilliant beacon in the sky calling them to God. Or maybe they saw the faintest of light with averted vision, which is used by astronomers to leverage the eye's powerful periphery to see the otherwise unseen.

Whatever it was, and however they saw it, the star led them to the source of our salvation. Their dreams likewise led them away from Herod's violent plans. They exercised their wisdom by paying attention and moving, becoming the first outside of Jesus's tiny family to revel in



the greatest epiphany, and the first to enrage authority with their loyalty to the Son of God.

The Magi rejected the overwhelming power of Herod – a dark ruthlessness they might have perceived as wisdom solely because of his station. As we seek God's wisdom on matters monopolized by today's Herods – on how we should treat others, the proper way to die, economic disparities, or other subjects discussed in this issue of the Gazette – let us follow in the footsteps of the Magi, attending to God's wisdom through Scripture, prayer, and whatever signs speak to us.

And if some Herodical authority becomes enraged at you in the process, know you have my prayers. ■

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By The Rt. Rev. Bruce Myers  
BISHOP OF QUEBEC

**NO LAUGHING MATTER**

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**C'EST PAS DES BLAGUES**

Par Mgr Bruce Myers  
ÉVÊQUE DE QUÉBEC

## FROM THE BISHOP

Last November the Supreme Court of Canada ruled that a stand-up comedian has the constitutionally protected right to publicly mock a disabled teenager.

The high court's ruling brought to an end a decade-long legal dispute between comic Mike Ward and Jérémy Gabriel, who became a minor Quebec celebrity a dozen years ago when he started being invited to sing in public, including on network television. In doing so, "le petit Jérémy" courageously overcame the limits of a congenital disorder causing facial disfigurement and deafness. He also became, for years, the butt of Mike Ward's jokes.

A majority of the judges determined that even though Ward's wisecracks about Gabriel's appearance and disability were hurtful, they do not exceed the limits of free speech. In other words, Mike Ward's denigrating and very public jokes about Jérémy Gabriel are lawful.

"All things are lawful," the apostle Paul once wrote, "but not all things are beneficial. All things are lawful, but not all things build up." Saint Paul wasn't writing to the Christians at Corinth about hurtful jokes told in bad taste, but the point he's making still applies.

Just because, for example, freedom of speech laws allow us to crack wise about people's appearances and disabilities without fear of legal repercussions doesn't mean there aren't consequences of other kinds.

Jérémy Gabriel has described the crushing anguish he felt at being publicly and repeatedly humiliated – not only by Mike Ward's stand-up routine, but also by classmates at his high school, who would bombard him with video clips of Ward's mockery and pile on ridicule of their own. The unrelenting bullying drove Jérémy to try and kill himself.

Freedom of expression is something to which

we as Christians rightly hold dear, not least of all in a time and place where there is a decreasing tolerance for expressions of religious belief in the public square. And yet as Christians, we are also called to consider the extent to which the exercise of our freedoms impacts others.

"The Christian [person] is a completely free lord of all, subject to none," wrote Martin Luther, immediately adding: "The Christian [person] is a completely dutiful servant of all, subject to all." Our freedom in Christ – by which "all things are lawful" – is tempered by our responsibility to everyone else, recognizing that not everything we have the "right" to do is either beneficial to or builds up others.

In response to the Supreme Court's decision – and reflecting with regret upon his own history of telling jokes at the expense of others –

columnist Mickaël Bergeron echoes Saint Paul and Brother Martin: "I think you can laugh about anything, but that doesn't mean you can do it any which way. That it doesn't have consequences. Humour is a powerful artform – it can be moving, it can make people think, it can denounce, it lets us blow off steam, it can be comforting – but it can also do harm. Humour can stigmatize."

Despite Mike Ward's mean-spirited and stigmatizing humour, Jérémy Gabriel never ceased to see in himself the divine image and likeness in which he was created. It's that image and likeness that our baptismal covenant calls us to recognize when we promise to "seek and serve Christ in all persons" and to "respect the dignity of every human being."

It's sometimes quipped that God has a sense of humour. As creatures made in God's own image and likeness who love to laugh out loud, that must then be true. So may our sense of humour reflect God's sense of humour, and our jokes provoke delight without inflicting harm. ■



Jérémy Gabriel

PHOTO: FACEBOOK

## DE L'ÉVÊQUE

En novembre dernier, la Cour suprême du Canada a statué que le droit d'un humoriste de se moquer publiquement d'un adolescent handicapé était protégé par la Constitution .

La décision de la plus haute juridiction a mis fin à un différend juridique perdurant depuis plus de dix ans entre l'humoriste Mike Ward et Jérémy Gabriel, qui était devenu une mini-célébrité québécoise il y a une douzaine d'années lorsqu'il a commencé à être invité à chanter en public, notamment par les réseaux de télévision. Ce faisant, « le petit Jérémy » a courageusement surmonté les limites d'une maladie congénitale provoquant défiguration faciale et surdit . Il est  galement devenu, pendant plusieurs ann es, la cible des blagues de Mike Ward.

La majorit  des juges ont d termin  que m me si les sarcasmes de Ward concernant l'apparence et le handicap de Gabriel  taient blessants, ils n'outrepassent pas les limites de la libert  d'expression. Autrement dit, les blagues d nigrantes et tr s publiques de Mike Ward   propos de J r my Gabriel  taient et sont toujours licites.

« Tout est permis, »  crivit un jour l'ap tre Paul, « mais tout n'est pas bon. Tout est permis, mais tout n'est pas constructif. » Le but de Saint Paul   l' poque n' tait pas d' duquer les chr tiens de Corinthe en ce qui concerne les blagues blessantes et de mauvais go t, mais l'argument qu'il fait valoir s'applique encore aujourd'hui.

Ainsi, m me si les lois concernant la libert  d'expression nous permettent de faire des plaisanteries sur l'apparence et les handicaps des gens sans crainte de r percussions juridiques, cela ne veut pas dire qu'elles n'ont pas d'autres types de cons quences.

J r my Gabriel a d crit l'angoisse  crasante qu'il ressentait    tre publiquement et continuellement humili , non seulement par le monologue de Mike Ward, mais aussi par des camarades de son  cole secondaire, qui le tourmentaient   l'aide de clips vid o des moqueries de Ward et ajoutaient leurs propres railleries. Le harc lement incessant a pouss  J r my jusqu'  tenter de se suicider.

La libert  d'expression est une chose   laquelle nous, chr tiens, sommes   juste titre attach s, surtout   une  poque et dans un contexte o  il y a d croissance de la tol rance envers les expressions de croyance religieuse dans les lieux publics. Et pourtant, en tant que chr tiens, nous sommes  galement appel s   consid rer dans quelle mesure l'exercice de nos libert s affecte les autres.

« Le chr tien est un homme libre, ma tre de toutes choses; il n'est soumis   personne. », a  crit Martin Luther, ajoutant imm diatement : « Le chr tien est un serviteur plein d'ob issance, il se soumet   tous. » Notre libert  dans le Christ – par laquelle « tout est permis » – est mitig e par notre responsabilit  envers tous les autres, reconnaissant que tout ce que nous avons le « droit » de faire n'est pas n cessairement b n fique ou constructif pour les autres.

En r ponse   la d cision de la Cour supr me – et en se rem morant   regret sa propre exp rience de conteur de blagues aux d pens des autres – le chroniqueur Micka l Bergeron faisait  cho   Saint Paul et au fr re Martin : « Je crois qu'on peut rire de tout, mais  a ne veut pas dire qu'on peut le faire n'importe comment. Que  a n'a pas de cons quence. L'humour est un art puissant, qui peut  mouvoir, faire r fl chir, d noncer, d fouler, r conforter, mais il peut aussi faire mal. L'humour peut stigmatiser. »

Malgr  l'humour mesquin et stigmatisant de Mike Ward, J r my Gabriel n'a jamais cess  de voir en lui la forme et la ressemblance divines   l'image desquelles il a  t  cr e . Ce sont cette image et cette ressemblance que notre engagement baptismal nous appelle   reconnaître lorsque nous promettons de « rechercher et de servir le Christ en toute personne » et de « respecter la dignit  de chaque  tre humain ».

On dit parfois en plaisantant que Dieu a le sens de l'humour. Puisque nous sommes des cr atures faites   l'image et   la ressemblance de Dieu et que nous aimons rire fort, cela doit  tre vrai. Puisse notre sens de l'humour r fl ter le sens de l'humour de Dieu, et nos blagues provoquer du plaisir sans infliger de mal. ■



PHOTO: PEDRO RIBEIRO SIMÕES, 2016, CC-BY-2.0

**By Louisa Blair**

COLUMNIST

# NEVER FAILED US YET

One of my favourite pieces of music is the composer Gavin Bryars accompanying a homeless man under Waterloo Bridge, in London, who sings in an endless loop:

*Jesus' blood never failed me yet. This one thing I know, for he loves me so.\**

Jesus' blood certainly did fail him, in the sense that he ended up living under Waterloo Bridge. I used to walk by the homeless people under that bridge twice a day walking to and from work, and it looked very much like an ended world. It was dark, damp, and smelled of urine. People lay on pieces of cardboard, dirty and cold. But this man still hoped, despite the end of the world, that Jesus would not fail him.

Can we be forgiven for ending the world? Is there any point even in asking for forgiveness?

When I was growing up, we learned that

we were made in the image of God, but that the human body was also the locus of most evil. The sins we confessed to were things like masturbation, sex before marriage, adultery. Our bodies, we were told, are the temple of the Holy Spirit.

But the young people have no time to be guilty about that kind of sin now. They tell me I am guilty of a much graver kind of sin. This is the sin of promiscuity – with the planet's resources. It's the sin of rape – rape of the natural world. The sin of inordinate desire – for consumer goods. The sin of adultery – adulterating the water, the soil and the air. We are betraying a relationship not only with our partners and our children but with the earth itself, failing in the role of stewardship so foolishly entrusted to us by God.

\*LISTEN TO IT AT [HTTPS://TINYURL.COM/NEVERYET](https://tinyurl.com/neveryet)



“

## Can we be forgiven for ending the world? Is there any point even in asking for forgiveness?

”

The young have expanded the locus of sin to our relationships with the whole of creation. They have made us realize that the creation is also our body, it is the temple of the Holy Spirit. That the sin of taking an aeroplane or buying an SUV is perhaps more grave than having multiple sex partners.

Can I ask God's forgiveness for what I have done, or not done, when my sin is so grave that it affects everyone's future on this planet? It seems a lot to ask.

“Father, it's a week since I made my last confession. I took the car on Wednesday – I was too lazy to bike.”

“Go in peace my child, and sin no more. Write ten letters to your MP and plant five trees.”

But can I really go in peace? Will I and my family, or more immediately, children in the global south, survive this massive collective sin? No one can tell us that the worst will not happen. According to all the laws of experience, it will.

We must solemnly repent of, renounce, and denounce actions that mutilate our body, the earth and its inhabitants. We must love our neighbours as ourselves. This we have always known, but we now understand that it

also means healing our relationship with the earth. Jesus' command is the same as ever – except that we are hearing it in an apocalyptic context where our actions, as theologian Jürgen Moltmann said, are contrary to all historical chances of success.

Jesus died on the cross of our sins, the sins of abusing eachothers' bodies to the point of killing the planet. We have wounded his body unto death.

But we are told to hope anyway. Against all the laws of experience, against all historical chances of success, Jesus rose again. We don't know what that means, in these apocalyptic times. I don't think it means that the planet will be miraculously restored and its inhabitants miraculously saved, and so we can relax.

All we know is that he is with us. He never failed us yet.

So let us be joyful, and imaginative, and let us hope against hope. Let us be irrational and foolish, and trust, and act. The irrational hope of the homeless man singing under the bridge means we must still speak and act an unconditional yes to life in the face of dirt, cold, darkness, and inescapable death. ■



**By Elizabeth Baird**

DAUGHTER OF THE REV. DEACON LORNA BAIRD

# ‘WE MISS YOU, REV. MOM’

## DEACON LORNA BAIRD LIVES ON THROUGH HER FAITHFUL SERVICE TO GOD AND COMMUNITY, WRITES HER DAUGHTER

The Rev. Lorna Baird: deacon, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, teacher, volunteer, mentor. The list is endless. The many hats she wore now stand empty, and we have a hole in our world, with shoes hard to fill.

Lorna was born in the fall of 1931, just before World War II. She was the eldest of what would be six children, born right behind St. Matthew’s Anglican Church. So began her years of faithful alliance with the church.

Being the oldest came with a whole list of responsibilities, including looking after siblings. She decided at a young age that teaching was what she wanted to do – so at the tender age of 17, not sure what was ahead, she boarded the train with Miss Dorthory Phillips for Chateauguay, to teach.

Lorna returned to Gaspé and taught a while in Grande Greve. Her family then became her priority, having two young sons. Her connection to her faith stood strong as she moved with her family to different regions of the country, teaching Sunday school along the way.

In 1963 her life would be turned upside down with the accidental death of her first husband. And her faith held true, although it was a trying time in her life with two young boys.

In 1966, she married David, my dad, who would become her best friend, chauffeur, confidant, and No. 1 support through their wonderful 55 years together. As a blended family, there were challenges, but her faith was always there, strong as ever. All the while, her love for her community and church shone

through, as she taught Sunday school for many years, forming many teachers along the way.

In 1974, Lorna got a chance to go back to her first love – teaching – and while teaching returned to school to finish her high school diploma and to get her degree in education. During this period Lorna became a licenced layreader in the church. She taught until she was 60, taking her retirement from teaching, but stepped up her work with the church. Being an active member of many groups like the WI and ACW, she successfully maintained a blend of home and community while staying loyal to her faith.

As her active role in the church expanded, and reflection came into play, Lorna made a decision to follow the calling of her faith and started the processes of becoming an ordained vocational deacon. And on Nov. 2, 1997, she was ordained, in the middle of a snow storm, as a deacon in the Anglican Church; talk about coming in with a bang! Her faith led her to be a vital part of so many people's lives over the next 14 years, from Gaspé to the Magdalen Islands. She worked as a mentor with many student ministers, as well as lay readers. At 80 years old she decided to retire from her work as a deacon but still stayed active in the church, as long as she could.

In the last 15 years of her life, her faith was tested many times, with the loss of her brother, her sister, her sister-in-law, her son, and then serious illness with other members of the family. But her faith never faltered – if anything it got stronger.

In the last few years, as her mobility became an issue, she worked again as a mentor by phone and by Skype with her grandson – who, following in her footsteps, will be ordained to the diaconate in the spring of 2022.

So, yes, in April there became a gaping hole in our lives, because she is no longer physically with us. But, she will live on in all of those whom she touched over her many years of faithful work to her church, God, and community. We miss you Rev. Mom, but we know you are always nearby, looking after your flock. ■



“

**Her faith never  
faltered – if  
anything, it got  
stronger.**

”



# IN MEMORIAM

## THE VEN. MALCOLM EVANS 1932-2021

Archdeacon Malcolm Charles Evans peacefully entered God's nearer presence on Sunday, Nov. 7, 2021, at Saint Brigid's Home.

Born in England in 1932, Archdeacon Evans trained for the priesthood at Westcott House at the University of Cambridge before being ordained a deacon and priest in 1961. He served in a number of parishes in the Diocese of Niagara and the Diocese of Toronto, and was also chaplain at Bishop's College School in Lennoxville, in the Diocese of Quebec, between 1981 and 1985. He then returned to parish ministry in Niagara, also serving as Archdeacon of Trafalgar. He settled in Quebec in his retirement, notably serving as interim priest-in-charge of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in 2008.

Your prayers are invited for those in mourning, including his wife, Beulah, his children, Jonathan, Melissa, and Kenneth, and his siblings, David, Gwynneth, and Ross. A funeral took place on Saturday, Dec. 4 at 11 a.m. at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Quebec City. A memorial and interment of ashes is planned at St. George's Church in his beloved Métis Beach next summer.

Donations in memory of Malcolm may be made to the Anglican Diocese of Quebec in support of the Bishop's Discretionary Fund (31 Rue des Jardins, Quebec City, QC, G1R 4L6), or the Saint Brigid's Home Foundation (2000 - 1270 Chemin Sainte-Foy, Quebec City, QC, G1S 2M4).

"The eternal God is your dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

- *With files from the Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*

Please pray for those in mourning, including his wife, Beulah, his children, Jonathan, Melissa, and Kenneth, and his siblings, David, Gwynneth, and Ross.

# ‘HOPEFUL EXPECTATION’ DEC LOOKS TO 2022

**At the first in-person gathering of the Diocesan Executive Council since the pandemic began – and the first meeting of members elected by Synod in 2019 – the group discussed lessons of the last year – and challenges that lie ahead.**

## **Bishop’s Report**

Advent, which we enter into once again on Sunday, is sometimes described as a season of “hopeful expectation.” What we’re looking toward hopefully and expectantly in Advent isn’t so much Christmas, but rather the end of the world as we know it, heralded by Jesus Christ’s promised return, bringing to fulfilment the heavenly kingdom inaugurated at his first coming as a child in a manger. Advent looks, with hopeful expectation, toward a future which is in many ways unrecognizable from the past – but a future that is more recognizable as the kingdom of God.

Our diocese – along with most of the rest of the country and world – is also looking toward a future that is going to look different from the past or present, and in at least a few different ways.

One different future has to do with climate change. Although we’ve so far been spared the cataclysmic effects of extreme weather events such as those we’ve witnessed on Canada’s east and west coasts in recent weeks, it seems likely that communities in our largely maritime diocese will one day experience the kind of destruction recently wrought in British Columbia, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia, and with very little warning. For example, I was reminded during my recent visit to the Gaspé and Magdalen Islands of the steady and increasingly damaging effect that soil erosion and sustained strong winds are having on many communities.

I’d invite us to consider as congregations and as a diocesan family what our responses

might be if and when we’re called upon to help in the wake of a climate-related emergency close to home, and also to consider how we can be proactive in our baptismal promise to “respect, sustain, and renew the life of the earth.” Later today we’ll learn about one effort to do so just outside the doors of this building.

Another different future involves our relationship as Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples. It’s a conversation we’ve been having in the Anglican Church of Canada for decades now, but it’s becoming a wider and more urgent conversation in the wake of the disproportionate impact of climate change and of the pandemic experienced by many Indigenous communities, the revelation of incidents of systemic racism such as the death of Joyce Echaquan, and the ongoing discovery of thousands of unmarked graves of Indigenous children, many of whom attended church-run residential schools.

One such school operated in our diocese, in La Tuque, between 1963 and 1978. An eight-year-old girl named Juliette Rabbitskin died while attending the school in 1966. Though from the community of Mistissini (about 500 kilometres north of La Tuque), her body was buried, in the absence of her relatives, in the Anglican cemetery in La Tuque. Among the Calls to Action of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada is, when requested by the family, the reburial in their home communities of children who died at residential schools. The Rabbitskin family has expressed its desire to have Juliette’s remains come home to Mistissini, and we are



## **It may be that the signs of the times through which we're living are further leading us toward the new and different future God wills for us and for God's church.**



working with them and the Quebec government to expedite this process, will likely also include my visiting Mistissini and the Rabbitskin family personally to offer condolences and an apology on behalf of our church.

Yet another different future has to do with the pandemic. We already know too well the many ways COVID-19 has already changed practically every aspect of our individual and collective lives. It's changed our church lives, too, as we also know too well – as congregations and as a diocesan family. Today and tomorrow we'll hear about some of the effects of the pandemic on the life and work of our diocese, including financially and how we connect with each other. We'll also hear progress reports on how we as a diocesan church are trying to prepare for a different future by further simplifying our governance, and by further ensuring that the most vulnerable among us are protected.

Unsurprisingly, one of the outcomes of the pandemic has been the decision by a number of congregations in the diocese to request the disestablishment of their parish corporation and the deconsecration and sale of the church building. Congregations never make these decisions with enthusiasm. However, these choices are increasingly made with what I describe as a pragmatism laced with hope – a pragmatism that acknowledges that it's okay to set down a burden of maintenance that has become too great for too few people (who are often elderly) to carry, and hope that the funds generated by the sale of some of these properties will help sustain Anglican ministry in a given region for generations to come.

For at least some of the congregations

choosing to close, COVID-19 merely accelerated the pace of a journey already begun. The pressures of the pandemic highlighted or exacerbated an existing state of diminishing resources and capacities. In this sense, these closures are apocalyptic – but in the truest biblical sense of the word. In the Bible, “apocalypse” is less about catastrophic destruction than it is about revealing something (hence “revelation”) or uncovering something. The Greek word from which we get “apocalypse” literally means “to pull the lid off something.” It may be that the pandemic is pulling the lid off of some things, revealing and confronting us with realities we've covered up, obscured, or willfully ignored for a while – whether we're talking about climate change, systemic racism, or our capacities as a church.

All of that may mean the end of the world as we know it (which is what the Advent season points us toward), but not the end of the world. “When you see these things taking place,” Jesus says in this coming Sunday's gospel, “you know that the kingdom of God is near.” And so it may be that the signs of the times through which we're living are further leading us toward the new and different future God wills for us and for God's church.

Even as we look with pragmatic hope to the future, there are things to note in the present life of our diocese. The first is the death of two faithful presbyters, who continued to offer priestly ministry here well into their retirements. The Very Rev. Walter Raymond died in July and the Ven. Malcolm Evans also entered God's nearer presence in October.

Even as we said farewell to Wally and

Malcolm, we welcomed two new priests into the service of our diocese. The Rev. Canon William (Terry) Blizzard, formerly of our diocese and now serving in the Diocese of Montreal, is providing pastoral and sacramental ministry to the congregations at Inverness and Maple Grove in the Deanery of Quebec. The Rev. Lorraine Otto, recently retired from the Diocese of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, is offering ministry at St. Paul, St. Malachie, and Trinity, Sainte-Foy.

The Rev. Cynthia Patterson has requested to retire at the end of this year, and so she will be concluding her valued five-year ministry as incumbent of both the Parish of Gaspé and the Parish of the Magdalen Islands. A search for a new full-time priest for the Parish of Gaspé is underway, and provisions for providing reliable itinerant ministry for the Magdalen Islands is also being actively explored.

The Rev. Canon Jeffrey Metcalfe is in the midst of a three-month sabbatical during which time he is doing some intensive writing on his doctoral dissertation, which is to be submitted next year. He'll return to his ministry as canon theologian and interim priest-in-charge at St. Michael, Sillery, in January, moving from part time back to full time after his thesis is completed. As a result, the implementation of the

new regional ministry model for the Quebec City area is on hold until Jeffrey's return in the new year.

Next year promises to be full in many ways, although much of course depends on the state of the pandemic. Public health officials suggest we will be past the worst of COVID-19 by next spring, but we've also learned to hold such predictions lightly. Assuming circumstances permit, we hope to return to our usual pattern of parishes holding annual vestry meetings between January and March. In July, the General Synod of the Anglican Church of Canada will meet jointly in Calgary with our full communion partners in the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Canada. In August, the Lambeth Conference is to take place, bringing together most of the world's Anglican bishops at Canterbury, England, for a time of prayer, fellowship, and deliberation. I also hope to bring together the licensed clergy of our diocese in the fall of next year, which would be our first such in-person gathering since 2018. I anticipate calling us to meet in Synod some time during the course of 2023, by which time I expect we will have an even clearer view of the post-pandemic future that lies before us as a church.

*- Bishop Bruce Myers  
26 November 2021*

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## **DEC approves 2022 budget**

At November's meeting of the Diocesan Executive Council, members voted to approve an operational budget for 2022 following conversations about substantial declines in Fair Share revenue during the COVID-19 pandemic.

Marie-Sol Gaudreau, Director General of the Diocese of Quebec, told the group that around 50% of parishes were in arrears on Fair Share or on their insurance and stipend payments. Gaudreau pointed out that some parishes have the funds but have treasurers who have been spread thin, and other parishes closed during much of the pandemic have kept funds back.

Gaudreau said there was around \$231,000 outstanding as of the meeting, \$78,000 of which is Fair Share. "That's to give you an idea of what our cashflow situation is at the diocese."

Gaudreau and Boden then presented the 2022 operational budget, pointing out that only \$160,000 had been budgeted for Fair Share revenue, compared to the typical amount of \$300,000 – assuming that this year's underperforming Fair Share revenue will be repeated. Income from pooled funds through the Church Society had gone well, however, with \$292,000 in income by the end of September, meaning targeted income will be reached.

Budgeted expenses for 2022 reflected a few minor salary-related changes related to the creation of a Quebec City regional ministry.

When accounting for decreased revenues and similar expenses, the diocese should expect a \$130,000 loss next year, Boden said, to be offset by around \$123,000 of profit carried forward from this year. Thus, the budget projects a \$7,500 deficit in 2022. ■



*À chaque semence son  
corps particulier*  
Sarcophagus, 2018,  
grès C/6, 196 x 68 cm

PHOTO: HOLLYRATCLIFFCERAMIC.CA



By Matthew Townsend

EDITOR

# INTERVIEW

## ‘WE CAN HAVE A CREATIVE INPUT INTO OUR DEATH’

In November, the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity hosted “Befriending Our Mortality with the Help of Clay,” an event that bridged artistic play and contemplation of death. Led by the Rev. Dr. Holly Ratcliffe – an honorary assistant priest at St. George’s Anglican Church in downtown Montreal, an anthropologist, and ceramic artist – the workshop invited participants to “foster connections with our beliefs around life, death, resurrection and creative expression” with the help of a piece of clay. The event was supported by the Conseil des arts et lettres du Québec.

Ratcliffe holds an M.Div. from Trinity College, a master’s degree in spiritual direction from General Seminary in New York, additional training in spiritual direction, and a Ph.D. in Christian spirituality (with a focus on the soteriology of Julian of Norwich) from the Université de Montréal. She studied anthropology before undertaking theological education. In recent years and in her retirement from full-time ministry, Ratcliffe has found these interests merging with her artistic exploration of clay and her pastoral experience with those facing death. An artist’s residency in 2020 at the Museum of Anthropology at the University of British Columbia further inspired her to offer creative workshops to break down the avoidance many feel around the subject of death.

Matthew Townsend, the *Gazette’s* editor, spoke with Ratcliffe in October, shortly before her workshop at the cathedral. The conversation has been edited for clarity and brevity. ►



**“We recite things like ‘I believe in the resurrection of the body’ every week. But what we enact when we’re at funerals is something very different.”**

*– The Rev. Dr. Holly Ratcliffe*

**Holly, I’ve found the idea of this workshop fascinating. I think a lot about death. Before I converted, I was an atheist, a secularist. So, for me, death was the thing that *you go to nothingness*. I still struggle with the afterlife component, which makes me uncomfortable with death, and I think many Christians are uncomfortable with death. Why should people like me attend an event focused on confronting mortality?**

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I think it would appeal to anyone with the kinds of questions you just raised, wherever they’re coming from – whether they’re people of faith, or whether they’re people who are questioning and doubtful. I don’t come in with an assumption of some sort of doctrinal basis that we’re working from. We’re working in clay, because this is where we express something that might be able to speak to us of what we do or don’t believe, without our even trying. It says more to us than we expected. That could then be grist for conversation.

I just believe that grief is the royal road to whatever we can understand of God’s purpose. We do so much denying of death. We don’t see it. We medicalize it. We objectify it. We distance ourselves. But even when our mortality comes to us in some form of suffering (whether it’s a loss of a relationship or a loss of a dream, whatever it may be), this is – and I’m speaking out of a tradition – God’s gift. This is to help us embrace our fullness so we can be fully alive, moving toward our mortality, befriending it. It’s a different stance.

That’s my motivation. There’s so much denial and refusal and posturing in the church. You know, we recite things like “I believe in the resurrection of the body” every week. But what we enact when we’re at funerals is something very different.

**For you, how does the addition of the physical medium of clay help people befriend death and connect with their mortality in a way that perhaps they wouldn’t, otherwise? Why clay? Why anything physical?**

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I was already working in clay. This is not something that I came to clay to do. I came to clay for therapy, for creativity, to be immersed in something that

would absorb my attention completely. But then as time went on, I found myself wanting to make urns. And so it was a kind of gradually draw to a coherence between my life in the church and clay. Of course, people smile as soon as I begin, because I open with that line from Matthew: “*You are dust and to dust you shall return.*” And here we have it in our hands. This is the stuff that we’re made from, and we’re created from. And the body will go to the earth.”

I don’t have expectations that this is going to be a kind of miracle event. This is just an opportunity. People have said to me – people who are French speaking – that it opened new horizons. And it was the working with the clay. Maybe they didn’t think of themselves as artists, or God as artist. Or it might have been something else that I know nothing about. Pottery, in recent centuries in fine art, has been disparaged as a craft, utilitarian. But that’s not how it’s seen in some other cultures. In Japan, where there’s no distinction between fine art and fine craft, the same work of contemplation – the same mirroring role that the medium has to reflect back the state of the soul of the artist – is there in every discipline, including clay and pots.

**I was looking at your portfolio. The urns jump out. I was thinking of really fine canopic jars as I looked at them, and the history of the finest pottery being used for the preservation of bodies, right?**

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Go figure! The epicentre of art in most cultures was the funeral piece, funeral ware, because it’s sacred. Whatever that means for that culture.

**Do you think that amid the intellectualization of death, which I think is what we tend to have – especially heady Anglicans, right? – that the physical medium helps to reconnect people to that sacredness? That it maybe breaks down some of those mental processes and turns them into something different?**

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That may be a good way of putting it. It certainly is part of the idea. Whether it succeeds or not is obviously another thing. Some people come and do something that they think is expected. But other

people use it as an opportunity to let themselves go and see what happens. It’s a mixed bag. But certainly clay, probably more than anything, gets us back to our childhood. Playing in the mud. Play and art are activities that lead to contemplation and that is where we become quiet, non-anxious – what I mean by befriending our mortality.

**A full circle, as we reflect on the course of our lives, from childhood towards death. Do you see that happening with people in these workshops?**

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I’m fairly new at this. I’ve done this in different contexts and with different emphases. My first session I did at the Musée du Haut-Richelieu in Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu. Of course, that was a secular context. I showed a lot of images of funeral ware from other cultures, just as a way of talking about how other cultures have their traditions that are different from ours. And that opened up conversations that moved toward the kinds of traditions that we have or used to have and don’t have anymore.

I’ve also done this with the group of spiritual directors of the diocese here, and that was much more of a meditation on our mortal humanity. I wasn’t asking people to make some kind of funeral object for themselves, but – in both instances, if I think about it, people did what they wanted. Sometimes it was a concrete little pot, and sometimes it was something quite metaphorical. I can’t determine what people get out of it.

It’s still work in progress, I have to say.

**As a priest, you’ve undoubtedly accompanied many people in their process of dying. Where do see the struggles that people have as they contemplate their mortality – or as they begin to experience their mortality, as death starts to approach? Where do the faults lie? Where do we, as North Americans, struggle with this?**

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I think we struggle. That’s the thing. It depends how far the person is along in their journey toward death, too. But clearly, we all struggle, and we resist. We resist. I’m not sure that I could say,

“The faults lie *here*,” and I have to say, when I was accompanying people toward death, it didn’t mean that I was comfortable doing it. Do you know what I mean? However, if the family is at ease, it makes it much easier. I can remember an occasion at a dying person’s bedside in hospital, when the family ordered in a barbecue chicken and we sat around the bed, eating together. That was a very graced moment for us all.

I accompanied my best friend, a year and a half ago, here in my living room, a month after COVID was declared a pandemic. Otherwise, my friend would have been utterly alone in hospital, a situation which became the norm for many, many people that year. The disease process happened very quickly. One son came from Toronto, and a nurse—a parishioner from the Eastern Townships whom I knew my friend could trust. We formed a little family of sorts. We’d be sitting around the table just a few feet from my friend lying in the bed. It was a very, very sad time. But it became a very holy time too. I would highly recommend choosing palliative care at home, if at all possible. It helps everyone involved befriend their own mortality, in one way or another.

**You’ve used the word medicalization, and that comes up in the description of the event. It’s something I think a lot about, having gone through a birthing process recently in our home.**

**We had a doula and midwives, so doctors didn’t enter the picture until quite a long time after our daughter’s birth. Seeing the avenues for medicalization in birth – with a healthy mother and healthy baby – they abounded. There were lots and lots of opportunities to fall into a medical system, and as soon as you do that you begin to make decisions that, I think, are on rails. “You can make this decision and shift the train in that direction, but you won’t leave the tracks. These are the options before you.” It certainly had me think a lot about medicalization in death, which sends us down a very straight path. I’ve seen it a number of times, and with family members.**

**For you, what does that medicalization mean? And what should the church be saying to it or doing about it?**

In the parish that I’m associated with – I’m an honorary assistant at St. George’s downtown – I did a series with the clay, and then this past Lent I found a book (which was not that helpful, but at least it had daily meditations) called *Memento Mori*. It’s about the ancient Christian tradition of remembering our death daily. The author is a young Roman Catholic nun whose theology predates Vatican II in many ways, but who at least is raising some of these issues inside a Christian context to consider.

We are exploring that more. What responsibilities can we take back? About how we are treated? About how we go through an illness that is terminal? About how we choose to die? I just visited a new friend who had a book on his dining room table about voluntarily stopping eating and drinking as a choice that one can make at the end of life. But that all assumes taking a certain responsibility for oneself. Making choices. And that’s what the medicalization and this posture of refusal takes away from us. Then we are the pawns in the game.

**I have a few family members who went that route of choosing to stop accepting medication and fluids, and they were able to in the systems they were in. But I could also easily imagine intravenous fluids entering the picture at that point. It’s quite easy to lose agency once you’re in a medicalized situation, right?**

Well, you have to have these written out if you do have agency, or name someone to be responsible for you *in case of*.

**As we talk, it strikes me that our experience with death in our society is that, for the most part, death is metaphorical. When it’s not, it’s distant. And then when it suddenly arrives, it’s medical – it’s medicalized. And then it’s transactional, because we’re in a funeral home sort of situation where we’re going to be exchanging large sums of money. In none of that is death spiritual, right?**

**What do you think it does to people to have to process a family member’s death spiritually after the fact, rather than throughout the process of dying?**



*Urnes cinéraires*

2018, grès C/6, 26 x 17 cm

PHOTO: HOLLYRATCLIFFECERAMIC.CA

We saw this through COVID, when people could not be with their family members at death.

You know, when my friend died here, his son – who is not an active Christian – he wept on my shoulder. And he said, “I never knew that something so sad could be so beautiful.” And that was the greatest gift to me. Regardless of where he was coming from, what we did was meaningful. That, ultimately, would be my goal: to help restore

some awareness that the sacred, which is not intellectual *per se*, but rather contemplative. That art and beauty can help us move toward a quiet, non-anxious acceptance of the experience of death and grief. That in having some agency, whether it is around our own death or as mourners in the process, we can have a creative input into our death. ■



PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE OFFICE OF JOËL ARSENEAU, MNA

► Above and on opposite page: Dedication of the new cross on Entry Island, Magdalen Islands

## FIELD NOTES

*Bishop Bruce Myers recently spent a month in the Deanery of Gaspé – his first substantial visit since the start of the pandemic. After returning, he wrote the Gazette to answer questions about his trip and his future plans. His responses appear below.*

**This was your first episcopal visit since the start of the pandemic. What was that like – and what was it like to travel for so long?**

I've barely left the Quebec City region since the pandemic began, so among other things I had to relearn how to pack my bags for an extended journey! I drove from Quebec City to the Gaspé Peninsula, and so got to take in a lot of the extraordinary natural beauty of our province, which was only amplified by the autumn leaves being at their peak colours. It was also so good to be able to see so many people in the flesh again. Many of them have been seeing a lot of me on Facebook over the past year and a half, but I've missed seeing and being with them.

This trip was a kind of experiment in travelling less often but for longer periods of

time. So instead of a multiplicity of short and scattershot visits across the diocese in a given year, I'm seeing what it's like to visit a single region of the diocese for an extended period. In this case, I spent a month in the Deanery of Gaspé, staying for one week in each of the four groupings of congregations in the area. That allowed me not only to be present at church services, but to have extended time with clergy, meet with wardens and other lay leaders, do some teaching with young people preparing for confirmation, and to try and connect with the wider communities of which our churches are a part. My hope is that this new model of episcopal visitation will be physically sustainable for me, a little easier on the environment, and possibly more meaningful for the people and communities I'm visiting.



**You dedicated the new cross on Entry Island, replacing the one destroyed by Hurricane Dorian. What was the dedication service like?**

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The original cross served at least three roles on Entry Island. First, like every cross, it stood as an emblem of God's redeeming love. Secondly, that particular cross also stood as a memorial to the 17 men and women of Entry who have perished at sea over the past 160 years. And finally, that cross was also a beacon to those who still ply the waters: fishers, sailors, mariners – a landmark by day and a light shining in the darkness, leading them home to safety of harbour and home. When it was destroyed by the hurricane in 2019, it was sorely missed.

When the new cross was raised this year, it was a sign of hope – not only of the sure and certain hope of Christ's resurrection, but also the hope the small community of Entry Island has in the face of an uncertain future. The island has a dwindling year-round population of about 40 people, but they were able to work together – and with their neighbours from other parts of the Magdalen Islands – to lift high the cross once again. So it also stands as a symbol of what is possible when a community, however small, comes together in faith around something they consider meaningful and important.

**Tell me about the confirmations in New Carlisle. How did they go? What was the discussion like, beforehand? And what was it like to again confirm people in the faith?**

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One of the gifts of my extended visit was that I was able to meet with the confirmands in the parishes of New Carlisle and Chaleur Bay on two occasions before the actual confirmation

day. Often I only get to meet confirmation candidates a few minutes before the service starts. So it was a wonderful opportunity to actually get to know each of them a little, hear about their passions and interests, what they feel they're called to do in life, and why they want to be confirmed.

There was a time when preparation for confirmation consisted chiefly of memorizing the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostles' Creed. That's well and good, but confirmation is also an opportunity to delve into some really meaningful discussions about what it means to live our lives in a way shaped by the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, which each of those fundamental Christian texts points to. So, for example, in one of the conversations with the confirmands from New Carlisle and Chaleur Bay, they raised the question of whether there is ever a situation where it is ethical to lie. This is why I'm grateful for Anglicanism's tendency to have people wait for confirmation until their mid teens, because at that age you're often able to dig more deeply into how the Christian faith can inform the ultimate question: How then shall we live?

**You visited All Saints by the Sea, and helped celebrate the 170th anniversary of one of the parish's three churches, St. Peter's in Malbay. What was that like? What was it like to celebrate an anniversary after these last two years? What was the energy like in the congregation?**

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Like most of the parishes of our diocese, All Saints by the Sea is small, and it was a small but faithful congregation that gathered to celebrate the 170<sup>th</sup> anniversary of St. Peter's. Our tiny numbers can often be a source of discouragement, especially when we look back at parish histories. For example, 140 years ago,



► Photos from New Carlisle and Chaleur Bay

St. Peter's had 88 candidates for confirmation in a single service! But it's important to remember that back then, about half of the entire population of the Gaspé Peninsula was anglophone. Today English speakers in the region represent about seven per cent of the population. So part of the reason why our church is a whole lot smaller than it used to be is because the community from which we've traditionally drawn our people is a whole lot smaller than *it* used to be.

I also reminded the congregation that the gospels are full of examples of God working God's good purposes for the world in and through small things: mustard seeds, a bit of yeast, a dash of salt, two fish and five loaves, two or three people gathered together in Christ's name. And so smallness isn't to be lamented or ridiculed or discounted, because smallness can still manifest great faithfulness. That's part of what we were giving thanks for at All Saints by the Sea.

**I understand you wrapped up in the Parish of Gaspé – and that Cynthia Patterson will retire at the end of 2021. Did you discuss transition while there? What does the future look like for the parish?**



Cynthia has served both the Parish of Gaspé and the Parish of the Magdalen Islands since 2016, and I know her ministry will be missed. She was instrumental in shepherding the Parish of Gaspé through its first years of amalgamation, and in helping the Magdalen Islands adjust to having a non-resident incumbent priest who would make pastoral visits from time to time.

The Parish of Gaspé is in a relatively healthy financial position and will be able to call a new full-time priest, and the search for a suitable candidate is underway. The Magdalen Islands will continue to receive itinerant priestly ministry, with a small but dedicated team of lay readers providing liturgical services in between visits by a priest.

### Where will you go next?



I'm still reflecting on that. Especially after going almost two years without any travel, part of me feels an urge to try and visit everywhere in the diocese as quickly as possible, to make up for lost time. However, I'm also trying to understand the lengthy travel embargo imposed by COVID-19 as a gift, inviting me to be more thoughtful and intentional about my visits to the people and communities of the diocese, as together we discern our post-pandemic mission and purpose. ■



Par Irène Brisson

ORGANISTE, ÉGLISE SAINT-MICHAEL À SILLERY

# PETITE HISTOIRE DU PSAUME EN MUSIQUE :

## 4. LE PSAUME ÉLISABÉTHAIN, ENTRE PRIÈRE ET CHANSON

PHOTO: WIKIPEDIA

Dans l'article précédent, il a été question des tribulations de la musique anglicane à ses débuts, alors qu'elle était sévèrement contrôlée et limitée par les autorités religieuses et royales. Le florissant répertoire polyphonique des pays catholiques avait cédé la place à une psalmodie rigoureuse. Plus poètes que musiciens, les premiers traducteurs anglais et éditeurs des psaumes de David se souciaient davantage du choix des mots et des rimes que de leur chant, fournissant dans leurs recueils un squelette mélodique passe-partout, applicable à la majorité des psaumes de David.

Comme nous l'avons vu, l'avènement d'Élisabeth en 1558 allait progressivement changer les choses : « Pour le réconfort de ceux qui aiment la musique, il peut être permis qu'au début ou à la fin des Prières communes, le matin ou le soir, on puisse chanter une hymne ou tout autre chant semblable, à la louange de Dieu tout-puissant, avec la meilleure sorte de mélodie et de musique qui puisse convenir, à condition que les paroles de l'hymne soient comprises et entendues », stipulait l'article 49 des Injonctions royales de 1559. La plupart des musicologues en concluent que, contrairement à l'usage luthérien et calviniste, le chant du psaume n'avait pas encore sa place dans les églises anglicanes et que les recueils publiés sous Henri VIII et Édouard VI étaient principalement destinés à un usage privé. C'est probablement dans ce but que Christopher

Tye (v.1500- v. 1573), un des compositeurs d'Édouard VI puis d'Élisabeth, avait traité quelques psaumes de façon savante, comme il l'aurait fait pour des motets catholiques latins.

### ***The Whole Book of Psalms et son héritage***

Dès le début du règne d'Élisabeth, on assiste à une profusion de psautiers, tant poétiques que musicaux. Commencé dans les années 1540 et enrichi au fil des années, *The Whole Book of Psalms* de Thomas Sternhold et John Hopkins paraît à Londres en 1562 et devient la référence en ce domaine. Régulièrement révisé et réédité, parfois critiqué et même raillé, il sera introduit en Nouvelle-Angleterre dès le XVIIe siècle, et publié un millier de fois en Angleterre jusqu'en 1861. Son propos est clair : « Présenté et autorisé à être chanté dans toutes les églises, par tous les gens ensemble, avant et après les prières du matin et les vêpres, et aussi avant et après les sermons; et de plus dans les maisons privées pour leur plaisir divin et leur réconfort : mettant de côté toutes les chansons et ballades impies qui servent seulement à alimenter le vice et la corruption de la jeunesse. »

En 1567, Matthew Parker, archevêque de Canterbury, traduit et publie à son tour un *Whole Psalter in English metre* et s'adjoint la collaboration d'un des plus importants compositeurs de la chapelle royale, Thomas

Tallis (1505-1585), qui servit successivement tous les souverains anglais, d'Henri VIII à Élisabeth (exemple 1). Catholique ayant composé de nombreux motets en latin, il a su s'adapter à l'anglicanisme, mettant sa science musicale au service de la nouvelle religion. Ses neuf thèmes (*Tunes*) harmonisés à quatre voix pour le psautier de Parker sont des petits bijoux musicaux, qui respectent le syllabisme propre aux psaumes, mais les élèvent à un niveau artistique alors inouï. Quelques *Tunes* sont entrées dans l'histoire : sa 3<sup>e</sup> (pour le psaume 2, repris dans CP 191) a inspiré en 1910 à Ralph Vaughan Williams sa magnifique *Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis*, tandis que la 8<sup>e</sup> (psaume 67) est le célèbre *Tallis' Canon* (CP 14, 25, 664).



PHOTO: WIKIPEDIA

### Exemple 1 - Thomas Tallis

En 1592, dans la foulée du "Sternhold & Hopkins", l'éditeur Thomas Este publie à Londres *The Whole Booke of Psalmes, With Their Wonted Tunes, As They Are Sung In Churches, Composed Into Foure Parts. Huit Church tunes* métriques héritées des psautiers calvinistes ou luthériens sont associées à une centaine de psaumes. Pour les autres, Este fait appel à dix compositeurs dont les plus célèbres sont Giles Farnaby, George Kirbye et le chanteur et luthiste John Dowland, qui ont respecté le syllabisme et la rigueur attendus.

On voit dans l'exemple 2 que certaines mélodies possèdent un titre qui les rattache à un lieu géographique (*Suffolk Tune, Kentish Tune*). L'habitude de donner un nom à l'air sur

lequel repose un cantique ou un psaume se généralisera peu à peu, tant dans les recueils de anglicans que dans ceux d'autres confessions religieuses de langue anglaise.



### Exemple 2 - *The Whole Booke of Psalmes* (Édition de 1604)

## Le psaume moral et récréatif: *Psalms and Songs*

Dès la fin du XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle on voit naître en Angleterre des recueils poétiques de psaumes jumelés à des sonnets. Ces compilations, réalisées par des familles pour leur propre usage ou publiées pour édifier l'âme des lecteurs, seront une vraie manne pour les compositeurs élisabéthains. Ils pourront en effet donner libre cours à leur créativité, en les accommodant à 4 ou 5 voix, comme ils le font pour des chansons, ou en les confiant à un chanteur accompagné par un luth, un petit clavier ou un *Consort* (ensemble) instrumental. Pareil engouement s'explique par le fait que la reine, qui avait hérité de son père (Henri VIII),

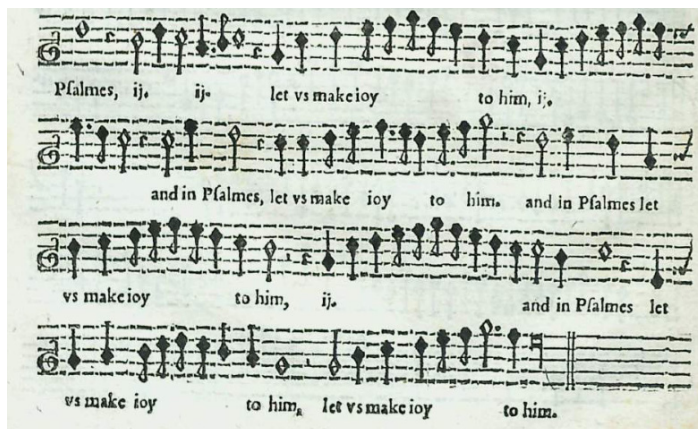
l'amour de la danse et de la musique - elle jouait d'ailleurs très bien d'un petit instrument à clavier appelé virginal (*Virginals*) -, s'était entourée des meilleurs musiciens anglais de son temps : Thomas Tallis, qui lui témoigna sa gratitude avec un motet en latin à 40 voix, *Spem in alium*, destiné peut-être à souligner son 40<sup>e</sup> anniversaire, son élève, le catholique William Byrd (v. 1540-1623), Thomas Morley (v. 1557-1602), Giles Farnaby, (v. 1563-1640), tous aussi inspirés par la voix que par le clavier. Plusieurs d'entre eux, à la charnière de deux siècles, assureront la continuité de cet âge d'or à la mort de la reine en 1603.

Dans le domaine musical récréatif, parurent à l'insu de leur auteur, les *Psalmes of David in English Meter* de l'organiste et compositeur d'origine franco-flamande William Daman (v. 1540-1591), flûtiste à bec de la cour d'Élisabeth de 1576 à sa mort. Il enrichit le psautier de quelques mélodies que nous chantons encore (*Southwell*, CP 511), et ses compositions font preuve d'une belle maîtrise du contrepoint. Six ans plus tard, John Cosyn (mort en 1609), un sympathisant des Puritains, fait paraître un recueil de psaumes métriques à 5 et 6 voix (*Musike of Six and Five partes*). Ces publications ont en général le même but que le "Sternhold & Hopkins": remplacer dans la société les chansons jugées lascives par une musique plus morale.

Protégé par la reine qui lui évitera la prison ou l'exil et la confiscation de ses biens, William Byrd, auteur de messes et de motets catholiques pour des chapelles privées, entre dans l'histoire de la musique anglicane avec son *Great Service* à cinq voix écrit pour la chapelle royale de son successeur Jacques Ier Stuart. Il fait également connaître en 1588 ses 35 *Psalmes, Sonets, & Songs of Sadnes and Pietie à 5 voix, comprenant 10 psaumes*. Il récidive en 1611 avec 30 autres *Psalmes, Songs, and Sonnets* de 3 à 6 voix. *Some Solemne, others ioyfull*, ces psaumes pouvaient se chanter *a cappella* ou avec un soliste accompagné aux violes de gambe. Ils exploitent l'écriture contrapuntique, dans laquelle les voix s'imitent au moyen de lignes gracieuses, tirant parti des images que suggèrent les mots. Ainsi, dans le psaume 95, pour signifier la joie, les voix s'élancent-elles à tour de rôle dans de belles vocalises (exemple 3).

Sous la plume des compositeurs élisabéthains, le psaume devient donc une œuvre de dévotion d'une haute qualité artistique.

Dans le prochain article, nous découvrirons le psaume chez les Stuart. ■



Exemple 3 - William Byrd : *Come let us rejoice unto the Lord*



PHOTOS: JODY ROBINSON/DIOCESE OF QUEBEC ARCHIVES

“This team of huskies had to be sold, as there was no food for them,” *Quebec Diocesan Gazette*, March 1922

**By Meb Reisner Wright**

DIOCESAN HISTORIAN

# GLEANINGS

## WEALTH GAPS (THEN AND NOW)

It was fairly frequent among the pages of the *Diocesan Gazette* one hundred years ago that letters should appear sent from missionaries ministering to their far-flung flocks in the distant regions of the diocese. Far less frequently did readers come upon letters written by any of the missionary wives! The opening issue of the *Gazette* for 1922 changed all that.

On 6 January 1922, Mrs. Laura M. LeGallais, wife of SPG missionary Frederick George LeGallais, sent the following description to the diocesan paper of life on the Lower North Shore as she experienced it. She begins with her arrival the previous autumn, travelling up river on a supply ship, unaccompanied, but with her young son – who is elsewhere mentioned as being “a rather delicate little boy” – to join her husband, priest-in-charge of St. Clement’s Mission, for the coming winter:

“We came to this place [St. Paul’s River] the last of October,” she recounts, “on the same boat

(the North Shore) that brought Captain Living with supplies.”

Until the ship arrived and was unloaded, she had not known the exact nature of the cargo, only that it contained relief supplies for the local people. “It was a very big surprise to hear of all the nice things the boat contained,” she exclaimed, “and afforded us a great deal of pleasure, especially as we realized how badly-off most of the people were.”

The previous issue of the *Gazette* had carried an article by LeGallais himself describing the “short catch” in most places along the coast. In other places in the area, however, the catch had been “an almost total failure” that whole season. “To make matters worse,” he added, “the price [of codfish] dropped away below that of the year before, leaving many families with very little money to purchase their winter supplies and in some cases there was actual want.”

Mrs. LeGallais spoke of her immediate realization, once she had actually seen what had

been on board, “of the great pleasure it would be to distribute the dainties to poor and sick.

“From the bales [of clothing] I have been making free and continuous distributions, and these were much needed, as some of the women had hardly a rag on their back and were without shoes and stockings. The men also were helped and some were clad who really had no clothes to go to church in. I tried to distinguish the most needy from the others, and aided these first.”

In spite of the strictures of circumstances – and perhaps because of them – the social need for gatherings and celebrations was by no means neglected. “The Christmas tree for the children,” she recounts, “was the nicest in many years, and our friends in Quebec will, I know, be glad to hear that the many candies and gifts were so much liked. The supper was bountiful, but would have been impossible without the kind and generous thoughtfulness of well-wishers in Quebec.”

Turning to other matters, she continues, “Captain Living was lately called to perform an operation on a baby, two years old, badly bitten by a husky dog. He came to us for Christmas holidays – he looks very thin and tired, which shows how hard he has been working. Everybody here is most grateful to him for all his efforts.”

Elsewhere in the same issue, under the heading *More News from Labrador*, is another article, overlapping and expanding upon Mrs. LeGallais’s account, and worth quoting in full:

The Bishop received an interesting letter from the Rev. F.G. LeGallais from Bon Esperance by the last mail before the close of navigation.

Mr LeGallais speaks with delight of the arrival of the “North Shore” in which Captain Living, the Federal Officer in charge of the Reindeer herd at Labrador Bay, took down the supply of food which was generously given by the Quebec Government at the request of the Bishop to relieve the destitute people of some parts of the Coast, who otherwise would have been in danger of starvation.

A good supply of clothing and other necessities, generously given by the people

of Quebec, also went down with the relief ship. Mr LeGallais says, “The needy families are supplied and there is sufficient for the winter, which is a great blessing for which we are very grateful.”

Referring to the parsonage at Mutton Bay [which had been pressed into use as a schoolroom for the older scholars as the lumber for building the new school, though promised, had not yet come], he says that the exterior is all finished and a considerable amount of work done on the inside.

Mr LeGallais has received from the Department of Education his appointment as School Inspector on the Coast. He travelled during the past summer 1,515 miles according to the Log Book of the Mission Boat, the “Good Hope”, which was given to the Mission by Sir William Price.

He concludes his letter by saying, “Mrs LeGallais and I are living the strenuous life, busier this year than ever, but we are quite well and looking forward with bright hope to a pleasant winter in spite of the many difficulties and drawbacks of Labrador life.”

Very different were the concerns of the comfortably well-heeled ladies of the Cathedral Guild, whose January meeting reported on the expenditures by the Guild “within the last few years” of outlays “amounting to something like seven thousand dollars.” Particular accounts included:

- Hardwood in all pews ... floor ... vestry, and two upper landings (\$1,272.00)
- Carpets and Matting (\$722.00)
- Cleaning the Cathedral (\$2,088.00) and
- Laundry (\$500.00)

No one would begrudge the need for the enumerated “flowers and decorations,” the “five music stands,” the “238 hassocks,” or the “special books for the Governor’s pew,” but the stark contrast with the want for the very necessities of life among the church’s faithful at a distance – juxtaposed so closely as they are in the pages of the *Gazette* – can’t help but have a sobering effect.

Also centred in the Quebec City area was

another group of ladies, the Association of Church Helpers (A.C.H.), whose focus of activity was the varying needs of the outlying regions, particularly equipping parsonages, aiding priest's families, and contributing to church repairs. To support this work they appointed a committee of ladies from among their members to solicit funds from among charitable persons in the city of Quebec and then responded to requests for grants from the regions of the Diocese. The opening issue of the *Diocesan Gazette* carries a description of the association's past year's outlays – particularly interesting in their detail – to parishes and individuals:

On this, the Thirty-first Annual Meeting of the A.C.H., our list of donations include those to almost all parts of the diocese which serves to show how our work helps the Clergy in the outstanding parishes, and is much appreciated by them as shown in their grateful letters.

During the year 1921, we gave:

- \$50 for a new stove for the Parsonage, Lake Megantic
- \$35 toward fund for a new furnace at Johnville
- \$30 for new chimney in Parsonage, Lake Megantic
- \$50 for painting and repairing St Mark's Church, Kinnears Mills
- \$50 towards motor boat for Magdalen Islands
- \$25 for materials for the Women's Guild, established at Mutton Bay by Mrs L[aura]
- LeGallais, material purchased by Miss Carter [a committee member]
- \$35 for hospital expenses
- \$25 doctor's bill
- \$25 Cesspool, Parsonage at Dixville
- \$50 to increase water supply at Parsonage in Sandy Beach
- \$25 for installation of Electric Light in the Parsonage at Marbleton

The report is signed by Marion Boswell, Secretary. Like most of the members of the A.C.H and the Cathedral Guild, she was the wife of one of Quebec's prominent and influential business elite, in her case of Charles Edward Allen Boswell of Boswell and

Brothers Brewery. Sir William Price, who had given the Mission Boat to serve the Lower North Shore, was also a member of the Cathedral congregation and a regular attender at Cathedral Services.

Elsewhere in the same issue is another letter from the regions, this time from the Rev. William Frederick Seaman, who had been serving in St. Stephen's church, Grand-mère, since 1906. He points to another urgency for those at a distance, this time concerning the needs of the children of working families facing disparity of educational opportunities. It begins:

To the Quebec Diocesan Gazette, I noticed in a previous number, the article relating to a [proposed] Hostel in Quebec for boys and girls from country districts attending the High Schools in Quebec.

There is no greater educational need today. Those of us who are working in the new industrial centres in this province, have no harder problem to solve than the education of our boys and girls after they are finished the primary grades.

Such [private] schools as [Bishop's College School, for boys] Lennoxville and [King's Hall, Compton Ladies College] Compton are out of the question for parents of average means.

Although they both accepted pupils from other denominations, both B.C.S. and King's Hall were Anglican foundations dating from the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The fees they charged and the curricula they followed would have put them out of the running for all but privileged children. Seaman continued:

It is possible to send children to academies of the province," "but [to do so] they must be placed in boarding houses with no oversight, and no parent is willing to do that.

If a Hostel could be provided where boys and girls out of school hours could have their time supervised, where they could receive a certain culture and training outside of their academic work, an inestimable boon would have been provided to church families everywhere in the outlying districts.

I know that among working people today, the feeling is gaining ground that while the

church has succeeded in providing schools and spiritual care for the children of the wealthy, nothing has been done, or is being done, to provide the same spiritual care for the children of the average church family.

Those of us who have the teen-age boy problem on our hands in mill towns, know the deplorable results of the great fallacy, "16 years old and a job in the mill". It is a problem that we cannot fight successfully until some assistance such as the Hostel suggested is supplied.

I am yours sincerely,  
W.F. Seaman  
Grand Mere

Perhaps more fundamental still, was the dawning realization that all the church's young people needed the outlet of healthy amusement as part of church ministry. "What Amusement Should We Provide For Our Young People in Our Parish Halls" is the title of a paper read at the annual meeting of the General Board of Religious Education of the Diocese of Quebec, held at Sherbrooke, November 1921, but published in the *Diocesan Gazette* in 1922. It was presented by the Rev. Walter S.G. Bunbury, incumbent at Richmond, and points to such a need.

"The Christian religion is a religion of joy, not of gloom," he asserts. "It calls upon us to be cheerful, optimistic, hopeful, not doleful, desponding, despairing. It does not forbid a smile on Sunday, or condemn participation in any innocent and harmless amusement. Therefore the old church has never put forth any black list of amusements from which she has required her people to abstain. On the contrary, she has left her children free to decide what their amusements should be, provided, of course, that they come within the limits of purity and moderation.

"Play in some form, is as needful as work, if it be only a change of work, there must be recreation, if we are to be sound and sane, if we are to keep ourselves in good working trim, if we are to do a good life's work."

Bunbury's presentation was "to be continued" in the *Gazette's* next issue – as would other challenges throughout the Diocese.

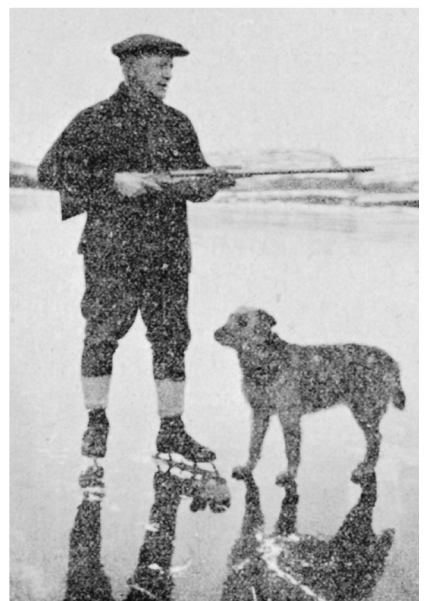
This first issue for the year 1922 is a clear illustration of the disparity between the well-to-do and the economically disadvantaged – the privileged and the underprivileged, the elite and the unregarded. We see charity and benevolence on the one hand but unrelenting struggle on the other. The gap is clear.

To be told in 2022 that "the economic gap is wider now than it ever has been" is one thing, but to put a human face to that gap from the pages of our own past is quite another. Our forebears saw needs that are still with us, did their best to meet them and pointed them out. ■

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



"The Rev'd. F. G. and  
Mrs. LeGallais."  
*Gazette*, March 1922



"Captain Living, of Labrador."  
*Gazette*, March 1922



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