

ANGLICAN LIFE

NEWSPAPER FOR THE THREE ANGLICAN DIOCESES IN
NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR • A SECTION OF THE ANGLICAN JOURNAL

DECEMBER 2022



The Bishop's Walk of Hope Diocese of Central Newfoundland

Submitted with photographs by
The Ven. Terry Caines

On Saturday October 8th, 2022, the Annual Bishop's Walk of Hope took place throughout the different parishes in the Diocese of Central Newfoundland. The walk is meant to be a sign of hope, faith, and thanksgiving. Walkers

were asked to think about "walking" as a powerful symbol of carrying loved ones—those who are in need, and those whom we love but see no longer—on our journey. In this time of uncertainty and change, Bishop Watton

asked each parish to participate in some way to unite our diocese in prayer and action. That meant that it could be in the form of a local walk, a prayer gathering, or an online service. Simply put, he asked each of us as individuals

and as parishes to participate in a way that "brings meaning to you," and connects our whole diocese as a family and community of faith. Below are just a few of the photos that were taken in different parishes.



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ANGLICAN LIFE in Newfoundland and Labrador is the newspaper of the Anglican Church of Canada in the Province of Newfoundland and Labrador. A co-operative effort of the three Dioceses in Newfoundland and Labrador, it publishes ten issues each year with an independent editorial policy.

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These policies were adopted by the Anglican Life Committee.



Hope For the Future

Josephine Kizza shared her story with PWRDF's national gathering in October, 2022

Dr. Doreen Helen Klassen
PWRDF Representative
Diocese of Western Newfoundland
Additional information provided by
Janice Biehn
Communications and Marketing
Coordinator for PWRDF



In the above photograph, taken by Edward Echwalu, we see Josephine Kizza, Director of St. Jude Family Projects, Uganda

When Josephine Kizza Aliddeki started an organic farming project in Uganda, she named it St. Jude for the patron saint of hopeless causes. However, since its beginning, St. Jude's has offered hope for the future by teaching thousands of girls, youth, and women how to farm sustainably, to feed their families, and to earn an income. Partnering with the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund (PWRDF) has helped nurture that hope. Hear Josephine's story.

When war broke out in Uganda in 1985, school teachers Josephine and her husband John decided to check on their parents in Masaka, which was some three hours from their home in Kampala. Unable to return to Kampala because the bridge to the capital city had been bombed, they returned to Masaka and became farmers out of necessity.

As it was not culturally appropriate for a woman to live in her father-in-law's household, Josephine persuaded her husband to settle on land John had inherited from his grandfather. Their belongings at that time included a child's mattress, a small blanket, a saucepan, one plate, one cup, and a small lantern. Josephine says: "We prayed a lot to St. Jude, patron saint of lost causes."

When the war ended,

Josephine and John discovered that all of their possessions in Kampala had been looted, so they again returned to their farm at Masaka. Because their crops weren't growing well, Josephine asked her father-in-law for some piglets to use their manure as fertilizer, and, to her surprise, he gave her two piglets. When Josephine heard an ad on radio for an organic farming course in 1992, she took the course, where she learned to make compost to further improve crop yields. Excited about the results, Josephine began sharing her new knowledge with others.

One year later, the teacher of the composting course returned to Uganda from England to check on her students. She was so impressed with Josephine's farming techniques and inspirational hands-on teaching that she paid for Josephine to earn an organic farming degree in England while John remained with their children in Uganda.

Josephine's farming project has now grown into an agricultural school that draws students from Africa and elsewhere who want to learn about organic farming, environmental management, income generation, etc. In 1997, the school was registered as an NGO called, not surprisingly, St. Jude Family Projects. By 2019,

it had already helped 186,000 farmers.

Since most agriculture in Uganda is done by women, the St. Jude project teaches women (often those affected by HIV and AIDS), children, and youth, but also has garden projects at government schools to provide lunches for poor students. Experience has furthermore taught Josephine and her staff that gender equity means including men in agricultural decision-making processes.

PWRDF's 2022 World of Gifts lists St. Jude's and 25 other gifts you can choose from this Christmas (and throughout the year) as PWRDF and its partners work to support refugees and internally displaced persons, to improve food security, and to address climate change.

<https://pwrdf.org/from-the-ground-up/> with thanks to Janice Biehn, PWRDF Communications & Marketing Coordinator

<https://pwrdf.org/get-involved/shop-pwrdfs-world-of-gifts/>
<https://pwrdf.org/tuesday/>



Celebrating Thanksgiving in The Parish of Bonne Bay North

Article by Dale Decker
Photographs by
The Rev'd Whilhelmena Green

The Parish of Bonne Bay North celebrated Thanksgiving this year with many thanks. The Rev'd Whilhelmena Green and many of the parishioners from both Rocky Harbour and Norris Point came together to prepare firewood for Marilyn Payne, who is a cancer patient in Rocky Harbour. Marilyn is the People's Warden at St. Matthew's Church and is now enduring chemo therapy.

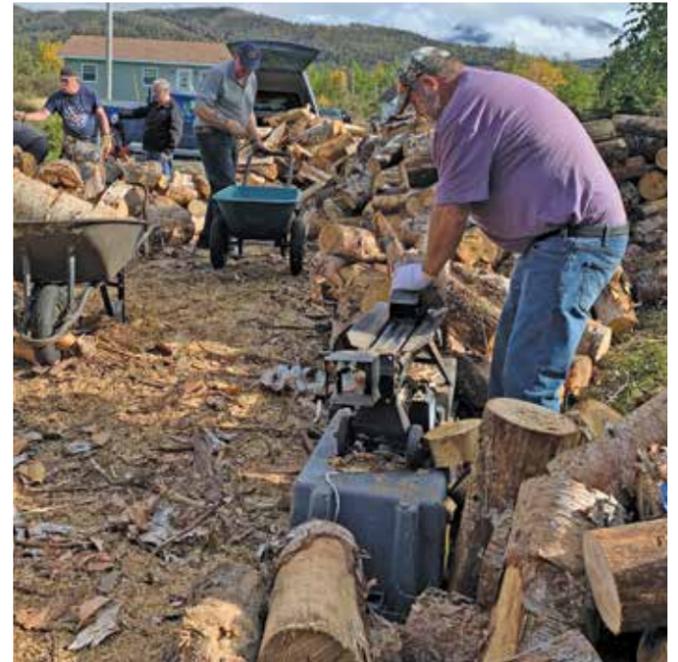
Marilyn's two sisters, Lucinda and Jackie, came and provided hot soup for those who were there to lend a hand.

This was a wonderful spiritual event, and we came together, working as disciples of Christ.

Marilyn is so grateful for the help she received!



Hot soup in the kitchen for those who helped get all of the wood cut and stacked



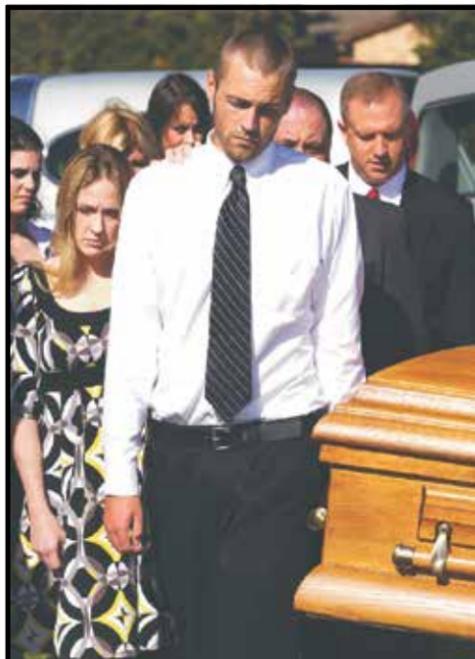
Left to right: Rocky Parsons, Bob Payne, Paul Green, and Darrell Burden: busy as beavers



Lots of wood to keep Marilyn warm through the winter



Left to right: Paul Green, Linda Parsons, Marg Payne, Dianne and Darrell Burden, Irene Stagg, Cynthia and Roger Hynes, Shirley Dominie, Susan Reid, Rev'd Whilhelmena Green, Bob Payne. Missing from photo are: Boyde Payne, Eileen Janes, Angus and Maxine Stewart, Dallis and Irving Shears



Important Facts About

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Bishop Samuel Rose's Christmas Message

The Rt. Rev'd Samuel Rose
Bishop
Anglican East NL

Like many, I watched the "historic" commercial space flight by Blue Origin last year with William Shatner—Captain Kirk himself—on board. It made history because Shatner is now the oldest person to travel to space at the age of 90. As CNN reported, "Shatner's flight marked the second of what Blue Origin hopes will be many space tourism launches, carrying wealthy customers and thrill-seekers to the edge of space. It could be a line of business that helps to fund Blue Origin's other, more ambitious space projects."

After his 10-minute and 17-second voyage to the final frontier, Shatner said, "Everybody in the world needs to do this. Everybody in the world needs to see it."

That is, if "everybody" has the expendable income to make the trip. If you do, it is reported that the ticket prices start at \$250,000 for Virgin Galactic and can cost up to \$28 million on Blue Origin and \$55 million on SpaceX. William Shatner didn't have to pay anything, by the way. His ticket was free, courtesy of Blue Origin founder and billionaire Jeff Bezos. (Source: CNN)

Humanity has long looked "up there" for answers. Are we alone in the universe? Is there intelligent life out there? Would we be better off living on Mars? So, I ask you: would you take off to outer space if you could? Would you consider getting off this planet? After the last two years that we have all gone through, who wouldn't want to go to a galaxy far, far away?

Good questions. But, and I know this will sound curmudgeonly, I have to ask: the money spent on getting off the Earth—could some of that be better served by fixing the problems here on it? With so many hurting and in need of help, and

with this world already in an environmental crisis, shouldn't we try to care for the people and the planet first before blasting off from it?

The escapism of this world, and I guess our problems, intrigue me. I remember the t-shirt which said, "Stop the Earth, I Want to Get Off!" And to be fair, we all need a break from the daily stresses and strains. Yet there has to be more than just escapism. If we are not addressing and confronting the realities of the world and this life, getting away from it all is simply an avoidance tactic.

What is the root cause of this escapism? Why do we try to avoid those stresses and strains of life? Why do we look "up there" when we need answers or direction? Perhaps, we need to take a look a bit closer to home. God did. And that is why we have Christmas.

Christmas is the opposite of escaping this world and all of its problems. Unlike trying to get off this planet, Christmas is God coming here in the person of Jesus Christ and dwelling among us. Christmas is God's answer to the problems we face here. As one preacher noted: "Christmas is proof that God will stoop as low as is necessary... and I mean low...to get what God wants. In Jesus Christ, God has come into the muck and the mire of the human situation to roll around in the dirt with us humans to rescue us from



the muck and the mire." (Source: <https://www.patheos.com/blogs/jesuscreed/2015/12/25/the-god-of-christmas-surprise/>)

Unlike those space tourists who want a "god-like view" of the world, our God is not some absent deity looking down upon us. God comes down to us in the muck and mire of the human condition. "For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life. God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but to save the world through him." (John 3:16-17)

That is Christmas. That is the Gospel—the Good News—in a nutshell. God so loved the world—loves you—loves me—that God participates actively with us here and now. We read in the Gospel of Matthew that the very name of Jesus tells us his purpose: "(Mary) will give birth

to a son, and you are to give him the name Jesus because he will save his people from their sins." All this took place to fulfill what the Lord had said through the prophet: "The virgin will conceive and give birth to a son, and they will call him Immanuel" (which means 'God with us'). (Matthew 1:21-23).

Christmas reminds us that we are not alone and do not face this life by ourselves. We seek answers not just "out there" but "down here" in the muck and mire.

Christmas is the promise that no matter what life throws at us: COVID-19, sickness, grief, heartbreak, no matter what, God is with us, and for us, through it all. God is part of our suffering, brokenness, worry, and pain. God shares our humanity. God is with us. And if that is true for us, it is true for everyone.

If we believe this, God invites us to participate in this world in ways that show God's presence in often simple yet profound ways. Instead of escaping from this world, we can dive into the muck and mire, not alone, but with God. We see this in ways, especially at Christmas, when God invites us to share in the lives of others, offering hope, joy, peace, and love.

As I once wrote in a Christmas Letter to the Diocese, "Perhaps we can adjust our view to see the signs of the presence of

God that are all around us. Look in unlikely places and expect to be surprised. I often reflect on my day and see where and how God showed up. I've seen God sitting with a scared and anxious patient in a doctor's waiting room. I've seen God smile at someone who felt no one cared about them. I've heard God speak words of love and acceptance to a broken heart. I know it was God because that anxious patient, the one who felt no one cared, and the person with the broken heart was me. God was with me each time and more. I do not doubt it!"

Perhaps you have seen God in other ways? Or maybe you are still wondering where God is. Wherever you are in your faith, God invites you to take another look and be surprised. In the good times and the bad—no matter what happens—God is with us, and that is Good News.

My dear friends, may Christmas be a reminder that God is with us. Let us not escape from the world, but may we continue to join with God on this incredible journey of faith and life, sharing God's love with everyone.

At Christmas and beyond, may we boldly go where God has already gone before.

+Samuel, Eastern Newfoundland & Labrador

UPCOMING DEADLINES:

February's print issue: 2 January
March's print issue: 1 February
April's print issue: 1 March

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ANGLICAN LIFE

Count Your Blessings Instead of Sheep

Emily F. Rowe
Editor, Anglican Life

I have a lot of favourite Christmas specials and movies. There's the Muppet Family Christmas, A Christmas Story, and A Child's Christmas in Wales. And then there's White Christmas. I know: it's pretty cheesy in places, but I just love it, and Bing Crosby sounds like Christmas, right? And one of my favourite songs isn't the title track, but is the one that he sings to Betty (played by Rosemary Clooney) called "Count Your Blessings." It's a sentimental song, and serves to move the relationship between the two characters ahead, and they end up singing it as a duet. The song starts with Bing singing the line, "When I'm worried and I can't sleep, I count my blessings instead of sheep, and I fall asleep counting

my blessings." It's been another strange year, and it's had its shares of ups and downs. We continue to live in a pandemic—this isn't over yet, and lots of people are still getting COVID-19 for the first time—and the things that we have been able to go back to sometimes feel like shadows of what they once were. There has been physical destruction in many places; in this province, especially with the storm associated with hurricane Fiona. We have all suffered losses, and the world can seem like it's spinning out of control. Maybe we've lost friends or family. As a person who has definite anxiety about change and unrest, I know how hard it can be. But what of the blessings? We all have



those too. There's been kindness shown to us by friends and strangers alike; there is the joy of seeing people again after years of lockdowns and fear. Because I write this in advance of its publication, I have no idea what December will bring for us all, but we know that it will bring the light of the incarnation. As we read in John 1:5, "The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it." My husband and I were

walking home from the grocery store literally just before I sat down to write this, and we met up with a man who we knew from living in the downtown. He told us a story about ending up in a group home, and how there was a woman there who was really unhappy about her situation. But she offered to help this man, and she encouraged him to start writing. He said that because of his writing, he was able to walk away from his addictions, and that she really changed his life for the better. It made her feel better about her situation too. It was a real blessing for both of them, and stopping to talk to him was a real blessing for us. One of the great blessings in my life is Anglican Life, and getting to be its editor. Getting

to collaborate with the many contributors and columnists is a gift. When people ask what I do, I get to tell them about being an editor for the Church newspaper for the three Anglican dioceses in Newfoundland and Labrador. I think that Anglican Life is an important ministry of the Anglican Church in our province, both for our own people, and for the wider world. Thank you for the support that you give us, both with your financial contributions and with your many beautiful articles and photographs. You are indeed a blessing, and you allow Anglican Life to continue to be in people's lives. I am always aware of how much this paper means to all of you. Merry Christmas, and all the best for 2023.

Have you made a donation to Anglican Life this year?



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Bishop John Organ's Christmas Message

The Rt. Rev'd John Organ
Bishop
Western Newfoundland

I am writing my Christmas Message for Anglican Life on October 13th due to the early deadline for print publication. Here in Corner Brook it is a beautiful sunny day, with the bright sunlight illuminating the fall foliage colours. It is nature in all its glory.

A few weeks ago, I was in Port aux Basques, Rose Blanche, Isle aux Morts, Fox-Roost, and Margaree. With the local Anglican clergy, we walked amidst the destroyed houses that once were safe and comfortable family homes. Nature revealed a more sinister look two weeks ago than it does on this beautiful autumn day.

These are two different sides of the same coin. In some ways we have here a metaphor for human life itself: good days and bad; ups and downs; joys and sorrows.

Christmas is not an escape from life's difficulties. In fact, Christmas is the divine response to the darkness and suffering of the world. It announces good news of great joy and spreads a bright light to eliminate the darkness.

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder:

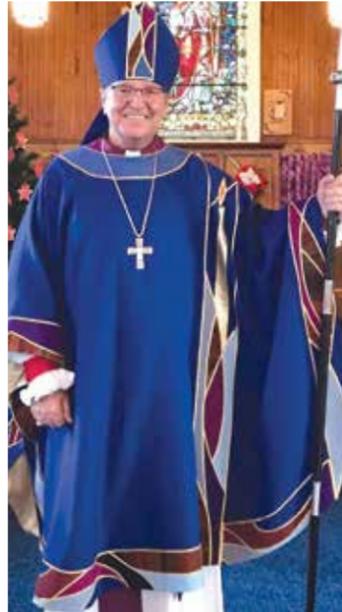
and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Isaiah 9:6

In this life there will be good days and bad. There will be successes and failures. There will be gratitude and regret. There will be gains and losses.

Christmas acknowledges the downside of human existence but also points us to the upside. It is God's coming into the world in the person of Jesus Christ, whose birth gives us joy, and whose life, death and resurrection gives us victory over sin and the grave. The deeper meaning of Christmas catapults us over the obstacles and into the promised land.

Our Lord was no stranger to life's struggles. Indeed, Jesus underwent extreme suffering, even death on a cross. God is not absent from or indifferent to the darkness and pain we go through. The incarnation is God entering into our deepest hurts and sorrows to express unconditional love for us. Stepping into our shoes, God knows our blistered feet.

God did so not only to empathize with us but to



change our predicament. Coming into the world, God resolves our plight and brings us out of darkness into light, out of death into life, and out of sorrow into joy.

Christmas is in many respects the beginning of that transformation. Easter is its triumph. Christ's return will be its consummation.

Let this Christmas be a time of beginning, of seeing anew that we are more than flesh and blood and bone. We are also spirit, with eternal light and love dwelling within us. We are journeying to a destiny that makes the best here even greater and the worst here transformed by victory and triumph.

I know that for many

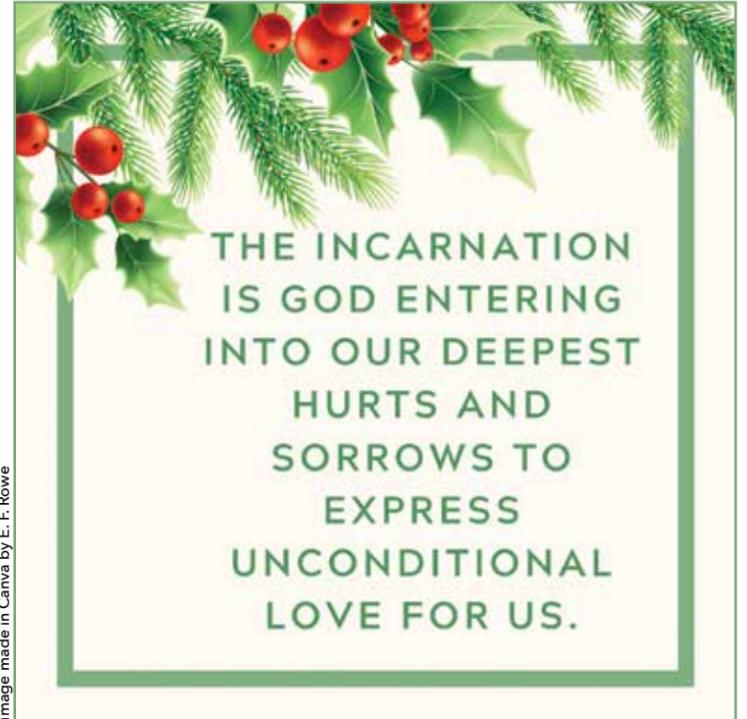


image made in Canva by E. F. Rowe

of us this Christmas may not be the happiest. Some of us will be out of our family home because of Storm Fiona. Some will be mourning loss of a loved one. Others may be alone for the first time at Christmas because of divorce. Others may be in a shelter because of domestic violence. Some may be on the street. Still others will be in the safety of their home surrounded by love and plenty.

Christmas will be met again this year with a

mixture of good and bad. Yet, for all of us, rich and poor, God will be seeking room in our hearts and a place of welcome among us. Letting God in will make the worst situation better and the best situation more meaningful. The result will be a world more aligned with God's eternal purpose for it.

May this Christmas lighten the darkness and increase love among us.

+John, Western Newfoundland



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Eastern NL AFCE Trustees Hold 400th Meeting

Article by and photograph by
The Rev'd Canon John Courage

The Anglican Charitable Foundation for Children (ACFC) had its beginning when Bishop Edward Feild responded to a pressing need to look after families who had been affected by the cholera outbreak of 1854. On Ash Wednesday, which fell on February 21 in 1855, the bishop provided a house near the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in St. John's which became home to eight orphans in the care of a widow. This orphanage gave rise to the Shannon Munn Memorial Orphanage for boys in 1918, which was located at what is now the Arts and Culture Centre, and the T.R. Job Memorial Orphanage for girls, which was on Strawberry Marsh Road. A new combined orphanage, "Exon House," was opened in 1966 and closed in 1969. Over 2000 children and a

number of widows were cared for in those 124 years.

In 1974, ACFC was established with the assets from the sale of Exon House. With the restructuring of the Diocese of Newfoundland into three dioceses in 1976, each diocesan Board of Trustees continues to assist children and young people in need with financial assistance, medical, education bursaries, and emergency funding. Provincially, the ACFC has assisted 40,000 individuals and distributed in excess of 8 million dollars.

On October 3rd, 2022, the 400th meeting of the ENL Board of Trustees was held to mark this milestone. For further information on this ministry of the Church, please visit your diocesan website under ACFC.



Left to right: Philippa Warren (Secretary), The Rev'd Canon John Courage (Chair), Archdeacon Eli Evans, The Rev'd Linda Budden, Ruth Bugden, and Archdeacon Charlene Taylor (representing Bishop Rose). Missing from photo is David Martin (Treasurer)

Reasonable and Probable Grounds to Believe

A body in a snowbank

Ford Matchim
Columnist

As a member of the RCMP, I had many opportunities to observe people in the quiet of a courtroom, undertaking an oath—I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth....I found that the truth often tumbles forth in favour of one's own interest, and almost without exception, people see things, recall things, and report things in a way that place them in a more positive light than the truth or the facts of the case may otherwise suggest. I have to discipline myself a bit here on the police view of things—am I implying everybody lies in court proceedings? Certainly not. I am saying though, that in large measure, we colour and process information to improve our case in a given situation. It just happens that in a court setting our patterns of behaviour are more easily observed and recognized for what they really are.

The very first murder

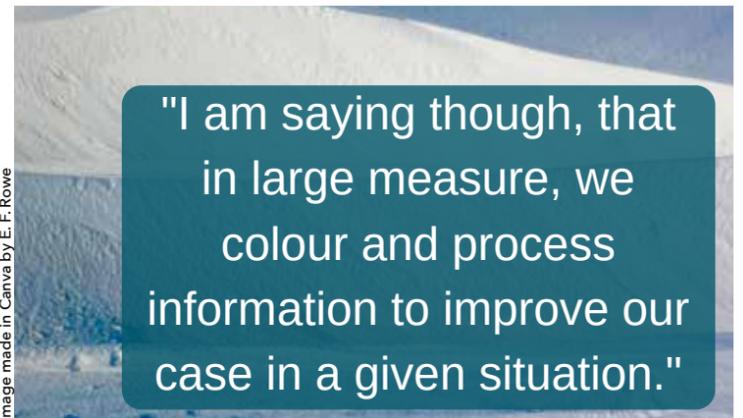
investigation I was involved in occurred in New Brunswick in the winter of 1962. The body of a partially clad man, with numerous stab wounds in his chest, had been found frozen in a snowbank. I was responsible for guarding the body through the night of his discovery, and to witness the forensic autopsy the following morning. At the morgue, clothing was removed and the body was covered with a large rolling sheet of heavy waxed paper. And all through the long night as the body warmed, and outstretched limbs slowly began to thaw, the waxed paper shifted and jolted, literally rattling the night away. Needless to say, I had no worries that night of falling asleep on the job.

Witnessing my first autopsy wasn't something I looked forward to, and I was pleased to say "Good morning" to the pathologist and to get on with it. The pathologist, friendly and outgoing,



explained a lot more to me than I really felt I needed to know. I recall that for days thereafter I avoided all food containing any trace of meat.

A subsequent investigation resulted in the arrest of a suspect. I was present during trial proceedings, and guarded the accused whenever outside prison cells. Seeing and hearing the evidence, listening to persuasive arguments from both the prosecution and the defence, followed by the closing remarks of the presiding judge, a new reality began to emerge. And for me, that reality was too often far removed from the cold reality of a dead



"I am saying though, that in large measure, we colour and process information to improve our case in a given situation."

man lying in the snow. However in this case sanity prevailed, and the accused was duly convicted of murder.

That prolonged criminal trial introduced me to the many twists and turns in the wind when we try to recreate and interpret the past. My thoughts wandered elsewhere, and especially to those of us who struggle with our spirituality, and experience a lack of clarity in interpreting the many pieces of information at our disposal, it becomes easy to realize, just how immensely difficult it is to appreciate and fully

understand the whys and wherefores of important events in the past.

In mulling over the differing views, the variances and personal assessments by individuals in the here and now, it got me pondering the question of how immensely difficult it is in reaching a common view on matters pertaining to faith-based living. Yet, it's perhaps fair to say that the very high threshold of unknowingness in our spiritual lives is what often catapults us towards searching and seeking, from within and without, for the powers of God.

Bishop John Watton's Christmas Message

The Rt. Rev'd John Watton
Bishop
Central Newfoundland

Many pieces of scripture other than the narrative of Jesus birth speak to me.

One of the most powerful scriptures in my heart is from Philippians, chapter 2:

"Who, being in very nature God, did not consider equality with God something to be used to his own advantage; rather, he made himself nothing by taking the very nature of a slave, being made in human likeness. And being found in appearance as a man, he humbled himself by becoming obedient to death—even death on a cross."

This passage is powerful for me because, through the seasons of my life, I have found Christmas to be a very empty and lonely time. I still do. I don't think I am alone in that. Let me try to explain what I mean.

As a child, in the 1960s, our family shared the commercial hype around

Christmas. No family is immune to the far reaching power of advertising. It's multiplied many times over today. We, however, were a broken family. So as children, my brother and I both looked with hungry hearts that somehow the magic of Christmas would be real, and that all would be well from Christmas Day onward.

It didn't happen.

Later in life as a Dad, I worked extra hours, made as much as possible, and overspent to flood the house with gifts. You all know what that provided in joy and fulfillment.

Still later as a priest in the Church, I worked with many others to make sure that any needy folks and their kids "had Christmas," even while knowing that on Boxing Day, their life situation had not changed one bit.

And ... there were Christmas memorials, sharing with widows and parents who had lost a child.

All of this set in a

Western world filled with messages of "Happy Holidays," and "buy our stuff to give because it will make everyone happy!"

Empty. Empty. Empty.

Where is the hope in the emptiness?

It's on the Cross of Christ.

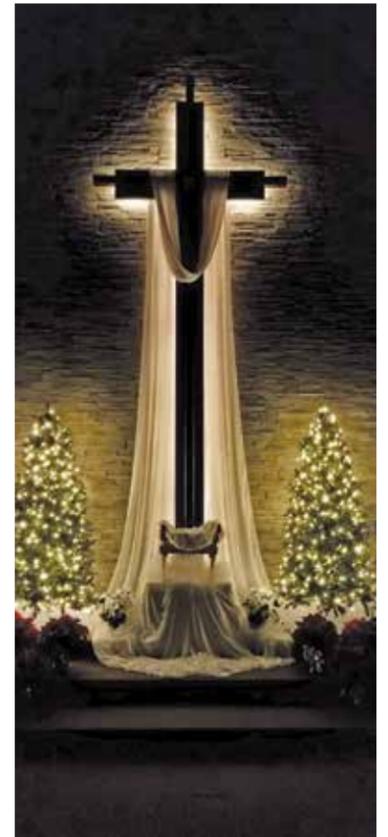
It's from the manger to the tree upon which the maker of the world showed us all of the power of emptiness.

He made a choice there: to empty himself of everything, and become as a slave; it was so worthless that the only value was in the entertainment of watching him die.

The resurrection of Jesus would not have been possible without this.

It is our sign of hope. It is our guide through our own darkness, wherever and however it surrounds you.

I wish you all deep joy at Christmas—not because of some unreachable commercial standard, but from that of the Saviour who went into emptiness



photograph by Steve Hruza from unsplash.com

and blazed a trail for each one of us to find meaning, hope, and light.

At Christmas I encourage one and all to look toward the story of a God who became one of us, shared in our vulnerability, and who says come: all of you; you do not need money, you do not need to be faultless, you do not have to be esteemed in the eyes of the world to belong. Come and let me love you.

Come into the fullness of hope and joy.

God bless you all at Christmas and always.

+John, Central Newfoundland

The Open Door in Corner Brook

Submitted with photograph by
Myra Shears



Ready to serve! Pictured here on the right are the kitchen and serving team of the Open Door at St. John the Evangelist in Corner Brook, NL.

The Open Door (which is an initiative by the Humber Deanery of the Diocese of Western Newfoundland) has been offering bag lunches as takeout during the COVID-19 pandemic. Just recently we have been able to "reopen our doors" for eat in dining. It is really great to be back serving our clients in this way.

God Guard Thee, Newfoundland

The Rev'd Jonathan Rowe
Columnist

As I started writing this column, people were up in arms about Memorial University's decision not to include the Ode to Newfoundland as part of its Fall Convocation ceremonies. The reason given by the university's presidential advisory team was that they wanted to make the university more equitable and inclusive. Since that decision was made, people have speculated on what was 'offensive' in the Provincial Anthem. Was it the fact that it doesn't include Labrador? That it excludes international students? That it mentions 'our fathers' and not our mothers? The notion of prayer being raised to heaven above, or the prayer that God would guard Newfoundland?

But conversations started to turn ugly from there. People regularly pointed out that the university itself was dedicated as a memorial to the sacrifices made by Newfoundland soldiers in the First World War. People began to accuse the university of 'spitting on veterans' graves', or of ignoring



the very Memorial it was named to be. A chance to complain about the university administration, combined with a fear and distrust of 'political correctness' and the near approach of Remembrance Day, all made for a toxic environment, whether on social media, or any time someone asked 'what do *you* think about The Ode?'

The part of this whole story that has concerned me the most is not a real or imagined lack of inclusion at the university. It's not whether the decision they made was the right one or not. What has been far more concerning

is the way ordinary people felt that it wasn't enough just to be disappointed. The only acceptable emotion these days seems to be outrage. We spew angry rants on social media. We gravitate towards people who are just as outraged as we are, and argue vehemently with people who are just as enraged, but coming from the other side of the debate.

This is a dangerous aspect of social media that we don't often think about. People share whatever is on their mind, but what we see—what the computer algorithms decide to show us when we open Facebook or Twitter—is often going to be whatever will make us angry or upset. Research has shown that on average, we will spend more time focusing on images or ideas that make us upset than we will on calming ones. If we don't get regular doses of outrage in our social media feeds, we won't stop to read. We'll keep mindlessly scrolling, or give up and read a book or do anything else.

It seems a bit perverse, but Facebook, Twitter, and other social media networks *want* us to get indignant and outraged when we use their sites. The more we engage with content that provokes this kind of negative reaction, the more they'll show us. In contrast, how often have you reacted to good news stories that your church has shared? Watching people get worked up over whether or not to sing the Ode, I almost gave up social media in despair. The more we allow ourselves to get caught up in these cycles of outrage, the more we'll be exposed to, and the more we ourselves contribute to the problem.

There's something that God needs to guard Newfoundland from, and it's not inclusiveness or equity. God guard us from the kind of knee-jerk reactions that make reasonable conversations impossible. God give us the wisdom and grace to keep our lives, both online and off, loving and respectful.

An Act of Kindness

Kevin Smith
Columnist

"A single act of kindness throws out roots in all directions, and the roots spring up and make new trees."

- Amelia Earhart

Over the last 22 years I have written many articles, mostly about planned gifts or estate planning issues, but occasionally about personal issues. This column is about the latter but it illustrates a level of kindness that is so prevalent in this part of the world. And, it becomes all the more important especially at this time of the year.

My wife has a little craft business, and recently she asked me to do her bank deposit for her, and since I was available I quickly consented. She handed me her deposit book along with 30 twenty dollar bills,

15 five dollar bills, and a cheque. I then walked out though my door towards my vehicle. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed our garbage bin out by the sidewalk, and placing the deposit book on the hood of my Jeep, walked towards the bin to see if it had been emptied. Then I turned back and got into my vehicle, and proceeded up Strawberry Marsh Road where I live. I turned onto Allandale Road and then left until the Prince Philip Parkway, which some of you may know is a major four lane divided highway which cuts through Memorial University. As I was passing University Avenue, I noticed the deposit book on the hood and much to my utter horror, it flew off. I looked in my rear view mirror and saw the bills flying around on the highway.

I quickly pulled off to the left and got out in a panic and tried valiantly to pick up these elusive bills which were blowing around on this busy highway. Another vehicle was approaching me and, to my surprise, it stopped, right in the middle of the road and essentially blocking traffic, while I frantically rushed around trying to retrieve the bills. The next thing I knew, the driver—an amazing woman—jumped out and began helping me pick up my wife's deposit.

In short order, we had retrieved most of the bills but in the meantime, traffic was backed up because of this lady's vehicle. I thanked her, probably not enough, but rushed back to my Jeep and drove away. I didn't have time to adequately thank her or to offer her a reward for

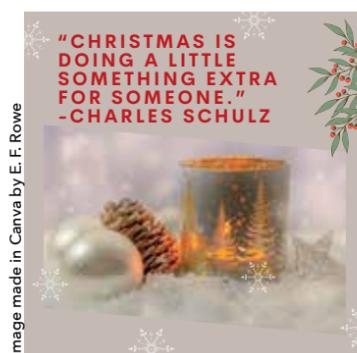


Image made in Canva by E. F. Rowe

assisting me in this very difficult situation. I have no idea who she was but for that brief period of time—when all hell was breaking out for me—she was my guardian angel. And if by chance that she may be reading this, I want to say thank you to her for such kindness and fast attention to my plight.

Now with Christmas coming on, I am reminded of a quote from Charles Schulz, the Peanuts cartoon creator who said that, "Christmas is doing a little something extra



for someone." Well, that lady did something very big for me. Bless her. Rest assured that I will be paying it forward.

"With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world."

- Max Ehrmann

Kevin Smith is a gift planning consultant for Anglican East NL. He can be contacted at 709 739-5667 or by email: kevin.smith709@gmail.com

Behind Every Dark Cloud Is A Silver Lining

St. John the Evangelist, Topsail

Article by Louise Smith
Photograph by Sharon Smith

Interwoven into our defined English vocabulary are many proverbs or sayings. Most of which I have never taken seriously or with any degree of credence before today. However, tonight I have been touched by one such idiom in a somewhat forceable way. Namely: "behind every dark cloud there's a silver lining."

I am sure that none of us wishes to relive the trauma of our three-year journey with the coronavirus—the stress of isolation, distancing, and limited communication with neighbouring church families. But on a weekend in October, by the grace of God and with high hopes for a future of more cohesive fellowship, the ladies of our parish succeeded in broadening the spectrum.

We were honoured to host a gathering together of the ACW Avalon West Deanery for a meeting, the election of officers, a supper, and a church service.

The district encompasses the Church of the Ascension (Mount Pearl), St. Peter's (Upper Gullies), All Saints' (Foxtrap), and St. Paul's (The Gould's), as well as our own congregation of

St. John the Evangelist (Topsail).

After our 10:30 am regular worship on October 16th, as the hosts for the event, our team diverted to the kitchen, where we painstakingly prepared a supper to be shared with our invited guests from their respective parishes. Since this event occurred during the month and season of Halloween, our decor was representative of that theme and colour.

The meeting commenced at 3 pm, with about forty members present. And since this was the first assembly since before the pandemic, business extended for well over an hour.

The Rev'd Jotie Noel conducted elections, resulting in the present executive agreeing to continue in the same capacity for another year—Betty Hiscock (Topsail) President; Barbara

Hollett (Gould's) Vice President; Sandra Squires (Topsail) Secretary; and Marilyn Lear (Mount Pearl) Treasurer.

At this juncture, with the aroma of perked coffee and the whistling of a boiling kettle, everyone was ready to indulge in the meal, that had been prepared with loving



hands, as we gathered around the tables enjoying food and joyful conversation.

Then with appetites adequately sufficed, Rev'd Jotie was ready to guide all present upstairs to participate in a service of Holy Communion. An

offering collected at the service will be forwarded to the Red Cross in aid of the Fiona disaster.

We thank God for a full day of interaction and revival between all five parish families for the first time since the pandemic. Behind every dark cloud

there is a silver lining:

"For there is hope for a tree if it is cut down, that it will sprout again, and that its tender shoots will not cease"
Job 14: 7

“Suddenly nothing made sense anymore...”

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Stir Up

The Rev'd Canon Jeffrey Petten
Columnist

One of the traditions which has somewhat gone by the wayside is "Stir Up" Sunday. In *The Book of Common Prayer*, the collect for the Sunday before Advent begins with the words "Stir Up." Many people took this indication as the time to stir the mixture that would make Christmas pudding, and my favourite: dark fruit cake. I think Archbishop Thomas Cranmer had the right intention to place that collect for the Sunday before Advent: we need to be stirred up.

Of course, in our time, the Sunday before Advent is known as the Reign of Christ Sunday, or The Feast of Christ the King. This

indeed goes hand in hand with what we celebrate within the Advent season. We are preparing our hearts and our minds, our souls and bodies, for the second coming of Christ the King. It is in this second coming that we wait for the time for the world to be put right. In Advent we wait for the words of Matthew 25 to come to fruition when "the Son of Man comes in his glory and he will separate his people as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats." To wait for this, to anticipate this, and to participate in this, our souls need to be stirred. To be stirred to is to take to heart the words of John the Baptist: "Repent



and return to the Lord."

By the time you are reading this article, we will have already participated in the liturgy for the first Sunday of Advent. We will have heard the word for us to be prepared for the coming of the Son of Man. We will have begun the stirring process of cakes and cookies for Christmas. Yet we need



image made in Canva by E. F. Rowe

to stir our souls so that as we prepare for the birth of the child who was born in the poorest of places, yet greatest of kings, we are stirred up with thought and emotion for his second coming. Let us be stirred and let us be ready to celebrate who Jesus is and what Jesus is for us.

So as you stir up your ingredients for your

Christmas pudding or your Christmas cake, think about how it is that Jesus of Nazareth can stir up your life and stir up the world and make the Kingdom of God not only a reality of the future but a reality of the here and now.

*Stir up, O Lord,
the wills of your faithful people,
that richly bearing the fruit of good works,
we may by you be richly rewarded;
through Jesus Christ our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.
Amen.*

The Holiday Season: What's Your Favourite Part? What Would Jesus' Be?

Allison Billard
Columnist

Here we are again: the December issue of the paper, working our way through Advent and towards Christmas Day. Every year is so full of anticipation, and for that I am deeply grateful. It means we have come through another year, we get to celebrate another season; no matter the trials and tribulations, here we are.

I asked my kids recently what their favourite part of Christmas was, other than presents. Individually, and independent of each other, they both said, "But mom, presents aren't my favourite part!" Well, colour me embarrassed. Apparently I don't give those boys enough credit.

Their answers impressed me. Mr. 11 said he likes the food—turkey, Christmas pudding—and hanging out with his family. He really is my mini me.

Mr. 9 said his favourite part is that it's Jesus's birthday, and he likes to celebrate that. Now, part of me wants to melt over that statement, but part of me is also highly suspicious that he is just telling me what he thinks will get the most "brownie points."

When asked, their dad says



image made in Canva by E. F. Rowe

his favourite is Terry's chocolate orange, which made us all laugh, because Daddy sure does love those. But more seriously, he said he loves carolling with the church choir.

For my part, I love it all, but if I had to pick my absolute favourite things about the holiday season it's the music and the cheesy Hallmark movies. The whole season is just one big reason to be happy and generous and to spend time with all the people you love most. Sign me up!

I do sometimes wonder if any of these things matter. If we had the opportunity to ask Jesus what his favourite part is, what would the answer be? Would he pull up

a chair for turkey? Would he want to watch those feel good movies? Would the carols bring a smile to his face?

Or would he tell us we have entirely missed the point? Would he be embarrassed of how we mark the holiday? Overindulgence in the highest order—not what he had in mind for a birthday party, maybe?

For our part, we do also try to share the love of the season, and give to charity, and shop locally, and support the different ministries of the church, ensuring as many people as possible can celebrate the season—at least a little bit.

Is there a right way to do

Advent and Christmas? I am inclined to think not. As long as we live the example Jesus set for us it shouldn't matter. Feed the hungry; clothe the naked; visit the lonely; it's pretty simple.

We should do these things all year long, certainly, but I think it is also okay to put more emphasis on it during Christmas. We are leading into a long, cold, dark season of winter. The more cheer we can build up the better to get us through until the snow melts and the flowers come back.

What is your favourite part of the holiday season?

In The Aftermath of Hurricane Fiona

Submissions and photographs
by Karen Simon



HURRICANE FIONA was a category 4 Atlantic hurricane that hit many places in Atlantic Canada in late September of 2022. It was the most costly post-tropical storm to hit our part of the world on record, and when it reached Newfoundland's west coast, it had maximum sustained winds of 70 mph (110 km/h).
The above photographs were

submitted to Anglican Life by Karen Simon, and the destroyed house in the top one was her mother's home. Many homes were destroyed by Fiona, and the rebuilding will be going on for a long time. Our own Primate's World Relief and Development Fund has a way that you can help. Go to their website at: pwrdf.org/give-today and choose "Hurricane Fiona."



A NIGHT OF MUSIC was held on September 28th. It was a time to come together and where troubles were no more. People in attendance could feel the peace and joy. From left to right are: Leo, Ray, Viola, Glenda, Leona, Betty, Jim, and Dave.



A QUILT SHOW went ahead as planned on September 30th. After the devastation of Fiona, we were not sure what to do, but after much thought and prayer, we felt that this would bring some cheer to residents of the area. The photo above is from the afternoon tea.



Lorena Kendall, people's warden, reads a poem about our church, and a prayer for reconciliation



Bernice Sweet, treasurer, brought a quilt and a painting of the same quilt by Jeff Messeau



The Rev'd Patricia Ritchie was the guest speaker, and brought along two family quilts which were 100 and 130 years old

Discipleship and New Ministry

Article by
The Rev'd Canon Jeffrey Petten

On Wednesday, 26 October, 2022, the Diocese of Western Newfoundland held a clergy gathering for the active clergy in the diocese. The day began with Morning Prayer at 9am, and then we were led by Bishop Organ on the beginnings of the Discipleship Campaign which will conclude in 2026. "On the books we have 19,000 Anglican within our Diocese, yet we all know that the number of those involved and committed is much smaller. Thus, it is our hope and prayer that as we dive into the deep waters that in 'fishing for people' we will not only be disciples

ourselves, but also make disciples as well."

As part of our recent diocesan synod, we had hoped to have a program director as we set aside \$250,000 for this campaign to cover costs of salary, travel, and educational materials. Unfortunately, our advertising of such a director did not come to fruition, but we are working with what we have. Our Discipleship Committee, which includes our new regional deans, will be rolling out this campaign. Thus, it was fitting to have the day conclude with the Eucharist, in which the

new members of Cathedral Chapter were installed.

The Rt. Rev'd John Organ has appointed to Cathedral Chapter the following:

- The Rev'd Canon Dianna Fry to the stall of St. Mark as regional dean of the Bay St. George Deanery
- The Rev'd Canon Tanya White to the stall of St. Matthew as regional dean of the Humber Deanery
- The Rev'd Canon Jeffrey Petten to the stall of St. John as regional dean of the Gros Morne Deanery

- The Rev'd Canon Vernon Short to the stall of St. Peter as regional dean of the Straits Deanery
- The Rev'd Canon Terrence Coates to the stall of St. Paul as Canon Recruiter.

Those already part of Cathedral Chapter:

- The Rev'd Canon David Russell to the stall of St. Luke as Institutional Chaplain
- The Very Rev'd Catherine Short, Dean of the Diocese and Rector of Cathedral Parish
- The Ven. David Taylor,

Executive Archdeacon and Assistant to the Bishop

It goes without saying that the Diocesan Bishop is the chair of Cathedral Chapter.

As a whole, all are looking forward to the implementation of the Discipleship Campaign as we not only become committed disciples ourselves, but as others join in on the journey of faith with us. Please uphold our diocese and all those involved in the Discipleship Campaign in your prayers.



The above photograph is of the Canons in the Diocese of Western Newfoundland. They are (left to right): The Ven. David Taylor, The Rev'd Canon Vernon Short, The Rev'd Canon Dianna Fry, The Rev'd Canon Jeffrey Petten, The Rev'd Canon Terrance Coates, The Rev'd Canon Tanya White, The Very Rev'd Catherine Short, and the Rt. Rev'd John Organ.



The above photograph is of the assembled clergy and lay readers of the Diocese of Western Newfoundland, with Bishop Organ in the front middle. Both this and the other photograph were taken by Sabrian Short.

Western Diocese Installs New Canons

Article by
Dr. Doreen Helen Klassen

"Therefore Go and Make Disciples of all Nations" was the theme of the October 26th Installation of Canons of The Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist in Corner Brook, NL.

At the service, Bishop John Organ appointed four regional deans and installed a canon

recruiter: Jeffrey Petten (Deanery of Gros Morne), Tanya White (Deanery of Humber), Vernon Short (Deanery of the Straits), Dianna Fry (Deanery of Bay St. George), and Terrance Coates (Canon Recruiter). The service ended with the singing of the late Sylvia Dunstan's hymn "Go to the World," which

encouraged all to "preach the cross where Christ renews life's worth . . . live the word of God's redeeming grace . . . Go struggle, bless, and pray," and ended with the promise "for I am with you till the age shall end."



Lego As An Ecclesiastical Metaphor

The Rev'd James Spencer
Columnist

If there's one thing I am known for, among those who have more than a passing knowledge of me, it is that I am a tremendous Lego fan. I've been an enthusiast since I was eight years old, carefully guarding my meagre bucket of bricks from the careless fingers of family and friends, and constructing a wide variety of buildings, vehicles, and robots.

I still have those same bricks. And many, MANY more.

They continue to appeal to me on so many levels. Lego lasts a long time and can be built into so many things. Barely a day goes by where I don't see images online of incredible things made from Lego that are so astonishing and unexpected that you must look really close to even realize they are indeed

made from little plastic bricks.

I could go on and on about the value of Lego as entertainment, a teaching tool, decoration, a source of creativity and problem-solving skills, and even as a theological metaphor. But for this article, the thing that springs most to mind is how it serves as a good ecclesiastical metaphor.

Allow me to explain.

A few years ago I built a church out of Lego to use in my Lego Christmas Village, which I display in my home every holiday season. It was a fine-looking church, with lots of detail both inside and out. It was primarily white and grey, with a black roof covered in white "snow". I loved it. I placed a little mini-figure of myself outside the door, welcoming people in for a service.

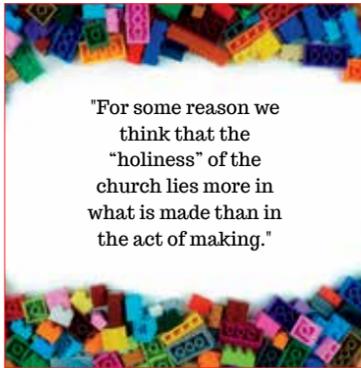


image made in Canva by E. F. Rowe

Last year I destroyed it. I had to. I needed the parts. Specifically, at the time, I needed the parts to build three more churches (replicas of the three church buildings in my own parish of Burin). The parts I didn't use on the new churches were tossed into the bins, or else used to help build other things. The three churches I built now sit near the back pews of their respective buildings and are often admired by visitors to our worship. And there they shall remain...



... Until I need the parts.

It is one of the deepest failures of the church that we cling onto all that we have built, fearful to lose any piece. We desperately try to "super-glue" the bricks together, replace any piece that falls off, and often resent any bricks used for purposes other than making that first construction stronger.

For some reason we think that the "holiness" of the church lies more in what is made than in the act of making.

And so, the Church (capital C) struggles, never managing to build anything new because all the pieces are already being used. We never seem to accept that sometimes you must take apart the old, use the pieces you can, and see what wondrous new thing can be made!

Now some of you, I'm sure, think I'm advocating for the wholesale tearing down of church buildings. I'm not. What I am saying is that what *could be* should never be sacrificed for what *has been*. Often all that is needed in what we might build is a few pieces of what we're desperately trying to hold together.

Who knows what we could make, extending off that chief cornerstone, if we're just willing to take something apart first?

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Come Home Celebrations at St. Luke's

Article and photographs by Florence Morgan-Thom

The Parish of Port de Grave was a busy place last summer—getting ready for three fundraisers, completing repairs, and painting our lower hall has kept many parishioners and the ACW on their toes with hard work and dedication for most of the summer. And what a summer it was! The weather was in the high twenties and sometimes reaching thirty; it was definitely a summer to remember.

In July, we began with our annual crab dinner. Due to COVID-19 the previous two years, we could not have this dinner which was a disappointment to many. It's an event anticipated by many and is always a roaring success. Thanks to Eleanor and Clarence Andrews, their family, and to the ACW, it is our main fundraiser, and I might add a great financial reward.

On August 4th, the ACW held a high tea, beginning at two in the afternoon. More than one hundred people, both young and old, came to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee and Come Home Year. The hall was decorated in honour of both events. Beautifully attired celebrants with



These two photographs were taken at the afternoon high tea. On the left are: Christina Petten, Ina Gifford, and Shirley Petten. On the right are Story and Mason Durrell who joined us that afternoon.

fascinators were the pride of the day. It was wonderful that a few children and teenagers came to celebrate with us. Another great achievement due to the cooperation of all.

On August 6th, the church vestry hosted a breakfast. With the help of the parishioners, a full hot breakfast was served, and enjoyed by all. Our treasurer, Joyce Morgan, spearheaded this successful breakfast.

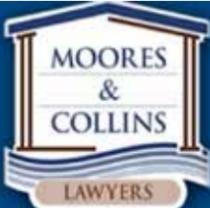
Our last fundraiser for the year was the ACW's online auction, held from September 8th-12th. Many of the Bay Roberts

and surrounding area businesses donated items for our event, as well as residents of Port de Grave. Thanks to Colleen and Stephanie Andrews for photographing all the items, and to Stephanie for setting up the auction on Facebook. Thanks to Eleanor Andrews for organizing the event, and all those who did the leg work of taking letters around to the businesses and then picking up the items. Great job.

This has been our greatest series of financial fundraisers ever, exceeding our wildest dreams.



The above photographs show two of the 130 things that were donated for the auction. On the left is an antique chair that was donated by Margaret Dawe, and on the right is a Christmas wooden decoration by Madeline Powell.



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Harry Balsom: Lay Leader

Article and photograph by
The Rev'd Canon Tanya White

The All Saints' congregation and vestry in Corner Brook, along with their rector the Rev'd Canon Tanya White and Bishop John Organ, were all honoured to acknowledge and congratulate Harry Balsom for 60 years of lay ministry on Sunday, October 16th. Harry's lay ministry began in September 1962 in Old Bonaventure, Trinity Bay, and then continued at All Saints' in 1964, the same year that All Saints' opened for worship (on January 26th). Except for the 12 years that

Harry spent in Deer Lake where he was active at St. Michael and All Angels' church, Harry has served at All Saints', and we have been blessed to have him. Harry has not only lay led at All Saints', but he has also taken on duties with the vestry, served as the chair of several committees, been part of the men's service club and the couples' club, and also the scouting movement. He's always one to lend a listening ear, and does many visits to retirement homes, hospital and other places. Harry has acted as

reader and pall bearer at the funerals of many of the faithful at All Saints'. Harry has been, and continues to be, a dedicated, dependable, faithful, kind servant and disciple of our Lord, and as you can see a man who we all hold in high esteem. We are blessed here at All Saints' to call Harry, ours. Your work in lay reading and building of God's kingdom are second to none; you have indeed loved God and neighbour! May God grant Harry many more years of service to come.

Cathedral Parishioner Among Recent Recipients of the Order of Newfoundland

Article by
Donald Rowe

Those of us who know Carla Furlong will agree that she is a fascinating woman (one definitely deserving of being called a "lady"), with an extraordinary life story who has made quite a contribution to the cultural scene in our province of Newfoundland and Labrador, that is recognized by this award and deserves to be more well known than a passing mention.

The background information that was provided in the news release about the latest recipients of the Order of Newfoundland and Labrador says about Carla:

"Carla Emerson Furlong is a noted musician who has made outstanding contributions to the arts and culture of Newfoundland and Labrador and indeed, Canada. In addition, she spent decades as an avid volunteer in the community.

"Ms. Furlong studied at the Royal Conservatory of Music and Juilliard. She studied under famous American harpist Marcel

Grandjany. Despite her studies being interrupted by World War II, Ms. Furlong graduated from The Juilliard School in 1948. During the war, she served as a Cypher Technician in St. John's.

"In 1950, Ms. Furlong was appointed harpist with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and performed with Halle Orchestra, and toured Great Britain with Vic Oliver's Variety Show.

"Ms. Furlong was instrumental in establishing the Harp Department at the Royal Conservatory of Toronto, performed with the Toronto Symphony and the Ottawa Philharmonic Orchestra, and recorded CBC Television and Radio shows. In 1962, she returned home to join the Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra as principal harpist and helped establish the School of Music at Memorial University.

"For more than 40 years, Ms. Furlong guided locals and visitors to learn about the architectural significance of the Anglican Cathedral. She generously gave her time to the Avalon

Battalion Band of the Church Lad's Brigade, Kiwanis Music Festival, as well as mentored students for examinations for the Trinity College and the Royal Conservatory of Music.

"Ms. Furlong was a sought-after harp instructor. People travelled considerable distances to study with her until she stopped teaching, one year ago, at the age of 99."

I had the pleasure of chatting with Carla on occasion and was particularly enthralled by her story about playing the harp on the beloved CBC TV children's program *The Friendly Giant* many years ago while she lived in Toronto, playing with the Toronto Symphony. She related that in those days the program was done live, and she would go to the studios daily to perform the iconic "Early One Morning" that was the theme music of the program. Apparently as well, the programmes were never pre-scripted, but delivered ad lib. Carla



during World War II, described in the award's news release simply as: "During the war, she served as a Cypher Technician in St. John's." Apparently, during the war she was one of the local women engaged in the secret monitoring of German naval radio communications off our coasts related to the supply convoys to England that gathered in St. John's (a Newfoundland version of the Bletchley Girls).

But Carla's greatest contribution to our province has been her noted career locally as a harpist and long standing teacher of harp and piano. She also played a role in the development of the School of Music at Memorial University and that contribution is recognized by scholarships at the school in her honour.

Congratulations Carla on a life well lived, and on the latest and well deserved recognition.

described Bob Homme (who played the friendly giant) as a "lovely man, a delightful man, but he was small—he was a short little man". Interestingly she later brought what I call "The Friendly Giant's harp" back to Newfoundland when she returned here, and it's still here in the St. John's area. Another story about Carla which, under the Official Secrets Act she could never talk about fully, was her work

Let Us Begin Again

Article by
The Rev'd Dr. Joanne Mercer
Provost, Queen's College

I feel like I am in a cycle of new beginnings. With Advent we start a new liturgical year; in September we began a new academic year; in January we will celebrate a new calendar year.

With each new beginning there are new plans, new hopes, new possibilities.

And I love a new beginning—a new start. It is sort of like when your computer, phone, or tablet acts up, and you press restart and (most times) all gets sorted and you begin again. And I love this about our life of faith; we have restarts built into our liturgical year with Advent and Lent in particular, but we also have built into each liturgy when we confess our sins—the things done and undone—and share the peace of a fresh start.

Life at Queen's College is also full of new beginnings and fresh starts. This Advent we will be doing a weekly podcast on the lectionary with invited guests sharing their thoughts on the readings and possibilities for preaching. "The (Be)coming of the

Lord: Preaching the Promise and Challenge of Advent" will be available on our Facebook and YouTube pages. (<https://www.facebook.com/queenscollegenl> & <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC2xZJDX8aVY Cwllquav4wGw/videos>)

In January we will be doing another "new thing". We are offering an Intensive course as a means of preparing for Lent. "Call of the Cross: Preparing for Lent in a time of cultural and climate crisis" can be taken as a regular 3-credit-hour course, or as an audit. We are offering a special audit rate for those who have a leadership position in their faith community (clergy, lay ministers, Bible study leaders, etc.) of just \$100. The audit will give you access to all of the classes and materials without having to do any of the papers or assignments. As a part of the January 27th class of this course, we will also be offering a free workshop, both in person and online, on preparing liturgies for Lent with the Rev'd Canon Dr. Boyd Morgan. This is part of our goal to provide affordable,

accessible learning to all who are interested. For more information see our webpage: <https://queenscollegenl.ca>

We have also been busy "restarting" things that we have not been able to do during COVID, such as in person gatherings and community meals. It is wonderful to see how our online interactions have maintained our community and built new friendships, and how quickly we connect now that we are in the same physical space. We already know so much about each other. It is important to note that this "restart" of in person gatherings does not mean we no longer connect online. These different types of interactions help feed one another. Some communication is better in one medium than another, and some folks flourish in different modes of interaction.

So let us all flourish as we continue to begin again.



A group from Queen's College attended and participated in the St. John's Pride Parade, which was held in September



Tom Mugford, Canon for Indigenous Ministries, led us in a smudge ceremony



A Tuesday community meal



Students and faculty enjoying a picnic during our fall gathering

New Chapter and Bishop's Council in Eastern Newfoundland and Labrador



On October 2nd, the Dean of the Cathedral and the Chapter were installed at the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in St. John's. The service also saw the commissioning of the Bishop's Council. The above photograph shows the Chapter and Bishops' Council, and is from the Diocese's Facebook page.

The Spirit of Christmas

Melanie Clarke
Columnist

Every year around the end of November, there seems to be something in the air. A feeling comes over most people in December that isn't felt as strongly throughout the rest of the year. People seem more friendly. Strangers smile at each other more. People seem to make more eye contact with each other—instead of always looking at a phone screen, people seem to be looking ahead and noticing what's going on around them. Christmas carols are playing in the stores and decorations are hung on every spare nail. People call this the "Spirit of Christmas," and even hardcore Scrooges seem to catch a little of this feeling throughout December.

I like all the trimmings of a commercial Christmas. I spend a couple of evenings driving around town looking at the lights and decorations which people have displayed. Some houses are completely decked out and it's obvious that hours of work have been dedicated to making the home beautiful. The spirit of Christmas appears to be alive and well!

However, for Christians, the spirit of Christmas begins with Advent. Four Sundays before the birth of Jesus Christ, in church we are told about the journey that Mary and Joseph took before the birth of their precious son. Each Sunday brings us a little closer to the birth of the Son of God. Each Sunday, a candle is lit to signify the Light of the World coming. By Christmas Eve there are four candles lit, and these candles create a significant amount of light. On Christmas Eve, we light another candle to represent the birth of Our Lord and Saviour. He comes to us, not as a grown man, not as a great warrior but instead as a defenceless baby. Jesus is born and is completely dependent on his earthly parents to grow and thrive as a human being. Just like the rest of us, Jesus comes into the world unable to fend for himself and reliant on those around him to keep him safe and sound.

So, what do these two visions of Christmas have in common? How does the commercial Christmas fit into the Christian Christmas?



Photograph by Kara Gebhardt from shutterstock.com

I think the "spirit" around Christmas is the main link between the religious and secular Christmas. Christians feel the anticipation of the birth of Jesus during Advent. God sent his Son to save us from evil. Jesus comes to us as another promise from God that he is always with us. Jesus is born a human so we can relate to God on a different level. Jesus comes to give us hope and security that God knows exactly how we feel. This baby is God's gift to Christians to help us to further feel the spiritual connection with "Our Father who art in heaven," as we say in the prayer that Jesus taught us. This reminder every year, this spiritual connection, helps keep Christians in the "spirit" of Christ all year



around. Our Christmas lights may only last the month of December but the Light of the World that Jesus represents lasts all year for Christians and this is the Spirit of God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit upon which we keep in our hearts each and every day!

God bless you all and have a great Holy Christmas.

Kathy and Dr. John Sheldon—The Kind of People You Want to Be When You Grow Up

Article and photographs by
The Rev'd Dr. Joanne Mercer

On Sunday October 16th, the Parishes of Gander Bay and Twillingate held a joint service to give thanks for the ministry of Kathy and Dr. John Sheldon, followed by a potluck lunch.

There are many facts I could give you about John and Kathy and their lifetime of service and ministry. They arrived in New World Island in 1964 with the intention of remaining for only a couple of years, but they soon found themselves creating a home where they would stay and serve for some 58 years.

Dr. John was the local doctor with a passion for gardening and accordion music. He set about collecting sod and soil as he visited his patients until he was able to create the garden of his dreams. He has been active in many community organizations and often provided music for worship.

Kathy was theologically educated at Union Seminary in New York City, and brought a wealth of knowledge to her roles in the church. She provided lay ministry in the parishes of Twillingate and Gander Bay for many years. She had leadership roles in the diocese and often led retreats. They are passionate about rural Newfoundland, about boating, learning, and exploring.

But none of this information gets to the heart of who they are and the impact they have had on all those who have known them.

I have a picture of myself, Bishop John Watton, and Kathy Sheldon at our pre-ordination retreat May 1990. I may not remember everything Kathy said to us that day, but I remember the impression she made. I often would say that when I grow up, I want to be



Kathy Sheldon. She has a gift of hospitality combined with a keen intellect. She just seemed to know things and she always seemed to be learning new things. And whenever you dropped in to see Kathy and John, they always seem to make time and to be fully present to you.

I think that is the thing. They have a way of making you feel welcome and valued and cared for. They make time and space for folks to be. They listen and respond. They push when they have to, but are also

gentle in spirit. They are human and humble and refreshingly honest. They have a gift of being fully present with you, that is not to be underestimated.

I am sure they will be very much missed in the parishes of Gander Bay and Twillingate, but I have to say that I am excited to welcome them to St. John's, where I still hope to pop by for a visit and to be welcomed and challenged. There is still so much for me to learn, so eventually, when I grow up, I can be just like them.



A few photographs from the special joint service and potluck meal that were held for Kathy and Dr. John Sheldon

Together To Gather

This Christmas will be different.
 We'll congregate once more
 inside a warm beautiful stone Church
 and we'll do all that we haven't
 when we were separated.
 Donning our masks we'll risk hugs
 and share butterfly kisses
 and blow kisses to others from across the nave.
 And we'll talk softly about those we lost
 when we all were away.
 But ultimately we'll be blessed
 with the option to gather
 to admire bright Christmas lights together.
 And even those who are not huggers
 will extend their arms to those they've known for centuries and hug.

By Ellen Reid



Photograph by E. F. Rowe

124th Anniversary of the ACW, Port aux Basques

Article by Lisa Brown
 Photographs by The Rev'd Jane Allen

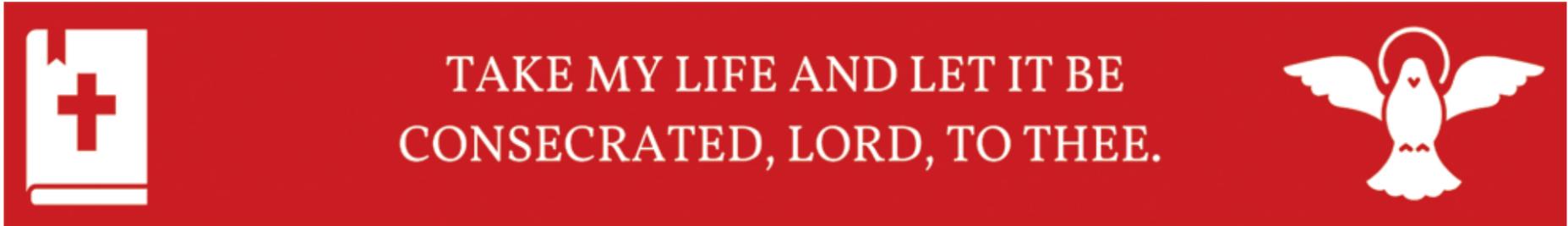


On November 1st, the ACW of St. James' Church in Port aux Basques celebrated their 124th anniversary with 24 ladies in attendance. The morning started with a service of Holy Eucharist followed by a lunch in the Memorial Centre. President Diane Hewitt thanked the ladies for their

dedicated service over the past years.

In the photograph below, we can see three ladies cutting the cake. Left to right, they are: Ivy Collier, Mary Pope, Classie Marshall. These ladies are all 90 and over in years of age and still are active members of our ACW.





Confirmations

Parishes of Flower's Cove and Green Island

Submitted with photographs by The Rev'd Canon Vernon Short



Confirmands in St. Andrew's Church in Lower Cove



Confirmands in St. Mark's Church in Savage Cove



Confirmands in St. Matthew's Church in Anchor Point

On October 2nd, Bishop John Organ visited the parishes of Flower's Cove and Green Island for the sacrament of confirmation. There were 26 confirmed that day, and after each beautiful and spirit-filled service, everyone gathered for a delicious meal.



From left to right: Hunter Taylor, Thyrone Spicer, Bishop John Organ, and Olivia O'Gorman.

Codroy

Submitted with photograph by Linda Kendell

On September 18th, 2022, Holy Trinity Church in Codroy, with our Bishop, John Organ, celebrated the sacrament of confirmation with 3 confirmands. In spite of having a small confirmation class this year (3 children), they were able to raise \$615 for PWRDF as part of their outreach program.



100th Anniversary of St. Simon and St. Jude Church in Francois

Congregation comes together to celebrate this milestone in their life

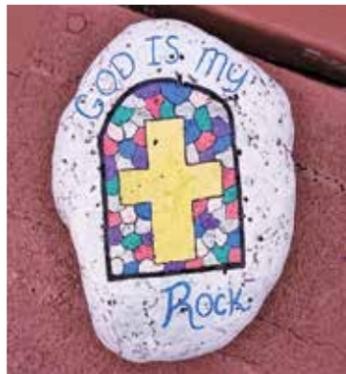
Article and photographs by
The Rev'd Elsie Rose



St. Simon and St. Jude Church overlooking the harbour in Francois, NL

On October 16th, 2022, St. Simon and St. Jude Church in Francois celebrated its 100th anniversary. A supper and dance were held on Saturday night, and a service of celebration was held on Sunday afternoon. As we worshipped, we gave thanks to God for the faith, the dedication, and the commitment of all those who 100 years ago took on the task of establishing the church in its present location, overlooking the community. This beautiful church has long been a focal point as one enters into Francois. One hundred years later, the people of the community still take

pride in their church which is a very warm and inviting place. As we remembered the past, we gave thanks for the present, and we are looking to the future with hope and trust in God, who promises to be with us wherever we are and through all the events in our lives. No matter what the future holds for us, God is with us!



Congregation of St. Simon and St. Jude



Mrs. Kathleen Courtney and Mrs. George Fudge, lifelong members of this congregation



Lay minister, Sharon Surnford, and lay minister and musician Darren Durnford



The Choir with Bishop John Organ and The Rev'd Elsie Rose, rector



image made in Canva by E. F. Rowe

Lavrock Camp and Conference Centre

Sailing into the sunset—she’s gone b’ys, she’s gone

Article by The Ven. Edward Keeping
Chair of the Lavrock Board of Management

It is with great sadness and regret that I write this article on behalf of the Board of Management for the Lavrock Camp and Conference Centre. The Lavrock Camp and Conference Centre was officially opened in 1990 by The Right Rev’d Martin Mate. The Centre was named after the Bishop’s ship that sailed into many bays and coves around the Island of Newfoundland and Labrador long before cars were the mode of transportation. It was the only mode of transportation for the Bishop to carry out his sacramental ministry in the diocese. Just as the ship *Lavrock* is no longer with us, soon our camp and conference centre, *Lavrock*, will be a thing of the past.

This is to inform you as members of the Anglican Diocese of Eastern Newfoundland and Labrador that the Board of Management brought forth a motion to close Lavrock permanently and divest ourselves of it. This was not done lightly but following a review of the financial state of our diocese. The amount of work that needed to be done on the site was impossible to do without a significant investment of funds. There was little choice left but to close it permanently. This motion was accepted by the Executive Committee of the diocese.

Since the motion was carried, we have been seeking new potential owners, but to this date we have seen some interest but

no firm commitment. We have a realtor who is assisting us to find new owners.

Why is the centre sailing into the sunset? Many of you will be disappointed by the decision made by the Board of Management, but others will be excited about it. We cannot blame it all on COVID-19 or the financial situation of the diocese. Many of us have seen this day coming for many years, but the pandemic and current finances have sped up the process. The biggest problem which we have faced over the past number of years was that parishes or the diocese were not using the centre in the way we should have. Recently, only two parishes in the diocese have been using it on regularly basis. The other church groups using it have been the Diocesan ACW and DAMA. Other people using the centre are what we called “external groups.” We are not in a financial position to continue providing this type of service. We have no one to blame for this closure other than ourselves; we now are seeing this ship sail by us for the final time. Lavrock will be gone forever and we will never have another site like we have enjoyed for the past 32 years.

A number of years ago, we lost a couple of big supporters who were using the camp on a regular basis. The Army Cadet and the Cursillo movement were some of our big supporters. The church camps were cut to three



weeks, and only operated during the summers. These things and more added to the problems that helped us to make a decision to close the camp. Without the help of our outside groups, we would have been closed for some time. The diocese tried to keep it going, knowing the writing was on the wall, but we had to make a decision that was best for the diocese at this time.

It is a sad day in our history as a church. But we know that God will open other doors to provide a place for our youth and adults to enjoy community and the things that Lavrock had offered for over 32 years.

Thank you for your support over those years and for giving of your time to help people to grow and have the experience of coming together and camping.

I want to thank the Board of Management for their hard work

and commitment to Lavrock over the years, to the bishops who have served this diocese for the past 32 years and who have supported Lavrock through some difficult days. To those who have used the centre for many different reasons: we thank you for your support. Thank you to Mr. Todd Martin, Manager, and his team who have worked hard to make the centre self-supporting. Unfortunately, we had so much against us over the past few years.

Personally, I fought to save our centre for a number of years, but the time had come to make this motion to close it permanently and divest ourselves of it. We have lost the centre and this church will not have another place like the properties and grounds or the pond we had at Lavrock. Sorry to see it go but now we must move forth in faith and trust that all things work together for the good.

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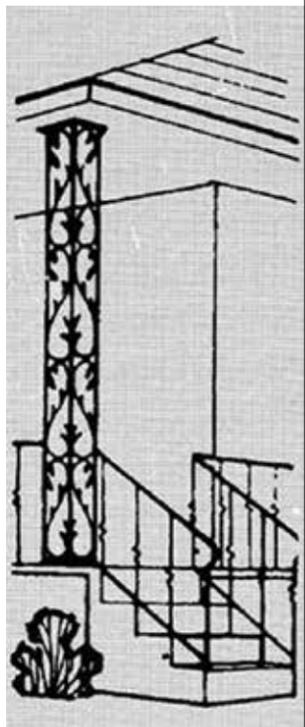
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Quilt Show at the Cathedral in St. John's

Article by Donna Mactavish
Photographs by Emily F. Rowe

On October 28th and 29th, the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in St. John's held its 2nd annual quilt show. A committee of parishioners and members of the quilting community worked together to plan "Quilts @ the Cathedral."

Attendees were treated to a spectacular display of locally made quilts as well as the magnificent Cathedral building. Music was provided by the church organist Sharon Whalen and some of the choral scholars from the church choir. Tea/coffee and a selection of treats were provided in the crypt.

The 120+ quilts in the show

were provided by anyone who was interested in entering a quilt, whether they were the creator or were the owners of the quilt. There was a wonderful mixture of colours, themes, sizes and styles of quilts and quilted items. Eastern Edge Quilt Guild included more than 16 quilts intended for the "Quilts of Valour" program. These quilts will be presented to veterans and injured military personnel.

The Cathedral itself was a great background for the quilt display. For some of the attendees, this was their first time inside the building, and they were amazed by the quilts, the music, and the architecture of the building—not to mention the light coming through the stained glass windows.

The attendees said that they eagerly look forward to next year. We have already started planning for next year's event, and hope to build on this year's experience.

Be prepared to mark your calendars for 2023's "Quilts @ the Cathedral."



Licensed Lay Ministers and Eucharistic Assistants' Conference

Submitted by
The Rev'd James Spencer

The Diocese of Central Newfoundland held a Licensed Lay Ministers and Eucharistic Assistants Conference, at Lion Max Simms Camp, on the weekend of October 14-16. It was a wonderful camp with much discussion around the topics of youth, technology, the environment, and discipleship. Seated in the middle is the Rev'd James Spencer, rector of the Parish of Burin and Regional Dean.

