

ANGLICAN LIFE

NEWSPAPER OF THE THREE ANGLICAN DIOCESES IN
NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

A Section of the ANGLICAN JOURNAL

April, 2021



Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Alleluia!

Coming Together For The Front Line Workers in Mount Pearl

Article by
Archdeacon David Burrows

*We are not people of fear: we are people of courage.
We are not people who protect our own safety: we are people who protect our neighbours' safety.
We are not people of greed: we are people of generosity.
We are your people God, giving and loving, wherever we are, whatever it costs for as long as it takes wherever you call us.
Amen.*

(Prayers about the Outbreak, for the Christian Community: Church of England, 2020)

Back in February, as we entered back into lockdown due to the most recent outbreak involving the COVID-19 variant, this has been poignant as a part of my daily prayer. With this act of prayer, as clergy, so many of us have been reaching out and checking with our parishioners, community members, and colleagues. In Mount Pearl this has been quite challenging as we have responded to schools, families, and community members that have been directly affected. Whole families have been isolated with COVID-19, affecting the community in its entirety.

Mount Pearl is a community that shares and works together so well. Whether we are celebrating the Frosty Festival, hosting sports activities, or sharing in the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, the community spirit is strong. These strong bonds have been essential for us as we came together at this time. This past month the municipality of Mount Pearl, Eastern Health, and



Photo by Mufid Majnun on www.unsplash.com

the Parish of the Ascension partnered in order to find a way for businesses and individuals to donate to support the many front-line health professionals who were providing care as they administered COVID-19 tests at Mount Pearl Senior High and the Reid Centre. Community members and business members, as well as the churches of Mount Pearl, identified a great need as the testing has occurred on parking lots during some of the hardest days of this winter. It has been the privilege of the Ascension to administer the COVID-19 Frontline Workers Care Fund, and during this time we have received over \$3,500. This money has been used to provide lunches for the workers, and any excess monies will be donated to Mount Pearl Foodbanks when this most recent lockdown

has subsided. If you would like to donate, please visit: <https://www.canadahelps.org/en/charities/parish-of-the-ascension-mount-pearl/>

In addition, the Ministerial of Mount Pearl came together with the Municipality of Mount Pearl, Mount Pearl Senior High, and the Mount Pearl Senior's Independence Group to record a vigil. This vigil highlights the message of hope and care that our faith offers to the world. Prayers, scripture readings, music, and messages from community members and clergy provide solace and comfort for all who may be experiencing anxiety, fear, hopelessness, and grief.

May we all continue to open our hearts and lives so we can be people of courage, safety, generosity, and love.



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ANGLICAN LIFE

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NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

The Stone Is Rolled Away!

The Rt. Rev'd John Organ
Bishop
Western Newfoundland

The stone is rolled away! Death is defeated! Life is restored!
Blow the trumpets! Make a great shout: Christ is risen! The Lord is risen indeed! Alleluia!
In Jesus of Nazareth, God has acted for you, for me, for every person in all ages and for all time! The reality and destiny of every human being has been eternally changed in the great cosmic event of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Night has given way to the eternal day. Death has been conquered. The grave has been emptied. Life reigns!
It is good to sit with this surprising and strange announcement made by angels to several first century Jewish individuals in Jerusalem. Let it be heard. Let it sink in. It has to do with you. It is for you. Your mortality has been dealt a defeating blow. You have been given immortality. You will live forevermore.
Yes, death has a sting. Yes, it is a thief in the night robbing us of those we hold dear and yes it is crushing and heartbreaking. But, God in Christ entered into the very depths of this darkness and flooded it with light. God broke the chains of death and freed humanity from its grip. Take heart!



Sorrow lasts for a night but joy cometh in the morning! That morning has arrived and for all time!
Easter is God's saving work in Jesus Christ for all people everywhere.
It is for you. Take this gift. Embrace it. Let it raise you up on eagles' wings and soar you to the heavens. See this vista. See the end of all sorrow and the wiping away of every tear. God has acted this day and God has acted because God loves you! Take this love that is eternal. Live now in the light of this Easter Day; embrace this redeeming and restoring and inclusive love of God in Jesus Christ and make the world radiant with its glory and power.



Church House, 22 Church Hill, St. John's

Ministry Is On The Move... Literally!

Article by The Ven. Charlene Taylor
Photographs by The Rev'd Fred Marshall

On February 28th, 2021 the Diocese of Eastern Newfoundland and Labrador said goodbye to Synod Office at 19 King's Bridge Road in St. John's, and said hello to Church House at 22 Church Hill, also in St. John's.
Moving is always a huge undertaking. Moving involves both physical and emotional work. As the staff physically packed up the building, stories were shared of past memories that brought both laughter and a tear. Stories of former staff, monumental diocesan decisions, embracing new and changing technologies—all part of the institutional memory of Synod Office.
Now we have moved to Church House—a new home for the workings of the diocese and a place to form new memories.



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The reception desk in the front hall



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The front entrance of Church House

Gratitude: A Mission Opportunity

Kevin Smith
Columnist

It's April and most of us have finished, or are in the process of completing, our annual tax returns for CRA. That includes putting together our tax receipts that we accumulated over the past year. Recently, I received a tax receipt for a donation I made to a parish in an envelope but that was it. No note accompanied it. No letter of thank you. And, I began to wonder if the donation was really appreciated.



I was reminded of this when I read a blog by Lori Guenther Reesor, a former pastor and consultant on church and money matters. She wrote:

If Matthew, a twenty-something male, makes an online donation to your church, what happens next? Generosity demonstrates trust. Matthew is telling you that he trusts your church enough to make a financial gift. There's many, many voices calling for his money. He chose to give the church. That's a big deal. I recently attended a faith and finance webinar hosted by the Rev. Dr. Sidney S. Williams Jr. Panelists reminded us that "even Starbucks says thank-you!"

Ms Reesor goes on to suggest that such a gift to your church is a mission opportunity. "Silence makes a poor vehicle for gratitude. How does your church welcome first-time givers like Matthew? Sadly, a tax receipt mailed months later does not count here."

Could someone message Matthew to say thank you for his gift? Now's the time to share the good news of what God is doing through your church. Are seniors getting phone calls? Virtual Bible studies? The church has an opportunity to gratefully respond to the trust Matthew has demonstrated. Generosity demonstrates trust, and how the church responds to generosity is a mission opportunity.

I am reminded constantly that there are some 80,000 plus charities in Canada, and many of them are knocking on doors, mailing, and emailing requests for funds and using whatever means possible to get their message out to you, the public. And many of them are very successful at doing it.

And, as we have been saying for years, if we don't ask our faithful parishioners to contribute weekly, monthly, or yearly or even to consider leaving a planned gift, then you can be assured that some other organization is doing it. And, when we do receive a gift, we must sincerely thank donors and ensure them that the donation is greatly needed and much appreciated.

In conclusion, please bear in mind the words of New York writer Cynthia Ozick who wrote: "We often take for granted the very things that most deserve our gratitude." So please, let's not miss an opportunity to show our gratitude but instead make it a mission opportunity.

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



92 Year Old Knitting Her Way To Heaven

Article and photograph by
Mabel White

Last year, I submitted an article from St. Peter's Church in Upper Gullies pertaining to the Izzy Dolls that have been sent to third world countries from our parish. Those dolls have brought smiles to so many underprivileged children. The lady in the picture above is Mary Pike, a faithful member of the Salvation Army in Carbonear, who at the age of 92 continues to knit hundreds of Izzy Dolls. Members of our

congregation at St. Peter's, with the aid of ladies from the Salvation Army in Carbonear, have sent approximately 31,000 dolls to countries such as Afghanistan, Haiti, and Guatemala.

All Izzy Dolls are blessed by clergy and packed with care by Mr. John Metcalfe (a former peacekeeper), and are sent with doctors and other healthcare professionals inside humanitarian medical kits, which contain

essential medicines and medical supplies. In most cases, the dolls are a child's first toy and cuddly friend. Thank you to all who donate the yarn/wool, and especially to Mary and all of the knitters. The child who receives the Izzy Doll will certainly know you made something with love and care just for him/her.

"The needy will not be forgotten or the hope of the afflicted perish."
Psalm 9:19

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A Quick Pivot—Ash Wednesday Moved Online For Latest Lockdown in NL

Article by Emily Rowe

Photos from Parish Facebook pages

Only a few days before the beginning of Lent this year, the province of Newfoundland and Labrador had to go back to level 5 restrictions due to an outbreak of the B117 variant of the COVID-19 virus and community transmission. Most parishes across the province had become accustomed to the “pandemic normal” procedures, with reduced numbers allowed in the buildings, mask wearing and sanitizing, pre-registration, and online streaming of worship for those unable to attend. Guidelines had been published for the upcoming Ash Wednesday services to allow for some form of “safe” ashes, and also for various other Lenten and Easter services that required new approaches to allow for proper health guidelines to be followed.

But then the most recent outbreak of COVID-19 hit the province in early February, and things had to suddenly change again. With this news, the bishops announced a closure of the church buildings to the public, and so the clergy and people had to once again pivot to online worship.

Here are a few photographs from some parishes around the three dioceses from their Ash Wednesday worship. As always, we must make sure to appreciate the challenges that face our church leaders during the COVID-19 pandemic.



Bishop's Falls, Central Diocese



Bishop Watton, Central Diocese



The Parish of Bonne Bay North, Western Diocese



The Parish of St. Michael and All Angels, Western Diocese



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The Realities of Deconstruction In The Church

The Rt. Rev'd John Watton
Bishop
Central Newfoundland

In the Diocese of Central Newfoundland, long before COVID-19, we began to use a number of words and phrases that were reflective of three things. First, some of the realities we were going to be facing as a Church in the future; secondly, to describe an emerging innovative vision for the future; thirdly, to confirm our commitment to realistic sustainability of our mission as followers of Jesus. We knew then, and know now, that there is a lot of work to be done.

One of the words, interlaced through all of our study and sharing was "Deconstruction."

This term comes to us from the work of the French philosopher Jacques Derrida. Derrida, who was born around 1930, was of the same generation that stepped out of a global culture where everything seemed to be structured and rigidly explained in terms of black and white, and into spacecraft that took us to the moon, and then outside the solar system. The world was looking a lot smaller. Racism, gender, inequality, class distinction, and other distinctions dwelt in that time and place very safely, but things were changing. This generation perceived the change, and their writings helped us move forward, stumbling and resistant as we are, into a new reality.

Engaging this profound idea in a short Easter reflection is challenging, but necessary. I'll do my best to keep your interest. Let me start with this cool quote from J. Hillis Miller, who wrote this in 1976: "Deconstruction is not a dismantling of the structure of a text, but a demonstration that it has already dismantled itself. Its apparently solid ground is no rock but thin air."

By the word "text" of course we mean narratives of all kinds. We mean the story of a people, an

ideology, a culture, or a religion who have found themselves adrift in a new ocean.

Over the past twenty years at least, I have, along with many others in the Church, been looking at the realities of deconstruction in the Church. Gradually things were changing, and then they really picked up speed. There is a well practiced litany around that: young people have left; older folk have gone to their cabins; everyone plays hockey on Sunday; stores are open on Sunday; people can hunt on Sunday; and the list goes on. Oh my God!

By the time we really started to want to engage in these conversations, these changes had already happened.

The Church, as many of us knew it, has been deconstructed.

There are many out there who will never know the Church as we did, or see it as we do.

There are two ways I look at this.

We blew it; or perhaps God has something to do with it?

When truth emerges, is not God in the middle?

In the midst of change and turmoil God does not stop speaking.

Is there not a promise



Photo by Terry J. Saunders

of light and grace for us?

COVID-19 has taken residence among our people and society. It is going to have a major influence on what the global community will look like in the future. That in turn is going to have an impact on every local community. The words that we use, and visions we were developing, have in themselves been partially deconstructed, and really, we are not sure which way to go.

Let us remember that Jesus also took up residence among our people and society, and deconstructed the very framework of legalistic religion. And then he too was gone for a time.

So we stay together in our generation. We are just like the disciples at the tomb of our own great



"BY THE TIME WE REALLY STARTED TO WANT TO ENGAGE IN THESE CONVERSATIONS, THESE CHANGES HAD ALREADY HAPPENED."

deconstructionist. Empty, uncertain, and feeling adrift because the one who convinced us that our safety, comfort, position, and future were secured is dead.

Everything they had assumed: vanished.

They were all incredibly vulnerable as he lay in the tomb. No leader, no protection from the government; the religious leaders of the religion from whence they came had ample opportunity now to strike back. They stuck it out and stayed together.

So we stay together, we who know and live the story.

Together:
In the dark,
In the midst of chaos
There is a God who

says

Look: I am doing a new thing!

There is a God,
Who became one of us,
Who led us through death and defeat,
Into a life of resurrection and hope.

Let's remember then,
That the resurrection was not just an event that took place

In history,
But one that takes place in the hearts of believers

Every single day.
We are going to make it!

Happy Easter!

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Carpe Diem

Emily F. Rowe
Editor

The title for this column is hardly original; it's a phrase that has been used for a long time, often quoted from the Roman writer Horace who was writing poetry a few decades before the birth of Christ. It's often translated as "seize the day," though many might suggest that it's closer to "pluck the day" as you would choose to pick a piece of ripe fruit. Furthermore, the suggestion in Horace is that we do this plucking with the understanding that nothing is certain, and that we don't know what tomorrow will bring. Today, this might be expressed with a statement like "YOLO". But however you chose to say it, it's something that we haven't always done very well, especially in the church.

This year, we have been separated from loved

ones, and separated from even those who live here in the province during the most recent lockdown; we have been separated from our social activities, and we are all social creatures



(even us introverts). For us in the church, we may also feel that we have been separated from God. Frankly, it's difficult not to feel that way. Online worship and conversations can feel far away—on the other side of the screen. Until very recently, the other side of a screen was not something that you could even interact with.

You watched the show, but weren't expected to do more than that—no laughing emojis; no comments section; no having to remember to unmute your mic to share your thoughts.

So how do we, as a part of the church, pluck the ripe fruit of the day in the middle of a pandemic? It's a time when our default is to seek out comfort foods, fall back into old patterns, and possibly even to give up hope that things will ever get better. It's difficult to want to seize something that doesn't seem very good, that's unfamiliar, and isn't what we want it to be.

Here's what I'm thinking about that today though: as difficult as it is, we need to find the good things and "pluck" those. I am writing this right before the deadline for this paper,

so I have the distinct advantage (privilege really) of being able to look at the other submissions to Anglican Life before I finish this column. I see articles about hope, and about gratitude. I see stories about us continuing to do good things in the midst of difficulties. There are people seizing these days—taking what's good and using that.

And when it comes to technology, for some it's been a steep learning curve, but part of this seizing of the day today is to embrace life on screens. Tune in and contribute. Join the Zoom Bible study. Tune in to the live streamed worship, and watch the the prerecorded ones too. Be a part of

things that are available today. It's ripe fruit ready for the plucking.

When we come back together, when it is safe to do so again, as much as we might want to fall back to what *was*, we need to seize what *is*. As Horace pointed out when suggesting that we pluck the ripe fruit of today, we do not know what tomorrow will bring. I've never known anything quite like COVID-19 to make that incredibly clear; the world can change in an instant. It's more important than ever to work with what we have, to take what's good, and not to fall back into bad habits. Whatever the day gives us, that's what will feed us.

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Parish of Bonne Bay North Prayer Walk

Article and photographs by
Paul Green

During the late fall, the Parish of Bonne Bay North held a prayer walk at the KOA Park adjacent to the community of Norris Point. Twelve prayer stations were selected, and the aim was to help people both connect with God through creation, and use natural settings to stimulate prayer for others. It was a time to celebrate God's many creations and give thanks to him.



Did Jesus Ever Laugh?

The Rev'd James Spencer
Columnist

That is a question I have had come up in Bible study several times, and it is always fascinating to hear the debate around the table. At first glance it seems like such a trite question. What does it matter? How does the laughter of Christ have any bearing on my faith, on my service, or on my understanding of God's Word? It is the kind of



question which one would expect in a Sunday school or confirmation class, which as a mature adult Christian we are inclined to think of as childish.

But that could not be further from the truth. As with many questions posed to clergy by children there is a depth there that should not be ignored. It is a question that cuts to the very heart of our understanding of Christ and can inform much of our theology, if we take

the time to consider it seriously.

I have heard arguments on both sides. Many reject the concept of a laughing Christ, feeling that it somehow diminishes the holiness and authority of Jesus as the Son of God. For those who love the sombre setting of a muted worship, the sudden giggle of a child which echoes about the hallowed halls may be a disruption of their tranquility. How much worse then if we imagine the laughter coming from the one on the cross?

If such describes you, then so be it. Faith takes on many forms and fashions, and you find comfort in it then I will not judge. But I do not agree.

I believe in a Christ that laughs. Is it not essential to our Christian faith that we understand Jesus to be both full divine and fully human? But if we deny his laughter, how can we understand him to have this second quality? Laughter is part of what it is to be human. We smile, we joke, we find humour in so many things. If we did not, much of life would become unbearable. I have never once met a

person for whom laughter is completely absent.

There is always something which will twinge our funny bone, sometimes even in the worst of circumstances. We laugh in the midst of joy, in the midst of sadness, and even in the midst of anger.

Our Gospels tell us that Jesus wept, and that he felt anger and despair. If we look at Christ's humanity only through these three things, then have we not made him a "foul-weather friend"? One that we cling to in difficult times, but we fail to laugh with in the good times.

When joy wells up in us at times of celebration, do we imagine the presence of Christ standing seriously off to the side and not participating in our happiness?

Even in the midst of our most solemn seasons, we must acknowledge our human capacity and need for joy and laughter. The forth Sunday of Lent, and the third of Advent are dedicated to the gladness we should feel in Jesus. Our delight is a gift from God. Can we truly imagine that this gift was denied to his own Son?

In all the difficulties

we have experienced over this past year: all the isolation, the sickness, the struggles shared throughout this world, I have been grateful for the presence of a Saviour who understands the suffering, and who helps us in our burdens. But I am also grateful for every moment of laughter, every second of elation, and every smile I've seen or worn. And I firmly believe that in each of those precious seconds my Lord was with us, sharing in the laughs and delighting in the joy.

Let Jesus laugh with you. Amen.

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Rolling Stones

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

No, I'm not referring to the Rock N' Roll band, although there is a rock, and it does roll. I'm speaking about Mark's Gospel, chapter 16, verses 2 to 4, which says: 'And very early on the first day of the week when the sun had risen, they went to the tomb. They had been saying to one another, "Who will roll away the stone for us from the entrance to the tomb?" When they looked up, they saw that the stone, which was very large, had already been rolled back.'

When Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, visited the grave of Jesus on that first Easter morning, they didn't fully plan on how they would anoint the body of their Lord. They had the proper spices which were needed to fulfill the Jewish rite of anointing but had no idea how to access the body. How would they remove this massive stone? It's almost like an afterthought as they rushed to the graveyard at first light. Perhaps other followers of Jesus would be there and together they could roll away the rock? The stone was very large and would require superhuman effort, but they needed to honour their dead master no matter what. What they certainly did not expect was a resurrection.

Isn't that just like God? Rolling stones when it is least expected. To flip the old expression, the two Marys in the Gospel were

so earthly-minded that they were no heavenly good. But aren't we like that too?

This past year has been like living behind a massive stone in many ways. COVID has blocked our lives and sealed us up in our bubbles. There were times of release when restrictions eased but once again that stone rolled us right back into our tombs of self-isolation and fear. Who will roll away the stone for us?

That is why there is Easter. God rolls away the stone sealing Jesus in the tomb. God does something completely new and unexpected in raising Christ from the dead. Jesus' resurrection means that you and I will be raised to a new life as well—you and I are transformed when we see the risen Christ standing in our midst.

And where is the risen Christ? Well, according to the Gospel of Mark he was already ahead of the disciples going to Galilee. The risen Jesus had work to do and was waiting on his followers to join him. It's the same for us today. Isn't Jesus present when we offer to deliver groceries to a family in isolation? Or when we pray for and provide support to our frontline workers? Or when we take the time to call another person who is lonely or scared during this lockdown? In all of this and more, God is removing stones of fear and isolation, because Christ is



Photo by Crisby/Dinham

risen and present through us—the Church.

I'd like to share an Easter poem written by Andrew King, a retired Church worker from Oakville, Ontario who writes poetry based on the Lectionary on his website, A Poetic Kind of Place. This poem is called "To Galilee He's Gone" based on Mark 16: 1-8:

*We saw where the body of Jesus was laid,
laid within the tomb.
And we asked
who will roll the stone away,
who will roll away the stone.*

*We heard the angel:
"Christ has risen:
behold his empty tomb".
And we asked
where to go to find him,
now that he has gone.*

*The angel said he's
going ahead of you:
to Galilee he's gone.*

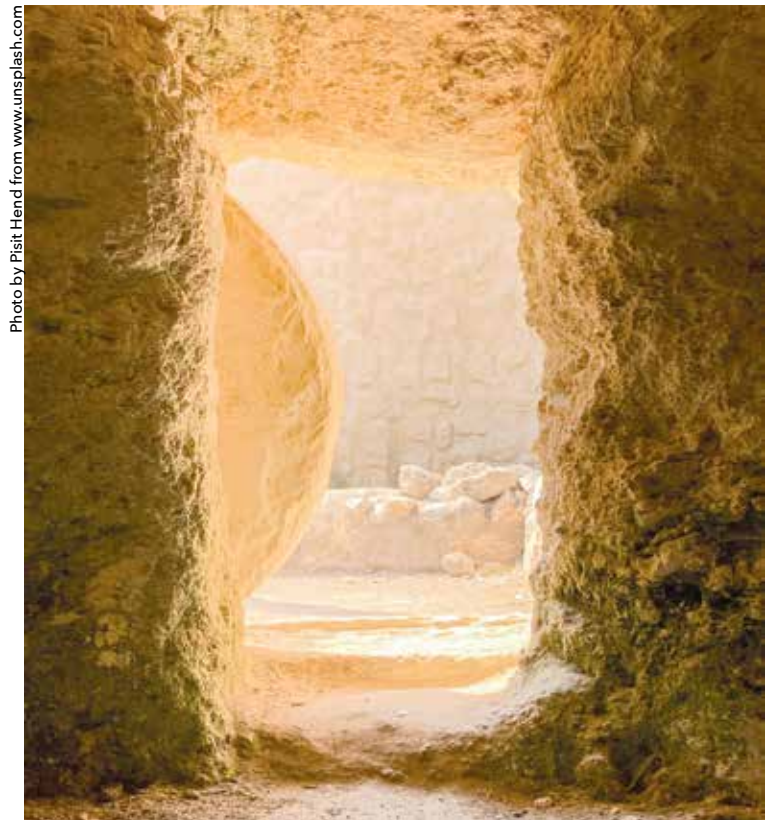


Photo by Pisit Hend from www.unsplash.com

*And we asked
what he'll do in Galilee
in the place we know as home.*

*The angel said you'll find
him where new life
lifts hearts of those in
tombs.
So we asked
to be those who serve
him,
who show that life has
won.*

*We find him risen feeding
the hungry,
risen among the poor,*

*and we meet
him among the friendless
and bringing the
homeless home.*

*Thus we say, today, in
our Galilee,
pointing to the empty
tomb:
see where God
is rolling the stone away,
is rolling away the stone.*

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Andrew King

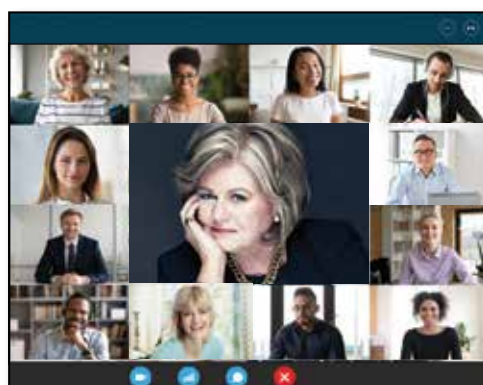
Let those stones
continue to roll. Happy
Easter!

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Twenty Four Hours After You're Symptom-Free

The Rev'd Jonathan Rowe
Columnist

At the end of February, I caught a cold. I didn't have a cough or a fever, but I had a runny nose and felt exhausted, and out of an abundance of caution, I got tested for COVID-19. As I said, it was just a cold; the results came back negative the next morning. However, I still had to self-isolate until 24 hours after I was symptom-free. That's the thing about being sick: you don't usually get better all of a sudden. Instead, your symptoms start to improve gradually, until one morning you wake up and decide that you're well enough to go back to life as normal. I suspect that this is how the pandemic will end. There will be no magical day when a switch is thrown, and everything goes instantly back to normal.

"These people are both cheering and weeping at the building of a new temple..."

This is what worries me when I hear people compare the end of the pandemic to Easter. Yes, we all need the hope of resurrection and new life. Yes, when this is all over, there will be much to celebrate. But even when alert levels are over, many will be uncomfortable gathering in large groups. Our lives and habits will have been so disrupted by the changes of the last year (and more) that it is far too naive to imagine a



day when bishops can lift all the restrictions and the churches are miraculously filled again in all their glory. To compare that kind of scene to Easter is not just to be unprepared for what a full reopening will look like, but also to miss the point of the first stories of Easter.

As the Gospels tell it, the Easter story is full of confusion, of women so afraid because of what they had seen that they're afraid to tell anyone. It's a story of not believing Mary Magdalene and having to go see for yourself. It's a story of hiding away behind locked doors because you're afraid that you might be the next to end up on a cross like Jesus. But into all of those stories of fear and doubt comes Jesus, to reassure us that he has not left us, and that he is strengthening us for important work.

When I imagine the reopening of churches after the pandemic, I think of the story of the laying of the new foundation of the Temple in the Book of Ezra:

'But many of the priests and Levites and heads of families, old people who had seen the first house on its foundations, wept with

a loud voice when they saw this house, though many shouted aloud for joy, so that the people could not distinguish the sound of the joyful shout from the sound of the people's weeping, for the people shouted so loudly that the sound was heard far away.' (Ezra 3.12-13)

Some will be overjoyed to be back in community again. Others will remember the way things used to be (that favourite Anglican trap!) and long for bygone days that may never return. It can be easy to lose hope in the face of such mixed reviews, but remember the Easter hope that is there, even in Ezra's time. These people are both cheering and weeping at the building of a new temple—the sign of God's presence in the midst of the community. That is what we celebrate at Easter: the presence of a God who is always with us, who breaks into our stories of fear and doubt, and strengthens us for the work ahead of us.

Rebuilding the Temple was not an end in itself. Neither was seeing Jesus alive after the Resurrection. They were important next steps towards the bigger purpose. Rebuilding the Temple allowed the people of Israel to return to their work of being God's people in the midst of the world—a kingdom of priests through which all the nations would be blessed. Seeing Jesus allowed the first disciples to return to their work of proclaiming the Good News that in Jesus, God was finally putting the world to rights. Returning to our churches will allow us to return to our work of mission—of being God's people in the world, of sharing the Good News of the Resurrection, and of letting the world know that the Kingdom of God is already breaking into the world, right in the midst of us.



My Anglican Life Ministry

St. John the Evangelist, Topsail

Article by
Louise Smith

As a parish correspondent with Anglican Life, I am pleased to report that despite the many restrictions placed upon us during 2020, freedom to share our news through this medium has remained constant. The paper has continued to accept and publish monthly contributions for each of the twelve months of the turbulent year of 2020.

In January, we faced the reality, and indeed the acceptance, of same sex marriages in our churches.

In February, our thoughts quickly diverted to a major snow storm which created a state of emergency, when all activities ceased in both churches, schools, and businesses.

Also, early 2020 saw us coming to accept the new Mission approach; and other aspects of the church that have evolved in making church life more family friendly.

Since we had over abundance of seat capacity, Rev'd Jolene Peters arranged to have some of the pews removed from the back of the church. The added space was designed to accommodate a fully equipped play area to occupy young children while parents could now be more at ease to

participate in worship. This new step was complimented with an invitation to arrive half an hour before service commences, to come together for a cup of tea or coffee.

However, by the middle of March, the coronavirus secured a passage across the Atlantic Ocean. This necessitated our place of worship to resort to a lockdown which lasted for six months.

From then until September 20th, Rev'd Jolene conducted services online through social media. But Anglican Life still remained constant, which enabled us to continue spreading our news to neighbouring parishes. More importantly, it enabled us to share our 160th anniversary in a new and different way.

With Dr. Fitzgerald's strict, but kind guidance in this once in a lifetime occurrence, we felt a generous degree of control over the virus in our province. Thus permission was granted to return to church on September 20th, 2020. It was granted by strictly continuing to embrace the new normal—frequent hand washing, social distancing, and mask wearing.



Easter Hope In A COVID-19 World

Archdeacon Gerald Westcott
Columnist

Living life, even on a good day, is hard. Suffering is a non-negotiable component of the human condition. Too many people spend too much of their lives trying to outrun or cover over this reality. This is why people awakening to deeper reality and the spiritual path not only have the courage to embrace their suffering, but they also know the need and have the desire to intentionally practice loving presence. The truth and hope of Easter is that through the death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, we can come to know a new and risen life (which Christians call Christ), a loving and healing presence living among us, within us and as us. Alleluia! This is Good News indeed!

Yet, living with the various levels of COVID-19 restrictions over the last year and into the foreseeable future has made living life even harder than normal for all of us. Of course there is the virus itself which, when contracted, has been making people very ill, and in too many cases has been fatal. There is the economic suffering that has been widespread, and that has negatively affected



every form of business and employment. There is the community suffering. Even when in level 1, the restrictions—to be kept to physical distancing without being able to touch another and draw close in conversation—this is not normal, and we suffer because of it. There is the suffering of families living apart at greater distances and not being able to travel to visit and connect. And there is the collective societal suffering of not knowing what our future will be while not only still working through the pandemic, but also in the long reaching aftereffects. This is just to name some of the areas of our COVID-19 struggling.

Thankfully, in the midst of all this suffering and uncertainty, there is light and hope. And you don't have to go very far to find it. It is within you. The Easter hope of life in Christ, of life in love, is within you waiting to be discovered



Photo by Tucker Good on www.unsplash.com

or rediscovered, and then lived out of. This larger life of love is your deepest truth and reality—it is your deepest identity. It alone will set you free from your suffering and bring you into the light of a new day filled with new love and hope.

Realizing this hope is best done with the company of others. My friends in the Parish of the

Resurrection's Addictions Recovery Groups regularly refer to the importance of "people, places, and things." If the company we are keeping, or the places we are going, or the things we are doing are not deepening loving connection and hope, then we need to hang around with new people, in new places, doing new things—whether

virtually or in person. A healthy church (and there are healthy churches out there!) that is open to, and is leaning into a deeper love and hope would be worth finding and participating in. It could help bring you more hope and deeper love in a COVID-19 restricted world.

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Newfoundland and Labrador: So Close—And Yet So Far

Life has kept Anglican Journal editor Matthew Townsend away from The Rock and The Big Land—but it can't do that forever, he writes

Matthew Townsend
Guest Columnist

Back in 2016, on the eve of our marriage, Kate and I considered where we might take a honeymoon. We lived in Rochester, New York, at the time—she was from the area, and I was working for the Episcopal bishop of Rochester—and we both had ideas about where we might go. Being a bit of a Canadaphile, I had made lots of suggestions that would bring us north, while Kate tended to gravitate more towards Europe and the United Kingdom, especially Scotland.

I love Europe, but our wedding coincided with both Brexit and migration crises. We decided to figure out something else. What's like Canada and the northern British Isles? It didn't take long for us to consider Newfoundland and Labrador, and we began a fevered phase of research. Stunned by the beauty we were seeing online, I texted to a friend that I'd never even looked at photos of St. John's or the Avalon Peninsula. We also realized we could incorporate Europe into our honeymoon with an excursion to St. Pierre and Miquelon. We imagined hiking in Gros Morne, touring L'Anse aux Meadows, and perhaps biking across the island. I also dreamed of heading to Labrador, up to the Torngat Mountains—a landscape that couldn't be more different from my native Florida. (OK, so that part of the trip was very unlikely. But I dreamt.) We became very excited.

We went as far as reaching out to the Rev'd Moses Tucker (now a priest in Lewisporte) to discuss the possibilities. I had met Moses during my year at Trinity College in 2006, and I figured he wouldn't steer us wrong. He was also, at the time,



An homage to Jellybean Row in Rochester

the only person I knew in all of Newfoundland and Labrador. Moses left an extremely positive impression on me about The Rock. I still recall some of his explanations and jokes about the province. Why is the porch called the bridge? "Well, it connects your home to the world." I've heard people joke that Newfoundland may one day attach propellers to the island, to head towards Ireland—but wouldn't helicopter rotors be faster? "Well, we've always been a seafaring people." Is St. John's like Toronto? "Yes, we even have skyscrapers—but we put them on their sides and call them malls."

Moses gave us a number of suggestions about when and where to honeymoon, but we didn't get to use them. As fate would have it, my father wasn't well enough to travel to our New York wedding, so we spent our honeymoon roasting in Florida's July heat. It felt important to see family.

And yet Newfoundland and Labrador were still on our minds—the province had wormed its way in. We even decided to bring a dash of Atlantic Canadian style to our street in Rochester, painting our home's exterior "100 Mph Red." The choice offered stark contrast to the drab, landlord-driven palette on a street that

straddled working class neighbourhoods and pretty intense poverty. The colour was so brilliant that it cast a crimson hue on our neighbours' home in the afternoon sun, spilling into their kitchen and calling to mind *The Martian Chronicles*. Many neighbours complimented the choice, noting the improvement over the horrid hues previously found on the home: a muddled brown with trim we called "Painter's Tape Blue." One passerby asked if it was legal to paint your house that red in Rochester. The question was serious.

A few years later, life found us immigrating to Canada and settling in Nova Scotia, where Kate could study for a master's degree at Dalhousie University while I looked for work. (Once again, we decided to average our preferred destinations of immigration, Canada and Scotland, as New Scotland). Part of my excitement in moving to Nova Scotia was the opportunity to see and know Newfoundland, with the ferry only four hours away. And then we would make it to Labrador, as well! And having met people here from Newfoundland and Labrador, that trip felt both inevitable and important—a chance to encounter the kindness



Matthew and Kate

we've continuously experienced from Newfoundlanders here and also see a place that, I think, many Canadians don't bother to understand.

Of course, it'd have been hard to go while Kate is studying—Cape Breton seemed a more reasonable destination in her first summer break—but after graduation, of course! Come the summer of 2020, Newfoundland, here we come!

Sigh. With the Atlantic bubble, that may have been possible—even COVID-19 has struggled to break the connections that seem to run so deep in Atlantic Canada. However, Kate became pregnant in the summer, rendering the prospect of a long ferry voyage unattractive. So, we stayed closer to home.

All of this finds me writing a love letter to a place I've never been to, which is a very odd feeling. And yet, I can't help but believe that I do love Newfoundland and Labrador, and Kate feels the same. On the day that 100 new cases were announced in the province, I told Kate and she audibly gasped—something I've witnessed very rarely from my wife. Newfoundland and Labrador have been in our prayers during the pandemic—everyone there, as well as the church. We were both deeply saddened by

Bishop Geoff Peddle's death last year. I think often of people I've interviewed by phone in St. John's, Churchill Falls, and Rigolet. We feel connected, in relationship, even from this distance.

My friends, I know I will see you soon—that our now-growing family will join you in worship, laughter and, I'm told, fish kissing. Until that time, know that you all remain in our prayers through the pandemic and beyond. And please keep us in yours. As I write this in early March, the birth of our daughter, our firstborn, is but weeks away. She will need prayers as she enters our beleaguered world. And yet, I also know she will be blessed—to be born in this place we call Atlantic Canada, where the people are decent enough to look after one another, to concern themselves with the well-being of the aged and the sick, and to imagine that we weather storms best when we batten down the hatches together. As we've all learned in the last year, not everywhere, not everyone, is like this. We feel very lucky.

Matthew Townsend is the editor of the Anglican Journal. He and his wife Kate (and daughter-to-be) live in Dartmouth, N.S.

Anglicans Make Sacrifices During A 17th Century Pandemic

Article by Dr. Ian Simpson and Dr. Doreen Helen Klassen

In an April 2020 article titled “How coronavirus is giving us a crash course in a different moral universe,” Graham Tomlin, Bishop of Kensington, challenges his readers “to sacrifice what we would normally like to do for the good of the whole.” (Prospect Magazine, April 17, 2020). Dr. Ian Simpson of Corner Brook, NL recalls hearing a story 60 years ago as a young medical student in England about one village’s self-sacrifice in the wake of a 17th century pandemic. In this case, it was an Anglican village which made sacrifices to keep others safe. (Simpson, a member of The Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist in Corner Brook, Newfoundland, is the author of *Memoirs of a Newfoundland Doctor: Over Fifty Years of Fulfillment and Enjoyment* (Tellwell Talent, 201). He received an honorary doctorate from Memorial University of Newfoundland in 2019 for his innovative medical practice and environmental

activism.) According to Simpson, in 1665 a stagecoach arrived in Eyam, a small town in Derbyshire in the centre of England, between Sheffield and Manchester and delivered a load of used clothes from London for the local tailor. The clothes were picked up by the tailor’s assistant Alexander Hadfield, who died a few days later. It was apparent that he had died from the bubonic plague, caused by bacteria found on fleas and caught from rats, both of which were very common at the time. The black swellings or buboes, as they were called, were easily identifiable. This was only one year since the Great Plague of London, when nearly 70,000 Londoners, or 15 percent of the population, had died, so villagers were well aware of the dangers of this disease. The decision for Eyam townsfolk to quarantine themselves was initiated by their Rector, the Reverend William

Mompesson. Although Mompesson reportedly had an uneasy relationship with his predecessor who still lived in Eyam, they were able to work together. (The predecessor was a Puritan and presumably a Cromwell supporter, who was replaced after the Restoration of the Monarchy.) When the two priests gathered villagers in the parish church and explained their plan to them, the villagers unanimously agreed to self-isolate, or quarantine, as a village, by establishing a 1-mile radius cordon, marked by boundary stones. Messages were sent to all surrounding villages and towns not to enter Eyam. Instead, Eyam villagers would leave messages in holes in the village boundary stones. Food would be left at the village boundaries and money to pay for food supplies left in bowls of vinegar, which was thought to disinfect coinage. It was thought that Eyam had a population of as many as 800, but it was

known that there were 260 deaths, or almost one-third of the population. Families had to bury their own dead. Elizabeth Hancock, for example, had to dig graves herself for her husband and then for six children who died within a matter of eight days, as other villagers were too afraid of contracting the plague to assist her. The villagers’ self quarantine lasted 14 months and stopped the spread of the plague to neighbouring villages and towns. Dr. Simpson says, “When I first read of Eyam and came across the Rev. Mompesson, I thought it must have been a Catholic parish, as Mompesson seemed to be a continental name, and there were Roman Catholic villages scattered around England. But Mompesson’s wife was an early victim who died early in the quarantine period. That was when I realised that the Rev. Mompesson was a member of the Church of England, as Catholic clergy did not marry.”

Reflecting on this story, Simpson asks, “What lessons can we learn from our 17th century Anglican ancestors?” First, they self-isolated extremely efficiently and did not appear to have broken their quarantine. Secondly the villagers acted self-sacrificially. They stayed inside their self-imposed boundary, knowing that although they might catch the plague, their actions would save many others. Thirdly, the inspiration for this noble action appears to have been religious, as the epidemic stayed within the parish boundary, though at great cost to Eyam. Self-discipline, self-sacrifice, and a faith commitment helped these villagers save others. And so, as Bishop Graham Tomlin reminds us, our current pandemic may also be an opportunity for us as Anglicans “to sacrifice what we would normally like to do for the good of the whole.”



Easter Joy!

Ronald Clarke
and Melanie Clarke
Columnists

When my children were small, and we had recently moved to St. John's, our family became members of the church of St. Mary the Virgin in St. John's. The children were involved in Sunday school and my wife and I joined various groups as well. Growing up with this tight knit group at St. Mary's began some wonderful traditions for our family. The most special interaction we had as a family was the sunrise service for Easter Sunday. The whole family would get up out of bed early, at 5:00 am to get ready for the 6:00 am service. All six of us would travel to the church to witness the celebration of the risen Lord! This particular service, more than any other, touched our family. The younger children were excited to be up to see the sun rise! The older children were excited for the

breakfast which followed the service, and my wife and I were astounded by the feeling that particular service created.

The sunrise service always began with the hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!" That hymn was sung with such emotion, it always brought a tear to my eyes. After the long forty days and nights that Jesus spent in the desert, and the tortuous week of being judged and tormented, and the crucifixion itself, Jesus was finally free of his mortal body and was at last seated on his throne with his Father. His death and resurrection led to his greatest reward! Jesus had sacrificed everything for us! All his suffering ended in triumph!

Easter Sunday spent together with our family inspired us to celebrate all that our Lord and saviour, Jesus Christ, did



for the whole world! His resurrection meant that we too, would be able to spend eternity with God the Father. Jesus died so that we could be free! The risen Lord means that we can break the bonds of death and ascend into heaven!

This year, as with last year, we are unable to spend it together in the comfort of our church buildings. However, that "special feeling" that was created by our sunrise service is still attainable at home! Maybe we could get out of bed early on Easter Sunday this year to witness the risen Lord with the rising

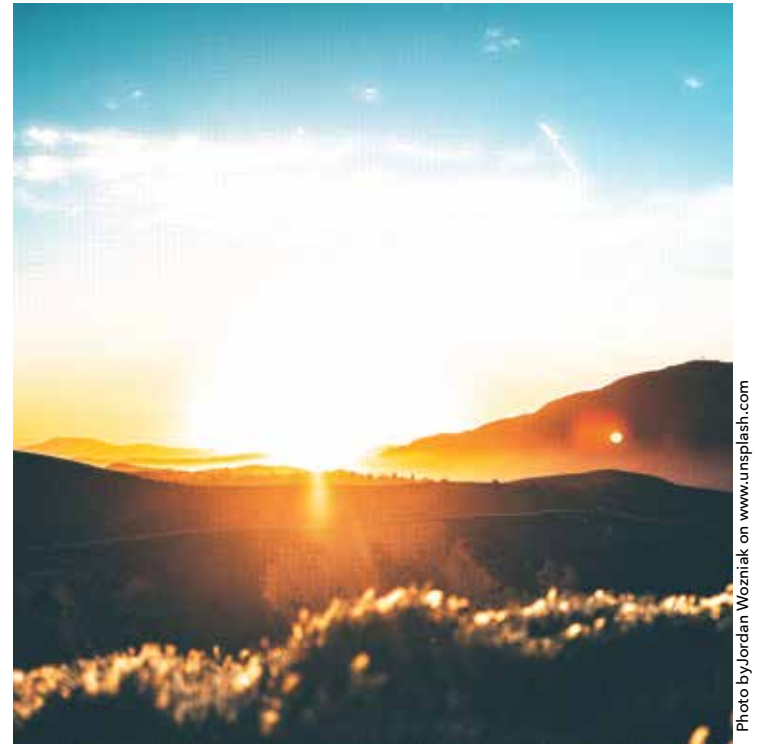


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of the sun! Let's all sing "Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!" in our houses and celebrate the joy that the resurrection brings to each and every Christian! Our circumstances don't allow us to celebrate together this Easter, but our belief and commitment to our

Lord and saviour hasn't changed! Jesus Christ is risen! Alleluia! Alleluia! May his strength guide and protect you all your days!

Happy, happy Easter my friends!

Living Your Faith

The Rev'd Cynthia Haines-Turner
Columnist

It is the custom in many of our churches to have a renewal of the baptismal covenant at Easter, particularly if we hold the Easter vigil. We also renew our own covenant at baptisms themselves, at services of confirmation and at other festivals during the Church year. This covenant also unites us as an Anglican Communion.

Typical of Anglicanism, some of the promises are uniquely Christian. Yet others extend far beyond any one denomination or any one religion. I'm thinking especially of two of these: Will you seek and serve Christ in all persons, loving your neighbour as yourself? Will you strive for justice and peace among all people, and respect the

dignity of every human being?

Living up to those promises can be a daunting task. Fortunately, there are people to whom we can look for inspiration or encouragement, who live out these promises either explicitly or implicitly, at times professing them, at other times, just living them. And once in a while, we can even offer support to those people and thus, in a small way, participate in their work or service.

One such person is Bill Pardy. Bill was formerly the mayor of Pasadena, on the west coast of Newfoundland, and then worked for various agencies, including the United Nations, which led him to several countries in



the world. He has ended up in The Gambia, a small, poor country in West Africa.

Every day, Bill feeds many people with breakfast, and even more most evenings for dinner, and children all the day long. He helps people with food, medical assistance, school fees and sometimes accommodations. He supports about 10 children in school thanks to donations from the Humber Rotary Club in Corner

Brook and assistance from other friends and family. He provides moral support to many more. He has two children living with him, a boy of 6 and a girl of 7, and at times another 6 year old.

He provides basic medicines to many local people and is called upon to treat wounds on children and adults alike, sending the more serious ones to a local clinic. Local hospitals are so poorly supported, people often have to buy their own medicine or they go to him for dressing changes.

Our Tuesday morning Bible study group here in Pasadena made a modest contribution to him. Bill spoke of this past year, and described some of the deprivation of this past

year due to COVID-19, "with everything shut, there is no work and as a result, no money for anyone (here normally over 50% live on \$1.25 per day). They did have a food giveaway early on where most families got a 12 bag of rice and about 25 kilos of sugar". Another group, Our Community Cares Online Auction, will also raise money to support Bill and his efforts.

In spite of the challenges, he was able to say, "overall, while it has been difficult it has been fulfilling."

To me, his actions epitomize loving your neighbour as yourself and respecting the dignity of every human being.

Easter, New Life, Creation Care, Climate Action

A PWRDF story

Article by Archdeacon Charlene Taylor
PWRDF Representative,
Anglican East NL

It is not by accident that Easter occurs in spring time. The resurrected Christ brings new life to the Christian, and spring reveals new life in creation. The Primate's World Relief and Development Fund (PWRDF) is all about new life in the lives of individuals and their communities. It is also concerned about our planet because we depend on it for the life sources of water, food, etc.

Despite the COVID-19 pandemic dominating our lives throughout 2020, climate change remains a pressing issue for PWRDF and its partners, for Anglicans in Canada, and for the world.

In 2020, PWRDF produced a number of resources focused

on Climate Action. The resources showed how climate change intersects with our partners' work, from health and women's empowerment to food security, emergency relief and more. We want to continue to promote those resources in 2021, and build on them with the introduction of a three-year education focus called "Creation Care: Climate Action."

We hope to bring the perspective of how climate change is affecting the developing world and how it is being addressed. We know that we have much to learn from our partners and hope our volunteers will be able to take that learning to their parishes, communities, and families.

On the PWRDF website,

our Climate Action page includes resources and education opportunities.

There are many exciting ideas in the works:

- We will be creating videos and study guides that you can use to lead discussions in your communities or parishes.
- We will offer webinars that focus on Climate Action as it relates to PWRDF's work, including Food Security, Health, Women's Empowerment, Indigenous Peoples, Emergency Response, Refugees and Engaging Youth.
- We will continue to encourage the use of the resources that were prepared in 2020 including the seven Climate Action Leaflets. Use them as

bulletin inserts if you are worshipping in-person; read them at in-person or online services; or include them

in online bulletins or parish emails.

- We also encourage using the worship resource "A Covenant for Climate Justice." A Service of the Word and a Eucharist service are available to use in whole or in part. There is even a sermon to deliver or download the video to share with your community.
- We will share ways to get involved with the For the Love of Creation Campaign, including participating in advocacy



and hosting climate change conversations.

- Go the pwrdf.org for more information.

May we during this life-giving season of Easter, take advantage of these PWRDF creation care and climate action resources. And may we live up to our baptismal covenant to strive to safeguard the integrity of God's creation, and respect, sustain and renew the life of the Earth (BAS, 159).

Parenting In The Bible

Allison Billard
Columnist

Why is it that children are so much better behaved for everyone besides their parents? And why can they be so kind to others and yet so unkind to their siblings? This is a



part of parenthood I am forever battling. Some days my two fight so much that I think that I must have done something (or a lot of things) wrong along the way. Then the mood changes, and they are loving and getting along and helping each other, and maybe even helping me! It is enough to give me whiplash.

What does the Bible

teach us about parenting? I mean specifically about parenting? Certainly all the basic love and kindness stuff applies, and Jesus does tell us that we need to become like little children, to have the big open faith that children do. But what about what to do when these little children are so cheerfully defiant I want to pull out all my hair? Or when their fights escalate to violence and bloodshed (ok maybe it's not quite that dramatic—but there's a lot of hitting and throwing)?

The story of Jacob and Esau does not exactly fill me with hope either, by the way. But I could totally see that happening at my house. The younger one tricking the older one to get what he wants. Sounds about right really. But it doesn't tell us how Isaac and Rebecca managed those two as children. I bet she felt a lot like I do some days.

One benefit to the times we live in is that I don't have to look very far to see others struggling with the same issues, and there are some resources to lend support. I am so fortunate to have a lovely network of friends who I may never see (thanks COVID-19), but I talk to just about every day, and they assure me I am not alone and that it is ok to wonder if your kids will survive to adulthood or fight to the death before they finish grade school. Who knew?

And can I just say out loud that lockdown for two kids in grade school is pretty much the worst. They were sick of each other after a long weekend; now they're spending weeks at home with no company but each other? No wonder they are getting restless. I can't blame them one bit! Unfortunately, I am also not the "cool" mom with all the activities and crafts and

games. I run out of steam pretty quickly, so they are left to come up with their own fun, and some days it is not so much fun as it is taking turns torturing each other. But they'll be okay, right?

I mean, there's no

birthright to fight over, they'll need to make their own way in the world. Someday they'll go back to school and spend time with other kids. I guess I just need to have a little faith. It'll be okay.



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