



photo by Bill Perry/shutterstock

Easter 2022

Crown him with many
crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne.
Hark! how the heavenly
anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died for thee,
and hail him as thy
matchless king
through all eternity.
-Matthew Bridges, 1851

The Lamb's high banquet
called to share,
arrayed in garments white
and fair,
the Red Sea past, we long
to sing
to Jesus our triumphant
king.
*-6th Century Latin,
translated by J. M. Neal,
1851*

The Empty Tomb is For Everyone

■ "The reality of
Easter is that God
is not held back by
the things that hold
us back from God."
Bishop Sam Rose's
Easter message

⇒ 3

Christ is Risen Indeed

■ "If it is true that
Jesus is risen, and
death is destroyed,
then everything has
changed."
Bishop John Organ's
Easter Message

⇒ 4

New Website and New Logo

■ Editor of Anglican
Life, Emily Rowe, writes
about the new digital
platform for the ACC
news, and the new logo
that has been designed
for Anglican Life

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Connections From Jesus

■ "... realize that you
know nothing but
your own longing
for connection, truth
and meaning."
Bishop John Watton's
Easter message

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Synod held in Eastern Diocese

■ "Hold fast to the
confession of our hope
without wavering." Fully
digital synod held in
the Diocese of Eastern
Newfoundland and
Labrador.

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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 is published ten issues each year with an independent editorial policy. Anglican Life is a section of the Anglican Journal

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Paid Subscription Rates:

Newfoundland and Labrador: \$15.00
Outside the province: \$20.00
International: \$25.00

Layout & Design by: The Editor

Printed and Mailed by:

Webnews Printing Inc.
8 High Meadow Place
North York, ON, M9L 2Z5

Individuals are responsible for subscribing to Anglican Life and for maintaining their subscriptions. Please let the Circulation Department at the Anglican Journal know of any address changes, or if you wish to start or discontinue getting Anglican Life.

New subscriptions, cancellations, & address changes should be sent to:

Circulation Department
The Anglican Journal
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(416) 924-9192 (O) (416) 925-8811 (fax)
Email: circulation@national.anglican.ca

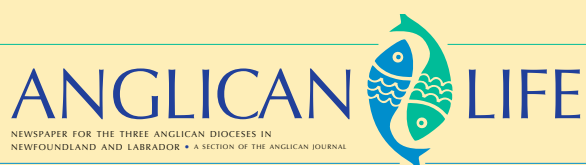
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When Life Throws A Lot At Us Very Quickly

The frustration of cars, and what I'm learning

The Rev'd James Spencer
Columnist

I have become completely fed up with cars. Seriously. They drive me up the wall (no pun intended). If I could, I'd be done with them, and get myself a team of horses and a wagon. Cars are smelly, noisy, and cost so much in fuel and maintenance, especially with the rapidly rising cost of gasoline.

"Now James," you might be thinking, "cars have been like that for years and years. Why the sudden disgust with them now?"

Well, I'll tell you, reader. It all started just about two weeks ago (from the time I began to write this article). It was a Tuesday. We had a heavy snowfall the past day or so, which had been a rarity in Burin this year. My wife was heading out to work, but promptly discovered that her SUV (which had run perfectly the day before) would not start. The dominant theory as to why this was happening involved the cold temperatures, which had either drained the battery or frozen the engine. An attempt to boost it from my little sedan did nothing to alleviate the problem, and so, with my wife worried about being late for work, she borrowed the sedan for the day.

Flash forward to later that day: I received a panicked phone call from my wife, who told me that she had just been in an accident due to a patch of black ice. Thankfully she was unhurt, and there were no other people involved. However, my car was smashed beyond repair. It was an upsetting day, as you can imagine. My wife was very shaken, and we were both just thankful she was alive.

A few days later, and her SUV was still unable



Photo by Ivana Cailina on unsplash.com

to start (a mechanic would later inform us that the motor needed to be replaced), and we began to wonder about the chances that both cars would fail us on the same day. As of writing this we still haven't gotten the SUV repaired and are using a rental car.

Between the worries about repair costs, costs of getting a new or used car, Facebook knowing my search history and now advertising every car brand under the sun to me constantly, and adapting our lives around the likelihood of having a single car to get around in, my frustration levels have been quite high.

And I also got COVID-19.

And in terms of my stress level, that last one was actually more of a blessing. Feeling sick, having to isolate, and having to postpone, cancel, or delegate ministry responsibilities was not very good. But, there is a lot to be said for the extra time I seem to have for prayer and contemplation. Sometimes, especially when things all seem to be going wrong at once, we need those moments of peace and quiet to try and get some perspective on problems that otherwise threaten to overwhelm us.



I was blessed to have two cars in a world where many people have none. I was blessed that my wife came out of a dangerous accident with no serious injury. If, after all is said and done, I have a car that will get me from A to B, that too is a blessing.

Sometimes our lives throw so much at us so fast that it can be hard to think straight. When our problems become the centre of our lives, our lives lose their centre. I take the view now that God was using these unfortunate events to teach me. I must learn not to take for granted the blessings in my life. I must learn to be more prepared for a rainy day. I must learn that, in the swirl of panic and frustration, it helps to step back and truly see and appreciate the bigger picture, a listen to God's calming voice. There is always lots to learn.

I'm still fed up with cars though.

The Empty Tomb Is For Everyone

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

The Lord is risen!
The Lord is risen indeed!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The joy of this Easter message is perhaps more impactful for the Church today, especially after these past two years and multiple lockdowns. To hear the announcement of the heavy stone rolled away to reveal an empty tomb where new life bursts forth should give us real hope that no matter what we face (COVID-19 included), it does not have the final say in our lives.

Easter is a time when faith can be restored and renewed. There has been so much heaviness all around that it seems we have come out of a two-year-long Lent, not just these past forty days. So much has changed in our day-to-day lives that we need something constant and solid to help get us through. That is today, my friends.

The stone is rolled away. The tomb is empty, and Jesus is alive. Not only then but here and now and forever.

And the tomb was not opened for a few or for some, but everyone!

Yet, there is still a heavy stone for some, not put there by God, but left there by the Church. Last year, I watched an online prayer service from the Proud Anglicans of Huron Diocese group for Transgender Day

of Visibility. It is a day of compassion and acceptance, helping to remind us that everyone is worthy of God's love.

I also think of our First Nations relatives, the Church's legacy of hurt and cultural genocide, and how much work is yet ahead towards reconciliation. Or those who are crying out for justice in poverty, care for creation, human trafficking, and sexual exploitation, and asking their church to become more vocal and active in addressing these and other vital issues.

They are not asking us to open their doors because they are already here, and are part of the Church. They want us to accept that reality. How much they must love Jesus—so much so that they stay in a Church that often does not understand them or, worse than that, excludes them.

Yet those attitudes of exclusion and unacceptance were the same attitudes that sent Jesus to the cross. And still, Jesus loves them. And when God raised Jesus from the dead, it was a sign of God's radically inclusive love for all people.

Because the empty tomb of Easter signals not only Jesus' resurrection but also our resurrection—our new life as Jesus' followers—we no longer



Photo by Simon Wood on unsplash.com



Photo by Crisby/Dinham

have to live with those heavy stones in our lives. We no longer have to live as if death will have the last word. We no longer have to live as if we are cut off from God. Faith replaces confusion and uncertainty. Grief turns to joy. Tears vanish from eyes open with amazement. Fear becomes confidence in God's faithfulness and love.

The reality of Easter is that God is not held back by the things that hold us back from God. The Good News of Easter is that God creates new life out of death. This very day, some people endure heartache and suffering. Too many face a future that is lonely and hopeless. So many search for a purpose in life but feel like they are wandering in the wilderness. Many still find a massive heavy stone blocking them from experiencing the risen

Christ.

The Good News for them and us is that our God moves heavy stones. For Mary Magdalene, the great stone of grief was moved by new life and hope. For Peter, the great stone of denial was moved by forgiveness. For Thomas, the great rock of doubt was moved by assurance. The heavy stone we experience, whatever it may be, will be rolled as well for you and me. And with God, may we help remove those barriers in our churches that block us from sharing the fullness of God's love for everyone.

Remember, the tomb was not opened for a few or some, but everyone.

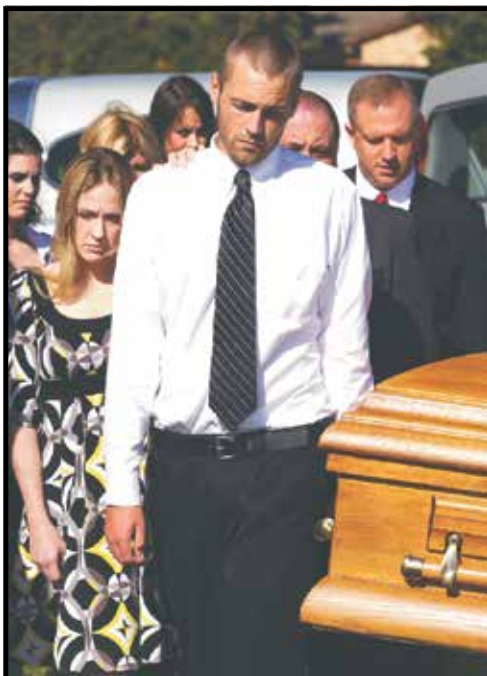
The stone was rolled away from the tomb, not to let Jesus out, but to let us in to see the heart of God, to show us that death is not the end, but rather a new beginning. A beginning that proclaims the victory

of life over death and which allows us to turn our backs on the grave and face our future with faith and hope, confident that all of God's promises will indeed bear fruit.

Easter is not so much a day, but a way. The "Easter Way" is our call to live as "Easter People." The is a way of endless possibility. The way of the empty tomb and the risen Christ, which has, does and will continue to transform lives. A way that strives for love and inclusion and helps roll away heavy stones of indifference and unacceptance. An "Easter Way" that calls us to live lives of hope and joy.

The joy of Easter comes from this glorious reality: that the Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

I wish you all a blessed and holy Easter!
+ Samuel, Eastern Newfoundland & Labrador



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“Christ Is Risen Indeed!”

The Rt. Rev'd John Organ
Bishop
Western Newfoundland

It is wise to not believe everything we hear. Always best to be cautious and circumspect. The Apostle Thomas needed more than hearsay about Jesus being raised from the dead. He wanted certainty that such extraordinary news could be trusted. Once he had such certainty, he was absolutely convinced and committed: “My Lord and my God!” (John 20:28)

We don't simply arrive at certainty. We need to want it, and open ourselves to receiving it. Thomas wanted to be certain and so he showed up. He gathered with the other disciples. He put himself into the situation where an appearance of the risen Christ had happened before, and might happen again.

We can be too passive about spirituality. Maybe even too indifferent. Evidence of God may be all around us, but we are not looking for it or expecting it. We see what we have always seen. We miss what we have always missed.

We need someone to tell us that they have “seen the Lord!” We need someone to say “Jesus is risen!” We need someone to invite us to take a second look, and discover



Photo by Manuel Rheinschmidt from unsplash.com



Photo from Bishop Organ

for ourselves that “Christ is risen indeed!”

This news is immensely important and it needs our due diligence and attention. It is either the greatest lie of all time, or it is the greatest truth of all ages. It is one or the other. If it is true that Jesus is risen, and death is destroyed, then everything has changed. Our destiny is forever changed. We mortals have become immortal. Suddenly it is not just about life between the cradle and the grave, and getting the most that we can in between the

beginning and the ending. It is now raised up: without end. The horizon is eternal, and unfolding for eon after eon. It is timeless. With such an endless view we can slow down, take a breath, recalibrate, acquire wisdom, lighten our grip, open our heart, and live fully.

And there is more. The risen Christ is also the crucified Christ. He is the Incarnate One. He is God enfleshed in the humblest and most vulnerable and fallen humanity: he who was *all* became nothing. He who was full of majesty

and power took on shame and emptiness. Why? Love! We were and are “the apple of God’s eye.” God saw us “down” and God’s love picked us up. This love lets us see our value and preciousness. This love transforms us. It makes us brand new. It empowers us to transform the world.

We can know this God. We can be certain that this God is real. We can be transformed by this God and be empowered to be fully alive here and now and forever.

Will we open ourselves to God? Will we gather with

others on Sunday mornings and become convinced of his presence? Will we allow ourselves to be renewed by God in Christ? Will we allow ourselves to become truly human and fully alive in this life and the next? Will we show up and be raised up with Christ? If yes, then a wonderful life is available to us in this world and the next!

Happy Easter!
+ John, Western Newfoundland

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Prayer Shawls Are A Blessing For All

News from St. Luke's in Port de Grave, NL

Article by
Florence Morgan-Thom

Time—where it goes, is a mystery. It seems like only yesterday that our St. Luke's Prayer Shawl Group was started. In 2009, the idea was formed when on a return visit to St. Martin's Anglican Church in Pickering, Ontario, I attended their prayer shawl group. This is the church that I attended while living there for 15 years.

It was a short time later, that I set up a group here in Port de Grave, knitting and crocheting shawls for the sick, the shut-ins, and anyone who wished to have one. Since then, we have made and given out between twenty to thirty shawls yearly.

Approximately five or six years ago, we began knitting scarves, hats and mittens for the local women's shelter and for the Helping Hand. These items are donated in early November. There is such a need for warm items, that it is sometimes difficult to supply enough of them.

Our group has evolved over the years. At first, we were all from St. Luke's Church in Port de Grave, but now we have a member from St. Matthew's (Bay Roberts), and St. Mark's (Shearstown). We also have one member from the Roman Catholic Church.

The blessing of the shawls normally takes place at St. Luke's Church. However, on occasion when visiting a nearby seniors' home, a religious service is performed. During the service, the shawls are blessed by the presiding priest; in many cases, that priest is from the local Roman Catholic Church. At the completion of the service, the shawls are then given out. Our relationship and the giving of our gifts, knows no religious boundaries.

This past Sunday Fr. Paul Thoms, our Anglican priest, blessed thirteen



These three members have been with the group since its beginning. Left to right, they are: Vera French, Mona Petten, and Margaret Dawe. Pauline Lear is also an original member of the group, but is not in this photograph. The items seen here on the table were donated to the women's shelter and the Helping Hand. Photo by Florence Morgan-Thom



More items that were given to the women's shelter. Photo by Florence Morgan-Thom

shawls during the evening Holy Eucharist. Ten of these shawls were then taken to a local retirement home.

Some of our members have changed over the years, yet others have been with us since the beginning.

My thanks and gratitude goes to our eight members who knit, crochet, and purchase the yarn for the making of these shawls and winter items. I would also like to thank those who have donated yarn and those who made shawls but do not attend our meetings. Unfortunately, not everyone has an afternoon free to join us.

Blessings to all.



Blessing the prayer shawls. From left to right are: Florence Morgan-Thom and Fr. Paul Thom. Photo by Karen Dawe.

From the Editor About the Redesigned Website and Our New Anglican Life Logo

Emily F. Rowe
Editor

About the new look for the website:

I am writing to you all about some changes that are coming to the Anglican Life website, or may have already come depending on when you're reading this. I have been part of a digital working group from across the country since the early fall of 2021, and we have been working towards the launch of an exciting new project called Anglican News Canada.

Anglican News Canada is a completely new digital platform, and works to bring together the Anglican Journal and a growing number of diocesan (or tri-diocesan in our case) publications. They will be together under this single "umbrella," but also still separate and unique. The purpose of this platform is to allow Anglicans to more easily connect with each other from across Canada and beyond. With a few clicks of your mouse, you will be able to access information from all of the Anglican Church of Canada publications, as well as international news, spiritual reflections, opinion pieces, and much more.

In addition to these exciting things, our own Anglican Life website is getting a redesign.

You'll still be able to read the paper online, and download a PDF of it to print out if you want to, but you'll also be able to more easily access individual articles and columns within the paper, and share those with friends by email, or on social media. It's hoped that this will greatly improve our online readership, but it doesn't spell out an end to the print paper. At present, there is no plan to stop printing Anglican Life, but this gives you a better way to enjoy it even more, and to share it digitally with those who might enjoy it too!

So when you get the chance, please do check out the "new look" website for Anglican Life. We're keeping the same address: anglicanlife.ca, so we aren't changing everything, and it should be just as easy to find us online as ever. Back issues will also be available as PDFs, as they have been since the website was set up a few years ago. Feel free to let me know what you think about it by writing to: anglicanlifenl@gmail.com. I hope that you enjoy the new website and also take time to explore anglicannews.ca.

About the new logo for Anglican Life:

As I have worked towards becoming a part of this new national digital platform, I have been noticing that some of the other papers from across the Anglican Church of Canada (ACC) have logos that are instantly recognizable, and that can be used as a handy graphic in web design as well as for print publication. I thought, "Well, if they can have that, then so should we." But what to choose as a symbol for Anglican Life?

At a meeting with the digital working group, I suggested that fish were the obvious choice for a paper from Newfoundland and Labrador. You'll all be proud of me to hear that when they asked what kind of fish, I responded with "There is only *one* fish, and that's cod. Everything else is called by its name:

haddock, sole, trout, etc. But when you say 'fish,' you mean cod and cod only."

After the meeting, I took some time to think about the idea of a logo, and while I had just thrown the idea of fish out there, the more that I thought about it, the better it sounded to me. I reached out to the Joint Committee Officer, the Rev'd Fred Marshall, and he agreed that it's a good choice for Anglican Life, and he then reached out to representatives from the three dioceses to see what they thought.

When everyone had agreed that fish were both a good representation of the province of NL, and also a good Biblical reference for a Church publication, the next step was to reach out to Saskia

Rowley who is the head of the graphics and print production department for the national office of the ACC. For anyone who has had the chance to work with Saskia, you'll agree with me that she is a worker of miracles and is also one of the loveliest people in the world. I sent her a rough sketch of a fish, and she sent me several amazing options for Anglican Life's use. In consultation with the three dioceses, I chose the one that you see in this month's paper. You'll have to forgive me that they aren't exactly codfish: the addition of fins and the beard-like barbel made the logo feel too busy. I hope that you like it, and the new colours for Anglican Life, and thank you all for the support that you give to your paper.



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Jesus Will Show You The Connections You Need

The Rt. Rev'd John Watton
Bishop
Central Newfoundland

I can still remember preaching my very first sermon as a postulant. Queen's college students in the ordination program were assigned Sunday parish placements. I was sent to the university to join the chaplaincy "community." Picture my first visit to the office: a nervous young man entering a narrow room filled with younger students. I realized I wasn't as young as I thought, and the words "here's the flunkie from Queens!" rang out. I began my time trying to figure out what I might have in common with this community.

Regular Sunday worship at Queen's chapel wasn't what I'd expected either. The gathered community was not totally comprised of university students. In fact, many of the students who frequented the chaplaincy office area at the Student Center, didn't attend chapel worship at all, but many others from the outside community did. I invested time throughout my whole student assignment trying to figure out what these diverse expressions might have in common. Of course, all of my cogitations (love that word!) were formed out of my own life experiences.

I'll go back to that first sermon. Standing in the middle of the Chapel, I began with the "in the Name of the Father, and of the..." formula. It's a

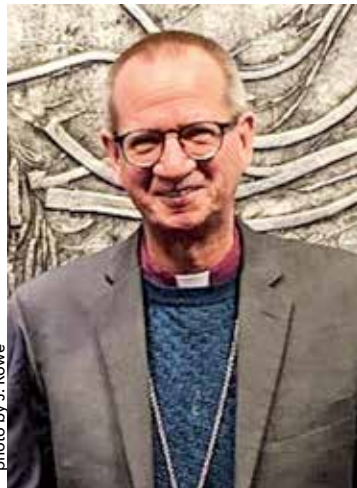


photo by J. Rowe

safe start for those who are nervous and afraid to pray. Then I offered as an introduction, "Today is my first sermon as a postulant. So, with you, I begin my ministry of proclaiming the Word." Perhaps it was an appeal for mercy. The smiles and affirmations were warm.

That's the only thing I remember about delivering the first sermon, other than the feeling that I wasn't connected and had no business preaching to this community.

Long before I was ordained, I was a student of life—one who had many confusing and tumultuous ups and downs. Ever since I was ordained, as a student of biblical text and a preacher, I have searched, and will continue to search for connections, or to use a fancier word, correlations between things. To guide me, I turn to the story of Jesus. I turn to his invitation to a resurrection reality that was not an event in history, but a revelation that takes



photo by Tim Mossholder on unsplash.com

"Colorful hands" by George Fox students Annabele Wombatcher, Jared Mar, and Sierra Ratcliff

place in the hearts of believers every single day.

When we read the story of Jesus, his pattern of connecting people to each other is at the core of his work. We call this the Incarnation and the Atonement, connecting us was his work in birth, growing up, teaching, healing, death, and resurrection. Yes, it took work for people to make these connections. Some people didn't. The disciples certainly had a lot to work out. The teacher had died, was emptied and cruelly disposed of. What's more, in the "eyes of the unwise" he seemed to have given up. Like a lamb to slaughter: a God dying, exhausted, and defeated, dying on a cross. Oh what questions they had! Oh

how far from realizing that he chose to empty himself as an evidence of love. There is a starting point for the connections we seek.

The story of the Church: early beginnings, worship, persecution, councils and creeds, tells the story of a community in search of correlation. What are you searching for in this COVID-19 age? What connections do you need to find?

The resurrection story is meant for us to have a common place from which each of us may start. Easter's first glance is an empty one. Look inside the grave. It's empty. It is an invitation to start with the impossible, realize that you know nothing but your own longing for connection, truth and meaning.

If you listen closely, you will hear the voice of one you think is the gardener, softly calling your name.

When you hear it, go with him. It is Jesus. He will show you the connections you need, and you won't be alone. Many of us will be sharing the journey with you.

Isaiah 65 offers: *I revealed myself to those who did not ask for me; I was found by those who did not seek me.*

To a nation that did not call on my name, I said, 'Here am I, here am I.'

Many, many, blessings for Easter and beyond.

+John, Central Newfoundland



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Mama, Why Do Bad Things Happen?

The difficulty of explaining hard things to our children

Allison Billard
Columnist

As a parent to younger children, I've fielded this question a fair few times. Most recently in the context of COVID-19, but also about things like grief, climate change, and bullying.

Why does God let that happen, Mama?

I have even been asking myself that question. Who would have thought the end of COVID-19 would mean the start of war? As I write this at the end of February, Putin has only just barrelled into Ukraine, and I shudder to think how far it will have gone before you read this in print.

So how do we explain any of these things to our children in a way that won't terrify them? I am afraid, and perhaps so should they be. This is a

scary thing to be watching unfold. The stakes get ever higher when nations speak of war. Mass casualties are a given. Nuclear war is not off the table. Then what? Is this a sign of the end times?

The Easter story is one of hope. Leading up to Lent, I attended a conversation sermon at church where we read in one of Paul's letters that in Christ we are transformed and that the Holy Spirit is in us, and because of that we do not lose heart.

As we journey through Lent and Good Friday, and awaken Easter morning to the empty tomb, we are a people transformed. There is hope! Life can come from death. We do not need to be afraid. We should go boldly and share the Good News, and live

out Jesus' ministry.

It is okay to be uncertain. It is okay to be fearful of what lies ahead, but I think we should also take the opportunity to do even more to share our faith, our love, our community, with those in need. The times we are living in will surely result in many more who need our help. Many will be displaced and will seek shelter and safety far from home.

There are so many things to be anxious about, like climate change, war, a new variant, etc. It's too much some days. So I try to break it into manageable, tiny steps, anything at all to feel productive, like I am doing something to protect my family or help those in need.

Even little things can



"...the Holy Spirit is in us, and because of that we do not lose heart."

help to soothe the stress a tiny little bit. Donate to the food bank; clean the house; give away clothes and toys that we don't use for those who may be in need. Make sure we have a 72-hour emergency supply of food and water. Double down on cyber security. Hug my kids and tuck them in tight, and pray hard that we get to keep doing it, that the conflict ends peacefully and no more lives are lost.

I don't know why bad things have to happen, but we will do everything we can to help make it right. We can't always control what happens in the world around us, but we can choose how we respond. As for me and my family, we will always try to respond with kindness and compassion, generosity and love.

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A Salute to The Anglican Church of Canada

The Church of England Orphanage in St. John's, NL

Article by Emily F. Rowe and Adrian Heffernan

In January of 2022, I was contacted by Adrian Heffernan, who spent a great deal of his childhood in the Church of England orphanage in St. John's, and who wanted there to be a story in Anglican Life to talk about the positive experience that he and many others had at that institution. In recent years, there have been many stories in the news about orphanages that were not good places, that were centres of abuse, and that hid and denied that abuse for years. As a person who grew up in this orphanage, that was not Heffernan's experience, nor was it for Derrick Barbour. These two men collaborated with the late Bishop Peddle on a book about their time in the orphanage called *"The Church of England Orphanage in Newfoundland: 1855 - 1969."*

Heffernan says, "Many people reading this article would not have personally known, the late Geoffrey Peddle, former Bishop of the Eastern Diocese of Newfoundland and Labrador. As for me, he was my friend, and I knew of his work and total dedication to



photo by Fred Dinham

The photograph above, which was taken at the time of the launch of the book *"The Church of England Orphanage in Newfoundland: 1855 - 1969"* by Bishop Peddle. It is a model of the boys' orphanage, and it was located on the site of the Arts & Culture Centre, just off Prince Philip Drive, in St. John's. There was also a girls' orphanage which was located on Strawberry Marsh Road.

the Anglican Church of Canada, particularly in Newfoundland and Labrador. I was aware of his writing a book on the 114-year-old history of the Church of England Orphanage in St. John's covering the noble work of the now Anglican Church of Canada." He encourages anyone interested in learning more to read the book by Bishop Peddle, which is

available from the Diocese of Eastern Newfoundland and Labrador (22 Church Hill, St. John's, NL A1C 3Z9, or by phoning (709) 576-6697).

From the back cover of the book: "From its beginning in 1855 as The Newfoundland Church of England Asylum for Widows and Orphans following a devastating outbreak of cholera in St. John's, until its ending

in 1969, approximately 2000 children were cared for by the institution. And not just children; until 1908 widows were also included. And even when the orphanage closed, the Anglican church continued the good work it had done with children and their families by investing the assets into The Anglican Charitable Foundation for Children (ACFC). In the years since, the ACFC has

helped more than 39,000 children and young people and distributed over \$8 million."

Heffernan added, "Might I also take the privilege of asking you, after reading it, to donate your book to another person who may also enjoy this wonderful story. As a non-Anglican resident of that orphanage from 1950-1956, I know that this story is true and accurate."

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“Let Us Hold Fast To The Confession Of Our Hope Without Wavering” Hebrews 10:23

Synod in the Diocese of Eastern Newfoundland & Labrador

Article by Archdeacon Charlene Taylor
Photographs by Elizabeth Crisby

On February 25 -26 the Diocese of Eastern Newfoundland and Labrador met for the 32nd Session of Synod, Part A. This gathering was like no other for many reasons, but one in particular—we meet entirely online through Zoom.

While the style of the gathering was different all the traditional elements remained, including:

- An Opening Eucharist
- The Bishop’s Charge
- Devotions led by

Archdeacons

- Financial Reports
- Elections for Provincial Synod and General Synod delegates
- Exploring our current and future ministry as a Diocese

Bishop Samuel Rose set the theme of our Synod with a heartfelt, realistic, and hopeful Charge to the Diocese. He reminded us of the work set out at Synod 2018 through the Report of the Commission on Parish Renewal and Viability, which is entitled *Surviving or Thriving: The Future of the Church in the Diocese of Eastern Newfoundland and Labrador*. The work of *Surviving or Thriving* had just begun in earnest when a global pandemic hit our shores.

The COVID-19 pandemic caused the diocese to go into survival mode, and finances that had been earmarked for the work of the Commission had to be

redirected to support parishes. While we are still making our way through these pandemic days, we have learned that the Church has been forever changed.

Synod Part A received a report called *A Way Forward* to complement the 2018 *Surviving or Thriving*. This report provides data and financial trends in:

- Parish Revenue Declining
- Rising Deficits
- Assessment Arrears
- Principles and Process for Parish Sustainability and Reorganization

In the *A Way Forward* presentation, we heard:

“Restructuring and finding new models of ministry is not just because of the pandemic, we have known for some time that demographic change, lower numbers attending worship, and declining financial resources have been part of our story for quite some time. What the pandemic is teaching us is, we can no longer rely on the things we used to do to just get through. We have been and will continue to be changed by this global pandemic.”

In the midst of our reality as a Diocese, Bishop Rose reminded us that in times of uncertainty and change the one thing that is certain and never changing is our Saviour Jesus Christ—and thus *“Let us hold fast to the confession of our hope without wavering.”*



Bishop Samuel Rose



Archdeacon Taylor and Bishop Rose watch the synod delegates on Zoom



Archdeacon Taylor and Bishop Rose at the “head table” in the Anglican Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, leading Synod, February 25-26, 2022



The technical support crew and the Rev'd Christopher Fowler, part-time Assistant to the Diocesan Administrator

The Hope of Easter

Reflecting on childhood Easters, and anticipating this year's celebration

Melanie Clarke
Columnist

Growing up in the Clarke household, Easter was a very special time. As a young teenager, I remember waking up at 5:00am to get ready for the Easter Sunday sunrise service. It was one of the few church services where the entire family attended church at the same time. On other Sundays, my mother would normally attend the 8:00am service, as Sunday cooked dinner was another must in the Clarke household; she would stay home for the 11:00am service to cook. I know by today's standards that is sexist, but dad couldn't boil a kettle, and mom is a great cook!

Anyway, Easter Sunday sunrise service is still very vivid in my mind from all those years ago. It seemed to me as though on every Easter Sunday, the sun was shining brightly as we drove to church. I know that isn't possible because we live in the province of Newfoundland and Labrador, but in my mind's eye that is how I remember those sunrise services. I can see the rays of light dancing off the cross that was hanging behind the altar. The reflection on that cross on Easter Sunday was more brilliant than it

was on the Sunday before or the Sunday after. The organ music also had a different sound at the sunrise service. When the clergy and choir began to walk down the aisle singing "Jesus Christ is Risen Today, Alleluia!", I had goosebumps on my arms because of the joyousness and powerfulness with which the hymn was sung! Those sunrise services were magical to me when I was growing up!

All these years later, my favourite service is still Easter Sunday. The resurrection of Jesus Christ is such a gift from God to us. Jesus paid the ultimate price for our sins. He spent hours on a cross, suffering in pain so that we would be able to one day go to heaven to be with our Father. His sacrifice means that every one of us can go to a heavenly reward after death. Jesus cleared the way for us to spend eternity in heaven—a place so fantastic that the Bible says we can't begin to imagine how wonderful heaven is until we actually get there! Our minds can not produce the glory and splendour of being in the same place as the Father, Son and Holy



Photo by Johnstocker Production / shutterstock

Ghost. Considering all the technology that humankind has created and all the things we can imagine, how marvellous is heaven going to be?

During these awful times where war and disease and torment are unfortunately a part of daily life, we, as Christians, should remember and

focus on Jesus' great sacrifice for us. He died that we might live! Through belief, we will have a great reward after death. No matter how hopeless our world feels, have faith that God will see us all through the chaos.

God bless you all and Happy Easter!



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Reasonable and Probable Grounds to Believe

Early days by the sea

Ford Matchim
Columnist

I grew up in Sandy Cove, a fishing village on the Eastport peninsula. Closeness to the sea was an everyday experience where raging sea against rugged shore was routine. And, on stormy days, we'd do exciting strolls along the long sandy beach, listening to that quiet whisper: "you never know what will blow in on a windy day." No matter how far you roam or how old you get, such early exposure to these sights and sounds of the sea, linger forever.

On divine matters it was my sense that just about everyone believed in God, and nobody seriously questioned whether or not there was a God. For sure there were different levels of devoutness but no evidence of outright disbelieving. Outside of church and school activities, very little discussion of God or faith issues took place. My parents regularly attended church and certainly believed in God, but they were never inclined, nor were their friends and co-workers, to openly discuss

religious matters. There was this sense of hushed reverence over things spiritual, and that loose talk had connotations of being ungodly.

In the province of Newfoundland, beginning in the late 1950s and picking up speed thereafter, churches began losing authority and influence. People were no longer committed to regular church attendance and seeing their lives through religious eyes. As experienced elsewhere in Canada, participation and attendance in main stream religions were in steep decline, and the fastest growing group was those who had "no religion." The church did not seem to know how to meaningfully respond to such changes. Many churches have since shut down while others are just barely hanging on.

Nowadays, it's common to have discussions on religious and faith-based issues, both in private and in public life. Emerging evangelism, especially in the larger centres, contributes to some



religious expansion but various survey results keep popping up to show a consistent downturn in traditional religions. Still, it's fairly common to hear older folks talk openly, and often despairingly, about the demise of traditional, organized religions.

Many people currently embrace individual spirituality, feeling and thinking it allows them more personal freedom in communicating to God, or whomever or whatever, as they see fit. They do not want to be hide-bound to pre-packaged practices and procedures commonly found within the well-established religious organizations. This opening up approach has resulted in the borders between the religious, the



Sandy Cove on the Eastport peninsula, NL

photo from wikipedia.com by iango 7174

spiritual, the secular, the agnostics, the atheists, and so on, becoming increasingly more trouble free.

The coat of arms of Newfoundland, granted in 1638 by King Charles the first, has its motto "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." What impact it has on 21st century NL is a good question. Though, one can still hear reference to the old saying "On stormy nights at sea, there are no atheists."

The march of time, in Newfoundland as elsewhere, has brought about restructuring of social and economic life, and many aspects of the old culture have changed or disappeared. Newfoundlanders and

Labradorians still take pride in their robust, independent, and sea faring history, "where Jack is as good as his master," and are ever so quick to publicly complain against perceived societal wrongdoings. Rights of the individual versus collective rights, and rights of the state, continue to be broadly discussed. It's fair to say that in Newfoundland, participatory democracy is in full bloom.

Still, in our midst the well engrained old values of faith-based living, along with high levels of emerging individual spirituality, result in a collective appreciation of what's right and proper for our time.

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April: From the Latin Verb “Aperire,” To Open

Kevin Smith
Columnist

The month of April is an interesting one. We are into spring in some places, though not necessarily in this province, and people are getting out of their houses and into the garden. Usually the sun is stronger and the days are longer. There is something very nice about it.

April is also a month when we, according to the Latin origin of the word, open ourselves up to the Canada Revenue Agency, and month's end is the deadline for most of us to get our 2021 tax return in. Some of you are keeners and perhaps have all the work completed and have received your refund back already. However, I suspect that most of you are still sitting on your tax details and will not submit your return until the last minute.

You most likely know all this, but this is what financial experts say about what you'll need to get your taxes done:

1. Social insurance Number and other personal information.
2. Any income T-slips (T-4, T-5 etc)
3. Any records of additional income
4. Tax receipts for deduction (Charitable donations, childcare, medical expenses, etc.)
5. RRSP contribution slips or repayments for the Home Buyers Plan or Lifelong Learning Plan
6. The tax package sent to you

One accountant suggested that medical expenses are the deduction that most people miss out on. For example, he says that the list of tax deductible medical expenses is quite extensive. For example, you can claim prescription drugs, diapers, fertility procedures, ambulance services and more. Certain conditions apply, but he suggests that you hold on to your receipts for all of these things.



image design by Emily Rowe

The accountant noted as well that since COVID-19 has forced many people to work from home, the Canadian Government has simplified the process when claiming home office tax deduction. Every individual can now claim up to \$400 in expenses if you worked from home.

You should also remember, according to that expert, that both the Canada Emergency Tax Benefit (CERB) and Canada Recovery Benefit (CRB) are taxable. For CERB, no taxes were withheld by the source, but 10% of the CRB was withheld at the source for taxes. Note: if you were on either of these programs, it is taxable income.

Finally, if you are feeling somewhat overwhelmed or intimidated by the process, I would recommend you hire a tax preparer or an accountant to do everything for you.

Yes indeed, April is a time to open yourself up to CRA. Remember that old saying that there are only two certainties in life:



death and taxes. Since we are not too fussy about dealing with death at this point, we may as well bite the bullet and do our taxes.

One final note, in a recent column I referred to the book about the Church of England orphanage. Well, I omitted saying that the book, written by the late Bishop Peddle, can be purchased at the Synod Office. All proceeds go towards the Anglican Charitable Foundation for Children.

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



Overlapping Denominational Boundaries

St. John the Evangelist, Topsail, NL

Article by
Louise Smith

When taking a break for lunch last Friday morning, I picked up February's edition of the Anglican Journal. Before turning the front cover page, an article by Matt Gardener, entitled, "Pandemic Challenges Hospital Chaplains," caught my eye. My enthusiasm became so inflated that I was inspired to immediately respond.

Now, I'm sure that most of us have experienced, during our lifetime, a trip to the hospital as a patient. And whether for a short time or an extended period, a chaplain of one's own faith has always been there to administer spiritual comfort as needed.

In his article, Mr. Gardener is writing and presenting a mini biography of two hospital chaplains and their individual beliefs or two different religious persuasions. He elaborates on how an overwhelming health crisis, namely COVID-19, influenced their decision to close the gap between their respective faiths.

We are all fully aware that with the multiple waves of COVID-19,

hospitals are at their highest capacity. Multiple emergencies have necessitated an urgent request for the help they provide as members of the clergy. With so much suffering and so few volunteers to help the chaplains, they found themselves forced to break with tradition. Regardless of faith choices, attention was prioritized to the patients who had the greatest need for spiritual comfort; but they were always cognizant that both of them were worshipping the same God regardless of the possible differences in their method of delivery. At the same time, good will between faiths was always displayed.

Much appreciation must be showered upon these individuals who unselfishly spend long hours right alongside health care professionals in this free will mission of humanity

"For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision nor uncircumcision has any value. The only thing that counts is faith expressing itself through love."
Galatians 5:6

I Need Easter

The Rev'd Canon Jeffrey Petten
Columnist

The last time I fully celebrated Easter the way it is intended to be celebrated was back in 2018. 2020 and 2021 were celebrated but not the way I needed to celebrate due to Pandemic restrictions. 2019 I did not celebrate at all. It started on the 15th of February: when preparing for a funeral, I slipped and fell on the church step and I ruptured my left quad tendon. My worst fears came true—surgery and having to get people to look after me. These two things are a bitter pill to swallow when you're a priest who is independent and stubborn and wants things done "the right way." One can only imagine the thoughts and emotions I felt on 18 February, 2019 when I was told by an orthopaedic surgeon that I was in need of surgery and I would be out for over 6 weeks. To make matters worse, the surgery could not be done due to factors beyond anyone's control. So, when did the surgery take place? Wednesday, 6 March, 2019: Ash Wednesday. As most people were marked with the sign of ashes on their foreheads, I was marked that morning with a scalpel, drill. Two holes were drilled in my knee cap, and the medical equivalent of fishing line was used to tie the ruptured tendon into my knee cap. The I was sutured right up the middle, with the "fishing line." Marked with the sign of faith alright: 32 staples.

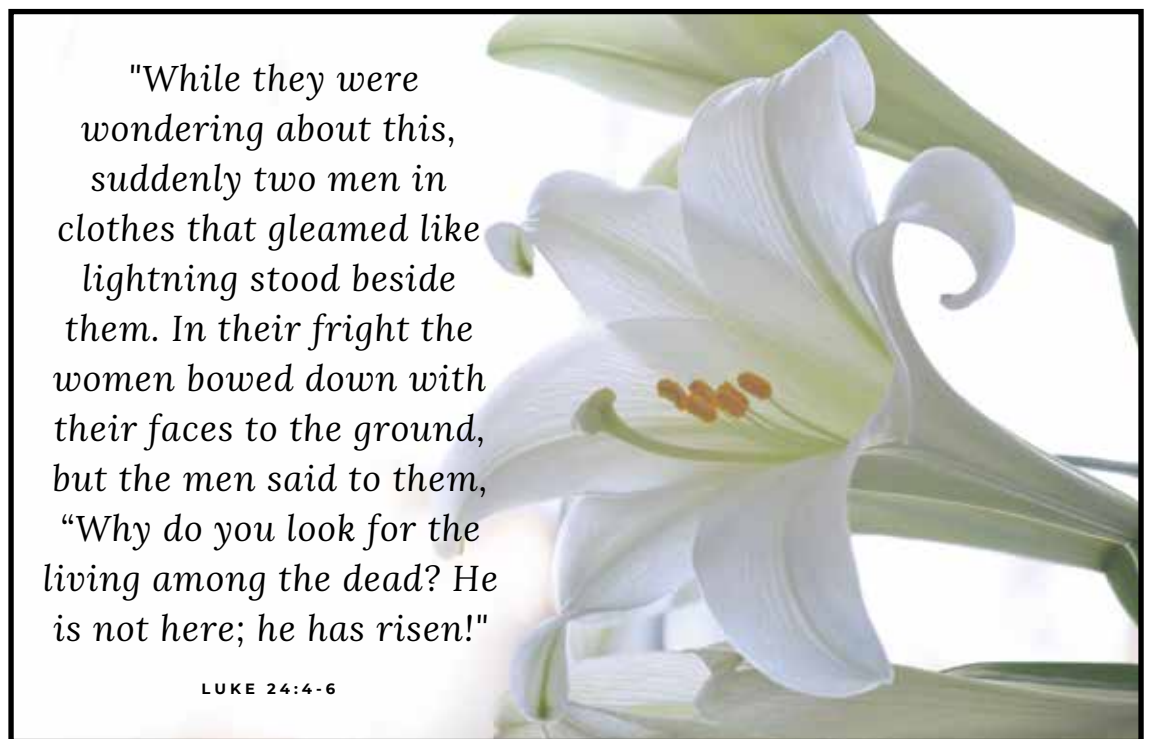
Being in hospital, Sundays were my worst days. I wanted to be at the altar—it was where I was needed. I was not "sick." Yet with a kline splint and no weight to be applied to my left leg, and no bending whatsoever, I could not be at the altar. I was out for Easter. Yet over the years, when asked what did I want to give up for Lent, I would jokingly say that I would like to give up church for Lent. I gave up Church for Lent alright,



but not because I wanted to, and not as a Lenten discipline.

As the weeks of being in hospital went along, I feared how I would feel at Easter, especially on Easter Day. As one former parishioner said to me: "I have never seen someone love Easter like you do." I love Easter. For me Easter is what it is all about. I could feel the depression sinking in. Knowing the day was coming when I should be standing and proclaiming my Alleluias, I was feeling anything but joyful. I was mad, angry, upset, and many other words that could be used. I was mad at myself and I was mad at God, and I was mad at anyone who annoyed me. After all there are only so many times in which a person can hear those words: "how are you?" and not want to scream.

To make matters worse, the Friday before Palm Sunday, at 8:10 am, my mother called my hospital room to inform me that just minutes before calling me, my sister had died. So here I was in the hospital in Channel-Port aux Basques, my sister had died at Western Regional Memorial Hospital in Corner Brook, my brother was living in Markham, Ontario, and my mom was in Conception Bay South; I could not do what I felt I was called to do and to be at that time. To say the least, it was a "Good Friday Moment." It was a Good Friday moment, and the darkness of Saturday was heavy, it was very dark and; it was very real. My sister was buried on the day after Palm Sunday. Easter Day came but it was



"While they were wondering about this, suddenly two men in clothes that gleamed like lightning stood beside them. In their fright the women bowed down with their faces to the ground, but the men said to them, "Why do you look for the living among the dead? He is not here; he has risen!"

LUKE 24:4-6

image design by Emily Rowe

no Easter for me. It was dark, it was sad, it was depressing. My hospital room that day was the upper room where fearful disciples were locked in. In my upper room that day, I did not eat a thing, I did not want to see anyone. I did not want to even be washed and wear a clean johnny coat. It was not a good place to be and; that is an understatement.

I returned to work in September 2019 going through the motions of things as I went back to work. It goes without saying that the person I was prior to injury and the person who returned back to parish duties was not the same person. Once we experience things, we change and we cannot go back, we live a "new normal." As we approached Lent 2020 I was fearful, because Easter was falling on what was going to be the first anniversary of my sister's death. God and I had a lot of arguing over that one. I was longing for the joy I had in Easter 2018. After the celebration of Ash Wednesday, and after attending a well needed retreat with my fellow priests and deacons, I felt ready for Easter. I needed Easter. Then the pandemic struck. It is often said that things happen for reasons, and as the hymn writer William Cowper wrote

in 1777: "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." Easter 2019, prepared me for Easter 2020. I prepared for an online worship service. I did it and after doing it, I sat in my living room and I cried. I thought I was going to have my Easter moment but I did not. But I did have the Easter moment I needed. The Easter Gospel for that year was from St. Matthew's Gospel: the angel comes down and causes an earthquake. German Monk Anselm Grün, writes that when life is full of darkness and depression, the angel causing the earthquake wants to awaken our trust that the state of the grave does not remain permanent for adults and children. I realized when I proclaimed to an online congregation that the angel has come and caused to earthquake, I came to the realization of what it means to profess week after week my belief and my hope in the communion of saints, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting.

As I came to that realization, words came back to me that had been spoken by my bishop in his attempt to give pastoral care to me. He said: "Jeffrey, you will see your sister again," and as that came flooding back,

Easter meant something more, but not the way I would have liked. The way I would have liked to have felt the Easter joy was to stand at the altar and celebrate the sacred mysteries. Easter meant that in the darkest of times, there is light and it is just around the corner and it will be bright. At the time when my bishop said that to me, I said back to him: "I know, but I do not know what I will do first, hug her or slap her." More than likely when that day of resurrection comes, I will probably do both.

I need Easter.

I need Easter this year to be like Easter prior to 2019, so that those 10 simple words of "Christ has died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again," that each and everyone of us can share in can be for me, and for those with whom I now live and work, words which will be words of praise. This year as we look with St. Luke at the empty tomb, we can ask ourselves: "Why do you look for the living among the dead?"

I look not for the living among the dead; I look for the living among the living. Looking for the living among the living is the reason why this year, more than ever before, I need Easter.

Responding to COVID-19 in Indigenous Communities

News from PWRDF

Article by Janice Biehn
Photos by PWRDF

In consultation with Archbishop Mark MacDonald and the Primate, Archbishop Linda Nicholls, PWRDF is forwarding an in-Canada emergency grant of \$50,000 to support northern Indigenous communities responding to recent COVID surges in northern Manitoba.

The Indigenous People's Alliance of Manitoba-North (IPAM-N) will use the funds to purchase and distribute face masks and supplies for cleaning and disinfecting. The items will be delivered to Sherridon, Pikwitonei, Thicket Portage, Grand Rapids, Wabowden, Cormorant, Easterville, Leaf Rapids, Lynn Lake, Moose Lake, Brochet and Thompson.

The needed supplies were identified by IPAM-N members, including Freda Lepine, who is also a member of PWRDF's Indigenous Partner Advisory Committee.

"It's a big thing," says Lepine of the \$50,000 from her home in Wabowden. "We stretch our dollar. We don't want to help just one community, but this allows us to get cleaning supplies to many communities."

Throughout the pandemic IPAM has been supporting several communities with food hampers, educational supplies, and delivering meals to those who are shut-in. They have also made it possible for food to be harvested and for younger people to learn about this cultural tradition, which also plays a vital part in food security. "We were able to provide funds for gas for hunters to get out and harvest six caribou which were then shared with the community," says Lepine.

Lepine notes that IPAM may be able to include some of these cleaning



Amy Abbink and Titus Semple with the air shipment to Kingfisher Lake

supplies with food hamper deliveries, in order to maximize efficiency.

PWRDF is in conversation with other communities in need, most notably Tataskweyak Cree Nation in Northern Manitoba, which declared a state of emergency due to the rapidly spreading Omicron variant. At midnight January 7, the community of 3,000 went into lockdown, said Bishop Larry Beardy on Facebook. "Our health staff are tired and overwhelmed," wrote Beardy. There are only two nurses at the health centre on five-hour shifts and two front line responders doing testing. "The cases are exploding in our communities. Please pray for the sick, and all in the communities."

Bishop Beardy is the Indigenous Suffragan Bishop of Mishamikoweesh's Northern Manitoba Area Mission. PWRDF Executive Director Will Postma has spoken with Bishop Beardy as well as with Bishop Geoff Woodcroft of the Diocese of Rupert's

Land about an additional emergency response that is being finalized. Goods and supplies for communities in northern Manitoba would be purchased in Winnipeg and then transported to the north. Bishop Woodcroft noted supplies purchased with PWRDF funds would add to goods and donations already received by the Diocese.

While temperatures plunge to 30 and 40 degrees below zero, please keep these communities in your prayers as they try to self-isolate and return to good health.

How can you help?

To make a donation to this response, go to the PWRDF website at pwrdf.org and click on the tab for "Give Today." You may also donate by phone at 416-822-9083 or leave a voicemail toll-free at 1-866-308-7973 and we will return your call, or mail your cheque to PWRDF, 80 Hayden, 3rd floor, Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 3G2. Please mark Indigenous COVID in the memo field.



These four photographs are from the truck shipment to Bearskin Lake



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