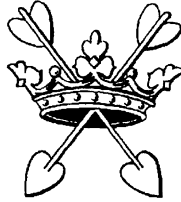


The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Waterloo, Ontario)

www.stedmund.ca



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada
(A member of the worldwide Traditional Anglican Communion)

UPDATE

May 19, 2007 - St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury

June Schedule

June 3	Sunday	Trinity Sunday / The Octave Day of Pentecost
June 5	Tuesday	The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to Elizabeth
June 7	Thursday	Corpus Christi
June 10	Sunday	The First Sunday after Trinity
June 11	Monday	St. Barnabas the Apostle
June 17	Sunday	The Second Sunday after Trinity
June 24	Sunday	The Nativity of St. John the Baptist
June 29	Friday	St. Peter and St. Paul, the Apostles

Service Times and Location

(1) All Services are held in the Chapel at Luther Village on the Park - 139 Father David Bauer Drive in Waterloo.

(2) On Sundays, **Matins** is sung at **10:00 a.m.** (The **Litany** on the first Sunday of the month), and the **Holy Eucharist** is celebrated (sung) at **10:30 a.m.**

(3) On weekdays - **Major Holy Days** - the **Holy Eucharist** is *usually* celebrated at **7:00 p.m., 10:00 a.m.** on Saturday.

A different look this month!

The Right Reverend Robert W.S. Mercer, CR - our former Leader - celebrated the 30th anniversary of his consecration as a Bishop in the Church of God, as the fourth Bishop of Matabeleland (Zimbabwe), on May 1, 2007 - The Feast of St. Philip and St. James. (Afterwards, the third Bishop of The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada.)

UPDATE, this month, features His Lordship.

There was a magnificent High Mass at St. Agatha's, Portsmouth, England on Saturday, May 5 to celebrate the event. Sprinkled throughout this issue are pictures taken at the celebration - several were taken by Ian Cresdee, a parishioner of St. Agatha's - thank-you Ian.



I was privileged to be in attendance at the celebration on May 5, in England. The High Mass was superb. The Bishop was the celebrant of the Mass, ably assisted by two priests acting as Deacon and Subdeacon. He, of course, wore a tunicle, dalmatic and chasuble! The Liturgy was from the South African Prayer Book*. The Mass setting was Haydn's Nelson Mass (Missa in Angustiis), complete with trumpets and drums. The venue, St. Agatha's, Portsmouth, was excellent. The Rector of St. Agatha's, Father John Maunder, was the MC. The

choir and orchestra were glorious, the smoke was much and ascending, the servers wore white gloves, the ceremonial was smooth and not fussy. Birettas and lots and lots of lace. The Parishioners of St. Agatha's were everywhere, friendly and courteous. Thank-you for your hospitality. (The Mass brought back memories of the fifties and early sixties in Toronto, and early seventies in Winnipeg!)

The Bishop was, as always, calm, cool and collected. He looks the picture of health in spite of his travels which include designated episcopal responsibilities.

A report on the 'do'

I began the trip to the UK for the 30th Anniversary of Bishop Mercer's consecration as Bishop of Matabeleland by going for 3 days to Oxford to visit a priest friend of University days who is now a chaplain at All Saints Convent. The sisters - few in these days - have a hospice for dying children and another for teenagers as well as a home for the aged. Oxford is full of ecclesiastical delights and tourists. I was taken also to the village of Iffley where the list of vicars begins with "Oliver" in 1170. I went on to spend 4 days with Fr Brian and Ann Gill in Presteign, Wales. A small bridge at the edge of the town over a small river has one end in Wales and the other in England. One day we drove to Ludlow where the Church of St Laurence is full of items to be seen. Also from the 12th century it was originally a monastic foundation and the 'misericords' (if I have the right word) depict scenes of life at the time. Carved in wood, these provide a means for the monks to rest as they stood for the various offices during the day.

But, of course, the main event was in Portsmouth and on Friday the 4th of May we drove (Ann at the wheel) there. The drive was not too long through some areas of England not seen by train travel. The celebration of the Eucharist was to begin at 11:00 a.m. on the 5th but by 10:00 many were gathering. From the hotel in which we stayed came 5 bishops of the TAC including Archbishop Hepworth. In the car from the hotel we had Mr Michael Neville. Mr Neville was nearly 40 years in Bulawayo and had served church and state there. In the church he was a member of the synod and was one of 20 whites (later reduced to 5) appointed in the government of that country. With some dextrous driving in Portsmouth by Ann Gill we arrived safely at St Agatha's Church. The outside gave no clue as to the wonders we would see within. Tables for tea at the entrance and a wine bar at the back were set up behind the small orchestra and choir who were having a last rehearsal for the first 15 minutes of our arrival. They had come from London

and are a group who travel to ecclesiastical events. I did notice that all of them (or most) are practising Anglicans since they were the first to receive Holy Communion. In addition to the orchestra there was a pipe organ played by the organist from a loft at the back.

Mass began with the signing of 'Sing of Mary' and the procession led by the thurifer and cross bearer with 2 attendant servers. All wore white gloves to protect the items they touched especially the old vestments which Fr Maunder collected. The sacred ministers of the mass followed - the subdeacon, deacon and the celebrant who was Bishop Robert, of course. He was followed by Bishop David Moyer, the Episcopal Visitor of the TAC in the UK. Last was Archbishop Hepworth. In the congregation were the 3 Canadian bishops, Bishop Chislett from Australia, Bishop Langberg of the NE USA and Bishop John Broadhurst of Forward in Faith, UK, along with many priests from far and wide. The Mass followed the use of the Church in South Africa (1954), of which Matabeleland, in Zimbabwe is part. Bishop Moyer gave the absolution after the General Confession and the blessing at the end. He also blessed the new gates at the entrance to the baptistery which is located at the back on the epistle side.

It was a splendid and moving occasion as we gave thanks to God for the steadfast witness to the Faith given over the years he served as a bishop in the Church and before he was consecrated thirty years ago. We pray that the same witness will be continued for many years to come. The ceremonies of the Mass were those which I recalled from my younger years and performed with reverence and devotion. All knew what they were to do and they did it. The use of the humeral veil by the subdeacon was something I have not seen for about 50 years and by now I have to say I have forgotten the reason! But the music was splendid and the mass offered with prayerful devotion. In all it took about an hour and a half, perhaps more but I doubt any of us was conscious of the passage of time.

The preacher, Fr Keble Prosser, reminded us of the great contribution Bishop Robert had made to the church in Africa and Canada as well as to the Church beyond those boundaries. I am sorry I cannot say more as I could not hear well.

At the close of the Mass many renewed friendships and acquaintances. There were three toasts proposed: to the Queen by Archbishop Hepworth; to the diocese of Matabeleland by Richard Barker; to the TAC by Fr Raymond Ball.

By Father Raymond Ball



A biography

Robert William Stanley Mercer was born in 1935 in the southern part of Zimbabwe, formerly known as Rhodesia. Several generations earlier, his family had moved to that part of Africa from Ireland. I'm not sure how much of his early life there he has shared with other parishes across Canada; here at the Cathedral, we have the luxury of his presence most of the time, as he lives in Ottawa. At our Saturday morning breakfasts, Bishop Robert will occasionally share with us some of the more amusing anecdotes of his youth, spent in Zimbabwe. Stories of vicious girls on the field hockey pitch, to his mandatory time spent in the militia will have us choking with laughter on our granola and scones.

His initial foray into the post-secondary school world was not to test a possible vocation to the priesthood. Rather, he apprenticed for four years in the book selling business before entering St. Paul's Theological College in Grahamstown, South Africa, presumably now convinced of a possible call from God. He was subsequently ordained Deacon in 1959, and then Priest in 1960 in his home Diocese of Matabeleland, Rhodesia. After serving a three year curacy in his hometown, he traveled to England to enter the novitiate of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorkshire. Some of you may be aware that this is the oldest surviving monastic order for men in the Anglican Communion, having been founded near the end of the 19th century (remember, Henry VIII had dissolved all of the English monasteries in the 16th century). Just as we have an expression for men who feel that they have a call from God to serve in His ordained ministry, "testing a vocation", so too the same applies for those who feel called to a monastic life. Bishop Robert tells funny stories about how the Master of Novices at Mirfield seemed bent on discouraging any

newcomers even before they had unpacked their bags. Of course, the Master was just beginning the process of testing their call.

After professing in 1965 and spending one more year in England, Fr. Mercer was to spend three years in Wales before his order was to send him as prior and rector to Stellenbosch in South Africa. Just two years later, he and one of his brethren were deported for vigorously supporting the Church's policy against racial discrimination. I recall that, in 1987 or 1988, Bishop Crawley had arranged for me to meet Bishop Mercer on his first visit to Canada. One of our stops was Parliament Hill, where we met with the Minister of Defence (a friend of Bishop Crawley's), who took us to the House of Commons, Bishop Robert having told him of his love for the parliamentary system. After listening to Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's speech on Meech Lake for five minutes, during which it became obvious that the PM had mastered the art of speaking without really saying anything, Bishop Robert leaned forward over the rail of the visitor's gallery to look down at the Opposition side of the floor. Neither of us knew where that security guard, the size of a Mack truck, had been hiding, but he quickly "corrected" our posture (one is not permitted to lean over the railing).

Afterwards, Bishop Robert told me of a visit that he had made to the South African Parliament with a friend. As they were sitting in the visitor's gallery, they suddenly realized that the topic of discussion on the floor was the deportation of one Father Robert Mercer because of his anti-apartheid stance. His friend was set to panic, but Fr. Mercer, ever the even-tempered one, was wont to hear what they were saying about him.

This grace under fire was to serve him well after his return to Zimbabwe, and his eventual consecration as fourth Bishop of Matabeleland in 1977. By then, the civil war was making his homeland an ever more dangerous place to be. Though he tells us stories as if they were nothing to be concerned about, I suspect that I would not be quite so cool, driving along dirt roads at 120 km/hr, not even daring to stop for a flat tire in case guerillas were waiting in the bushes (which did indeed happen far too often). Still, there were also many more relaxed and humorous events during his episcopate in Zimbabwe: native Africans' very different perspective on time and its importance or lack thereof; ladies who just had to get up and dance in the middle of his sermons; eccentric colonials who would no doubt drive one to distraction, but about whom a movie would be uproariously funny.

Perhaps not surprisingly, the good Bishop was to

become just about as unpopular with the Marxist Mugabe government in Zimbabwe as he had been with the white government in South Africa. Recognizing that a black bishop would better serve Matabeleland, Bishop Robert resigned in 1987 and returned to Mirfield. Then, another call (actually a repeat of an earlier call), this time from another colony, decidedly more arctic than his homeland. Through what we in hindsight might consider to be providential circumstances, Canada was able to claim The Right Reverend Robert William Stanley Mercer as an immigrant in 1988, and as a Canadian citizen five years later. More importantly to us, he became our third Diocesan Bishop in 1989, succeeding Carmino de Catanzaro and Alfred Woolcock (the latter whom he assisted for several months after arriving in Canada).

"And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of his love for God and His Church; his dislike of man-made rules, rules, rules; his unfailing stand for the sanctity of ALL human life as a gift from God; his appreciation of Guinness; his aversion to "frost and cold, ice and snow"; his fondness of ginger marmalade; his distaste for long meetings; his engaging and humorous way of telling true-life stories.

By the former **Very Reverend Carl Reid**, Dean of The Cathedral of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Ottawa, Ontario - reprinted from the February 14, 2001 UPDATE



Comments, Vignettes, and Stuff from the Past

+ Two stories about Bishop Mercer

The first episcopal visit. I was in a stew. The Bishop was coming for two days and a bit and I had only

known him on the occasion when we were up in Ottawa visiting family. What does one do with a Bishop? I really had no clue. I had grown up in the Presbyterian Church, where Bishops were thin on the ground. To my horror I discovered that Alice, my wife, was going to be away taking a course down in St Andrews, a couple of hours away. So the nerves were fairly tightly strung when the day came. The Bishop walked into the house, spotted a Sarah Caudwell mystery on the coffee table: "Oh, I haven't read that one." He and it disappeared upstairs, and I began to feel that perhaps I would survive. Dinner came and I, not knowing much about dietary requirements, apologised for putting salt into the meal without consulting. The Bishop looked at me "I like salt." End of discussion. The next day after a pleasant morning we set out for St Andrews to have dinner with Alice and a friend. I had an errand to do in Calais, across the border in Maine, so we drove past St Andrews and down to St Stephen. As we approached St Stephen and the border it suddenly struck me that the Bishop might not want to cross into the States and wait for me while I made a stop at the Rite Aid in Calais to pick up a couple of items unavailable in Canada. But what to do? I couldn't just abandon him in St Stephen. If I took him back to St Andrews then, it would be too late to run my errand in Calais and get back to St Andrews for supper. We were just driving past Ganongs Chocolates (an old family business, well-known in these parts) when the Bishop said, "Stop!" I pulled over. "How long are you going to be?" I said about half an hour. "Meet me here in half an hour," he said. Apparently a chocolate museum was too good to miss. So I got my shopping done across the border and he had a good time in the Museum and we arrived back in St Andrews in good time for a good supper with Alice and her friend, Pat.

On the way back from St Andrews, I asked the Bishop a question which interested me from several standpoints: the answer to the question itself and the attitude of the Bishop. So I tried the question: "Bishop Mercer, what do you see as the future of the ACCC?" There was a brief pause and then: "It has no future." "How do you mean that?" I shot back. "Our Church is like the extra bed in the garden. The main borders get crowded but there are plants that shouldn't be lost, so you heel them in in the spare bed until the time comes when you can restore them to their rightful places." It was a marvellous answer.

The next day I dropped him at the bus station. He was on his way to the next visit. I only hoped they had as good a time with him as I had. Knowing Bishop Mercer as I do (now!), I suspect they had.

Lee Whitney+, Kierstead Mountain, New Brunswick



+ I have two stories about Bishop Robert Mercer that reveal his exceptional gentleness.

The first story occurred during the early years of my priesthood. When Bishop Mercer first visited St. Thomas Becket in Winnipeg I asked him to bless my chalice. He asked, "*Have you used it for Holy Communion?*" When I replied in the positive he said, "*Someone much greater than me has already blessed it.*"

The second story occurred during his second visit. After a long walk together he suggested we celebrate Holy Communion. Because of my brain tumour I tired easily and did not think too clearly. Instead, I told him I was going upstairs to sleep. To his great credit, I detected only a tiny gasp of incredulity and shock - that one of his priests refused to celebrate Holy Communion with him. But not one word of censure was spoken then or later.

Dennis Dickson+, Regina, Saskatchewan



+ I will always remember Bishop Mercer as a truly gentle man. I admire his intellect, his strong convictions, his quiet way of getting his message across, his wisdom, his kindness, and his humour.

He is a living legend who is revered and loved worldwide. I wish him well on his 30th anniversary and greatly miss his visits to Waterloo. Robert Mercer there will always be a guest room ready anytime you wish to visit. Please come soon.

Ruth Freeman, Waterloo, Ontario

+ I first met Bishop Mercer while I still lived in Stratford. He would make pastoral visits to Father Braby who had a chapel in his home, where we worshipped.

We would sit on Father Braby's front porch and watch the Toronto Blue Jays games. It took Bishop Mercer a short time to pick up on some of the finer points of the game. He became quite a Blue Jays fan. I treasure the memories of his visits to Stratford and the discussions we used to have on the front porch.

Dora Vidler, Kitchener, Ontario

+ At this time, I have really been thankful for the celebration of the 30th anniversary of Bishop Mercer's consecration.

I, the former Bishop of Yokohama, decided to join into the TAC house of Bishops in 2002, and was welcomed to the HOB officially by the former Primate, Louis Falk, whom I met when he visited Yokohama for the inauguration of TAC in Japan.

But I had known Archbishop Mercer's name and his membership in the Community of the Resurrection already. His presence in TAC has been a very much edifying and encouraging witness under the providence of our Lord among the whole Anglican World in these difficult situations. Congratulations!

Hoping his presence and spiritual guidance may still continue to support and enrich our loving TAC for the Service to our Lord.

+Raphael Kajiwara, Bishop Suffragan, Nippon Kirisuto Sei Ko Kai

+ Concerning impressions and thoughts about Bishop Mercer:

He has an uncanny ability to exhibit a serene calm

and stillness, but coupled with great resolve and inner strength. He shows us the great power vested in obedience and humility: so that, even when clouds of incense are rising, as at St. Agatha's in Portsmouth on the 5th of May; when the orchestra is playing; the choir singing their anthem - and we are there to commemorate and celebrate his most excellent achievements as a Bishop of the church - he is able to remind us that the focus must not be on him, but on Him who gave Robert Mercer that which was needed to fulfill the task before him. He made this clear to those of us who heard Bishop Robert's words, as he introduced his talks at the Pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham in 2006, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

David Marriott+, Surrey, British Columbia

+ A beloved Bishop named Mercer,
A great universal traverser,
Exchanged ice and snow
For England's rain and blow.
He went from the bad to the worser!

+ Much thanks to you, My Lord, for your assistance in helping get us [St. Edmund's] started in 1996, and for your continued support and visitations, including but not limited to: baptisms, confirmations, marriages, ordinations, and requiems. Best wishes in your 'retirement' - we look forward to your monthly contributions to UPDATE, including news of the Traditional Anglican Communion, in England and elsewhere!



+ There once was a Bishop of Canada
Who came to us from South Africa
He was gentle and kind
Quick of wit, keen of mind
Who guided us for sixteen years.

Although his job was very demanding
He was always patient and understanding
The Bishop is retiring at this year end
We will all miss a dear friend
We wish him well, amidst our tears.

+ A Prince of the Church and a prince among men,
one who despite his position, never lost the 'common
touch'. He will be SORELY missed.

+ To Worthing-by-the Sea he's bound,
To England's rainy clime,
Leaving behind many sadden'd hearts,
In Canada's Winter-time.

We'll miss those inspiring sermons;
That personal touch we'll miss, too.
We'll be anxious to hear the next chapter -
Bishop Mercer, we bid you "Adieu".

+ During his years in Ottawa, Bishop Robert was a
strong supporter of the Pro-Life Movement. He
participated in many of its activities, and encouraged
others to do the same. He often spoke at the annual
mass rally on Parliament Hill, and took part in the
march through the city's downtown streets that
followed. The annual Hike for Life was one of his
favourites, where he made many friends.

I have a particular memory of him at one Pro-Life
demonstration that I will never forget. In the late
1980s the Parish of the Annunciation joined other
groups opposed to abortion one Sunday afternoon to
draw attention to the Ottawa Civic Hospital as one of
the principal abortuaries in the city. The idea was to
line the main street, Carling Avenue, leading to the
hospital with demonstrators carrying signs, who
would pray silently for a change in the hearts and
minds of those who favoured abortion.

I was positioned next to the Bishop, just a few feet
from him. He was standing at a bus stop. After a
while a bus pulled up to the stop. As it did, a window
opened and a young woman stuck her head out. She
was face to face with Bishop Robert. In a loud voice
she began to tell him, using some of the crudest and
most vulgar language you can think of, just what she
thought of him and his movement.

I watched to see what his reaction would be. Would
he respond angrily? If he was angry enough he could
easily have hit her over the head with his sign. He of
course did neither. Would he refuse to listen to her
and turn away or move, as I probably would have
done? He didn't. Instead, he listened calmly to what

she said. When she finished he made the Sign of the
Cross toward her, silently giving her his Blessing and
no doubt asking God to bring some change in her
heart and soul.

What immediately came to my mind was a piece of
scripture, which I had to look up later to get correctly.
"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do
good to them that hate you, and pray for them that
despitefully use you, and persecute you." Mt 5:44
What a fine example!

Stan Horrall, Braeside, Ontario

+ We say good-bye to a gentle, caring shepherd who
shall be missed! You are truly a great leader, and a
wonderful person. It has been a pleasure to know
you, and we thank you for the way you have touched
our lives. All the best for a healthy and happy
retirement!



+ "Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common
touch."

This line, from Rudyard Kipling's well-known, oft-
quoted poem "If", sums one facet of the retired Third
Bishop of The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada.
The Right Reverend Robert Mercer, CR certainly had
that 'common touch'. He could communicate with

young and old of either sex. He remembered faces, called everyone by name, and could recall some trait, interest or peculiarity related to that person. He rode the bus so that he could meet people. He touched everyone he met.

His retirement and relocation in England left a void in our lives. We look forward to meeting him again in his column, *Robert's Ramblings*, found in our parish magazine 'UPDATE'. We enjoy following his present ramblings, and are amused to see that being 'retired', he seems busier based in England than when he was travelling from coast to coast in Canada, as well as representing us in other parts of the World. England, you are lucky! Our loss is your gain. Please let us share that 'Man with the Common Touch' once in a while.

Helen E. Glover, Kitchener, Ontario



+ Pleasant Reminiscences of Bishop Robert Mercer.

Few know that Bishop Mercer is diabetic because he makes so little fuss of it. At any reception he quietly takes the things he knows he can handle. He stayed with Bishop Woolcock in Oshawa who was no culinary genius, probably never having stepped into the kitchen when his lovely caring wife was alive. I queried Bishop Robert what they had eaten. "Oh, we had lots to eat, no problems." So I asked again, "What did you eat, My Lord?" He replied, "There were lots of things, bread, apples, bananas, we didn't go hungry!"

When he gave his permission for our marriage and then remarkably also agreed to come down from Ottawa to marry Shizue and me, he said, "But we need a church in Hamilton!" He contacted Bishop Michael Fedechko, Reformed Episcopal Church, who gave his permission to use St. George's church.

Bishop Robert then invited the Rector, Father John Smith, to assist with the baptism followed by the wedding ceremony. Later at the Garden Party the Bishop moved unobtrusively from table to table, person to person conversing with all the guests. All asked about him and related what a remarkable person he was and that in talking with him, it was as though they were lifelong friends.

He traveled to London, Ontario to spend Holy Week and Easter with his people there. He indicated that he would like to have the Stations of the Cross on Good Friday but the small church was not really suitable. As the beautiful sunny afternoon arrived he had quietly organized 14 stations of bricks and stones along both sides of the long driveway leading into the garden. We all slowly moved from station to station, reciting the responses and recalling the terrible agonies of Christ at his Crucifixion. I have celebrated the Stations on many occasion but none so realistic and memorable.

We have all been privileged to listen to his homilies at requiem masses for clergy - unbelievable personal tributes to his colleagues in Christ. How could he know so many specific traits of these personalities. I feel convinced that the blessed departed on hearing his remarks were gladdened that they had ended their priesthoods in The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada.

It seems, hearing of his recent activities, that he retired from us to become the hardest working prelate in the Communion!

Paul Maycock, Waterdown, Ontario

+ Purple People Eaters. At some time within living memory (mine) there was a song which included that line. I can no longer remember what the song was about but that line stayed with me and I have wondered what it meant. Were they eaters of purple people or purple eaters of people.

Why am I telling you this? Well recently I overheard a remark that the Diocesan Synod later this year would have much more purple in evidence than we have had heretofore at these do's. And (it's odd how my mind works at times, Wyn says, most times!) I started thinking about all the Synods we have been to in the last 25 years. And I couldn't help thinking about one Purple Person who will not be there, so far as I know. That is the Right Reverend Robert Stanley Mercer CR.; whenever I do think of him it is with great affection since it was he who first saw the potential Priest in me, long before I did. It was his encouragement which overcame my sense of

unworthiness and my admitted illiteracy in theological matters. It was also his encouragement and presence at our first tentative meeting that got St. Edmund, King and Martyr Parish started. His guidance thereafter was crucial to our continuance.

So it is fitting, that in the year Bishop Mercer celebrates his 30th anniversary as Bishop, we at St. Edmund's should remember him and give thanks to God for his sojourn with us. May he enjoy many more years of service to his Lord.

Ted Bowles+, Guelph, Ontario



Pictures

In the order that they appear:

- 1) His Lordship in the Lady Chapel
- 2) St. Agatha's
- 3) St. Agatha, side altar
- 4) Orchestra and choir, at the back of the church
- 5) At the High Mass
- 6) At the High Mass
- 7) The High Altar
- 8) The Sacred Ministers departing, after the Mass
- 9) Some of the Sanctuary group - including the Primate and the Episcopal Visitor

More pictures will be posted on our Parish website, shortly. <www.stedmund.ca>

* In the General Confession - remember the phrases "We acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness", "Provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us", "The remembrance of them is grievous unto us", and "The burden of them is intolerable"? Refreshing, indeed.

Gary S. Freeman
102 Frederick Banting Place
Waterloo, Ontario N2T 1C4

(519) 886-3635 (Home)
(800) 265-2178 or (519) 747-3324 (Office)
gfreeman@pwi-insurance.ca