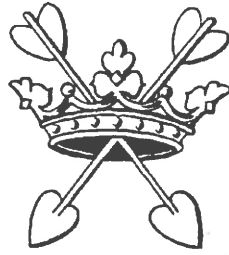


# The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

## UPDATE

December 4, 2001 - St. Clement of Alexandria

### January Schedule

January 1	Tuesday	-	The Octave Day of Christmas / Circumcision of Our Lord
January 6	Sunday	-	The Epiphany of Our Lord
January 13	Sunday	-	Epiphany I
January 20	Sunday	-	Epiphany II
January 25	Friday	-	The Conversion of St. Paul
January 27	Sunday	-	Septuagesima

### 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 said at 10:00 a.m. (The Litany on the first Sunday of the month), and the Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 10:30 a.m.
- (3) On weekdays - Holy Days and Days of Obligation (Diocesan Ordo) - the Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 7:00 p.m., 10:30 a.m. on Saturdays - when the Chapel is available!

### St. Clement of Alexandria

Titus Flavius Clemens, St. Clement of Alexandria, was probably born a pagan in Athens about 150 A.D. He was one of the first great leaders in Christian Africa. After his conversion, he traveled to Italy, Syria and Palestine seeking Christian teachers. He met a most impressive one by the name of Pantaenus in Alexandria, became his pupil and succeeded him as the head of a school for catechumens (converts) by 200 A.D. He speaks of the apostolic tradition he received his teachers. He had no doubt, known some who recalled Ignatius and Polycarp or perhaps, even some who as children had heard St. John speak of our Lord's commands. He could claim to be in the next succession after the apostles. A persecution by Septimius Severus in about 203 forced him to close the school and flee to Egypt. His writings are the first to discuss the relationship between faith and reason. His great treatises constitute a moral and dogmatic theology as well as an apologetic (defense) of the faith. He died in Cappadocia between 211-216 A.D.

St. Clement's feast day is December 4.

### The Bishop's Bit

SOME ANGLICANS I HAVE KNOWN

#### 6 - THE BROTHERS HALL

Penhalonga is a semi derelict village on the Eastern edge of Zimbabwe close to the border with Mocambique, a dream of a place for gardeners. Before the Brits took control of the country in the 1890's, a Portuguese nobleman had discovered gold, and for a few decades the village enjoyed a boom. The centre of social life was the *Boomerang Hotel*, which later burned down. One prospector took a bath in champagne. An early CR Father had a flaw in his metabolism: he found it difficult to become drunk. Needless to say, he was something of a hero to miners and prospectors. The first Anglican bishop in the country had walked to his new diocese all the way from the Mocambiquan coast. With him were three Victorian nurses, whom he left behind in Penhalonga to found the first hospital in the country, in three mud huts. Quite properly, the village boasts (or did, past tense?) a monument to these three gallant ladies.

Six miles from Penhalonga valley stands St Augustine's Mission atop a hill, a large collection of buildings making the place look from a distance

like a village in Tuscany, the collection dominated by the twin towers of the church. CR was responsible for St Augustine's from 1914 until 1983. There were a primary school, a secondary school all the way up to university entrance, a clinic, a farm, a scheme for training apprentices, a scheme for training office clerks, two different breeds of nun, lots of lay teachers and other lay workers. From this centre trek priests went out first by donkey and then by landrover to minister in villages over several hundred square miles. Most villages had their primary schools. Not to mince matters, St Augustine's was a mini diocese and the Prior CR was a figure of some import.

For two disastrous years I was an incompetent school chaplain at the central mission. Frankly, I couldn't care which house won the cross country race, I didn't care if the boys' ties were improperly tied. And the children though brilliant - none but the brightest accepted - I found boring. No, if you want people of experience, guts, originality and wit, befriend old ladies, not adolescents. Putting kids through Scripture exams set and marked in England was not my idea of fun. But it fell to the school chaplain to minister to the small white congregation of St Michael & All Angels down in the valley, a pioneer church of wood and tin built on brick stilts. This was a job I loved, as villagers were relicts of the pioneers, such as Lady Welch or butcher de la Harpe, or else the flotsam and jetsam of Empire, such as Lady Courtauld or Engineer Stephenson who had built railroads in Argentina. Further into the mountains at Odzani Plots was a small pocket of amateur farmers, retired officers from the Indian Army. Them too the school chaplain visited. We celebrated the eucharist in the tennis club. Our musical accompaniment was supplied by the piano accordion of a major's wife. The snag was that she could only play two hymns. "*There is a Green Hill*" felt incongruous at Christmas. But I thoroughly enjoyed these characters also.

Guthrie Hall and his brother Keith were pillars of the parish. Guthrie had worked for the colonial office as a district commissioner in Nigeria. Keith had grown cotton in Mississippi. They were in their 80's. Guthrie could hardly see and wore enormous Homburgs to shield his eyes. Keith wore jaunty caps. Once a week they'd drive over the Christmas Pass into the nearest town of Umtali (or Mutare) for their shopping. Guthrie, who was almost blind, did the chauffeuring. Keith, who couldn't drive, was the navigator. "Look out, old chap, feller on a bike. Stop sign coming up." Villagers knew to keep off the roads on Hall

shopping days, but the angels must have cared for the old men: they never plunged over the sides of the mountain pass.

Once in Umtali I bumped into Keith, for it was the school chaplain's duty to shop for his brethren CR. "I say, Mercer, d'you like this gent's natty suiting? I owe it to my tailor in Saville Row. He said, "Mark my words, sir, that chap Hitler is going to give us a lot of trouble. If I were you, I'd lay in a good supply of suits." I did. Never regretted my tailor's advice, never."

The Prior had great difficulty in supplying Christmas priests for all the congregations, black and white, but mostly black, that fell under the Community's care. Quite rightly, the Prior (an American) reckoned that the white villagers of Penhalonga had cars, that they could drive into Umtali for holy communion. The Hall brothers were incensed. "Damned Yank. You can't expect an American to understand about Christmas. Of course, he's right, but all the same, damned Yank. If he comes to our place we'll chuck him in the swimming pool."

The following year the Prior determined not to repeat his error. Somebody was sent to St Michael's. Though the service was early at 8 am, the day was already hot. Bees nested in the tin walls of the church, which tended to drip with honey. Mostly worshippers were able to ignore the creatures, but on this particular Christmas morning the bees were angry. Discretion being the better part of valour, the congregation adjourned to the courthouse to finish the service there. But there was no pleasing the Halls, "Damned Yank. Might have known he'd arrange something like this. Can't expect a Yank to understand about Christmas. Can't have holy communion in a court, not the thing."

During the years of civil war, or of liberation struggle, if you prefer such terminology, the villagers remained insouciant about danger. Terrorists, or freedom fighters, visited the school at St Augustine's several times, which eventually had to be evacuated into Umtali. There were landmines on dirt roads. Farmers were killed. But one village lady had a garden party to show off her camelias. When mortar shells came over from Mocambique, the line was, "Don't panic. We're British. Finish our tea."

But tragically, one night guerillas crossed over from Mocambique, and with their pangas hacked the two old brothers Hall to death as they lay in

their beds. Eventually such guerilla tactics made Mr Mugabe President of liberated Zimbabwe, a man supported by the Anglican Church of Canada and its Archbishop Ted Scott. Well, there's only one thing worse than not getting what you want, and that is getting what you want. The blacks of Zimbabwe now have Robert Mugabe for President.

(This series of articles is concluded.)

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

### Worth thinking about

- ⊗ We have actually gotten to the point where the predominate opinion in bioethics holds that people with a 'lower' quality of life have less moral value than 'normal adults'. Wesley J. Smith
- ⊗ The acceptance of homosexuality is a cause for those who exalt feelings over reason. Pat Allan
- ⊗ The evils of this world, so far as it is given us to discern them, are to be resisted, not merely endured.
- ⊗ Authority without wisdom is like a heavy axe without an edge. Anne Bradstreet
- ⊗ Science is defined as "knowledge of facts." The best science relies upon the Creator of the universe for direction in seeking the revelation of those facts, and for guidance in how to use them. Without such moral absolutes the value of individual human beings is determined only by expediency. Historically, when men define some classes of human beings as more valuable than others, terror eventually reigns. Rebecca Hagelin
- ⊗ Our hair can be purple, orange or green,  
That's no offence; it's a freedom scene.  
The law is specific, the law is precise.  
Prayers spoken aloud are a serious vice.  
For praying in a public hall  
Might offend someone with no faith at all.  
In silence alone we must meditate,  
God's name is prohibited by the state.

By a teen in Bagdad, Arizona - Thanks to Jeff Speck

- ⊗ Closely related to the question of harvesting

and of producing embryos for stem cell research is the question of euthanasia. When is grandmother no longer considered useful? When does the ending of her pain become not her gain but that of those who inherit her wealth or plunder her body for parts to be used in others?

The most important power in health is not governmental power or media power or even medical power; it is the power of God and the moral power which comes from seeking to do His will in caring for the sick, the troubled, and the elderly. We truly need doctors, nurses, technicians, and indeed scientists who see in the face of the suffering the image of Christ.  
Archbishop John Foley

### *The Fourth of Four Sermons on the Eucharist*

#### INTRODUCTION

These sermons are intended to give an overview of the place of the Holy Eucharist in our Christian Living. It must be stressed that they are sermons and not a theological treatise. Readers with a wide and detailed theological background, especially in matters liturgical, will find points to quibble about, but I hope they will be able to accept that the aim, as with all sermons, is to bring the hearers (and in this case, readers) just a little closer to the God who chooses to reveal himself to us in the sacrifice and sacrament of the Eucharist. HD +

#### 4. THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

In the third of these four addresses, I recalled that towards the end of the eucharistic prayer the celebrant invokes the aid of God, the Holy Spirit, to bring His Life-giving grace and strength to those who are to receive the sacrament now being consecrated. What this address is about is just that. In the power of the Spirit, given to us in our Baptism and Confirmation, we are, in every act of receiving Holy Communion, becoming more and more the eucharistic men and women God wants us to be.

So let us look at two miracles staring us in the face at all times and link them together. The first of these two miracles (which we are so used to that we fail, most of the time, to comprehend the enormity of it) is the Incarnation. This is the great divider between us and all other religions. When

we pray to God, we are praying either to the Father, or to the Son, or to the Holy Spirit, or to all Three Persons together. (I've never tried praying to two of the Persons, excluding one of them, and I don't suppose you have either!) Our God is a Trinity of Persons. And one of them was *made man*. This stupendous happening at Nazareth two thousand years ago is a mighty challenge of faith. If you can believe that God can become a human baby, then you can believe anything He puts in front of you.

The second miracle staring us in the face is the fact that when the eucharistic prayer takes place, Jesus Christ our Lord 'makes' the bread and wine his body and blood. We are to take his words at face value. 'This is my body', not 'This represents my body', or 'This means my body'. No, this anamnesis act is the weekly, daily, minute by minute miracle at the heart of the Church's life - the heart-beat of Jesus vitalising his body all over the world. There are those who cannot accept this miracle. The Lord Jesus himself knows this, and knew it when he spoke about it. Listen to his words recorded in St. John's Gospel.

*'I am the Living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever, and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.'*

*Many therefore of his disciples, when they heard this said, 'This is a hard saying, who can hear it?'*

*Jesus knew in himself that his disciples murmured at it and said 'Doth this offend you?' And from that time, many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him.'*

Huge numbers of Christians at the time of the Protestant Reformation did just that - they walked no more with him. They could not accept that the bread and the wine in the Eucharist were changed. In the Church of England there were movements backwards and forwards from the Catholic to the new Protestant theology on the eucharistic species. Archbishop Cranmer's 1549 service kept the ancient faith, but he jettisoned it in 1552. There are those and I am one of them, who hold that the Church of England did not have a valid Eucharist between 1552 and 1662 because the service brought in by Cranmer in his second Prayer Book in 1552 denied the catholic doctrine believed by the whole Church until that time. The 1662 book

(the third Book of Common Prayer, still used in the Church of England) made it possible once again for the celebrant validly to consecrate the sacrament. The Canadian Book of Common Prayer is, of course, a revision of the 1662 book, and upholds the traditional catholic faith on the Eucharist.

But if you want a statement which is beyond all doubt on the Anglican belief in the miracle of this sacrament, then turn to the Catechism in the Prayer Book. Page 551. At the bottom of the page we read that 'the Body and Blood of Christ which are *verily and indeed taken and received* by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.'

It is important for us to realise that once the sacrament is consecrated that it cannot be de-consecrated! (You know, there are those who believe it can - I have known instances when the consecrated hosts have been put back into the box in the sacristy at the end of the service, and the consecrated contents of the chalice poured back into the wine bottle.) But look at the rubric at the bottom of page 86 in the Prayer Book: 'If any of the consecrated Bread and Wine remain, the Priest and other Communicants shall reverently eat and drink the same'. Reverently. This is indeed the body and blood of Jesus, the sacrifice offered by us, by the priest, by the whole church: the supreme sacrifice of us all as we hang on the cross with our God, the Word-made-flesh, as we are raised from the dead with him, as we ascend with him and are glorified in him in our here-and-now as we await his coming again to judge.

This change in the eucharistic elements not only caused many to forsake the Church at the Reformation, just as many left following the Word-made-flesh after his Bread of Life sermon recorded in St. John's Gospel, but it has caused controversy ever since the Reformation. Theological expressions are bandied about - Transubstantiation and the Real Presence are two commonly known. For myself, I try to avoid this kind of controversy - I suggest you do too.

Instead, let us fall down and worship. Those precious moments when we kneel at the step and the Sacred Body and Precious Blood of the Lord are given to us; and when we quietly reflect on this great miracle as we go back to our seats afterwards, can be extended by us consciously whenever we come into a church which has the Blessed Sacrament reserved and we can be still in the presence of the Lord who has done, and does, and who will offer himself in sacrifice for us always.

Being still - in his Presence - this is what we should cultivate, whenever we can. Stillness and silence, is where the Lord God is. The Word-made-flesh spent nights in stillness and silence, in communication in prayer, with the Father, and with the Holy Spirit.

Mary, she who gave birth to the Word-made-flesh, must have been still and silent a great deal of the time, from when Jesus left home until she stood before his cross, watching him die. And in later years, she must have been still and silent as Saint John placed the Body of her son into her hands and gave her the cup to drink from. The inexpressible wonder of Mary's Communion, receiving Him whom she had conceived in her womb years before, points us to our need to see in her the most humble of all communicants. May we join Mary in her prayer, and in the adoration of her son, as we never cease to contemplate the mystery of this eucharistic miracle 'until he come'.

God sweeping down to earth to claim us and take us up to himself. But I rhapsodize! Look at the theology here. At once we have the Incarnation: the Father sends the Son 'to take our nature upon him' and then comes the overwhelming description of our redemption by Christ through his death on the cross, and the means by which we offer his sacrifice 'a perpetual anamnesis of that his precious death' and we are to Do This until the Second Coming, 'until his coming again'.

We come now to the words of consecration - the priest prays in Christ's words over the bread and wine at the Last Supper and recalls the actions which accompanied these words, and ends each time with the command to do this for an anamnesis of me.

Now comes the Christian stamp on this prayer which makes it different from the Jewish prayer. We recall not only his death but his resurrection and ascension, and we look into the future as we seek his coming again in glory. And, having summed up the whole of the New Testament in five minutes, we now offer the Holy Bread of eternal life and the Cup of everlasting salvation, the memorial, the anamnesis, the sacrifice which he has commanded.

Towards the end of the prayer, we declare that none of this would be possible if God the Holy Spirit were not behind it all. The sanctifying Spirit is at work in his Church, bringing all this about.

The eucharistic prayer embraces and declares all

our faith: Creation, Redemption and Sanctification are all there. And it ends where it began - with an exultant cry of praise to the Trinity: 'through Jesus Christ our Lord, by whom and with whom, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all honour and glory be unto thee, O Father Almighty, world without end'.

Only a bishop or a priest can pray this consecratory prayer. No one else. This is what ordination to the priesthood is all about. Other functions of the ministry (preaching, anointing, even baptizing) can be carried out by others; but the consecration of the Eucharist is solely a function of the bishop and his priests.

And yet - all this can be denied - by you! The people in the congregation have an essential part in the eucharistic prayer: AMEN. On page 83, the rubric reads "And all the people shall answer". This is the great AMEN, the endorsement by the people that they wholeheartedly agree with what the priest has just done. I sometimes get worried by the lack of response here - often all I hear is a sort of corporate grunt behind me, and in England where I celebrate facing the people, I look down the church and see a collection of people with their heads in their hands who seem to have gone to sleep and who are certainly not watching the action at the altar. Don't be like them. Cry out 'AMEN'!

So from now on, always follow the great prayer with close attention, seeing, hearing and marvelling at God's great panorama set out for us by the Church in this great prayer, and making us all ready for the great act of Communion which is about to take place. What has happened during the eucharistic prayer? We consider this next time.

The four Sermons were preached in the Parishes of The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada in the Lower Mainland of British Columbia during July and August 2001 by The Reverend Henry Dickinson, Assistant Curate of the Team Parish of Christ the King, Accrington, Lancashire, United Kingdom. Many thanks to George Ferguson for these.

### *From here and there*

☒ Many people hear voices when no one is there. Some of them are called mad and are shut up in rooms where they stare at the walls all day. Others are called writers and they do pretty much the same thing.

### Margaret Chittenden

☒ There is no such thing as bad whiskey. Some whiskeys just happen to be better than others. William Faulkner

☒ Housework, done properly, can kill you.

☒ A wife invited some people to dinner. At the table, she turned to their six-year old daughter and said, "Would you like to say the blessing?" "I wouldn't know what to say", the girl replied. "Just say what you hear Mommy say", the wife answered. The daughter bowed her head and said, "Lord, why on earth did I invite all these people to dinner?" Thanks to Nancy Freeman

☒ Men of genius are often dull and inert in society, as a blazing meteor when it descends to earth, is only a stone. Henry Longfellow

☒ Peanuts are one of the ingredients of dynamite.

☒ Food for thought:

Fact or fiction - Iron in meat is better absorbed than iron in vegetables.

Fact. Your body absorbs the iron in meat better. Though vegetables such as spinach contain more iron than meat does, you usually end up getting much less iron than you expect. From HealthTalk by Clarica.

☒ Help keep the kitchen clean - eat out.

☒ A bird in the hand is a certainty, but a bird in the bush may sing. Bret Harte

☒ As an adolescent I aspired to lasting fame, I craved factual certainty, and I thirsted for a meaningful vision of human life - so I became a scientist. This is like becoming a bishop so you can meet girls. Matt Cartmill

☒ People who are willing to give up freedom for the sake of short term security, deserve neither freedom nor security. Benjamin Franklin

☒ The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. William Shakespeare

☒ A real patriot is the fellow who gets a parking ticket and rejoices that the system

works. Bill Vaughan

- ⊗ A priest I know had entered the funeral service in his computer, so that the secretary could "search and replace" the name of the deceased. John was easily changed to George, George to Mary, Mary to Agnes. At the last funeral, however, the attendees were startled to read in the Nicene Creed that Jesus was born of the Blessed Virgin Agnes.

### What Hallmark Doesn't Print . . .

1. My tire was thumping. I thought it was flat. When I looked at the tire . . . I noticed your cat. Sorry!
2. Looking back over the years that we've been together, I can't help but wonder . . . What the hell was I thinking??!
3. Congratulations on your wedding day! Too bad no one likes your wife.
4. How could two people as beautiful as you . . . Have such an ugly baby???
5. I've always wanted to have someone to hold, someone to love. After having met you . . . I've changed my mind.
6. I must admit, you brought religion into my life. I never believed in Hell till I met you.
7. As the days go by, I think of how lucky I am . . . that you're not here to ruin it for me.
8. Congratulations on your promotion. Before you go would you like to take this knife out of my back? You'll probably need it again.
9. Someday I hope to get married . . . but not to you.
10. Happy Birthday! You look great for your age. Almost lifelike!
11. I knew the day would come when you would leave me for my best friend. So here's his leash, water bowl and chew toys.
12. We have been friends for a very long time . . . what say we call it quits?
13. I'm so miserable without you . . . it's almost like you're here.

14. You are such a good friend that if we were on a sinking ship and there was only one life jacket . . . I'd miss you terribly and think of you often.

15. Happy Birthday, Uncle Dad! (available only in Alabama)

Thanks to Jeff Speek (slightly edited!)

### ". . . who is my neighbour?" Luke 10,29

It is late November. The Punitive Expedition against Afghanistan appears to be moving to a resolution much more quickly and effectively than one might have expected. Yet, given the history of that residual land, made up of peoples and land left over from other countries, all may have unraveled again by the time you read this. And so, in posing this question, I am not looking to the future, or to relief efforts, or to assistance in setting up an effective and peaceable government, or even to the restraining of a lawless, even if not licentious, soldiery.

Rather, I wish to go back a month or more to the time when the American and British air strikes were just beginning, after several weeks of making ready amidst much rhetoric about a war against terrorism and the determination to capture Osama bin Laden, to destroy his organization, and the regime that harboured and employed both and refused to hand him over to the United States.

At that time I was taken aback by a report that reached me about a certain bible study then recently held. It appears that the cleric leading the study had posed the question: Is Osama bin Laden Mr. Bush's neighbour? To his own question he had answered that indeed he was, and that, therefore, it was unChristian for Mr. Bush to take military action against this man, a man we may note with a history of deadly terrorist outrages against the United States and its people. When I was told of this over morning tea I remember being rendered speechless; dumbstruck, that is, by the muddled thinking and modern fallacies expressed and implied in both the question asked, and the answers given. I am reluctant these days to try to correct prevalent confusions. I don't have the late Eugene Forsey's stamina. But these ones cry out for a blunt response.

The first thing to note is that casting things in terms of Mr. Bush's relation with Osama bin Laden is nonsense. It is, however, characteristic of our overly personalized, self-centred and grossly

sentimental age. The decisions to take certain actions against bin Laden's organization, military and otherwise, and against the Afghan authorities who sheltered and employed that organization, and the actions taken in consequence of those decisions, were not and are not decisions of George Walker Bush as a person. They were and are decisions and actions of the Government of the United States taken in accordance with the procedures laid down by the Constitution and laws of that country. They were not actions and decisions on the level of how Mr. Bush treats his personal private secretary, or his ranch hands in Texas.

Our media, of course, constantly lead us into this personalization fallacy by talking of the United States Government as if it were Mr. Bush's personal property and affair, and entirely a matter of his will, just as in Canada, they will keep referring to the Government of Canada as "the Chretien Government", or the Government of Ontario as "the Harris Government", even, presumably for added effect, as "the Mike Harris Government". It is not to be wondered that these personages are sometimes tempted to act as if the labeling were in fact true. In the case of the United States, it is true, of course, that given their sedan chair Constitution of the vintage of William III and Mary II, the American people do hand extra-ordinary authority, and hence power, for regular but short periods, to one person, the President. Nevertheless, there is a profound distinction between George Walker Bush in his personal capacity, and the President of the United States acting under the Constitution for and on behalf of the sovereign people of that country.

Given the tight security that surrounds an American President now-a-days Mr. Bush probably has less room and opportunity than most of us for the exercise of his personal capacity, but it still exists. Certainly, his immediate predecessor found time and means to do so! Limited though his opportunities may be, Mr. Bush will in his dealings with staff, family, and in other spheres, act at the level of personal relations. And if he abuses his authority and acts illegally he is by definition acting personally. Nonetheless, one thing is surely clear, Mr. Bush has not been, and is most unlikely to be, at the level of personal relations with Osama bin Laden. He has been and will surely remain at the level of dealing with him, the problem he poses to the security of the United States, and with the now apparently collapsed Afghan regime, in his official capacity or personality on behalf of the sovereign American people. This is not the case of Mr. Bush taking a stroll outside his ranch gates, and shooting

down Osama bin Laden in the dust, or kicking his wounded body, or failing to provide assistance for a wounded or starving bin Laden in the Texan ditch.

Equally, it is nonsense to suppose that bin Laden, any more than the Mullah administering the late Taliban Government of Afghanistan, is neighbour to the people of the United States, or to their collective expression in the Government of that country, against which people and Government bin Laden has launched vicious, armed attacks abroad and within the United States itself. If he is not neighbour to those people and their Government in his warlike capacity, bin Laden cannot be neighbour to George Walker Bush in his capacity as Head of that State, and Head of its Government, acting and speaking for the collectivity of the sovereign people of the United States.

One might well argue about the efficacy, wisdom, and practicality of the policies being pursued by the United States' Government, as one can argue until one is blue in the face about what makes bin Ladens campaign against the United States resonate so strongly and successfully in the Moslem world. And one can rehearse all the past follies and disasters of United States' foreign policy in Palestine, the Middle East and elsewhere. And one can insist on leaving room for convinced pacifists in the body politic. And one can argue about proportionality of response and over-reaction. But one cannot fit the relation between George Walker Bush as President of the United States and Osama bin Laden either into the Shema or the Parable of the Good Samaritan.

What, after all, is the very essence of that Parable? It is that a man who needs help is my neighbour. The essence is human need met by kindly and self-sacrificing service. By extension, it is human need met also by collective kindly action or service, assisted and financed by sacrificial giving of individuals, even if that is financed by taxation and organized by governments. The Parable does not, however, bear upon a government's response to someone who, far from needing help or being in need, is launching atrocities against its people. We are not, it needs stating, being faced with a case of the President of the United States personally ordering a captured bin Laden to be left to die of untreated wounds, or to be whipped at the cart's tail from Kabul to Jallalabad.



However George Walker Bush may react to Osama bin Laden at any personal level that may ever exist between them, bin Laden is not neighbour to the man executing the office of President of the United States. Rather, that man, whoever he is, has the power of the sword for the purpose of correcting and punishing evil (Romans 13:1-7) and protecting the people committed to his charge (cf. BCP Prayer 21, page 48). Of course this authority can be abused, which is why Christians over the centuries were instrumental in developing the theory of and requirements for a just war, and international conventions to ameliorate the severity and terms of warfare. Doubtless, more needs to be done in this latter sphere, despite the deathly silence from the leading non-Roman churches of the West. That process will not be helped by confusing the capacities of the occupant of the office of President of the United States, or by casting him into a false or non-existent personal relation with foreign terrorist or governmental leaders. Nor will it be assisted by the almost manic personalization of the United States Government, or of our own, or of foreign governments which harbour violent enemies and after due warning refuse to render them harmless, or to expel them, or to hand them over for trial.

Is Osama bin Laden neighbour to George Walker Bush? Not in any circumstance now known. Let us end this personalized confusion.

And while we're at it, let us take a long hard look at what I suspect was really implicit in the bible study leader's question and answers: the definition of "peace". There is a very common thought, stemming from the Enlightenment, that "peace" is an absence of war achieved by the rational efforts of mankind. From this definition it follows that if nobody fights back when attacked, then there will be no war, and we shall have established "peace" on earth. Something of a perversion of the Christmas message, perhaps? Christians surely, have a quite different definition of peace, and know that a failure of nations to fight when the weak and helpless are harmed is actually war against God, who is Justice, Mercy, and Love.

I suggest a slightly harder question for the next topical bible study. Were the German Jews on board the liner refused entry into Canada and the United States in 1939, and who had to return to almost certain death in Germany, neighbour to William Lyon Mackenzie King, and to Franklin Delano Roosevelt? Abuse of power, or its exercise for collateral purposes, does, after all, put a man outside his official capacity and into his personal

one.

By The Reverend Graham Eglington, York and Credit Mission - St. Mark, Toronto

### *When common sense exits the premises*

The other day, a colleague got off the phone, shook his head and talked about a minor tugging match with a public servant over a word.

My reporter friend wanted to use "rust" to explain the yellowish tinge in the water of a local neighbourhood. The official wanted something vague, such as oxidized iron.

News writers run into this problem every day, the hiding of plain truth behind words and phrases that are the language equivalent of automobile air fresheners - fragrantly obvious diversions.

Some of them are just downright nauseating. A recent report out of Kitchener City Hall contained this wonderful term, "complementary health modalities centre."

Somehow, this is supposed to refer to a business offering non-erotic massage. Not massage therapy, but massage along the lines of holistic health. Tongue-twisted city councillors have suggested staff come up with a simpler name. Police are masters of oral and written contortion. Suspects never leave a building; they "exit the premises."

Waterloo Regional Police bristle at being referred to as a force because it perpetuates the guns-and-handcuffs perception that people have of policing. Never mind the fact they actually carry guns and handcuffs and enforce the law.

They prefer to put the public at ease by calling themselves "service," just as they prefer "thorough search" to the more honest descriptive, strip search.

One would think school boards would be out there defending the English language from the plague of euphemisms. Instead, school officials contribute to it.

On-the-job staff training is known as "in-servicing." The graduate bottleneck anticipated in 2003 [in Ontario], when the first university-bound Grade 12 class meets the last university-bound Grade 13 class is known as the "double cohort."

Students joining high-school chess clubs and volleyball teams once took part in extra-curricular activities. Now, the term is "co-curricular," indicating these events are considered part of the school day. Why not just call it "sports and clubs?"

Why can't the public and [Roman] Catholic [school] boards refer to each other as the public or Catholic board? In official parlance, one is the "co-terminus" board to the other.

Urban planning reeks with this sort of silliness.

To sweeten a bid for an official plan change, a planning consultant never once referred to industrial lands in a recent pitch to Waterloo regional councillors. He called them "employment lands."

In planning jargon, old, contaminated industrial sites are called "brownfields." Paving over farmland is "greenfield" development. Neighbourhoods become "community nodes."

Nobody talks about garbage and sewage disposal. It's all sanitized as "waste management." Garbage goes to landfill sites, sewage to waste-water treatment plants.

And what makes those greenfields so green? Not sludge, the blunt term for the dark sediments that collect at the bottom of sewage treatment tanks, but "biosolids."

Soft words and car fresheners share the same problem. They're worse than whatever it is they're trying to hide.

By Christian Aagaard in a recent issue of *The Kitchener-Waterloo Record* daily newspaper

## CHRISTMAS 2000

Late Christmas Eve  
wind howling, snow swirling,  
tempestuous fury raging outside.

Reluctant Sports Utility Vehicle  
creeps along blindly in the blizzard  
evading deepening drifts;  
driver, brow furrowed with anxiety,  
peers hopelessly through splattered  
windshield,  
listening intently, alertly.

Engine stalls, lane blocked by suffocating drift.

From rear comes faint, first cry -  
pitiful, mewling, protesting.

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Ahead, rotating blue flashes  
like scintillation of Guiding Star;  
snow plow lumbers ponderously  
through Nature's merciless blanket  
carving path for ambulance.

Man wraps new-born son  
in his own fleece-lined, leather jacket.

Three strong men bear mother and babe  
to warm, waiting ambulance,  
while momentarily, the storm lessens  
and the clouds roll back  
to disclose a watery moon shining  
like a Guardian Angel.

The Miracle of Birth -  
Two thousand years later.

By Helen E. Glover

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