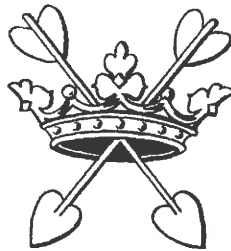


The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

UPDATE

February 14, 2001 - St. Valentine

March Schedule

March 4	Sunday	-	Lent I
March 11	Sunday	-	Lent II
March 18	Sunday	-	Lent III
March 21	Wednesday	-	St. Joseph of Nazareth (Transferred)
March 25	Sunday	-	Lent IV - Mothering Sunday
March 28	Wednesday	-	The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Transferred)

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 (Red Letter Days in the Prayer Book Calendar) - the Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 7:00 p.m., 10:30 a.m. on Saturdays - when the Chapel is available!

Notes

Some may recall that we worshipped in the Chapel at K-W Hospital for 3 years. In mid-January we received a call from the 'Pastoral Services Director' at the hospital offering us the Altar from the Chapel. The Chapel was situated in that part of the hospital which has now been demolished to make room for a cancer treatment centre. The altar is now in our care awaiting a permanent location! The Pastor has indicated that we will most likely be offered the dozen chapel chairs (with folding kneelers) when they are replaced by upholstered chairs for use in the new multi-faith meeting room! "The chapel chairs are too liturgical."

And the organ is ours for the taking - we'll take it!

Saint Valentine of Rome

Valentine died in Rome, c. 269.

The *acta* of Saint Valentine seems to derive from those of the Persians, Saints Marius and Martha, who with their sons Saints Audifax and Abachum were martyred in Rome and buried on the Via Cornelia. Saint Valentine was a priest in Rome and a physician who was put in chains for assisting the martyrs. He was arrested by Calpurnius, the prefect of the city, and placed in the custody of Asterius, his chief officer.

But Valentine preached to the guard in charge of him, and, like Saint Paul, converted his jailer. God did this through Valentine by restoring the sight of Asterius' adopted daughter. The jailer and his entire household, like that of Saint Cornelius, were baptized. Unfortunately, this led to Valentine's further punishment, for it roused the anger of Emperor Claudius the Goth, who condemned him to be beaten with clubs, then beheaded. Asterius and his entire family are also said to have been martyred.

A little after Valentine's execution, a pious matron named Sabinilla claimed his body and buried it on her property on the Via Flaminia, where a basilica was erected in 350. The basilica was destroyed in the 7th century by Honorius I. His relics were translated to the Church of Saint Praxedes. He is probably the same person as Valentine of Terni, which is about sixty miles from Rome.

In art Valentine is portrayed as a priest bearing a

sword; or holding a sun; or giving sight to a blind girl.

From the For All the Saints website

The Bishop's Bit

E COLI

The tragedy in Walkerton set me thinking about the dangers of water in Biblical and classical times. How polluted was the water in, say, Jerusalem or in ancient Rome? The waters of the Tiber in Italy or of the Euphrates in Babylon must have been lethal with dead animals, human sewage and laundry. Was this filth perhaps the reason for putting one or four or even more drops of wine into drinking water? "Take a little water for thy stomach's sake and for thine oft time infirmities", writes St Paul to his protege St Timothy (I *Timothy* 5,23). The effectiveness of diluted alcohol against such powerful bacteria as e coli is severely limited, but in the ancient world medical practice could do little about anything much.

Conversely, Biblical countries were hot in summer, when one favours drinks that are long and wet. Wine is notorious for giving one a thirst. Now of course it goes without saying that one never never puts water, or any other kind of mixer, into a full bodied dry red of good vintage. Why, the mere thought makes the editor of this august newsletter shudder! G K Chesterton has a poem called *Wine & Water*. Each verse ends with the line, "I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine". Gary surely says a devout *Amen* to that. But even Gary and Chesterton admit that sour rotgut is not desecrated by mixers, that hot afternoons call for mild refreshment like tonic water in the gin, and that children need their wine diluted. At any rate, in the ancient world it was as common to water *vin ordinaire* as it was to wine up drinking water. The mixed cup was standard practice, as it is in Mediterranean countries to this day. After all, we ask, "How do you like your tea? A drop more water?"

The author of the *Second Book of Maccabees* in the *Apocrypha* concludes his work with these words, "For, just as it is disagreeable to drink wine alone, or water alone, whereas the mixing of the two gives a pleasant and delightful taste, so a variety of styles in literary work charms the reader" (II *Maccabees* 15,39). Was Chesterton embarrassed by this verse?

I suspect it was this ancient convention that accounts for the mixed cup at holy communion. At the offertory the priest pours a few drops of water into a chalice of wine (red or white, usually sweetened and fortified with extra alcohol to prevent it going bad). But of course the mixed cup does indeed remind us of baptism and the eucharist. In the Old Testament both water and blood are symbols of cleansing and of life. We bleed to death. We die of thirst. Blood and water were sprinkled in sacred rites for the forgiveness of sin.

"One of the soldiers pierced Jesus' side and straightway there came out blood and water" (*John* 19,34). "This is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus. There are three that bear witness, the Spirit, the water, and the blood" (*I John* 5,6 - 8). At Cana Jesus turned lots of water into wine (*John* 2). How much water did He convert? Each vessel contained twenty to thirty gallons. Good wine too. "Thou hast kept the good stuff until now". But we mustn't miss the Old Testament symbolism. Water = washing. Water = life. Blood = cleansing. Blood = life. New life in Christ, forgiveness of sin, via the two great sacraments which our Lord orders for us.

At the eucharist it is common for the priest to pray silently as he mixes the chalice, "Grant that by this mingling of water and wine we may become partakers of the divine nature of Him Who for our salvation became partaker of our human nature".

Proverbs can be realistic about the ill effects of alcohol, "Who hath red eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. Look not on the wine when it is red" (23,29 - 31). Is this an ad for white, or advice to people who suffer migraine?

Proverbs also pictures God as welcoming the wise to His banquet, "Wisdom hath furnished her table. She hath mingled her wine" (9,2). Does this mean that God has watered down his vintage stuff, or does it mean that he has blended Shiraz grapes with Merlot, Cabernet grapes with Pinot?

But to revert to the horrors of Walkerton: the deadliness of that water helps us appreciate our Lord's description of Himself at the well, "The water that I shall give will be an inner spring always welling up to eternal life" (*John* 4,14). Clean, sparkling, running Adam's ale!

+Robert Mercer, CR

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

New words for 2001

Blamestorming - Sitting around in a group discussing why a deadline was missed or a project failed, and who was responsible.

Irritainment - Entertainment and media spectacles that are annoying but you find yourself unable to stop watching them. The O.J. trials were a prime example.

Chainsaw Consultant - An outside expert brought in to reduce the employee head count, leaving the brass with clean hands.

Adminisphere - The rarefied organizational layers beginning just above the rank and file. The decisions that fall from the adminisphere are often profoundly inappropriate or irrelevant to the problems they were designed to solve.

404 - Someone who's clueless. From the World Wide Web error message "404-URL Not Found", meaning that the requested web page could not be located. Used as in: "Don't bother asking him . . . he's 404, man."

Ohno-Second - That minuscule fraction of time in which you realize that you've just made a BIG mistake.

Cube Farm - An office filled with cubicles.

Prairie Dogging - When someone yells or drops something loudly in a cube farm, and people's heads pop up over the walls to see what's going on.

Yuppie Food Stamps - The ubiquitous \$20 bills spewed out at ATMs everywhere. Often used when trying to split the bill after a meal: "We owe \$8 each, but all anybody's got are yuppie food stamps."

Thanks to Jennifer Reid

"Make up your Mind!"

Three cheers for The Rev. Brian Nelson who in his column urged Christians to proclaim their faith instead of keeping quiet about it in case they might give offense or provoke an argument. We have

seen what happens to any prominent politician who is not ashamed to be up-front about his beliefs and puts his future on the line in so doing. There's an old saying that if you pussyfoot around the edges, you're bound to fall in. Not so with our ancestors in the Faith.

Six years ago I was one of three of our (TAC) bishops invited to Rome for talks. After the meetings I did some sightseeing. The first was the Coliseum. I got there very early in the morning, before the tourists arrived. An eerie silence was almost overpowering as I thought of our ancestors in the Faith who wouldn't keep quiet about it and who willingly paid the price for proclaiming that Jesus is Lord, i.e. King of all - which meant that Caesar wasn't! The price they paid for such proclamation was to become a lion's dinner to the cheers and jeers of 50,000 of Rome's upstanding citizens.

The second sightseeing came after a long bus ride to the Via Apia and the Catacombs. This one was discovered only 100 or so years ago and the artifacts were still there. Down we went, under the tutelage of a delightful Chinese priest who loved every minute of his work. This is where Christians gathered at 5 am every Sunday, sneaking in through hidden tunnels, down to the burial grounds of their friends and relatives, where they said Mass and worshipped their King. This particular site had 3 levels, carved out of the soft volcanic rock - tunnels 6 feet wide, with rooms about 25' square every 100' or so. These contained the stone coffins of their revered leaders. Paintings and inscriptions were on the walls - most of them depicting Christ as the Good Shepherd leading his flock to heaven.

It was an overpowering experience which still affects me as I write. The persecutions lasted 260 years, until the Emperor Constantine 'surrendered' to the real King.

What was it that made the Roman Empire undertake this persecution? It was in most ways a cultured society with freedom of religion. You could practice any religion you liked (and there were many) - just as long as you worshipped the Emperor as well, as the supreme spiritual guardian of society. That, of course, excluded the Christians - because Christ is King. What they said was something like this...

"Look - we will obey your laws because we live in your society for a short while - but we don't belong

to it, or to you. We give you the honour which is due to you as an earthly ruler, but we refuse to worship you or take part in those ceremonies in which you claim to be gods. We belong to a heavenly Kingdom, an eternal Kingdom which transcends all time and space, and it has different rules and a different King. So, we will pay our taxes and behave ourselves - but that's all you can expect from us."

And of course it drove the Roman Imperial government crazy. What if this idea spread? They reasoned, "how can we maintain total control with this sort of opposition? With people who say they will obey God's laws, but not ours if they conflict?" And so the persecutions began. They were essentially a conflict between God's claims and those of Society for the soul of the world. That conflict has never ended - it has waxed and waned and taken different forms. That same conflict exists within the heart of every single individual - to which King will I submit my life? We have slumbered for too long and the persecution is building up again - softly but surely.

An article by The Right Reverend Robert C. Crawley, SSC - Assistant Bishop - ACCC

["My latest column for my occasional column for our Weekly Newspaper - *The Ladysmith and Chemainus Chronicle*. I have been pushing the envelope on these lately, so we'll see how the editor reacts to this one. Early on I told him I can't write Pablum and he has only one choice - publish or dump it. Basically what they like is pious platitudes uttered in stained glass attitudes - which is mostly what they get from the 'nicer Reverends' around here, except from the Congregationalist Minister who opened this trap door last week."]

Poetry by Helen

FROST ART

Who made these perfect etchings
Upon my window pane - - -
Fantastic ferns and feathers,
Marine growth, bearded grain,
The rampant growth of jungles,
Boats floating down the Nile?
No painter YET has captured
Dame Nature's Art Frost Style.

WINTER

Gliding downward
to hiss of skis

and wind rushing by
is exhilarating.
Or bumping downward
over rutted track
in makeshift toboggan
is time for laughter.
Or phut-phutting along
on noisy snowmobile,
crisp air stiffening face
is invigorating.
But, slithering, skidding,
scraping frosted windows,
cursing frozen locks,
that's exasperating.

By Helen Glover

Our Bishops - IV

ROBERT W. S. MERCER, CR

When Gary sent me an email a few months ago, requesting that I prepare a short biographical overview of our Diocesan Bishop, my first reactions were: "Oh no, something else that I can't possibly fit into my schedule"; and then, "He is so well known throughout our Diocese as a humble and unfailingly courteous man, what more could anyone want to know otherwise?" And yet, to date, our still fledgling Diocese has indeed been blessed with episcopal leaders, including Robert Mercer, from whom we might well derive inspiration, so, initial reactions aside, I agreed to respond to Gary's request as soon as I was able.

As summer now draws to a close (today is August 31), I find that I have some time, as I wait for the local plumbers to come to repair the burst hose from my well pump to the pressure tank. That which follows will be horribly incomplete; my hope is that some details will be fresh for many readers.

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 1978. 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 unflinching 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 Very Reverend Carl Reid, Dean of the Cathedral of the Annunciation, Ottawa, Ontario

Worth thinking about

- ⊠ We share a great goal: to work toward a day when every child is welcomed in life and protected in law. We know this will not come easily or all at once. But the goal leads us onward: to build a culture of life, affirming that every person, at every stage and season of life, is created equally in God's image. George W. Bush, January 22, 2001
- ⊠ Liberals are always frightened by diversity of opinion. They think a fair way to decide passionately contested issues is for the federal government to issue uncompromising edicts giving liberals everything they want, and then to suppress all criticism of the edicts. The fascistic order, completely supplanting all democratic processes, is then known as a victory for "choice". As the Grand Inquisitor said in "The Brothers Karamazov": "They have vanquished freedom and have done so to make me happy." Ann Coulter
- ⊠ We thought we were Christians when we sat in church and said Amen. But No, No! We are Christians only when we go out into the world and say No to the devil, renounce all his works and all his ways, and say Yes to the Holy Spirit.
- ⊠ What one misses so often today in the Church's worship are precisely what Cardinal Newman referred to as "feelings which may be especially called Catholic", viz. "Awe, mystery, tenderness, reverence, devotedness." From the Forward of All Hallows Hall
- ⊠ If you are a Christian, you are free to think that all religions, even the queerest ones, contain at least some hint of the truth . . . But, of course, being a Christian does mean that where Christianity differs from other religions, Christianity is right and

they are wrong. As in arithmetic - there is only one right answer to a sum, and other answers are wrong: but some of the wrong answers are much nearer to being right than others. C.S. Lewis

- ⊗ Whatever one's view of the limits of free speech, or whether there should be any limits at all, it is understandable that Germany is acutely sensitive about referring to the Holocaust. Stringent laws forbid the denial, belittling, or relativizing of that horror by comparing it to lesser evils. There was therefore intense interest in the case of pro-life activists who demonstrated outside a German abortuary with a sign declaring "Holocaust then Babycast now". A federal court ruled in favor of the protesters, saying that the slogan "expressed the opinions of the protesters that today's practice of abortion is a mass extermination of life". The judges said such demonstrations are "a contribution to forming opinion in a matter that is fundamental and moving to the public in which we have to deal with the protection of living rights of the unborn". From The Public Square on First Things

"At the Cathedral . . ."

The waning months of 2000 were far from inactive at the cathedral parish in Ottawa.

On November 4th, the Church of the Annunciation hosted a day-long symposium for clerical postulants under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Stauffenberg, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop Ordinary.

In attendance were Messrs. James Gibbons, Peter Jardine, James Spencer and David Targett; also participating actively as clergy-observers were the Very Rev. Carl L. Reid, Dean, and the Rev. David Walsh, SSC, Honorary Assistant.

The topic for the session reflected a hypothetical situation: PROVIDENCE DECREED THAT ONE - AND ONLY ONE - OF THE NON-EVANGELARY WORKS CONSTITUTING THE NEW TESTAMENT CANON AS WE KNOW IT SURVIVED TO FORM THE SOLE THEOLOGICAL TESTIMONY FOR THE "NEW" RELIGION TO BE EXPOUNDED.

Members of the Ordinand Formation Programme (OFF) were challenged to select the document they

deemed most appropriate and to defend their choice.

Among the proposals advanced by the ordinands were Acts (Mr. Jardine), Romans (Mr. Gibbons), Hebrews (Mr. Spencer) and Ephesians (Mr. Targett); Fr. Henry provided a supplement to the presentation on Acts.

Early in Advent, the ROSARY was the focus for a day of reflection by clergy and parishioners.

Following Matins and Mass, Fr. Carl delivered a talk on the Eastern Orthodox "Jesus Prayer" and its relation to rosary-like spiritual exercises. Later in the day, Fr. Henry traced the historical development of the devotion and explained similar practices in other religious traditions. In the final presentation, Fr. Kipling Cooper (rector of the newly-established Parish of the Holy Nativity in Barrhaven) discussed various methods of reciting the rosary.

The "quiet day" concluded with Evensong, after which parishioners were invited to have their rosaries blessed by the Dean.

Participants left with the assurance that reciting the rosary is in no way incompatible with traditional Anglican spirituality.

By The Reverend Dr. Henry J. Stauffenberg

Words more familiar in the negative (OR POSITIVE FORMS PUT TO GOOD USE)

HOW I MET MY WIFE

It had been a rough day, so when I walked into the party I was very chalang, despite my efforts to appear grunted and consolate.

I was furling my wieldy umbrella for the coat check when I saw her standing alone in a corner. She was a descript person, a woman in a state of total array. Her hair was kempt, her clothing shevelled, and she moved in a gainly way.

I wanted desperately to meet her, but I knew I'd have to make bones about it since I was travelling cognito. Beknownst to me, the hostess, whom I could see both hide and hair of, was very proper, so it would be skin off my nose if anything bad

happened. And even though I had only swerving loyalty to her, my manners couldn't be peccable. Only toward and heard-of behavior would do.

Fortunately, the embarrassment that my maculate appearance might cause was evitable. There were two ways about it, but the chances that someone as flappable as I would be apt enough to become persona grata or a sung hero were slim. I was, after all, something to sneeze at, someone you could easily hold a candle to, someone who usually aroused bridled passion.

So I decided not to risk it. But then, all at once, for some apparent reason, she looked in my direction and smiled in a way that I could make heads and tails of.

I was plussed. It wasconcerting to see that she was comunicado, and it nerved me that she was interested in a pareil like me, sight seen. Normally, I had a domitable spirit, but, being corrigible, I felt capacitated - as if this were something I was great shakes at - and forgot that I had succeeded in situations like this only a told number of times. So, after a terminable delay, I acted with mitigated gall and made my way through the ruly crowd with strong givings.

Nevertheless, since this was all new hat to me and I had no time to prepare a promptu speech, I was petuous. Wanting to make only called-for remarks, I started talking about the hors d'oeuvres, trying to abuse her of the notion that I was sipid, and perhaps even bunk a few myths about myself.

She responded well, and I was mayed that she considered me a savory character who was up to some good. She told me who she was. "What a perfect nomer", I said, advertently. The conversation become more and more choate, and we spoke at length to much avail. But I was defatigable, so I had to leave at a godly hour. I asked if she wanted to come with me. To my delight, she was committal. We left the party together and have been together ever since. I have given her my love, and she has requited it.

By Jack Winter in the July 25, 1994 issue of *The New Yorker*

A thought for parents

For parents and grandparents who love their children this world is filled with many concerns.

All around them they see the destruction of everything that serves as a daily reminder of their ideals. Older adults remember what made America great was its foundation was laid in Christianity. And it is unsettling to see the second generation now growing up that knows not the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The question arises, what are we to do if we are not to lose our children to the world that is reverting to paganism?

The answer lies in remembering the fundamentals or first works. We recall the passages in *Deuteronomy* 6: 6-9 and 11:13-21. A key ingredient to keeping our children is found within these passages. We are made certain promises for hearkening diligently to the Lord's commandments. The fulfilment of this is based on a heart and soul love for the Lord (11:13). It is the precepts of God and the salvation found in our Lord Jesus Christ that are to be the topics of our conversation when we sit in our house, rise up, lie down, and walk along the way (11:19). God told Moses to tell the children of Israel to write His commands upon their gates and the door posts of their houses (6:9; 11:20). But more importantly He told him that they should lay up the words in their heart and soul (11:18). Over the years, Jews developed a little Mezuzah, a scroll with these passages of Scripture. Fixed into a holder and mounted on the door post it cannot satisfy the instructions of God. Many Christians have taken to decorating the interiors of their homes as a reminder of the things of God. This too is very nice but falls short of the intent found in the Scripture.

What then should we do if we are to keep our own from becoming part of this great falling away? First of all, we must seek to have the Word of God and His love dwell in us richly. Our thoughts must dwell on and in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ continually. Then the natural overflow and zest of our conversation will be focussed on the things of God. Finally, we must have a commitment of time to our children, realizing its value to them and God.

By Tom Brokaw

From here and there

- More oxymorons:
 - "methodical rampage"
 - "permanent guest host" (à la Carson/Leno)

"a person of bovine stature and intellect"
→ antanaclasis - some examples of:

From Russia - Pravda (The Truth) and Izvestia (The News) - There's no news in The Truth and no truth in The News.

The secret of the care of the patient is in caring for the patient.

Singapore is a fine city, she is also a city of fine. (For littering, graffiting, importing chewing gums, etc.)

→ A mother was preparing pancakes for her sons, Kevin, 5 and Ryan, 3. The boys began to argue over who would get the first pancake. Their mother saw an opportunity for a moral lesson. If Jesus were sitting here, He would say, "Let my brother have the first pancake. I Can wait." Kevin turned to his younger brother and said, "Ryan, you be Jesus." Thanks to Nancy Freeman

→ Omit needless words. Vigorous writing is concise. A sentence should contain no unnecessary words, a paragraph no unnecessary sentences, for the same reason that a drawing should have no unnecessary lines and a machine no unnecessary parts. William Strunk, Jr.

Holy Water

The use of Holy Water is one of the many customs that have come down to us from the primitive Church. Just when its use first arose is not known. It seems, however, to have become well established before the great Nicaean Church Council of the year 325, for at about that time we find in the Church code known as the "Constitutions of the Holy Apostles", a formal prayer authorized for the blessing of either water or oil. Our knowledge of the methods of the early Church in setting forth forms of prayer, makes it practically certain that the use of Holy Water was common long before the Church approved a form for blessing it. It is interesting thus to see that the same age that gave us the original form of our Nicene creed gave us also the authorized use of Holy Water.

Holy Water is a simple mixture of water with a little salt, the former being the symbol of cleansing,

and the latter, from its preservative properties, symbolizing perseverance in holiness.

In the service for blessing water the early Church prayed that the water be endued with "a power to restore health, to drive away diseases, to banish demons, and to disperse all snares, through Christ our hope".

The form of blessings used in our time is in its essence, the same as that which was set forth by the Church sixteen hundred years ago. It consists of five prayers, two for blessing the salt, two for the water, and a fifth for blessing the mixture. The final prayer is as follows, and is one of the most beautiful in all the Church's ritual:

"O God, Who art the Author of unconquered might, the King of the empire that cannot be overthrown, the ever-glorious Conqueror: Who dost keep under the strength of the dominion that is against Thee; Who rulest the raging of the fierce enemy; Who dost mightily fight against the wickedness of Thy foes: with fear and trembling we entreat Thee, O Lord, and we beseech Thee graciously to behold this creature of salt and water. Mercifully shine upon it, hallow it with the dew of Thy loving kindness: that wheresoever it shall be sprinkled with invocation of Thy Holy Name, all haunting of the unclean spirit may be driven away; far thence let the fear of the venomous serpent be cast; and wheresoever it shall be, there let the Presence of the Holy Ghost be vouchsafed to all of us who shall ask for Thy mercy."

This prayer constitutes the blessing of the Water, and the whole act and all that results from it, is pre-eminently evangelical from every point of view. The blessing simply asks of God that the power of Satan may be cast out from wheresoever this water may be kept or sprinkled, and that the reign of the Holy Ghost may be there set up.

The prayer is potential; its power becomes actual the moment the Water is "sprinkled with the invocation of Thy Holy Name". Hence it is used with some set form of invocation of God; this form is sometimes a prayer of some length, as, for example, the one used for blessing the growing crops on the Rogation Days; but more commonly, it is the simple form: "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost".

At the dedication of the first temple King Solomon's

prayer of consecration consisted almost entirely of petitions the efficacy of which depended on this, that the people of Israel should look toward that material structure of wood and stone, or at least towards its site, when they prayed (I *Kings* 8). It was for the purpose of applying these prayers to his own case that Daniel when in captivity prayed "his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem" (*Dan.* 6:10).

The Church has adopted the same principle in her Prayer Book service for the Consecration of Churches. Special blessings are asked upon all persons who might be baptized, confirmed, communicated, married or make their Confessions, in the particular building.

The benefits to be derived from the use of Holy Water are analogous to these. It is a simple outward devotion in which God uses material means to convey His blessing. This same principle holds good in regard to the Rosary, the Crucifix, and other objects which have been blessed with prayer.

We will conclude with a few words regarding the actual use of Holy Water. One enters a church to pray; he dips his fingers in a font near the door and with the Water makes the Sign of the Cross, pronouncing secretly as he does so, the invocation, "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.", or some like calling upon the name of God. According to a popular expression he "blesses himself", and this common saying is precisely true; for by this act he appropriates to himself the blessing invoked upon those who thus use this Water; just as Daniel by praying with his windows opened towards Jerusalem received a special blessing in answer to the prayer made by King Solomon five hundred years before.

Many persons use Holy Water in their private devotions with the same end in view, keeping it for this purpose in their rooms. The private use of Holy Water was common in certain parts of the Church as early as about the year 500.

Small Holy Water stoups made for private use can be bought at slight cost, and surely the blessing

which will come from such a pious practice is worth the slight trouble involved in securing it.

The contents of a Tract printed by Holy Cross Press in 1950.

On The Enlightenment

I am a traditionalist (Anglican) Catholic Christian who believes that there is absolute, objective reality, absolute truth, absolute right and wrong, and rejects in general the propositions of the so-called Enlightenment, a European philosophical movement of the eighteenth century, which stands in broad antithesis of historical Christianity's world view, notably in the Enlightenment's affirmation of the supposed essential goodness of human nature - a denial of key Judeo-Christian moral concepts like the fall from grace and original sin - and in affirming the all-sufficiency of human reason; but also in denying the supernatural; denying Christ's divinity and His Resurrection from the dead; believing in the perfectibility of Man; deconstructing the Bible. All of these Enlightenment/liberal beliefs are aggressively anti-Christian.

The principal construct of the Enlightenment was to assert that human rationality, observation, and deduction could resolve both moral and factual propositions without resort to divine authority. The history of liberal modernism has been largely a sustained campaign to demolish medieval (especially Catholic) claims to authority, and to substitute a structure of supposedly scientific ethics based solely on human reason.

There is no way that faithful orthodox Christian belief can be reconciled with these humanistic ideas, and therefore, I must reject them. You cannot legitimately say: "I am a Christian, but I believe the Church's teaching is false and the Bible is full of errors."

An excerpt from an email message on January 22, 2001 by Charles W. Moore

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