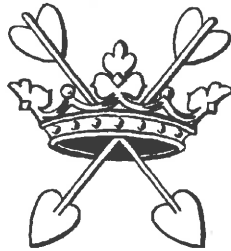


# The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

## UPDATE

January 17, 2001 - St. Anthony

### February Schedule

February 2	Friday	-	The Presentation of Christ in the Temple / The Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary / Candlemas
February 4	Sunday	-	Epiphany V
February 11	Sunday	-	Septuagesima
February 18	Sunday	-	Sexagesima
February 24	Saturday	-	St. Matthias the Apostle
February 25	Sunday	-	Quinquagesima
February 28	Wednesday	-	Ash Wednesday

### 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

(1) *Abortion* is legal in many countries; *euthanasia* will soon be legal in Holland (see article starting on page 5) and other governments are being pressured to make it legal; and, *infanticide* is being seriously discussed, and by many is considered to be quite acceptable (see *Dangerous Redefinitions* in last October's *UPDATE*). The next goals are to make it legal to terminate the chronically ill, and those with handicaps (however defined) - i.e. all those that 'someone' defines as unwanted!. All this in the name of progress - the 'liberal humanists' have done a superb job while we sit back and let it all happen!

(2) The new format - like or dislike?, impressed or unimpressed?, prefer the old one?, or does it matter?

## St. Anthony

The life of St. Anthony (the authorship of which is ascribed to St. Athanasius) hath the following items regarding him who is venerated as the first Abbot of monks. Anthony was an Egyptian, the child of noble and Christian parents, whom he lost while yet very young.

On one occasion he heard read in church this passage of the Gospel: If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor; and he straightway took these words as addressed to himself personally, and therefore distributed all his possessions to the poor. Since he was about to enter the field of battle against Satan, he first gave heed to the examples set by all those who were eminent for any grace, and strove to copy them.

He was excelled by none in watchfulness and self-restraint, and continual in study of Holy Scriptures. He had such a loathing of heretics and schismatics, specially Arians, that he would never go near them. He slept lying on the ground. He took nothing with his bread except salt, and drank only water. He never ate or drank before sunset, and often abstained from food altogether for two days at a time. Very often he passed whole nights in prayer. And being so valiant a soldier of God, he was attacked by the devil with divers temptations.

He betook himself to the deserts round about Egypt, where many disciples became monks under his direction. Day by day the attacks of the fiends became more violent, but day by day his strength

grew greater to strive against them. At length he came to mock at their powerlessness, saying: Satan is afraid of good men's prayers and fasts, but above all, of their warm love for our Lord, the mere Sign of whose holy Cross is enough to put him to flight. He became such an object of dread to the devils, that many persons tormented by them were delivered by calling on his name. Moreover, the fame of his holiness was so spread abroad that Constantine the Great and his sons wrote to him to commend themselves to his prayers. In the hundred and fiftieth year of his age, having roused up great numbers to follow his example, he passed to heaven, on January 17<sup>th</sup>, in the year 356.

From *The Anglican Breviary*

## The Bishop's Bit

### TRAVEL THROUGH THE KALENDAR

The Christian kalendar, such as is set out at the front of the *Prayer Book*, together with the lectionary of *Bible* readings and the rules for *Psalms*, soaks us in the life of Christ. Each year of our own lives we go through from Advent to Trinity, just as each year we go through from spring to winter. And after Trinity Sunday we think of what the Holy Spirit has done in the lives of saints.

Slowly, imperceptibly we absorb a lot of Bible. We are constantly reminded of Who Christ Is, of what He did and said. We are always learning, and yet there is always more to learn. How often we say of a familiar chapter, Psalm, prayer, hymn, "Gosh, I never noticed that before!" Only recently, for example, did I become aware of the word *teach* in the collect for Whitsunday, though I've been able to say the same collect off by heart for as long as I can remember.

Our own lives, and therefore our memories, become woven into the kalendar. For example, June 11 is the feast of St Barnabas, the traveling companion of St Paul. His collect, epistle and gospel are on page 277 of the BCP. Page liii tells us what Psalms to recite at matins and evensong on his day. Page xlvi tells us what lessons to read. What thoughts we can think about Barnabas, about the need for second fiddles as well as for star performers like Paul; or about his financial beneficence to the early church. But on St Barnabas' day, my memory goes into overdrive, as it does on almost every feast and fast. St Barnabas?

Dorothy Mills, the missionary nurse, who gave much of her life to the spread of the gospel. She belonged to an organization for nurses called the Guild of St Barnabas. She made a point of coming to communion every June 11, no matter how old and retired she felt. Then there was David Yates, an elderly layreader who was ordained late in life to be my assistant at Christchurch, Harare. What a much loved pastor he was, what a learned theologian his wife was. Both now RIP. He was ordained on June 11 in our parish church by Bishop Patrick Murindagomo at the first ordination of this new Suffragan Bishop of Harare. He too is now RIP. And Patrick was one of my consecrators five years later. Then there was Brother Barnabas Dugdale CR, the Lancashire laybrother who cooked, kept accounts, laid out corpses, preached well, cared for the poor, in England, the West Indies and Africa. And of course there was St Barnabas' parish in Ottawa, out of which our present cathedral parish evolved. There were our founders, many of them RIP also, Father Mel, Mrs Helen Kummerman, Mr Romi Kalil, Bishop de Cat. So many memories, thanksgivings, intercessions, I am quite overwhelmed, unable to spare much thought for Barnabas himself.

The *Song of Moses, Exodus 15*. We *sing* it every Saturday night at Mirfield. The PB lectionary appoints it as the first lesson at matins on Easter Monday. But as soon as the reader gets going, "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously", I am transported back in time to Easter Monday 1957. Several of us were traveling by car to a camp for seminarians. We had set off dark and early. At sunrise we stopped to pray matins. As the first lesson began the sun's rays caught the autumn leaves of a tall poplar against a background of semidesert. "Moses alright", I thought, "here's his burning bush." (*Exodus 3*). Southern hemisphere, remember.

The epistle for Low Sunday, I *John 5,4*. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." What a thought to linger over! But as soon as the reader gets going, I am transported back in time to the chapel of the Teacher Training College in Grahamstown, where we seminarians served a solemn mass once a month. The attraction? The girls of course, sporty types, who bashed us about once a year at our annual match of field hockey, who were all qualified lifesavers. The Anglican nuns who trained these teachers saw to it that no girl left their institution without her swimming badges. Many an ordinand married a TTC girl. The chapel itself was fun, St Mary of the Angels, Italianate with frescos and marble floors and pillars

and altar, its air blue with incense, and a nun in the gallery accompanying the service on a violin. Our own seminary chapel was more restrained. Dr Bowers, chaplain to the nuns, was a most erudite man, as was his wife. At different stages of his life he taught history, philosophy, English, and classics at assorted universities. Rumour had it that he and his missus spoke to each other in a different language each day of the week. He was very "high"; we nicknamed him Flowery Bowery, but then he'd surprise us by saying, "The best commentary on *Romans* is Luther's, in the German of course. The best commentary on *Ephesians* is Calvin's." What trips down memory lane are provoked by one short Bible-reading!

But I bore you with my reminiscences. You too travel through the kalendar each year, and you have happy memories of your own, with thanksgiving. "I thank my God upon all my remembrance of you" (*Philippians 1,3*).

+Robert Mercer CR

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

### Neuhaus on Schlessinger

"Dr. Laura [Schlessinger] is one of America's most forceful and persuasive advocates for traditional marriage and family. She opposes the radical project of gay activists, and the secular left in general, to eliminate religious values from public life. That is why these intolerant extremists are determined to silence her." So says Rabbi Daniel Lapin of Toward Tradition, and I have no doubt he is right about that. A small downside about living in Manhattan and not having an automobile is that I have few occasions to listen to talk radio. I have heard Dr. Schlessinger a couple of times and that, together with what friends tell me, makes me think she's on the side of the angels, if a bit peremptory in her judgments - perhaps necessarily so, given the format of the program. Those who want to censure or, if possible, silence her are apparently upset by her assertions that homosexuality is a deviation from the heterosexual norm, a proposition that would seem to be beyond reasonable debate. A reader says this journal should be in the forefront of shaming her enemies into giving up their persecution of her. A good idea perhaps, but our pitifully limited forces are already deployed on many fronts, and, in any event, the shameless are not easily shamed. The culture wars provide a target-rich environment, and many do

not receive the attention they deserve. We try to do our little bit, however, and I am grateful that, in this instance, Rabbi Lapin and many others are able to do more.

By Richard John Neuhaus, editor of *First Things* in the August/September 2000 issue.

### *Our Bishops - III*

ROBERT C. CRAWLEY, SSC

... loves nothing better than a good day's fishing. So that's where I'll begin. I telephoned his son Doug, currently breeding hundreds of thousands of sturgeons for the Columbia River. 'Tell me a fishy story', I said. 'Oh that fish' he replied 'it gets bigger every year'.

I have a photograph of Bishop Crawley in my Prayer Book. An inspirational photo in an inspirational book. He is positively sylph-like. There he is in his pre-episcopal, pre-Christian and pre-nuptial state. The latter is obvious because there he is sitting on a bed, in barracks, threading a needle prior to sewing a button on a shirt. The concentration is phenomenal. It is definitely him because there is the kit bag, twice his size, sitting on his bed beside him, with the name CRAWLEY in large letters. He is no more than seven stone and thin as a rake.

I guess this was taken in Manitoba during the Second World War where he came out so high in fighter pilot training exams that they retained him as an instructor in the very same training scheme. A good move. Some people are courageous, and some of these have that extra special gift of being able to inspire courage in others. I can only remember being angry with him twice; both times, I think, misunderstandings, but even then he reacted well, not dismissive, not needing to score, not trying to put me down, more concerned to build me up. 'Son of encouragement' I hear his master say.

Though only recently made a Doctor of Divinity - and why not, what other Bishop is so widely read, what other Bishop edits an international paper, for how many years? Equally appropriate would be Master of Psychology.

The fish I began with is not a red herring. For in catching men Bishop Crawley characterises himself as a fly fisherman. To me it seems a long way round to catch a fish, but it is the right way round

to catch a man. Be prepared to spend time. For there is no point in having someone who is a pushover but who continues to dither around in their own mind. We need people who are convinced. And in a real sense it has to come from them.

Surprisingly, he never tells anyone what to do. Rather, he shows you all the obstacles, the mine fields, the pitfalls, the mantraps, promises that you will have a few people who, whatever comes, will never let you down, and after a pause asks: 'What do you want to do? There are no solutions but if you can find your way to the straight and narrow you will have all the moral support you need'.

I first met Bishop Crawley in the early 90's. I was looking after St. John the Divine, Courtenay. Fr. Lancaster had told me there was an interesting Bishop in Ladysmith. I didn't believe him. Could a Bishop be interesting? The only Bishops I'd ever met were worried that I wore sandals. Anyway I had already refused to travel to see Bishop Shepherd ('with a name like Shepherd, what could I be but a Bishop'). I told his secretary that Victoria was far too far away. Nevertheless I had this feeling that I might be missing something, so on my last day at Courtenay I travelled to Ladysmith before dawn to be hauled off to Victoria for lunch. Bishop Crawley had to hear Fr. Wilkinson's confession. I thought: 'These people know their onions'. Then there was lunch. Sonja's soup. I tested it. Yes, my spoon stood proudly vertical. This was soup indeed. And wonderful paintings on the wall. In a tiny house. How constrained, yet how civilised. As I flew back to England I thought, 'This plane is going the wrong way'.

There is a bridge just south of Jasper. Indeed it is the first bridge you cross going south. This was built by Bishop Crawley when he was still a structural engineer. At about the same time he met a holy priest in Jasper, discovered the Prayer Book and fell in love with the mass. For the mass is beautiful. The Prayer Book is beautiful. Beauty is where form and splendour intersect. The simpler the form the clearer splendour - you see it in the chapel at Ladysmith and in the church of St. John in Victoria. Beauty is enrapturing. It makes the heart yearn. Bishop Crawley's love for the mass has stood him in good stead. For not too long after his ordination to the priesthood, when the Anglican structures started to fall apart, he needed all the help he could get to step out of a flawed system. Back to structural engineering - this time on a different scale altogether. It wasn't just the Anglican Church of Canada he was concerned

about. The whole worldwide edifice was shaking at the foundations. What to do? Musical chairs? Or reconstruction? What were the chances of the latter? Was it just a fishy story? Amazingly we now have the Traditional Anglican Communion. I don't think people have begun to grasp what an achievement this is.

Bishop Crawley preaches the longest sermons I have ever known. He does not go for artifice. He is not a classical rhetorician. A weighty pause here, a dramatic gesture there. There is no preaching to the gallery, no striving for effect. There is just something in his voice. You know he has something important to say. If it is a good story he will tell it twice, though usually not in the same sermon. At Matsqui where we used to have a hot beef dinner to follow the festival, we used to train the children to yawn vigorously after 25 minutes. Always the master of the situation, Bishop Crawley would look at his watch with amazement and graciously wind up. Afterward he would engage all comers in serious conversation. I know how exhausting that can be when you are trying to relax. He always earned his annual bottle of whiskey.

By The Reverend Michael Shier, Rector, St. Peter and St. Paul, Vancouver, B.C.

### Worth thinking about

- ⊗ While man regards the deed, God sees the intention. M. Luther
- ⊗ The Gospel is a believe it or not proposition, not an opinion. J. Keene
- ⊗ One who condones evil is just as guilty as the one who perpetrates it. M. King
- ⊗ Words to remember when studying the Bible:
  - Exegesis'* - drawing out the meaning of the writer
  - Eisegesis'* - reading into the account a meaning of one's own
- ⊗ When, one wonders, will thinking people come to realize that the New Testament was written, neither to convert the heathen, nor to confute opponents, but to nourish, stimulate, and edify the already believing Church? D. Edwards CR

### We Ignore the Dutch Legalization of Euthanasia at Our Own Peril

The Netherlands is about to become the first nation in modern times to formally legalize euthanasia. The mainstream media stories about legalization frequently assert with a straight face that euthanasia will be governed by strict guidelines to prevent abuse. Well we've been hearing that little ditty for decades about Dutch euthanasia, and as Ira Gershwin once put it, "It ain't necessarily so". Indeed, the vaunted guidelines do not even rise to the level of paper tigers.

The newly enacted killing regulations are virtually identical to those that have governed Dutch euthanasia for many years under which euthanasia remained technically illegal but was not prosecuted so long as doctors followed the guidelines. (The only substantial difference between the former decriminalized regime and legalized euthanasia is that doctors will no longer have to notify coroners after they kill a patient.) Not only have the guidelines failed to protect vulnerable and devalued patients but they have been violated so often that they might as well not exist at all.

Here are the guidelines followed by a brief recitation describing how each has been violated in actual practice over the last 27 years:

When ending a life a physician must be convinced that the patient's request was voluntary, well-considered, and lasting. Study after study of Dutch euthanasia practice have shown that Dutch doctors routinely kill patients who have not asked to be poisoned. (The favored method of killing in the Netherlands is an overdose of barbiturates followed by a lethal dose of curare.) In the Netherlands this practice is known as "termination without request or consent", and is not even formally considered euthanasia in the statistics compiled by the government.

The evidence of decades demonstrates that such involuntary euthanasia is rampant. Indeed, in its 1997 ruling refusing to create a constitutional right to assisted suicide (Washington v. Glucksberg) the United States Supreme Court quoted a 1991 Dutch government study finding that in 1990 doctors committed "more than 1000 cases of euthanasia without an explicit request" and "an additional 4,941 cases where physicians administered lethal morphine overdoses without the patients' explicit consent". That means in 1990, nearly 6,000 of approximately 130,000 people who died in the Netherlands that year were involuntarily

euthanized - approximately 4 percent of all Dutch deaths. So much for "choice".

The physician must be convinced the patient was facing unremitting and unbearable suffering. Notice that this guideline does not require that the patient be dying or, for that matter, even be actually ill. Indeed, there have been several documented cases of euthanasia based on depression or suicidal ideation. For example, a Dutch documentary reported on the euthanasia of a young woman in remission from anorexia. Worried that her eating disorder would return, she asked her doctor to kill her. He did and the authorities refused to prosecute.

The most infamous case of this sort involved a physically healthy woman who had become obsessed about being buried between her two dead children. She bought a cemetery plot, had her children buried one on each side of her planned grave, and then asked a psychiatrist named Boutdewijn Chabot to assist her suicide. He met with her four times over approximately five weeks and never attempted treatment. He then assisted her suicide. The Dutch Supreme Court refused to punish him, ruling that suffering is suffering and it does not matter whether it is physical or emotional, to justify euthanasia.

Another documented euthanasia that violated this and other guidelines was depicted in a Dutch documentary played in this country in the PBS program the *Health Quarterly*, in 1993. Henk Dykma had asymptomatic HIV infection. Fearing future afflictions that might befall him, Henk asked his doctor to kill him. The film shows the doctor telling Henk that he might live for years at his current state of seemingly healthful living. When Henk still proclaims a desire to die, the doctor speaks with a colleague but never consults a psychiatrist or psychologist. He then helps kill Henk on July 28, a date, we are told, which had symbolic importance for the patient.

This killing, like those of the anorexic young woman and the bereaved mother, was clearly not a matter of last resort, as the guidelines claim to require. Henk and his doctor did not explore all other options available to him before ending his life. Indeed, psychiatric treatment, which might have alleviated Henk's obvious anxiety about being HIV-positive, was never even discussed or attempted. Nor was Henk advised of the steps that could be taken to alleviate his suffering should he fall ill. The doctor didn't even wait until Henk had actual symptoms of AIDS. There is a word for that

level of care - abandonment - and it demonstrates the utter hollowness of the Dutch protective guidelines.

The physician must have informed the patient about their situation and prospects. This guideline presumes that the physicians involved will have sufficient expertise to adequately inform the patient about their condition and options for treatment or palliation. But the Dutch medical system is unlike ours. It is primarily made up of general practitioners, rather than specialists, who may not have the training, expertise, or desire to know the many treatment alternatives that may be available. Moreover, there are few hospices in the Netherlands, meaning that the many compassionate and dignified methods of alleviating suffering in the dying may never be discussed with patients who ask to be killed.

A good example of this phenomenon is illustrated in the memoir *Dancing with Mr. D*, written by a Dutch nursing-home doctor named Bert Keizer. Keizer writes about a patient who had been tentatively diagnosed with lung cancer. A relative tells Keizer that the man wants to be given a lethal injection, a request later confirmed by the patient. Keizer quickly agrees to perform the killing. Demonstrating the utter uselessness of "protective guidelines", Keizer never tells his patient about treatment options that may be available or how the pain and other symptoms of cancer can be palliated effectively. He never checks to see if the man has been pressured into wanting a hastened death or is depressed. Indeed, Keizer doesn't even take the time to confirm the diagnosis with certainty or to prepare a prognosis about the expected course of the disease. When a colleague asks, why rush, and points out that the man isn't suffering terribly, Keizer snaps:

Is it for us to answer this question? All I know is that he wants to die more or less upright and that he doesn't want to crawl to his grave the way a dog crawls howling to the side walk after he's been hit by a car. The next day, he lethally injects his patient, telling his colleagues as he walks to the man's room to do the deed, "If anyone so much as whispers cortisone [a palliative agent] or 'uncertain diagnosis', I'll hit him".

The physician must have reached the firm conclusion with the patient that there was no other reasonable alternative solution. The cases already described illustrate the hollowness of this guideline. Another prime example of its uselessness is the

killing by Dr. Henk Prins of a three-day old infant born with spina bifida and limb anomalies. (Yes, euthanasia has entered Dutch pediatric wards. A 1997 study in the British medical journal, *The Lancet*, revealed that about 8 percent of all infants who die in the Netherlands are killed by doctors.)

Spina bifida is a condition in which there is an opening at the spine that may cause disability or death. Prins - a gynecologist, not a pediatrician or expert in spina bifida - killed the child at the request of her parents, because, he later testified, the baby screamed in agony when touched. No wonder the baby was in pain! Prins never closed the wound in her back. In other words, the doctor killed his patient without first attempting proper medical treatment. Yet, rather than punishing Prins, the trial judge praised him for his "integrity and courage", wishing him well in any further legal proceedings he might face.

The physician must have consulted at least one independent physician, who has examined the patient and formed a judgment about the above points. The idea of independent physicians acting as a check and balance to prevent abuses sounds good. But in practice, it offers little actual protection. Proof of this is found in a Dutch euthanasia documentary - played in the USA on the ABC television program *Prime Time Live*. It is the euthanasia of Cees van Wendel, a patient disabled by ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease). As depicted in the film, the driving force behind the euthanasia appears to be the man's wife, Antoinette, who does all of the talking for her husband (who is able to communicate). This also proves true during the second opinion consultation, which is cursory and perfunctory. Suicide expert, the New York psychiatrist Dr. Herbert Hendin, in his book about Dutch euthanasia *Seduced by Death*, describes the "consultation", such as it was:

The consultant, who practices on the same block as the doctor, also makes no attempt to communicate with Cees alone, and he too permits the wife to answer all the questions put to Cees. When the consultant asks the pro forma question if Cees is sure he wants to go ahead, Antoinette answers for him. The consultant seems uncomfortable, asks a few more questions, and leaves. The consultation takes practically no time at all.

Dutch euthanasia is a human-rights disaster. Not only does the practice devalue the lives of the most defenseless people, but once killing became an acceptable answer to one problem, it soon became

a solution to one hundred. Indeed, in their nearly 30 years of euthanasia practice, Dutch doctors have gone from killing terminally ill patients who ask for it, to chronically ill patients who ask for it, to disabled patients who ask for it, to depressed patients who ask for it, to babies who cannot by definition ask for it, to thousands of patients without request or consent. Now, the last slight remaining impediment to killing by doctors - its technically illegal status - has been dismantled. And as an additional plum to depravity, teenagers beginning at the age of 16 will be able to receive euthanasia without parental consent.

The theologian and philosopher, Richard John Neuhaus, was once asked "Do you believe there is a euthanasia slippery slope"? His answer hit the mark: "Yes, like I believe that there is a Hudson River". We ignore the lessons of the Netherlands at our own peril.

By Wesley J. Smith, an attorney for the International Anti-Euthanasia Task Force. His latest book, *Culture of Death - The Assault on Medical Ethics in America* is forthcoming from Encounter Books.

### *In Quietness and Confidence*

When watching a firework display as a child, did you have an especial favourite for which you waited with eager anticipation? Mine was always 'Golden Rain'. Within the curtain of night it seemed as though the stars were actually falling from Heaven onto the Earth beneath.

Towards the end of October I experienced my own daytime 'Golden Rain' display. The sky was cloudless with just a flutter of a breeze. Looking from my window my sight was focussed on the three basswood trees growing on a tiny island around which the road curves. The previous week the leaves had been a brilliant yellow, now they were a rich gold. That light breeze caused a continuous shower drifting downward to form an aureate carpet below. A frisky, black squirrel, rejoicing in the warm sunshine, chased the dancing leaves.

Thinking back I recalled the light standard that had towered above those three trees. As the years went by the trees had dwarfed it, blocking that night beacon. Then a team of City Workers came with heavy equipment and dug up that cement post, 'replanting' it on the roadside where it now shines

into my bedroom window, making all sorts of interesting patterns on the wall. Unfortunately the workmen must have disturbed the roots of one of the basswood trees, for that Autumn the leaves fell off very early, hardly waiting to change colour. In the Spring they were so late in coming that I thought the tree must surely have died. But no! throughout the years the tree has persisted with stubborn tenacity, and has now almost caught up with its two companions.

Then my eye travelled to 'My Tree' as I always think of it. This small Red Maple has truly struggled. When it was quite small a car mounted the kerb by which it grows, and sheared off the trunk to an eighteen inch stump. Someone kindly cut it down to nearer the ground. Nothing happened for several years, and then it started to send out shoots around the stump. One on either side grew particularly strong and thick. Along came the City Workers again, and I watched as one of them walked around and around my little tree, and I nearly ran out to stop him and plead for mercy when he started to cut down everything except one of the tall shoots. His observation worked. Now the remaining shoot has grown a thick and strong trunk (but with a decided curve), and with persistence and confidence the little tree can even bear the weight of an adventurous child scaling the branches.

In the noisy Common Room at College hung the framed quotation "In Quietness and Confidence by thy Strength". In those days it didn't make sense to me, and I often wondered why it was there. Late teens and early twenties are not conducive to quietness. The Common Room was a particularly noisy place with loud chattering, bursts of laughter, and someone always tinkling on the piano. The pace of life at that time did not encourage quietness. We always seemed to be hurrying from one classroom to another, one floor to another, one building to another and scrambling to get assignments handed in on time. You had to have confidence that you could make it to the High Street Gate before it was locked at 11 P.M. The other two gates to the Cathedral Close were locked at 9 P.M. Lights Out at the College was at 10:30, so after that you had to climb up the fire escape without being caught.

After College I entered the unreal sphere of W.W.2, and that certainly was not a quiet, restful time. Although our leaders and the spirit of the people helped to engender confidence, the uncertainty, the living on the edge, made the future unsure. Post-war years brought their own doubts, problems and

obstacles which often seemed insurmountable. Quietness and Confidence took on oxymoronic proportions.

Looking out of the window that Autumn day at the 'Golden Rain' gently filling the air below the basswood trees that quotation from Isaiah, Chapter 30, Verse 15 came to my mind. "In Quietness and Confidence by thy Strength". It seemed to me that those trees had known the meaning all along. In quietness and with confidence in their own abilities they had re-established themselves. Everything was so peaceful, so beautiful, so soul-stirring that I knew that somewhere and somewhen along the way I, too, all unwittingly, had at last found the meaning of that text which had evaded me for so long. Maybe I'm just a slow learner!

By Helen E. Glover

### *Old Hymn Speaks to Contemporary Dilemma*

O God our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home. - Isaac Watts

As a young man, the preacher and hymn-writer Isaac Watts set out to loosely paraphrase the psalms.

"O God Our Help", widely considered his best work, is patterned after Psalm 90: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations" (v. 1, KJV). Some scholars think a psalmist wrote the confident verses in the midst of a great political upheaval - on the death of Israel's youthful good King Josiah.

Several millennia later Watts wrote:

A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone:  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

And in many ways little had changed. In England, Watts' generation faced a national crisis of its own. In 1714 the generous Protestant "good Queen Anne" was near death. Who would take the throne?

Prospects that the crown would go to the queen's Catholic brother panicked the Protestant church,



especially Calvinists like Watts, who were convinced that they would be harshly persecuted. The throne actually went to Anne's cousin, George, Elector of Hanover (a district in Germany under England's rule). At least George was a Protestant, but even he provided discomfort. King George I was "a foreigner". Born and raised on the Continent, he knew no English - and even as king he never learned the language. He was clueless when it came to national customs. And he had a reputation for being uncouth.

In response to this political uncertainty, Watts introduced an updated, even contemporary, Psalm 90. One pointed verse is rarely printed in American hymnals:

Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

Widely distributed in leaflet form, the hymn calmed a country's fears with its clear reminder: our confidence rests in an eternal God - constant from generation to generation - not in earthly rulers whose benevolence, indifference, or cruelty will be short-lived in the context of history.

Time like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

My friend, the author Fay Angus, remembers singing the hymn to observe another transition of power: the end of World War II.

In 1989 Fay travelled to London to join a gathering of fellow survivors - British and Americans formerly held by the Japanese as prisoners of war in China. The commemoration climaxed in a special "service of thanksgiving" held in Windsor Castle, in the queen's chapel that holds the burial vaults of five British kings. That day more than four hundred worshippers praised the good God whose benevolent reign has endured generation upon generation while kings and queens, dictators and presidents have been swept away by the rolling stream of time.

I propose that we introduce Watts' hymn-prayer into our devotional or church calendar, to be sung on election day and inauguration day - whether we fear or anticipate what a new administration might bring us. We have a King who rules in a realm beyond politics. And he shall reign forever and

ever.

Lord, when we feel uncertain about a new political administration or policy, remind us that you are the everlasting God whose reign outlasts the men and women who are given authority over nations. Remind us that your rule is good and just. That you are our help and hope.

By Evelyn Bence, Senior Editor of *Jubilee Magazine*. This article is condensed from her book, *Spiritual Moments with the Great Hymns*.

### From here and there

- What you do speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say. R. Emerson
- It is unwise to be too sure of one's own wisdom. It is healthy to be reminded that the strongest might weaken and the wisest might err. M. Gandhi
- Some amusing email addresses:  
overwriter@underwriter.com  
iamaloser@winning.com  
a-a-a-choo@allergist.com  
dante@purgatorio.com  
I'mworking@homehonest.com  
close.to.being@end-of-my-rope.com  
dot@dotat.at  
size-13@bigfoot.com  
YouCanReachUs@Whoever.com
- Friendship is born at that moment when one person says to another: What! You, too? Thought I was the only one. C. Lewis
- Cremation Seminar & Open House - admission is free - all ages welcome - learn about Cremation and Cremation memorialization in the pleasant ambiance of our Dedication Centre! - advertisement in the KW Record
- If one dismantles something, does one end up with mantlepieces, which may then be remantled? J. Costa
- The only real way to look younger is not to be born so soon. C. Schultz
- Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask

more than the wisest can answer. C. Colton

→ How does the guy who drives the snowplough get to work?

→ Oxymorons:

Football scholarship  
Happy marriage  
Liberal values

### *The difference between heresy and apostasy*

Vatican II ushered in a new era of conversation between the Roman Catholic Church and Protestant and Orthodox churches. The release of *Ut Unum Sint* (Pope John Paul II's encyclical on ecumenism) continued to seek that unity that Christ prayed for in *John 17.21*. Truly the will and prayer of Christ compels all believers to strive for full unity in faith and practice.

What Vatican II failed to foresee was the massive apostasy that would take place in the decades following the Council. Most mainline denominations have since splintered into two groups - one group which holds fast to their traditional faith and practice, and the other which has apostatized and is no longer Christian. It is important to note that I am speaking of the denominations as a whole. Believers may still reside within the apostate denominations, as do individual apostates in the orthodox factions.

A distinction must also be made between 'heresy' and 'apostasy'.

The Greek word 'haireisis' means "a self-willed opinion contrarily substituted over submission to the power of a truth" (Vine's *Expository Dictionary of New Testament Words*). The word heresy literally means 'choice'. "Heresy takes a truth out of the organic whole, and misunderstands or denies a dogma" (Rahner, *Dictionary of Theology*). Heresy, strictly speaking, is 'prochoice theology'. It is a refusal to submit to revealed truth in Sacred Scripture and the teaching of the Magisterium.

Apostasy, on the other hand, is to deny a truth so basic to the essence of Christianity that one ceases to be Christian. *Webster's* defines it as "total desertion of one's professed principles and faith". An apostate rejects an essential Christian truth he once professed. For example, Episcopal bishop John Spong is an apostate for advocating sodomy (a mortal sin) as acceptable Christian behaviour. Many 'Catholic' bishops are heretics because of their views on Scripture, the ordination of women, divorce, and contraception. There are also some bishops like Hubbard and Clark of New York, who are apostates and no longer hold any semblance of Christianity.

When one advocates murder and sexual sin as acceptable behavior, one has ceased to be Christian. When one denies the Trinity or the Deity of Christ one ceases to be Christian. The dignity of man and the Lordship of Christ are two essential elements of the faith.

By Jack Keene

Gary S. Freeman  
102 Frederick Banting Place  
Waterloo, Ontario N2T 1C4  
(519) 886-3635 (Home)  
(800) 265-2178 or (519) 747-3324 (Office)  
(519) 747-5323 (Fax)  
gfreeman@pwi-insurance.ca

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