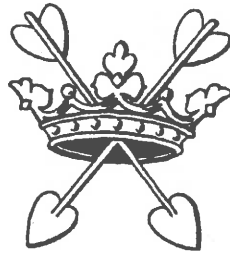


# The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

## UPDATE

March 21, 2001 - St. Benedict

### April Schedule

April 1	Sunday	-	Passion Sunday
April 8	Sunday	-	Palm Sunday
April 12	Thursday	-	Maundy Thursday
April 13	Friday	-	Good Friday
April 15	Sunday	-	Easter Day
April 22	Sunday	-	Easter I
April 25	Wednesday	-	Saint Mark the Evangelist
April 29	Sunday	-	Easter II

### 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

We now have a Parish website:  
[www.pwi-insurance.ca/stedmund](http://www.pwi-insurance.ca/stedmund)  
We look forward to your visit.

## Saint Benedict of Nursia - Abbot of Monte Cassino

Benedict was born in Nursia, Italy, c. 490; and died at Monte Cassino in 543.

Nearly everything we know about Saint Benedict comes from the Dialogues of Pope Saint Gregory the Great and from what we can deduce from his Rule.

In the days when monasticism was regarded as the most religious way of life, though it led to many abuses and encouraged the view that the Christian could best serve God by withdrawing from the world, it was Saint Benedict who brought to it a new sense of order and significance. He was born in central Italy of good family, was educated at Rome, at 14 years of age joined a Christian group outside the city, and afterwards lived as a hermit in a mountain cave. During this period he made a close study of the Scriptures, and for the rest of his life, in complete self-dedication, gave all that God asked. "The finger of God had only to point, and he followed whatever the cost." The cave was a hidden retreat upon a barren mountainside, its whereabouts known only to a single friend who brought him food in secret, lowering it by rope over the mountain edge. After three years he was chosen by the monks of a neighboring monastery to be their abbot, but so strict was his discipline and so stern his rebukes of their laxity that they sought to remove him, even attempting to poison him, and he was glad to escape to his mountain refuge.

But now he could not be alone, for disciples flocked to him. They came from every rank of life, and his cave was no longer convenient in view of the demands made upon him. He was subjected also to the jealous persecution of a local priest. In 527, therefore, he travelled to Monte Cassino, 85 miles southeast of Rome, on the summit of which stood an altar to Apollo; there he tore down the pagan shrine and established the greatest and most famous of all monasteries, which became the home of the Benedictine Order. The place itself was symbolic, for as on the massive rock he built a temple to God, so also upon enduring foundations he built a temple of the Spirit. When he died there

were 14 Benedictine communities, and by the 14<sup>th</sup> century there were over 30,000.

At Monte Cassino he established his famous Rule which changed and renewed the monastic life of Europe. He provided against vagabondage, immorality, and other evils then prevalent in religious houses. A monk was to be a soldier of God, "a member of a spiritual garrison holding duty for Christ in a hostile world"; and to be always on duty. It was a great and happy brotherhood with a strong family unity, so that wherever its members went they felt a common bond, and drew their strength from their home at Cassino, built upon the rock.

He believed in the moral value of work; for idleness, he said, is hostile to the soul, and manual labor is part of the true pattern and glory of life. Thus work and study were joyfully intermingled, and each of his monasteries became a colony of God, a mission station with a civilizing influence in the dark night of Northern Europe. In lands conquered by invaders with the sword, he and his followers conquered by the Cross, and brought to men the arts and virtues of peace. "The chaos of the empire was the opportunity of the Church." The ruins of Fountains, Rievaulx, Tintern, and other abbeys indicate the size of these Christian settlements, and Canterbury itself, like many of our cathedrals, was a Benedictine foundation.

From For all the Saints website

## The Bishop's Bit

### THE EMERALD ISLE

George Bernard Shaw called Ireland, "John Bull's other island". He remembered that what is now the Republic of Eire had been an integral part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. There had been much toing and froing between the islands. Aristocracy, gentry, professionals, intellectuals, workers, churchmen. Shaw himself. John Fielding the pianist and composer. Thomas Moore the poet. Edmund Burke the orator and politician. Sheridan the actor and friend of Dr Johnson. Jonathan Swift the Dean of Dublin and author of *Gulliver's Travels*. Archbishop Whatley of Dublin and author of the second verse of the evening hymn, "Guard us waking, guard us sleeping, and when we die, may we in Thy mighty keeping all peaceful lie" (blue 23, green 268). Henry Lyte the country parson and author of the

hymns *Abide With Me* (blue 16, green 363) and *Praise my Soul the King of Heaven* (blue 353, green 470). Mrs Frances Alexander the wife of the Archbishop of Armagh, herself the author of the hymns *There is a Green Hill* (blue 545, green 106) and of *All Things Bright and Beautiful* (blue 721, green 587). Oscar Wilde the wit and playwright, to say nothing of his formidable mama, Lady Constanza Wilde, herself an author. Dr Salmon the author of a devastating history of papal fallibility. James Joyce the author of *Ulysses*. Francis Bacon the artist. The saintly and erudite Bishop Jeremy Taylor of Down and Dromore, of whom it was said that he did the best things in the worst times. Fr Ronnie Knox's father, the Bishop of Manchester. C S Lewis himself. We even got a few RC Fathers from there.

Eire is now described as an economic tiger in Europe, as a result of its having entered the European Economic Union. Before this recent development Ireland was one of the poorer countries of the Western world. There was tourism; there was the breeding of race horses some of which, alas, were to be eaten in France; there was the export of a little agricultural produce; there was Guinness stout; and there was Irish whiskey, spelt with an e, to distinguish it from Scotch. In the North there was ship building, but aeroplanes closed down these yards. In the 1950's a few German and Japanese motor manufacturers opened up assembly plants in the South. But until now Ireland's principal export commodity has been its people. Serving maids and labouring navvies for England, settlers for America, Australia, Canada, New Zealand and, in the case of my paternal grandparents, South Africa. My godfather in Zimbabwe was an Irish priest who back home had played rugby for his school, university and county. His three rugby caps hung above his Biblical commentaries in his study.

The export of some Irishmen was of course not a tragedy but a glory. Somebody Cahill wrote a book some six years ago, *"How the Irish Saved Europe"*. The Celtic church sent saints and missionaries to convert and civilize the heathen barbarians who had poured into Europe at the collapse of the Roman empire. The light of learning had been kept alight in Ireland after it had been extinguished in the Western world. The Irish won Scotland and Northern England for Christ. What a glorious roll call of Irish saints there is, Aidan, Columba, Columbanus, Cuthbert, Edana, Kentigern, Mungo, but they are too numerous to list here. St Brendan the Navigator might even have made it to Newfoundland (before or after the Vikings?). In

1976 Tim Severin and some friends sailed in a leather vessel from the north coast of Ulster to Newfoundland, via Iceland and Greenland, just to prove that it could have been done. Tim then wrote a book called *The Brendan Voyage*. Irish monks even established monasteries at Bobbio in Italy and at Galleri in Switzerland. Until recently Irish missionary nuns and brothers have been going all over the Third World.

Ireland also exported cannon fodder to serve in the British Army or in the Royal Navy. It was the only work starving men could find. Those of us who enjoyed that long series of TV movies about Wellington's campaigns in Spain, about riflemen and their Captain Sharpe, will remember the Irish sergeant. Some of Britain's greatest generals and field marshals came from the Emerald Isle. The Earl Kitchener of Khartoum; The Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, whose father went to be Bishop of Tasmania south of Australia; The Earl Alexander of Tunis; The Viscount Alanbrooke, Churchill's chief of staff; the Iron Duke himself. I am not sure about Bobs, the Earl Roberts of Kandahar. Think how many places are named for the Duke of Wellington: a city in New Zealand, a town in South Africa, streets in Ottawa, Toronto and Sydney, Australia. And Father David Garrett's pug dog in Toronto is called Wellington. As are a certain kind of boot.

A former parishioner of mine, a major in the Royal Marines, claimed to descend from His Grace, though on the wrong side of the blanket. A portrait of the Duke hung over the fireplace. The aquiline nose and the blue eyes made such a descent look likely. A friend is related to the Wellingtons by marriage. He introduced an aunt as Miss Wesley. I replied, "Miss Wellesley surely?" But he explained, "Pronounced Wesley. Wellesley, Wesley, Wellington, all related, all the same family, even the great preacher himself, the Reverend John Wesley." In Ireland while a guest of the Pecks at Prehen House, Londonderry, I slept in a four poster in which John Wesley had slept.

But I digress from Ireland. Sure now, a little bit of heaven fell down into the sea. The angels called it Ourland, and so they did, to be sure.

+Robert Mercer, CR

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

## *It must be the Guns*

For the life of me, I can't understand what could have gone wrong in Littleton, Colorado. If only the parents had kept their children away from the guns, we wouldn't have had such a tragedy. Yeah, it must have been the guns.

It couldn't have been because half of our children are being raised in broken homes. It couldn't have been because our children get to spend an average of 30 seconds in meaningful conversation with their parents each day. After all, we give our children quality time.

It couldn't have been because we treat our children as pets and our pets as children. It couldn't have been because we place our children in day care centers where they learn their socialization skills among their peers under the law of the jungle while employees who have no vested interest in the children look on and make sure that no blood is spilled.

It couldn't have been because we allow our children to watch, on average, seven hours of television a day filled with the glorification of sex and violence that isn't fit for adult consumption.

It couldn't have been because we allow our children to enter into virtual worlds in which, to win the game, one must kill as many opponents as possible in the most sadistic way possible.

It couldn't have been because we have sterilized and contracepted our families down to sizes so small that the children we do have are so spoiled with material things that they come to equate the receiving of the material with love.

It couldn't have been because our children, who historically have been seen as a blessing from God, are now being viewed as either a mistake created when contraception fails or inconveniences that parents try to raise in their spare time.

It couldn't have been because we give two-year prison sentences to teenagers who kill their newborns.

It couldn't have been because we teach our children that there is no God, there are no laws of morality that transcend us, that everything is relative and that actions don't have consequences. Take the President - even he gets away with it.

Nah, it must have been the guns.

By Paul Harvey - thanks to Jack Keene

## *Unfinished Journeys*

AN EPIPHANY SERMON

Let's talk about travel . . .

Planning a journey necessarily involves two coordinates: an origin, a point of departure and, of course, a destination. Elements of purpose and motivation also factor in.

People travel for many reasons - business, pleasure, adventure, family emergency, medical treatment and, indeed, there is the occasional masochist who feels patriotically motivated to enrich the coffers of the national airline.

All of this notwithstanding, I invite everyone to ponder the importance of journeys and travel in the Bible.

Long before Abraham undertakes his epic journey from Mesopotamian Ur, Adam and Eve embark upon their own expedition "to boldly go" (apologies to William Shatner!) in search of whatever the post-lapsarian world holds in store. In turn, as Genesis relates, their offspring are dispersed in the role of "colonists", as it were.

The departure of the Israelites from Egypt and their subsequent peregrinations require no amplification, save for the observation that Moses, although allowed to behold the Promised Land from afar, never actually arrives at HIS destination.

At the time of the Babylonian exile, an enslaved Israel collectively undertakes a journey (albeit lacking the amenities of Club Med).

And what about Jonah, whose precipitous flight from a divine commission eventually leads him to HIS destination, albeit by way of an unexpected stopover at a maritime motel?

By this time, I trust that a significant point has been made: simply that much of the Old Testament resembles a compilation of travel itineraries organized by a sometimes inept Thomas Cooke agent.

But what about travel in the New Testament?

In Matthew, we encounter the Holy Family's flight

into Egypt; in Luke, we learn of the Blessed Virgin's visit to her kinswoman, Elizabeth, immediately following the Annunciation. The third synoptic evangelist also recounts the journey of Joseph and Mary to register for the census at Bethlehem.

Throughout his career, Jesus is never in one place very long. Indeed, on the basis of his travels throughout the Judean countryside, it has long been customary for modern writers to describe him as an "itinerant preacher". And, of course, doesn't Acts (at least in some respects) resemble an extended travelogue?

But today, we celebrate a journey like unto no other.

Up to this point in Scripture, God has chosen to reveal Himself through "those prophets which have been since the world began". Now, however, He opens Himself yet further to make known His divine kingship manifested - and this is what "epiphany" means - to three mysterious potentates from the East. And yet, what do we actually know about these enigmatic figures?

Sometimes, they are referred to as the "Three Kings" (the beloved carol reinforces this notion), at others as the "Magi" and in some contexts as the "Three Wise Men". Perhaps the last of these holds the key to understanding who they might have been.

In the absence of any concrete historical information, many writers are inclined to regard them as Zoroastrian priests, who followed a tradition based on astronomy, prophecy and a reverence for light. Their names have come down to us as K(C)aspar, Melchior and Balthazar.

During the Middle Ages, several European cathedrals claimed to possess their relics, the most popular centre of their cult being in Germany at Cologne. Unfortunately, however, when these were exhumed in 1886, one of the skeletons was found to be that of a teenaged female.

But this has no significance for our purpose.

Rather, resorting to Holmes-ian (as in Sherlocke) deduction, let us posit the following concerning the three exotic visitors to the manger:

If they were able to interpret a stellar phenomenon at a great distance in the sky, they must have been extremely learned in the

astronomical lore of the day;

If they were able to abandon everything in their homeland to pursue a celestial portent, they must have enjoyed considerable influence and independence;

Finally, the gifts they presented - gold, frankincense and myrrh, recognizing both kingship and ritual anointing, confirm their wealth.

Permit me to conclude with what I hope are some relevant observations:

First, I find that the act of faith exhibited by these three individuals - regardless of their names or status - to follow a star without fully comprehending what they would ultimately encounter displays an attitude similar not only to Mary's FIAT, but her decision to visit the mother of John the Baptist, as well.

Second, although they beheld the King of Kings, these men elected not to remain in His presence, but instead to return to their compatriots, presumably to herald the news of the messianic birth.

So, I leave you with this question: Did the Three Kings, the Magi, the Wise Men or whatever reach their destination?

DECIDEDLY NO!

Indeed, they reached only a stopping point, a way-station en route in a pilgrimage to a more profound destination - Eternal Life! - where the stellar light they were privileged to behold fades not away.

May we, too, pursue our personal pilgrimage to the Spiritual Bethlehem which is the final goal of every Christian.

By The Reverend Dr. Henry J. Stauffenberg,  
Cathedral of the Annunciation, Ottawa

### Our Bishops - V

PETER D. WILKINSON, OSG

Bishop Peter Donald Wilkinson is a native son of Victoria, British Columbia, having been born (April 13, 1940) and raised in this beautiful city. Shortly after his birth, his mother, Mary

Wilkinson, presented him for baptism in the Church of England in Canada on October 20, 1940. He would later be confirmed by Harold Sexton, Archbishop of British Columbia on February 14, 1954.

Bishop Peter has a variety of talents, in none of which (he claims) is he proficient. He received his Toronto Royal Conservatory of Music grade 10 piano with honours at the age of 16; a Bachelor of Arts in English, English History with some Latin and Greek thrown in, from the then Victoria College of the University of British Columbia.

His theological studies from the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, West Yorkshire, began in 1962. After further studies, supervised by letter by Dr. Eric Mascall, in pursuit of a B.D. from the University of London, he finally became qualified to write the final exam, but then was unable to do so because the continuing Church was absorbing all his time and attention, and he was becoming very disillusioned with academic theology.

Upon completion of his theological studies at the College of the Resurrection in Mirfield, Peter was ordained to the diaconate on September 20, 1964, at Canterbury Cathedral by Archbishop Michael Ramsey; and subsequently ordained to the Priesthood a year later by the Archbishop. He served as an assistant priest in Upper Norwood, London, in the Diocese of Canterbury. There followed a couple of years as a postulant and novice in the Community of the Resurrection, but that was not to be, and Fr. Peter returned home to Victoria and to the Diocese of British Columbia, where he served as a hospital chaplain, supply priest at Christ Church Cathedral and St. Barnabas Parish, Victoria, between 1969 and 1976, and even briefly taught school. No bishop would even give him a licence in the Anglican Church of Canada because he was considered, as one of them said, 'a black-suit boy', and 'too rigid' - i.e. a traditional Prayer Book Catholic!

As a result of the Anglican Church's decisions respecting the ordination of women (and other 'modernist' theological departures from the revealed Faith), in September of 1977 Fr. Peter withdrew from active ministry in the Anglican Church of Canada, having obtained secular employment three years earlier as a civil servant in the Ministry of Attorney General for the Province of British Columbia. This made him economically independent, and gave him a pension. His retirement date twenty-five years later was coincidentally (?) the day he was

consecrated.

Fr. Peter Wilkinson was involved from the beginning in the movement which would result in the Continuing Church in North America, and subsequently, throughout the world. He attended the Congress of Concerned Churchmen, held in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1977; and was received into the Diocese of the Holy Trinity on October 2, 1977. It was at this time that the continuing church was begun in Canada, with Fr. Peter holding services for three laywomen and one layman in his mother's home in Victoria. Soon others would join his small band of believers, resulting in the establishment of the Parish of St. Athanasius, Victoria, in October 1977. Ten years later, it changed its name and became the Parish of St. John the Evangelist (the Fr. Palmer Memorial Church). In total he was Rector for fourteen years and is now Rector Emeritus.

As a result of Fr. Peter's faith, commitment, and hard work, the continuing Church in Victoria thrived, and the Anglican Catholic Church of Canada began to take shape. With the creation and establishment of the Diocese of Canada (The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada) under the episcopacy of the late Bishop Carmino de Catanzaro, Fr. Peter continued to be instrumental in the church's teaching and pastoral ministry. It was a great joy to him that Fr. Palmer moved to Victoria and the six years they worked together he counts as the most privileged period of his life. He was made an Honorary Canon of the Diocese in 1983; and elected Archpriest of Western Canada in 1984. Although elected Suffragan Bishop for the West in 1985, he was required to withdraw his acceptance of election on doctor's orders.

Happily, his call to the episcopal ministry was once again received, and this time accepted, in 1998. Father Peter Wilkinson was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of the Anglican Catholic Church of Canada in a beautiful and moving service at the historic old cathedral of St. Ann's in Victoria, British Columbia, on October 21, 1999 - the Primate, Archbishop Louis Falk, with Bishop Robert Mercer, CR, and Bishop Robert Crawley, SSC, co-Consecrators.

In addition to his pastoral ministry and secular employment, Bishop Wilkinson is the editor of several publications, including The Private Devotions of Dr. Lancelot Andrewes; Holy Uction; and, with Joan de Catanzaro, Firm in Faith (a selection of Fr. Roland Palmer, SSJE, writings in various fields); The Sarum Office Book;

and The Lesser Hours of Prayer. Along with Fr. Shane Janzen, Bishop Peter is a co-founder of the Oratory of the Servants of God (an Oratorian-type society for celibate priests in the Traditional Anglican Communion).

Bishop Peter Wilkinson's pastoral leadership, deep spirituality, and obvious devotion to our Lord and His Church, are evident in the quiet and effective way he ministers to his flock. The priests, deacons, and laypeople of the western portion of our Diocese are most privileged to have as their spiritual guide and Suffragan Bishop this most extraordinary and gifted man. With his quick wit, ready smile, and solid faith, Bishop Peter brings to his ministry the human qualities and spiritual gifts so needed in our modern world. A traditional Catholic Christian, an old-fashioned believer, an unassuming person.

By Father Shane B. Janzen, OSG, Rector, The Parish of Saint John the Evangelist, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada

### Worth thinking about

- ⊗ In that [The Church] teaches that the Revelation of Christ was complete IN CHRIST, any additions and expansions are suspect. Explanations and deeper understanding are one thing, additions and expansions something else entirely. Marc Blaydoe
- ⊗ The paradigmatic notion of liberal humanism is that people are essentially good. The paradigmatic message of Christianity is that we are such incorrigible sinners (i.e. rotten to the core) that God Himself took the extreme measure of becoming man, dying, and rising from the dead to save us from our sinful natures. Charles Moore

### "And He Built His Sanctuary like the Heights of Heaven"

#### A BRIEF HISTORY OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

Climbing the paved surface of Lindum Hill towards the magnificent Gothic edifice above I could not help but think of the thousands of labourers, workmen, craftsmen, masons, carpenters who must have toiled up that same, steep slope hundreds of years before, carrying, dragging, hauling, pushing, transporting building

materials. How many of these sacrificed their own lives in the endeavor? Beautiful Lincoln Cathedral, uplifting, inspiring and redolent with history!

Around the year A.D. 953 a Saxon minster was established in the ancient hill-city of Lincoln. Nothing is known about this church, but it might have been more interesting and beautiful than the Norman church which took its place, for drawings of large churches of that period which have come down to us, reveal a romantic and unusual splendour.

About 1072 work started on a new Norman cathedral under the first Bishop of Lincoln, Remigius, who had been almoner of the Benedictine Abbey of Fecamp, Normandy, and had supplied William the Conqueror with a ship and knights for his work of conquest. It was cruciform in plan with a wooden roof, and a facade of the west front unparalleled either on the continent or in England. This frontage is all that remains of the original cathedral.

In 1141 a great fire encouraged the replacing of the wooden roof with stone vaultage, which caused great strain on the masonry below. So much so that when, in 1185, an earthquake gently shook Lindum Hill, it brought down the greater part of the cathedral in ruins.

The following year a man regarded as one of the greatest saints of medieval England was made Bishop of Lincoln. He was Hugh of Avalon, a Carthusian monk from somewhere near Grenoble, France. Great St. Hugh of Lincoln as he came to be known, began the rebuilding of the shattered cathedral, scrapping all that remained except the West Block, with its twin towers and monumental facade. The building, which advanced rapidly, slowed down at Great Hugh's death in 1200. There was a three year gap until a successor was approved.

The first Cathedral was generally recognized as being in the Romanesque or Norman style, but the second Cathedral with its graceful pillars, pointed arches, stone-vaulted ceilings supported by flying buttresses on the outside, was in Gothic style. Of the three towers, the central one, now 271 ft. high, once carried a lead-encased, timbered spire which rose to 525 ft. Because of the elevation of the hill on which the Cathedral stood it was taller than that of the present-day Salisbury Cathedral, recognized as being the tallest spire in the British Isles. Lincoln spire fell down in 1548 and was

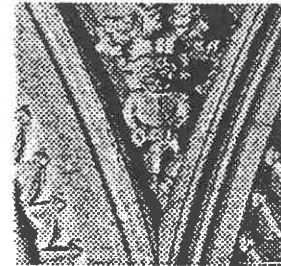
never replaced.

Additions have been made during the following centuries. In 1674 the famous architect, Sir Christopher Wren, erected a classic colonnade of nine arches supporting a palatial library from the ruined section torn down by the notorious Dean Macworth to provide stone for his new stables. This was the only Wren work on a Cathedral outside of London. This library contains over 240 Manuscripts of Pre-Reformation date, and an Old Testament copied shortly before A.D. 1200. The Lincoln copy of the Magna Carta is kept in the Cathedral.

A walk around the exterior is an extraordinary and exciting experience. The whole building is so rich in detail and the contour filled with unexpected nooks, crannies and porches. The West Door is a splendid combination of the original Norman structure and Bishop Hugh's new building. There are statues of eleven English kings above the central doorway, while the turrets on either side have their own single statue, one of Bishop Hugh, and the other of the Swineherd of Stowe who gave the Cathedral every penny he owned. This West Front with its arcaded screen looks over the Exchequergate, one survivor of several such gates which shut off the Cathedral precincts from the city. The whole outer wall of the Cathedral displays a profusion of statues, human heads and angels. The Judgement Portal portrays Christ censured by angels appearing to rule over scenes of resurrection; souls dragged to hell by demons, while kings, queens, angels, and wise and foolish virgins soar overhead, and birds peck at berries in the rich foliage.

The exterior is overwhelming, but the interior is even more lavish, yet giving the appearance of orderliness and much planing. The East End, consecrated in A.D. 1280 and built to house St. Hugh's much adorned shrine, is called 'The Angel Choir' because of the carved figures of angels which fill the spandrels of the arches. Not all figures are angels, for Our Lord appears in one place, His Mother Mary in another, and King David in a third. The original plan seems to have been to fill available spaces with angels using musical instruments, worshipping God. But as the work progressed angels are shown otherwise engaged - weighing souls at the Judgement, or driving Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. And not only angels, for there are heads of pagans, bishops, women, saints, a negro, and peering from the foliage a grotesque figure with a demonical face known as 'The Lincoln Imp'. Replicas of this

latter are the hottest-selling items in the gift shop. Another 'must to be seen' is the huge, mid-12<sup>th</sup> century font of Belgium stone, and the magnificent Rose Window in the South Transept known as 'The Bishop's Eye' because it can be seen from the Bishop's Palace. A pedestal containing a telescope has been provided to view the patchwork of medieval glass filling the glorious flowing tracery. 'The Bishop's Eye' looks northward to the 'Dean's Eye' Window which looks in from the old Deanery garden.



THE LINCOLN IMP

Lincoln Cathedral has been described as 'one of the loveliest of human works'. It is impossible to absorb all the majesty, glory, magnificence, beauty in one short visit, and absolutely impossible to tell about these splendours in a few lines. If you are visiting Britain make a side trip to the Cathedral on Lindum Hill and 'see for yourself'.

By Helen E. Glover

### *Sacrophobia!*

Whenever open line radio and TV shows address a religious topic, a chorus of atheists, liberal humanists, and cranks can be relied upon to call in citing a tired inventory of the Christian Church's shortcomings - imagined and real - over the past two millennia.

The customary complaint list includes mediaeval corruption in the Church, sexism, patriarchy, the Crusades, the Inquisition, alleged bigotry, - yada, yada, yada. More often than not, the caller obviously perceives him/herself as the emissary of some shocking revelatory exposé of Christianity as a cynical conspiracy bent on oppression and mind control.

The degree of contempt and animosity expressed in these diatribes is more than just vigorous articulation of dissenting opinion. It is one thing to disagree with religious ideas one does not share; quite another to gratuitously cast aspersions on the



character and motives of persons and organizations holding those convictions.

The ignorance and injustice of this is irksome. Certainly the Christian Church has made its share of errors - some of them grievous - over its 2,000 year history. As an organization of fallible humans, self-confessedly sinful and unworthy, it could hardly have done otherwise. However, to judge a religion solely on the mistakes of some of its adherents, while refusing to acknowledge the much greater aggregate of things it has managed to do right in spite of human limitations, is at best intellectually lazy and dishonest.

The anti-religious tend to spray their vitriol at religion in general, but most take special aim at Christianity. As a Christian, I suppose this should not surprise me. Jesus warned that the day would come when "you will be hated by all for My name's sake".

Journalist and author Joe Campbell a while back coined a useful term for pop-cultural antipathy toward religion - especially Christianity: "sacraphobia" - the fear and loathing of the sacred. "Societies are sacraphobic", says Campbell, "when they relegate religion to private life". Judges who ban school prayer and the public display of Christian symbols are sacraphobes. The media are guilty of sacraphobia when they ridicule religion and religious principles.

"Sacraphobes would have us believe that had the Christian Church not been there standing in the way of progress and Enlightenment, Western society would be so much farther along the road to secular humanist Utopia. This fanciful notion ignores the fact that by any historically literate measure, there would simply be nothing resembling Western civilization as we know it, had it not been for the Christian Church.

Sacraphobes are witheringly scornful of what they refer to as religion's "old taboos", but always eager to establish and enforce new ones. Condemning the disapproval of things like homosexuality or abortion is prominent among these "nouveau taboos".

As syndicated columnist Joe Sobran puts it: "when liberals control the discussion, the debate quickly turns into a test of motives. If your motives are generous, you will approve of same-sex marriage; if you withhold approval, your motives must be nasty, and the difference between you and the KKK is only a matter of degree".

For instance, The Learning Company's "CyberPatrol", - the most commercially successful filtering software designed to prevent children from logging on to objectionable World Wide Web sites - is now programmed to filter out the site of The American Family Association, a conservative Christian media-watchdog organization.

The AFA's Web site is judged blockable on the grounds of "intolerance", because it questions the gay-rights agenda and teaches that homosexual acts are immoral. This is deemed an example of "discrimination based on sexual orientation", now in clear violation of criteria published in the CyberPatrol manual. The notion that impressionable young minds must be protected from the shockingly taboo ideas of traditional Christianity is a prima facie example of sacraphobia.

Ironically, CyberPatrol used to block out homosexual-related sites, until the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) complained about the company's allegedly discriminatory policies. In cowardly retreat, CyberPatrol not only changed its policy, but installed a representative from GLAAD on its oversight committee. It is a sign of sacraphobe ascendancy that the one social group that seems to exercise a compelling moral authority in our society today is homosexuals.

The sacraphobia ethic is based on the only absolutes still acknowledged in a godless culture: indiscriminate "tolerance", and the imperative to "be nice". Everyone must be permitted to feel good about themselves, no matter what they do, and to enjoy a positive self-image, free of all restrictions and immune from criticism. Real Christianity, with its condemning laws and scandalously exclusive gospel, is emphatically not nice, and this outrages the sacraphobes, who can't stomach its uncompromising claims.

Most Christians, historically accustomed to thinking of themselves as the good guys, haven't really come to grips with the new reality that affirming traditional Christian moral principles stigmatizes them in popular culture as the bad guys - homophobic absolutists who think they have the only truth, ranked in public esteem somewhere below pimps, sexual deviants, and drug dealers.

Sacraphobia is epidemic in our disintegrating culture, and faithful Christians must prepare

themselves for a long siege of being increasingly perceived as moral lepers. Christianity is no less offensive to the modern sacrophobic mindset than it was to the ancient pagan Romans.

As Soren Kierkegaard wrote: "Whoever has not the humble courage to dare to believe [the Gospel], must be offended by it, . . . and at last cannot be contented with less than getting this thing rooted out, annihilated, and trodden in the dust".

By Charles W. Moore

*From here and there*

- The three main food groups: canned food, frozen food, and take-out.
- Tact is the ability to describe others as they see themselves. Abraham Lincoln
- If you must play, decide on three things at the start: the rules of the game, the stakes, and the quitting time. Chinese Proverb

→ Paralipsis - a passing by omission, leaving on one side, or passing by, results in a rhetorical figure in which the speaker emphasizes something affecting to pass it by without notice, usually by such phrases as 'not to mention', 'to say nothing of'. The OED gives 'I doe not say thou received bribes of thy fellowes, I busy myself not in this thing'. As he says he speaks not of it, he speaks of it. One sees this in political discourse almost daily: 'I won't comment on my opponent's notorious lack of integrity' and the like. Donald Henry

- On the first day of school, about mid-morning, the kindergarten teacher said, "If anyone has to go to the bathroom, hold up two fingers." A little voice from the back of the room asked, "How will that help?" Thanks to Nancy Freeman
- Health tip - Thou shalt not weigh more than thy refrigerator.

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