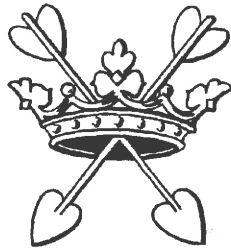


# The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

## UPDATE

November 14, 2001

### December Schedule

December 2	Sunday	-	Advent I
December 8	Saturday	-	Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary
December 9	Sunday	-	Advent II
December 16	Sunday	-	Advent III
December 21	Friday	-	St. Thomas the Apostle
December 23	Sunday	-	Advent IV
December 24	Monday	-	Christmas Eve
December 26	Wednesday	-	St. Stephen the Martyr
December 27	Thursday	-	St. John the Evangelist
December 28	Friday	-	The Holy Innocents
December 30	Sunday	-	Christmas I

### 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) St. Edmund's Day - remember, we are celebrating our Title Feast - November 20 - Mass at 6:00 p.m. with dinner following - please let Carol Middlebrook know if you will be joining us - (519) 884-7269.

(2) Guenther has moved - Guenther and Brigitte Jeschke have moved to Wiarnton, Ontario. We'll miss you Guenther! Wiarnton is about 2½ hours from Waterloo but Guenther promises to visit us from time to time, as possible.

(3) Thanks to Mary McGibbon for the new Altar Book - 1962 Book of Common Prayer containing only the Holy Eucharist with Propers.

(4) Friday, November 30 - St. Andrew - Mass at 7:00 p.m. - I inadvertently missed it on the Kalendar in the last UPDATE!

## Saint Edmund, King and Martyr

King Edmund the Martyr was born about 840 A.D. He was most likely descended from the preceding kings of East Anglia, although later legends proclaim him to be the son of King Alcmund of Saxony. Edmund acceded to the throne about 855, showing himself a model ruler from the first. He was anxious to treat all with equal justice and closed his ears to flatterers: in his eagerness for prayer he retired for a year to his royal tower at Hunstanton and learned the entire Psalter by heart, in order that he might afterwards recite it regularly.

In 870, the land-hungry Danes invaded East Anglia and were bravely repulsed by Edmund's army. The Danes returned with overwhelming numbers and pressed terms upon Edmund that, as a Christian, he felt bound to refuse. Angered at his refusal, the Danes directed their wrath against the churches in Edmund's realm.

In order to avoid a futile massacre, Edmund disbanded his troops and retired towards Framlingharn. On his journey, he fell into the hands of the invaders. The Danish leader, Hinguar, offered Edmund the chance to live if he would share his kingdom with the Danes. Edmund refused to forsake his faith and allow the Danes a foothold in his Christian kingdom.

The invaders tied Edmund to a tree and shot him

through with arrows. The young king called upon the name of Jesus until the exasperated Danes beheaded him and threw his remains into the underbrush. Edmund's bereft followers searched in vain for his head until they heard a voice calling, "Here I am." They were guided by the voice to the severed head, which was being guarded between the paws of a great grey wolf. Edmund was first buried at the place of his martyrdom, Hoxne. In the 10<sup>th</sup> century his remains were moved to what became known as St. Edmundsbury, where The Abbey of St. Edmund now stands.

## The Bishop's Bit

SOME ANGLICANS I HAVE KNOWN

5 - THE SISTER BENEDICTA CR

The whole Christian church is a Community of the Resurrection. We are an Easter people. "O God, Who didst form Thy church to be of one heart and soul (Acts 4,32) in the power of the Resurrection (Acts 4,33) and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost . . . (a Mirfield prayer). But this said, there are three different CR's. One is Polish and RC, founded in the middle of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. I understand that it has some brothers and sisters at work in the USA. There are the Mirfield Fathers founded in England in 1892.

And there are the sisters of the Resurrection of our Lord, founded in Grahamstown, South Africa, by Mother Cecile Isherwood in 1884. She was a beautiful young Englishwoman who worshipped in London at the fashionable church of St Peter, Eaton Square. There she had some kind of religious experience in which the words of the Risen Christ to St Peter figured prominently, "Feed My lambs" (John 21,15). With a few friends she set sail for South Africa, where the local bishop assisted her in founding CR. This bishop's pectoral cross is now worn by successive Mothers. Cecile herself was to die of painful cancer when still quite young. As she lay dying she said, "Never lose the sparkle. Do not let the fun go out of the place." Fun? Those early sisters certainly knew poverty; at first they lived mainly on pumpkin; there was only one pair of shoes and the sister going out to town was the one who got to wear them.

There is no connection between Mirfield and Grahamstown, except that there have been times and places when and where we have shared responsibility for joint works. "Feed My Lambs" has been interpreted by the sisters as care for the

young. It is easier to say what the sisters didn't do than what they did. Gifted individuals were encouraged to develop their talents: one who had been a transport rider in the War, ran a bookshop; another was well known for her needlework; another painted huge murals on church walls; a sculptress taught wood carving to Africans, one of whom, Mr Job Kekana, was to become famous; another founded the hospice movement in my home town. But corporately they started and ran all sorts of institutions: a home for unmarried mothers; primary and secondary schools for blacks and whites; orphanages for blacks, browns and whites; a small college for training Nursery Nurses, the exams for which were set and marked in England; a hospital. They travelled about as social workers on the Railway Mission. They were found in the toughest, roughest slums. A Mother once asked my opinion. I answered, "Victorian". She looked hurt. I rushed to explain, "I admire your moral and physical courage." One of their more famous works was a Teacher Training College for women, graduates from which emerged not only as primary school teachers but also as swimming instructors and lifesavers.

And the sisters did parish work. In my boyhood parish the rector was assisted by five assistant curates and three CR sisters. What was the nuns' work? They assisted at the daily office and daily eucharist in the parish church. They said five more offices in their domestic oratory. They gave time to personal prayer and to study. And they did many of the jobs undertaken by the clergy. Cecil John Rhodes had wanted every church and synagogue to teach its respective children in school, so Scripture classes were a big part of our routine. As a deacon I had 14 periods a week. The sisters taught Sunday School and catechism. They prepared women and girls for baptism and/or confirmation. With six boarding schools in the parish and some 300 children in church every Sunday, confirmation classes were no sinecure. The sisters visited in hospital. They helped with youth clubs and with the Mothers Union. They visited parishioners in their homes. As ours was a city centre parish of apartments, rooming houses and hotels, people were always on the move. Visiting was vital.

Leader of our parish sisters was Benedicta. Junior clergy came and went, so did rectors, but Sister remained for 19 years, a great figure of stability in a country of political and social upheaval. What's more, she ruled the altar guild. "You can't do this work unless you live a life of prayer. Tell me about your rule of life." The sacristy was no sinecure

either, with some 400 communicants a Sunday, with many sick communions a week, to say nothing of house masses, hospital masses, trek masses on farms, mines and ranches, and outreach masses in assorted suburbs. At Easter and Christmas there were celebrations of the holy communion at 6 am, 7 am, 8 am and noon. One crowd could not move in until the previous crowd moved out. Sister Benedicta trained women and men to serve as sacristans in the other parishes of the city. And woe betide any clergyman who lost something. The rector was a bull of a man, awesome in his gaiters, a colonel in the local regiment, chairman of the rugby club, but even he quailed to hear, "Mr Archdeacon, I see you have returned the trek box minus its purificator!"

Sister Benedicta got about the city on a motorized bicycle, habit held tight by elastic band, veil streaming in the breeze. When parliament was imposing crash helmets on all cyclists ("A woman's right to do what she likes with her own body"? ) our Jewish MP asked a question in the House, "But surely this law must exempt our Sister?" Sister was pretty dismissive of the Mirfield CR, "Just mission priests. The real religious are SSJE, Cowley Fathers." In fact, she adhered to the old fashioned Roman Catholic practice of addressing all diocesan or secular priests as Mr. It was only members of religious orders who should be addressed as Father. (Yes, this was Papist practice until the mid 19<sup>th</sup> century.) Needless to say, Sister took me in hand also. But I mustn't make her seem ferocious. Her eyes twinkled, she had a ready laugh at ribald jokes. "Don't let the fun go out of the place."

Sadly, there is a decline in vocations. These courageous specimens of womanhood grow fewer and fewer. Sister Benedicta has crossed the Jordan. There are no more CR sisters in Zambia or Zimbabwe. Can we blame the invention of priestesses?

+Robert Mercer, CR

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

### Worth thinking about

- ☒ One of the supreme values of masculinity is adherence to rules of behavior, while a supreme value of femininity is development and nurture of relationships. Neither orientation is 'superior' to the other; both are complimentary elements of a whole. Charles Moore

- ⊗ From a biblical perspective a person does not "have" a soul, in the sense that the soul is an independent entity that enters or is "infused" into a physical body at some specific moment: at conception, at implantation, at birth, or whenever. The human person, rather, is characterized as a "living being" (Gen. 2:7), which means a "living soul." Soul is the transcendent aspect of our being. Although we speak of the "separation of soul and body" at physical death, the soul is still not to be considered an entity distinct from the body. (More accurately, it is distinct from the "flesh," which "is dust and returns to dust"). In other words, we do not "have" a soul; we "are" soul. Soul is the transcendent, animating principle of our entire being. From an article by Father John Beck in Volume 45 of St. Vladimir's Theological Quarterly entitled *Human Cloning: Myths and Realities*
- ⊗ The truth is incontrovertible. Panic may resent it; ignorance may deride it; malice may distort it; but there it is. Winston Churchill
- ⊗ The feminists were right about one thing. Some portion of pro-life men would be pro-choice if they were capable of getting pregnant! They are the same ones who think life begins at conception unless Grandma has Alzheimer's and scientists allege that stem-cell research on human embryos might possibly yield a cure.

In a good society, adults sacrifice for the next generation; they don't sacrifice the next generation to the needs of adults. Maggie Gallagher

### The Third of Four Sermons on the Eucharist

#### INTRODUCTION

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

#### 3. EUCHARISTIC PRAYER

In Shakespeare's play Polonius, the Secretary of State, asks Hamlet what he is reading. Back comes the reply "Words, words, words." When I look through any Anglican Liturgy, I think of Hamlet's reply because it strikes me that there are too many words: we have been conditioned over the centuries to accept that we come to worship in order to bore God to death with our endless talking.

We do, of course, *listen* when God talks to us in the words of Scripture, especially the proclamation of the Gospel in the Liturgy of the Word. But for the rest of the time? For instance, you would think that after receiving Holy Communion that *silence* would be more appropriate than anything else - even a stunned silence at the enormity of the gift given us. But no - words, words, words, talking, singing. I'm sure that most worshippers do not see the Eucharist as a series of *actions* but as a stream of hymns, prayers, readings, harangues and their business to keep up with it all in finding the pages in two or more books.

What I am getting at is that we need to see the wood for the trees, and be able to zoom in on the one prayer (of great length) that really matters. And that is the Eucharistic Prayer. We could chuck out all the rest: I'm not saying that we should, but in a time of emergency if we wanted to celebrate the Mass in the shortest possible time, we could get the bread and wine on a table, pray the eucharistic prayer, break the host and consume the sacrament. All over in less than ten minutes - if the police were about to arrest us, or the flood was imminent, or the last helicopter rescuing was about to depart, or the medics were about to operate. When the Church was in its infancy the People of God met in conditions of danger (it was a crime against the Roman state just to be a Christian) and the liturgy had to be conducted in some haste (or at least with an economy of length) and in secret, and at a different venue each Sunday so as to escape detection, disturbance or arrest. And this meant concentration on essentials - *the* prayer at the heart of the Eucharist stood out as the one thing that mattered, and I am, of course, pointing to the central Eucharistic Prayer, or as the Book of Common Prayer calls it, The Prayer of Consecration, or as the Roman Missal calls it, the Canon of the Mass.

So let us look at it. Recalling the four actions of the Eucharist, the bread and wine have been offered on the altar - that was the first action. The second action follows: this is when the priest does what Jesus did at the Last Supper, he gives thanks over

the bread and wine. This giving of thanks to God at a Jewish meal was a serious business. It was a blessing of God for Himself and all that He had done. It was a powerful corporate act of worship. The Jews never failed to bring into the prayer the deliverance God worked for them using Moses to rid them of slavery in Egypt: their redemption figured greatly in their prayer.

So it is with us. Our eucharistic prayer contains all that God is and all that God has done for us. Let's look at it. Page 78 (of the Canadian Book of Common Prayer 1962). The priest invites us to give thanks unto our Lord God, and so we do, joining with the heavenly spirits of angels and archangels surrounding the throne of God singing Holy, Holy, Holy to our Trinitarian God. (We can note in passing the seasonal variations which occur in the prayer and turn to page 82.) Now comes redemption. This stupendous prayer is like a great arc of loving condescension.

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

### *The Terrorist Attacks Brought Out The Best And Worst In Canadians*

My main weekday job is writing and editing computer news for New York-based Applelinks.com. My employer, Joe Ryan, works part-time in Manhattan, so last Tuesday we were naturally concerned for his safety. Joe later emailed to say that he was OK, but he lost a relative and two high-school friends in the World Trade Center attack.

My reaction to the terrorist attacks was initially shock, which soon morphed into anger combined with deep sadness. At first I just wanted the Americans to strike back fast and hard, but on sober second thought, revenge is a meal best eaten cold, and careful collection and analysis of evidence before making a move is the proper way to proceed. I have no objection to military action, and I'm generally in favor of capital punishment for premeditated murder, but in this case, the evildoers are obviously unafraid of death, so sentences to life imprisonment may well be more appropriate

punishment.

I've been proud of the way many Canadians responded to the tragedy, with outpourings of sympathy and support from individuals and pledges of open-ended solidarity with whatever the U.S. decides to do from the federal government.

Exemplary of the best in Canadians are the seven volunteer firefighters from Cumberland County, N.S., who, hearing of the tragedy, set out for New York Tuesday evening, drove all night, and presented themselves to rescue command center officials, who, upon learning they were trained as first responders and in high-angle rescue, put them to work at ground zero digging through the rubble looking for victims.

Much less commendable are the Concordia University students who reportedly "celebrated" upon hearing of the attacks. Not just on the West Bank, you say? Pity. The celebrants in Montreal are far more morally-challenged than their Palestinian counterparts. They ought to know better.

My son encountered similar sentiments visiting friends on the St. FXU campus on Tuesday and Wednesday. A letter published in a Vancouver newspaper declared: "Americans have had it coming for a long time." A letter-writer in Winnipeg snarled: "What goes around comes around." The National Post noted that: "The hostility now on display in Toronto cafés and university student centres would be decried as hate speech . . . if it were directed at any nation but the United States."

As I've observed on many occasions before 11/09/01, I'm often grateful that the Americans pay as little attention as they do to Canada. If they were widely aware of the hateful anti-American vitriol that spews routinely from the mouths of dismayingly large numbers of Canadians, they probably wouldn't want to be our friends anymore.

A friend in Antigonish (not an especially political person) phoned me on the weekend to say reading reports of anti-American rhetoric referencing the terrorist attacks in the Globe & Mail and National Post made her feel "almost ashamed to be Canadian."

It is one thing to disagree with American policy; I do myself on several issues. It's quite another to make the leap from that to justifying one of the most heinous and horrific crimes against humanity

in history, and/or scolding the victims for "bringing it on themselves," especially while body parts are still being pulled from the rubble. Such assertions bespeak a blind, ideological hatred that differ in degree but not kind from the depravity that motivated the suicide attackers.

Let's be clear. There is nothing, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING, the Americans have ever done or have failed to do that in the slightest justifies, mitigates, or excuses what was done to thousands of innocent people going about the business of their lives last Tuesday. Anyone who would suggest otherwise, as I said in an Applelinks column last week, is execrable, no-account scum.

Such people don't make me ashamed to be Canadian. The ignorant and decency-challenged, I suppose, exist in all cultures and nations. However, it gets tedious and tiresome sharing the country with them. If they are so addled by hatred, brainwashed with leftist dogma, or just plain boneheaded dumb that they can't recognize who Canada's real friends are, then perhaps they should consider joining their like-minded soulmates on the West Bank, in Afghanistan, or Libya.

By Charles W. Moore

### From here and there

- ⊗ A man who uses a great many words to express his meaning is like a bad marksman who, instead of aiming a single stone at an object, takes up a handful and throws at it in hopes he may hit. **Samuel Johnson**
- ⊗ Canadian, eh! In Canada it's 'tire centre'; in Britian it's 'tyre centre'; and in the U.S. it's 'tire center'.
- ⊗ Be master of your petty annoyances and conserve your energies for the big, worthwhile things. It isn't the mountain ahead that wears you out - it's the grain of sand in your shoe. **Robert Service**
- ⊗ More examples of epenthesis: ma-so-na-ry, pas-tor-i-al, Ak-a-me, and ar-thur-itis for masonry, pastoral, Acme, and arthritis.
- ⊗ Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones. **Charles Colton**
- ⊗ I own a computer store. One day, two policemen came into the store and told me

that they owned a 486 and a 286. They asked if a 486 and a 286 could be assembled together into a 686. I replied by asking them if two 200 horsepower police cars can be used to make up a 400 horsepower Ferrari. The policemen didn't get it and replied angrily that altering car engines is strictly forbidden by law.

- ⊗ I'll buy my own whiskey,  
I'll make my own stew;  
If I get drunk, madam,  
It's nothing to you.
- ⊗ A cat has 32 muscles in each ear.
- ⊗ The average person's left hand does 56% of the typing.
- ⊗ Food for thought:  
  
Fact or fiction - The less fat you eat the better.  
  
Fiction. Fat is an essential nutrient - you need some in your diet to be healthy. Fat provides energy and essential fatty acids that our body can't produce. It also helps absorb fat-soluble vitamins A, D, E, and K. So don't go overboard reducing fat or cutting out nutritious higher fat food such as nuts and cheese. From HealthTalk by Clarica.
- ⊗ Successful people just don't drift to the top.
- ⊗ Most conversations are simply monologues conducted in the presence of a witness.

### My Love Affair with Canada - Part 2

A previous article told how a grade teacher, Miss Meade, had inspired me with a desire to come to Canada and 'see for myself'. Although I arrived in 1954, the opportunity to carry this out did not come until 1967, Canada's one hundredth birthday. Then I took a bus trip from Toronto to Victoria, B.C. and back, encountering many unforgettable experiences and fascinating adventures. The story continues -

The following year, 1968, a visit to the East Coast was undertaken. This time I was not alone on a pre-arranged bus tour, but with a friend, travelling in a Volkswagen camper, on a sort of 'follow-your-nose' unplanned expedition. Another Centennial Project had been to get my driver's licence, but by 1968 I did not yet feel sufficiently competent to

take "unknown paths and untrodden ways". Passenger status was mine. The camper was neatly fitted out with table, seats, cupboards, a sink and a sleeping place.

Leaving Ontario behind we were fascinated by the tiny Quebec villages dominated by towering, ornate, splendid churches with shining roofs and spires. Soon we found ourselves joining the traffic of busy Montreal. Cars, trucks, buses, noise, speed, exhaust fumes, bumper to bumper! To our befuddled minds there seemed to be no speed limit. How glad I was to be passenger!

By late afternoon we were ready to find a camp site for the night. The only available spot at this site was on the side of a hill, and we spent an uncomfortable night packed tightly against each other like a couple of sardines. So far, impressions of Quebec were not good. The trip around the Gaspé Peninsula made up for this bad start. The road followed the water, and sometimes was so close it was possible to visualize a stormy day with the waves washing over it. Newly-baked bread from roadside ovens sold to travellers by friendly housewives, tasted like nectar. Percé Rock at the end of the peninsula with its hundreds of teeming, swarming, swooping, diving, noisy sea-birds reminded us of the Alfred Hitchcock film 'The Birds'. As if this wasn't enough, Quebec absolutely redeemed itself, for, on the way home, booking into a motel at Trois Rivières for much needed baths and a meal, we watched the first-ever Moon Landing. Of course the commentary was in French but the intoxicating excitement made language unnecessary. Then too, we stopped at old Quebec City, explored the ancient streets and learned about historical significances.

From the Gaspé we travelled to New Brunswick, following the curves, windings, eddies, whirlpools of the St. John River, and revelling in the many covered bridges. We followed it right to its confluence with the Bay of Fundy and witnessed the Reversing Falls at high tide. Our stay in Fundy National Park, an area associated with Samuel de Champlain and some of Canada's earliest history, was memorable. We walked on the tidal flats, gazing in wonderment at the weirdly-shaped rocks formed by the ageless sea pounding and scraping the granite, knowing full well they would be completely covered at high tide.

Our visit to Prince Edward Island was memorable in a different sort of way. We set up camp on the south shore with the inevitable red soil all around. It was a beautiful evening and children with adults

could walk far, far out on the red sand. That night a violent storm erupted. The camper was rocked furiously by the raging winds, and from outside screams and bangings were heard as tents and other moveable objects were tossed into the darkness. The incoming tide pounded its waves on the shore. Daylight brought a scene of chaos, with people struggling in sucking, ankle-deep, red mud to retrieve belongings, and help one another to get out of the trailer park on to terra firma. I would have liked to have visited Charlottetown and Anne of Green Gables Country, but instead we joined the throng crowding the highway to get off the island as quickly as possible.

The weather changed and we rolled into Nova Scotia in glorious sunshine. We headed north for Cape Breton Highlands and the Cabot Trail. The heath plants on the bogs and the stunted trees were somewhat reminiscent of the Scottish Highlands. The road looking down and following the Bras D'Or inlet gave spectacular views. Hidden coves, bold rugged headlands, long, lonely sandy beaches were treasure troves for driftwood, lobster pots, and the jetsam from Davy Jones' Locker.

Then on to more populated areas - revisiting Halifax, the Port of Entry when arriving in Canada. An elderly uncle, ex-Royal Navy from W.W.I had been on the British frigate H.M.S. Penelope, anchored in Halifax Harbour at the time of the great explosion, caused by the French ammunition ship Mont Blanc colliding with another vessel. He often recounted the tragic events of that day.

A visit to picturesque Peggy's Cove, a mecca for tourists was an absolute must, and we were not disappointed. Then on to Lunenburg where the gallant 'Bluenose' was lying at berth, perhaps dreaming of that "Crowded hour of glorious life" which brought her fame in the annals of Canadian History. Somewhere along the way we visited a lobster 'warehouse' where in-shore fishermen brought catches to be stored and sent to restaurants far, far away. Some of the sizes of these lobsters had to be seen to be believed.

All too soon it was time to retrace our journey back to Mississauga. What wonderful memories! The next year, 1969, the Volkswagen again travelled to the East Coast, this time making straight for North Sydney. Then we took the ferry to Port aux Basques in Newfoundland where we spent three glorious weeks touring the island. There are still many, many more wondrous places to visit in Canada, but yes, now I can honestly say that I have slept in every one of the ten provinces of Canada.

Thank you, Miss Evelyn Meade!

By Helen E. Glover

### *God Commands the Just Use of Force*

Suppose a man is walking past a park after dusk when he hears the desperate cries of a woman screaming, "Help, rape." What should he do? Rush to the defence of the victim, of course, and try by all means, violent and non-violent, to stop the attack.

Christian pacifists and their secular counterparts disagree. They reject the use of force to resist evil, even when there is no other means of curtailing the depredations of wickedness.

If a Christian pacifist were to arrive on the scene of a rape, what would he do - counsel the victim to stop pulling the hair of her attacker on the grounds that violence begets violence? Would he remind the desperate woman of Jesus' admonition in the Sermon on the Mount: "Do not resist one who is evil."

Surely not. Only a lunatic would preach to a victim under attack. Yet Christian pacifists have no compunction about insisting to the rest of us that it's sinful and wrong to use any form of violence to stop a rapist or a tyrant like Hitler.

The great majority of Christian theologians reject this argument, and for good reason: The Bible, taken as a whole, makes clear that Christians are called upon to use force whenever it is absolutely necessary to prevent evil.

Granted, unlike Mohammed, Jesus did not take up the sword and did not allow his disciples to do so. Yet Jesus did not shrink from using force to achieve justice. He drove merchants from the temple and overturned the tables of corrupt money changers.

When a Roman centurion asked Jesus to heal his son, Jesus did not tell the officer to leave the army and take up life as a pacifist. Rather Jesus marvelled to his followers: "Truly, I say to you, not even in Israel have I found such faith."

Christian pacifists take literally the passage in the Sermon on the Mount where Jesus counselled non-resistance to evil. Yet in this same sermon, Jesus also said: "If any one would sue you and take your coat, let him have your cloak as well." Should this latter statement be taken literally, too? If not, why

not?

In an address entitled, "Why I am not a Pacifist," given to a pacifist society in Oxford, England, in 1940, C. S. Lewis suggested that respect is owing to a Christian pacifist who donates all his belongings to the needy. Who, though, can admire the inconsistent person, said Lewis, "who takes Our Lord's words a la rigueur when they dispense him from a possible obligation (to use force to defend the innocent), and take them with latitude when they demand that he should become a pauper."

Lewis held that the text on non-violence in the Sermon on the Mount was meant to be taken literally, but only in the context of the everyday frictions among neighbours. "In so far as the only relevant factors in the case are an injury to me by my neighbour and a desire on my part to retaliate," said Lewis, "then I hold that Christianity commands the absolute mortification of that desire. But the moment you introduce other factors, the problem is altered. Does anyone suppose that Our Lord's hearers understood Him to mean that if a homicidal maniac, attempting to murder a third party, tried to knock me out of the way, I must stand aside and let him get his victim?"

Some Christian pacifists maintain violence can never be justifiable, because it's intrinsically evil. What, though, is evil about using force to rescue a woman from a rapist? Theologically orthodox Christians take the sensible view that violence is sometimes an essential means of attaining justice.

In "Good Wars," an article in the current issue of *First Things*, (<http://www.firstthings.com/ftissues/ft0110/articles/cole.html>), Darrel Cole concedes Jesus was a pacifist, but only insofar as pacifism was inherent in his unique role as the Redeemer. Cole insists: "No Christian can or should try to act as a redeemer, but all can and should follow Christ in obeying the commands of the Father. And the Father commands the just use of force."

"What does the LORD require of you but to do justice," proclaimed the prophet Micah. To this end, The Rev. Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a Protestant, and Count Klaus von Stauffenberg, a Catholic, took part in a conspiracy to assassinate Hitler. Rather than condone the evils of Nazism, they resorted to the just use of force.

Alas the plot failed. Like other heroes of the Nazi resistance, Bonhoeffer and von Stauffenberg were arrested and executed by the Gestapo. They died as they had lived as soldiers of Christ, striving by all



means to repel evil and defend the innocent.

By Rory Leishman in The London Free Press on October 23, 2001. Mr. Leishman is a national affairs columnist for The London Free Press in London, Ontario, Canada

### *The Language of Love*

THE SERMON PREACHED AT THE WEDDING/NUPTIAL MASS OF NOREEN IRWIN AND JOHN HANN ON OCTOBER 27, 2001 AT ST. EDMUND'S

Today we are conscious of the love that Noreen and John have shown by giving themselves to each other in marriage, and we pray for God's rich blessings on their lives. Marriage is an act which reveals the participants feelings for each other more than would words alone. So I have been thinking of the ways in which we may show love.

Words alone are often used to declare feelings of love, in what could be called the language of love. I am not thinking of the words in such things as the songs from Tin Pan Alley which rhyme words like moon and soon, blue and true; nor even words from the classical poets such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's, "How do I love thee, let me count the ways?"; or William Shakespeare's "Shall I compare thee to summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate".

Words communicate thoughts of love, but although they are important, the language of love is also meaningful acts. When I was a child I was taught two simple proverbs, one was, "Acts speak louder than words", and another was "Manners maketh man". These proverbs suggest that the acts and behaviour of a person disclose that person's feelings and disposition.

In thinking about the language of love there are four ways of expressing our feelings I would like to share with you. The first, "Using Affirming Words", the second, "The Sharing of Quality Time", the third, "The Giving and Receiving of Gifts", and the fourth, "Acts of Service".

My first item I have called "Affirming Words". These are words which are encouraging and supportive. Such words reveal a devotion that is felt. They may be complements about a person's appearance, or words of support for the other's interests, or a sharing of concern for what may be troubling. Affirming words are strong communicators of affection, for we all like to know

we are appreciated and so made to feel happy and loved. And we should not forget the words 'Please,' 'Thank you' and 'You're Welcome' which are also very important.

My second item in the language of love is a firm resolve to have "Quality Time Together". Spending Quality Time together may involve liking to hang out together, to enjoy endless chats, or playing games. Perhaps mutually appreciating beautiful scenery such as in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. It is true that many of us feel most loved when we receive our companion's undivided closeness.

My third item in the language of love is the "Giving and Receiving of Gifts". A gift can assure the recipient of the giver's loving thoughts. It is more than a nice gesture, and displays love because thought and time had been spent in obtaining it. Gifts do not have to be expensive, but they do represent the will to please, and provide the pleasure of knowing one has been thought about.

The fourth item in my short list of features in the language of love is "Acts of Service". Do you enjoy it when someone does your chores for you, or does doing things for another make you feel great? Some people feel love when someone helps with the cooking, sets a table, or vacuums. For such acts show thoughtful consideration. However a recent TV commercial showed a woman on her birthday being served Breakfast in Bed; but I must admit that I personally find breakfast in bed a most uncomfortable way of eating breakfast.

We should be aware of love signals, that is to notice what someone requests most often or responds to best, or even dislikes. There is no one way to say 'I love you', but with a little patience, and keeping an eye open for Love Signals, much can be gained.

Having said so much I must now observe that I am speaking from a Christian pulpit, from which the good news of Jesus Christ is proclaimed. The Apostle John wrote (3:16) "For God so loves the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Let us remember God's great act of love when He came to our world as a human being, was finally nailed to a cross and died our death. He overcame our death by his resurrection and began a new creation, so that those who are with, and in him, will enter into his eternal life.

How can we respond to this great love from God with the language of love? It may help if we

remember the items I have listed. We could speak to Him "Affirming words" of Repentance, Thanks, Faith and Praise. We could spend "Quality Time" with God in prayer, or in meditation with Him when reading the Holy Gospels. We could "Give Gifts" to God He would use in His love for mankind. We could speak the language of love to God in "Acts of Service" in his Church".

God has not ceased to express his love, and by His Holy Spirit is calling each of us. If the name of Jesus claims your attention, and you feel in your

heart His call to you, then respond with the language of love, and invite him into your life. As Noreen and John have given themselves in marriage, so also with becoming one with God's Holy Church, for the Church is the Bride of Christ.

Let us pray a short prayer:- O Holy Jesus, most merciful redeemer. Help us to know thee more clearly, to love thee more dearly, and follow thee more nearly. Amen

By The Reverend Edward C. Goodwin

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