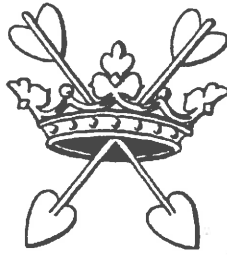


The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

UPDATE

October 25, 2001 - Saint Crispin and Saint Crispinian

November Schedule

November 1	Thursday	-	All Saints Day
November 2	Friday	-	All Souls Day
November 4	Sunday	-	Trinity XXI
November 11	Sunday	-	Trinity XXII / Remembrance Day
November 18	Sunday	-	Trinity XXIII
November 20	Tuesday	-	St. Edmund, King and Martyr
November 25	Sunday	-	Christ the King / Sunday Next Before Advent

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) Take a look at our redesigned website:

www.pwi-insurance.ca/stedmund

Thanks to Jason Freeman!

(2) Remember our Title Feast - November 20 - Mass at 6:00 p.m. with dinner following. Plan to attend - please let Carol Middlebrook know that you are coming (519-884-7269)! Our lunch on the 4th Sunday of November is cancelled.

(3) A note from Carol:

On Saturday, August 25th, Ruth and Gary Freeman hosted a wine and cheese party at their home. Bishop Mercer was the Guest of Honour. The Bishop was in Waterloo to celebrate a Confirmation at St. Edmund's the following day. There was a good turn out of parishioners and The Bishop made time to speak with everyone over a glass of wine.

Sunday, August 26th was the Confirmation of Noreen Irwin of our Parish. Following the Confirmation, we enjoyed lunch in Martin's Restaurant in the Luther Village complex. The Parish presented Noreen with a combined Book of Common Prayer and Hymn Book.

Noreen will be married at St. Edmund's to John Hann, also of St. Edmund's, on Saturday, October 27th.

On Sunday, October 14th, after Mass, the Parish held a shower for Noreen and John in Martin's Restaurant. Over coffee and cake, the Parish presented a wedding gift to the happy couple, and the women of the Parish brought shower gifts. There ought to be a good picture or two!

(4) A note from Noreen:

"To all parishioners:

I take this opportunity to thank the Parish for the combination Prayer and Hymn Book which was presented to me at my Confirmation. Since my first visit to the church, I have been made to feel welcome and a vital part of the congregation.

Thank you for your kindness.

Sincerely, Noreen Irwin"

(5) A note from Helen (enclosed with a couple of articles):

Hurrah! we're back in business.
Typewriter works just fine.
The manual that was lost is found,
Instructions clear to define
Even for non-mechanical me
I'm proud of myself, you bet.
All I need is the Muse to come
And inspire this lazy po-et.

(Sorry, the articles were written before the manual was found!)

Saint Crispin and Saint Crispinian

It is difficult to separate truth from legend in the story of Saint Crispin and his brother Saint Crispinian, who were martyred about the year 287.

There is a tradition that they were born of a noble Roman family in the 3rd century and went to preach in Gaul (Soissons) with Saint Quintinius and a number of other missionaries. According to this tradition they adopted the trade of shoemakers because they had left all their possessions behind them in Rome.

Like Saint Paul, they preached by day and worked with their hands by night. Many conversions were attributed to them, for they preached not only by word of mouth but also by setting an example of charity and generosity, providing the poor with shoes for nothing and indeed taking no payment unless it was offered.

Their martyrdom took place at a time when the Emperor Maximian was travelling through Gaul. Crispin and Crispinian were accused and the Emperor ordered them to be taken before Rictiovarus who was a fanatical persecutor of Christians.

The two brothers were subjected to a number of brutal tortures; they were immersed in water, molten lead, and boiling water. However they survived them all, and it is said that Rictiovarus became so furious at this that he jumped into the fire that had been prepared for them and killed himself. Finally, on the orders of Maximian, the brothers were beheaded.

The truth may well be that they were Roman martyrs whose relics were brought to Soissons and

enshrined there. These martyrs are particularly venerated in Soissons, France, where there was a church in their honor in the 6th century.

Tradition has it that a church was built over their tomb and their shrine was embellished by Saint Eligius the Smith, who was also one of the most popular saints of the Middle Ages. See the references to Crispin and Crispinian in Shakespeare's Henry V, Act 4, Scene 3.

Their cult spread through many countries, and there is a legend that they settled for a while at Faversham, Kent, on the south coast of England, when they fled from persecution. Formerly, there was an altar in Faversham bearing their names in the parish church.

To this day they are recognized as the patrons of shoe-makers, cobblers, and leather-workers. Their emblem in art is a shoe or a last.

The Bishop's Bit

SOME ANGLICANS I HAVE KNOWN

4 - PROFESSOR ALFRED NORTON

Father Norton was already in his late 80's when I first met him. No longer able to look after himself, he had come up from the Cape in South Africa to live with his Son, Hilary. The latter was a land surveyor employed by Rhodesia Railways. He had a large tribe of children. The Nortons were enthusiastic parishioners of The Ascension, Hillside, Bulawayo, Zimbabwe where I was the pale young deacon.

Assistant curates are expected to do a fair amount of visiting. It was never a chore to take the Sacrament to bedridden Mrs Mehliiss, who had nursed in Russia in 1917 and who had then been a full time parish worker in Manchester. What tales she could tell about Bishop William Temple, about the Knox family, Ronnie & Co. And it was never a chore to call on old man Norton.

He was one of those amazing people with a gift for languages, like Bishop de Cat or Dr Doug Ellis of Ottawa parish. He said mattins and evensong each day in a mixture of Greek, Hebrew and Latin. If there were hymns he liked, he'd say them in French, German, Italian. Before the outbreak of the First World War he had much enjoyed a conversation in Latin with the last Cardinal Prince Archbishop of Bohemia. After obtaining an MA

and a B Litt from Oxford he entered the novitiate of the Society of the Sacred Mission at Kelham in Nottinghamshire where, I am sure, he led a spartan and busy life. After profession his order sent him to the Kingdom of Lesotho, where SSM was responsible for varied missionary endeavours. Witchcraft and attendant ritual murders were a great problem, which a later bishop tried to combat by importing contemplative nuns to pray and pray. The country was and remains dirt poor. Fr Norton would have had to get about on horseback, for the Kingdom seems to be all mountain and no roads. Here he fell in love with the languages of Southern Africa. Years later he was the first person to occupy the chair of Bantu Languages at the University of Cape Town.

Unfortunately there was a falling out between him and one of the other young Kelham Fathers, a man we know better as author of "*The King's Highway*" (still obtainable from the Convent Society at \$12). In the end both men withdrew from the Society, Alfred Norton to pursue a ministry of languages, Father George Carleton to remain a non monastic archdeacon in Lesotho.

When he had passed his 70th birthday, Father Norton thought he had better be efficient about preparing for death. He gave most of his books and other possessions away, but kept a threadbare cloak that had once belonged to Father Bull SSJE, one of the early Cowley Fathers, a contemporary of Father Benson himself. "This cloak serves also as a traveling rug and as an extra blanket at night." The Professor drafted his funeral notices for the newspapers, wrote out post cards to inform his friends, gave written instructions about the funeral. The trouble was that he went on living, hale and hearty as ever. In this he was like Father Hubert Northcott CR who had been trying to die for years. We novices used to joke, "Every time Hubert catches cold he jumps on to his bed. O goodie, now I can take off for glory." Well, St Paul felt the same. "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ for it is far better" (*Philippians 1,23*).

On and on lived the retired-professor, until one day he was in the car being driven by his daughter in law. There was a collision. Nobody was hurt, but for the old man who was killed, who had his wish at last. Son and daughter in law were able to post out the cards Father Norton had written all those years before. "I want lots of garden flowers at the funeral, if possible, don't waste money buying any. I want all the grandchildren there. Let them run about and make a noise. Birth into new life is a happy event. Children make most occasions

happy. And I must have lots and lots of incense." We honoured his wishes. Afterwards there was a large party for the Norton grandchildren and their numerous little friends. An enormous iced cake was decorated with red cherries, formed into letters to say, "Happy birthday, grandpa, 93". So many were the candles that most children got the chance to blow.

Years later when I was back in Matabeleland, as its fourth bishop, when all the Norton children were grown up, Hilary came to me, "I think perhaps I may have a vocation to the priesthood". "Of course you do," I replied, "Your dad and I have long been agreed that this is so." After Hilary had done a crash course at theological college, it was a happiness for me to ordain Hilary deacon and priest in the Church of the Ascension. Instead of a proper girdle or cincture with his alb, he wore a piece of mountaineering rope, for he had been a keen climber once. He served as assistant of Hillside, as rector of St Mary's, Fomona, and finally as diocesan secretary, when cancer carried him off at a much younger age than his father. Though charismatic, Hilary and his wife Maureen were anti priestess, whom they considered to be anti Scriptural.

+Robert Mercer, CR

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

Worth thinking about

- ⊗ The idea that each man is his own theologian and exegetical savant is but a formula for disaster in the unity of the Church.
- ⊗ Christianity [so-called] that doesn't hate sin is called devil-worship. Tim Bloedow
- ⊗ Attila may have been the 'scourge of God', but I will remain happy being the 'flagellum' punishing loose thinking. Manuel Gonzaga
- ⊗ Humanism and atheism are fellow travellers and will lead to the degradation of homo sapiens. Melville Andress

The Second 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 +

2. SACRIFICE

Today we shall consider the second part of the Eucharist, which derives from Jewish Temple worship, the offering of sacrifice. Sacrifice is deeply rooted in our behaviour. We like to give gifts - think of birthdays, anniversaries, Christmas presents. Children give presents to parents if they have done something wrong or silly, to 'make up' for what they have done. The whole of the reasoning behind Jewish, Old Testament, sacrifice-offering included this. We read in the Old Testament of various kinds of sacrifices - animal sacrifices, burnt sacrifices, vegetable-based sacrifices and so on. They could at first offer sacrifices anywhere - on hills, before battles, at feasts. And they built altars on which to place the victims. An altar is a place of sacrifice, and the person who made the sacrifice for the people was called a priest.

As the centuries rolled by all this became formalised, and with the centralization of their religious observances the Temple at Jerusalem became the only place where sacrifice was offered. Hence endless comings and goings, backwards and forwards for the great festivals. And so we come to Jesus and the apostles there in Jerusalem 2000 years or so ago for the great annual feast of the Passover when they commemorated the deliverance by God under Moses from slavery in Egypt to freedom in the Promised Land.

And here we come to the Last Supper on Maundy Thursday night. This took place on the night before the day when the final complete sacrifice took place which brought about the world's salvation. It was, and is, essential that we, Christians in the Church, offer sacrifice. We are motivated, just as the Jews were, to offer worship to

God. We are to worship God because it is our due to him as his created beings; we are constantly to offer sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; to offer our lives to him, our very selves, to offer our possessions and earthly means of living, because all comes from him; and we offer to God supremely the sacrifice of Jesus Christ our Lord - he who offered himself on the cross for us and whose sacrifice was sealed by the resurrection.

How do we offer that sacrifice? We do so in the Mass, the Eucharist, the Holy Liturgy, the Breaking of Bread, the Holy Communion, call it what you will. We *do* what Jesus told us to do at the Last Supper. We take bread and wine, we give thanks to God over them, we break the bread, we eat and drink. Four actions. If you read the New Testament accounts of all this you will see that on that night there were *seven* actions - four with the bread (taking, giving thanks, breaking, eating) and three with the cup (taking, giving thanks, drinking) and these were linked with the lengthy grace before and after the meal which was usual in all Jewish households. The grace before a meal involved breaking a piece of bread and sharing it; the grace after a meal contained the passing round a cup of wine for all to drink from.

At the Last Supper, Jesus said things which must have been quite incomprehensible to the apostles. As the bread was passed round before the meal, he said 'This is my body which is broken for you', and after the meal as they drank from the cup, he said 'This is my blood which is shed for you and for many'. And he followed this with the equally mysterious words 'Do this, for an anamnesis of me'. None of this can have made any sense to them. They were not to know that twenty-four hours later he would be dead and buried. We know, and we always hear these words knowing full well what is going to happen next. But they didn't. And what is all this about 'anamnesis'? It is a Greek word which is really untranslatable into English. 'Remembrance' is a poor translation (it reminds me of Remembrance Sunday, world wars, poppies and two minutes silence, looking back into the past with sombre and sober gratitude). Anamnesis is not that at all. It is a making present of something done in the past. What Jesus was really saying was 'Do this, and when you do it you make a present reality of what I am doing in my death and resurrection'.

So - Jesus is a present reality; he is here, in the eucharistic species, and we offer him to the Father; the whole Church offers him to the Father, in every celebration of the Mass; he offers us, with him, to

the Father in every enactment of the Holy Liturgy; we are taken up to heaven with him in Holy Communion because by receiving him in the sacrament we are made holy by him; we are united in him and made one with all those who have offered themselves at the Christian altar all down the ages. Communion binds us to him in that Trinitarian wonder which is the consequence of our Baptism.

Holy Communion. There is a difference between the Christian sacrifice of Jesus and the Jewish sacrifices. The Jews would never feed on the sacrifice. They believed that their sacrifices took away their sins, and so to eat the victim on the altar would be appalling, a sacrilegious act of the worst sort. But we do feed on our sacrifice. Our victim died and was raised; he *dies and is raised*, because we are about an anamnesis act. Communion binds us here and now to Calvary: we are on the cross with him and we are being raised with him and we are ascended in heaven with him in his glory.

We should never be tempted to forsake the Eucharist. We must never agree with the subChristians who tell us that we can worship God without going to Church. It is not true. The Eucharist is the heart beat of the Church and of every Christian. A very powerful and extremely moving exposition of the place of the Eucharist in Christian history and its centrality in the worship of Christians at any time is given by the liturgical theologian, Gregory Dix. Writing in the 1940s in his book 'The Shape of the Liturgy' he says of the command to DO THIS -

'Was ever another command so obeyed? For century after century, spreading slowly to every continent and country and among every race on earth, this action has been done, in every conceivable human circumstance, for every conceivable human need from infancy and before it to extreme old age and after it, from the pinnacles of earthly greatness to the refuge of fugitives in the caves and dens of the earth. Men have found no better thing than this to do for kings at their crowning and for criminals going to the scaffold; for armies in triumph or for a bride and bridegroom in a little country church; for the proclamation of a dogma or for a good crop of wheat; for the wisdom of the Parliament of a mighty nation or for a sick old woman afraid to die; for a schoolboy sitting an examination or for Columbus setting out to discover America; for the famine of whole provinces or for the soul of a dead lover; in thankfulness because my father did not die of pneumonia; for a village headman much tempted to return to fetish because the yams had failed; because the Turk was at the gates of Vienna; for the repentance of Margaret; for the settlement of a strike;

for a son for a barren woman; for Captain so-and-so, wounded and prisoner of war; while the lions roared in the nearby amphitheatre; on the beach at Dunkirk; while the hiss of scythes in the thick June grass came faintly through the windows of the church; tremulously, by an old monk on the fiftieth anniversary of his vows; furtively, by an exiled bishop who had hewn timber all day in a prison camp near Murmansk; gorgeously, for the canonization of S. Joan of Arc - one could fill many pages with the reasons why men have done this, and not tell a hundredth part of them. And best of all, week by week and month by month, on a hundred thousand successive Sundays, faithfully, unflinching, across all the parishes of Christendom, the pastors have done this just to *make the plebs sancta Dei* - the holy common people of God.'

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

From here and there

☒ Sippin' whisky, the secret of my survival.
William Boyd

☒ More Church bulletin bloopers:

Bertha Belch, a missionary from Africa will be speaking tonight at Calvary Memorial Church in Racine. Come tonight and hear Bertha Belch all the way from Africa.

Don't let worry kill you - let the Church help.

Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.

Thanks to Jennifer and Conor Reid

☒ Human beings, who are unique in having the ability to learn from the experience of others, are also remarkable for their obvious disinclination to do so.

☒ From New Zealand:

(1) We're comfortable calling this decade

the "noughties", just as we did the eighties and nineties before it; and

(2) While we are at it, it really annoys us that everyone says 'two thousand and one'. Surely if we are consistent with the last century, it's 'twenty-o-one'.

From Network World Canada

☒ Q. Is Windows a virus?

A. No, Windows is not a virus. Here's what viruses do:

1. They replicate quickly.

2. Viruses use up valuable system resources, slowing down the system as they do so.

3. Viruses will, from time to time, trash your hard disk.

4. Viruses are usually carried, unknown to the user, along with valuable programs and systems.

5. Viruses usually will occasionally make the user suspect their system is too slow and the user will buy new hardware.

Viruses are well supported by their authors, are running on most systems, their program code is fast, compact and efficient and they tend to become more sophisticated as they mature.

So, Windows is not a virus.

It's a bug.

From Computing Canada - October 5, 2001

☒ Q. What do you call it when a lawnmower runs over a bird's nest?

A. Shredded tweek.

☒ A certain little girl, when asked her name, would reply, "I'm Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter." Her mother told her this was wrong, she must say, "I'm Jane Sugarbrown." The Vicar spoke to her in Sunday School, and said, "Aren't you Mr. Sugarbrown's

daughter?" She replied, "I thought I was, but mother says I'm not."

Is this War Legal?

Spare Us the Morally Bankrupt Fulminations of Leftist Twits

Since September 11, there has been much fatuous blather from the whiny liberal-left asserting some sort of moral equivalency between the horrendous terrorist attacks on America, and a leftist laundry list of alleged U.S. foreign policy shortcomings.

For example, NDP leader Alexa McDonough has argued that "No country or coalition has the right to act as judge, jury and executioner in this matter." So who does have the right? The United Nations? Puh-leezz! There have been UN sanctions in place against Saddam Hussein for more than ten years, and he is still running Iraq and stonewalling even UN oversight of his weapons facilities, let alone any overthrow of his regime.

When 7000 U.S. citizens were killed, countless thousands more injured and maimed, and 15,000 American children lost parents as a result the sneak terror attacks, Americans acquired the moral right to be judge, jury, and executioner of their attackers.

As a friend of mine, a Viet Nam vet, commented: "A group of medieval savages have killed 7000 of my countrymen. I don't care why. I don't care to hear their viewpoint, their list of grievances. No conceivable grievance justifies this. I want those directly involved to be dealt with. I don't want them brought to justice, I want justice brought to them. There is a level of evil which is beyond law. These people have rejected the entire concept of social contract; they understand no law save blood on rocks. So be it."

So what about the legalities, such as they are, with respect to what is in many respects an unprecedented set of circumstances? Writing in the *Globe & Mail*, Michael Mandel, a professor at Osgoode Hall Law School in Toronto, argues that "the U.S.-U.K. attack on Afghanistan is . . . clearly illegal. It violates international law and the express words of the United Nations Charter."

Mandel presents a stem-winding argument in support of his assertion, which I, legal layman that I am, find unconvincing, especially when the professor reveals the foul ideological compost his

opinion is rooted in by commenting:

"Since the United States and Britain have undertaken this attack without the explicit authorization of the Security Council, those who die from it will be victims of a crime against humanity, just like the victims of the Sept. 11 attacks . . . The bombing of Afghanistan is the legal and moral equivalent of what was done to the Americans on Sept. 11."

Uhhhh... no.

If Mr. Mandel really believes the statements in the last sentence, I'm apprehensive about whatever else he may be teaching his students, because what he said is a load of the same stuff we used to shovel out of the barn.

US/UK raids on the Taliban - repeated warnings given, and lots of opportunity for the Taliban to comply with America's terms and avoid the bombing altogether

Terrorist attacks on America - no warning; sneak attack

US/UK raids on the Taliban - conducted by democratically elected and accountable governments

Terrorist attacks on America - conducted by freelance extremists who have explicitly declared a holy war on democracy and accountability

US/UK raids on the Taliban - warfare reluctantly used as last resort after nearly a month of diplomacy failed to produce results

Terrorist attacks on America - mass destruction deliberately used as provocation

US/UK raids on the Taliban - all reasonable and prudent measures taken to minimize non-combatant casualties

Terrorist attacks on America - calculated for the express purpose of maximizing non-combatant casualties

Anyone who cannot grasp that there is not a scintilla of moral equivalency between the two actions is either ideologically blind or a moral imbecile.

And personally, in this exceptional circumstance, I basically don't give a hoot about whatever arcane particularities of international law obtain, especially as interpreted by leftist nitwits like this guy. The only prudent solution is to do whatever is necessary to flush bin Laden out and subject him to American justice. As long as there is what seems to be a never-ending supply of evil megalomaniacs who are not content to leave peaceful people alone (Hitler wouldn't leave the Jews and the Czechs and Poles (et al) alone; Saddam Hussein wouldn't leave the Kuwaitis alone; Slobbo wouldn't leave the Kosovars alone) these tyrants and murderers have to be brought to heel, and in the process genuine innocents will often suffer too, but that is the hell of evil, isn't it? As somebody observed, the people who orchestrated the Sept 11 attacks are "so evil, hell would kick them out."

That sort of evil is something that the sentimental, pink-left, "peace movement" has never been willing to address; if not war, then what? Let the depraved bastards take over without a fight? As Vegetius sagely observed, "let him who desires peace prepare for war."

By Charles W. Moore

You may already be a software engineer:

If you can recite any scene from any Python movie.

If you stare at an orange juice container because it says CONCENTRATE.

If you can name six Star Trek episodes.

If you only joke via email.

If you have used coat hangers and duct tape for something other than hanging coats and taping ducts.

If you window shop at Radio Shack.

If your ideal evening consists of fast-forwarding through the latest sci-fi movie looking for technical inaccuracies.

If you carry on a one-hour debate over expected results of a test that takes five minutes to run.

If you ever burned down a school gymnasium during a science fair.

If you know that computers are really only good

for playing games, but are afraid to say it out loud.

From Computing Canada - September 7, 2001

My Love Affair with Canada - Part 1

My love affair with Canada started when I was eleven. That year our teacher, a middle-aged gentleman, had a severe heart attack three weeks into the school year. (No we were not the cause.) A substitute had to be found quickly, and Miss Evelyn Meade came into my life. She was tall, thirtyish, fair hair, and pretty in a refined sort of way. I was deeply into Classical literature, but she introduced me to poetry. Moreover, she had just returned to England from two years exchange teaching in Canada. Oh! the wonderful stories she told about the New World on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean! I vowed that one day I would 'go and see for myself. Little did I realize in those far-off days that my destiny was to live in Canada and become a Canadian citizen. Thank you, Miss Meade!

My son Paul and I landed in Halifax Harbour the end of January, 1954. The passage on the 'Franconia' had been stormy, but we were weathered sailors, having lived for two years on an island in the Gairloch, a sea-loch in the Northwest Highlands of Scotland, where gale-force winds from the North Atlantic funnelled down in unmitigating power. Although about two thirds of the passengers kept to their cabins, we did not miss one meal, for after war-time and post-war shortages the abundance and variety of food amazed us. We arrived in Halifax late Sunday evening, and the Salvation Army Band playing in cold, blowing snow, greeted us with familiar hymns. This was our last night on board so we hugged one another, new-found friends, strangers, wishing one another good luck in the new country.

Among my luggage was a letter from a school trustee in Uxbridge. She had previously sent a letter to 'The Scotsman' pointing out the shortage of trained teachers in Canada at that time, and giving a rosy picture for anyone interested. In reply to my letter she had sent an introductory letter to the Department of Education at Queen's Park. Soon I was installed in a school in what is now Mississauga.

Time went by and still the wonders of Canada as described by Miss Meade had not been visited. In 1967 my opportunity came. That was the year of Canada's 100th Birthday. Centennial events were

happening from coast to coast. My own personal project was to see more of the country to which I now belonged. I booked a three week tour with the Greyhound Bus Company to travel with prearranged stopovers from Toronto to the West Coast and back. My first selected date was changed by Greyhound because accomodation in Calgary was unobtainable as the Stampede would be in progress. I didn't mind for man-made amusements were not really on the agenda. I wanted to revel in the beauties of Nature. However, the date change did bring me to Winnipeg when the City was teeming with athletes from many countries, gathered there for the Commonwealth Games. We rolled into Edmonton on the last day of their 'Klondike Days' and were greeted by buxom belles in bustles, barbershop quartets in bow-ties and boaters. The whole City semed to have stepped back to the era of 'The Klondike Gold Rush'. Honky-tonk piano music filled the air, and an old prospector, complete with burro, doffing his hat with a "Howdy Pardner" to everyone he met, ambled along the main street. Our entry into Vancouver was the day of the annual 'Bathtub Race' across the Strait of Georgia (if you could make it!) and these unlikely craft were lined up on the beach the next day for inspection. On the return journey an overnight stay in Regina introduced us to 'Buffalo Days'.

Sometimes man-made inventions are needed to appreciate the marvels of Nature. Snowmobiles for fifteen persons took us out on the 'Athabasca Glacier', a tongue of the Columbia Icefield. The weather was warm and cottons were the vogue, but heavy, walking shoes were advised for walking over the fantastic ice shapes on this relic of the Ice Age, and for firm footing when peering down into the fast moving waters way, way below the surface. It was easy to see how an unwary traveller could disappear without a trace.

Climbing higher we came to Lake Peyto resting in the quiet solitude of a valley, surrounded by a carpet of hardy flowers. The waters were the most beautiful shade of cloudy turquoise, as though someone had gathered armfuls of clouds from the sky and stirred them into the lake. Waters from melting glaciers contain particles of mineral-rich, crushed rock which have not yet settled on the bottom, and give this unusual colouring to many lakes. Better-known Lake Louise is similar but lacks the rich variety of flora surrounding it. In contrast, Maligne Lake seemed dark and forboding with its gaunt rocks, dim canyon, rushing, tumbling falls, and the ever-present smell from volcanic activity causing hot springs.

You can read about The Rockies, see pictures or film, but nothing prepares you for the impact of their majesty, the vastness, ruggedness, and that feeling of being so minuscule and unimportant. On the slopes of Mount Edith Cavell the 'Angel Glacier' spread its gleaming, white wings as though giving protection.

Another man-made contraption, the cable car, took us up Whistler Mountain, B.C. Short, stubby flora fought for existence so near the snowline. We looked for marmots, listening for that whistling that gave its name to the Mountain. Following the turbulent Fraser River to Vancouver, man-made fish ladders assisted spawning salmon to reach more peaceful parts of the river. Even so, some fish (were they brave or foolish?) attempted to leap the falls.

Who can ever forget Victoria and flowers, flowers everywhere. They hung from lamp standards; in tubs along the streets; they dominated those early morning walks in Beacon Hill Park; passing gardens sweet Lavender, Sweet Williams, and flamboyant Poppies added their scents to the morning; a visit to beautiful Butchart Gardens contrived from a gravel quarry. All these mixed with the sting of salt-water hitting the face. Victoria the Beautiful!

These are just a few of the memories, but events, colours, smells, beauty, are as vivid today as then. The quest continued the next year with a trip to the East Coast, and the following year to Newfoundland. Now I can honestly say that I have slept in each of the ten provinces of Canada. Thank you Miss Evelyn Meade!

By Helen E. Glover

Media Ignored Disabled Who Oppose ESCR

Washington, DC - The media is flooding the airwaves with celebrities pushing embryonic stem cell research. But those on the other side of the issue with their own stories to tell are being ignored. Why the double standard?

A paralysed New York City police detective - shot in the line of duty and confined to a wheel chair for 15 years - says he opposes embryonic stem cell research, even if it could allow him to walk again. Sounds like a great story, but not to the mainstream media.

"The networks have favored people like Michael J. Fox, Christopher Reeve and Mary Tyler Moore - well-known celebrities who have ailments that have the potential to benefit from embryonic stem cell research," said Rich Noyes, of the Media Research Center. "A police officer who would also benefit but who argues against the use of the destroying of embryos for his own benefit doesn't fit in to the networks' paradigm."

Cliff Kincaid, of Accuracy in Media, claims the media has an agenda. "The media were very intent on making it easier for the president . . . by airing the tragic stories of people suffering from these horrible diseases as if embryonic stem cell research would produce cures or treatments," Kincaid said. "This is typical, though, of pro-abortion bias that we have seen in the media - literally for decades."

Fox News Channel was the only network to respond to Detective Steven McDonald's offer to tell his anti-embryonic stem cell research, pro-life story.

Out of the mouths of babes

✦ While walking along the sidewalk in front of his church, our minister heard the intoning of a prayer that nearly made his collar wilt. Apparently, his five-year-old son and his playmates had found a dead robin. Feeling that proper burial should be performed, they had secured a small box and cotton batting, then dug a hole and made ready for the disposal of the deceased. The minister's son was chosen to say the appropriate prayers and with sonorous dignity intoned his version of what he thought his father always said:

"Glory be unto the Faaaather . . . and unto the Sonnn . . . and into the hole he goooooes."

✦ A little boy opened the big family bible. He was fascinated as he fingered through the old pages. Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible. He picked up the object and looked at it. What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed in between the pages. "Mama, look what I found", the boy called out. "What have you got there, dear?" With astonishment in the young boy's voice, he answered, "I think it's Adam's underwear!"

✦ A little girl asked her mother, "Can I go outside and play with the boys?" Her mother replied, "No, you can't play with the boys, they're too rough." The little girl thought about it for a few moments and asked, "If I can find a smooth one, can I play with him?"

✦ A Sunday school teacher asked her little children, as they were on the way to church service, "And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?" One bright little girl replied, "Because people are sleeping."

✦ At the beginning of a children's sermon, one girl came up to the altar wearing a beautiful dress. As the children were sitting down around the pastor, he leaned over and said to the girl, "That is a very pretty dress. Is it your Easter dress?" The girl replied almost directly into the pastor's clip-on mike, "Yes, and my Mom says it's a bitch to iron."

Thanks to Bridget Speek

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*Diocesan Circular
The Annunciator
The Traditional Anglican
Two emails from Father Dil of Zambia*