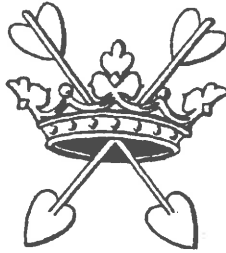


# The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

## UPDATE

September 22, 2001

### October Schedule

October 7	Sunday	-	Trinity XVII
October 14	Sunday	-	Trinity XVIII
October 18	Thursday	-	St. Luke the Evangelist
October 21	Sunday	-	Trinity XIX
October 28	Sunday	-	St. Simon and St. Jude / Trinity XX

### 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](http://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!

### St. Thomas of Villanova

Thomas was brought up at Villanova in Spain, the son of a miller, graduated with distinction in the University of Alcalá, and joined the Augustinian friars at Salamanca in 1516. Thomas filled various offices in his order with great success, and in 1544 was elected to the archbishopric of Valencia. He is particularly remembered for his love and goodness for the poor. They were his constant care both spiritually and temporally, and he was not interested in whether they were "deserving" or not; he was also notably averse from using the coercive weapons of the Church, and he established a special work on behalf of the Moriscos in order to keep them out of the hands of the Spanish Inquisition. Many examples are recorded of St. Thomas' supernatural gifts, such as his power of healing and of multiplying food. He left a number of theological writings. He died in 1555. His feast day is September 22.

From A Dictionary of Saints, compiled by Donald Attwater

### The Bishop's Bit

SOME ANGLICANS I HAVE KNOWN

3 - MRS MARGARET TROUGHTON

Towards the end of 1986, when I had completed a three month tour of Canada, Bishop Crawley arranged with Father Albert Haley for me to do a two month tour of Australia. Some Aussies were considering a Continuing movement in their country. I was to consult with them.

As the Qantas plane circled over Sydney (no city has the right to be so scenic) I looked down on the suburbs, on square single storied houses with tin

roofs painted silver, on gardens filled with bouganvillea, on streets lined with jacaranda trees and falmboyant trees, locally called poinseana, I had a curious feeling of coming home. Curious, because I had never been in the country before.

My godfather was the Revd Arthur Stanley Troughton, born and raised in Ireland, where he had read pure mathematics and applied mathematics at Trinity College, Dublin, and where he had played rugby for his university. For a while he was secretary and personal assistant to Bishop Edward Paget of the as yet undivided diocese of Southern Rhodesia. But then he felt a call to the priesthood. He studied and was ordained. In the small town of Fort Victoria he was friendly with my Irish grandparents and with my father. At my baptism he unexpectedly bestowed his own name of Stanley upon me. At some point in his career he went for a long voyage and on board ship met a Miss Margaret Long from Australia. In due course they were married with nuptial mass by the bishop in Harare cathedral, which was decorated with great swathes of bouganvillea and poinsettia.

Years later they moved to Port Elizabeth on the South African coast, where I was at boarding school for 10 years. There are few really "low" churches in Southern Africa, but Holy Trinity, Pee Ee, as we called the city, was one of them, to which Uncle Stanley was appointed. He was to remain there for some 30 years. Godparents are supposed to benefit their godchildren, and I certainly learned from mine. Not that I understood his erudite sermons. Sunday by Sunday we boarders were marched in columns of two to Trinity, dressed in blue suits, stiff white collars and hard straw hats. Most Sunday afternoons and most public holidays I spent in his rectory, where Aunt Margaret knew the quickest way to a schoolboy's heart. Could she bake! Trinity may have been "low" but it was from Uncle Stanley that I learned about the Real Presence of our Lord in the eucharist, about the eucharistic sacrifice, and about saying the angelus. It was at Trinity that I learned about reverence. How the parishioners fasted before receiving communion, not only from food but also from speech. How they prepared themselves beforehand by self examination of conscience and confession. How they meditated beforehand on collect, epistle and gospel. What profound awe and silence there was during worship.

Uncle Stanley deprecated all fuss about "high" and "low". Was he not also an honorary assistant at the "high" church down the hill, where he officiated quite happily? Did he not have friends among the

Mirfield Fathers and the Kelham Fathers, who officiated quite happily at Trinity? Was not his closest friend rector of the local Chinese parish, where members of the Latin Mass Society would have felt quite at home. Some people liked their cake plain, other people liked it with plenty of marzipan and icing. That's all there was to it, just a matter of taste. It was catholic doctrine that counted.

Strictly speaking, the wife of a godfather is not automatically a godmother, but that is how I thought of Aunt Margaret. From her I also learned a lot. "I know the English say it's greedy to have both butter and jam on your bread, but I recommend you take both plus dollops of cream." "The English practise delicate sips. I recommend long deep draughts of milk or water, preferably straight out of the jug." "Don't fuss about correctness when it comes to wine. Drink what you like when you like. Never mind what other people think. By trial and error you will discover for yourself that the dry red you have been drinking happily with your cheese, turns sour when you start on ice cream. By trial and error you will discover you don't care for whisky at breakfast, at least not in the heat of summer. When I was a student I toured Austria with a university friend. A waiter plonked some foul stuff in front of us. I said, "This is vinegar with sugar added." An embarrassed waiter apologized. "That's exactly what it is. We serve it to tourists and charge a lot. Because it's expensive they pretend to like it. And we drink the good stuff ourselves. Now we shall serve you young ladies the very best, on the house." She went on, "I recommend the same policy with regard to art, literature and music. Never be afraid of honesty you'll learn."

She was some sort of biological scientist, certainly an intellectual. Rationality meant a great deal to her, more than emotion or intuition. She approved the consultant physician who said to her, "I am not interested in how you feel, only in the state of your nose." She had grown up on a sheep station in the state of Victoria, attended a posh C of E boarding school for girls, been to university in Melbourne. Her brothers were into farming. She understood and appreciated her husband's sermons. Her accent though educated was indubitably Oz.

The rectory was filled with paintings of the Australian landscape. Its shelves were filled with children's books about billabongs, crocodiles, kangaroos, kookaburras, wallabies; with adult books about Australian flora, fauna, history and geography. I pored over all these. Conversation

was about drought, Geelong grammar school, the Melbourne races, shearing sheep, the Great Barrier Reef, the superiority of Melbourne over Sydney. No wonder, then, that when I eventually arrived Down Under in person, I felt as though I were entering into my inheritance. Its dust is every bit as good as Africa's. Australia is one of many countries in which I'd love to live. Too bad we can't practise ubiquity!

+Robert Mercer, CR

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

### *Be still and know that I am God*

A young and successful executive was travelling down a neighbourhood street going a bit too quickly in his new Jaguar. He was watching for kids darting out from between parked cars and slowed down when he thought he saw something. As his car passed, no children appeared. Instead, a brick smashed into the Jag's side door! He slammed on the brakes and spun the Jag back to the spot where the brick had been thrown. He jumped out of the car, grabbed some kid and pushed him up against a parked car shouting, "What was that all about and who are you? Just what the heck are you doing?" Building up a head of steam he went on. "That's a new car and that brick you threw is going to cost a lot of money. Why did you do it!?" "Please mister, please. I'm sorry, I didn't know what else to do," pleaded the youngster. "I threw the brick because no one else would stop." Tears were dripping down the boy's chin as he pointed around the parked car. "It's my brother," he said. "He rolled off the curb and fell out of his wheelchair and I can't lift him up." Sobbing, the boy asked the executive, "Would you please help me get him back into his wheelchair? He's hurt and he's too heavy for me." Moved beyond words, the driver tried to swallow the rapidly swelling lump in his throat. He lifted the young man back into the wheelchair and took out his handkerchief and wiped the scrapes and cuts, checking to see that everything was going to be okay. "Thank you and may God bless you," the grateful child said to him. The man watched the little boy push his brother down the sidewalk toward his home.

He never did repair the side door. He kept the dent to remind him not to go through life so fast that someone has to throw a brick at you to get your attention. God whispers in your soul and speaks to

your heart. Sometimes when you don't have time to listen, He has to throw a brick at you. It is your choice: listen to the whisper - or wait for the brick.

Thanks to Wanda Speek

### *If Disabled Means Expendable We're in Trouble*

If Robert Wendland, 49, had been a convicted killer on death row, there would have been legions of righteous do-gooders demanding that he not be executed because he was mentally retarded. Instead, he was in Lodi Memorial Hospital, brain-damaged and half-paralyzed by a 1993 car accident. Thus, when his wife Rose sought to cut off his food and fluids to allow him to die of thirst, her lawyer argued that death would be in his "best interests" because: "Robert is a man with no life that is meaningful to him."

Wendland died of pneumonia last week as the California Supreme Court was about to rule on legal attempts by his mother Florence and sister Rebekah Vinson to keep Wendland alive.

Now the court can and must issue a ruling that makes it clear that the state cannot allow relatives to euthanize the severely brain-damaged, or as the pro-dehydration folks put it, those in a "minimally conscious state." That term, which they applied to Wendland, glosses over the fact that, even if he could not walk or talk, he could toss a ball, maneuver his wheelchair, and according to a sworn affidavit, he would kiss his mother's hand and present his hand for his mother to kiss.

Courts have been correct in upholding the rights of patients to refuse unwanted surgery or to be hooked up to life-extending machines. Wendland, however, could not consent to withholding treatment - if you call providing food and water treatment. Wendland left no written directive asking that sustenance be withheld in the event of a severe accident. (Good for him: Many people think they would not want to live if disabled - until they are disabled.)

Here's the real issue before the Big Bench: Should able-bodied Californians let their fear and revulsion at the thought of being disabled lead to policies that allow families to kill disabled people who are not competent to make medical decisions?

If the answer is yes, Californians will follow in the footsteps of euthanizing Nazis: Killing retarded

and brain-damaged people - because it's best for them.

Or as Rose Wendland's attorney suggested to the court - and he is hardly the first to do so - withholding food and water would allow Wendland to maintain his "dignity."

Diane Coleman, president of the disability-advocacy group Not Yet Dead, finds the "dignity" argument "so insulting to us as a minority group. To say that someone needs to be able to walk, talk and go to the bathroom by themselves to have dignity - that's ridiculous. And those ideas don't come from within a (disabled) person, they come from people outside telling them that they don't have dignity."

I should advise readers that my husband, Wesley J. Smith, wrote a friend of the court brief pro bono for the Coalition of Concerned Medical Professionals that took the side of Wendland's mother and sister.

I have watched as others have impugned the motives of those individuals who dedicated countless hours to keep a helpless, profoundly brain-damaged man alive. The pro-death side speaks as if there is something noble and caring about trying to withhold water from a disabled man, and something twisted and busybodyish in trying to save him.

If the dehydration forces prevail, it will be open season on the cognitively disabled. But don't compare any beneficent dehydrations to what the Nazis did; the Nazis weren't as caring as modern Californians.

By Debra J. Saunders in the July 24, 2001 issue of the San Francisco Chronicle

### *Worth thinking about*

✘ A few more gems from Jack:

1. You use the word 'tolerance' and of course what you really mean is peaceful co-existence with evil.
2. You may have more degrees than a thermometer, but when it comes to the teachings of the Church, and warning the wicked (which is an act of love), you have made a pact with the devil; declared a truce, and called it tolerance.

3. The failure to confront evil is apathy and moral cowardice, not tolerance.

Jack Keene is a regular correspondent/contributor to TTMB0 - an internet discussion forum run by our Charles Moore

⊗ Christendom's liberal humanist adversaries won't be satisfied until Christian moral standards are obliterated and the Church is reduced to nothing more than an irrelevant, toothless shell. Liberal humanism will not and cannot tolerate the true Christian Gospel, and too many Christians are mistaken in the notion that they can tolerate a cultural environment dominated by liberal humanism, without profoundly compromising their Christian Faith. In Hilaire Belloc's words: "We must attempt to destroy [the modern attack on Christianity] as being the fully equipped and ardent enemy of the Faith by which man lives. The duel is to the death." Charles Moore

### The First 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 +

#### 1. THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

The highest human activity is the worship of God. Worship is the giving to God what is his due from us, our adoration and thanksgiving and our conscious recognition of his holiness. Christians worship God in *his* way, not in ways which we have thought out or dreamt up. There are two basic thoughts to have in mind when we consider what is God's way in our worship. The first is that God the Holy Spirit has been guiding the Church for 2,000 years into the way of truth; and the second is that that guidance has been firmly grounded in the revelation given to us through the *Incarnation*. The Second Person of the Trinity,

Jesus Christ our Lord, showed us the way. He set the example for us to follow, and we can see in the New Testament four ways in which *he* gave to us his way of the worship of the Father -

1. He went to the Synagogue on the Sabbath;
2. He went up to Jerusalem to offer sacrifice in the Temple on the great festivals;
3. He spent time apart from everyone else and was alone with the Father in prayer, and this often took place during the night. The Christian tradition of having all-night vigils comes direct from the Lord himself, especially before times of decision-making (such as the choosing of the twelve apostles);
4. He gave us the Lord's Prayer, the Our Father prayer, as a pattern for our own praying, and we know that there is no better way. Endless books and tracts have been written on the interpretation and understanding of the Lord's Prayer. But best of all is just to pray it ourselves.

Well, how has all this developed, and how is it expressed in the Church today? On these four Sundays during my stay here this summer, we shall be looking at this, and concentrating our thoughts on how the worship which was offered in the Synagogue and in the Temple has been transformed and synthesised into the Church's Eucharist.

Today, let us see what the worship of the Synagogue was like. There were synagogues everywhere where our Lord lived. He was a rabbi and so he led the worship regularly. The Sabbath Day service had several ingredients, all based on Holy Scripture, and that, of course, was the Old Testament.

The Psalms - sung, as we do hymns. Readings - from the Law (Genesis to Deuteronomy) - from the Prophets - from the Wisdom Literature. Sermon, or Homily, or Commentary. Prayer, in common.

Now it will be obvious that what I have described is very much like what we have been doing for the past half hour. The first part of the Eucharist is a christianisation of the Jewish synagogue worship. In fact, the Eucharist as we know it today is two acts of worship telescoped together. We have just completed (with this sermon) the Christian equivalent of the Jewish synagogue Sabbath Day service. Let's look at what we have done:

We have sung hymns; we have said prayers; we

have listened to Holy Scripture and especially the Gospel, the focus and climax of it all. And we have summed it all up in the words of the Creed, the statement of our faith.

There was a time early in the Christian era when those who were not receiving the Holy Communion were sent away at this point. They were only allowed to be present at the Liturgy of the Word.

So, what is this Liturgy of the Word, the Word-made-flesh, which we have taken part in? It is the drawing-together and binding-together of Christians with Christ Jesus our Lord in the revelation of himself. All lives are united with his life in the revelation of himself. Our personal praying is an extension of this praying together as the Church. All individual prayer is part of the Church's prayer - we *never* pray on our own. We never witness to others on our own. Our witness in the world is the witness of the Church; it is the witness of Christ living in us. We are never loners, never individualists, we are never independent. If we say we are independent, we have failed to understand where we stand with God - we have lost sight of the historical development of the life of the Church down the centuries, and forgotten that Christ Jesus is in that development and that The Holy Spirit is forever motivating and directing and inspiring us in our service and prayer and worship.

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

- ⊗ Until lions have their historians, tales of the hunt shall always glorify the hunter.
- ⊗ Q. How do you kill a circus?  
A. Go straight for the juggler.
- ⊗ *Whisky* is used by Scots, Canadians, and Japanese; *whiskey* is used for all others.  
Stephan Gabányi
- ⊗ liverish (LIV-eh-ish) adjective:
  1. resembling liver, especially colour.
  2. ill-natured, grouchy.

⊗ epenthesis - a couple of examples:

1. A pet peeve among long-time residents of Oregon, is the way in which the name of the state is pronounced by outsiders. Natives and long-time residents pronounce the name "OR-gun", much like the word organ. They bristle when hearing it epenthesized and pronounced OR-ee-gone.

2. My husband is from Lithuania. Most Americans make it an epenthesis when they pronounce it Lith-a-uania. But my all time favorites are real-a-tor, nuc-u-lar, and ath-a-lete!

⊗ It's been said that if the left side of the brain controls the right side of the body, then only left-handed people are in their right minds.

### A Visit to Canterbury

Standing at the window of my student room in the University of Kent I looked down a gradual incline to see the towers surmounted by miniature spires of Canterbury Cathedral. The room was mine for a week, for we Elderhostellers were staying in the Spartan student accomodation. Memories of Canterbury are mixed with Charles Dickens for our course chased him around the southeast corner of England. Our lecturer, a professor from the University on that theme could well have added acting to his qualifications, for he could bring any Dickens character, male or female, to life. We revelled in his readings and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more.

The most poignant memory took place on a field trip. We stood in a Kentish churchyard looking down at the tomb of man and wife surrounded by eleven stone 'lozenges' about one foot in diameter, marking the graves of their infant children. This scene must have inspired Dickens when writing "Great Expectations" in which the hero, Pip, a young boy, is visiting the grave of his parents and meets Abel Magwitch, a convict escaped from a prison ship taking him to Australia. Standing there in that ancient churchyard with the variable English weather causing the sun to constantly play hide and seek with the clouds, we listened to that first chapter, and so dramatic was the impact that we found ourselves looking around at the surrounding gravestones expecting the convict to appear. We visited Bleak House in Broadstairs, the house in "David Copperfield" where Aunt Betsy Trotwood lived, and the house where Dickens

wrote many of his books, now used as a Private School for Girls. An unexpected bonus on this expedition was pulling off to the side of the road to watch while a car, flying the Royal Standard and containing the Queen Mother rolled by. We learned she was returning from opening a Museum memorializing the history of the Cinque Ports, the ancient seaports on the south coast of England opposite France, which plied trade between England and Continental Europe.

My only visiting of Canterbury previously had been through English Literature - the reading of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales", T.S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral", and the biography and works of the Elizabethan Christopher Marlowe, perhaps Canterbury greatest son; or in History Classes relating to the coming of St. Augustine bringing Christianity to England in A.D. 597, or the infamous murder of Thomas Becket by Henry II's knights in 1170.

No visit to Canterbury is complete without a visit to the Cathedral. A shared taxi on Sunday morning took a group of us to Morning Service. Where did all the people come from? It was like the Tower of Babel representing nations everywhere. More and more chairs were brought and every available space filled. Even so, latecomers had to stand. Holy Communion was dispensed from the front and the back. Talk about mass production! There was absolutely no chance to think about the solemnity of the occasion. In factory assembly-line we formed a queue, marched past to receive bread, then wine, and were directed back to seats. It took about three quarters of an hour for the entire congregation to march past. Yes, we did return to the Cathedral to take the usual guided tour - the magnificently ornate choir with its unusual, small, trefoil windows, the tomb of the Black Prince with his effigy in full, black armour reposing on top, and followed the steps leading to the shrine of the martyred Thomas Becket.

At the beginning of W.W.2 the ancient stained glass panes were removed from the windows, which were then boarded up. Sporadic minor air raids became almost a way of life, but a catastrophic raid in June 1942 completely destroyed about one third of the City's central core. After the war archaeologists were presented with an unique opportunity to fill in, by excavation, some of the gaps in Canterbury's history. There were scattered Neolithic and Bronze Age finds, but the first settlement existed in the Early Iron Age, around B.C. 400. Canterbury grew to be a great fortified city, and following Thomas Becket's

martyrdom, a centre of pilgrimage. Later it became a backwater, but in the nineteenth Century interest revived and the city regained its lost prestige. Canterbury's museums provide a rich treasure trove in tracing the City's history. Most noteworthy is a hoard of Romano-British silver buried about A.D.400. Especially important is the "Accord of Winchester" signed (with crosses!) by William the Conqueror and his Queen as well as leading churchmen of the day, which established the primacy of the See of Canterbury over that of York.

By Helen E. Glover

### *Confused about Stem Cell Research?*

If you are like most of the public, you are somewhat confused about all the debate on "stem cell research." What is a "stem cell"? Why would the Church be against research? Why is the whole matter such a controversy in the first place?

A "stem cell" is a cell which is capable of growing into any type of cell in the body. Such cells may be helpful in treating disease. The problem, however, is that in one method of obtaining these cells, human lives, in their earliest stages, are being destroyed in the process.

This is not a debate about whether or not we should do research to assist the perennial fight against disease. The Church does not oppose research. But the task of research, the efforts to cure disease, and the ability to manipulate nature has certain moral parameters. Consider some history.

The prosecution in the World War II War Crimes Trials pointed to a key source of the deterioration of ethics which resulted in the Nazi killing program. That book was "The Release of the Destruction of Life Devoid of Value," by Karl Binding and Alfred Hoche. Hoche was a doctor of medicine. He writes, "A child was sick with a rare and scientifically interesting brain disease and was almost certain to die within 24 hours. If that child would die in the hospital, I would have the opportunity by autopsy to find out the reason for the sickness. It would have been easy to give the child an injection of morphine to hurry his death by a few hours. I did not because my personal desire for scientific research was not an important enough good to overcome the obligation of medical ethics. It would have been a different question, however, if to decide as mentioned in the present case would have resulted in the saving of many

lives. The question would have had to be answered yes because of the higher good."

This philosophy, that we can kill to advance medical progress, led to numerous experiments on innocent people. In the portion of the war crime trials dealing with the medical experiments, the prosecution stated, "The defendants in this case are charged with murders, tortures, and other atrocities committed in the name of medical science." Experiments mentioned in the official US Government publication summarizing the Medical Case include "High Altitude experiments," "Freezing experiments," and "Mustard gas experiments." In one example, the subject's legs had to be deliberately crippled to obtain the medical data.

Some say that the embryos destroyed in today's research aren't human. That simply contradicts scientific fact. The widely used medical textbook *The Developing Human, Clinically Oriented Embryology*, 6th Edition, Moore, Persaud, Saunders, 1998, states at page 2 that "The intricate processes by which a baby develops from a single cell are miraculous . . . This cell [the zygote] results from the union of an oocyte [egg] and sperm. A zygote is the beginning of a new human being . . ." At page 18 this theme is repeated: "Human development begins at fertilization [emphasis in original] . . ."

Ultimately, however, the debate here goes beyond the fate of the embryos themselves. It involves the very meaning of human life, and whether some humans may be destroyed for the sake of others.

And the world has gone down that painful road before.

By Fr. Frank Pavone; National Director, Priests for Life

### *Sticks and Stones*

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me." That's the only retort you need to utter if someone insults you to your face.

Another one-liner worth memorizing is from the pithy Florence King: "Political correctness is nothing more than female touchiness writ large."

Helen Sterk, a professor of communications at Calvin College in Michigan, has a bad case of female touchiness. We approached her article

"Taming Our Tongues" in the Calvinistic Banner (January 15) expecting to hear about the current plague of profanity, obscenity, and scatological vulgarity. But no, not a peep about that.

Well, what then is Professor Sterk exercised about? This: "I saw two preteen girls playing basketball in a driveway. Just then they noticed a boy of the same age riding his bike up and down the street. They yelled at him, 'You're gay! Go away!' The boy then 'trod heavily on his bike pedals and shot off.'"

Sterk charges the girls with "committing a kind of murder," for they denied the boy his "humanity," they "demeaned" and "destroyed" him. We, on the other hand, find no fault with the girls, though we do wonder about the boy. All he had to do was yell back, "Sticks and stones . . .," and keep riding his bike up and down the street.

Sterk laments: "From my children, I hear that calling someone 'gay' is the ultimate insult in their Christian grade school." Be grateful, Ms. Sterk, for as insults go, "gay" is mild. It simply means "lame" (see the June 1999 NOR, p. 15) and in the process registers a healthy disgust for the homosexual "lifestyle." To call someone "gay" is neither profane nor obscene (after all, it's their word, their euphemism!) nor scatological. When kids say "You're gay" they mean "You're lame." If the worst insult ever heard in our land were "gay," we'd be living in paradise.

Actually, those two girls strike us as manifesting an instinctive intimacy with the natural law. A 13-year-old who hangs around our office recently exclaimed, "Do you know that [so-and-so] is a lesbian? That's so repulsive, so sick!" That 13-year-old and those two girls were reflecting their innate understanding of God's moral order - and this in the face of the relentless propaganda of our "gay-friendly" culture. Bravo for them!

But that's not how Ms. Sterk sees it. She informs us that "all language leads to certain kinds of action." Does it really? Does Sterk actually believe that those two girls were going to assault the boy and commit a "hate crime" had he not escaped?

Disparaging remarks about homosexuality, Sterk suggests, will lead to killing homosexuals. Her case in point is the killing of Matthew Shepard, the homosexual instantly canonized by our culture. Uh, does Ms. Sterk know what kind of language the killers habitually used before committing their deed? If so, she doesn't tell us. Curiously, it was



noted in Insight magazine (July 24, 2000) that Judy Shepard, Matthew's mother, testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee that "It was not words or thoughts, but violent actions that killed my son."

Why Matthew died is a complicated story. Allegedly, he "came on" to a man who, with another man, then savagely beat Matthew, crushed his skull, robbed him, and left him to die in cold weather tied to a fence. Such a reaction to a sexual advance, if that's what it was, is way out of proportion and utterly inexcusable.

But let's say, Ms. Sterk, that you were propositioned by some jerk within earshot of your hubby, and he then punched out the jerk. Would you castigate your gallant husband for his honorable act? Would you?

Maybe so. Ms. Sterk tells us she doesn't like being called a "lady." Our dictionary defines a lady as "a woman regarded as proper and virtuous." Maybe Sterk doesn't comprehend the concepts of honor or propriety.

Or of virtue. Sterk says we should "practice care for one another, rather than monitor and label each other's level of sinfulness." Practice care for sinfulness?

She goes on to lecture her fellow Calvinists: "Instead of saying, 'They need to listen to us,' we should do the listening. They might be - women, gay or lesbian people, or non-Christians - anyone considered as having a point of view that is not in the mainstream."

Duh, under which rock in Michigan does Ms. Sterk live? Feminists, homosexuals, and non-Christians are part and parcel of the mainstream.

Well, the touchy Ms. Sterk serves up another example of a "murderous insult": "In the Gulf War, the enemy was called 'towelhead'. Our language helped us remove their humanity from them and make it easier to kill them."

Towelhead. Towelhead? As for vile language in this day and age, that doesn't even qualify. So what if the G.I.'s called the Iraqis towelheads? Their job was to kill Iraqi soldiers. That the G.I.'s called Iraqi soldiers towelheads had nothing to do with anything.

The Scriptures say to speak the truth in charity. Mustering as much charity as we can, we must say, Ms. Sterk, that you're just an obtuse p.c.

henpecker. Put that in your rainbow pipe and smoke it. And do inhale.

From New Oxford Notes - May, 2001 - New Oxford Review

### No condolences from Chretien

In an eloquent and memorable address at the Washington National Cathedral on Friday, United States President George W. Bush comforted the American people with the thought that, "God's signs are not always the ones we look for. We learn in tragedy that His purposes are not always our own, yet the prayers of private suffering, whether in our homes or in this great cathedral are known and heard and understood."

Meanwhile, Prime Minister Jean Chretien told the people of Canada at a memorial gathering in Ottawa that, "At a time like this, the only saving grace is our common humanity and decency."

Is that right?

The Psalmist had a different idea: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Though a host encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war arise against me, yet I will be confident."

Chretien professes to be a Christian, yet there was not a single reference to God or Christ in his entire speech. There were no spoken prayers by anyone in the entire service. Why is that?

Chretien told the United States ambassador: "You have assembled before you, here on Parliament Hill and right across Canada, ... a people of every faith and nationality to be found on earth." True enough, but one of those faiths is overwhelmingly predominant. At the time of the last decennial census, 82 per cent of Canadians still identified themselves as Christians, while those who professed "no religious affiliation" comprised only 13 per cent of the national population.

Likewise, in the United States, only 13 per cent of the population does not uphold any religious belief. But has this minority captured the government? In deference to agnostics, have all explicit prayers and references to God been banned from official public ceremonies in the United States? Of course, not.

At Friday's inspiring memorial service in

Washington, there were hymns, prayers and scripture readings. The gathering was addressed not just by Bush, but also by a Muslim Imam, a Jewish Rabbi, a Catholic Cardinal and several Protestant ministers.

The Rev. Billy Graham gave the sermon. He was magnificent: "Today we say to those who masterminded this cruel plot, and to those who carried it out, that the spirit of this nation will not be defeated by their twisted and diabolical schemes.

"But today we especially come together in this service to confess our need of God. We've always needed God from the very beginning of this nation but today we need Him especially. We're facing a new kind of enemy. We're involved in a new kind of warfare and we need the help of the Spirit of God. The Bible's words are our hope: 'God is our refuge and strength, an ever present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth give way and the mountains fall into the heart of the sea.'"

In the United States, as in Canada, some people are disposed to blame all Muslims for the depredations of a minority of Islamist fanatics. In a radio address last week, Charles Colson deplored this prejudice. "The vast majority of Muslims living in the United States are peaceful and law-abiding people," he said. "Christians should be the first to recognize this and befriend those who will find themselves shunned by many.

"Finally and most important," admonished Colson, "we need to pray. Pray fervently for our leaders.

President George Bush has a devout, evangelical faith in Christ. I know from our conversations. National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice and others in the administration are strong believers as well. These brothers and sisters need God's wisdom and our prayers."

The same goes for Chretien. On Friday, he had no spiritual consolation to offer the grieving relatives of the more than 50 Canadians who are missing and presumed dead as a result of the attack on the United States.

In contrast, Bush prayed: "On this national day of prayer and remembrance, we ask almighty God to watch over our nation ... We pray that He will comfort and console those who now walk in sorrow. We thank Him for each life we now must mourn, and the promise of a life to come.

"As we've been assured, neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities, nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth can separate us from God's love.

"May He bless the souls of the departed. May He comfort our own. And may He always guide our country.

"God bless America."

To which let us add: "May God bless Canada, too."

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