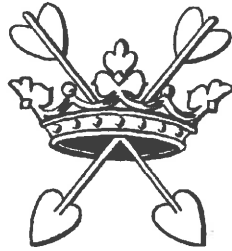


# The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

## UPDATE

May 15, 2000 - St. Pachomius

### June Schedule

June 1	Thursday	~	Ascension Day
June 4	Sunday	~	Sunday after Ascension
June 11	Sunday	~	Whitsunday / Day of Pentecost
June 18	Sunday	~	Trinity Sunday / Octave Day of Pentecost
June 20	Tuesday	~	St. Barnabas
June 22	Thursday	~	Corpus Christi
June 24	Saturday	~	Nativity of St. John the Baptist
June 25	Sunday	~	Trinity I
June 29	Thursday	~	St. Peter and St. Paul
June 30	Friday	~	Sacred Heart of Jesus

### 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., 10:00 a.m. on Saturdays - when the Chapel is available!

### Parish News

The Bishop will be visiting us on Easter V, May 28, and will be celebrant at Mass. Mark your calendars and be sure to be there!

The Parish Garage Sale will be held on Saturday, June 3, starting at 8:00 a.m. at 102 Frederick Banting Place in Waterloo. If you haven't done so already, please arrange to drop off articles no later than Friday, June 2 - all the articles have to be priced! (If you need help with the transportation of articles, just let us know - we'll be happy to pick them up.) It looks as though it's going to be a big do, so please come and enjoy a coffee and some sweets, browse and buy! Remember the proceeds are going to our Building Fund.

### Email

*From Father Robert S. H. Mansfield - May 1*

I happened to find this today just before UPDATE arrived and I read Helen Glover's article. "I am not a vegetarian because I love animals; I am a vegetarian because I hate plants." - A. Whitney Brown.

*From Alan Edwardson - May 9*

Greetings and blessings in the name of our Lord Jesus!

I very much appreciate - and look forward to - receiving a copy of the UPDATE every month. It is always thought provoking and life-giving. Thank you for remembering my family and I in this most encouraging way.

In particular, I especially look forward to reading Helen Glover's regular submissions. She has quite a gift for proclaiming the Gospel in easy to understand terms (much like Jesus did during his earthly ministry) by using snippets of her own life and experiences. Truly, her writings are a breath of fresh air compared to many of the theological textbooks I have had the honour (?) of reading during my studies for the ministry.

Thus, it was with more than a little surprise and interest (and joyful embarrassment!) that I read Mrs. Glover's contribution to the latest edition of the UPDATE. Lo and behold, here she was

blissfully recollecting a pleasant childhood memory that had been prompted by a sermon I had written! What an honour! (The sermon was originally written and preached last year for the congregation at St. Joseph's, Halifax and was submitted to the Diocesan Circular for publication leading into this past Lenten season.)

Mrs. Glover ended her article by posing the question: "Was John the Baptist an Eater of Insects or a Herbivore?" She goes on to add the footnote that Bishop Mercer, in his accompanying remarks to my sermon in the Circular, "interposes an element of doubt...". In other words, EPISCOPALLY SPEAKING, the jury's still out.

Hopefully, I can shed some light on the subject. The sermon in question was entitled, "I Desire Mercy, Not Sacrifice" and was the first of a Lenten series entitled "I Will Repay You for the Years the Locusts Have Eaten" that I preached last year at St. Joseph's. This initial sermon (for Ash Wednesday) established the groundwork for the six-sermon series which focused on the Old Testament Book of Joel and its relevance for our Lenten journeys.

"Locusts" was the theme and, as such, I took pains to ensure that I did my "homework" as much as possible. The reference in the sermon to John the Baptist and his dietary preferences, as depicted in Holy Scripture, was included for reasons of hyperbole (and some comedic relief) to underscore the size and severity (truly, of Biblical proportions) of the Plague of Locusts that struck the land during Joel's ministry (and, subsequently, those - figuratively speaking - that can strike our own lives). (Whew! I just reread that last sentence - I hope you can make more sense of it than I could!)

I have always held the belief that John ate bugs. It never occurred to me that he ate legumes until a thoughtful priest acquainted me with his interpretation of the Biblical text. Intrigued, I set about to "uncover" the truth - I knew it was OUT THERE...

I knew that John the Baptist was a NAZIRITE and, therefore, lead a spartan - even ascetic - lifestyle. I also knew that many people on the planet (and, notably, in the Middle East) supplement their dietary protein needs by eating bugs. Locusts in particular, being quite plentiful at times and very easy to harvest in the cool, early-morning hours, are valuable sources of needed protein. Thus, it seemed logical to me that John - being a Nazirite living in the Middle East with access to lots of these critters - just might have ingested a few of them during his wanderings in the wilderness.

Still, I was determined to find out for sure. Perusal of numerous pertinent scholarly commentaries did nothing to alleviate the tension. They were basically split 50-50 on the question of BUGS vs. BEANS. Next, I spent a nickel and called my New Testament Studies professor at Acadia Divinity College in Wolfville, Nova Scotia. His name is Dr. Allison Trites. Dr. Trites is one of the foremost New Testament scholars on the planet. (He and another professor on staff at Acadia Divinity College, Dr. Timothy Ashley, Professor of Old Testament Studies, are both listed in Who's Who. No kidding - I even looked it up in the Acadia library while I was a student there.) Anyway, I figured Dr. Trites would have a pretty good idea on the matter, so I put the question to him. True to form, Dr. Trites in his remarks to me first alluded to the debate currently raging among scholars on this very question. (Isn't it heartening to know we are not alone on these things?) Nevertheless, Dr. Trites, who is - not surprisingly - an expert on ancient languages, said that he felt the Greek word used in the Gospel text for locust suggested the insect, as opposed to the carob plant or its fruit. Apparently, the Greeks had another word that could have been used by the Gospel writers to mean "carob bean". Because that particular word was not chosen by the Gospel writers for use in the text, Dr. Trites went on to say, he therefore believed that JOHN ATE BUGS WITH HIS WILD HONEY.

I hope this explanation doesn't ruin Helen Glover's appetite (or anyone else's, for that matter!). Just in case, my sincerest apologies in advance...

Thanks for the opportunity to clarify things (or muddy them even further!). I hope to hear back from you on this soon (or, even, from Mrs. Glover herself - please tell her I'm a big fan). In the meantime, I pray this note has found everyone at St. Edmund in good health and spirits.

Blessings!

P.S. On the internet there is a wonderful discussion on this very subject (e-mail wars...). It took place in 1995 between a number of professors specializing in plant biology, biological science, entomology, etc. The aforesaid discussion can be accessed at: [http://biodiversity.uno.edu/~gophtax/\\_gophtax.95/0444.html](http://biodiversity.uno.edu/~gophtax/_gophtax.95/0444.html) Enjoy!

P.P.S. I have acquainted Bishop Mercer with these "revelations", as he had only recently taken the liberty of sending me a copy of the UPDATE and highlighting Mrs. Glover's article for my attention. He seemed to be sufficiently enlightened by my mutterings and gave me the distinct impression that the matter was now, finally, settled. Still, I would enjoy hearing more from anyone who supports John as having been a vegetarian...

Alan Edwardson is being ordered Deacon on June 3, in Ottawa, by Bishop Mercer, and then transferred from St. Joseph's in Halifax to be Assistant Curate to Father Inshaw at the Parish of the Holy Trinity and Saint Jude in Thunder Bay.

### *St. Pachomius*

Born of pagan parents in the Upper Thebiad of Egypt, St. Pachomius (292-346) was a soldier before his baptism in 314. He became a hermit in 317. Called the Father of Cenobitic Monasticism, he wrote a rule that balances the communal life with the solitary life. The monks live in individual cells but work together for the common good of the community. Prayer is both corporate and private. He established his first monastery around 323 in Tabenna. St. Pachomius died during a plague, and at the time of his death, he was the spiritual leader of about 3,000 monks.

St. Jerome translated the rule of St. Pachomius into Latin in 404, and only this translation survives. The rule of St. Pachomius influenced St. Benedict in preparing his own rule for monks.

By Karen Rae Keck on The Ecole Glossary.

### *In lieu of watching television, you could:*

Take a walk. Write a letter. Plant a flower. Read a book. Call up a friend. Watch a child play. Say a Rosary. Wash the car. Go on a picnic. Day dream. Knit a sweater. Fly to Europe, Mexico, Pittsburgh, anywhere. Talk to your husband, your wife, your children. Go to Mass. Wash the windows. Picket an abortion clinic. Perform a kind act. Fix something broken. Enjoy a hobby. Visit a lonely old person. Paint a picture. Sing a song. Play with your dog. Sweep the sidewalk. Befriend a small child. Coach Little League, soccer, whatever. Catch up on your sleep. Smile at a baby. Do push-ups. Fall in love. Go to a play. Mow the lawn. Learn Spanish, German, Japanese,

whatever. Write out your family history. Play cards with old friends. Take your wife (your husband) out to dinner. Walk through your neighbourhood. Think. Compliment your wife, your husband. Learn to play the guitar, banjo, bagpipes, whatever. Go swimming. Embroider a quilt. Straighten out your photos. Get to know your neighbours. Plot a revolution. Clean out the cellar, the garage. Toss a ball back and forth with your son or daughter. Go skiing, sky-diving. Drive down old country roads. Plan a party. Thank your pastor. Memorize a poem, a song. Join a local civic group. Help your kids with their homework. Write your Congressman. Learn to do calligraphy. Gaze at the nighttime sky. Watch the sun set in the west.

By J. Wall quoted in a piece by R. Neuhaus on First Things

### *The Bishop's Bit*

#### IN PRAISE OF ANOTHER GRANNY

In August this year Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will reach her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday. Mind you, relatively few of us know when death, like a thief in the night (*Luke 12,39*) will come upon us. In the midst of life we are in death, as the Prayer Book reminds us. The Queen Mum first visited Canada in 1939, not long before the outbreak of the Second World War. The royal couple crossed the country by train, a proper steamer of course. One of the engine drivers of that train was the father of our Father Richard Mowry in Halifax. A piece of soot blew into the Queen's eye. It was removed by Driver Mowry and preserved as a memento. Our Father Richard has that speck of soot safely hidden away, except that he can't remember where he's hidden it. (I'm glad somebody else does that kind of thing too.)

There is often uncertainty as to whether the name should be spelt with an s or a z. The late Mrs Elisabeth Low of Sechelt, for example, was most insistent about her s.

*Elizabeth* is the Hebrew for *God is Swearer*. It reminds us of other Hebrew names, *Elijah* (1 Kings 17,1 ff), which means *My God is Jehovah*, and *Elisha* (1 Kings 19,16 ff), which means *God is Saviour*.

It reminds us of St Elizabeth, the mother of St Jolm Baptist (*Luke 1*). It reminds us of Her Majesty St Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary (1207 - 1231). And it reminds us of Good Queen Bess, Elizabeth I (1533 - 1603), that brilliant linguist and able theologian who gave us eucharistic doctrine in a nutshell:

"Christ was the Word and spake it.  
He took the bread and brake it.  
What His word doth make it,  
That I believe and take it."

The name is abbreviated in a variety of ways: Bep (a Dutch endearment), Bess, Bessie, Beth, Eliza, Elsabe, Liz, Liza and Lizzie. But a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Indeed, there is a variety of rose named after the Queen Mum, called *Elizabeth of Glamis*. And there is a piece of music with the same name, composed by Sir Eric Coates. Less romantically, there is a Yorkshire folk song, "There's a hole in my bucket dear Liza, dear Liza."

How many Elizabeths do you know? Off hand in the Continuing Anglican movement I can think of Bep Low of Sechelt, Beth Potter in Victoria, Beth Walsh formerly of Windsor ON but now of Ottawa, Mary Elizabeth Cooper of Ottawa (aged 5), Elisabeth Aird, wife of our vicar general in England, and Maud Elizabeth, Father George Brown's dog in Sequim, Washington state, USA. And of course our Head of State in Canada is Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, even though the CBC sometimes describes the Prime Minister as such, who is only head of government, and sometimes describes the Governor General as such, even though she is only the Queen's representative.

We must be ourselves, we can't be anybody else. We have to serve God in the circumstances in which life places us. But as we look at this Elizabeth and at the job she's done, serving God as mum, gran, queen and centenarian, many of us want to say a hearty, "Well done!"

+Robert Mercer CR

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

### *From here and there*

- When you want to test the depths of a stream, don't use both feet.
- Power is not revealed by striking hard or often, but by striking true. H. Balzac
- *Question:* How many [fill in your brand of mainline Christianity here] does it take to change a light bulb?  
  
*Answer:* This statement was issued: 'We choose not to make a statement whether in favour of or against the need for light bulbs; however, if in your own journey you have found that a light bulb works for you, that is fine. You are invited to write a poem or compose a modern dance about your personal relationship with your light bulb (or light source, or non-dark resource) and present it next month at our annual light bulb Sunday service, in which we will explore a number of light bulb traditions, including incandescent, fluorescent, three-way, long-life, and tinted - all of which are equally valid paths to luminescence.' Posted by J. McCafferty
- 'postmodernism' is really best understood as the way in which an academic shrugs his shoulders at the idea of fixed knowledge and objective truth. R. Hoffman
- For those who question miracles - Have you ever seen a newborn baby?
- For those who think the Scriptures are complex and obscure - What part of THOU SHALT NOT don't you understand? K. Kalis
- He who stands for everything stands for NOTHING.
- I had been teaching my three-year old daughter, Caitlin, the Lord's Prayer. For several evenings at bedtime, she would repeat after me the lines from the prayer. Finally, she decided to go solo. I listened with pride as she carefully enunciated each word, right up to

the end of the prayer: "Lead us not into temptation", she prayed, "but deliver us some email."

### *Gathering the Mistletoe*

Today I added another poem to my personal anthology, "Special Poems, Prose and Quotations". It was the poem quoted by 'Father Ted' in May's UPDATE. The title was "To God" by Robert Herrick. I had never come across that poem before. What a wonderful simile, comparing himself with that strange, parasitic plant, the mistletoe.

Mistletoe grew plentifully around my village in Dorset. It is such an odd plant. No wonder the Druids of old revered it, treating it with royal respect. When Christmas was approaching we children went out to gather decorations for our homes, collecting armfuls of holly, ignoring the prickly leaves that grew around the nether parts of the bush to discourage rabbits and deer. The smooth-edged, upper leaves were too high for us to reach. Our favourite 'mistletoe tree' grew in a remote part of the untamed park, but we were always sure of a plentiful supply. I have often wondered what kind of a tree it really was on which the voracious mistletoe fed. The bark was very rough, scaly and covered with patches of lichen. The branches were bent at all sorts of odd angles giving the tree an eerie look. I never saw it in Spring, Summer or Autumn when there were leaves or fruit. We children, in a whimsical fashion, named it 'The Cockadoodle Tree'.

Approaching the tree we often heard an annoyed bird which had been too greedy in sampling the shiny, translucent berries growing in tiny bunches between pairs of thick, veined, evergreen leaves, scraping, tapping, chipping, endeavouring to get the adhesive, glutinous berries threatening to seal its beak, out of the way. In doing so it was doing just what the plant wanted - sticking the seeds on to the rough bark where they could send tiny suckers into the life-giving sap of the tree in parasitic fashion, and begin a new plant.

Being the smallest, most fearless, and probably the most foolish, I was always elected to be hoisted up into the tree, and brave the scratchy bark and awkward branches. Edging my way upward I was to cut down sufficient mistletoe for all gathered at the gleanings. The Roman author, Pliny the Elder, gives an account of the cutting down in his "Natural History" published around A.D. 77. He tells of the Druid priest clad in a white robe, ascending the tree and cutting down the mistletoe with a golden sickle. In preparation I had borrowed my mother's favourite kitchen knife and tucked it into the top of my lisle stockings in real pirate fashion. I could never understand why the Druid priest used a golden sickle, for those stems were really tough to cut, and everyone knows that gold is a soft metal. Ragged rents in clothing and stockings were the result of the annual climb, and these always produced another scolding from my dear, patient mother, as well as the fact that her favourite kitchen knife had been lost en route. I wonder if the Cockadoodle Tree is still there!

Thank you, 'Father Ted', for introducing this gem of a poem to our attention, and for provoking childhood reminiscences pushed into a forgotten corner of my memory.

By Helen E. Glover of our Parish

## *From the Deacon's Desk*

This story is not new - I almost fell out of my perambulator the first time I heard it.

Two boys at an English Prep school hated each other so much they never spoke except to argue or throw insults. This continued through university. One was a Dark-Blue, the other a Light-Blue. The Dark-Blue entered the Church after university and the Light-Blue joined the Royal Navy.

They had no contact for forty-five years then one day by accident they met again at Paddington Station. One was now a bishop, the other an admiral. The bishop, who had become very portly as befits a prelate, had just come from a Provincial Synod and was still wearing his purple cassock and a cloak. The admiral had that minute left an important meeting at the Admiralty and was dressed in full uniform covered with gold-braid and gongs. Neither let on that they recognized each other.

Bishop to the admiral, "I say, porter from which platform does the train for Gloucester leave?"

Admiral in reply, "From platform five Ma'am, but are you sure you should be travelling in your condition?"

By The Reverend Mervyn Edward Bowles

## *Worth thinking about*

- ⊗ I am overwhelmed by the fatuity of the notion of "self-determining religious communities". P. Green
- ⊗ If you think Christ would not say to homosexuals: "Go and sin no more", you are reading a different Bible than I am. C. Moore
- ⊗ My sense is that this will prove a defining moment for Christianity. Will our clergy be willing to risk the worst charge of our times, of being called intolerant, or mean-spirited, in order to state clearly and unequivocally the standards of God? Our only hope is a vibrant church capturing the imagination of the people. Will the clergy and laity alike be willing to face cultural ostracism, imprisonment, or worse? J. Dobson
- ⊗ Tolerance is one of the most duplicitous words we throw around today. It is often injected to reflect a virtue. But in reality tolerance actually means acceptance. D. Spangler
- ⊗ We always hear that the church should 'get with it'. But if the church got 'with it', it would have to shed all its values. The church was never 'with it' from Day One. S. Otvos
- ⊗ Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! Isaiah 5:20
- ⊗ A boy at his first baseball game asks his father, "How can the umpires tell a ball from a strike?" The father says that after the game he can ask the three umpires. The first says, "I call them as I see them." The second says, "I call them as they are." The third steps back, stares at the boy, and



says, "Son, they ain't nothing till I call them." On that little story hangs a brief history of moral philosophy. Posted on First Things

☒ A four-and-a-half-year-old girl who volunteered to recite the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm, said "The Lord is my shepherd, that's all I want". That may well be the greatest interpretation ever heard. R. Ketchum

### *On the Atmosphere of a Church*

The atmosphere of a church should be such as to hush the thoughtless voice. It was once was so amongst ourselves and still is so in France even when the building may not be of arresting beauty. I have been rebuked for talking to the organist about his music within one of the doors of Dijon Cathedral, and I remember being told by the Vicar at Hughenden the year Disraeli died that if anyone spoke to him in the church he would take him out into the porch before he answered. Surely here to-day with all our new materialistic organizations we have lost something of the sense of what a church is.

'My Father's house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.' It is a most stern saying; and as then, so now, it is commercialism that is at the bottom of these activities ('greed and careerism' as a modern writer has put it), though it may be disguised in such fine words that the users of them may not be conscious of it. 'The tables of the money changers' - have they not literally invaded some of our Cathedrals? And even when the money changers are not there, are we not reminded of the tables in visible shape in too many churches in England, both Anglican and Roman, for the sale of tracts of (often controversial) propaganda? Seldom are the books on these tables the Holy Gospels which I have seen in beautiful form at the west end of the Cathedral at Rheims.

But party propaganda and the sale of the Gospels (and even the preaching of the Gospel) is not the purpose of a church: for what is a church? - It is a building which enshrines the altar of Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands and who yet has made there His Covenanted Presence on earth. It is the centre of Worship in every community of men who recognize Christ as the *Pantokrator*, the Almighty, the Ruler and Creator of all things; at its altar is pleaded the daily Sacrifice in complete union with the Church Triumphant in Heaven, of which He is the one and only Head, the High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech.

There is then no such thing as a Protestant church. A church is of its very nature Catholic, embracing all things. There are Protestant Meeting Houses for preaching, and for praying and hymn-singing in common, and they are not to be despised; but if they are more than a plain room, they have become a meaningless imitation of that from which of set purpose they broke away.

A church built with hands, as we are reminded at every Consecration and Dedication Feast, is the outward expression here on earth of that spiritual Church built of living stones, the Bride of Christ, *Urbs beata Jerusalem*, which stretches back to the foundation of the world and onwards to all eternity. With her Lord she lays claim to the whole of His Creation and to every philosophy and creed and work of man which His Holy Spirit has inspired. And so the temple here on earth, in different lands and in different shapes, in the East and in the West, has developed or added to itself fresh forms of beauty and, though it has suffered from iconoclasts and destroyers both within and without, and perhaps nowhere more than in this land, it has never broken with the past: it has never renounced its claim to continuity.

To enter therefore a Christian church is to enter none other than the House of God and the Gate of Heaven. It is to leave all strife, all disputes of the manner of Church government and doctrine outside - 'Thou shalt keep them secretly in Thy tabernacle from the strife of tongues' - and to enter here on earth into the Unity of the Church Triumphant in Heaven. It cannot be otherwise, since He Himself, who is the Temple of it, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, is there also. Such a conception of a church, however faintly realized, must put to shame the quarrels of Catholic Christians, who profess the same creeds but set up Church against Church.

By Sir John Ninian Comper - thanks to Brian Munro

### Liberalism - I

Liberalism is a term that is much used and little understood. It is used in the political, religious, social, and intellectual arenas, often without definition. In a practical sense many individuals of a conservative bent would identify a Liberal as anyone more open-minded than they are. In fact, religious Liberalism involved a commitment to a central set of theological and religious propositions. These propositions, when worked out gave birth, in fact, to a new religion which retained orthodox terminology but radically redefined those terms to give them new meaning. For example, nineteenth century Scottish Old Testament scholar and theologian, W. Robertson Smith, when told that he had been accused of denying the divinity of Christ, responded by asking, "How can they accuse me of that? I've never denied the divinity of any man, let alone Jesus".

Liberalism as a theological system did not arise in a vacuum, nor was its aim to destroy historic Christianity. Liberalism can only be understood in the historical and philosophical context out of which it arose. In a very real sense Liberalism as a system was trying to salvage something of Christianity from the ashes of the fire of the Enlightenment. B. B. Warfield observed of Liberalism near the turn of the century that it was Rationalism. But a Rationalism that was not the direct result of unbelief. Rather, it sprang from men who would hold to their Christian convictions in the face of a rising onslaught of unbelief which they perceived they were powerless to withstand. It was a movement arising from within the church and characterized by an effort to retain the essence of Christianity by surrendering the accretions and features that were no longer considered defensible in the modern world. The rising tide of unbelief that confronted the founders of Liberalism was the Enlightenment.

The Enlightenment was an intellectual movement during the eighteenth century which elevated human reason to near divine status and ascribed to it the ability to discern truth of all types without appeal to supernatural divine revelation. The movement has been termed as The Modern Paganism.

From an article (available at <[www.bible.org/docs/theology/liberal/liberal.htm](http://www.bible.org/docs/theology/liberal/liberal.htm)>) by M. James Sawyer, Ph.D. - more next month!

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