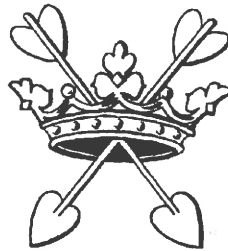


The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

UPDATE

November 16, 2000 - St. Hugh

December Schedule

December 3	Sunday	-	Advent I
December 9	Saturday	-	Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary (transferred)
December 10	Sunday	-	Advent II
December 17	Sunday	-	Advent III
December 21	Thursday	-	St. Thomas the Apostle
December 24	Sunday	-	Advent IV / Christmas Eve
December 26	Tuesday	-	St. Stephen the Martyr
December 27	Wednesday	-	St. John the Evangelist
December 28	Thursday	-	Holy Innocents
December 31	Sunday	-	Christmas I

Service Times and Location

- (1) All Services are held in the Chapel at Luther Village on the Park - 139 Father David Bauer Drive in Waterloo.
- (2) On Sundays, Matins is said at 10:00 a.m. (The Litany on the first Sunday of the month), and the Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 10:30 a.m.
- (3) On weekdays - Holy Days and Days of Obligation (Red Letter Days in the Prayer Book Calendar) - the Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 7:00 p.m., 10:30 a.m. on Saturdays - when the Chapel is available!

Notes

- (1) St. Edmund - Wednesday, November 22 - Mass at 6:00 p.m. - reception and light lunch follows immediately after Mass. All are welcome. Please let us know if you are going to join the celebrations so that we may arrange enough wine (and food)!
- (2) Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary - Mass at 10:30 a.m. - this will be (now Deacon) Ted Bowles' first Mass.
- (3) Sunday, December 10 - The Bishop will be with us - to baptise, celebrate, and preach! A light lunch will follow. Please join us - an opportunity to visit with our Ordinary!
- (4) December 24 - usual Matins and Mass in the morning. The Christmas Eve Mass will be at 7:00 p.m.
- (5) Bishops, Bishops, Bishops - In this 'issue' we start a series of articles on the five Bishops of the ACCC. Many thanks to Fathers Janzen, Mansfield, Reid and Shier and to Bishop Wilkinson and Mrs. de Catanzaro for their cooperation in this exercise.

St. Hugh of Lincoln

Hugh was born about the year 1140 at the castle of Avalon, near Pontcharra, in Burgundy. He died at London on November 16, 1200. St. Hugh was the first Carthusian monk to be canonized which occurred in 1220.

On his mother's death when he was eight, Hugh and his father, Lord William of Avalon, joined the canons regular at Villard-Benoit, France. After his father's death, Hugh joined (c. 1165) the monks at the Carthusian mother house of La Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, France. He was ordained priest and later became procurator of the house (c. 1170). In 1179/80 King Henry II of England appointed him as the first prior of the Carthusian house at Witham, in Essex, a royal foundation. Henry's interest in Hugh's work secured his election to the see of Lincoln in 1186.

Hugh was a model bishop. He rarely left his diocese, became personally acquainted with his priests, held regular canonical visitations, and was most careful to choose worthy men for the care of souls.

Like most of the great prelates who came to England from abroad, St. Hugh was a mighty builder. He rebuilt Lincoln cathedral, ruined by the earthquake of 1185.

Both as prior and as bishop, Hugh consistently defended the church's liberties, gaining a remarkable degree of respect from the English monarchy. When in France (1200) to promote peace between King John of England and King Philip Augustus of France, Hugh revisited La Grande Chartreuse. On his return to England he fell ill, and died at the Old Temple (the London residence of the bishops of Lincoln). The primate performed his obsequies in Lincoln Cathedral on November 24. King John assisted in carrying the coffin to its resting place in the cathedral.

In the Carthusian Order, he is second only to St. Bruno. The great modern Charterhouse in Parkminster, in Sussex, is dedicated to him.

From various sources.

The Bishop's Bit

GARDENS GALORE

"And the Lord God planted a garden" (*Genesis* 2,8). "Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden" (*John* 19,41).

It was in a garden that I first met Bishop Crawley, though we had corresponded for a good few years before, when he was on the staff of Victoria's Anglican cathedral and produced a feisty parish magazine called "*The Anvil*". He had come to England to bury his mother's ashes in Dorsetshire. I had returned from Africa to my Community in Yorkshire. We were meeting to discuss the possibility of my coming to Canada. We were at the home of Dr and Mrs Trueman Dicken in the Cotswolds of Gloucestershire (Ted's native heath). Their stone house was Monks Barn, their village was Mangersbury near Stow on the Wold. Father Francis Gardom came from London to join in the chat. We took tea under the pink blossom of a Japanese cherry tree. Pale blue forget me nots grew everywhere, not least in the cracks of garden walls. Mrs Helene Dicken is a champion gardener. In due course I was to discover that Bishop Crawley had a like passion, but his preference is for fruit and vegetables. The Dickens had an oratory in their home, in which we prayed. Inevitably, the weather turned damp and chilly next day, but on my early constitutional I did meet a fox returning from his raid on a farmer's fields.

Albert Haley, the founding bishop of our Australian diocese, was another passionate gardener. He had a talent for landscaping. In a hothouse he grew orchids, though I suspected that that part of Queensland was humid enough to need no assistance. Friends still in the Anglican church would sell these orchids at their parish fetes to raise funds for us. I remember breakfast on the stoep one morning, as Mrs Haley was introducing me to soya "milk". A flock of lorikeets descended upon a bush in bright blossom. These small parrots, which live on nectar, have coats of many colours. I counted yellow, green, orange, red, turquoise and blue. Such was the fluttering brilliance I thought I had died and gone to heaven. A kookaburra bird sat overhead and went kookaburra.

We know of Father Buckton of Rockhampton in the same state of Queensland, if only because he edits "*The Messenger*" so well. But he is also rector of the local parish, which owns its own building and boasts several clergy on its staff. He is vicar general of the Australian diocese. For many years he managed a travel agency that used to look after all our journeying. Owen Buckton is another talented gardener. I remember a sea of multi coloured impatiens as we sat out under a scarlet poinsianna tree, trying to cool ourselves with long draughts of Foster's.

We have a fair number of keen gardeners among us. Off hand I can think of Mrs Prudence Bathurst of Wolfville, Ralph and Kristin Braunstein of Sequim, Fr and Mrs Hettie Corps in Ladysmith, Canon Gayle on Mayne Island, Jock Gourlay of Ladysmith, Mrs Judith Hubbard of Shinimicas, Bob Kerr of Victoria, the late Mrs Bep Low of Sechelt, the Mesdames Moore Sr & Jr of Sherbrooke, Dean Reid of Ottawa, and Mrs Beryl Shier of Vancouver. I shall be in trouble for forgetting somebody's name.

Mrs Helen Glover of Kitchener/Waterloo and Mrs Bonnie Ivey of Chapleau are knowledgeable about wild flowers. Mrs Catherine How of Wolfville combines the best of both worlds. She lives in a house called Whitsun Cottage, in a wood, beside a lake. She integrates wild flowers and garden flowers.

I like to think of gardens as a foretaste of heaven, where a tree of life grows by the river, with its twelve kinds of fruit, a fruit per month, with its leaves for the healing of nations (*Revelation 22,1 - 2*). This tree of life cancels out the tree in the garden of Eden, for this tree is the tree of Calvary close by the tomb of Jesus' resurrection, sited in a garden.

+Robert Mercer CR

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

Imprisoned

The dye has been cast.

The decision has been made.

I have stepped over the line.

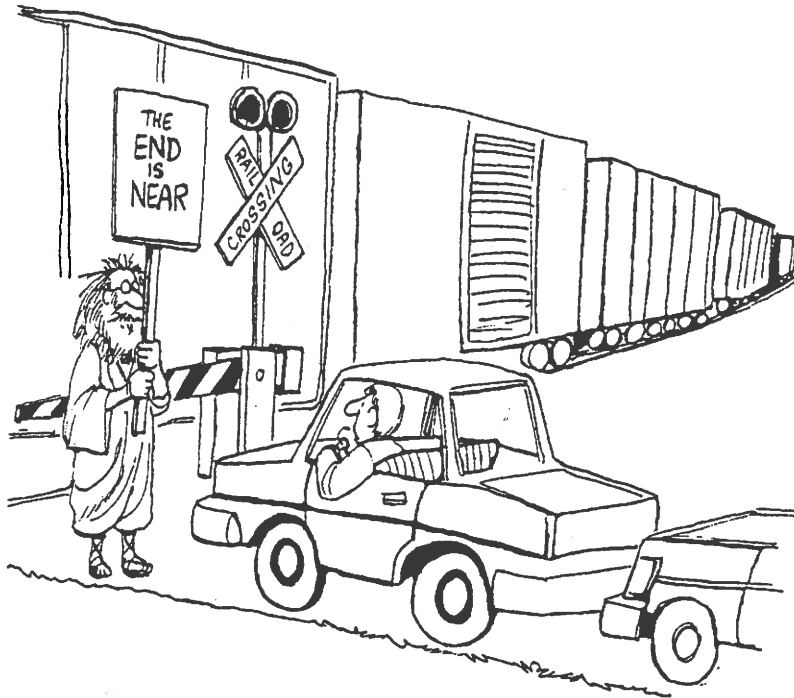
I won't look back, let up, slow down, or back away.

My past is redeemed, my present makes sense, my future secure.

I'm done with low living, sight walking, small planning, colorless dreams, tamed visions, mundane talking,
cheap living and dwarfed goals.

I no longer need pre-eminence, prosperity, position, promotions or popularity.
 I don't have to be right, first, tops, recognized, praised, regarded, or rewarded.
 I now live by faith, lean on His presence, walk with patience, live by prayer and labor with power.
 My face is set, my goal is Heaven, my road is narrow, my way is rough, my companions are few, my Guide is reliable, my mission clear.
 I cannot be bought, compromised, detoured, lured away, turned back, deluded or delayed.
 I will not flinch in the face of sacrifice, hesitate in the presence of adversity, negotiate at the table of the enemy, ponder at the pool of popularity, or meander in the maze of mediocrity.
 I won't give up, shut up, let up, until I have stayed up, stored up, prayed up, paid up, and spoken up for the cause of Christ.
 I am a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Written in Africa by a man imprisoned for his faith who was later martyred.



Our Bishops - I

CARMINO JOSEPH DE CATANZARO

Although I had heard of Carmino Joseph de Catanzaro (hereafter, de Cat) before, I met him for the first time in September of 1977 at the Congress of Concerned Churchmen held in St Louis, the gathering which produced and adopted the Affirmation of St Louis - for us the Charter of Continuing Anglicanism, since it is embedded in our ACCC Constitution and in the Concordat of the Traditional Anglican Communion. Here he and I became friends. I was to leave the Anglican Church of Canada as soon as I returned home, and he followed with much of his S. Barnabas Ottawa parish five months later.

I met him again, after much correspondence and many telephone calls, the next year in Dallas at the Constitutional Conference when the movement began to unravel into rival jurisdictions. I vividly remember my distress that he and I and other Canadians were about to be trapped in different dioceses and I wanted to avoid this at all costs. I went to his room, (and I think got him out of bed), and we agreed that the Canadians were not going to be divided, and that as soon as we got home we would set to work and form a diocese of our own. Fr Palmer, although he was not there, was of course a third party in all this. De Cat was elected as

our first bishop (1979), consecrated (not without incident!) by three Philippine Independent Catholic bishops (real Old Catholics), plus many American bishops from different dioceses in 1980. His episcopate, which really set the tone for those who have followed, was so unlike what we had been used to elsewhere that it seemed too good to be true. Alas, it was - he died after a massive stroke on the eve of the Nativity of S. John the Baptist, June 23rd 1983. As I wrote in the postscript to Joan's account, 'I felt as if I had lost my own father, and I wept as I had not wept in years'.

It wasn't until Joan de Catanzaro wrote his life, 'Thou Art A Priest', that I learned many of the details of his interesting life, and she remarked to me recently how his life seemed obviously guided by the Holy Spirit. How could it not be, since he always wanted to do the will of God with all his heart?

He was actually born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1916, of an Italian father, and a Danish mother, the former a lapsed Roman Catholic and the latter a lapsed Lutheran. He himself asked for baptism at age nine. His childhood was spent travelling back and forth across the Atlantic to Denmark. It was a German governess who introduced him to Bible stories. When he was sixteen, again it was he himself who asked to be confirmed, and this was done in the Anglican Church in Copenhagen. Joan writes that he had been influenced by the Book of Common Prayer in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, after the death of his father. His mother had moved to Canada to be near her sisters. De Cat was still the only practising Christian in his family! His vocation to the priesthood becoming evident, he began to insist on an education that would prepare him for this - King's College Halifax, Oxford University, and Trinity College Toronto (when the Second World War interrupted his Oxford education). In due course he was ordained deacon and priest in 1941-42 in Ottawa. He married Joan in 1944. There was parish work in S. Barnabas Ottawa and in a country parish in Vankleek Hill. He was also an assistant Air Force Chaplain at St Eugene, Ontario, a Commonwealth training base for Fleet Air Arm trainees.

From 1946 on he was called back to Trinity College to tutor and teach Hebrew and Old Testament and other Semitic languages while working on his Ph.D. But the rot was beginning to set in in the Anglican Church of Canada and at Trinity as evidenced by the actions of the Dean of Divinity and de Cat completed his Ph.D. So in September of 1959 he transferred to Seabury Western seminary in Evanston, Illinois, where his talents could be more easily exercised. But his heart was back in Canada: he feared the proposed union scheme with the United Church, and in 1965 he returned to be the rector of S. Barnabas Peterborough, and the Council for the Faith came into being with branches and work across the country. In all this the guiding hand of Providence may be seen. He sensed it particularly when he was involved in a serious motor car accident in Western Ontario. Spared serious injury, he could continue his work to try to preserve the Catholicity of the Church.

He returned to his old parish in Ottawa of S. Barnabas from which base he could carry on the struggle. And struggle he did. 'His love of Christ and His Church were always first in his life.' And as Joan also writes at the end of her story, 'It could never be said of him that he took his hand from the helm at any time in his life'. His learning was prodigious. His languages included Latin and Greek, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch, German, Hebrew, Aramaic, Syrian, Arabic, Coptic and Ethiopic. The first time I assisted him at the Eucharist, I was amazed to overhear his sotto voce private prayers in Latin and Greek at various points in the Service. Two of the books he translated are still in print (or were, last time I looked): 'The Life in Christ' by Nicholas Cabasilas, St Vladimir's Seminary Press and 'Symeon the New Theologian - The Discourses', in Classics of Western Spirituality, published by the Paulist Press.

We are the beneficiaries of his pastoral care, his willingness to take on the burden of the episcopate which he did not want, and of his vision of the possibilities of Anglican Catholicism. Never was a man less of a sectarian than de Cat. He loved the words of the late Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, 'We [Anglicans] have no doctrine of our own . . . we only possess the Catholic Doctrine of the Catholic Church enshrined in the Catholic Creeds, and these Creeds we hold without addition or diminution. We stand firm on that rock'. It was de Cat who drafted the Doctrinal Section of the Affirmation of St Louis, giving us the full faith of the undivided Church of the first thousand years, and by which we are to interpret all Anglican formularies. All this has been said so much better than I can say it in Joan's biography which is available from Fr Mansfield and the Convent Society. Please read it and learn more about our remarkable first bishop - brilliant, but simple, humble and joyful. When de Cat learned from Fr Palmer that he had joined us, he wrote to me saying that Fr Palmer himself was worth a whole army! I thought the same was true of de Cat. If only

those who loved them both and looked up to them for guidance had had the courage to do what they did.

By The Right Reverend Peter D. Wilkinson, OSG, Bishop Suffragan, ACCC, assisted by Joan de Catanzaro

When does human life begin?

When does a person begin? I will try to give the most precise answer to that question actually available to science. Modern biology teaches us that ancestors are united to their progeny by a continuous material link, for it is from fertilization of the female cell (the ovum) by the male cell (the spermatozoa) that a new member of the species will emerge. Life has a very, very long history but each individual has a very neat beginning: the moment of conception.

To accept the fact that, after fertilization has taken place, a new human has come into being is no longer a matter of taste or of opinion. The human nature of the human being from conception to old age is not a metaphysical contention. It is plain experimental evidence.

By Dr. Jerome Lejeune. The late Dr. Lejeune was an internationally known geneticist and a professor of genetics at the University of Rene Descartes in Paris. The above paragraphs are from the testimony given by Dr. Lejeune before a U.S. Senate Judiciary subcommittee.

From the Deacon's Desk

Every so often I come across someone who claims to be either an Agnostic or an Atheist. As I understand it an Agnostic is one who doesn't know if God exists or not, and an Atheist is one who knows that God does not exist.

At one time I counted myself as an Atheistic Agnostic, I knew that there was no God, but if he did exist he was not the benevolent God of the Christian Church, for how could a God who had the interests of His creatures at heart allow the slaughter and suffering that was going on all around me and of which I was myself one of the instruments. I held this view for years until by His Grace I was brought once again into the fold of believers.

It seems to me that to claim to be an Agnostic is a cowardly avoidance of making a decision. There are only two choices, either He does exist or He does not, we can't have it both ways, we either believe or we do not. At least the Atheist has made a choice not to believe and while I am convinced he has made the wrong choice I have to respect him for that.

Most of the Atheists I have encountered cannot offer me proof that God does not exist but they expect me to offer them proof of His existence. This I cannot do in the way they expect, proof by the scientific method. I have to confess that neither would the classical proofs often advanced convince me either.

What does convince me is that it is incomprehensible to assume that all creation from the minutest sub-atomic particle to the infinity of space, from the Amoeba to the Human body, has all occurred from an infinite series of coincidences and that life itself is just one of the stages in this infinite series. It seems much more realistic to believe in a Creator God who has ordered all these things and is still in control.

I believe in His benevolence because I have seen it in action even in myself. "I once was lost but now am found, was blind but now I see."

Submitted by The Reverend Mervyn Edward Bowles

From here and there

- At Bowling Green State University, in Ohio, Richard Zeller, a professor of sociology, is retiring after colleagues barred him from teaching a course on political correctness. Said the head of women's studies: "We forbid any course that says we restrict free speech." Fox News
- Gravity: In medical terms "gravity" is the order of babies delivered by the same woman. For example: "Gravity 1" is the first child produced by a particular woman. "Gravity 3" is the third child delivered by the same woman, possibly three years later, etc. One of my relatives had eleven children or "gravity 11" was the last child. M. Barry
- All change is not growth, as all movement is not forward. E. Glasgow
- 'misanthropy' is the hatred of mankind.
'misogyny' is the hatred of women.
'misandry' is the hatred of men (i.e. persons of the male gender.)
- A mind all logic is like a knife all blade. It makes the hand bleed that uses it. R. Tagore
- Too many politicians get free speech mixed up with cheap talk.
- Under democracy one party always devotes its chief energies to trying to prove that the other party is unfit to rule - and both commonly succeed, and are right. H. Mencken
- If an American says, "I'm mad about my flat" there is something wrong with his car. If an Englishman says it, he likes his apartment.
- I took a speed reading course and read 'War and Peace' in twenty minutes. It involves Russia. W. Allen
- Brain: an apparatus with which we think we think. A. Bierce

466 divisive years alive and well

The usual jesting question goes: "Is the Pope Catholic?"

Your cartoonist (September 21) substitutes for this: "Is the Pope Anglican?"

Presumably this speculation comes from last month's forgotten news that representatives of the two churches are now on civil terms, and had held a "summit" meeting in Toronto. Reading carelessly, one could imagine that 466 years of division are about to end.

But consider: the Pope obstinately believes in the Incarnation and Resurrection, and requires these oddities of his clergy.

Official Anglicanism, A.D. 2000, has no such discipline, to judge by public statements of its representatives. The Pope, I have noticed, has said that he has no power and authority to ordain women for the celebration of the mass.

Apparently he does not see how the vote of a local synod could allow him to break apostolic faith and order (an inhibition that will certainly seem bizarre to modernists).

On this point, as in his theological view of homosexual practices as sinful, the Pope stands like a rock, as block to union, though modernists may wish he would take better advice.

Is it surprising we now hear from the Vatican that Anglicanism 2000 is not a sister church?

There are, of course, alternative places of refuge if one wishes to remain out of fashion.

By Kenneth Inniss in *The Abbotsford News* (September 26). Mr. Inniss is the husband of Barbara Inniss, the Rector's Warden in our St. Michael and All Angels in Matsqui, B.C. Thanks to George Ferguson.



"O.K., I'll pick up a pizza on my way home from work tonight."

Worth thinking about

- ⊗ It is much more difficult being a virtuous person in to-day's culture than it was 40 years ago. When society reinforces good behavior and morality, it is easier than living in the current culture which frowns on virginity, holiness, traditional values, and glorifies selfishness, illicit sex; and the churches are filled with panty wearing clerics who go right along. J. Keene
- ⊗ The veneration of Mary is inscribed in the very depths of the human heart. M. Luther
- ⊗ The pro-life movement is a counter-culture group. But history will look back on pro-life people like it did on those who fought against slavery. R. Poinsett
- ⊗ There can be no genuine justice in our society until the truths on which our nation was founded are realized in our culture and law. U.S. RC Bishops, 1998
- ⊗ Jesus wasn't a little sissy tip-toeing through the tulips, saying can't we all get along? J. Keene

- ⊗ 'Purgatory' is a word which means no more than cleansing and is surely appropriate to the process which we believe must go on in the after-life in order to fit souls for heaven. It does not convey any idea of torment and is preferable to paraphrases such as 'the Intermediate State'. It is more accurate than 'Paradise', which is really a synonym for heaven.
- ⊗ 'Of the Father, by the Son, and through the Holy Spirit' tells me where the standard is - for my marriage, for my science, for my recreation, or for anything else. C. Morbey
- ⊗ The obligation of attendance at Mass on Sunday ought to be sufficiently clear without the need of continual reminders. The Church has always expected her members to be present at the one service which our Lord commanded, the one service which is universal in Christendom, the one service which has come down to us from the Apostles. M. Donovan
- ⊗ Whosoever would be saved / needeth before all things to hold fast the Catholic Faith. Which Faith except a man keep whole and undefiled, / without doubt he will perish eternally. The beginning of The Creed of Saint Athanasius

The Hidden Agenda of Choice - The Abuse of Language in Politics

During the past several weeks of this campaign [the U.S. Presidential one], the expression "anti-choice" has been used repeatedly in commentaries, political ads, and talk shows. For instance, *The New York Times* recently used the expression in an editorial, and Planned Parenthood often uses it in their literature.

This use of the word "anti-choice" is an illustration of the political mischief caused by the misuse of language. If you think about the expression "anti-choice" for a moment, it's clear that it is nonsense. It is used to obscure rather than illuminate the truth.

First of all, what does it mean to be "anti-choice"? Are we supposed to believe that a candidate is against someone making choices? Of course not. Everyone makes hundreds of choices every day. Some of them are insignificant, like whether to have eggs or cereal for breakfast. Others involve choosing between right and wrong, such as whether or not to tell the truth. No one running for office opposes this kind of human freedom.

And not only is calling someone "anti-choice" nonsense, it's hypocritical. The very same people who are clamoring for the protection of "choice" - so called - are working overtime to restrict other people's choices. They want to restrict smoking; they argue for laws against talking on cell phones while driving; and they lobby for more restrictions on gun ownership.

So, if the expression "anti-choice" is nonsensical and hypocritical, why continue to use it? The answer is to divert our attention from what is being chosen. "Choice", you see, is a morally empty concept. The morality of a choice lies in what we choose. No one wants to say he's "pro-abortion", so he simply says he's "pro-choice".

Likewise, calling people "anti-abortion" focuses our attention on the reality of abortion, so it's better to call them "anti-choice".

This use of words like "choice" and "anti-choice" is a smokescreen, a twisting and warping of perfectly good words to make a political point. A similar process was involved when the word "gay" became a code word for a particular sexual lifestyle. Co-opting a term with generally positive connotations made it easy on those on the other side to label people who hold a biblical view of homosexuality as bigots.

Someone who understood this process well was George Orwell, author of the famous book, *1984*. In his essay, *Politics and the English Language*, Orwell said "the great enemy of clear language is insincerity. When there is a gap between one's real and one's declared aims, one turns as it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms, like a cuttlefish spurting out ink". Well said.

Well, nowadays, instead of long words, the insincere turn to euphemisms and obscure phrases. But the effect is the same as in Orwell's day: corrupt language leads to corrupt thought.

So, as we look at the candidates in the upcoming elections, Christians need to help clear away the linguistic fog that obscures what's really at issue. More than anyone else, we understand the power of words and the need to treat them with respect. After all, it was not without reason that our Lord was called "the Word".

So, when you hear the word "choice" in public debate these days, remember that nobody is objecting to choice - but rather to what is being chosen. And remember that with the freedom to choose comes the responsibility to choose justly. That's a distinction you ought to point out to your neighbors.

By Chuck Colson of Prison Fellowship Ministries

Points to Ponder

How do you get off a non-stop flight?

How many weeks are there in a light year?

If a jogger runs at the speed of sound, can he hear his Walkman?

If athletes get athlete's foot, do astronauts get mistletoe?

If peanut butter cookies are made from peanut butter, then what are Girl Guide cookies made out of?

If space is a vacuum, who changes the bag?

If you jog backwards, will you gain weight?

Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic, called rush hour?

Why do we sing 'Take me out to the ball game', when we are already there?

Thanks to Erin Shepard

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