

Parish the Thought !
St John's Journal

The Parish Magazine of St. John the Baptist Anglican Church
Cobble Hill, BC



Autumn ~2009





St. John the Baptist
Cobble Hill

The Purpose of the Anglican Church of St. John the Baptist
is to be a Christian community
committed to worshipping God,
growing in faith and fellowship
and reaching out with God's love to all.

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In Memoriam

Funerals & Burials

Theodore (Tom) Balding
April 7

Elsie Mary (Mollie) Archbold
April 24

Clarence Nelson (“King”) Best
April 25

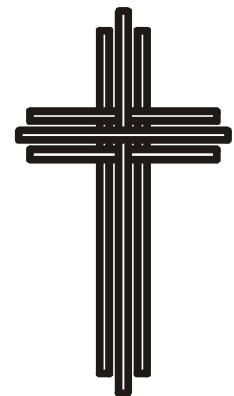
Lorne Gary Blackburn
May 14

Marjorie Ellen Davies
June 20

Mabel Josephine Turpin
June 24

Edwin Derryck Jackson
July 25

Marion Rossner
July 29



rest eternal grant unto them O Lord
and let light perpetual shine upon them

Editor's Notes

Ken Norton

The listing of the magazine's e-mail address on the back of the weekly service bulletin invites parishioners' contributions to the next issue. Over the last decade many have done just that and as I recently browsed through some of the past issues, I realized that the magazine had become important enough to many that they willingly set time aside to write a poem, or story or an article to share with others.

I was amazed how many times some people had contributed to this endeavour - some to almost every issue, others ten or more times over the years.

Since I offered to edit the parish magazine, I have maintained that I would not (could not!) write it - but would try my best to put other's contributions together in a reasonable semblance of order. I'm not sure that I had any other pre-set limitations other than I was not going to edit a "social event" calendar with the related personal happenings. The

magazine evolved as it has with a fairly eclectic collection of articles which has reflected the interests of the contributors - the fact that the magazine has been well received suggests that we have somehow met the needs of many.

All of this has made it difficult for me as I have contemplated my ongoing involvement. After a decade of putting the magazine together, I feel that this issue will be my last. The enjoyment of compiling the magazine continues but the time demands are becoming onerous and it's not possible to put the magazine together satisfactorily when time constraints exist.

The contributions of the many regular, and occasional, contributors have been appreciated - often when I despaired of having sufficient material to fill a magazine, the in-box overflowed as the deadline approached - this issue is evidence of that - and the magazine "happened".

Would you like to assume the editor's cap? - give it some thought.

Ken Norton

Rector's Ramblings

Rev. G. Scott Pittendrigh



There was a knock on the door...
We had no choice but to answer.
Before us,
stood three hooded figures,
their faces we could not see.
It took only moments for us to realize
who it was that stood before us...

On our doorstep stood
Change,
and behind Change
stood Fear,
and next to Fear
was
Loss...

Living With the Terrifying Reality of Change

“...Well now, everything dies, baby, that’s a fact
But maybe everything that dies, someday comes back...”

- Bruce Springsteen, *Atlantic City*

Recently I was reading in the *Comment* section of the *Times Colonist* newspaper letters to the editor about the proposed replacement of the Blue Bridge on Johnson Street in Victoria. What struck me was how many of the letters did not want to consider a new bridge, even with the understanding that the present bridge is in major need of repair and is, for many citizens of Victoria, an eyesore.



One letter suggested that no particular attention was given to the notion of “replacing our fine old structure without negating our heritage values altogether.” “Old” the writer concluded, “in this case can be good...Let’s give this bridge one more shot. Just patch where needed.” Another letter said: “I agree that the better option is to replace the bridge and modify the approaches. But why not replace it with an exact replica of the old one and paint it the same colour? We have tried to maintain an old style English atmosphere in the downtown core...the designs I have seen don’t seem to fit with that ambience.” But my favourite letter of all was one that began with an old joke: “How many Victoria residents does it take to change a light bulb?” Answer: “Five. One to change it and four to complain about how much better it was before it was changed.”

**I think it is
fair to say that
change is always
difficult
for most people.**

I think it is fair to say that change is always difficult for most people. Now, I know when I make such a broad statement such as this, some of you may find some very well-thought-out exceptions, pointing out for example, that if one were sitting in a very cold room and found themselves starting to shiver, the change in temperature when a fire is lit or the thermostat is turned up would be a very welcome change indeed. And then there is that episode from the *Vicar of Dibley* when Geraldine arrives as the new “lady vicar”, and some of the members of the Council are discussing the nature of change when the character, Jim (“No, no, no,...yes”) Trott, says: “Look at traffic lights!” After the others stare confusingly at him he says: “Well, if they didn’t change, we’d be sitting round here all day then, wouldn’t we?”

But generally speaking, I find that the older I get, the harder I find it is to embrace change, or at least accept it in whatever form in which it comes. I recently took Sarah’s excellent ten week “Transitions” course. I thought I was taking it to deal with some unresolved grief over my father’s death. I



was, but I also discovered that I was taking it for many other reasons that arose around accepting (or not accepting) the changes that have come in my life, as well as the changes that seem to be coming at me faster and faster as I get older.



I find myself (as we all do) in a day and age that has experienced more change than any generation that has ever lived on this earth. I find myself struggling on one hand just to cope with the changes that come my way on almost a daily basis, and on the other hand to accept the inevitability that things have to change. I find myself as a priest in a religious institution that must make changes in how it is to be “Church” if it is even to exist as a Church at all in the future. I find myself ministering to people who, for the most part don’t want the church to disappear, but are terrified of making the changes necessary to prevent this. I find myself a priest in the church when many people in this area of the Pacific Northwest say they are “spiritual but not religious,” and therefore do not consider “organized” religion something that could possibly meet their spiritual needs. I find myself a priest at a time in history when people are not attending church like they used to, where the number of people in the pews have plummeted by 53% in the last forty years, and given this trend and the average age of an Anglican in Canada today (68), the future looks even more dismal. I find myself an Anglican priest in a time when many in this church are asking “what does it mean to be an Anglican? Is it our buildings or is it our worship? Is it pastoral care or survival?” I find myself, as do 98% of my colleagues in ordained ministry as someone who is trained to be a “pastor and teacher” and not as “a prophet or an evangelist” (Ephesians 4:11), or in other words, more as a *chaplain* and a *manager* than as a *visionary* and a *missionary*. And, I find myself in a church where those who study congregational development say that much of the lay leadership today also do not have the skills nor the vision it takes for transformational change to occur. This is a concern for the whole church – we see the need to change in order to survive, but are either terrified of what that change may do to us or are afraid that we don’t possess the necessary skills to make it happen. We are afraid that we will lose everything if we make changes to move a “modern” church into the “post-modern” world. For all of these reasons, I think we could easily





exchange the word “Anglican” in place of “Victoria residents” in the above mentioned light bulb joke, and get the same answer. We see that change may be necessary (because we know we can’t get around very well in the dark) but we really liked the old light bulb!



These are some of the thoughts I have been having as I have read the summary of Parish Annual Returns (PAR) recently published in our *Diocesan Post* newspaper along with Dr. Gary Nicolosi’s excellent articles in both the *Post* (“Can We Handle the Truth?”) and the *Anglican Journal*: “Re-thinking how we Do Church” (September 2009). In addition to this, the clergy of the diocese have recently had a day together to ponder Dr. Nicolosi’s discussion paper: “*Avoiding the Legacy of Too Little, Too Late.*” All of this serving as background reading for the recent **Regional Meeting at St. John’s in Duncan** to which we were all invited to attend as part of our look at *Our Shared Future in Christ* on these islands. St. John’s had a strong contingent there for that important meeting.



Having said all of this, I want to remind all of us of Bishop Cowan’s words that he wrote in the letter you received last month, that “**the Church of Christ in this Diocese is not about to end.**” This is an important reminder to all of us as we read the disturbing statistics that come our way. There is hope. There is always hope. Written into the very core of our Christian faith is *hope*. The central aspect of our faith teaches us that there is always Easter-Resurrection after Good Friday-death. There is always new life that comes out of every death. While this may comfort us when we ponder what awaits us after we shed our mortal bodies, I think we find it much harder to let go of the “old” so that the “new” can come this side of heaven. We somehow think that if we cling to the old (or that which has always been *precious* to us), then it won’t die. We fear that if what is precious to us dies, we will lose everything, and if we lose everything, we will die too!



I understand this. I have felt this many times in my life and know that I will feel it many more times, the longer I live in this world and in this body.





Earlier this summer, I read an article by our friend Ron Rolheiser. In it, he talked about this very real anxiety that we experience when what is precious is taken from us. He mentioned the reality that is hardest of all to accept in life is:



“the unalterable fact that everything that is precious to us will, in some way, eventually be taken away. Our kids grow up and leave home, friends move away, loved ones die, we lose our health, and eventually we die too.



Moreover, even what is precious to us in terms of our faith and values suffers in the same way: things change, thoughts and feelings shift, rock-foundations that once anchored us unassailably give way, doubt creeps in, the bottom falls out, and we are left wondering what we really believe in and what really can be trusted.”

Written into the very core of our Christian faith is hope.



But he points out the good news is that this is only half the equation: Everything we lose is eventually given back to us, and in a deeper way. “Our children,” he says, “become wonderful adults who begin to parent us, new bonds of friendship form across distance, we reconnect in a deeper and more permanent way to our loved ones who have died, we find something deeper and more permanent than physical health, death opens us up to the infinite, and the bottom falling out of old beliefs sends us free-falling to a place where we land on bedrock, on a foundation so secure that it can never be shaken again.”



Rolheiser’s article reminded me that we see the pattern for this in scripture in the story of the Jewish community and the story of their Babylonian exile.



After arriving in Palestine (“the Promised Land”), and after a number of generations, our Jewish ancestors finally felt strong again, especially religiously. God had promised them a land, and now they had a land; God had promised them a king, and now they had a king; and God had promised them a temple, and now they had a temple. They saw in those three realities: land, king, and temple, sure proof of God’s existence and God’s providence for them.





But, just when they were most complacent inside of that security, the Assyrians came and conquered the land, deported all the people to Babylon, killed the king, and knocked down the temple to its last stone. With that, the loss of land, king, and temple, the bottom fell out of their world, religiously and literally. Everything that had once anchored their security had been taken away from them and they felt exiled not just from their homeland but also from their God and their religion. “If God’s presence was assured in land, king, and temple, and these have been taken from us,” Rolheiser asks, “where is God?” How do you continue to believe, trust, and live in joy when all that once anchored these has been taken from you? Does that sound like a familiar question?



He suggests that God did answer that question. God’s answer was this: “You will find me again, when you search for me in a deeper way, with your whole heart, your whole mind, and your whole soul. God gives us that same answer today whenever we feel betrayed, orphaned, and disoriented in this same way.”



And the lesson from this is very deep: In terms of our faith and values, everything that isn’t God, be it ever so true and wonderful, will eventually be taken away from us. Why? Because they aren’t God. They might serve wonderfully for a time as icons, but icons held too tightly or held too long become idols from which we need to be purged.



This is true he says, even for what is most precious to us religiously - scripture, the creeds of our faith, **the church itself**. In the end, wonderful as they are, *they aren’t God*. They can be wonderful vehicles towards God, icons, PowerPoint presentations about God, but they aren’t God and “always eventually, somehow a needed *iconoclasm* will occur and we will, not without deep pain and disillusionment, learn this through bitter experience.” All good spiritual literature, including scripture itself, makes this clear.



Icons help lead to God, idols help block access to God. An idol is simply an icon that has been held on to for too long. Rolheiser then concludes his article with this thought-provoking statement:



“There is a purifying dynamic written into the DNA of faith itself: We are given certain things to hang onto for a time, a certain language, certain rituals, certain creeds and dogmas, a certain understanding of our faith, holy men and women as models, spiritual literature that nourishes us, and, not least, a certain inner sense of trust and security that all of this is good, is right, and is in some way God. And this is good, for a while. But the day comes, usually occasioned by deep pain and loss, where the bottom falls out and we go into a free-fall where, no matter what we try to grasp onto will not hold us until eventually we land on something solid, bedrock, God himself.”



Whether it is a blue bridge, our Church, or our lives that are changing, we all have a responsibility to confront the denial, name our fears, feel the grief, and in faith, accept the inevitable with hope. It takes a great deal of courage indeed to have hope in changing times, but our hope is in the “solid bedrock”—the God of our ancestors and in the God of Jesus Christ—who lives *unchanging*, and forever more.



S. Pittendrigh





A Word about Ken Norton...



It is next to impossible to offer a “word” about Ken Norton because such brevity just does not seem adequate to express my very deep appreciation of him. As we all know, Ken does so many wonderful things in our parish. He wears so many hats or more accurately is involved in so many ministries among us. He is an example to many of us of how someone lives out their baptism in this world and in particular how he continues to build up the Body of Christ (the Church) in this place of St. John’s, Cobble Hill.



One of the ways Ken has done this is through the ministry he has taken on for the last ten years as editor of our newsletter, *Parish the Thought: St. John’s Journal*. In many ways this was a fitting ministry for Ken as he comes from a long line printers in his family. As editor of *PtT*, he has kept that tradition going in his generation. But it was an appropriate ministry for him in other ways. Ken could use his talents for organizing (as he did with the layout of each issue) - finding a way of placing the variety of articles, poems, quotes, jokes, and puzzles that he received, and arranging them in a way that made for both interesting and entertaining reading. Searching for stories of interest, things that made us laugh, personal stories, or poems from our own parishioners took time and energy, and Ken was committed and dedicated to this part of the job. Ken also had a way of finding just the right image or graphic to go with a particular article. And he always had to wait for the Rector to send in his “ramblings” which usually came at the eleventh hour and often taking up more pages than anticipated (because sometimes the Rector rambled a little further than expected). I also know that there were many nights I either found him in the Pastoral Centre or left him there on his own as he undertook the massive job of copying and putting together the latest issue of *PtT*. At any rate, I’m sure his ancestors are very proud of him and pleased with his talents, not to mention being astounded to see how he has used the evolved state of the printing press and the ever-changing technology that has come with this evolution.



Recently, Ken let me know that he has decided to step down from this ministry to take a well deserved rest and to open up this ministry for someone else to (we hope) take on, as well as freeing him up to use his gifts in other ministries at St. John's. We will miss him in this role, but want him to know how much we have appreciated the work he has done as our editor. Ken saw *PtT* as a primary tool of communication in our parish, and while technology may change the form of *PtT* in the future, it is my hope that it will continue to be such a useful tool for us.

It is still very true that I cannot say a "word" about Ken Norton when I think of all he has given us in his ministry as editor-in-chief of *PtT*, but I can certainly summarize my deep and very sincere appreciation (and know I speak for all in this parish) in two very beautiful words when I say to you, Ken: **thank you!**

The Rev. Scott Pittendrigh



Hospital Charts



These are quotes from various hospital charts:

- On the second day, the knee was better, and on the third day it disappeared.
- Patient had waffles for breakfast and anorexia for lunch.
- She is numb from her toes down.
- The lab test indicated abnormal liver function.
- Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.
- The patient refused an autopsy.
- Healthy appearing decrepit 69-year old male, mentally alert but forgetful.
- While in ER, she was examined, x-rated, and sent home.
- Occasional, constant infrequent headaches.



People's Warden

Janet Power

Dear Parishioners,

I am sitting in my home surrounded by boxes of things either packed up to go to Sept. Festival or piled up to go to the curb. In fact it seems to me that this is a time of year when I often do this. Of course we always send things to our festival but it's not just that. I find that I am getting things in order in lots of ways.

I dusted off the family calendar the other day and started writing in our new schedules. I've been tucking aside summer hats and finding winter boots. Finding school bags and putting together shoes and clothes for the boys. It is definitely a time of organization, change and activity in our home.

I know in the church we do this too. We start up things that have been fallow over the summer. We start to schedule in meetings, pull out boxes for September festival, call and talk to church friends

about what is happening at St. John's. It is a busy and fun time for us.

I encourage us all to get involved in whatever way we can and really enjoy this coming season. Not just this busy festival but also to upcoming services and groups that are starting. I was reminded today by Rev. Scott's sermon that we have taken up a big ministry being Christian. A ministry to have Faith and Action. A ministry that Jesus stretched beyond his Jewish tradition into the world around him and one that we as part of this Faith must continue to act on.

Just a few of my thoughts

Yours in Faith
Janet Power
People's Warden

A Note from Trisha



St. John's has been kind enough to grant me a leave of absence between November and mid-February, when Lent begins. Will I be basking on a beach somewhere? No, although I wish. This is in response to my request, since I want the opportunity to worship without also steering the music part of the service, and to hear what music other churches are using, which of course I never normally get to do. (That's how it is when you work Sundays.)

Luckily, Stephen Shields, a very talented friend and colleague, has kindly agreed to step in while I'm away. I've asked him not to sound TOO good in case you're sorry to see me return in the spring, so any mistakes he might make can be attributed to him doing me this small favour. I'll be doing all my usual teaching and playing and will certainly see you all around the community, and I hope to come back refreshed and excited by new ideas. Think of me as on a mission to bring us some fresh music!

Trisha Daniell



The Hunger Site doesn't ask much of its visitors, but it does require them to see blurbs from its sponsors after clicking the "Donation" button. In exchange for that exposure, the sponsors contribute funds which are channeled to reputable international programs to feed the hungry. All the available evidence indicates that the Hunger Site, founded by private citizen John Breen as a personal contribution to improving the plight of the world's poor, is completely legitimate and really works.

Check it out at <http://www.thehungersite.com>

The Real Adam

Michael Piddington

The Real Adam? or Paradise Revisioned

Uh! I'm awake. Morning again.
Another day in the perfect garden.
Everything going smoothly, always.
Just the right amount of sunshine and moisture.
All the trees and crops bearing bountifully.
No weeds, no pests, no blight.
What to do? Pruned and raked
yesterday and the day before.
Maybe a little, gentle cultivating.
Ah! There's my lovely partner
- so beautiful and kind;
always sweet. Rather boring really,
as I must be too.
What's this? A gleam in her eye!
Delicious fruit, forbidden,
but oh so irresistible!
Oh dear! We are naked.
Must cover up. Quick,
here comes God. Hide!
Too late, the Lord knows all.



What dreadful punishment awaits?
We must leave the garden forever.
Learn to overcome obstacles
in raising food and surviving.
Share our lives and experience
passionate love and intimacy.
Feel the pain and joy and
grief of having children.
Strive to find the right way
through confusion and conflict,
as God supports and guides us.
Make serious mistakes, but
offer our best to our Maker.
Grow in strength and wisdom
with the chance of improving,
making fresh starts and
learning to hope for a future.
Thank you, Father, for all
the opportunities you provide
in this fantastic, real world!



*This contribution was originally
published in the June 2003 Issue -
Reprinted here by request.*

Michael Piddington

A.C.W. Scandal



SCANDAL ROCKS ST. JOHN'S ACW !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

READ ON

Now that we have your attention,

A confession.

No scandal.

Just fellowship, hard work, good times and laughter, those are what you give and receive when you join this group.

You know, it always amazes me that when we picture the ACW, we seldom envisage the “average” nicely groomed young matron arriving at Church with her 2.5 (average) children, but rather an elderly group of ladies, resplendent in yellow aprons, working in the Parish Hall kitchen or serving at most of the functions in the Parish Hall.

And some of us are and some of us do just that. But there are some of us also who ski, skate, hike, ride horses, make quilts and knit also sail and drywall! There are some who bake, and sew and knit or manage investment funds. There

are some to whom the monthly meeting are an important social part of their lives.

We take pride in that we raise a fair amount of money for our own Parish church, but we also have:

- A foster child in Columbia
- We buy a Bible each month
- We support:
 - Somenos House in Duncan
 - CMS Food Bank
 - Precious Jewels in the Philippines
 - Bursaries to Camp Columbia and the camp itself
 - A student at the Vancouver School of Theology
 - PWRDF
 - Threshold Society in Victoria

There is so much more than those few examples, but as Christ said to Bartholomew “Come and See”. I dare you to come to one meeting, you might just find that you are hooked. I am.

With love, from the least talented member.

P. S. We even have a delightful catered luncheon in September and June. "Come and see."



Memorials Committee

Ken Conrad

This committee consists of Shirley Hardy, Jim McBride, Ken Norton and Ken Conrad.

During the past several months, the committee has been going through parish records in an effort to come up with a list of gifts which over the years have been donated to the church. We are now attempting to update this list and also clarify the gifts; -in whose memory, -the donors, and the approximate date the gift was given.

You will find the list in this edition of the Parish Magazine. As you view the list; there might be some mistakes or omissions. We are asking members of the parish to note any corrections or, more importantly, any items which we have missed. A copy of this list will be posted in the Parish Hall and we would ask that you make corrections or additions to this list. The final amended list will be placed in the memorial book in the narthex of the church once all submissions have been received. If you have any questions; please contact Ken Conrad at 746-4292

Ken Conrad

Gifts to St. John's

Date	Item	Donor	In Memory of...
1955	Communion Rail	--	Violet R Sampson
1955	Credence Table	All Saints W.A.	Violet R Sampson
1979	Bishop's Chair	--	
	(stolen 1996)	Mrs Olive Norman and son	Her husband H. Norman
1950	Tablet	--	Clare & Cyril Wace
1979	Plaque	--	Rev. R H Howson
1909	Plaque	Synod of Diocese	John Nightingale
	Window - leaded	Friends	Dora F Wilki
	Bible	Good Companions	Walter H Jackson
1940	Plaque	--	C. Eustie
	Reading Desk	--	James G Forrest
	Plaque	Minna Gildea	
	Brass Communion Plate	--	A. E. Harrison
	Amplifier (stolen?)	--	L. H Phillips
1950	Prayer Desk	--	Katherine B.
	Plaque	--	Arthur Nightingale
1985	Plaque	--	Hope Wilkinson
1931	Plaque	Mrs E Francis	Her husband Major E. Francis
	Window Stained glass - Narthex		Rev. Peter G Harris
	Book of Alternative Services	Parishioners	
1929	Brass Lectern	--	Dora F Wilkinson
	Window - leaded	--	Dora F Wilkinson
1986	Memorial Quiet Place	--	Gerry Caesar
1963	Altar Book	Brother	A beloved soldier
1971	Siborum	Sister Gertrude and???	Robert B Moulton
1929	Bread Box	--	Dora F Wilkinson
1913	Font - Concrete	A & E R	All Saints Day
1964	Baptismal Water Jug	--	J Normal T Perry
1964	Plaque	--	Alfred E Wheelton

1996?	Font - wooden, jewelled finial	N Bloomer	Florence Bloomer
1998	Lectionary Bible	--	Douglas Burke
1998	Sanctuary Vase	--	Pat Piddington
1997	Window Stained glass - Narthex	Henry Marshall	Marshall
	Lavable Bowl	ACW	Isabel Pat Boyle
	Baptismal Shell	Ivy & Jack Uzzell	Their son, John
	Wooden Cross	Susan Brown	

Pew Purchases

Pew Purchase	Church of the Holy Spirit (1)	St Marks Church, Victoria
Pew Purchase	Church of the Holy Spirit (2)	St Marks Church, Victoria
Pew Purchase	Isabel Pat Boyle	Husband Alexander G Boyle
Pew Purchase	Paul Baal	His mother and father
Pew Purchase	W A Sam & Carol Smith	William D Hill
Pew Purchase	Bill & Shirley Jones	In Grateful Praise
Pew Purchase	The Stephen Family	Helen's mother, Mary Lonsdale
Pew Purchase	Nancy & Elizabeth Hargreaves	James
Pew Purchase	Margaret Jones	A Vincent & Hilda Kite
Pew Purchase	Norah & John Rose	Rose & Russell Families
Pew Purchase	Marie Garbutt Family	Chaeman Garbutt & Donald Adams
Pew Purchase	Susan Keanae	Hugh & Barbara Denny
Pew Purchase	Lou & Pat Thornton	In Thanksgiving for Marika
Pew Purchase	Gillian & Leigh Hirst	James D Hirst & Elizabeth Beevor-Potts
Pew Purchase	Mary & Jim Jickling	Mary's mother, Gerry Caesar
Pew Purchase	Bryce Page	His mother
Pew Purchase	George & Ruth Price	Their son, Wayne
Pew Purchase	Stewart & Betty Armstrong	
Pew Purchase	John & Sandy Buchanan	Sandy's parents, Ivy & Ross Fraser

Pew Purchase	Jane Fall	Husband, Joseph & son, Stewart
Pew Purchase	Frank & Jean Gilraine	Praise The Lord
Pew Purchase	Jack & Ivy Uzzell	Edward & Eda Tyson
Pew Purchase	Barbara & Ted Barnett	Tosland & Barnett Families
Pew Purchase	Helen & Frank Pierce	Their daughter, Margery Rosland

Altar Guild

Embroidered Cushion	Joyce Binnie
Cushion backs	Carol Smith
Cushion backs	Shirley Jones
Banner - St John the Baptist	Susan Keane
Blue Advent Drapes & Frontals	Susan Keane & June Tillinghurst

Other

1989	Church West Entrance Doors and Wheelchair Ramp	C W Jones & J D Pite	Major Frank Greenhouse, Group Captain Joe Fall, and Colonel & Mrs R S Worsley
1989	Memorial Trees	Marion Holmes	Her mother, Hilda Tucker
1989	Memorial Trees	Isabel Pat Boyle	Her husband, Alexander G Boyle
1989	Memorial Trees	Les & Winnifred Horton	Their mothers, Alice Horton & Jennie Hearne
1989	Memorial Trees	Mary Moore & Irene Buck	
1989	Memorial Trees	Wesley & Betty Marshall	For their parents, Harold & Elizabeth Marshall, and May Bagshawe
1989	Memorial Trees	Paul Baal	His mother, Vivian
1989	Memorial Trees	Doris Soulsby	For her husband Alan
1989	Pew Cushions	Lorraine Moore	Her father, Theodore Marquis Sellsted
1989	Bookcase & cupboard between S and W doors made by C W Jones	Brian Norris	His wife Jan

Divisions

Vivienne Hockett

The Anglican Church is being torn apart, as we are all aware, mainly due to intolerance.

Change is always difficult, and I personally find the present upset, very disturbing. I am a lifetime Anglican and have witnessed all the changes that have taken place my my 77 years, i.e. acceptance of divorce, the ordination of women. These changes have certainly been good for the church

Unfortunately, there are divisions with our own congregation. This is unhealthy and very destructive. The "us" and "them" mentality has to go. We must be united! If we don't pull together we are going to fail and will, consequently, add to the failure of the church world-wide.

We all worship the same God and I pray He will help us through this time. Each one of us gives to the church what we are able, some less, some more - that's what a Family is all about.

Vivienne Hockett

Thoughts on Happiness

Tony Turner

It all began with a visit to Victoria to hear Rex Murphy - as you know he is a very accomplished speaker and raconteur. He told of the happenings on 9/11 when 32 planes in midair were diverted to Gander, Newfoundland. He spoke of the impression that many of these sophisticated high fliers took away from the experience; of contact with the people and the lifestyle of the island folk. They were challenged to ponder their differences; that is between the high pressured and stressed existence they lived and that of the island folk who, by their unconditional and uncomplicated hospitality helped them through an extraordinary and stressful time. So moved were they that over \$80,000 dollars were collected as an expression of their appreciation but the response confused the Newfoundlanders further. Their response: this was really not necessary. After all, this is what island folk do - they care for each other. Rex related that the travellers found this all very strange: that the islanders seemed

to get so much out of so little. In short, a happy breed.

So what does all this mean? Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is a condition of citizenship, yet that pursuit is often confused and abortive. The Dalai Lama states that "The purpose of life is to be happy." Who could argue with that ambition; to enjoy the state of joy and pleasure? Therein lies the rub. The temptation is to think that self satisfaction or gratification will do the trick; the hedonistic and self absorbed life; the drink that leaves you thirsty. Well, that brings me back to the islanders and their knowledge of a basic truth - that it is better to give than to receive. We all know and have experienced the feeling, as we give of ourselves, experience joy in doing so, and, in the case of the islanders, with so timely and generous a spirit.

As we were driving home that night after hearing Rex Murphy speak, the words of Martin Luther King echoed in my mind: "The most important question you should ask yourself is what you have done for

others today.” The perturbation caused to the 9/11 travellers was that, through the islanders’ love and concern, they had seen another way of living that was

truly richer than their own. But I am sure that the feeling passed as they jumped back into their busy egocentric world...or did it?



GOLIATH'S SHIELD-BEARER



my master's anger burns my back
if I'd dropped a sandal
if his shield was dull
he'd have wielded it on my body
and here
I walk before his fury

why does he – seven feet tall
broad as an ox's rump
have to challenge the Israelites?
pride I suppose
though anger is the fire within him
at the gods at everyone

beyond this trial if he wins
and he always does
this time this time
I have been promised
in the face of victory
that I may go free

and I shall go home
home to the village
where I was born
to the vineyards and olive trees
of Bethlehem



Joanna Weston

Visitors from Myanmar

What a pleasure it was for all of us who met with our visitors from Myanmar: Bishop Peter Stylo and The Rev. Daniel. We, firstly, took communion together and felt the binding presence of the Holy Spirit bringing us together. Remarkably the chalice used by Scott and which was given to him as a gift when he had visited Myanmar some years ago was made by Bishop Stylo and from which the Bishop took communion. We then moved on to share a wonderful meal together and, afterwards, participated in a question period discussing common issues and possible differences in our communities of faith. We tended to avoid the political

problems facing their country. It was humbling to be in the presence of such grace as we realized that, despite all the challenges they face on a daily basis, there is such joy and humour.

For me the meeting has put a very human face to the prayers we offer to the people of the church in Myanmar.

We parted with a blessing from the Bishop upon us all and we blessed both him and Daniel for the opportunity to meet and share in our common belief and values. They then left for a walk in our beautiful valley and Bea and Vance will share that occasion with you.

Tony Turner.



*Myanmar visitors
and some members
of St. John's Church*

cont....

A WALK IN THE PARK by B. Turner

There are probably a great many people who walk the trail, each day, around Spectacle Lake. Possibly only a small number of them ever really notice what beautiful things God has put there for us to see and enjoy. Our guests from Myanmar, however, did notice and did enjoy. They took great pleasure in watching a Labrador dog jump off the rocks into the lake to retrieve a ball for its master.

Scott explained, while they listened with keen interest, the various details about the Labrador and how they enjoy the water. What a pleasure it is to see things through the eyes of a stranger.

Further down the trail amongst the protruding roots of trees and loose rocks Daniel spotted a Banana Slug.

Now while most of us would give a little shudder and carefully step over it he stopped dead in his tracks. Daniel, you see, had never seen one of these strange creatures before. He asked many

questions about it and when he was satisfied with all the details he knelt closely and photographed it so he could show everyone at home. As we continued our walk we pointed out the various

species of trees such as the huge Cedar, the Yew and Alder. We even managed to see small plants such as Kinikinik and Indian Soap bush not usually found in abundance on the Island. At the end of the trail they studied the map to see where we had been and trace the outline of the Lake. By looking at the map they could easily see why it is called Spectacle Lake.



Bishop Peter Stylo, Rev. Daniel Phew Bu and Rev. Scott Pittendrigh

It had been our plan to visit the chocolate factory in Cobble Hill but, since time was a factor we were not able to include this in the afternoon events. The Bishop and Daniel did, however, mention that a bar of Chocolate in Myanmar would cost around eight dollars (American) to buy. They told us that it is a luxury that only the very rich can enjoy. You can't imagine the look on Daniel's face when we took him to the chocolate counter in Thrifty Foods. It was like seeing a child's first glimpse of the Christmas tree

on December 25th. After loading him up with enough goodies to share with the Bishop's seven children and his own two little ones we headed off to Cowichan Bay where they were to enjoy a lovely dinner with one of the members of our Parish. It was a humbling feeling to spend an afternoon with our two wonderful visitors from Myanmar. For Vance and I it was a great honor and a privilege to have had the chance to spend a few delightful hours with them.

Following this walk and visit to Thrifty's our visitors enjoyed a wonderful, warm meal at the home of Pip and Derrick Woodcock and were returned to their billet fed, cared for, and probably tuckered out!



Christmas Offering

Each year the Christmas offering is given to various outreach organizations based on the recommendations of the Outreach Committee as approval by Parish Council. Usually the funds are directed to support local, national and international needs. All funds from the Christmas 2009 offering will be directed as follows:

Threshold Housing - 25%

Threshold Housing provides caring, semi-independent, transitional housing for youth at risk of homelessness on Vancouver Island. It currently operate two houses, accommodating four youth (aged 16-21) in each house

Semenos House, Duncan - 25%

Somenos House provides, free and confidential, emergency shelter and emotional support primarily for battered women and their children.

Primate World Relief Development Fund - 50%

PWRDF is the Anglican Church of Canada's agency for sustainable development, relief, refugees, and global justice.

Maurice and Omwabini

Betty Halliday

Maurice Makokha Khuteka, the young man whose legs were paralyzed from polio, and who you, St. John's parishioners, were supporting through the soup and buns lunches and donations, has now opened his own electrical shop with the help of Mary Brunyasi and her son James of the Omwabini Community Support Program in Kenya.



Omwabini is a registered Kenyan community based organization based on the Psalms 68.5 and working to approach issues relating to poverty and AIDS. Omwabini's work with orphans, widows and poor families remains at the centre of their work. These orphans and widows in Western Kenya are usually left with

very little to sustain themselves as most of the families resources have been exhausted during the parents/spouses illness. The objective of Omwabini is to create sustainable projects and

progress, to reintegrate marginalized groups including orphans, street children, widows and those suffering from AIDS into communities of support and care so that they may have the ability to sustain

healthy living conditions and provide for their own needs.

There are eight steps of tasks to the Omwabini Program, the first task beginning with initial Relief Efforts. This includes building trusting and caring relationships as they help build or repair their homes so that they will have adequate shelter. Fifty families in each of eight project areas have been

identified. And will construct an average six homes per quarter. The orphans and widow families will be supplemented with basic foodstuffs during the programs initial relief and evaluation stage.

The second step of tasks of the program is Agricultural Training and Support. Orphan/widowed families are trained in sustainable agricultural techniques including basic land preparation, planting, care and harvesting. Knowledge for traditional crops, crop rotation, water conservation, organic fertilizers and pesticides are taught. The families are then supported in their agricultural efforts with seed and land preparation. The families are encouraged to give a portion of their seed to the next group of orphans/widows.

The third task is to provide orphans/widows with counseling and emotional support as they face the sadness of the death of loved ones and feelings of lost security and fears about their futures.

The fourth task includes efforts towards economic empowerment. Two of these efforts use bicycles and

oxen. Bicycles are commonly used as taxis to transport people and goods between towns which provide income for the orphans and their families. They are also encouraged to put aside some of their income to help other orphans. Through the oxen program, the orphans plough other peoples' land for income.

The fifth aspect is the maize and vegetable program. Omwabini grows its own maize and vegetables. Food packs are given to those in need. Trained field workers coach and train families to grow their own produce. Seed and tools are provided by Omwabini.

The sixth aspect is to support and provide orphans with formal education. Omwabini began its own primary school. Omwabini helps orphans with school fees for local private schools. Courses are also in tailoring typing and computer.

The seventh aspect is health and sexual health education. Omwabini runs a care and support program for HIV positive people and is taking care of over 100 HIV positive widows. In primary schools, the sexual health program targets children during the "Windows of Opportunity" (ages 9 – 14) before children become sexually active.

Teachers, parents and students are involved in the program.

The eighth aspect is in availing clean water to the local community through protection of water sources especially springs. Over 85% of illnesses reported by the local clinics are water related.

Staffing of Omwabini is made up of primarily volunteers and a few paid staff. Mary Brunyasi, being the manager. The staff and board members are comprised of professionals from the Informational Technology, medical and academic and business fields. They too are partners.

Omwabini has received financial and technical support from Positive Steps, the SED Fund, CID, Friends of Omwabini and church organizations.



September Festival 2009

So it's over again! - One more year when everybody gives a great sigh of relief which translates into "wasn't that fun" with inner feelings of "why do we keep on doing this to ourselves!"

Another year of line-ups at the gate before ten o'clock, of running short of change, of "what do we do with the left overs?", of debating the merits of pre-sales and who should participate.

At St. John's this last issue generates more public debate than blessing same sex unions, BCP vs BAS or other long forgotten denomination-dividing issues. Every year we hear the same points raised - "I worked hard all week and want a chance to get that blue vase I've been eyeing", or "that nearly new drill that I need" or "that well worn rocker that would look good on my porch". Or, to the contrary, "why skim off the good stuff before the sale", or "really there's nothing here that I need" or "I don't really need to buy back grandma's sewing machine again".

Every one has their own ideas about "pre-sales" - Who Can buy? How many items? When will we get at the stuff? How many hours do I have to put in to qualify?

Here's my solution:

1. No pre-sales - period.
2. If you see something during the week you would be interested in then, after it's priced, the item is set aside in a "Reserved" area.
3. On the Friday afternoon before the Festival an auction is held for all items in the "Reserved" list - all have a chance to bid - usual auction rules.
- 4 If there are no competing bids, the individual who put it in "Reserve" gets to buy it for **twice** the marked price.

Thus, everybody get a chance at everything. Everybody knows the rules up front. There's no squirrelling things away during the week.

And the proceeds for the church are **maximized** - isn't that what it all about?

September Festival ~ 2009



september festival 2009



You never know
what you're going
to find !!!!.....



Photos - Thanks to Margaret Haley

september festival 2009



**Not sure how
this works !!!!**

**Maybe like
this ???.....**



**Ah Ha..
So that's how
it goes**

The Supervisory Crew





september festival
2009

*Photos: Thanks to:
John Hogben,
David Peterson*

Lift up our Banners !

Celebrating Liturgical Banners and Vestments at St. John's

“In the name of our God, we will lift up our banners!”

Psalm 20:5

A project two years in the making has finally been completed, and we get to enjoy it every week!

In August 2003 Scott and I received a treasured wedding gift – a green liturgical banner with the symbols of the communion bread, cup, wheat, grapes and the words “Taken, Blessed, Broken, Given.” This liturgical banner was made by a friend of mine, Faye Muscoby from Calgary, and her work is displayed in countless churches and schools throughout Alberta, and now in Cobble Hill, BC! Scott and I were thrilled to receive such a meaningful gift, and decided that instead of hanging it in our home we would share it with St. John's Church.

Four years later I asked Parish Council to consider approving a proposal to commission liturgical banners and vestments for all the seasons of the church year, with the exception of several items for Advent which had already been created for the church by Susan Keane and June Wyman. After receiving approval from Parish Council I approached the parish with this idea, and your response was immediate. All items were sponsored within a few weeks, and it has taken two years for this project to be completed.

Faye Muscoby made all the liturgical banners: the wall and lectern hangings and the altar frontals. Her friend Velma Krott of Okotoks, AB made all the vestments, stoles and burse/veil sets. The fabric that is used for all vestments is a high quality wool, specially ordered by Velma and Faye from a distributor in Vancouver. You

will notice in the accompanying chart that for each season and most occasions, a specific stole was made for the assisting clergy. While the presider's stole is rarely seen (as it is worn under the chasuble) the assisting clergy stole is worn over an alb, and so images seen on the liturgical banners are also seen on these stoles.

One symbol that you might not be as familiar with is called a Chi Rho (pronounced "kye rowe.") This image is a monogram for Christ – the first two letters of the Greek word for Christ: XPICTOC are superimposed to create this monogram. Added to the Chi Rho are two Greek letters – the alpha and the omega – respectively the first and last letters of the classical Greek alphabet. This refers to a passage of scripture found in several places in the Book of Revelation: "I am the alpha and the omega" (verses 1:8, 21:6, and 22:13). When the title appears later on in this book it is further clarified with the additional title, "the beginning and the end" (21:6, 22:13). Several ancient Christian writers referred to both God and Jesus in using this phrase, and this phrase is interpreted by many Christians to mean that Jesus existed from eternity (as the second person of the Trinity), and will exist eternally.



The accompanying pictures create a visual story of the church year. The Advent liturgical banner shows an Angel trumpeting the announcement, "Prepare the way of the Lord" to the world. This image is set in Canada, as the angel shouts its' message to the northern lights in an inky blue/black sky. The distant star in this liturgical banner becomes the central image in the Christmas liturgical banners, with the manger placed in the heart of this star, surrounded by holly. The liturgical banners for Lent use a deep dark purple, with symbols of this season and what is to come – a crown of thorns, a cross, palms and a jug of water. Scott recently told me





that this particular shade of purple is “perfect” for this season, as this is meant to be a purple that reminds us of “bruising” – a penitential colour. The red liturgical banners for Palm Sunday through to Holy Thursday continue with these symbols, with a stylized Chi Rho that also reminds us of a shepherd’s staff, and a bowl of water and towel – objects that we use during the Holy Thursday service.

Easter Sunday reintroduces colour and life into the church. The Lenten cross with palm branches is transformed into the Easter cross of resurrection, with trumpeting Easter lilies, rays of sunlight and the triumphant word “Alleluia!” A dove is placed in the centre of this cross – God’s spirit of peace

has entered into and transformed a place of suffering and pain. This dove is central to the Pentecost liturgical banners that will also be used for Confirmations: “Come Holy Spirit!”



The green liturgical banners and vestments accompany us through the season of Ordinary Time (or the Sundays after Epiphany and Pentecost) with images of wheat, grapes, the Eucharistic host and Communion wine. The colour green reminds us to “grow” our faith and at the same time look beyond ourselves and “grow” the church during this season. The white liturgical banners for baptisms are vibrant with colour, movement and the words “This is my beloved child, in whom I am



well pleased” – a phrase we hear often during those services of celebration. Other “white” liturgical events include weddings and funerals. Our wedding liturgical banner has two interwoven wedding rings placed on a cross, a wedding candle and the words “To Love and to Cherish.” Our funeral liturgical banner contains the first words the presider says at the beginning of a funeral service: “I am the Resurrection and the Life.” We also have a white wall liturgical banner with a simple Chi Rho on it – this is used for holy days or principle feast days in the church year. The smaller lectern liturgical banner with a Chi Rho on it is used for weddings, funerals and other “white” days.



I sincerely thank all those who got behind this project with enthusiasm and generosity. I thank the members of the Altar Guild who confirmed my suspicion that many of our items were becoming thread-bare and who were open to embracing “change” (that dreaded word!) in our sanctuary and chancel. I thank the members of Parish Council who recognized the value of this project, and the opportunity we had been given. When I first approached Faye with this idea she said that she and Velma would donate the time they took in making these items for St. John’s Church, in exchange for a tax receipt. Hence, we were only charged the cost of materials. A project that could have cost the parish so much more was done for \$3,300.00. And I thank all of those people who generously gave these items to the church – this is a wonderful legacy of your love for St. John’s.



A list of all items sponsored and given to the church, including the names of the sponsors and their intention for their gift is recorded here in these pages, and will be permanently recorded in the Memorial Book which is kept in the narthex.

Sarah Donnelly





The distant star becomes the central image in the Christmas liturgical banners, with the manger placed in the heart of this star, surrounded by holly

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The red liturgical banners for Palm Sunday through to Holy Thursday continue with these symbols, with a stylized Chi Rho that also reminds us of a shepherd's staff, and a bowl of water and towel

The Lenten cross with palm branches is transformed into the Easter cross of resurrection, with trumpeting Easter lilies, rays of sunlight and the triumphant word “Alleluia!” A dove is placed in the centre



The wedding liturgical banner has two interwoven wedding rings placed on a cross, a wedding candle and the words “To Love and to Cherish.”

The funeral liturgical banner contains the first words the presider says at the beginning of a funeral service: “I am the Resurrection and the Life.”



ADVENT – BLUE ITEMS

Wall tapestry	Pat & Lou Thornton	In loving memory of our grandson, Michael Clay Jones and Pat's sister, Nancy Burke Laidlaw
Wall tapestry	Trisha Daniell	
Wall tapestry	Jan & Adrian Rees	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church

CHRISTMAS – WHITE ITEMS

Wall tapestry	Charlotte & Bob Dowker	In thanksgiving for the many blessings our family has received
Wall tapestry	Trudi Owen	In loving memory of Peter Owen
Wall tapestry	Sandy & John Buchanan	In loving memory of Dianne Phillips
Lectern tap	Carol & Sam Smith	In loving memory of Kaitlin Nicole Smith
Presider's Stole	Ann & Peter Brady	In thanksgiving for the many blessings our family has received
Assisting Clergy Stole (also weddings/funerals)	Charlotte & Bob Dowker	In thanksgiving for the many blessings our family has received
Chasuble - white	Pat & Len Fraser	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Chasuble - white	Sarah Donnelly & Scott Pittendrigh	In loving memory of Kathleen and Steven Pittendrigh
Chasuble - white	Pip & Derrick Woodcock	In loving memory of Pip's brother, Howard Moseley

CHRISTMAS – WHITE ITEMS CONT...

Chasuble - white	Betty & Charles Phillips	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Altar frontal (also wedding/baptism/funeral)	Carol & Sam Smith	In loving memory of Kaitlin Nicole Smith
Burse & Veil (all white seasons)	Charlotte & Bob Dowker	In thanksgiving for the many blessings our family has received

EASTER – WHITE ITEMS

Wall tapestry	Edna-Mae & Jim Gibson	In loving memory of Wayne Mitchell
Wall tapestry	Bonnie Wadds	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Wall tapestry	Mary Harrison	In loving memory of Joyce & Derek Russell and Muriel Spencer
Wall tapestry	Michael Piddington	In loving memory of Patricia Piddington
Lectern tapestry	Michael Piddington	In loving memory of Patricia Piddington
Assisting Clergy Stole	Bonnie Wadds	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Altar frontal	Bonnie Wadds	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church

WEDDINGS - WHITE ITEMS

Wall tapestry	Sanja & Francis Hugo	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Wall tapestry	Heatherann & Rod Macintosh	
Wall tapestry	Diana & Jim Williamson	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Lectern tapestry	Jean & Roger Smith	In loving memory of our daughter Nicola Smith

BAPTISMS - WHITE ITEMS

Wall tapestry	Karena Skelton & Mike Miller	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Wall tapestry	Mary Harrison	In loving memory of Mary's father, Reg Harrison and Ben's father, Charlie French
Lectern tapestry	Hazel & Paul Quinton	In thanksgiving of the birth of our first grandchild Jerard Julliano and his parents Frank and JoAnne Greinke
Assisting Clergy Stole	Vicky & John Saunders	In loving memory of Dr. and Mrs. Amos Saunders

FUNERALS - WHITE ITEMS

Wall tapestry	Barbara Cook	In loving memory of John Cook
Lectern tapestry	Jean & Roger Smith	In loving memory of our daughter Nicola Smith

LENT – PURPLE ITEMS

Wall tapestry	Eileen Mais	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Wall tapestry	Jane & David Burkmar	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Lectern tapestry	Eileen Mais	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Presider's Stole	Anonymous	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Assisting Clergy Stole	Anonymous	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Chasuble	Jean Gilraine	In loving memory of Frank Gilraine
Chasuble	Allan Pollard	In loving memory of Linda and Jeremy Pollard
Altar frontal	Lynn & Phil Mills	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Burse & Veil	Brigit O'Leary	In loving memory of my Godmother Dorrie Baines

HOLY WEEK – RED ITEMS

Wall tapestry	Sanja & Francis Hugo	In loving memory of Sanja's mother, Pina Walter and Francis' father John Hugo
Lectern tapestry	Sanja & Francis Hugo	In loving memory of Sanja's brother Bruno Walter
Altar frontal	Barbara Christofferson	In thanksgiving for Eileen Wayne, aunt and godmother

PENTECOST/CONFIRMATION – RED ITEMS

Wall tapestry	Renee Stieda	In loving memory of my
Lectern tapestry	Renee Stieda	grandfather, Hans-Erich Mündel
Wall tapestry	Lilia Hutchison	In loving memory of John Orpe
Presider's Stole	Elizabeth & Ron Coulter	In loving memory of Vivian Fraser
Assisting Clergy Stole	Elizabeth & Ron Coulter	In loving memory of Vivian Fraser
Chasuble (also for Holy Week)	Jennifer & Gregg Perry	In memory of our mothers
Chasuble (also for Holy Week)	Jean & Arie van Dyk	In memory of Arie's Mother Neeltje van Dijk
Altar frontal	Barbara Christofferson	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Burse & Veil	Maryrose Fraser	In loving memory of Vivian Fraser

ORDINARY TIME – GREEN ITEMS

Lectern tapestry	Melissa Farina	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Presider's Stole	Marion Holmes	In loving memory of Peter Holmes
Assisting Clergy Stole	Laurel & Gregor Macintosh	In loving memory of Gregor's grandparents, Mabel and Bryan Malley
Chasuble	Heatherann & Rod Macintosh	
Chasuble	Sarah & Ken Conrad	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church

continued on page 51.....

Congratulations

Lynda Ann Hills

Many will remember Lynda who served as St. John's Parish Secretary some years ago. Lynda left St. John's to continue her education and here we see the results. Lynda graduated receiving her Bachelor of Arts: Co-op Writing Major; Professional Writing in Journalism and Publishing Minor - With distinction.



Congratulations, Lynda



ORDINARY TIME - GREEN ITEMS

Altar frontal	Melissa Farina	A gift in thanksgiving for St. John's Church
Altar frontal	Pat Guest	In loving memory of Eric Guest
Burse & Veil	Marion Holmes	In loving memory of Peter Holmes

In Our Cemetery

Elizabeth Coulter

The following was printed in "Glimpses of the Past" published by the Cobble Hill Historical Society for the 100th Anniversary of the Cobble Hill Fair, August 2009.

I was particularly interested in this material as the McClurg family members are here in our Church Cemetery. I have been given permission to include this article in our "Parish The Thought" magazine.

~Elizabeth Coulter

FIRST NATIONS RESIDENTS OF COBBLE HILL

by Rosemary Allen as told to her by Bob Vey of Cowichan Bay who fondly remembered his uncle Jack Verdier (1865-1952).

Jack, my great uncle, settled on Freeman Road in the latter part of the 1880's after migrating from Brentwood Bay by canoe to the Kilapi Beach area. He was one of the first students of the original one room log schoolhouse known as Bench School. This building was located on Telegraph Road between Kokislah and Cowichan Bay Roads and its remains were still visible in 1950. Jack and Canute Lemo along with others were honoured at the dedication of the present day Bench School that, when opened, had only two rooms. Jack was 87 when he told me the story about he and Canute hiding the school masters mule in the woods near by as a lark.

Jack settled on Freeman Road where he logged, cleared and built a one room log cabin. Even though he did not have running water or power his cabin was always neat and clean. From 1949-1952 Mom and I checked in on him regularly. We would sit beside the stove with the water bucket and dipper nearby and listen to his stories by the light of a coal oil lamp. His stories were always interesting and memorable.

Unfortunately, Jack was badly injured in a logging accident near Lake Cowichan while still a young man. He was transported by buckboard to Duncan held overnight and sent to Victoria by train the next day where he was hospitalized and

had his leg removed and replaced with a wooden one. The accident ended his relationship with his fiancée who lived in Seattle. He believed he was a cripple and sadly broke off the relationship remaining a bachelor for the rest of his life. This terrible setback didn't stop him from clearing his land with his team of horses and his axe and shovel. I remember several of the local farmers telling me of Jack's exploits. He walked on a regular basis to Cowichan Bay to attend St. Ann's Church services every Sunday. That was a return walk of about 12 miles. He did it until he was the age of 80.

When Uncle Jack passed away at the age of 87 his wish was to be buried at St. Ann's. This request was denied because it was said he had not attended the church for 7 years and therefore could not be buried on consecrated ground. Mom went to the Anglican Church in Cobble Hill and found a welcome resting place for him there.

The McClurg Family

The McClurgs were a well known First Nations family originally from Washington State. They arrived in the Mill Bay area in the 1890s where they lived just off of LaFortune Road. James and Alice had nine children. Adelaide

Ellis described this family in her book *At the Foot of the Hill* as having moved to acreage located just off of Cobble Hill Road near Galliers Road in Cobble Hill in 1918. Their son James died of wounds received in World War 1. Another son Charlie and a daughter Louise died in the influenza pandemic in 1919 while yet another son Paddy died of food poisoning. Their youngest daughter, Della served in the C.W.A.C. during the Second World War and later married.

Bob Vey remembered the others to Rosemary Allen.

Bob McClurg had been a wooden spar logger, cold deck hook tender and in his later years was a beachcomber. He was handicapped by earlier injuries and had possibly had polio as a youngster. He needed a crutch to get around, but carried on each and every day until he collapsed on the beach at Antoine Bay still doing what he loved – beach combing with his boat the Silver Lady. I spent many enjoyable days with Bob log salvaging and beach combing while learning the tricks of the trade that helped me in so many ways – logging, fishing, respect for others as well as life in general. I remember many days when Bob was in obvious pain, but he did not complain, just took several aspirins and a big chew of tobacco and away to work

we would go.

Minnie McClurg was a fantastic fisher lady, guide, master fly tier and rod repair expert. She worked for Stewart's Marina in Cowichan Bay and was a companion to Mrs. Stewart for the rest of her life after her husband, Jack passed away. There is a small memorial in Hecate Park honouring Mrs. Stewart and Minnie.

Johnny McClurg was a logger, fisherman, handyman and a kind and gentle person. He walked almost daily to Cowichan Bay and often around Cobble Hill and to Shawnigan Lake. He was a good family friend and

respected story teller.

May McClurg worked at the Share Estate in Cowichan Bay as a companion and care taker to Mrs. Share. A cannon ball fired from HMS Hecate fired to scare the Natives was found on the Estate. The Shares were early pioneers who came from Georgia and they donated to and were organizers of the first Cowichan Bay Tennis Club.

All of the surviving McClurg family were great friends, had a strong work ethic and were proud of their Native and family histories. I do not recall what Band they were from, but I respected their proud, quiet ways.



In 1862, James Douglas arrived at Cowichan Bay aboard the HMS Hecate with a boatload of passengers.

Property Committee

Ken Conrad

Property Committee Report

The property committee remains active. This spring, we refinished the room at the back of the Parish Center, crack filling the walls and adding a fresh coat of paint. The committee is in limbo regarding any alterations to the interior of the church; we await a report from the committee studying that project.

The Rectory was vacant as of the end of August. The committee has inspected the interior and exterior of this building and will make any necessary repairs before it is re-leased. A coat of paint will definitely be needed on the outside window and door frames and some work has to be done on the wooden back deck.

The front fence on the south side of the church property is in need of a paint job. This is a very tedious job and we are looking for someone who might volunteer to take it on. Please contact Ken Conrad if you wish to participate at 259-748-4292.

The new heat pumps are working effectively. I think everyone attending church this summer has appreciated the air-conditioning. It is too early to assess the energy saving thus far. We will probably have to go a full calendar year before we can come up with a dollar figure.

I thank the other members of the building committee who regularly volunteer to fix little things in and around the church properties.

Ken Conrad
Chairperson of Building Committee

Are you tired of saying “at - that’s the at with an a and a circle around it” when you give your email address? Do you know the technical name of “you know, that little squiggly line”?



The @ symbol is correctly referred to as an asperand.

The @ in email addresses is, of course, a recent use of an old symbol. It was recorded in the Italian Renaissance in a Roman merchantile document signed by Francesco Lapi on May 4, 1536, where it stood for ‘arroba’ - a container - as a unit of weight. In English, it was long used on pricing - ‘cabbages@3d.’ standing in for ‘at \$ each’. It may have come from the Latin ‘ad’ - but it’s hard to see why a two-letter word needs abbreviating in any case.

In Swedish, it is called *snabel-a*, (“a” with an elephant’s trunk), or *kanelbulle*, the Swedish equivalent of the Chelsea bun. In German it is called *Klammerraffe*, (a clinging monkey) - presumably hanging from a tree by one arm. Many other countries have descriptive familiar terms for it as well.

Recent alternative suggestions for names include -

- ampersat - an ending related to ampersand (&); meaning “instead of (at)”.
- at-symbol
- at-sign

Armed with this knowledge you may find people avoiding you at parties, but now you have smugness on your side. By the way, this ~ is a ‘tilde’.



Living Biblically

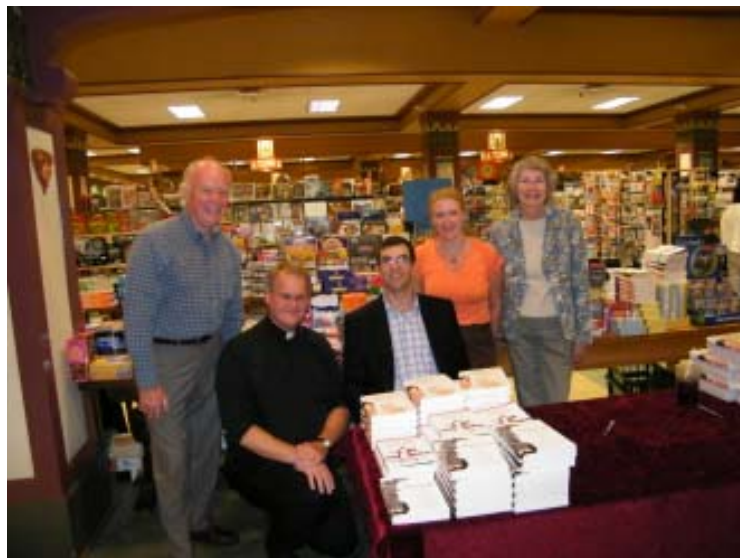
Rev. David Peterson

Just where are the corners of your beard? A.J. Jacobs didn't know so he let the whole thing just grow. He also tied money to his wrist and refused to wear any clothing that wasn't a pure fabric. He finds tassels to his clothes – courtesy of a shop called *Tassels Without Hassles*. He also had to stone an adulterer – but he was nice about it – he asked permission first. A.J. Jacobs was simply trying to apply the over 600 commandments and instructions found in the Good Book. He wrote *The Year of Living Biblically: One Man's Humble Quest to Follow the Bible as Literally as Possible* as a record of that remarkable



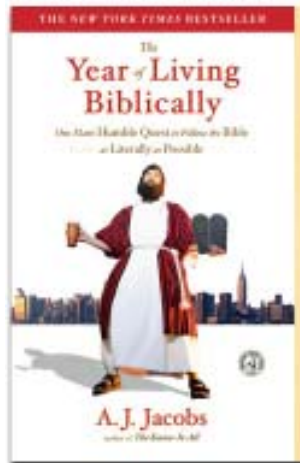
spiritual experiment.

Jacobs is a writer for a pop culture magazine *Esquire* and lives in New York City. He has a flare for the dramatic and one would easily dismiss *The Year of Living Biblically* as a publicity stunt. The book, however, pleasantly surprises the reader as being a respectable attempt to apply scripture seriously.



A.J. Jacobs with the St. John's contingent

Jacobs is a nominal Jew at the start of his year. Through reading the scripture cover to cover and through research he gains a fresh appreciation of the Bible and develops a deeper spirituality. He discovers, for example, that prayer, which at first feels wooden and artificial, becomes deep and meaningful for him. He appreciates how commandments are not simply directives but speak to him of the reality that he is connected to other people and that there is an interdependence in society.



Jacobs came to Victoria and a small group of us went to see him in person. We enjoyed his presentation and applauded his long-suffering (worthy of Job) wife Julie. My question for Mr. Jacobs was *Of all the religious groups you sampled, did you feel any affinity for one in particular? Was there one that you personally*

resonated with? To my surprise, there was: the evangelical red-letter Christians, who take the “red letter words of Christ” and live them as literally as possible.

In the course of his year, he develops a team of spiritual consultants to advise him and direct him. He samples many different stripes of Christianity including the Amish, mainline denominations and the Jerry Falwell headquarters at Richmond, Virginia. He wrestles with commandments that seem to him to be bizarre and has to struggle with setting aside reason to obey commandments that are *chukim* – Biblical laws that have no explanation.

This was our summer reading club book this year. To my delight, Mr.

Jacobs is onto new projects now but this book I feel is a must read for all Christians. It is challenging to us to reevaluate how we approach our own Christianity. Can we live with as much dedication for a year – or a day? It would be a good learning experience to do for, as Jacobs found out, we cannot understand faith by thinking about it but only can truth be realized through action and experience.

His latest project? To become the world’s healthiest man. A.J. was kind enough to pose with some of the group before going off to dethrone Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Rites of passage

Sarah Donnelly

The following letter was written to the teenage daughters of one of my friends from university days. They are now living in Georgia. They had experienced a “Vision Quest” weekend, and were preparing to participate in a rite of passage event at their church – a process similar in intention as our confirmation program. Their Mom invited me to write a letter to the girls – the following is my response. Sarah Donnelly

Dear Marisa and Alana,

When I received a letter from your Mom last month telling me about the Vision Quest you have been on and the questions you have been exploring I was so pleased for you both, and delighted to be asked to write a letter. For the past month I have been thinking about you, looking at the photo of two extraordinarily beautiful girls that accompanied this letter, and pondering how I would like to respond.

Rites of passage are such important events in the lives of young people – in fact they are often life-changing. Unfortunately they are something that our culture knows very little about. We don’t know how to initiate children into adulthood in an intentional way, and so often young people simply stumble into adulthood with very little guidance or wisdom given to them by their “elders.” But your church understands how important this is, and so I am honoured to be a small part in this ritual, as an “elder” living on the west coast of Canada!

The letter from your parents asked me, “Is there anything you wish you had known when you were beginning your journey toward adulthood?” Here is my response:

1. Be honest. When you can, be honest with yourself and honest with others. Be honest about your thoughts and your feelings. Be honest even when you are sure your honesty will not be appreciated by others. Be honest with yourself even when it is difficult to do so. You will never find your way through life unless your first step is accompanied by honesty. Your honesty will help you to sort through difficult situations. It will help you ask the hard questions that have no easy answers. It will help you to clarify your feelings and the decisions that are facing you. You might not always be liked or appreciated by others, but if you are honest you will always know who you are, and you will be known by others as an honest person. This is a virtue that will always serve you well.

2. Be compassionate. Be compassionate with others, and compassionate with yourself. Most often, discord happens because one or both people are approaching a situation from their own experience of pain and hurt. All they can see and feel is their past memories of betrayal or pain, and in fear or anger conflict erupts. Try to see both sides of arguments, struggles, and disagreements. Try to walk in the shoes of another in order to understand their point of view. Be sensitive to where they are coming from – to their own hurts and prejudices. Weigh all evidence carefully before making a decision. If you can, look at people - with all their brokenness - with the eyes of compassion. And give yourself that same gift – be gentle and compassionate with your own precious self: your disappointments, failed dreams, and your inability to always be your best self. You will experience deep inner peace if you are able to accept yourself always as a “work in progress.”

3. Be hopeful. Hope is a powerful virtue – it changes lives. Hope is not the same as “wishing.” When we wish for something, we stand

on the outside of a situation and “wish” it could change. But hope requires our participation – it requires action. Hope works for what it believes in. So to be a young woman of hope you need to be willing to get your hands dirty – to get involved, talk and listen to others, listen to God dreaming dreams within you, and then work toward making those dreams become reality. People of hope experience disappointment and failure just like everyone else, but these experiences do not keep them down for long. To be a young woman of hope means that you are confident that the next project or idea or proposal will be successful. You are confident – not only in your own abilities, but in God who is working in and through you.

4. Be grateful. Gratitude is another powerful virtue. People of gratitude change the world. When we are fuelled by gratitude we remember that everything we have been given is GIFT – we are entitled to nothing. Our good health, education, family, friends, faith, ability to work – all of it is a free gift given to us by a very generous God. Be mindful of your blessings, and you will be happy. Begin to think that you are entitled to something, and you will begin to experience the inner stirrings of unhappiness. And people who are grateful are people who are fun! They are so good to be around, because their spirit is alive and fresh, their sense of humour infectious, and their love of life something that inspires others. Be a young woman who is grateful, and surround yourself with other people of gratitude and you will experience much peace, joy and fun in your life.

I wish you both every blessing as you continue on your journey, and know that there will be much to celebrate on May 16

(Aunt) Sarah

The Mirror

contributed by Jean Gilraine

Author Robert Fulghum tells this story of one of his professors, a wise man whose name was Alexander Papaderos:

The Mirror

At the last session on the last morning of a two-week seminar on Greek culture, Dr. Papaderos turned and made the ritual gesture: “Are there any questions?” Quiet quilled the room. These two weeks had generated enough questions for a lifetime, but for now, there was only silence.

“No questions?” Papaderos swept the room with his eyes. So, I asked. “Dr. Papaderos, what is the meaning of life?”

The usual laughter followed, and people stirred to go.

Papaderos held up his hand and stilled the room and looked at me for a long time, asking with his eyes if I was serious and seeing from my eyes that I was.

“I will answer your question.”

Taking his wallet out of his hip pocket, he fished into a leather billfold and brought out a very small round mirror, about the size of a quarter. And what he said went something like this:

“When I was a small child, during the war, we were very poor and we lived in a remote village. One day, on the road, I found the broken pieces of a mirror. A German motorcycle had been wrecked in that place.

“I tried to find all the pieces and put them together, but it was not possible, so I kept only the largest piece. This one. And by scratching it on a stone, I made it round. I began to play with it as a toy and became fascinated by the fact that I could reflect light into dark places where the sun would never

shine - in deep holes and crevices and dark closets. It became a game for me to get light into the most inaccessible places I could find.

“I kept the little mirror, and as I went about my growing up, I would take it out in idle moments and continue the challenge of the game. As I became a man, I grew to understand that this was not just a child’s game but a metaphor for what I might do with my life. I came to understand that I am not the light or the source of light. But light - truth, understanding, knowledge - is there, and it will only shine in many dark places if I reflect it.

“I am a fragment of a mirror whose whole design and shape I do not know. Nevertheless, with what I have I can reflect light into the dark places of

this world - into the black places in the hearts of men - and change some things in some people. Perhaps others may see and do likewise. This is what I am about. This is the meaning of life.”

And then he took his small mirror and, holding it carefully, caught the bright rays of daylight streaming through the window and reflected them onto my face and onto my hands folded on the desk.

Jesus said, “I am the light of the world” (John 9:5), and His followers are to be like that little mirror, reflecting the light of Christ into the dark corners of the world. That is the meaning of the Christian life. “Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good deeds and praise your Father in heaven” (Matthew 5:16).



Robert Fulghum was born in 1937, and grew up in Waco, Texas. In his youth he worked as a ditch-digger, newspaper carrier, ranch hand, and singing cowboy. After college and a brief career with IBM, he returned to graduate school to complete a degree in theology. For 22 years he served as a Unitarian parish minister in the Pacific Northwest. He is the author of *All I Really Need To Know I Learned in Kindergarten*

Report from Eldoret

For several years, St. John's has been providing funds to support a nurse's salary at the Kimng'oror Health Centre in the Diocese of Eldoret, Kenya. Canada Revenue Agency regulations do not allow Canadian charities to send funds directly to overseas mission projects unless they are directly involved on-site in the project - thus our funds are directed through the Primates World Relief and Development Fund whose Project Officer, Glen Spurrell, arranges for our funds to be deposited to the Diocese of Eldoret's account.

The Diocesan bishop, Bishop Thomas Kogo provides regular reports which Glen shares with us.

Africa Program Officer
Primate's World Relief and Development Fund Anglican Church of
Canada 80 Hayden St Toronto, ON M4Y 3G2 Canada

Dear Spurrell Glen,

Thank you so much for your greetings and for the good news that you are in the process of wiring financial to support our health center, Kimng'oror. I am so elated for the kindness of my dear beloved in Christ the Christians of St. John the Baptist and for the Anglican Church in Canada. God bless you and increase you in every way. I pray that I will be able to visit them in the near future for fellowship and communion.

Thank you for your prayers. Peace and calmness is returning to our beloved country, Kenya slowly by slowly. The process of reconciliation, healing, resettlement and reconstruction has begun and the church is looked upon to play a leading though challenging role to which I agree. Time here in Kenya has been tough ever since the beginning of the year. In fact I have just arrived from Nairobi where I had attended our Provincial Board of Social Services and the discussions were around

peace and resettlement. But since we have this ministry with us, we are not discouraged. Did I tell you that our Diocese was the most hard hit by the violence? Imagine out of our 54 parishes, 17 are partially operational. For us to be very sincere, this far the Lord has brought us.

The report for the center both financial and narrative will be send to you SAP [as soon as possible]. The center is doing well. Thank you for your support. When are you visiting with us? You are most welcome to come and see/witness what you are doing in putting a smile on some peoples faces. The facility is an asset to the community.

Give our sincere love and greetings to your family members, house of bishops, christians of St. John's and the Primates World Relief and Development Fund family.

Share with us John 20:19-22.

In Christ

The Rt. Rev'd Thomas Kogo
+BISHOP .



Bishop Thomas Kogo

Dearly beloved:

As the years roll on around us,
We're oft beset by aches and gloom.
May our Advent hearts prepare a room
And tend it well
So His Love may bloom,
As the years roll on around us.

A. Nonny Mouse

Operation Christmas Child



The St. John's Sunday School introduced **Operation Christmas Child** to the parish six or seven years ago. Each Christmas, up to fifty shoe boxes have been filled with items that cost little more than a few dollars for us but which are received as treasures by children in less fortunate circumstances around the world.

Operation Christmas Child began on October 10, 1990, when Dave and Jill Cooke of Wrexham, Wales watched a television broadcast about Romanian orphanages. The Cooke's wanted to do something to help the children living in the orphanages and realized what they could offer was the gift of love. A convoy of nine trucks was filled with medical supplies, food, clothing, and Christmas gifts and were driven into Romania marking the small beginnings the world's largest children's Christmas program.

In 1993, Franklin Graham, International President of Samaritan's Purse, adopted Operation Christmas Child as a project of the ministry. Samaritan's Purse first delivered gift-filled shoe boxes to children in war-torn Bosnia and since then more than 68 million shoe box gifts have brought a message of hope, joy, and love to children in over 130 countries. Last season, 713,294 shoe boxes were collected in Canada and distributed to children in more than 15 countries.

Suggestions to fill your box:

School Supplies - Items such as pencils, pens, pencil crayons, note pads, and picture books

Toys & Other Gifts - Items such as stuffed animals, small musical instruments, hair clips, toy jewelry, t-shirts, socks, and candy (loose, individually wrapped hard candy in a sealable bag)

Hygiene Items - Please place soap in a sealable bag

Personal Note - Include a personal note and/or a photo in your shoe box (not inside the donation envelope)

Contact Rosalie Power or Maureen Chance for more information



Literature and the Scripture

Rev. David Peterson

Stories are old friends - perhaps *the* oldest friends of humankind. They pass the time, they enlighten us, they educated us, they remind us of our deepest values and innermost conflicts and struggles. Stories enable us to solve problems, take courage and they give us memorable characters who become companions of the imagination. Stories make campfires brighter.

The storyteller is an honoured member of our society – even if today’s storytellers are often the producers of films. While the scop recited heroic tales for his lord in the Viking mead hall, the Hollywood producer tells the story for their culture. Whether the story is the epic *Beowulf* with the hero fighting the monster Grendal and performing feats of physical prowess such as swimming in the ocean in his armor, or the lovable and quirky Jack Sparrow fighting Davey Jones (*Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead*



Man’s Chest), the story remains much the same. While our technology differs in the telling of that story, from the *Shadow* broadcast on the radio or the latest incarnation of George Lucas’ *Star Wars* on the Silver Screen, we almost instinctively know when the story is worthwhile.

We intuitively know when a story is well-crafted and is of quality. Every story has elements within it that we expect and we unconsciously look for. Every story deals with a hero, a problem and an outcome - the story revolves around a task or quest that must be completed. It involves the hero’s journey as they seek to overcome obstacles within themselves and in their environment. The hero’s character is

formed, shaped and bettered by the journey. The hero's journey is aided and abetted by different characters and the wisdom and advice they impart and through different objects or weapons that are acquired. Ultimately, the hero has to face their worst fears and do the deed alone. The hero must journey to unknown territory where the familiar laws of kinship and custom no longer apply and they must rely upon their wits and luck in order to survive.

When we read a story, we are expectant of heroes, obstacles, villains, adventures, triumphs and defeats, romance and a conclusion that satisfies us. In most stories, we have a sense that justice is meted out at the conclusion of the story and that reward is given where it is due. Themes and messages are presented throughout the story and situations become more complex as the hero seeks to resolve them.

Stories may employ the literary pattern of comedy or tragedy. Many of our greatest stories are Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies such as *The Tempest* and *King Lear*. In the comedy genre, the situation is between two lovers (or will-be lovers) who find that the situation deteriorates and chaos

threatens to foil the plans of all involved. There is often interplay of mistaken identities, twins, lost children, cross-dressing and disguise and miraculous discoveries of true identities. In the comedy, everything at the eleventh hour resolves and there is an ending with a marriage: each person finds his or her appropriate lover, parent, child, or friend. Comedy ends with a sense of renewal and rebirth, as we know that with the marriage there will be children to follow and a renewal of society.

Comedy's pattern of time is a circle that renews itself at the story's end with a sense of hope for the future. At the conclusion of the comedy, the hero and the characters are wiser and more mature people with deeper insight and developed characters. A true comedy is the musical *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* (1966 Richard Lester Director). In this story the "sloppiest and laziest slave in Rome" Pseudolous ("False") is trying to earn his freedom from his master, a young nincompoop¹ called "Hero". Pseudolous falls in love with Gymnasium, and aids Hero in finding his true love who unfortunately is a young courtesan. In the story there are mixed identities, lost children ("stolen in infancy by pirates" to quote Buster Keaton

starring in his last film as Erronius the befuddled old father) and everyone gets the right partner at the end of the story.

Tragedy follows the plot line of a comedy only so far. The situation in tragedy begins like a comedy – circumstances worsen and become more complicated. The plot deteriorates as attempts to resolve the problems of the plot fail (Consider the Friar and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* whose attempts to counsel or bring the lovers together only bring disaster). In tragedy, the characters may develop insight and maturity but it is a draconian victory. The characters are destroyed by their human failings and by their own flaws. Death and not rebirth follow the pattern of tragedy. There is no renewal and a profound sense of hopelessness and absurdity are the hallmarks of tragedy. In the tragic sense of time, there is no renewal and rather than the circle of hope and the plot making a full circle, there is a linear sense of time stretching out to loss. Consider the great speech from Macbeth:

*To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day*

*to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted
fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out,
brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor
player
That struts and frets his hour upon
the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and
fury
Signifying nothing.”
- Macbeth (Act 5, Scene 5, lines 17-28)*

In tragic time there is an ending without hope or salvation: insights are made too late, character development is made at great cost and discovery of hidden identity is not made in time to make a difference. In the end, Hamlet reconciles with Laertes only to die.

Stories are made of plots and subplots, themes that unite and clarify the message of the author and symbols that highlight and accentuate the tale.

When we look at our sacred story, the Bible, we use many different lenses including historical, archaeological,

linguistic, political and historical to name but a few. It is also possible to apply a literary lens to scripture. While this essay extends a literary view to the Bible, I hasten to say that this is in no way invalidates the sanctity of scripture. It is my belief that scripture is holy, instructive and sacred without having to be necessarily literally true. This approach is only a tool which may be applied or rejected as you see fit – and like all approaches it has its limitations and flaws.

Were we to take the story of scripture from Genesis to The Revelation of St. John as a whole, we would see a vast story with countless characters, plots and subplots (please don't try the approach of reading the first and the last chapter with scripture!). Scripture has its heroes and villains, symbols and statements and overarching themes. It is the God story, the story of salvation, the great story of humanity's journey, which is still in progress. God is the author of this tale. He is the one who tells it and we are characters within the story as we interact with each other and with God. We are set for a story with the storyteller's classic opening phrase, "*In the beginning*" ...

The Great Story of God begins with the creation of the world and the creation of humankind. As in any story there is a problem that immediately takes place – humankind is placed in the Garden, representative of innocence and wellbeing and then through wrongdoing suddenly loses paradise. Adam and Eve are deceived by the serpent who the Christian story has seen as representing Satan, the villain who runs throughout the entire story and who constantly tries to ruin and destroy God's plan for His creation. Like any story, the opening scene Paradise suddenly becomes complicated and chaotic.

The story at this point takes the primary theme of the entire scripture – the voyage home – the same story repeated countless times in literature with the most famous homecoming of all in Homer's *The Odyssey*. In scripture we have estrangement from the parent and the journey is to come home – humanity is the Prodigal Son who is trying to back. Whether the story is enacted through the giving of the Law, the sending of the Prophets or the coming of Jesus, the theme that is the music of the scriptures is the coming back home of humanity. In the Scripture, the final reconciliation happens

with the Revelation – the end of the story and the end of the comedy.

Comedy? In a literary typology, the Bible is a comedy. It begins with a perfect relationship – a union of humankind and God. There is a betrayal of trust. A villain who muddies the waters and creates discord. There is a journey apart and in the end, there is a resolution that comes with the end of time (the end of the story!). With the final reconciliation of Humanity and God, there is as in all comedies a wedding. The New Jerusalem comes down from heaven dressed as a bride to meet her husband (Rev. 21.2). The New Jerusalem is the new dwelling place with God and humanity and God are wedded together “with the shadow of no parting.”² The Prodigal Son has come home.

As in a comedy there is an end to the old and a sense of renewal and rebirth. There is a “new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth have passed away” There is a rebirth of relationship. Time is renewed and each lover has the right partner at the end of the scripture. While for T.S. Eliot “The world ends with a whimper” in The Revelation it ends with a renewal.

The scripture has its shades of the folktale in it. Sections of the Old Testament are at times like a fable with the creation story (reminiscent of other creation myths and the flood is a common motif in many cultures e.g. Sumerian) and talking animals such as the Serpent and Balaam’s donkey – there is a scent of the campfire in the scripture. In some ways, the Serpent acts like a trickster animal figure of myth that tricks humanity and as a consequence they become wiser but not happier. One feels they are walking on spongy mythic ground in Genesis until one gets past chapter twelve where we begin the story of Abraham – at this point, we feel we are in more factual and historical territory.

It is important to note that the journey ends with the return to the Garden. While the initial Garden of Eden is lost, the Tree of Life, which was in Eden, is found once again. In the New Jerusalem, the Tree of Life is center to the city and now humanity has come home spiritually and physically and can not eat of the Tree of Life.

In literature, there is a constant interplay of symbols that accentuate the theme of the author. In the Belly of the Whale where Jonah sits for three days, we see typology in action foreshadowing Jesus’ interment in the tomb. In scripture a prominent use

of symbol is water that captures the theme of life – the primal waters are chaotic which God orders into place and gives definition to. The streams of water are powerful life giving symbols to a desert culture – whether the life waters that flow from the vision of the Temple in Ezekiel, or the life Giving Water that Jesus gives and speaks of, symbols are used to accentuate the generosity of God to give life.

In the ultimate symbol, the Tree of Life, which was rejected for the Tree of Knowledge, is symbolized by Christ's sacrifice of himself on the tree of the cross. Jesus' body itself becomes the life giving fruit of salvation. Water and trees are only two of many examples of symbolic use in scripture.

It is noteworthy that scripture contains the motif of the king in disguise – a folktale element. The king who is not recognized by others around him. Certainly this is true for Joseph and his brothers (*Technicolor Dreamcoat* not included) where he is sold as a slave and rises to the level of deputy pharaoh. This is also foreshadowed in Genesis 37.8 “Do you think you are going to be a king and rule over us?” His starving brothers come before him

and do not recognize him now as king and grovel before him. The king in disguise theme is also very true of Jesus who is king who comes to his people but they “know him not” (John 1.10) and is ironically hailed as king by Pilate (“This is Jesus, King of the Jews”) and is given a crown of thorns, a reed scepter and a cross as his throne: it is with the resurrection and the final manifestation of God's kingdom that at the name of Jesus “every knee will bow and every tongue will confess him Lord” (Philippians 2.9).

Throughout all the Story, we have heroes and heroines – Noah, Moses, Deborah, Rahab, Mary, Peter and the list goes on – who all advance the story of salvation.

The hero is the central figure of story – without a hero nothing really of importance happens. The hero shares a number of common elements.³

1. Every hero is a person who *leaves their home* and familiar environment and undergoes a quest. This quest is something that either they're thrown into (Bilbo Baggins in *The Hobbit* who goes off without his pocket handkerchief) or something they decide to go on – Telemachus who is told to go find his father Odysseus.)

2. The hero is given *a quest* – some task that will shape their character and test their mettle as a person. Bilbo for instance is given the task of investigating the troll campfire which he does and then of rescuing the dwarves in the forest of Mirkwood. In the journey of the hero, the scene changes from the safe and familiar to dangerous and foreign territory. Jason must find the Golden Fleece at Colchus, at the end of the world and travel his ship the Argo through the Clashing Rocks.

3. The hero *is given help* by an old adviser, a god or a spirit– the old mentor figure gives him a tool, a charm or a bit of advice which enables the hero to carry on. Obi Wan from Star Wars gives Luke the light saber, Gandalf the Wizard gives Bilbo encouragement -Nestor the old warrior gives Telemachos directions and advises him how to find Odysseus. The hero is beset with

4. *Trials and temptations* and through good fortune, application of their gifts and of his or her wits they find within themselves the courage to conquer their inner fears and trials and accomplish the task.

5. The task often *involves a sacrifice* for the betterment of their

society or others and can be a spiritual sacrifice or a physical sacrifice or both.

6. There is often *a descent*, symbolizing the inner landscape - Biblo Baggins fights his greatest battle in the tunnel leading to the chamber of Smaug the dragon; Gilgamesh travels a great journey into the earth to find eternal life.

7. The hero *makes a return* as a better person and a better society

While there are many heroes in the scripture, and examples abound, Jesus is the prime hero. He is the one who leaves his home “taking on the form of a servant and setting by his glory” (Philippians 2.7) and comes to dwell with us on earth. He is the hero who undertakes the journey of salvation for humankind.

We can see Jesus as the hero and John the Baptist as his Mentor figure – the wild man John who at the baptism recognizes Jesus for who he is. Through the baptism Jesus acquires what he needs for his journey – out of the water he arises with the blessing from God: “This is my Son with whom I am well pleased.”

It is this blessing that enables Jesus to undertake the journey he needs. We are told that immediately after receiving the blessing he is “Driven out by the spirit” in

to the wilderness where his physical prowess is tested by the desert (heat, danger, thirst and hunger) and his identity is tested by Satan's three temptations ("If you are the son...")

Jesus, as hero must endure the fatigue of the road, the expectation of the crowd, the temptations of power and turning away from the quest ("Get behind me Satan") and at the Garden of Gethsemane he fights his "dark night of the soul" where he wishes that the cup of suffering would pass. God who sends an angel to comfort him and strengthen him supernaturally aids him for his final battle of the cross. Jesus endures the great sacrifice of the cross for our salvation, the greatest act of love God could demonstrate to bridge the estrangement between humanity and God. Through this act Jesus is the "author of our eternal salvation" (Hebrews 5. 7). As in many stories, it is the devastating wound where strength, life and healing are found. As in the words from Isaiah, God's Suffering Servant "by his stripes we are healed" (Isaiah 53.5). With Jesus' death, he follows very much the classic journey to the land of the dead in order to bring back life – Jesus goes to the departed spirits (which we celebrate on

Holy Saturday) as 1st Peter 3.18 records.

Jesus' resurrection is the triumph of the hero who has brought back life for all who believe in him (John 3.16). Jesus' final return to the Father is with the Ascension from Mt. Olivet.

Jesus' sacrifice is also mirrored in the act of communion where his followers through the symbolic reenactment of the Last Supper are strengthened through the eating of bread and wine that symbolize the body and blood of Jesus. The communion symbolizes how as we take in Jesus' words, promises and make him our Lord – we are given new life as the body is given new life through food and drink.

The final act of the Bible has the satisfying conclusion that we expect in a good story – even a sacred story. At the end of the great Story of God, justice is meted out and evil is vanquished and punished. There is the hope of new beginnings – this time with humanity getting it right by eating of the tree of life – with the fruit of that tree being Jesus himself. The story ends with humanity completing the circle. *In the beginning...*

¹ Can't resist a digression. Nincompoop: what a wonderful word that needs to be renewed.
www.etymonline.com (see also dictionary.com)

nincompoop

1676, nicompoop. Despite similarity [noted by Johnson] to L. legal phrase non compos mentis "insane, mentally incompetent" (1607), the connection is denied by etymologists because the earliest forms lack the second -n-. Weekley thinks first element may be a proper name, and cites Nicodemus, which he says was used in Fr. for "a fool," or Nicholas.

² *Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens's alternate ending for Pip and Estella.

³ Much of this paper reflects the work of Joseph Campbell's work of the Hero and myth. I could not possibly cite all the valuable information he has given particularly around the stages of the heroic voyage except to cite his work *The Hero With a Thousand Faces* as his seminal work.



Red Socks, and all that !.....



No Bull !!

Brigit O'Leary

One bright June afternoon I was traveling to Duncan from Mill Bay to a dentist appointment in mid-afternoon when I suddenly noticed the truck in front of me was braking. We were in the right hand traveling lane of the Island Highway near the Koksilah interchange...but the traffic light in our direction was green! I wasn't about to argue though with the truck ahead braking and the two cars ahead of him were obviously braking too. I am an observant driver and also a survivor of three rear end collisions so not only did I proceed to apply the brakes of my small car as well, I also checked my mirror to see if the passing lane was clear. It was.

You see I was worried about the traffic behind me in the traveling lane that may not be alert to the braking of my car and the vehicles ahead and



wanted to get out of the way if at all possible from a possible fourth road accident from a dumb driver.

Great, the passing lane was clear both behind and ahead so I quickly pulled into this left hand lane but maintained my braking application. Remember now we were braking from the speed of 90 km along this stretch of the Trans Canada highway. I am so glad I did. I am so glad I was not talking on a cell phone, text

messaging, drinking a "double double Timmy's coffee" rather both hands were on the wheel and my foot was braking consistently to a full stop. It was just in time to view the entrance of a marvolous sight indeed. There ahead of me on this Thursday afternoon, twenty feet before the crosswalk of the intersection

was a minimum 3000 pound bull, you know the white face, red coated variety with horns and a nonchalant strut across one's path. Then it was up, stepping up over the cement road divider...a mere 40

inches into the south bound traffic lanes. These cars had more time to observe him in our lanes so had slowed to a crawl and were attempting to maneuver around him yet one Mini Cooper type of car was acting like a rodeo horse and was rounding him up to the side of the road and up he went through the ditch.

Hmmm. I was a bit late for my appointment but can you imagine me trying to explain this situation if I had actually hit him.... to some ICBC agent located in their call center of Surrey BC. No thank you. I like the angels situated on my left hand shoulder...good to listen to rather than a cell phone.



Eight Rules for Office Workers in 1872

1. Office employees each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys and trim wicks. Wash windows once a week.
2. Each clerk will bring in a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's business.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to your individual taste.
4. Men employees will be given an evening off each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go regularly to church.
5. After 13 hours of labor in the office, the employee should spend that the remaining time reading the Bible and other good books.
6. Every employee should lay aside from each pay day, a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
7. Any employee who smokes Spanish cigars, uses liquor in any form, or frequents pool and public halls or gets shaved in a barber shop, will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.
8. The employee who has performed this labor faithfully and without fault for five years, will be given an increase of five cents per day in his pay, providing profits from the business permit it.

from *The World of Business* edited by Edward C Bush, et al. Published by Simon and Schuster, New York , 1962.]
contributed by Jim McBride

***Parish the Thought!....
St. John's Journal***

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