



Community Meals: The Secret Sauce is Joy

By Anne Larkin

- You need to recommend a tailor. I am eating too well.
- Thank you.
- The food is delicious.
- The volunteers are friendly.
- It is a safe, non-judgmental place.
- I didn't know about the meal program until you moved outside.

These are some of the comments from our guests on Saturday morning and Wednesday at lunch. And one of our regulars who lives on the street also expressed concern about what is going to happen to others who may lose their jobs and end up without housing.

Many, many people have made it possible for our parish to continue our community breakfast (egg-based dish) and to initiate a lunch meal (pasta, casserole) since March, all outside. People have been making toast, cooking sausages, baking, making coffee and tea, putting together the take-away bags (juice, cutlery, cheese, yogurt, fresh fruit, baked good, snack bar), making salads, slicing tomatoes, barbecuing burgers, serving our guests, and giving financial support to this outreach ministry.

St. Clements Church stopped their Wednesday lunch program when the churches closed in March, and we are awaiting word on when they will reopen. In the meantime (and since May) we had been offering a hot meal as we had access to the meals prepared through Second Harvest and Maple Leaf Sports and Entertainment in the kitchens at the Scotiabank Arena and the BMO Field. We are now making the hot meal for lunch on Wednesdays as MLSE stopped the meal preparation at the end of July. We feed approximately thirty people at each meal, sometimes with second helpings (we are not counting) and a take-away meal.

All of our meals include great conversation, people from all walks of life, and many viewpoints from our guests. We volunteers get worried when we don't see someone for a while.

Canada Day, a Wednesday, brought on a barbeque with hamburgers, Greek salad, and pop, all generously donated by Burger Shack and supplemented with potato salad, bannock, and butter tart squares, provided by volunteers.

Thank you to all who have made it possible for this program to continue. So many meal programs stopped in March, and I know that this ministry is truly appreciated. It really is a feel-good story for our guests and our volunteers as it brings much joy to all.

Ⓜ Anne Larkin is an active member of Christ Church Deer Park. Her volunteer activities include Outreach and Social Justice.

INSIDE

Community Meals:	1
The Secret Sauce is Joy	
Community Breakfasts –	1
New Format, New Insights	
Change! Change! Change!	2
Open Letter to Meng Wanzhou	2
Who spoke by the Prophets	2
Children and Teens—Ready, Set, Go!	3
Praying Berakhot from Jesus's Time	3
Editor's Choice	3
Book Review	4
Why Read the Bible?	4
A New Take on an Old Story	
Notes from the Music Library:	5
What a Friend We Have in Jesus	
Autumn 2020	
His Presence	5
Mosquitoes & Humility	6
in The Middle of the Night,	
At the Emergency Department,	
During the COVID Times	
Quick Reference Guide	6
to In-person Worship	
Terence Bredin –	7
Professor of Laughter	
The Gift of Music	7
Dear Church Mouse	7

Community Breakfasts – New Format, New Insights

By Andrew Harding

It's just on 7 am and I notice Kate isn't waiting outside church for the Saturday morning community breakfast.* During a pause in serving, we volunteers comment to each other that she hasn't been around for a few weeks, and we hope she is okay. She used to come every week.

When setting up the chairs, I chat to Tom who usually arrives early, and then it's in and out of the foyer doors starting at 8 am, bringing out the breakfasts and drinks. We get to know what people like: Here's Luke—a tea for him. Double-double for Mark. John has his black coffee later. And, Mike likes cereal rather than the hot meal.

In these COVID times since March, amid the social distancing and through a mask and face shield, I've learned many people's names and built more of a rapport than I did when breakfasts were served downstairs in the community hall. During the mornings now, I might get an update on the UK premier league football, hear that Paul's tooth abscess was "healed by God—not dentists," and be regaled by a story from Jeff who, in his 70s, is homeless and often quite cheerful. Rarely a week goes by without my hearing an animated conversation on US politics or

global affairs, though some people like to sit and eat quietly in the shade on the grass.

I was once asked if we have Bibles to give out and where you can read it in the original version. I replied that there are in fact two main versions of the New Testament in the Greek language in which it was first written—and that the Old Testament Hebrew is very different and rather more difficult.

After 9 am we give out second servings, always more coffee (including one with four creams and sugars) and keep a couple of meals on hand until 9.30 when we finish serving breakfast. "This is the best breakfast around, especially the eggs," I'm told by a regular who hasn't always seen the best of life.

Through these parish breakfasts I've experienced a grace and gratitude that casts a few needed questions over my own approach to life. I've observed those who come to them being respectful and grateful, and looking out for others—taking an extra meal for a neighbour or a sister, helping someone out of a chair, and helping with clean-up.

Along with the regular breakfast team members, since March I've seen much more of the people who



come to the breakfast than I've see of regular parishioners. Even people whose names I don't know, have become familiar to me by sight week after week. It's good to see them, but then it was doubly hard when I recognized someone sleeping rough one evening, just down the hill on Yonge Street.

I really look forward to seeing more parishioners again too, yet something has shifted—or expanded. Somehow, my sense of church feels incomplete if people at the margins or on the edge of society are not at the heart of church life. How can we explore this and what form might it take as we reimagine and rebuild church life? In the meantime, I take my coffee with two creams.

*all names have been changed



Ⓜ Andrew Harding is a member of Christ Church Deer Park's Community Breakfast Team.

Change! Change! Change!

By Cheryl Palmer

Humans are creatures of habit. Whether it’s coffee and a cigarette first thing each morning, Sunday night dinner with the children and grandchildren, or the same seats at the symphony, we love routine. While we relish occasionally venturing from our usual fare, the routines of daily life keep us focussed and steady.

That changed when COVID-19 sent us on an unplanned adventure. It threw many of us off our game and demanded innovative responses to everything. But this is what I find most appealing and challenging!

No one gave us a guidebook for the adventure’s overwork, tedium, loneliness, anxiety, modifications, lack of productivity, twenty-four consecutive hours with the same person, day after day, teaching/entertaining children... Yet, here we are. We made it through and are preparing to re-enter our communities, gradually opening our places of worship, schools, offices, courts, operating rooms, and more.

Before we swing back into action, it would be good to ask what we learned from the lockdown. Surely we were doing more than pining for a return to normal.

Recently, I read *How Pandemics Wreak Havoc—and Open Minds* by Lawrence Wright in *The New Yorker**. The first sentence hooked me: “Great crises tend to bring profound social change, for good or ill.” How does this apply to the church? I wondered.

Dr. Gianna Pomata, a medical historian from Johns Hopkins University who retired to her native Italy, is one of the article’s primary sources. She compares the Black Death in fourteenth-century Italy to the COVID-19 pandemic “not in the number of dead, but in terms of the way people think.” According to Pomata, pandemics are “accelerators of mental renewal,” with the Black Death signalling the end of the Middle Ages and the beginning of something else—the Renaissance. Fresh air came in, the fresh air of common sense, and nothing was the same again. That’s what Pomata anticipates from COVID-19. “Because of danger, there’s this wonderful human response, which is to think in a new way.”

What are the wonderful, new ways in which our Church will think as a result of the pandemic? Is this a time of renewal?

Early in lockdown, Molly and others suggested this pandemic could catapult the Church into the future by five or ten years, and, if you remember, that future was not always attractive. At the start of 2020 we heard that the Anglican Church could disappear by 2040, and that was before COVID-19. If Molly is correct, the Church’s demise would be 2030.

But the future need not be scary. Yes, the pandemic wreaked havoc in our Church, and some of our parishes could close, but we are called to keep alive our passion for the faith and our devotion to Christ in spite of what the coronavirus brought us. And the only way to do that is a tenacious focus on what is truly important.

What did we miss because we could not meet in person? **Communal worship/Eucharist**, that abiding source of life that nourishes and sustains us, that supports us through our sorrows and rejoices in our joys. **Community life**, regular and personal interactions with our fellow parishioners.

What did we continue and increase while apart? **Outreach**: we never halted in our care and concern for the hungry and needy of our neighbourhood and even added more than we were doing before COVID-19.

So, it is clear that Worship, Community, and Outreach are to be the focus of our renaissance. Though those words sound familiar, nothing will remain the same, however. These essentials of Christian life require open minds and creative spirits.

Earlier this year, before COVID-19 overtook us, our new Primate, The Most Reverend Linda Nicholls, said Canadian Anglicans were “being tested for perseverance, endurance, and creativity in the coming years.” She continued that “when we stand before the great judgement seat and have to answer for how we lived our lives as Christians, the question that will be asked is, ‘Were you faithful with what you were given?’” The Primate encouraged us to forego anxiety and ask ourselves “Where do we see Jesus and how can we be a part of that? And how can we be open and generous in our expression of the Good News?”

As we re-enter our worship space, change is in the air. You can make it change for good.

*I have set before you life and death, blessings and curses.
Choose life so that you and your descendants may live.*
— Deuteronomy 30:19



⊕ Cheryl Palmer is the Incumbent of Christ Church Deer Park.

<https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2020/07/20/how-pandemics-wreak-havoc-and-open-minds>

In January 2019, Meng Wanzhou, aka Sabrina Meng, posted a letter on the Huawei website explaining how she passes her time reading, oil painting, and contemplating nature*. Sabrina is a water goddess who lives in the Severn River and can rescue maidens in danger.

Recently, several prominent citizens lobbied Canada’s Minister of Justice to end Meng’s extradition proceedings in order to free two Canadians detained in China. But Meng, who resembles Guanyin of the Song dynasty, could equally free them by accepting her extradition. Instead of appealing to the Divine, this poem invites human intervention.



Open Letter to Meng Wanzhou

Meng Wanzhou
You of many manifestations
May I use your chosen name, Sabrina?

Celebrity sprite splashing the Severn
Grand robes afloat, rippled reflection
Safely indulging all nature’s perfection
Bathed in opulence
Time your treasure
(Have you read *The Two Michaels* by Kovrig and Spavor?)
Watching the seasons green, glow, and fade
Be mindful that you have the power to save.
Hears them, Sabrina, hear them and save
Renounce your reflection
Glimpse their dejection
Advance their protection
Hear them and save.

On the steps of the courthouse
You change to Guanyin
Regal demeanor, porcelain skin
Cupid bow mouth, deftly arched brow
Why is it you hid such perfection till now?
Most gracious goddess, mercy your measure
Do you hear the sighs of the men as they suffer?
(The lonely despairing of Kovrig and Spavor?)

Recall what the Sutra says about you
That one invocation will save a ship’s crew
Tossing and turning on violent seas.
I beg, Bodhisattva, grant them your favour
Reverse your direction
Forego your objection
Relieve their subjection
Hear them and save.

Genevieve Chormenki
July 2020



Who spake by the Prophets

God did not make
one type of tree or
flower or fish or horse
or grass or rock.
How dare you ask him
to make one type
of human that looks
just like you?

Julia Jackson, mother of Jacob Blake
Kenosha, Wisconsin

*

Children
and Teens—
Ready,
Set, Go!

GO!

By Bridget Poole

Don't let anyone look down on you because you are young,
but set an example for the believers in speech, in conduct,
in love, in faith and in purity.
—1 Timothy 4:12

I love this passage from Paul's first epistle to Timothy. As a young woman whose abilities are constantly underestimated, I find it so encouraging to hear. It is as if God is telling me to stand strong in who I am, which is a message that I want to pass on to our children and teens.

For those of you who haven't met me yet, my name is Bridget and I am the Coordinator of Children and Youth Ministry here at Christ Church Deer Park. I started back in April, having earned my Masters of Divinity from Wycliffe College just at the beginning of the pandemic. I was very grateful for the opportunity to lead a small group as part of Rev. Cathy's Pilgrim-inspired course. It was so much fun journeying deeper into the faith with participants and learning (or perhaps, enduring) all the pros and cons of Zoom.

I am also very grateful for the team of leaders I inherited for the Children and Youth Ministry: Ann Atkins, Annie Lawton, Katherine MacDonald, Jane Moseley, Sharilyn Robinson, and Sam Robinson. I look forward to serving with them. If you see them, be sure to tell them "thanks!" and keep them in your prayers because children, youth, and family ministry can be one of the most challenging ministries in the church. But it can also be the most rewarding; we get to come alongside children and teens, helping them in their lives and their faith, leading them to Jesus as best as we know how. It is an exciting and growing ministry!

As the Children and Youth Ministry looks to reopen along with the rest of the church, we are taking things slow. We are keeping things online via Zoom (at least for September), with occasional in-person gatherings. We want to make sure we are doing things safely and wisely. We meet at 7 p.m. for an hour on Fridays via Zoom, and we meet at 10 a.m. on Sundays, as well (however, that will be changing come September 13th, so if you want to stay up to date, give me an e-mail, childrenyouth@christchurchdeerpark.org and I'll add you to our mailing list! You can also stay up to date by following us on Instagram, @ccdpyouth)

The Children and Youth Ministry welcomes children/teens ages approximately 10 to 13 at either of these meetings. But fret not, we are also starting a teens group. We are connecting with all the teens of the parish, so if you are or know anyone between the ages of 13 and 17, we would love to connect with you.

If you have any questions or want to get your children or teens involved, please reach out to me or any of the leaders. We would love to hear from you!



⊕ Bridget Poole was brought up in the Anglican Church. She has always had a heart for children and youth ministry. Welcome to Spiritus, Bridget!

Praying Berakhot
from Jesus's Time

By Rebecca Wells-Jopling

Blessing prayers are one-sentence prayers that observant Jews have prayed for millennia throughout their day and on singular occasions. Here are a few: "Blessed is he who provides for all my needs." "Blessed is he through whose word all things come to exist." "Blessed is he who is good and gives good things!"

This week, our family printed up a number of blessing prayers on cardstock and our children posted them around the house, choosing a spot for each where they felt the blessing might fit the person's activities, thoughts, or feelings in the house—beside mirrors, on doors, near light switches, at the corner of windows, near the dinner table, and near family photos, among others.

According to Ann Spangler and Lois Tverberg in their wonderfully enlightening book, *Sitting at the Feet of Rabbi Jesus: How the Jewishness of Jesus Can Transform Your Faith*, blessing prayers are among the many prayers that Jesus prayed in a culture "saturated with prayer."¹ The blessings we share here are from their supplementary material, "Prayers Jesus Prayed."²

The way in which we are praying these small prayers is a variation on the more structured use proposed in the first book of the *Mishnah*, the collection of Jewish oral tradition recorded in the third century A.D. There, a great number of such blessings along with the appropriate context for utterance are recorded in the first section, called "Berakhot," which means "Blessings." Upon first opening your eyes in the morning, you say, "Blessed is he who gives sight to the blind." When getting out of bed, "Blessed is he who sets the captives free." When sharing a meal including bread, "Blessed is he who brings forth bread from the earth." And when eating other foods, "Blessed is he through whose word all things come to exist." We trust that through these reminders we might more habitually thank God for the rich gifts that we might take for granted throughout our day.

Then there are those *berakhot* reserved for more rare occasions, such as when one has just escaped an accident or been healed from a serious illness, "Blessed is he who does good to the undeserving and has rendered every kindness to me!" When a miracle happens, "Blessed is he who has done miracles in this place." And when something tragic happens, "Blessed is he who is the true judge."

I find all these blessings rich in promise for drawing us closer to the Lord in thankfulness.

A final *berakhot* that we might consider praying joyfully together at some unknown future moment, when all humanity is beyond the threat of the virus that is curtailing human thriving today: "Blessed is he who has given us life, and preserved us, and brought us to this season."



⊕ Rebecca Wells-Jopling is a member and subdeacon at Christ Church Deer Park.

References:

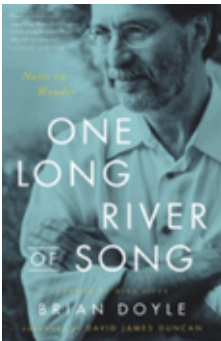
¹ Ann Spangler and Lois Tverberg, *Sitting at the Feet of Rabbi Jesus: How the Jewishness of Jesus Can Transform Your Faith* (Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan, 2018), 99.
² The authors consulted and recommend this website for many other blessings from the Mishnah: Cyrus Adler and Kaufmann Kohler, "Benedictions," www.jewishencyclopedia.com/articles/2931-benedictions (accessed August 20, 2020)

Editor's Choice

One Long River of Song

Brian Doyle
(Little, Brown and Company, 2019)

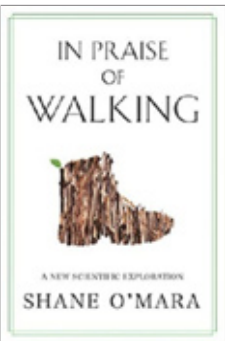
This collection of short spiritual essays is the perfect antidote for cynicism; Brian Doyle is routinely startled by daily life and finds grace and joy everywhere. He's even seen God—in a bus full of kindergarden children who peer out at him as their bus rounds a corner and in the "wonderfully and eternally gracious gentleman at the Post Office." Doyle's book is a balm. A pity he died of brain cancer in 2017 at the age of sixty.



In Praise of Walking: A New Scientific Exploration

Shane O'Mara
(W.W. Norton & Company, 2020)

What makes humans different from other creatures? O'Mara says its bipedalism, the ability to walk upright on two feet, which frees the hands for other tasks and "makes our minds mobile in a fashion denied to other animals." His book has much to teach: why walking is good for us, how it works on a mechanical basis, why it's a critical activity for city dwellers, how many steps a toddler takes in an hour... Just don't expect a segment on walking and contemplation. O'Mara has never walked a pilgrimage and doubts he ever will.



Family Papers: A Sephardic Journey Through the Twentieth Century

Sarah Abrevaya Stein
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2019)

By the late nineteenth century, the Levy family was well established in Ottoman, Salonica, a bustling urban port where Jews (mostly Sephardic, but also Ashkenazi) had become the plurality, if not the majority, of the population. Abrevaya Stein read thousands of letters to trace the Levy family's profound transformation over time, beginning with Sa'adi Besalel Ashkenazi a-Levi who denounced the rabbinical establishment and was ultimately excommunicated. Sa'adi's heirs now live on every continent.



Book Review

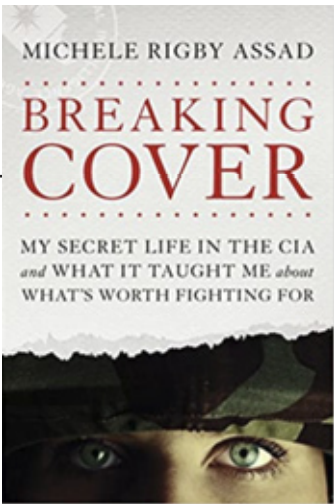
Breaking Cover: My Secret Life in the CIA and What It Taught Me about What’s Worth Fighting For

Michele Rigby Assad
(Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., 2018)

By Julia

I loved this book.

Michele Rigby Assad and her husband, Joseph Assad, worked for ten years for the CIA in several countries as undercover counterterrorism officers. Most of their work was in the Middle East. This book is a memoir, a courageous Christian woman’s testimony about her undercover counterterrorism work for the CIA in recent years.



The start of *Breaking Cover* recounts how Ms. Assad, an American from rural Pennsylvania, came to work for the CIA. She stresses that she had never seen herself working as a spy and tells of her astonishment later at realizing that she was a great fit for the job. This is also where she describes the training process that she completed to become an agent.

The next eight chapters are about her and her husband’s four tours working for the CIA, two in the Middle East and two in undisclosed locations. She worked as a Collection Management Officer (CMO). Her work consisted of interviewing sources (terrorists, insurgents, or others who had stepped up to offer information) and receiving, interpreting, and summarizing reports submitted by intelligence officers.

The last third of Ms. Assad’s book is about her and her husband’s post-CIA life. They work as security consultants, spending some time in the United Arab Emirates, putting their skills to use in ways like “giving personal security training” and “offering terrorism assessments.”

The next section is one in which Ms. Assad describes God calling her to go back to Iraq in 2015 to airlift 149 Iraqi Christian Internationally Displaced Persons (IDPs) out of Erbil, Iraq, into Slovakia. These were Christians who had fled their homes when the Kurdish forces protecting their village evacuated. She describes how God put a message into her head, while she was singing along to worship music, to repeat some of the lyrics to her husband: “Joseph, God’s going to use you to help save your people.” A little later in the chapter, she felt “a strong urge for Joseph to contact a friend...” The subsequent conversations eventually led to the successful relocation effort of the Christian IDPs.

I appreciated how Ms. Assad helps the reader understand what it’s really like working for the CIA in a war zone. She narrates how she felt arriving there and experiencing Iraq for the first time, in a chapter called “Welcome to Hell on Earth.”

She also recounts some memorable interviews with certain sources that turned out not to be who they said they were, who she says fabricated information, or interviews in which she realized some new aspect of herself or her job. Ms. Assad also describes how some people at the CIA were amazed that she was working there or thought that women shouldn’t work with sources.

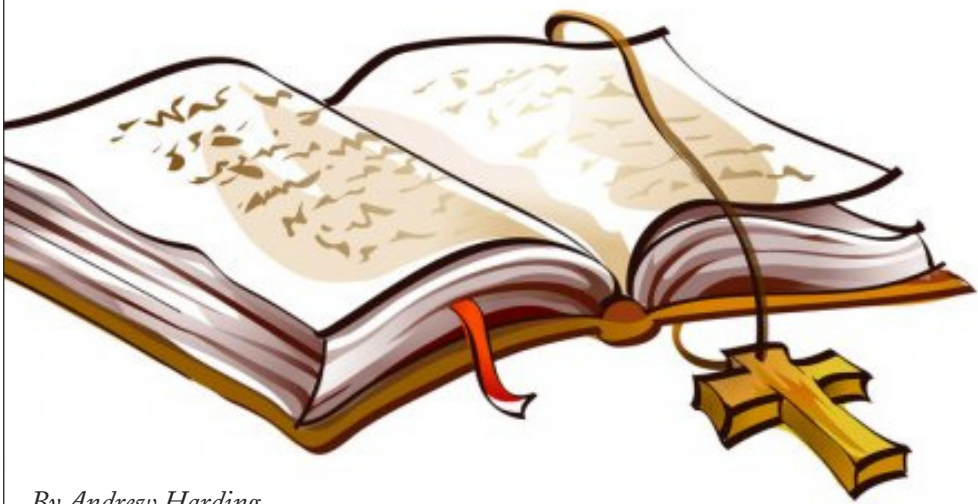
I appreciate how openly Ms. Assad writes about her Christian faith. She writes about how God was sometimes the only guiding light, especially in difficult times in her life. She writes about these moments beautifully. She describes how she realized that God shaped her and her husband’s path, from working in the CIA, to using the skills they had learned from their counterterrorism work there to guide those Christians into a safer land.

Ms. Assad recounts vividly the story of how she and her husband airlifted 149 Iraqi Christian IDPs into Slovakia. I could feel the tension in certain parts of the effort, such as the multiple times when the planes they had chartered didn’t show up due to complications, and during the tense ride to the airport with the convoy of buses.

To conclude, I would give this amazing book five stars out of five. Ms. Assad writes from the heart and shows us where God can take you if you trust Him.

⊕ Julia is a member of Christ Church Deer Park. She enjoys reading, playing baseball, and has recently learned how to knit!

Why Read the Bible? A New Take on an Old Story



By Andrew Harding

Whether the language of the King James Bible is part or your soul or you find that *The Message: The Bible in Contemporary Language* speaks to you in a new way, engaging with the Bible afresh is part of what it means to be Christian. New translations are always needed as are new ways of reading it. The still widespread idea in our culture that the Bible is a moral textbook or a how-to guide for getting into heaven is a notion that needs to die. There are much better ways to read. We can, for instance, read the Bible as a narrative about humanity’s true nature (faults and all) and how the ever-present relationship between God and human beings offers to transform our natures.

Here’s a recent and striking example of how the story of Jacob (Genesis 27 and on) can come alive in this way. I am indebted to the Rev. Sam Wells for giving me this vantage point.*

Guided by his mother, Rebekah, Jacob deceives his older brother Esau out of his inheritance. He flees for his life and in a dream hears God’s blessing on him. He then falls in love with his first cousin Rachel but after seven years labour is tricked by her father, Laban, into marrying her elder sister. Jacob then becomes almost a slave for love by giving another seven years to Laban in order to have Rachel. Jacob then profits through his dodgy dealings with sheep breeding as revenge on Laban and flees with half his estate. Laban pursues and they reach an agreement. Meanwhile, Rachel steals Laban’s household idols and makes a mockery of them by hiding them in her skirts. Jacob sets off with his two wives, two maids, and eleven children to face Esau. They have a surprising reconciliation then go their separate ways. All the while, the women in the story are property to be traded, then married off to create children—preferably boys.

It’s hardly our ideal model of family values. But as a story, it shows us who we are—with our jealousies, greed, opportunism, family feuds, and self-deceptions. It’s a story that is real. It’s also a story that shows we can’t stop God being present and invested in people, especially those who do not seem to live good moral lives, and in this regard, it’s a story about how God believed in Jacob.

This account of Jacob and, later, of his son Joseph being sold into slavery in Egypt by his brothers cannot obstruct God’s story of hope and healing, however bad things are. The former UK chief Rabbi Jonathan Sacks put it this way when speaking about the Holocaust: “I don’t believe in humanity, but I do believe in God.” In a similar vein, Joseph tells his brothers at the end of Genesis, “You meant it for evil; God meant it for good.”

We can trust the Bible because it knows who we are. Learning to read this story and the whole Bible as Christians shows us that in Jesus Christ, both parts of these stories come together as Rev. Wells suggests: “Who we are and who God is—and that there can be a place in these stories for us—and for me.”



⊕ Andrew Harding and his family joined Christ Church Deer Park in 2019. He has since become a regular contributor to Spiritus.

<https://www.stmartin-in-the-fields.org/what-is-the-Bible-for>

Notes from the Music Library: What a Friend We Have in Jesus Autumn 2020

By Emily Chatten

“Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care?”

The language is clearly of the nineteenth century, but it aptly describes our experience in recent months.

Watching a televised church service during the Easter season, I heard the old hymn “What A Friend I Have in Jesus”* and was greatly surprised when the minister said the lyrics were written by a poet in the Port Hope area. So, I researched and found that to be true.

The poet, Joseph Medlicott Scriven, was born in Ireland in 1819 and graduated from Trinity College Dublin. His adult life was difficult. He came to Canada twice (by schooner!) before settling the second time. His fiancé died just days before their marriage, prior to his first departure from England to Canada, and those who knew him said he was never the same again. Decades later he had another fiancé die.

Scriven settled as a tutor but was active in a revivalist church. He wrote poetry in his free time. Eventually, he spent his summers at Rice Lake and winters in Port Hope. Years after his second fiancé died, he gave away most of his worldly possessions. He walked around Port Hope chopping wood for widows and helping the poor and destitute. He preached wherever he found people gathered—in Port Hope, Bewdley, or even Millbrook (what a walk!). Apparently, his preaching prompted some members of the public to throw fruits and vegetables.

Before Scriven gave up his possessions, a neighbour sat with him during an illness. That neighbour found the manuscript of “What a Friend We Have In Jesus,” and Scriven said he’d written the poem to comfort his mother at a sorrowful time. He never intended that anyone else see it and said, “The Lord and I did it between us.”

The poem was published with Scriven’s other poetry in 1895 by a Port Hope publisher, and, importantly, was included in [Ira] Sankey’s *Gospel Hymns No. One*.

“What a Friend We Have In Jesus” was sung wherever there were revivalists. A 1950 assessment said the poem might not be good quality but the hymn did good service: “Any unlettered person can understand it, the humblest saint can take its admonitions to heart, practice prayer find his load more bearable and his



spiritual life deepened.” According to the Dictionary of Irish Biography, Sankey popularized “What a Friend We Have in Jesus” to the point that it became one of the best-loved hymns of all time.

I’d read that Scriven’s friends had erected a monument to him in a cemetery at Rice Lake (raised in 1920; he died in 1886), so I took a drive looking for the Pongelley Cemetery. If I hadn’t noticed a historic plaque, I would have missed the postage-stamp cemetery away from the road. A short distance above Rice Lake, it is lined by trees but otherwise surrounded by meadow. I couldn’t get over the beautiful, pastoral scene.

Scriven was a tutor for the Pongelleys for five years after he settled in Canada. His fiancé, Eliza Catherine Roche, was the niece of Mrs. Pongelley. Scriven was eventually buried with Eliza in the Pongelley cemetery.

In Port Hope, there is an undated granite monument at the corner of Ontario and Hope streets, erected in Scriven’s honour with funds raised by a member of the public. In 1941, a car toppled the memorial, and it lay around for some time before being restored, this time at Queen and Hector. In 1970, it was moved to Memorial Park, and in 2009 members of the public paid for it to be enlarged including a bench. (I stopped by for a visit!)

Roads in the area were travelled by Susanna Moodie and her family as well as her sister Catherine Par Traill and her family just a few years before Scriven was there, and “What a Friend We Have in Jesus” seems to reflect the difficult lives of Canadians in the mid-nineteenth century. “Have we trials or temptations? / Is there trouble anywhere / We should never be discouraged” reads the second verse.

As we continue through this time of uncertainty, with unemployment rates higher than even the Great Depression and with the knowledge of more illness ahead, Scriven’s lyric continues to offer practical advice: “Are we tempted to despair? / Jesus’ strength will shield our weakness, / and we’ll find new courage there.”

Bad poetry or not, I can’t complain about that advice in these times.



Ⓢ Emily Chatten is a Christ Church Deer Park chorister who helps to maintain the parish music library She is patiently awaiting the day when the choir can resume!

* FRIENDSHIP 8787D

His Presence

By Pat Butler

My routine was to visit Diane for about an hour once a week. Having been diagnosed with multiple sclerosis at only 19, my new friend was now completely housebound at the age of 38. The only muscles she could still control were those in her forearms—with just enough coordination to be able to smoke a cigarette.

Being members of the same church, Diane and I had met about a year earlier when I’d joined a volunteer group that gave her house a thorough cleaning once a month. Married to Bruce, she had (amazingly) given birth twice in spite of her MS. A personal support worker took care of Diane’s

physical needs but stayed in the background during my visits. I never met her children, aged 8 and 10, as they were always at school when I stopped by.

Diane and I lived a few suburban blocks apart. At the time, I was completing a Masters in Education in Counselling at the University of Ottawa where I learned techniques like active listening, paraphrasing, and reflecting. I enjoyed practising new counselling skills during my conversations with Diane.

Arriving in a blizzard one day, I shook the snow off my boots and coat. “You’re not missing anything by staying indoors today,” I quipped. We settled in the living room as usual, with Diane in the wheelchair, and made chit-chat.

“Pat, I’m feeling dreadful today,” she said. “Yesterday, the nurse had to leave early for personal reasons. That meant that only Christy was here to help me after I’d had a bowel movement. Do you know how awful it feels to have your 10-year-old daughter change your soiled diaper? No kid should ever have to do that!”

Diane started to weep.

I immediately began to silently pray. Dear God, please help me say something that will help her feel better.

We sat in silence for a little while. Then I suddenly found myself saying, “You’re right. It’s a difficult

chore for a little girl to have to change her mother’s diaper but look at what she’s learning. Christy already has perspective about others’ suffering far beyond her years. She could end up being a doctor or social worker or something which involves managing difficult human situations with empathy and grace. We can’t even imagine how much she can help people in need because of this head start.”

Diane smiled and thanked me for pointing out something she’d never considered before. We carried on our visit with other topics. Then I put on my coat and boots and left.

After clearing the accumulated snow off my little blue Chevette, I climbed into the driver’s seat and turned on the ignition.

To this day I can recall the warm glow that enveloped me as I sensed Jesus sitting in the passenger seat. I couldn’t look at Him but felt His undeniable presence.

Overcome with gratitude, I waited a few minutes before driving home.



Ⓢ Pat Butler is a frequent contributor to Spiritus. In pre-COVID times she was a volunteer chorister who also prepared flower arrangements for Sunday worship at Christ Church Deer Park.

Mosquitoes & Humility in The Middle of the Night, At the Emergency Department, During the COVID Times



Sitting on a bench under the bright lights of the ambulance bay
They won't let me into emerg with my dad
Thankful it's the middle of July and not the middle of February
Watching a few other lost souls
One looks to have been sprung by the emergency room staff and waiting for a ride
The other, like me, is waiting for someone inside
And they wonder why people aren't coming to the hospital any more
We might as well be outside a prison

My migraine went from manageable to out-of-control when the
"not-exactly-a security-guard" told me I couldn't go in and join my dad
At 1:15 in the morning I could sit in on the one bench in the ambulance bay
or I could sit in the car in the unlit parking lot across the street
20 years ago I worked for the local police who taught me everything I know
about crime prevention
They taught me you don't hang out in unlit parking lots, ever

I suppose I should take it as a humbling experience – to sit outside on a horribly
uncomfortable bench for the night
I have a thermos mug of tea, a bottle of water, my book and my knitting, because
I never go anywhere unprepared

I'm going to have to take something for my head soon or I won't be able to drive
home when they release my dad

I take out my knitting and my tea
There is no comfortable position
I'd brought a sweater to guard against the hospital's air condition...lol
Now I stuff the sweater behind my back trying to find a comfortable position
on the wood bench, donated by a local Rotary club
Note to local Rotary club, test benches in the future

The "not-exactly-a-security-guard" won't make eye contact with me
any time she passes
She took a break at 1:30
This consisted of her going to her car in the unlit parking lot across the street,
sitting in the car, with it running for 15 minutes, while she blasted metal
on the car radio
Wow

The ejected patient was picked up in a giant yellow pick-up truck
I don't know why, but there's something funny about a giant yellow pick-up
appearing out of the dark in the middle of the night

After knitting for an hour
I get up to stretch
I pace in my section of ambulance bay
My discomfort on the bench reminds me of the princess and the pea
I wonder how people spend so much time, even sleep, on park and city benches
I think about the pain that must permeate their joints

The mosquitoes have found me
Now there are only two of us whiling away the night under the LED lights
of the ambulance bay
A nurse tries to shoo us away
We stand our ground
Again, I'm reminded of those who have no other choice but to spend
their nights on benches
As I look forward to the comfort of my bed

Emily Chatten
July 2020

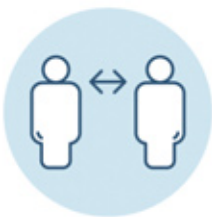
Quick Reference Guide to In-Person Worship



REGISTER
ONLINE



WEAR
A MASK



KEEP YOUR
DISTANCE

BEFORE COMING TO CHURCH

- Pick your service time: 8 am, 9:15 am, 10:30 am
- Register online in advance using the church website
- For each person,
 - List their name and contact information
 - Answer basic health screening questions

No computer or internet access? Call the office.

WHEN ARRIVING AT CHURCH

- Line up, if need be, on Heath Street, staying 6 feet apart
- Wear a mask at all times
- Enter through the Bell Tower doors
- Show your service ticket (paper or electronic)
- Reaffirm your health status.

ON ENTRY

- Sanitize your hands
- Continue to wear your mask
- Obtain a paper order of service
- Follow directions from greeters
- Sit only where designated and/or indicated
- Stay 6 feet apart
- Socialize with mask on and safely distanced only please

DURING THE WORSHIP SERVICE

- Remain in your place except as directed
- Observe the Peace with smiles, words, or gestures from your place.
- Refrain from singing
- For Communion, come forward as directed in single file. Receive the host in your hands, mask on.
- Remove your mask only to consume the consecrated bread
- Continue to stay 6 feet apart at all times

WHEN THE SERVICE IS OVER

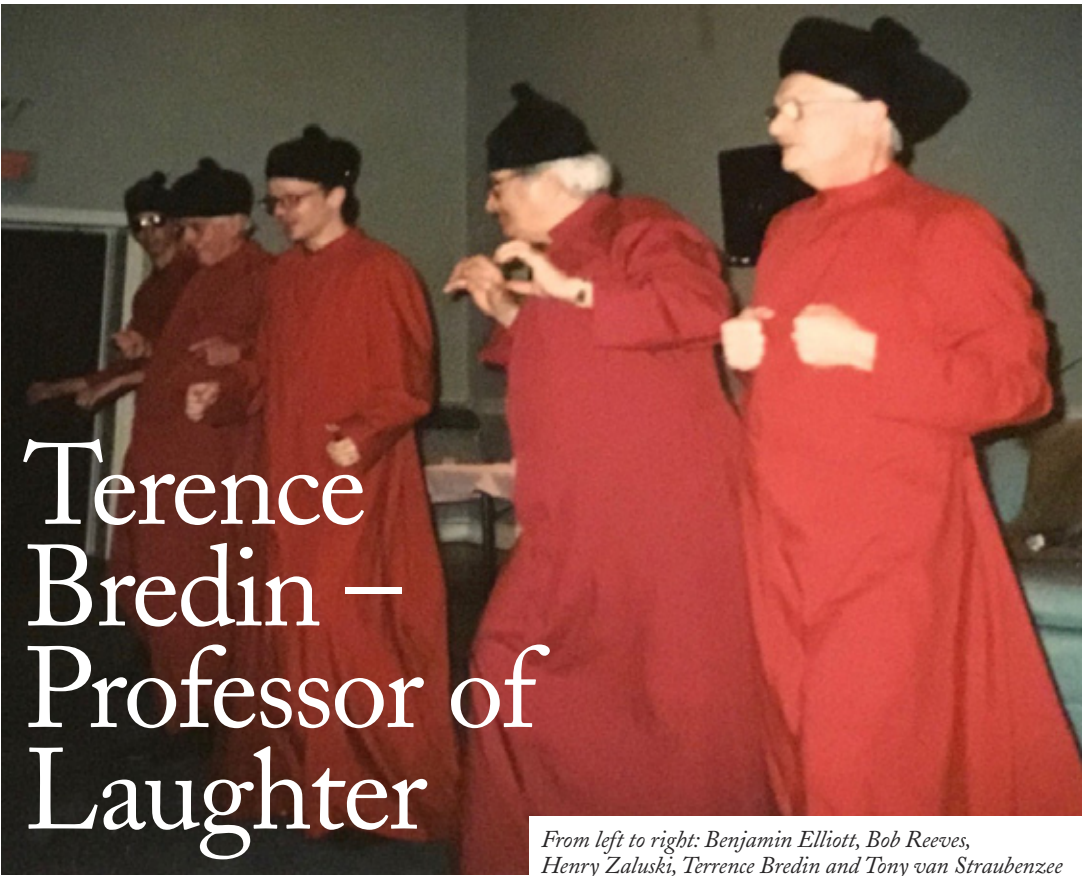
- Continue to wear your mask and stay 6 feet apart
- Follow directions from clergy and/or greeters
- Take everything with you, including your order of service
- Exit through the Yonge Street doors
- Refrain from gathering at exits, vestibules or walkways.

IF YOU HAVE CHILDREN:

- Keep those under 10 with you
- Use masks, except for those 2 and under
- Bring your own toys and snacks or get a package from the greeters
- Do not share items or leave anything behind.

SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES OR INDIVIDUAL NEEDS?

- Worshipers with mobility issues or other health needs should advise and take direction from the greeters.



From left to right: Benjamin Elliott, Bob Reeves, Henry Zaluski, Terence Bredin and Tony van Straubenzee

By Tony van Straubenzee

He was a Greek and Latin scholar at the very toney independent school, Upper Canada College. He was also a member of Christ Church Deer Park and attended worship services regularly.

One spring, my wife, Mary, and I decided to organize a picnic on Toronto Island with games and competitions for the children. It seemed fitting that there should be at least one competition for the adults, so we chose a sack race. Terence entered the race and won!

Our relatively new Incumbent at Christ Church Deer Park hadn't yet met all of his parishioners and, in particular, not Terence. At the end of the afternoon we had the presentation of ribbons to the victors. As it turned out there was a shortage of ribbons, so I suggested to the Rector that he save them for the children.

When it came time to announce the winner of the adult sack race, Terence's name was called. He promptly went up for his prize. The minister shook his hand but did not give him a red ribbon. Terence stood there and wouldn't move. "I want my ribbon," he said. The minister, exasperated, whispered to him that we were short of ribbons.

"I want my ribbon," Terence said again, this time in a loud voice. The poor minister relented and gave him one. With a smile, Terence then sat down.

The following Sunday, Terence walked in to the 11 o'clock service a bit late. But he had a smile on his face. He was wearing his red ribbon.

As serious a scholar as he was, Terence also gave us the luxury of laughter. He appeared in at least four skits during our parish's spring fundraisers. He was the first to volunteer for the "Full Monty," stripping down to a ridiculous pair of shorts. He was the one-legged man applying for the position of Tarzan, and he was the boring expert in the famous skit on the Komodo dragon. Terence also did an Ikebana flower arrangement on stage in a Japanese kimono, pretending to be a flower arranger for the Ladies Guild.

When he went to live at Briton House, the retirement home, he invited me to his Latin class for the residents. He introduced me as one of the world's outstanding Latin scholars, Dr. Von Strausenbergr.

I hope, Terence, that up there in heaven you can still hear our laughter. We tend to rate people out of ten, like "ten out of ten." This won't do for Terence, so he gets a red ribbon!



⊕ Tony van Straubenzee is a long-time parishioner of Christ Church Deer Park and a faithful contributor to Spiritus.

The Gift of Music

by Julia

Music is a glorious, unifying song
Which relaxes your tired soul;
You can never get music wrong,
You can only be left whole.

And when you only feel despair
When nothing in the world even seems to attend
Music is a caressing cloak you wear
And suddenly you can maybe almost mend.

With a life as hard as ours,
Maybe we can open our ear.
And maybe we can remove the bars
And really the music feel and hear.

Remember, happiness may not come swift,
But music is one of God's greatest gifts.

Dear Church Mouse



Dear Church Mouse,

Given that the coronavirus spreads all too easily in large gatherings of people—and worshippers—I wonder if the virus has a theological preference for smaller churches and congregations?

Curious Christian

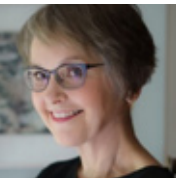
Dear Curious Christian,

COVID-19 likes hosts, and I don't mean the consecrated kind. To the extent that it has any preferences, theological or otherwise, the virus prefers large, in-person Christian gatherings where worshippers huddle, hug, and sing gustily without wearing masks. This mouse expects that COVID-19 will find Christ Church Deer Park utterly inhospitable because parishioners and their guests will take sensible precautions.

SPIRITUS

Editor:
Genevieve A. Chornenki

Creative Design:
Henry Zaluski



WANTED CONTRIBUTORS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS OF ALL AGES AND STAGES.

Would you be willing to take on a specific assignment or take pictures? Is there something you would like to research and write about? Do you have a constructive comment? Or, is there an activity or initiative that you would like others to join? If so, please contact us at spiritus@christchurchdeerpark.org

Submissions should be 250 to 500 words in length and in Word format, and all submissions will be subject to edit. **Copy deadline for the next edition is Friday, October 30, 2020.**

A big thanks to all of the contributors for this issue of *SPIRITUS*.



Christ Church Deer Park
1570 Yonge Street
Toronto ON M4T 1Z8C
416.920.5211
ChristChurchDeerPark.org