

SPIRITUS

NEWSLETTER OF CHRIST CHURCH DEER PARK

ISSUE NO. 27 FEBRUARY 2023



THE ORDINATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE REVEREND ALEXANDRA FISHER MCINTOSH

*Feast of the Presentation of
our Lord in the Temple
Thursday, February 2, 2023*

Joy!

Our rector, Cheryl Palmer, reminds us that we all play a role in Ali’s ministry and had this to say in her sermon at the Ordination ceremony:

In Luke’s gospel (Luke 2:22-40) there is an awesome scene that unfolds in the infant life of Jesus. The righteous and devout Simeon tells Mary that her baby will one day be a sign, a focus or opposition, and that “*a sword will pierce her own soul too.*” It is a scene so lifelike, so dramatic, so worthy of celebrating, that we couldn’t help but mark it with the ordination of Alexandra Fischer McIntosh.

The scene in the temple challenges not only Ali, but all of us to be Christ-like. When someone is as faithful and committed as she is, we may think that the work of the church is hers. Gosh, even I was tempted! I am not saying that after meeting the dedicated, patient, prayerful, creative, kind, humble Ali MacIntosh, I did the touchdown dance and started reciting the Nunc Dimittis... But I was pretty close.

Remember the words that Simeon said of Jesus? “*I can now die in peace because my eyes have seen God’s salvation.*” He looks at a forty-day old baby and declares that he is God’s salvation.

But we are not Simeon. We are actually made in the image of that baby. Each of us is given a life outside of ourselves. Like Jesus, our lives are to be offered for others in service, because we are a part of God’s plan of salvation for the world. Like Jesus, we must therefore present to God “*our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice.*” (p. 85, B.C.P.)

Imagine then that old, wise Simeon is saying these words, singing his song, about you. You are God’s salvation. You are a light to enlighten the darkness of this world. If that is your life, then should you not be about the task of discerning how God wants you to be a light in the world?

Ali cannot do this on our behalf, as a priest she only guides us in the way. As you can tell from the life of Jesus, it is no easy task being the light of the world, but we can lay no claim to be his followers if we do not take seriously our responsibility to help execute God’s plan of salvation.

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Ash Wednesday

February 22

7:30am-9:00am
Imposition of Ashes
on the front steps

6:00pm
Liturgy with
Imposition of Ashes



Join us as we begin the Season of Lent

Welcome Mathi

Please meet Mathi who was detained for years in one of Australia’s “offshore processing centres” on the South Pacific island nation of Nauru.

In late 2022, Mathi arrived in Canada, having been sponsored by a group of ex-pat Australians. This is Mathi after he attended a Mass celebrated in Mississauga, Ontario, in the Tamil language on Christmas Eve.

Welcome to Canada, Mathi. We look forward to your visiting us at Christ Church Deer Park.

Readers not familiar with Australia’s policy towards refugees and asylum seekers are encouraged to read No Friend but the Mountains: Writing from Manus Prison, a memoir that Behrouz Boochani tapped out on a mobile phone and sent in a series of messages. His work was translated from Persian into English by Omid Tofighian.





MORE JOY!



Anne Larkin. Anne received the Order of the Diocese of Toronto



Cheryl Palmer. Cheryl was recently appointed an Archdeacon



Denis Delisle and his wife, Elizabeth. Denis has been employed at the parish for 25 years



About the Order of the Diocese of Toronto

by Anne Larkin

Their light shines, their works glorify. These words are written on the medallion presented to recipients of the Order of the Diocese of Toronto.

The Order recognizes “outstanding service over a significant period of time in volunteer ministry.” Recipients are from all walks and stations of life—accountants, bankers, cab drivers, education specialists, fundraisers, lawyers, management consultants, medical professionals, and stay-at-home mums (CEOs of the home). They include individuals who have voluntarily served on diocesan boards, chancel guilds, parish committees, synods, selection committees, and those who organized fundraisers, promoted relationships with other denominations or cultures, or maintained relations with home communities far and wide.

Since the inception of the Order in 2013, Christ Church Deer Park has had ten recipients: Philip Creighton (deceased 2018), Elsa Jones, Carolyn Kearns, Anne Larkin, George Lewis, David Moore, David Thornton, and Tony van Straubenzee. Holders of the Order also include John Goodwin, a recent newcomer to Christ Church Deer Park from St. Clements, and Brendan Caldwell, a frequent visitor from Church of the Messiah. And, although only one name goes on the nomination form, we know that frequently the church is blessed to have the nominee’s “significant other” being just as committed in the community. Holders of the Order have given their time and talent, and we are the beneficiaries.

Individual deaneries within the Diocese may submit nominations for the Order every four years.

The Bishop of Toronto names people whose service is diocesan-wide or within a parish but had an effect on the Diocese.

Being nominated truly is an honour, humbling when you see the good works going on around you daily, very intimidating when you hear the citation being read for your fellow recipients. We are very rich in service-minded individuals.

For more about the Order of the Diocese visit <https://www.toronto.anglican.ca/about-us/profile-of-the-diocese/order-of-the-diocese-of-toronto>.

❖ Anne Larkin was presented with the Order of the Diocese at the Bishop’s Levee at St. James Cathedral on January 1, 2023.

Church growth? This Lent let’s call Paul.

by Andrew Harding

It’s hard to see a large and growing church in the downtown that is full of young people and not want something that they have. With cars and people flowing in at 8 am on a grey December Sunday, there are signs of life everywhere.

Now, if we think running a church is hard work, that’s nothing compared to planting one and spending ten years getting it established. Church growth and especially church planting are not for the faint of heart. Consider this: when was the last time the Anglican Church in Toronto started a new church plant? (And I don’t mean community gardens, as good as these are.)

As we prepare for Lent I think there are three things we need to connect to inspire our mission.

» **FIRST, READ ST. PAUL.** His epistles (letters) were written to nurture and train the new church communities that he helped to start. At one level they can be read as foundational letters on community building in places like Corinth, Galatia, Colossae, Philippi, Thessaloniki, Ephesus, and, of course, Rome. These new communities were struggling (some more than others) to live together under God in a completely new way. Without these new church communities being formed, the New Testament would likely end with the Gospels. It is no accident that Paul’s epistles begin by speaking of God because that was how new communities were formed and nourished. It is also good to take a fresh look at the epistles, for

example, by starting to read Romans from chapter 12. Then read through from the start, with special attention the chapters 8 through 11. Be prepared to be surprised.

» **SECOND, READ ST. PAUL THROUGH THE PERSPECTIVE OF LENT.** Read and reflect on the suffering and self-sacrifice that Paul endured in the process of helping to start and nurture these new communities. The sheer affection and heartbreak he describes is that of a parent with an errant teenager (second Corinthians is a case in point). Paul was rejected by people who preferred smoother talkers than he was, though he stood his ground when the moment called, such as in Acts 13. At times he was

Continues on page 8

Flipping Pancakes in 1894

by Ward Lindsey

With retirement time on my hands, I sometimes find myself looking through eBay websites in search of a variety of items which sometimes I do purchase. During a recent foray into eBay, I came across a copy of the March 1894 edition of *The Canadian Magazine*. Listed in its contents was an article titled “Lenten and Easter Observances,” which piqued my curiosity. What was the article author, Thos. E. Champion, setting out for Canadian churches during Lent and Easter in 1894?

I completed my online transaction with the vendor in Ottawa, and within a week the publication arrived at my door. Now in my hands was a glimpse of the Victorian era. Turning to the pages that conferred the information about Lent and Easter, I can best place the article into context by referring to the the following wording taken from the article:

But in addition to religious rites there were others of a secular nature, some of which were grotesque, some simply ridiculous, and some both pleasing and picturesque. I propose in this paper to give an account of some of these old observances, both sacred and profane.

The author continues by pointing out that the rites of “secular nature” were centred around the observance of Shrove Tuesday. The word “shrove” coming from the old Saxon word “shrive” meaning confession. In pre-Reformation times, the day before Ash Wednesday was known as Confession Tuesday. But where do pancakes become associated with Shrove Tuesday, let alone making your confession before your parish priest? Here, in the twenty-first century, one can contemplate that a parish Shrove Tuesday pancake supper can be both “pleasing and picturesque,” but was this the scene set in 1894? Pancakes were part of the Victorian era and the following words from the article describe the event observed:

The word “shrove” coming from the old Saxon word “shrive” meaning confession. In pre-Reformation times, the day before Ash Wednesday was known as Confession Tuesday.

Before passing on to speak of Ash Wednesday ceremonials and observances, there is one more Shrove Tuesday custom that I must not omit to notice, and continues now as it has done since the foundation of the famous school. At Westminster school – that nursery of so many of our gallant soldiers who have fought for the ‘meteor flag of England’ in every quarter of the

globe – on each Shrove Tuesday, after the mid-day meal, the clerk of the college, that is, the chief butler, appears in the great hall, and stands at the bar separating the upper from the lower school, holding a gigantic frying-pan in which reposes a pancake. Precisely as the clock strikes the hour, he throws the pancake aloft, and great is the honor obtained by the boy who succeeds in catching it. Unfortunately, the common result is that the pancake is torn into infinitesimal fragments in the scramble by the boys to obtain possession of it.

The fading of the British Empire has probably seen the fading of this school tradition. Perhaps it lives on as an alternative source of the phrase “I’ll flip you for it.” I confess that it is food for thought. Carpe Diem, Carpe the pancake

❖ Ward Lindsey is a frequent contributor to Spiritus and a long-time member of Christ Church Deer Park.



Lent—Same old? Same old?

by William Jackson

Lent is a liturgical season that connotes four things: prayer, abstinence, fasting, and almsgiving. But, in my experience, it seems to be a time when most folks try something in the abstinence category, giving up a particular thing or activity during the forty-day period. That category is followed closely by fasting (or in popular terms, dieting), such as giving up chocolate or alcohol or other “incidentals” and waiting until Lent is over before resuming consumption. In others words, we opt for things that are essentially inconsequential or marginal in our daily, everyday existence. We undertake small, personal disciplines that might inconvenience us for a while but which are dubious in terms of a Lenten observance.

I believe that the challenge of Lent is to find and pursue a discipline that will have a lasting impact on one's life and the life of others, one that will be continued after Lent is over.

Can we change our ready focus on trivial things and look instead at making big changes in our lives during this time? What if we looked outward instead of inward, or took on something new, challenging, and meaningful?

Consider one or another of the following:

- » **PRAYER.** Educate yourself, then spend a quarter-of-an-hour offering prayers for the many in need throughout the world.
- » **ALMSGIVING.** Make one or more donations of cash or kind (including your labour) to organizations and initiatives that help relieve suffering in this city or elsewhere.
- » **OUTREACH,** as in “reaching out.” Forgive someone whose affront you've held on to. Apologize to someone you have insulted or affronted in some way. Have a real conversation with a person who appears to be living on the streets.

Jesus started this whole thing by using his forty days to discover what it was he was supposed to do with his life. The least practising Christians can do is make an effort to do the same.

❖ William Jackson is a long-time member of Christ Church Deer Park who helps with congregational care.

A poster for a pancake supper. It features a close-up image of a stack of pancakes with butter and syrup. A speech bubble with a yellow border contains the text 'Volunteers Wanted! Contact Jayne at 416-489-2400'. The background is light blue with a string of colorful triangular bunting flags across the top.

ALL WELCOME!
Tuesday, February 21
PANCAKE SUPPER
6pm \$5 per person at the door
Christ Church Deer Park
no registration - just walk on in!
www.christchurchdeerpark.org

A quote box with a lightbulb icon at the top. The quote is in a teal serif font. The name and title are in a teal sans-serif font.

*While electricity is a moral necessity
—fossil fuels aren't.*
—KATHARINE HAYHOE,
Christian atmospheric scientist

Notes from the Music Library:

Lent 2023

by Emily Chatten

A few weeks ago, I asked Patrick Dewell, our director of music, about upcoming Lenten music that I could explore with you. I didn't recognize or remember the title he suggested, but I knew the composer. In fact, I would have known the composer simply from seeing the name of the hymn tune Patrick provided to me: SONG 13 (Composer: Orlando Gibbons).

If you read this column regularly you will have learned a few things: (1) that here is a naming convention for hymns, and (2) that the hymn tunes and the sets of texts (verses) we sing with them have been ordered and reordered over time and by denomination. Hymn tunes are often place names. Occasionally they are named for people, and some are named for the choral tune upon which they have been based. In the latter case, you may see a set of square brackets around a set of notes in the melody pointing to a choral line.

Of the approximately twenty-one hymn tunes by Orlando Gibbons still in use today, eleven are numbered songs, though not contiguous (1, 4, 5, 13, 18, 20, 22, 24, 34, 46, 67). Our Common Praise uses SONG 1 (hymn numbers 57 and 497), SONG 4 (hymn number 290), SONG 13 (hymn number 180), SONG 34 (hymn numbers 266, 277 and 467), and, finally, SONG 46 (hymn numbers 49 and 222).

There is a reason for the numbering. An early hymn book for the English church was submitted to James I by George Wither. Wither had written the verses himself, and in his note to the King he explained that Master Orlando Gibbons had laboured to set the texts to tunes. Although others also contributed tunes to the book, Wither did not attribute each individual tune to its composer, a fact rediscovered in the early twentieth century. Wither's texts have been abandoned, but musicologists have compared the tunes in his hymn book to Gibbons's other work to decide which tunes could most likely be attributed to Gibbons. Hence the numbering.

Gibbons was born and raised in Oxford where he eventually joined his elder brothers in King's College Choir. Gibbons went on to become the organist at the Chapel Royal and eventually at Westminster Abbey. By the time Gibbons was composing, the church's musical needs were becoming clear, and he is considered an important contributor of music to the reformed English Church. The number of hymns that Gibbons wrote and that we continue to sing today is a measure of his contribution of the music of the Anglican church. Aside from hymns, he also wrote liturgical music and anthems.

Gibbons died in the spring of 1625 at Canterbury. (If you happen to be there, you will find a monument to him at the Cathedral.) Physicians present at his death found that he died of a cerebral hemorrhage (a type of stroke.) He was only 40 years of age.

Of local interest, Glenn Gould named Gibbons as his favourite composer. Gould was quoted as saying, "ever since my teen-age years this music...has moved me more deeply than any other sound experience I can think of."

Keep your eyes and ears open for SONG 13 when hymn number 180 "Giver of the Perfect Gift" appears during Lent.

✧ Emily Chatten is a Christ Church Deer Park chorister who helps to maintain the parish music library.

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Mid-Winter Reading

by Brad Lennon

Here are reviews of some of the books that I found as gifts under the Christmas tree.

The perplexing John Donne

Like many, I first became acquainted in high school with poems by John Donne, such as "No man is an island" and "Death, be not proud." I did not learn then that Donne had written, not just a famous love poem like "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning," but what some have called the most erotic and sensual poetry in the English language. Yet, most intriguingly, Donne the rake and the bawd was to become in 1621 the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral. There he drew crowds of up to six thousand people to hear him preach.

He lived in times that were as troubled as ours. Donne's great-uncle was beheaded during the Reformation. Donne's brother Henry died of the plague in prison at the age of twenty while awaiting trial for hiding a Catholic priest in his lodgings. In a sea battle with Spain, Donne saw dozens of fellow sailors burned to death. Donne had married a bride in secret against her father's wishes. In turn, he was confined in a debtor's prison.

A new biography by Katherine Rundell, *Super-Infinite: The Transformations of John Donne* (Farrar, 2022), has encouraged me to re-read Donne's writings with a deeper appreciation of his deep intellect and the fullness of the complexity of his humanity.

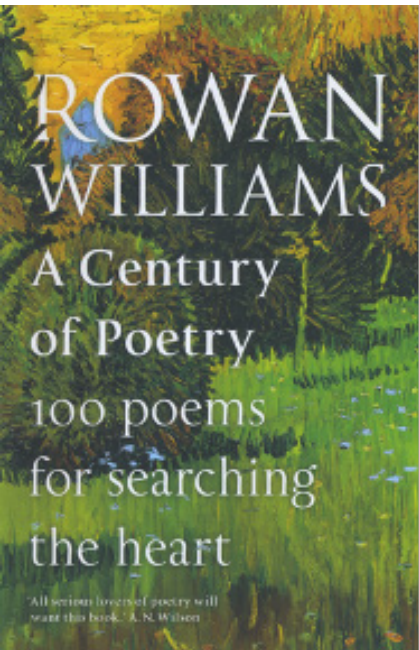
Hidden T'karonto

No signage today marks the historical significance of the Wendat Village that once existed from 1280 CE to 1320 CE in what is now Moatfield Park. The Moatfield village site is located within walking distance of where I used to live—at the intersection of Highway 401 and Leslie Street, adjacent to a stream running into the Don River. I learned about this largest of the dozen or more Wendat villages to which Toronto is a home by reading *Indigenous Toronto: Stories that Carry This Place* (Denise Bolduc, Mnawaate Gordon-Corbiere, Rebeka Tabobondung, Brian Wright-McLeod, eds. Coach House Books, 2021).

Indigenous Toronto not only highlights the foundations of Indigenous history that underlie the soccer field and the surrounding industrial warehouses on Lesmill Road. Even more importantly, it relates the contributions of recent and current Indigenous Elders, activists, scholars, journalists, and artists to show us the cultural continuity of over a twelve-thousand years of uninterrupted Indigenous presence and nationhood that thrives here still today.

✧ Brad Lennon is a member of the Climate Action Group and the Property Committee of Christ Church Deer Park.

Incarnation is the process of becoming seen.
To be seen is to allow yourself to be known.
To be known is to risk being loved... or not.
—SCOTT ERIKSON, artist & author



A Century of Poetry: 100 poems for searching the heart
Rowan Williams
(Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 2022)

Book Review

by Ward Lindsey

A formidable task seems to be set for the author of this book titled *A Century of Poetry*. A century is a broad spectrum to choose poems from, and in the end only 100 poems are selected. But the author is Rowan Williams, the Archbishop of Canterbury 2002–2012, and he uses his scholarship and theological background to focus on poems that are “for searching the heart.” This wording indicates that the poems are active agents of investigation, reflection, education, and transformation to say the very least. Both secular and sacred panoramas inhabit the poems. Rowan Williams is able, within two or three pages per poem, to take the written art of words into the pulse of inward, individual spiritual life.

To provide examples of Rowan Williams's insights is not my preference because they will be taken out of the poem's context. However, I feel that a couple will provide expressions of the depth of his thoughts.

Concerning the poem “Sonnets for Mary of Nazareth III” by John Burt, Rowan Williams writes: “The God who is made flesh within the fleshly womb of Mary is the opposite of a wish fulfilling idol. This God does not have to fight and defeat; this God is a stranger to the rage and denial that mythology projects on to an all-powerful visitant from somewhere else

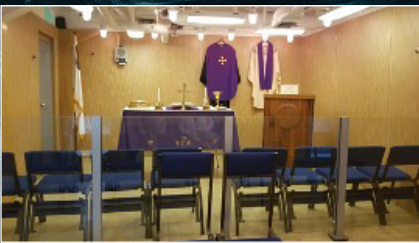
in the universe. This God is not a limited and tormented consciousness defending itself against others, but a genuinely transcendent—different—reality.”

Concerning the poem “Penance” by Hilary Davies, Rowan Williams writes: “Penance—the bare act of getting up and going to seek forgiveness—is the uncovering of the loved self we have forgotten that we are.”

A Century of Poetry provides an expansive, worded reality that succeeds at being a “searching.” Some of the poems resonate easily with me while others are a bit out of reach, so to speak. But that is not due to a shortcoming of Rowan Williams and what he provides. After all, his pathway is not my pathway, his searching is not my searching.

As a final comment I must admit that I am writing this book review without finishing the book. Is this a needed confession? By no means; it is only an expression of the invitation and wisdom within the book. I find that one poem a day is a satisfactory pace, given that the book was a recent Christmas present.

❖ *Ward Lindsey is a member of Christ Church Deer Park who reads and writes poetry.*



When the Ocean Is a Spiritual Desert

by Emily Chatten

Some years ago, on the recommendation of a friend, I read Carsten Jensen's novel *We, the Drowned* about an island community in Denmark where generations of men were sailors. The book began in the mid-nineteenth century when the fastest ocean-going vessels were still schooners, and the sailors experienced a period of rapid change into the early-twentieth century and the First and Second World Wars. What was particularly difficult for me to read was the Battle of the Atlantic. I had heard the phrase but never truly appreciated what it meant.

When Denmark and Norway were invaded and occupied by Germany in April 1940, sailors and boats away from their home ports could not return home. A few joined the resistance, forming initiatives like the Shetland Bus, now famous for helping people out of occupied Norway. However, the majority joined the merchant marine and the Battle of the Atlantic. They travelled in convoys with Navy ships carrying supplies from North American to England to support the war effort across Europe. The dangers these convoys encountered across the North Atlantic cannot be understated: German U Boats, the threat of being shot from above (not only by bombs, but by bullets) which forced night black outs, possible icebergs, freezing cold waters when ships were hit, tight quarters. Convoys did this, back and forth, for years on end.

This past summer, in Norfolk, Virginia I boarded a retired US Navy ship and, facing slight claustrophobia, went below deck. The USS Wisconsin (the Wisky) had plied the seas until its retirement to the Norfolk Harbour in 2000. It spent most of World War II in

the Pacific, carrying about 1,000 sailors, a third more than it was intended to hold. Where had they put them?

In the sweltering heat I couldn't make it more than three floors down. Below that were floors of sleeping decks and cargo, with the engine and fuel at the bottom.

Even though I visited the chaplain's office and chapel on the ship, I experienced an anxiety-inducing, spiritual hell, and I don't say this lightly. Despite the presence of the chapel, the ship felt devoid of spirituality. Was that because of the heat and ever-present smell of diesel? Or the fact that when I put myself in the sailors' shoes I knew they would never be “off” work. How does one have a fulsome spiritual life in that situation?

The ship's tiny chapel felt like the makings of a spiritual desert even were the vessel to be in the middle of the ocean. How does one go from the wide open sky to a tiny, windowless space that might breed a spiritual claustrophobia? Part of me says the answer is in mystics like St. John of the Cross, but that answer seems trite for people whose work is putting their life at risk, especially as we have watched the world's navies gather in the Baltic and North Sea over the last year.

For you, a spiritual desert may be something other than what I have described. Depleted places will not be the same for everyone. But what are these difficult places and how do we overcome them?

❖ *Emily Chatten is a volunteer chorister at Christ Church Deer Park who helps to maintain the music library.*

Final Conversation

by Pat Butler

Dad was a self-employed architect and, when making a phone call, always gave his name as “P. Roy Wilson.” The P stood for Percy.

He was a strict father. He forbade me—his youngest child and only daughter—from listening to rock’n’roll music or displaying photos of movie stars in my room. He didn’t smoke, drink, swear, tell dirty jokes, or break any laws or codes of conduct, as far as I knew, and a level of formality stood between us my entire life.

Living over 500 kilometers away from my father, I repeatedly encouraged him to hire help after my mother died: an occasional cleaner, housekeeper, part-time companion, or live-in personal care worker. But my entreaties fell on deaf ears. Because he was still completely lucid and managed to dress presentably, eat healthily, entertain friends for afternoon tea, and paint a new watercolour every day, I had no clout. But then, at 99, a health issue forced my father to hire a live-in caregiver. Retired nurse Yvonne took amazing care of him.

In March 2001, when I visited my father, his caregiver took me aside.

“Have you given him permission to die yet?” she asked.

My father still had all his marbles, but his health was deteriorating due to congestive heart failure.

“What do you mean?”

“Have you given him permission to die yet?” she asked.

“Well,” she said, “Mr. Wilson probably still sees you as the little girl he needs to take care of. If you had a gentle talk with him and explained that you’re a married woman who is doing well and he can relax about your happiness, he might just let go.”

The next morning, as soon as Dad was awake and eating breakfast, I went in to see him. He sat in a chair with his closed eyes.

After some morning chit-chat, I said, “Dad, you’ve always done a wonderful job of taking care of me. Now that I’m a grown married woman, with a career and grown sons, your job is finished.”

Then, taking a deep breath, I recited a quote that a friend had passed on to me: *A dying man needs to die as a sleepy man needs to sleep, and there comes a time when it is wrong, as well as useless, to resist.*¹

My father’s eyes remained closed, but a sense of peace enveloped us.

“Aren’t you clever to have memorized that saying!” he said.

After a few moments of silence, I continued, “How do you want to be remembered?”

¹ *Stay of Execution: A Sort of Memoir*, Steward Alsop (J.B. Lippincott Company, 1973)

“As an architect and artist,” he said.

“Well, your beautiful houses and churches are dotted all over Montreal. You’ve sold nearly 1,000 paintings, so you’re luckier than most of us. You have masses of permanent accomplishments to leave behind.”

I flew back home the next day, and our only subsequent communication was by telephone in the form of brief chats. Whenever I asked his caregiver if I should return, she said not to. “He doesn’t want you to see him the way he is now,” she said. Besides, Dad had told her that he was ready to die and join his beloved wife in heaven.

In early May, the McGill School of Architecture mounted an exhibition of my father’s paintings entitled “101 Watercolours by P. Roy Wilson”, a clever title given that he would shortly be turning 101.

I called the day after the opening to hear about the reception.

“It was the most marvellous night of my life!” Dad declared.

Three weeks later, my father died at home.

Below his name and dates, his tombstone reads “Architect and Artist.”

❖ *Pat Butler is a volunteer chorister at Christ Church Deer Park. She is also a member of the Chancel Guild and arranges flowers for Sunday worship.*



Rummage drop off coming soon!

by Mary Bredin and Jayne Myles Simpson

The countdown to the drop off date has begun! We will accept rummage beginning on Saturday, March 25, 2023. That’s DAY ONE to drop off clothes etc. for our next rummage sale.

Please drop off items at the side entrance of the Church, i.e. the glass doors. Our volunteers will accept your gently used clothing, footwear, hats, purses, accessories, household linens, and jewelry (of all types). We will collect these items for 5 Saturdays prior to our sale.

The sale will be Earth Day 2023: Saturday, April 22, 2023.

The Spring Rummage Sale will be our Clothing sale. The Autumn sale will be for household goods, chatchkas, books, and “stuff.”

As well as supporting our parish, we believe that there are many positives that come from hosting our sale to align with Earth Day and all its critical messaging. We know what it means to all of you to help our poor planet. By donating to and buying from our sale you are indeed embracing the 3 R’s: ReUse. ReCycle. RUMMAGE!

SAVE the date please, and start setting your things aside. Thank you to everyone for donating and supporting this initiative once again. It makes the world of difference!

❖ *Mary Bredin and Jayne Myles Simpson are energetic members of Christ Church Deer Park who lead the parish’s rummage sales initiatives with enthusiasm.*

DROP OFF DAYS
for the Spring 2023
rummage sale:
MARCH 25
MARCH 18
APRIL 1
APRIL 8
APRIL 15

SATURDAYS ONLY!

THERE THERE

by Tony van Straubenzee

Yes, I heard President Biden say, “There is no there there”—a new American expression.

Canadians and Americans are different in some ways. I find there is a noticeable difference in service between our two countries. The Americans seem genuinely interested in making sure you are happy with their service. For instance, if I ask for an extra-hot latte in Florida where I spend the winter months, the server will ask me, “Is it hot enough, Sir?” In Canada, the server doesn’t comment or enquire.

Americans are friendlier and smile more than Canadians. When I walk my dog Brady in the mornings in Florida, the neighbours say, “Good Morning” and often pat my friendly dog. (He is American born!) In Toronto, a “Good Morning” may get a nod but rarely a smile.

On Sundays, many of the churches in Florida are full. Sure, they may be filled with the elderly like me, preparing for their future, but they’re full. Not so in Canada. At least not in Toronto.

Another difference is in our patriotism. We Canadians don’t boast about being the greatest democracy in the world,

though I believe we may just be one of the greatest, if not the best. Yes, we are more conservative, less demanding, less friendly, but it seems to work well for us. We are envied around the world.

As I walk up the street in Bradenton, Florida, about half the houses are flying the American flag. In Toronto, we’d be lucky to see one Canadian flag on a street, other than the ones fluttering from Freedom Convoy trucks. And when Americans sing their national anthem, they place their hands over their hearts. We do not.

Do American’s have a motto? Yes.

Do we? (Bet you don’t know what it is.)

The American motto is “In God We Trust.” Check their money.

Yup, there is a THERE there.

❖ *Tony van Straubenzee is a former churchwarden and staunch supporter of Christ Church Deer Park. He contributes to Spiritus on a regular basis.*

More Mid-Winter Reading

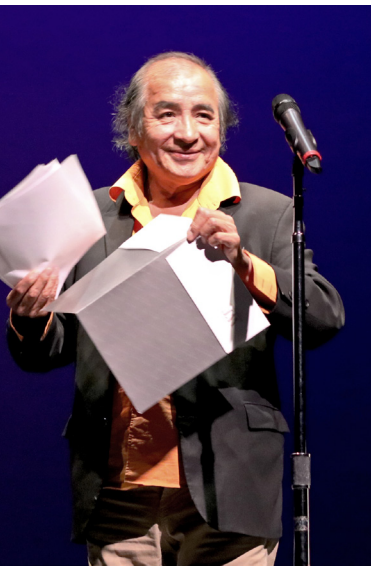
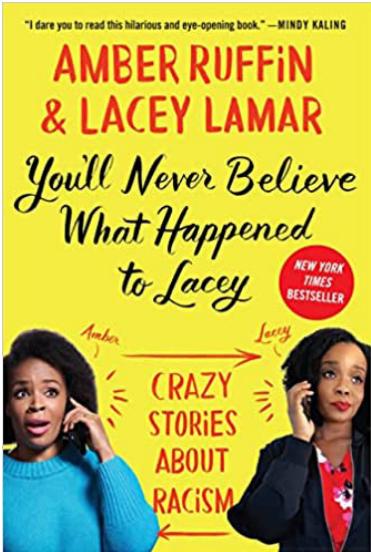
by Brad Lennon

Could this have been me?

Over the past year, clergy in the Diocese of Toronto completed anti-bias and anti-racism training, and the Diocese has offered workshops available to all parishioners to address structural and personal racism in the Church. My participation in these workshops brought me in touch with aspects of our Anglican history of which I had never learned. Just this January, the Church of England has set up £100 million fund to “address past wrongs” arising from its having financially benefited from chattel slavery. This fund will invest in communities affected by past slavery and further research into the Anglican Communion’s links with slavery.

The workshops also led me to focus more clearly on the way I have personally been affected by my own privileged status as a white person and by my immersion within a social and family environment saturated by denial and brushing the history of my ancestors’ role in slavery under the carpet. Amber Ruffin, a writer on NBC's "Late Night with Seth Meyers" has authored with her sister Lacey Lamar a book that is hilarious, insightful, aggravating and discomfoting to me as I reckon with how much of myself is recognizable in the encounters these two Black women have with everyday racism.

Ruffin’s and Lamar’s book, *You’ll Never Believe What Happened to Lacey: Crazy Stories about Racism* (Grand Central Publishing, 2021) is intended for Black people so they might have the assurance that some version of what happened to them has probably happened to the to the sisters as well, and that lets them know they're not alone. However, the book is also written with the hope that a white reader like myself who reads it will have a greater understanding of what it’s like to be Black in the twenty-first century.



Growing Up Cree in the Land of Snow and Sky

Tomson Highway is an award-winning author, playwright, classically-trained pianist, songwriter. He was the first Indigenous writer to be appointed to the Order of Canada. He helped create the Native Earth Performing Arts, out of which has emerged a generation of professional Native theatre. Tomson Highway celebrates his amazing life in his new memoir, *Permanent Astonishment: A Memoir* (Doubleday Canada, 2021), The book centres on his first 15 years of life, growing up in sub-Arctic Canada, and his parents' 60 years of marriage.

Like many Indigenous children in the 1950s, Tomson and his brother Rene were separated from their family in the fall and went each winter to a church-run residential school. His story mentions the sexual abuse and, as a Two Spirit person, the bullying which he suffered there. However, without vindicating the residential school system, and despite the sometimes absurdly rigid practices to promote learning there, Highway expresses appreciation for the help he received there that enabled him to move on to high school and then a university education.

His sense of joy and thankfulness, despite all the hardships and obstacles that he has faced, arise from his sense of the deep spirituality that surrounded him as he travelled in the dogsled with his parents or drew the trout from their fishing nets. His parents never went to school, couldn't write, couldn't read, and couldn't speak English. However, the picture from the book that forms most strongly in my mind is of his mother and father, kneeling each night on the floor of their tents or cabins each night that they were together, praying the Rosary, meaning each word they say, believing “implicitly, that Jesus Christ, the true Son of God, lives here with us, right on this island on this lake in Canada’s sub-Arctic.”

❖ Brad Lennon is a member of the Climate Action Group and the Property Committee of Christ Church Deer Park.

To be honest, I'm not saying...

by Andrew Harding

What does it mean to tell the truth, to speak honestly and truthfully? One way is to reveal every detail of incidents and feelings, regardless of any consequences. Prince Harry has done that with his memoir, movies, and interviews. Another way is to talk explicitly about personal intimate details of your relationship and sex life. A young Christian couple, Nate and Sutton, have been doing that on YouTube, and it has attracted a good degree of attention.

Churches must be a place where truth is told. They must be the most truthful place around. We must be freed to seek the truth and speak truthfully to each other about our common life together and also about our particular needs. Sometimes that means we won't always be nice to each other. Hard things have to be said as we struggle to love each other but not diminish each other.

Churches deal with the most important issues of life and death, and that means speaking inconvenient truths, asking hard questions, and bringing conflicts into the open. This has happened from the very earliest days of the church—just look at the conflict between Peter and Paul in the book of Galatians in the New Testament, and they were two of the founders of the church.

To be clear, I am not giving an apologia for polarization and discord. Rather, I maintain that an essential part of speaking the truth also means respecting the dignity and privacy of others. Knowing whom to speak candidly to, and whom not to, is just as important. Knowing what should remain private is incredibly important. It also means seeing the limits of our own perspective and self-knowledge. And for Christians, that means seeing others—as much as ourselves—as flawed, sinful people whose redemption is a work in progress with an end-point beyond this life.

The great German theologian, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who was executed for resisting the Nazis, had the following to say about “truth telling”:

I am inclined to think that...we are all too prone to pretend to be honest and “natural” over something that is really a symptom of sin. In fact, it is just like talking openly about sex. It is not always “honest” to reveal secrets. It was God who made clothes for men which means that, in status corruptonis, there are many things in human life which ought to be kept covered over, and evil at any rate ought to be left concealed if it is too early to eradicate it. To uncover is the mark of cynicism and when the cynic prides himself on his honesty and pretends to be an enthusiast for truth, he overlooks that really important point that since the fall reticence and decency are essential.

❖ Andrew Harding is chair of Christ Church Deer Park’s property committee and a regular contributor to Spiritus.



Holy Week & Easter 2023

APRIL 2	PASSION/PALM SUNDAY
8:00am	Holy Eucharist (BCP)
9:15am	Contemporary Worship
10:30am	Sung Eucharist with Liturgy of the Palms*
APRIL 3	MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK
7:00pm	Evening Prayer on Zoom
APRIL 4	TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK
7:00pm	Evening Prayer on Zoom
APRIL 5	WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK
11:00am	Holy Eucharist
7:00pm	Evening Prayer on Zoom
APRIL 6	MAUNDY THURSDAY
7:00pm	Sung Eucharist with Stripping of the Altar
8:00pm	Gethsemane Watch (silent vigil)
APRIL 7	GOOD FRIDAY
9:45am	Stations of the Cross
10:30am	Solemn Liturgy*
APRIL 8	HOLY SATURDAY
10:30am	Midday Prayer on Zoom
APRIL 9	EASTER SUNDAY
8:00am	Holy Eucharist (BCP)
9:15am	Contemporary Worship
10:30am	Sung Eucharist*

Unless indicated otherwise, all liturgies are in-person at Christ Church Deer Park. Liturgies with an (*) will also be livestreamed.

Christ Church Deer Park



Dear Church Mouse

Dear Church Mouse

How on earth do Christians square evangelizing with reconciliation? Wasn't the impulse to Christianize what started the problem? So, *Count Me Out*.

Dear Count,
Not so fast.

The short answer is, yes, the impulse to Christianize did get things started; instead of pointing others to Christ, too many evangelists have tried to remake others in their own image. That has given evangelism a bad name. But, what if evangelism really meant living an outward, Christ-centred life? Imagine, for instance, if people from Sanctuary Ministries¹ in Toronto began to minister to and care for others in similar situations, creating rehabs hospitals leading to housing and employment.

The good news of the gospel is that it remains good news despite bad applications.

Dear Church Mouse

Recently a family member died, and I was plunged into a deep depression. I'm now receiving good medical care, but something bothers me: When I confided in a fellow Anglican after church one Sunday, they told me all I needed was "more faith." Seriously?

Still Steamed

Dear Still Steamed,

Church Mouse is sorry for your loss and glad you are now healing.

The urge to offer consolation can be strong, but can do more harm than good, especially when offered in religious terms. How do Christians reconcile earthly loss with the notion of a loving God?

"We all hold Christian hope," says Jane Oundjian, a Christian bereavement specialist in the UK, "but there's a moment where we have to be with people in the mess and darkness of where they are, until they see a glimmer of light to move forward." Translation: your fellow Anglican needs serious practice in deep listening and understanding.

¹ Editor's Note: Church Mouse is referring to www.sanctuarytoronto.org/about

"Church growth?" *Continued from page 2*

also beaten, left hungry, and exposed to the elements, yet he followed his calling come what may. Lent is the time to most deeply examine our conscience, to repent and renew our baptismal vows. By so doing, we prepare for and participate in St. Paul's mission of hope to a suffering world.

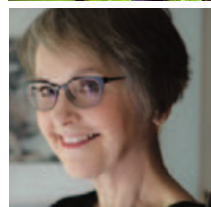
» **THIRD, USE THE SUMMER TO VISIT** a few churches with styles of worship and ministry very different from those in our parish. Churches that appeal to a broad range of people would be a good place to start. Encourage the people you

talk to there to visit us. I find it humbling and refreshing to feel like a stranger in a church with different practices and a different feel.

Of course, growth involves depth of faith within a community, as much as adding new members to a community. But I have a hunch that, as with other things, we may find both things are connected in surprising ways.

❖ *Andrew Harding is chair of Christ Church Deer Park's property committee and a regular contributor to SPIRITUS.*

SPIRITUS



Editor:
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Layout: Anders Carlén

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 September edition is Friday, July 28, 2023. Please send your submissions directly to the editor at genevieve.chornenki@bell.net.

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

Christ Church Deer Park

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