



Christmas Strangers

by Emily Chatten

What would you do if strangers showed up on your doorstep in the middle of a blizzard two days before Christmas?

On December 22, 2022, a storm was brewing in Eastern Ontario. It was snowing heavily when I arrived at my parents’ home in Brighton. By afternoon, wind and snow made whiteouts. Snow ploughs passed behind us on the county road, but none made it down our road. My mom went about making dinner—a double batch of macaroni and cheese— thinking she would save some for the freezer. I was in the basement hunting up wrapping paper, when the doorbell rang.

Two under-dressed women were at the door. They were driving a rental car from Montreal to Toronto when they were caught in a snowdrift. Visitors to Canada, they knew only a handful of English words, and as I was using Google translate to talk to them, the doorbell rang again. This time it was a young man, driving with his girlfriend from Ottawa to



Christmas Eve snow drifts on our road

Mississauga. He got stuck in a snowbank while trying to turn his vehicle around.

I worked my networks to see what help was available. I spoke to the Brighton Fire Chief who said ploughs were about to be taken off the roads; whiteouts made night time work dangerous and roads were now closed. Our visitors wanted tow trucks. Not happening!

So, not only would feed our guests dinner, they would be with us overnight. Thank goodness for that double batch of macaroni and cheese.

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Love You Forever

by Robert Gorham

Christ Church Deer Park has been my spiritual home and family since 2014. During this time, I have been a parishioner, an honorary assistant, and part of the interim team between Bishop Kevin and Archdeacon Palmer.

In the last few years I retired after over 50+ years of ministry and joined my partner, Angelito, in the pew. We have made many wonderful friends in the parish over the years, and during our time here have experienced three major life crises—my granddaughter Jorja died from leukaemia at the age of eleven, Angelito’s son Mark died suddenly last year, and in May of 2025, I had a stroke. In each instance we felt the concern, care, and prayers of the people of the parish upholding us. At both Jorja’s and Mark’s funeral, members of our Christ Church family attended, which meant a great deal to us. We could feel your prayers supporting us, and it was so comforting to know we were not alone.

Next spring, Angelito and I will be moving to Petrie Island (near Ottawa) to be closer to my daughter who lives in the community of Navan. We often visit her there and house-and dogsit for her. We attend St. Mary’s Anglican Church in Navan, and this will be our new spiritual home once we move.

I can’t image a time in my life when I am not part of a church family. I will always be grateful for our years at Christ Church Deer Park. Thank you for your fellowship, for the opportunities to be part of the ministry here, and for your ministering to us in times of crisis.

✦ *Robert Gorham is a past parish priest, chaplain and interim priest here at Christ Church Deer Park.*



I can’t image a time in my life when I am not part of a church family.

Read more about Robert's lifestory and his connections to church communities across Canada in the article "God leads, I follow" on page 3



Artwork in small packages.

You will see Christmas postage stamps throughout this issue of Spiritus. I had purchased a number of stamps to use in crafts and was inspired. Many of these tiny pieces of artwork show some part of the Advent or Christmas story, others show actions depicting prayer or singing. I thought they would be a fun way to add some Christmas spirit to this issue. They may also hold memories for you.

Emily

»Christmas Strangers

continued from page 1

Through our neighbourhood Facebook page, I let others know about the situation. My posts prompted a nearby resident to walk the street where he found numerous stranded cars. He was able to get their occupants spread out into local households that volunteered to help.

Back at our house, we found everyone a place to sleep. But, as I went to bed, I was conflicted. We were living a modern day Christmas story—no room left at the inn—and stress levels were rising. Of our four visitors, only one spoke English; it was like finding the Tower of Babel in the middle of a blizzard. Conditions were not ideal.



Our Christmas visitors with my parents

We woke on Christmas Eve day with continuing whiteouts and four extra people to feed, all whom were anxious to get on the road. My dad went out to shovel, while most of our guests had never really seen snow, let alone picked up a shovel. Still, we were lucky that my parents’ house never lost power. Many others did in Brighton, Colborne and Cobourg.

My sister helped run the warming centre in Cobourg and provided updates throughout the day. Once Highway 401 was cleared enough for buses, she called to suggest we send our visitors to Colbourne’s warming centre. When there was still a metre of snow on our road? Not possible.

The manager of public works was in touch. He explained that with the depth of snow and cars littering the road, they could not plow. Their plan was to bring in a high-hoe on Christmas morning to dig us out.

I will never forget Christmas morning, 2022. The sun was shining in a magnificent bright, blue winter sky. It might have seemed brighter than it actually was after two days of white. Our guests were chomping at the bit to leave, but there was much snow to be moved before they could go anywhere.

After a little breakfast, my dad made a path with the snowblower, and our visitors got busy shovelling snow from around their cars. Half an hour later, the high-hoe arrived. It cleared enough road that (with the help of a neighbour’s pickup) we could get our visitors cars out of the snow. The visitors came back in, took a group picture, and then were off. The household breathed a sigh of relief.



The high hoe working around vehicles

With the roads clear, my sister was able to join us from Cobourg. We celebrated a very low-key Christmas: not a single wrapped gift and a minimalist dinner. We were exhausted but glad to spend the later part of the day in peace and quiet.

I’ve since reflected on the events of Christmas of 2022. From childhood I was conditioned to provide hospitality to everyone who came into our house, but the bounds of hospitality can be tested in our churches and homes. I was miffed about our Christmas visitors. I had cancelled plans to drive home early in order to be safe from the storm. I was prepared. Not so our visitors. One had been warned about the storm by his family who urged him to leave early or wait things out. He drove anyway. Our first arrivals had no context for winter storms, but ought to have checked driving conditions anyway before setting out. None had a good excuse for being on the roads in the middle of a blizzard; they were not on their way to be counted by Cesar. But since the snow stranded them, my family offered them hospitality.



A Chirstmas Morning selfie

In the modern world, it is no small thing to take strangers into your home, especially at Christmas. This ordeal—if I can call it that—was a small, contemporary look into the Christmas story and a reminder that opening yourself (let alone your personal space) to others is not always as easy you would like it to be.

❖ Emily Chatten is a volunteer chorister at Christ Church Deer Park who acts as music librarian. Emily is a volunteer editor of Spiritus.



Winter Preparedness on the Road

We are spoiled drivers, depending on driving apps. I hope my tale has reminded you to approach these apps with caution during poor weather conditions.

The MTO provides EDRs or Emergency Detour Routes from the 400 series highways. Working with local providers, these are safe and during winter storms, cleared. They are also patrolled, looking for people in danger. Apps can send you onto roads like mine that are heavily drifted or icy, aside from steep hills and sharp curves that the locals do not drive in bad weather.

These are things to consider, regardless of where you’re driving in the winter. Make sure when you get on the highway, you have a full tank of gas. You should have winter boots, gloves or mittens, a hat and a warm coat.

Other items you should have in your car include: a hard copy map (and maybe even a compass); a warm blanket or sleeping bag; a shovel; a first aid kit; a car candle and matches; a clean empty can (to hold over the candle to melt snow for drinking water); some sort of snack that won’t freeze (think granola bars); ice melt and/or kitty litter; depending on where you are going, a flare gun.

Winter Preparedness at Home

Our governments recommend having a Preparedness Plan. People in our community I expected to be prepared struggled during the blizzard event I described. In March 2025, there were people across central and eastern Ontario without power from 12 hours to 3 weeks. It is important to have a plan; even if the plan is that you will leave, and go to a warming centre.

<https://www.canada.ca/en/services/policing/emergencies/preparedness/get-prepared.html>

God Leads, I Follow

by Robert Gorham

In May of this year it will be fifty-nine years since I began my ministry in the Anglican Church of Canada. In May 1966, I was commissioned as a captain in the Anglican Church Army.

I spent that summer assisting and running Vacation Bible Schools in the parish of Roches Point on Lake Simcoe.

In the fall of 1966, I was posted in the three-point parish of Hayden in the Diocese of Algoma. Sunday services were held in a school classroom or a community hall. There was a small church building at Goulais River which had no electricity and a wood stove. One of my highlights at St. James was preparing my first confirmation class and presenting them for their confirmation.

After some minor surgery I came back to Toronto and assisted at the Mission to Seamen and at Beverley Lodge a halfway house for young offenders. I then had the opportunity to go to Woodstock, Ontario, to do youth work and Christian education at old St. Paul's Anglican Church. One of the highlights while at St. Paul's was a children's mission run with fellow Church Army Officers. Also we had a great youth group.



My next move, as I was about to get married, was to Newfoundland to assist in a multipoint parish on the West Coast, the parish of Flowers Cove. The rector and I visited and took services from Eddies Cove East to Eddies Cove West. We also drove across the tip of the west coast to take services once a month in Mainbrook, Roddicton, and Englee. We led services in churches, school chapels, and in parishioners' homes. I was able to do Morning and Evening Prayer, marry and baptize individuals, and take funerals. The rector did all the Communion services.

I got married while in that parish, and our first son, Chris, was born. The same year, I was ordained a Deacon.

The next year I went to Halifax to King's College to continue my studies before I was ordained a priest in May of 1974. My son David was born while we were in Halifax.



My first parish as a priest was in Cartwright, Labrador, a three-point parish in the winter and a twelve-point parish in the summer when the families would go to their fishing grounds. I travelled the parish by boat and plane in the summer and by skidoo and plane in the winter.

There was a Hudson Bay store in Cartwright. The former rector sent us a sample of a list of groceries and supplies they ordered from Lewisport which would then be delivered via coastal boat before winter set in.

My daughter, Nicole, was adopted while we were in Labrador.

After three years in Labrador, I became the rector of the parish of Trinity-Trinity East in Central Newfoundland. This was a ten-point parish, but I had an assistant priest to share this ministry. The church in Trinity is beautiful and still had a hand pumped organ. The hymn "We love the place, O God" was written for the consecration of this church. The church in Trinity East was destroyed by fire and rebuilt while I was in this parish.

During my training in Halifax, I did a course in hospital ministry. A position became available in St. Anthony for a hospital chaplain and chaplain to the new Senior Citizens Home. With the bishop's permission, I applied, and thus began my hospital ministry. I also helped out in the parish of St. Anthony which was another multi-point parish. During a vacancy between rectors, I oversaw the building of a new rectory.

Due to our parents' aging and health, we decided to move back to Ontario. I was able to get a position as the Diocesan Anglican Chaplain to the hospitals in Kingston, Ontario

After a number of years in Kingston, I applied to come back to the Diocese of Toronto to start a new ministry as a Chaplain to the Court of Justice in Newmarket, Ontario, and assisting at St. Paul Anglican Church. Later, the bishop asked me to take on and care for the congregation at St. Paul's Coulson Hill. My granddaughter was baptized in St. Paul's during my last service in that congregation.

Needing to be near health care facilities we moved back to Toronto, and I took on a part time position as an Anglican Chaplain at Sunnybrook Hospital. Upon my retirement from that position, I took on an interim position here at Christ Church Deer Park till I finally retired to the church pew.

It has been an amazing and rewarding journey. I am grateful for the opportunities I have had in my ministry and the people I had the privilege to minister to and with.

As I look back I see God's hand and presence leading me and opening the way for me to serve God and God's Church.



❖ Robert Gorham is a past parish priest, chaplain and interim priest here at Christ Church Deer Park.



Modern pilgrims have many and varied routes to choose from—Via Francigena, Camino Portuguese, Way of St. Cuthbert, St. Magnus Way... Whether they identify as Christian or not, all present-day pilgrims walk by choice; their journeys are entirely voluntary. But what of those those who, for reasons beyond their control, had to or have to walk?

Progress, pilgrims!

*Pilgrims, pick up a pebble
smooth and round or bevelled;
shape matters not.*

*Oblige it. Walk on, drop it
deep into a pocket,
next to your thigh*

*away from worldly matters,
those cares that scatter
minds, bodies, souls.*

*Walk each considered stage
resolved to rearrange
your moral fibre.*

*Trace those ritual clays
that spirit you away,
free to worship
your god, your good, your self.*

Walk, pilgrims, bear the way.

*Hear rude scree clatter
beneath your feet
and tumble down hills you mount,
boots gripping the ground,
thighs conscripted.*

*Walk on, though leathered friction flays
heels raw and your vain
plasters unstick,
your lips crack, crusted with salt
and your bulging bladder
is what matters.*

*Walk, pilgrims. Walk and walk,
though Santiago seems an eternity,
the Way of St. James sheer perversity,
your earnestness borne of naiveté.
Walk!
Pick up the pace.*

*And when at last you pause
to tally the wayfaring markers you've passed,
shoulder a task
away from the roiling within
—stale goals, resolves, old sins—
what's always been.*

*Summon your pebble, pilgrims,
and let your look linger.
Pause.*

Pause longer.

*Feel deep in its folds
sweat and fear,
thirst and tears,
so many strains, countless pains.*

❖ Genevieve Chornenki served as Rector's Warden at Christ Church Deer Park from 2013 to 2015. She is the founding editor of Spiritus and author of If I Were God: Poems for People Who Don't Read Poetry. Her poem "Progress, pilgrims!" was first published in inScribe: Journal of Creative Writing, August 2025//Issue 10//Journey.

Relmagingin Rummage:
Christmas Fair
Update

by Jayne Miles Simpson

Well, Congratulations! Our 2025 Christmas Fair was a beautiful success.

Holding the fair when we did this year was somewhat daunting. We knew that it might have been a little early for people to be in the mood. But, acknowledging our limitations, we chose to make it work. As Sharon began to work with Emily and Sharilyn to create a Children’s and Family Activity Centre in the Sanctuary, a whole new window of enthusiasm opened for us. We all love seeing how this evolves into a “new” adventure each time we hold it.

Proceeds from the Christmas sale are quite similar each year, and this year we grossed \$6,833.00. Our goal, set in 2025, was to have the sale raise more than it did in 2024. We met our goal.

A ton of work goes in to this sale, much differently than for our *Rummage Clothing Sale* in the Spring or our *Rummage on the Lawn* extravaganza in September each year.



This is detail work: Our Christmas Cakes begin early in Fall when Catherine calls Dora to begin the project. In the ACW room, people are polishing silver, repairing jewellery, selecting donated items that will make a suitable basket for our raffle, and then wrapping them up and writing descriptions on cards. And our Café, that requires a whole lot of work the week of, was an underappreciated highlight at this year’s sale. The baking, the merchandising, the display, the pricing together make for a big job.

We rely on each other, and we create good working relationships with our student volunteers.

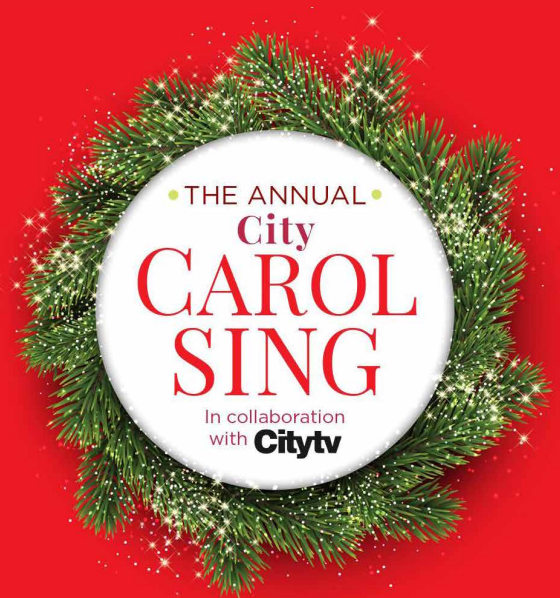
“Our goal, set in 2025, was to have the sale raise more than it did in 2024. We met our goal.”

The weeks leading up to this sale are a lot of fun: an opportunity to be creative and spend time with others working on lovely projects. Then, it’s Showtime and over in a FLASH. Four hours!

Our date for the **Christmas Fair 2026 is December 12.** Perfectly situated, this will be the BEST ever! Please save the date... We need you!!

Thank you. So much.

✧ Jayne Myles Simpson on behalf of the ReImagine Team: Dora, Julie, Laura, Lucia, Mary, Reenie, Sharon



TORONTO'S FAVOURITE HOLIDAY TRADITION RETURNS!

Yorkminster Park Baptist Church,
in partnership with Citytv, proudly presents
City Carol Sing 2025
– a joyful celebration of music and community
in support of the Churches-on-the-Hill Food Bank.

Join us **Saturday, December 6, 2025, at 2:00 p.m.** for a **free, in-person concert** that fills the Yorkminster Park sanctuary with carols, compassion, and Christmas cheer.

This year's program features JUNO-nominated singer-songwriter **Barbara Lica**, stage and screen actor, **Jeff Lillico** and Breakfast Television host, **Devo Brown**, alongside the **Hedgerow Singers**, **John Wanless Grade 6 Choir**, the **Toronto Brass Quintet** and more!

COME CELEBRATE THE SEASON, SING ALONG,
AND HELP SUPPORT LOCAL FAMILIES IN NEED.

A JOYFUL CELEBRATION

Advent Lessons
and Carols Service

Join us for a special Advent Sunday service with scripture, prayer, choral music, and hymns uniting our traditional and contemporary ensembles.

Advent marks the start of the liturgical year—a time of reflection and preparation for Jesus’ birth.

Sunday, December 14th, 10:00am

Please note: this will be the only worship service this morning.

Christ Church Deer Park 1570 Yonge St. (n. of Heath)

www.christchurchdeerpark.org | info@christchurchdeerpark.org
tel: 416-920-52111

Advent & Christmas
Worship and Events

Nov. 29 Advent Retreat: Walking the Road to Bethlehem 9am (Registration required)

Dec. 6, 20 & 27 Community Breakfast 8:00am

Dec. 14 Lessons and Carols 10:00am

Dec. 14 Charlie Brown Christmas 4:30pm (Jazz Vespers)

Dec. 16 A Quiet Christmas Service 7:00pm (@ St. Clement’s Church, 70 St Clements Ave)

Dec. 19 The Longest Night of the Year 7:00pm (Church on Tap)

Christmas Services

Dec. 24 A Jazzy Christmas 4:30pm

Dec. 24 Family Service 7:00pm

Dec. 24 Carols with Choir 9:30pm

Dec. 24 Traditional Christmas Eve Service 10pm

Dec. 25 Christmas Morning Service 10am

Dec. 28 REVISED Time: Sunday Combined Service 10:00 a.m.

Christ Church Deer Park
1570 Yonge Street

Notes from the Music Library:

Hark How All The Welkin Rings

by Emily Chatten

In November 2024, I attended a parish dinner convened by Stephen Drakeford, our then interim priest-in-charge, After dinner, Stephen invited people to tell a short story. I told this story. My great-grandmother taught it to me when I was eight years old:

There was a church that needed new hymnbooks. This became known and someone offered to pay for the hymnbooks on the condition that one advertisement be included in the books.
The church people talked and decided they could live with this. When the books arrived they looked and looked, but could not locate the ad. Not much further thought was given, until Christmas Eve.
On Christmas Eve, the members of the congregation, opened up the hymnbooks and began singing straight from the words of Hark the Herald Angels Sing, but what they sang was:

*Hark the Herald Angels Sing,
Beechams’ Pills are just the thing!
One for a Man and Two for Child,
They are Meek and They Are Mild
Hark the Herald Angels Sing,
Beechams’ Pills are just the thing!*

A couple of things take this story from funny to hilarious. The first is that the words to this parody are attributed to Sir Thomas Beecham who was the oldest son of the pharmaceutical-producing Beechams. The Beecham company actually produced a Christmas Carol Annual to promote their pills, where the parody was likely first printed. Second, for those who are too young to remember, Beecham’s Pills were laxatives. Finally, even when we know the words, we tend to read them straight from the book, as in this story.

When I searched this parody of the Christmas Carol online, I was surprised how many hits I found. Unfortunately, none came with my little story about the congregation searching for hymnbooks, which I think brings the parody carol to life. But what about the real carol?

In a quick look at the hymnbook you will see the words are attribute to Charles Wesley and the music to Felix Mendelssohn. In fact, the tune was named MENDELSSOHN, by William H. Cummings in the 1850s when he set the words to the music. Cummings would have found the tune in Mendelssohn’s Festgesange (op. 68, for male voices and brass). The Festgesange was premiered at the Gutenberg Festival in Leipzig in 1840. The tune of interest to us, is the second chorus of the Festgesange (which I was able to verify when I listened to the Festgesange on YouTube).

We are all familiar with Charles Wesley’s name in association with the founding of the Methodist Church. If you have paid attention to your hymnbook over the years, you may have noticed it was peppered with Wesley’s name. According to Andrew Gant (a music lecturer at Oxford), there are up to 6,000 hymn texts, each of 10 to 20 verses attributed to Charles Wesley. Gant makes a few observations of these hymn texts, noting that hymns were the lifeblood of the early itinerant Methodist Church; that there was no copyright at the time and if someone chose to



alter a text there was no one to tell that person to desist; and finally, in haste, some bad poetry may have wormed its way in with the good.

In the case of the original 1739 text of “Hark the Herald Angels Sing,” the first line is something of a put off: “Hark how all the welkin rings.” Many of the changes to the text are attributed to an Oxford schoolmate of the Wesley brothers, George Whitfield (1758). The final transformations to the text came in 1760 and were brought by the Calvinist, Martin Madan (who had also attended the same Oxford College – Christ Church, as the Wesleys and George Whitfield).

It turns out the Wesleys were not especially pleased with changes to the texts of their hymns. In the earlier half of the 20th century, Ralph Vaughn Williams tried to reinstate Charles Welsey’s original words. In Andrew Gants’s words “congregations just laughed.” Gants goes on to explain “usage is sanctified by habit,” in music, as in your bowels!

I wish you all the best for a healthful Advent and Christmas season.

❖ Emily Chatten is a volunteer chorister at Christ Church Deer Park who acts as music librarian. Emily is a volunteer editor of Spiritus.

Orlando Gibbons:

This is the record of John

The choir will be singing Gibbons' Verse Anthem on Advent 2. "Verse Anthem" refers to the format you will hear. The editor of our Novello edition wrote in the '50s that Gibbons found this format more "elastic" and you will be able to hear why. Compared to the usual Tudor style anthems we sing, here, a soloist sings a verse which is followed by a chorus. It works especially well in "This is the record of John" with covers John 1: 19-23 which is set of questions and answers. Here, our soloist, who would have originally have been a countertenor, but is now our Alto lead Julia Barber, asks the questions. The chorus, takes the role of John, answering the questions. This piece provides a very lively reading of these four gospel verses (as taken from the Christ Church Genevan Bible of 1586).

Bibliography
Gant, Andrew. 2014 (2016). A History of our Favourite Christmas Carols from Village Green to Church Choir. London: Profile Books.

A Charlie Brown Christmas Meets Duke Ellington

—Jazz Traditions at Christ Church Deer Park

by Bradley Lennon

In 1960 Duke Ellington recorded jazz interpretations of the 1892 ballet “The Nutcracker” by Tchaikovsky. Featured on that album cover was a photo of him with his key collaborator Billy Strayhorn. Strayhorn, who as a gay black man had been unable to pursue a career as a classical composer, flourished as a jazz composer working with Ellington behind the scenes since 1938. With the album cover, Strayhorn received due recognition at last.

Every Christmas season, our jazz impresario at Christ Church Deer Park, Brian Barlow, has gathered his Brian Barlow Big Band together to mark this collaboration between Ellington and Strayhorn by playing their Nutcracker Suite to get us jazz listeners ready for Christmas. Although the “Nutcracker Story” takes place at Christmas, the story of Jesus’s birth may not be central to it. But, as Barlow pointed out in his talk at his Big Band’s presentation of the Nutcracker Suite this year, Christian spirituality was central to Ellington’s life and work.

Barlow talked about how friends of Ellington might see a Christmas card coming to them from the Duke any time of the year. Even if it were in the heat of summer, Ellington might think of them and want to wish them a “Merry Christmas.” He recognized that Christ’s incarnation was not a single occasion, but that it means Christ’s presence with us always and at all times.

Brian Barlow will be bringing another important jazz composition marking Christmas to Christ Church Deer Park when he and his musicians perform “A Charlie Brown Christmas” on December 14, 2025. The original musical score accompanying the classic cartoon story has become one of the best-selling jazz albums of all time.

❖ Bradley Lennon is a member of the Climate Action Group and the Property Committee of Christ Church Deer Park. Brad is a regular contributor to Spiritus.



Join us for Jazz Vespers on
Sunday December 14, 2025, at 4:30pm
to hear “A Charlie Brown Christmas”



October 26, 2025: Reverend Alison with our Guest Homilist: the Reverend Scott E. Hoezee

Life at Christ Church Deer Park



The Manger at Christ Church Deer Park



Here's a blast from the past: Nigel and Delores Johnson's 1995 Wedding, here at CCDP!



Music director Stefani, looking calm as a cucumber before her Lecture-Recital on November 17, 2025.



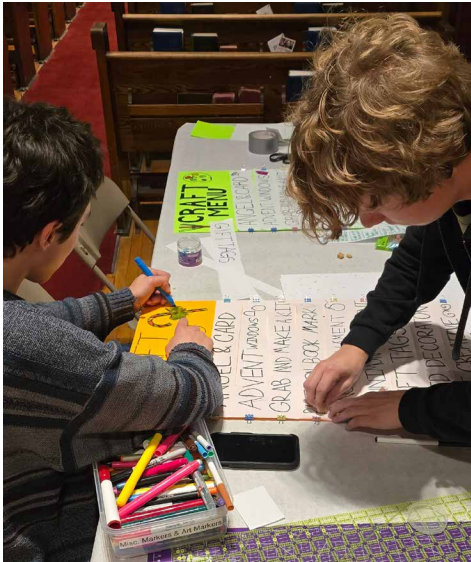
October 2025: Nigel & Delores Johnson Celebrated their 30th Anniversary with a cake in Elliott Hall after a Blessing at the end of the service by Reverend Alison.



Christmas Fair 2025: Julie Burris in action!



Christmas Fair 2025: Wish Tree



Christmas Fair 2025: Prepping the Childrens and Family Craft Area



There was a commotion in choir practice, and 'what to our wondering eyes should appear?' The Bass section has formalized is now appears ready to take on the world!



Christmas Fair 2025: Mary Bredin & Rhona Samuel – the Christmas Fair Angels in fine form together with volunteer Sue



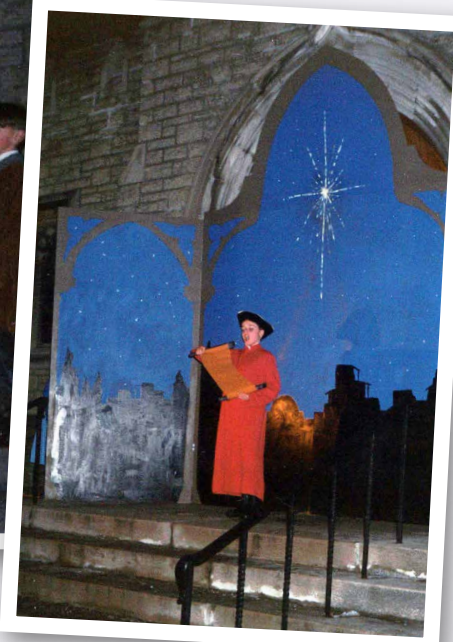
10.30 am
**Sunday
Morning
Service**



Clockwise from top left: 1. Crucifer Sunkanmi Kazeem leads the Choir processing. 2. Prayers of the People led by Elsa Jones. 3. Nick Strube, Joan Huycke and Anne LeFeuvre sharing the Peace of Christ. 4. Pauline sharing the Peace. 5. Mervin and Anita Cheung. 6. Bread and wine shared during communion. 7. The Christ Church Deer Park Choir leading worship. 8. Stefani Bedin plays postlude. Center: Martin So and Sandra Geddes enjoying coffee hour.

Christ Church Deer Park Memories

If you remember this Nativity held at the steps in front of the church, Archivist Karen Lenk would like to hear from you:
kmlenk@hotmail.com





Love, the Rose, is on the Way.

WHEN SOME WERE SPEAKING about the temple, how it was adorned with beautiful stones and gifts dedicated to God, Jesus said, 'As for these things that you see, the days will come when not one stone will be left upon another; all will be thrown down.'

They asked him, 'Teacher, when will this be, and what will be the sign that this is about to take place?' And he said, 'Beware that you are not led astray; for many will come in my name and say, "I am he!"and, "The time is near!" Do not go after them.

'When you hear of wars and insurrections, do not be terrified; for these things must take place first, but the end will not follow immediately.' Then he said to them, 'Nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; there will be great earthquakes, and in various places famines and plagues; and there will be dreadful portents and great signs from heaven.

'But before all this occurs, they will arrest you and persecute you; they will hand you over to synagogues and prisons, and you will be brought before kings and governors because of my name. This will give you an opportunity to testify. So make up your minds not to prepare your defence in advance; for I will give you words and a wisdom that none of your opponents will be able to withstand or contradict. You will be betrayed even by parents and brothers, by relatives and friends; and they will put some of you to death. You will be hated by all because of my name. But not a hair of your head will perish. By your endurance you will gain your souls.'

THE GOSPEL OF LUKE, CHAPTER 21, VERSE 5-19



Love, the Bird, is on the Way.

The Image of Jesus in the Chaos

By Rev. Dr. Alison Falby

Some of you may be familiar with something called the “Doomsday Clock.” It was established in 1947 with the founding of an organization and a publication called The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists. Albert Einstein and physicists from the Manhattan Project feared a large-scale nuclear war or accident, and they wanted to convey how close the world was to annihilation. Midnight represented the end of the world. The Bulletin’s June 1947 issue featured an artist’s rendering of the clock, with the time set at seven minutes to twelve.

The Doomsday Clock has appeared annually on the Bulletin’s January cover ever since. Over the past 78 years, the minute hand has moved backward and forward at various points. The most peaceful time, in their scientists’ view, was 1991: the supposed end of the Cold War. Scientists’ calculations now include threats posted by disease, climate change, and AI. This past January, the scientists calculated the time as 89 seconds to midnight: the closest the world has ever been to total destruction.

In some ways, total destruction can be relative. We may not necessarily feel its approach here. In some places, people are already experiencing the end of their worlds. Places like Haiti, where people are losing their land and homes to extreme weather events and violent gangs. Places like Sudan, where people face civil war, famine, and genocide. Closer to home, people living on the streets of Toronto — unhoused people — are living the end of their worlds. A woman who is homeless in Toronto is likely to die at the age of 36. That is the median age at death for unhoused women in our city.

So how do we respond to the threat of destruction? Some of us ignore it. Some of us increase our property insurance, our savings, and our supply of goods, though whether these things will really help us at the end of the world is unclear. Some people become extreme “preppers.” You may have read about them. The billionaires are building underground bunkers and hired armed guards to protect them from mobs like us.

The Doomsday preppers aren’t dissimilar to the people in today’s Gospel. Both groups are concerned with preserving material things. The Gospel passage begins with people in the Temple remarking on the “beautiful stones and gifts” in the Temple. Both groups are trying to prepare for the end of the world. When Jesus prophesies the destruction of the Temple and the coming of war and insurrection, the Temple group asks him when it will happen.

Jesus won’t take the bait. He won’t tell them. All he’ll say is: “When you hear of wars and insurrections, do not be terrified; for these things must take place first, but the end will not follow immediately.” So far, so cryptic.

If we wonder about the state of mind of that Temple crowd, Jesus’ phrase “do not be terrified” gives us a pretty good idea. They are terrified. Jesus’ assurances are not terribly reassuring.

Jesus won’t tell the Jerusalem preppers when to expect the end-time because he doesn’t want them to rely on themselves; on their strengths; on their perceived resources. Besides, those things will probably be destroyed anyway.

Jesus wants the people to rely on him: on his word, and his wisdom. When disaster comes, he tells them, “This will give you an opportunity to testify. So make up your minds not to prepare your defence in advance; for I will give you words and a wisdom that none of your opponents will be able to withstand or contradict.”

He’s calling on the Temple crowd to seize on apocalyptic times as opportunities to witness to their faith; to witness to the presence of God in their midst; to the ways in which Christ saves them. Apocalyptic times uncover the best and worst in people. We saw that during the pandemic. Apocalyptic times force people to confront themselves and what they stand for: themselves, or something larger? Themselves, or Jesus?

Jesus concludes his teaching with these words: “You will be hated by all because of my name. But not a hair of your head will perish. By your endurance you will gain your souls.”

In difficult times, whether the war and destruction we face is literal or figurative, we are forced to confront ourselves and what we believe in. The souls that Jesus talks about are really selves. The times when we lose everything we have, we are most at risk of losing our sense of self. Do we trust in a God who saves us; a God who will bring us safely through to the other side — to resurrection — or not?

In my experience, and I suspect in the experience of most of you here, God helps us through difficult times. In times of darkness, knowing that light exists, even though we can’t see it, helps us keep going to find that light. We need hope to survive — not just “we” as individuals, but we as a society; as a community; as a world.

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»The Image of Jesus in the Chaos

continued from page 8

You may have heard or read the news this past week that increasing numbers of young people— teens and twenty-somethings, or “Generation Z” as it’s called — are going to church for direction. This pattern is evident in the UK, the US, and Canada. Calissa Ngozi, a leading educator in mental health, was quoted on CTV saying that Generation Z is “growing up in a time when ‘community’ can mean group chats and comment sections — so organized religion offers something screens can’t: shared values, physical presence, and deeper purpose.”¹ I saw this pattern for myself at Diocesan Synod this month, when a youth delegate told me that he was the one who persuaded his parents to come to church.

Young people who attend church aren’t just looking to hang out with other young people. At least, that’s what the “Cast the Net” consultations of our Diocese told us. They are looking for the inter-generational experience — and good snacks, by the way. They’re looking for authenticity, according to Ngozi. What is an authentic faith? It’s a faith that comes from abiding in Christ, and it is proclaimed in word and action.

You probably already know this: young people are very good at sniffing out hypocrisy. They’re looking for authenticity: for faith that is real; faith that makes a difference; faith that gives hope; and faith that creates change. This is what young people want from us: direction; mentorship; discipleship.

So if young people are looking for examples of authentic faith, then we adults must testify to the ways in which the light of Christ has brought us through darkness and is bringing us through still. Don’t worry, you don’t have to stand on a street corner, unless you really want to. Remember that Jesus gives us words and wisdom.

So how does Jesus give us those words and that wisdom? Lots of different ways. I’m going to suggest a few.

One is looking to the people who have lost everything; who have come through apocalyptic times already. Indigenous people in Canada have already come through the apocalypse. Look to them, and their words and wisdom.

Another way is to look to the Bible, and figure out which passages speak to your heart. Scripture contains messages for all of us, and they may differ according to who you are and what you’ve experienced.

Read the Gospels. Reflect on the image of Jesus that makes you feel the lightest. Is it Jesus the teacher? Jesus the friend? Jesus the shepherd? Jesus the comforter? There are more. Whatever that image is, hold it close, because that image will give you the words and wisdom you need. That image is a key to your vocation in the world.

Whenever I feel a bit tentative in my faith and testimony, which occasionally happens, I think back to people I know who have survived the ends of their worlds to witness to the power of God. My old parish of All Saints, at the corner of Dundas and Sherbourne, was very instructive in that way. There is nothing quite like the testimony of people who may not be able to read, who may have traumatic brain injuries, who may have trouble fitting in with the rest of the world, and yet have unshakeable faith because it is what has brought them through the loss of everything. Listen to those people. There is a reason Christ came to be among the poor. They have a truth, and we need to hear it.

I’m going to give you just one story as example of a testimony that inspired me. A parishioner shared this story in Sunday worship when I asked the congregation to share a time that Jesus had gotten them through. This parishioner had been a Red Cross driver during a civil war in a faraway country. His truck broke down in the middle of a jungle, where he was 500 km away from help and surrounded by bandits. He had a satellite phone, but it didn’t work. He needed one part to fix his truck. So he sat on top of his truck and prayed. Like something out of a movie, another truck arrived, seemingly out of nowhere. And the driver of that truck happened to have the part that the man needed. You can’t make this up. So he lived to tell the tale.

Not all of us have stories that dramatic. But we all have stories where God has worked miracles in our lives: coincidences, or “God-incidences,” as a former parishioner of mine used to call them. The theme of this year’s Diocesan Synod was “Chosen to Tell the Good Story.” By virtue of your baptism and membership in the body of Christ, you are chosen to tell the good story: every single one of you. Let us learn together how to tell that story.

Amen.

❖ Rev. Dr. Alison Falby

1 Lauren Toffan, “Return to faith: Attendance increasing for first time in decades, one church leader says,” CTV News, November 10, 2025 (<https://www.ctvnews.ca/canada/article/return-to-faith-church-attendance-increasing-for-first-time-in-decades/>), accessed November 15, 2025.

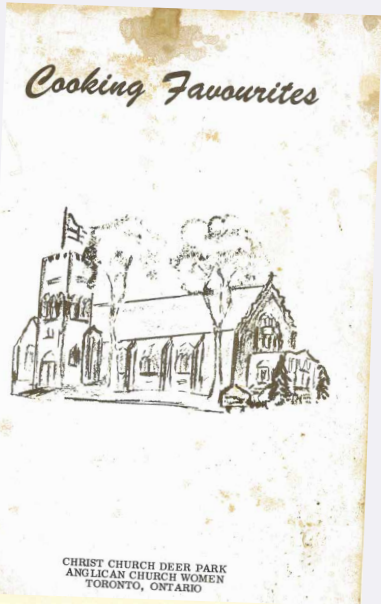


Love, the Star, is on the Way.

“
There is a reason
Christ came to be
among the poor.
They have a truth,
and we need
to hear it.”

Christ Church Deer Park Memories

Did you know that CCDP published a cookbook in 1980? We have some examples!



NOURISHING CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

1 c. butter
1 c. honey
1 tsp. vanilla
2 eggs
1 c. Miller's bran

2 1/4 c. whole wheat pastry flour
1 tsp. baking soda
1/4 c. water
12 oz. pkg. chocolate chips

Mary Van Straubenzee

Cream butter; add the honey and beat. Add the vanilla and eggs and beat well. Mix the flour, bran and baking soda together and add this mixture alternately with water. Beat well after each addition. Add the chocolate chips. Drop by spoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 7-8 minutes.

NUTRITIOUS BROWNIES

3/4 c. whole wheat pastry flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 c. butter
3 eggs

2 sq. unsweetened baking chocolate
3/4 c. honey
1 tsp. vanilla
1/2 c. Miller's bran

Measure flour and mix in baking powder. In a small pan or double boiler melt 1/2 c. butter with chocolate. Put eggs into a mixing bowl and beat until light and fluffy. Add honey and beat well again. Add chocolate butter mixture, beating continuously. Add vanilla. Add flour mixture and bran slowly, beating slowly. Beat only enough to blend. Pour into greased 8 inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15-20 minutes. Do not overbake. VARIATION: Add 3/4 c. chopped walnuts or pecans.

ORANGE COOKIE STICKS

1/2 c. shortening
1/2 c. sugar
1 egg yolk
2 Tbsp. orange juice
2 tsp. grated orange rind

1 1/2 c. flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 tsp. salt

H. Rudge

Cream shortening, add sugar, egg yolk, rind and juice. Then dry ingredients. Wrap in waxed paper and leave in refrigerator overnight. Roll into 3 inch fingers and then roll in sugar. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 minutes. These keep well.

PECAN COOKIES

1 c. brown sugar
1/2 c. shortening
1 tsp. vanilla

1 c. sifted flour
1 egg
1/2 c. pecans

Mrs. S. Stewart

Continued.....

-29- Toronto, Ont.

Ladies, inquiring minds want to know, have these recipes stood the test of time? Do you still make them, 45 years later?

CIDER BLEND

1 qt. cider
1 c. water
1 qt. ginger ale

2 oranges
2 lemons

Add fruit juices and water to cider. Mellow in refrigerator. Add ginger ale before serving.

LEMON SYRUP

2 oz. citric acid
1 oz. tartaric acid
2 oz. epsom salts
4 lb. sugar

3 pt. water
Juice of 6 or 7 lemons
Grated rind of 6 lemons

Joan Huýcke

Bring water to boiling point. Pour into glasses or enamel dish and add acids and sugar. Squeeze lemons, grate rind and add. Stir with wooden spoon. Pour mixture into empty liquor bottles. Makes approximately 5.

To use: Pour 2 oz. syrup into glass. Fill with water and ice. Makes a good mix.

A Mishap’s Revelation

by Pat Butler

When a mature tree is felled by a lumberjack, it first tips over slowly and then crashes to the ground with a loud thud. Once the movement begins, it can't be stopped. Gravity takes over. That's exactly how I tipped over one Saturday. Having caught my shoe on some obstacle, it was impossible to stop my descent. My face seemed to meet the sidewalk in slow-motion.

* * *

It was a lovely sunny early November noontime. I'd spent the morning helping at Christ Church Deer Park's Christmas Fair. The pear pie, cinnamon sauce, and special cookies I'd purchased were in a tote bag, and I'd stuffed my unneeded gloves in my pockets. I strolled down the west side of Yonge Street and had just crossed Delisle.

Crash. Having turned my head to the right in time, neither my glasses nor my nose was damaged. My tote bag went flying. Cinnamon sauce was promptly dispersed inside.

Immediately, three or four people stopped and surrounded me. "Oh dear, are you okay?" "Do you want us to help you up?" Having had the wind knocked out of me, I couldn't answer right away. All I could see were shoes. I tried to breathe. I recognized an Irish accent.

"Thanks. Let me just lie here for a minute," I murmured.

I know that when a person falls down, it's a natural impulse to get them up right away. But giving the patient a little time to relax and breathe leads to a more positive outcome. They are in shock, after all.

Two men positioned themselves on either side of my prone form. After about 30 seconds, one asked, "Are you ready for us to lift you up now?"

"Yes, please," I replied and suddenly I was vertical with tears streaming down my cheeks. Still unable to properly make eye contact with anyone. A voice asked where I was headed, Another offered to call for help to come get me. I didn't have my cell phone and felt I'd eventually be able to reach my home several blocks away under my own steam. I rolled up my left pantleg to see if my throbbing kneecap

was bleeding—skin was scraped, but unbroken. The fleshy base of my left thumb pulsed with pain.

Then a lady and one gentleman left, and the Irishman offered me his arm, walking me over to a concrete planter to sit down. He'd parked his bicycle beside it while doing an errand. We sat for about five minutes, chatting about Ireland while I regained my composure. Likely in his early forties, Ian moved to Toronto in 2013 and works at a bank.

"May I walk you home?"

"You are too kind, but I'll be alright. Maybe just get me across St. Clair, please?" He took my arm again and we gently strolled south in the sunshine.

"I just turned 80 in June," I said, "and this is the first old lady thing I've done! And I'm wearing sensible shoes."

"Yes, you're not in stilettos. I'm a June baby, too," Ian said.

"I'm June 6th."

"Really, I'm June 5th! We're clearly related." I thanked him profusely, and we parted on the next corner.

Ian was my guardian angel—briefly touching my life in my hour of need and then vanishing. As I re-live the moment when I lay on the sidewalk hearing total strangers talk about me—unable to respond or see their faces—I wonder if that's how it feels to be in a coma or even dying. Others nearby are concerned about your welfare and all you need to do is relax and absorb the love.

❖ *Pat Butler is a regular contributor to Spiritus, a member of the Christ Church Deer Park choir and has been a member of the Flower Guild.*



Pat before her fall



Christmas Stories:

The Little Match Girl by H. C. Andersen

by Emily Chatten

The year I lived in Denmark, I received a beautiful hard-cover edition of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales translated into English. I also visited the museum at his childhood home in Odense.

Andersen grew up with a single mother in poverty in Odense in the early 19th century. A patron paid his way to school. On graduation he almost immediately began publishing enough to pay for travel, at first local and then further afield. Unlike the Brothers Grimm, who gathered their stories from among real people, Andersen's stories are based on his travels and his own creativity. When he died, the King of Denmark attended his funeral. But none of this changes the fact that Hans Christian Andersen knew poverty personally.

When you read "*The Little Match Girl*" you can almost feel your own feet becoming frostbitten when the girl goes out into the street with bare feet. When Rev. Alison preached to us on Nov. 16/Pentecost 23 about desolation and death on the streets of Toronto, in particular as it applies to women, "*The Little Match Girl*" came to me. It stands out to me for a few reasons. Firstly, we like to think that we solve problems. But this story, highlights the many problems we have not solved in the past 150 years. Secondly, despite being a story intended for children, the story portrays the pain of the little girl, both physical and emotional, so vividly, perhaps in a way that only someone who has had the experience could describe it.

Despite "*The Litte Match Girl's*" pain, the story has a haunting beauty. If you are not familiar with the story, or it has been some time since you last read it, I recommend it to you this holiday season.

In 2006, the American composer, David Lang won the Pulitzer Prize for his "Little Match Girl Passion." Lang talks about being drawn to the Little Match girl because he felt there were equal parts suffering and beauty in the story. He felt that her suffering as a child could be considered a "religious and moral equivalency" between the little girl and Jesus: in how she is scorned, suffers died and is transfigured in the story. Lang explains that he used the format of Bach's Saint Matthew Passion while creating the libretto. To hear the "*Little Match Girl Passion*" you can follow the instructions I provided in [Spiritus No. 20](#) to get to the Naxos Music Library on the Toronto Public Library website. Once there search for "*Little Match Girl Passion*" or "*David Lang*".

Hans Christian Andersen died of liver cancer just after his 70th birthday. It is said that he rated the "*Little Match Girl*" highly amongst his creations.

❖ *Emily Chatten is a volunteer chorister at Christ Church Deer Park who acts as music librarian. Emily is a volunteer editor of Spiritus.*

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A Salute to Denis Delisle

by Brad Lennon

Most of us are aware of the dedication that our custodian Denis Delisle has to the work of maintenance and cleaning of our church buildings at Christ Church Deer Park. However, did you know that he has become an able paving stone installer? Denis has rebuilt walkways around the church property from the daycare playground to the daycare office and along the diagonal pathway leading around the southeast corner of the church building from the main entrance toward the Heath Street entrance. This has involved hours of him working to excavate the old walkways and to install the new stone to replace the broken and uplifted and uneven old stone.

If you have used the walkways in the past and are now appreciating that you don't have to worry about tripping and falling, this is thanks to Denis and his work. This is a photo taken of Denis sitting on the bench in the back northwest corner of the church lot next to the playground. The stone paving under the bench is an example of the work that he has done this past summer.

The rebuilt bench was work done by our neighbour Marybeth Ferguson. She installed the new wood seating and painted it and repainted the metal. Her contribution was part of what she has volunteered as a member of the Pollinator Garden team.

Denis has also laid the stone paving as the foundation for the second bench. That bench, however, looks pretty sorry next to the one that Marybeth has given to the parish. If anyone can help with the repair or replacement of the second bench in that corner, please let the Property Committee know this by contacting parish administrator, Ahna DiFelice, at the church office.

❖ *Bradley Lennon is a member of the Climate Action Group and the Property Committee of Christ Church Deer Park. Brad is a regular contributor to Spiritus.*



Dennis admires his work

A Performance Review

by Ward Lindsey

I have never been particularly relaxed about receiving a performance review. There has always been a bit of clearing of the air.

Here are some details of a performance review I received from the CEO that I report to. The questions were on a piece of paper that the CEO handed to me across the desk between us. The CEO told me to read the questions over, say nothing in response, and then take them home where I could mull them over. With a knowing glint in his eye, he said he would look forward to my responses.

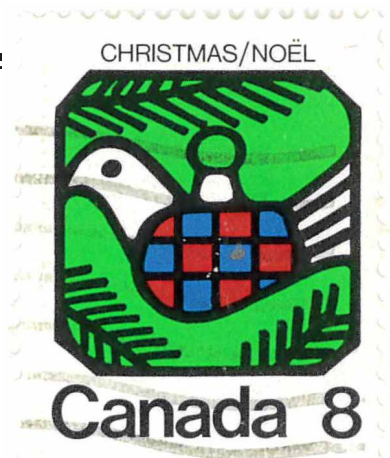
Here are the questions that were on that piece of paper:

1. What accomplishments do you value the most?
2. In which areas would you like to improve?
3. What have I done to help you on a regular basis? What have I done to hinder you?
4. Do you have the resources to help you day to day?
5. What are your goals in the next six months?
6. Are there any concerns you have going forward?

To fill out the context of this performance review, I need to point out that the CEO, Chief Evangelical Officer, is Jesus. And in further context, I continue to mull over the questions and respond within a journey of faith and thanksgiving.

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





Synod Surprise

by William Jackson

In November, I was a parish delegate to Synod, and I know what you're thinking: *Just another meeting! Motions, budgets, boredom. Z Z Z Z Z....* Correct. I've been a delegate before, and apart from the chance to catch up with old friends, Synods are not exciting. This year, however, I was surprised by the attitudes and involvement of the youth delegates.

Often, today's youth are denigrated, thought to be too self-involved or selfish and disconnected from the problems of the world. They are written off as gamers and idlers with eyes for only their smart phones. This wasn't the case with the young delegates I encountered at Synod. They were engaged and involved. They took the proceedings and their ability to vote seriously and made important contributions.

In particular, they raised the religious implications of political issues. A couple of youth delegates rose to speak about Gaza, using the term *genocide* without apology. They questioned what the Anglican church and our diocese are doing, and they urged us to do much more. They also raised matters of mental health, exhorting us, as a faith group and as part of a larger community, to be concerned with how youth cope with contemporary stresses and problems.

The delegates that spoke on these issues were reticent, even fearful to speak up in a room of older people. They were demonstrably nervous, even emotional. But the issues they were raising were so important to them that they overcame their inhibitions to bring these matters to the floor. That impressed me and gives me hope for the future. I spoke with two or three of these delegates and thanked them for their courage to speak about what was so meaningful to them. At their age, my generation may have been engaged with social issues such as the war in Vietnam, but not from Christian perspective.

❖ William Jackson is a member of the Congregational Care team and a subdeacon at 8 am Sunday worship. He also serves on the Parish Council.

From Romish to Roguish

by Genevieve Chornenki

Is transubstantiation a Romish belief? In the most recent issue of *Spiritus*, Church Mouse conceded that, yes, it was, and went on to explain that the Anglican theology of the Eucharist developed “as a corrective to medieval distortions of the Eucharist where the bread and wine became object of veneration.” The Mouse did, however, flag the adjective “Romish” as conveying “some prejudice against Catholic teaching.”

The exchange with Church Mouse prompted me to re-read the Articles of Faith that begin on page 698 of the Book of Common Prayer:

Article XIX. Of the Church.

...the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of Ceremonies, but also in matters of Faith.

Article XXII. Of Purgatory.

The Romish Doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration, as well of Images as of Reliques, and also invocation of Saints is a fond thing vainly invented and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God.

Article XXVIII. Of the Lord's Supper.

...Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of Bread and Wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions... The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped.

I was brought up in a devout Romish household, blissfully ignorant of its errors. The liturgical calendar regulated our year, and the

“Ceremonies” —including Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament where the consecrated host was “lifted up—invested our daily life. There were rosaries, missals, and venerated crucifixes in the house and, in the glove compartment of the car, a St. Christopher medal. When she was a young bride, my mother stitched the Sacred Heart in needlepoint, and her framed work now hangs in my own home.

My exposure to the devotional and ceremonial aspects of Roman Catholicism was a gift. Even as a child, I recognized the mystical aspects of worship, those spiritual experiences way out beyond dogma. I understood that tangible things—statues of saints, crucifixes, consecrated hosts, flowing robes, candles, incense—pointed beyond themselves, and I accepted that people of other faith traditions might feel the same about their own rites and rituals.

Now, as an adult, I am not prepared to adopt anyone's Articles, prescriptions, or interpretations insofar as religion is concerned. I simply appreciate what various rites, rituals, and devotional objects evoke and manifest. In *Thou Art That*, comparative mythologist Joseph Campbell put it this way: “The individual's assent to a definition is not nearly as important as his or her having a spiritual experience by virtue of the influence of the symbol.” In other words, when it comes to spirituality and religion, don't try to correct me!

❖ Genevieve Chornenki is a longtime member of Christ Church Deer Park. Among other things, she has served as subdeacon and churchwarden.



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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 Emily at elwchatt@gmail.com

Submissions should be 250 to 500 words in length and in Word format, and all submissions will be subject to edit.

Watch the Sunday Bulletins for calls to submit to our next issue. Please send your submissions directly to us at spiritus@christchurchdeerpark.org. A big thanks to all of the contributors for this issue of *Spiritus*.

Christ Church Deer Park

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