



Easter 1994

Spearhead

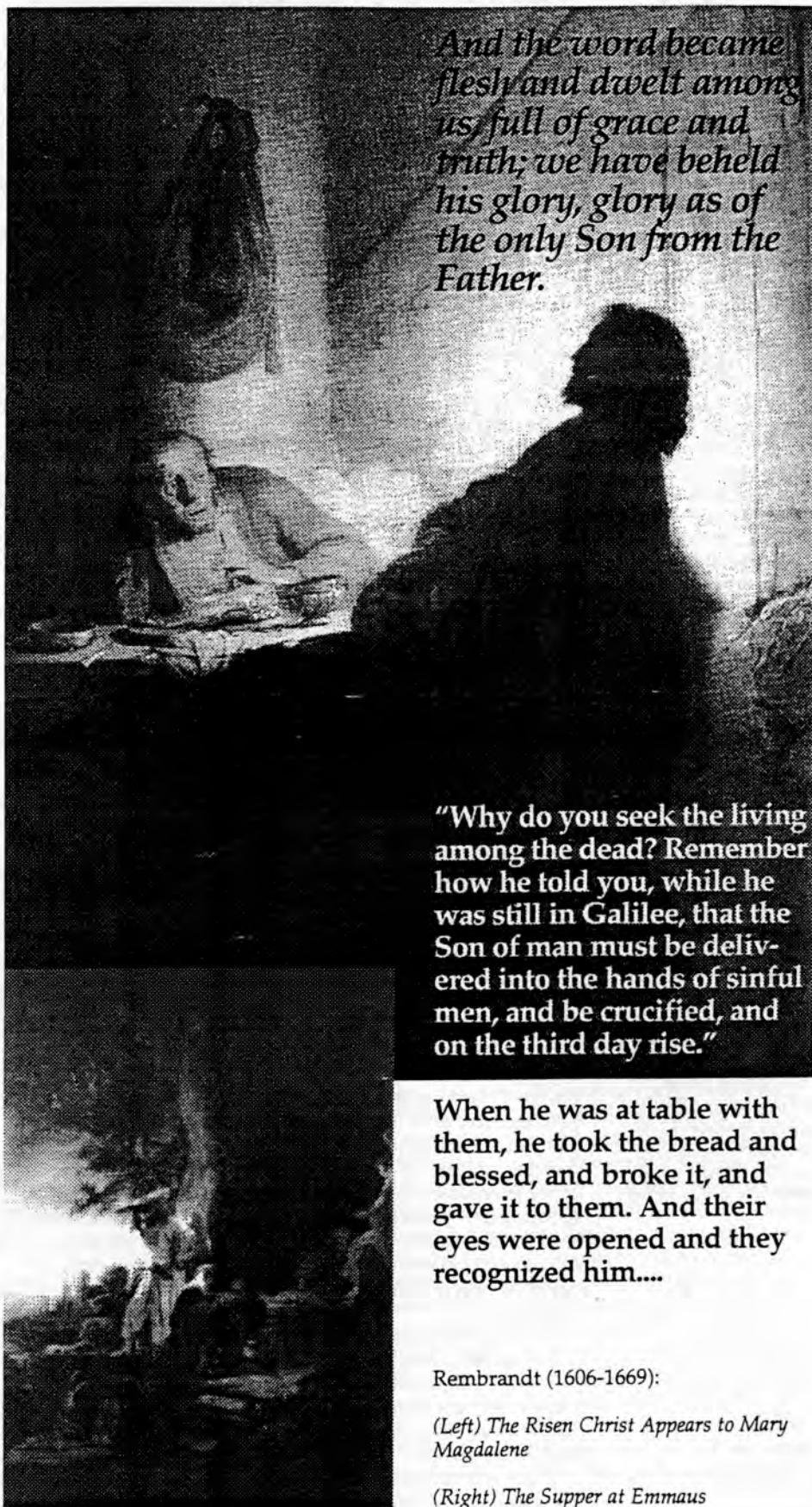
Saint Thomas's Church

383 Huron Street
Toronto, Ontario M5S 2G5
(416) 979-2323

Roy A. Hoult, *Rector*
(598-5400)

Assistant Priests

Brian D. Freeland, (461-7025)
Robert A. Ross (588-6946)



1

And the word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; we have beheld his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father.

"Why do you seek the living among the dead? Remember how he told you, while he was still in Galilee, that the Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and on the third day rise."

When he was at table with them, he took the bread and blessed, and broke it, and gave it to them. And their eyes were opened and they recognized him....

Rembrandt (1606-1669):

(Left) The Risen Christ Appears to Mary Magdalene

(Right) The Supper at Emmaus

Spearhead is published six times a year for the parishioners of St. Thomas's Church, Toronto. Editorial matter may be left in the church office or sent directly to

the editor at 203 Carlton Street, Toronto, Ontario M5A 2K9

Staff

Editor

Willem Hart

Editorial Associate

Carroll Guen-Hart

Production

Barbara Obrai

The editorial opinions expressed in Spearhead are those of the authors, and do not reflect the official position of St. Thomas's Church, its Corporation or its clergy. Although editorial supervision is exercised by the clergy and Corporation, readers are advised of the following rating system:

- ★ Official Report
- ★★ Official Opinion
- ★★★ News item, profile, book review, etc.
- ★★★★ Personal opinion. CAUTION: may be controversial and upsetting to some.

We're looking for your input! News, milestones, etc. Please supply copy on 3-1/4" computer disk (IBM Mac) in Word, Word Perfect or ASCII format.

The Rector's "State-of-the-Church" address VESTRY FEBRUARY 6, 1994*

★

The year just completed was of course a very special year for us, our Centennial Year with all its rather special events. We were privileged, to have the Bishop and the Dean of Toronto on our Centennial Day, way back last January; during Lent we had the unique experience of having all the Suffragan Bishops, but one, come and preach. We also hosted the former Primate and of course then we had the Primate himself for all the major events of Holy week. I think it is perhaps the first time the Primate has done all of the events of Holy Week anywhere. Toward the end in October we had the former Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Runcie, come to preach at the Dedication Festival and to deliver the Larkin Stuart Lectures. Since someone recently said that we don't have any visiting preachers I remind you of those. I also remind you that we had for the first time three women priests who came to celebrate and preach and there was to have been a fourth, Victoria Matthews, but she begged off at the last minute - her mind was on other things.

You will all have read things in the newspapers about Victoria - perhaps two things you don't know is that she was baptised here at St. Thomas's and that she is a regular member, at least up until now, of the Evensong congregation and for many years she has been the only incumbent in this diocese that I know of that is an envelope holder here at St. Thomas's.

Just before she was elected at Synod I sat down next to her and said, "You know, this is unfair - they are always taking people away from our Evensong congregation."

There were several enjoyable social and musical events

of the year - too many for me to now mention. In all, I think it was a very good year and our thanks are due to Ned Lauder and Doreen Stanton for coordinating the events and for publicising them.

Centennial campaign

I cannot pass this point without saying again how grateful we must all be to those who gave so very, very generously to the special Centennial Fund. Although we came in with a short fall, nevertheless it's an example of the great generosity of St. Thomas's people.

Our thanks go to Jack Bush, who, throughout this entire period, has lived with the Centennial Fund; writing letters and having the sort of sleepless nights described in the first lesson this morning (Job 7.1-7). We owe Jack a round of applause. Not forgetting Elaine Bell, of course, who is somewhat related to him, for keeping such careful track of the Centennial Fund.

Household of God

The Centennial year ended with the publication of the Parish History - the Household of God, and I hear nothing but good things about it. I've read some of it, including one of the difficult, long things. Amazingly I found Ian Whitmore's article to be easier than I thought it might be.

Our thanks for the Centennial Book are really due to David Kent, as I said at its launching, and David would be the first to say thanks to those who assisted him with it - Hugh Anson-Cartwright, Pat Kennedy and not least Willem Hart.

I have to say to David that most of our efforts go by and are forgotten but his effort will long remain because that book is so substantial that it's going to be around a hundred years from now.

A second century?

Well now we have started on our second century and I have to say in all candour that we do so at a time of great difficulty for the church - not just this church - the church throughout the western world. The church everywhere is facing cutbacks, and we may have seen nothing yet.

In comparison to neighbouring churches we have been very fortunate here as the Churchwardens' Report will show.

But apart from the financial crisis we are in a much greater difficulty in that we face the ever increasing indifference of modern western society. The general populace is somehow not interested in what the church has to offer. Our bishop has recently said that church attendance in this diocese has fallen by 50% since the 1960's, and Archbishop Percy O'Driscoll of Huron, sees the church disappearing by the turn of the century. I think I'm more hopeful, which will surprise you - because I'm usually not so. It's a reflection of my English and Western Canadian background.

Background

When I first went to my former parish in Vernon, B.C. in 1972 I was told that the country parishes around Vernon were all marginal and would all soon disappear. But do you know, now they are all still there - and the congregation in Vernon, which numbered about 70 people in church in those days is now infinitely bigger - during the 15 years since I left, under my not very well appreciated successor, church attendance has gone up and up and up. You know how that makes my feel. And so I think we ought not to be scared by people who tend to look on the dark side.

My other background as you know, thirty-one years ago, was English. When I came out to

"I have to say in all candour that we do so at a time of great difficulty for the church - not just this church - the church throughout the western world. The church everywhere is facing cutbacks, and we may have seen nothing yet."

Canada in 1963 I was blown away by the vast attendance in the Cathedral in Victoria where they used to have one thousand people at Mattins on a Sunday morning, as though everybody was keen on church. It's not so any longer - but I came from an England where the church was despised and rejected.

Memories

As you know last summer when I went home, I managed to visit one or two places. One was the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Liverpool which I had seen on a previous visit. It was opened in 1967, some of you may know it, it is a very modern building. Round, with the Altar in the middle. In silhouette it's like a tepee. In fact the locals call it Paddy's Wigwam. It's a rather marvelous example of modern architecture. Well I went to the principal mass on Sunday morning, and I was one of the very few people in the Cathedral. Presently I sat down next to a man who was reading a newspaper and by the time the service started I counted the congregation in a building which must hold many thousands - and the congregation numbered less than 50.

My purpose in visiting Liverpool that morning, however, was to see a church which I had seen in my teenage years. St. John's Tobruk. It's the absolute *pièce de résistance* of the ritualistic part of the Anglo-Catholic revival. It is the kind of church that drives one to one's knees, it's absolutely magnificent. I've always looked back at it being the Anglo-Catholic experience of my life. It hadn't changed, the service was exactly the same. The Vicar hasn't changed. Fr. Samson, as he's called, is still there from when I was 15 years of age and I was totally amazed at that, but do you know that the congregation, a mixed bunch of people both old and young, numbered 30, in a building that holds about 700. If you are interested in the prayer book or are a member of the Prayer

Book Society, I found no church in England that uses the prayer book at all except the Cathedral which uses it for Evensong.

The large parish church in my home town where I was baptized now has a kind of *hip* sandwich of Eucharists and family services. It's all terribly disheartening for someone who is keen on the tradition. The European climate from which I came is now worse than it was thirty years ago, church-wise, and I think that we are following in their footsteps. There is a great challenge ahead of us, to keep the faith and to promote it both in our private selves and as a community.

We have a task

We must try and keep up our high standards, so very much appreciated especially by visitors, and strive to improve what we do. There's good evidence to show that hospitality helps a great deal. While some people want to be left alone, many who seek the church nowadays are seeking companionship. People to journey with, people to talk to. Occasionally we do very well at providing hospitality. E.g. the parish supper on Candlemas was very great. It wasn't just because of the food, though the CBS's lasagna was quite excellent, but because the people mixed more freely and more easily than I have experienced before and it was a very warm environment.

But at coffee hours or receptions it's all too easy to glob on to your friends, and ignore the person standing on the periphery. I do think we need to work at recognizing the stranger in our midst and do something more to make them welcome. I think that is a task for the new Advisory Board. One of the ideas that I'm going to push is not my idea, it was suggested years ago by Doreen Stanton, and that is that we really investigate the idea of having pew wardens. Most of you sit in the same pew Sunday by Sunday and I think

we need people like you who will, in an almost silent way, keep track of the people that come new to the pews, the people that go missing from the pews, the people who fall sick in the pews (not literally - you know what I mean).

Thank you

Let me end by expressing my thanks to several people. In connection with hospitality Mary Suddon and Glen Spurrell who have done an awful lot this year and others that they will very readily mention themselves.

I want to say thank you to my colleagues Fr Ross and Fr Freeland especially and to the other honorary assistants Fr Neelands, Fr Rye, Fr Lloyd and Bishop Stiff.

I want to thank the Churchwardens. Roger Hughes my warden for these past two years. He looks like a tower of strength and he has been. He's going to hang on for the final of the four years as senior warden so to speak the senior statesman. To Stuart Niermeier who was the deputy Rector's warden this past year and who today begins his real term as Rector's warden. And to Phyllis Garden who begins her second year as people's warden today, provided you elect her.

The one warden I haven't mentioned is the one who is being kicked out this year having completed four honourable years as people's warden. Willem Hart is known to more people in this congregation than anybody else I think. He's also known to this Annual Vestry because I'm always picking on him for some reason or other. I do that easily because, quite apart from anything else you might know about Willem, he has an excellent sense of humour which very, very rarely deserts him. In fact I don't know when it deserted him last. What he's like at home I don't know. But he's able to tussle with the most frustrating circumstances and

(Concluded on back page)

IN MEMORIAM ★

Rita Joyce Cudney 1912-1994

"So we do not lose heart. Even though our outer nature is wasting away, our inner nature is being renewed day by day." 2 Corinthians 4.16 - 5.1

"And Rita did all this while bearing the tremendous handicap of a body that was in constant and painful decay. Yet I never heard her complain or try to excuse herself because of it."

This is the text that always came to mind whenever I thought about Rita. Though her outer nature was quite visibly wasting away, for years; her inner nature was being renewed day by day.

Many knew Rita as the little bent old lady who provided and so carefully tended the african violets which made the parish hall a brighter and more human place. That was important, I think. But there was much more to Rita than that. Most impressive, over so many years, was her dignified presence at the weekday masses: until relatively recently, her sometimes sole presence at the early morning ones. In fact, it was her sole presence on such occasions that led to her becoming the first, though quite unofficial, woman acolyte!

And her devotion did not end there. It led to three very practical acts of Christian witness. She was one of our most generous financial supporters - and we shall miss that when we come to count the collection in future. She once acted as a hospital chaplaincy assistant, serving the Church beyond the parish boundary; and the clergy here will never forget her as the "one-man altar guild" at Saint Thomas's House, where she not only had absolutely everything ready upon one's arrival and did all the cleaning up afterwards, but always got there early enough to remind the sometimes forgetful residents and personally

help them get from their rooms to the elevator and down to the chapel.

And Rita did all this while bearing the tremendous handicap of a body that was in constant and painful decay. Yet I never heard her complain or try to excuse herself because of it. During the past few months the crushing of her lungs meant that she had to be on oxygen. Yet even then she managed to get out. She was last seen here at the Nine Lessons and Carols. When she told me that John Alldredge was bringing her, I said: "Not on his motor bike!" How she laughed.

She had a considerable sense of humour. Only three days before her death my visit with her was full of laughter, despite her crippled state - by now she had a broken hip and a broken shoulder.

And she was determined to walk again as soon as possible. In fact, just after she died, the nurse told me that only twenty four hours earlier she had had her walking the ward. A stroke mercifully delivered her from what could only have been a very difficult and increasingly uncomfortable future. Doubtless she would have faced it with the same tough quality that had characterised her life thus far; but it was a merciful release.

Back to Saint Paul, and his text for Rita's requiem. "So we do not lose heart. Even though our outer nature is wasting away, our inner nature us being renewed day

by day." And he goes on: "For this slight momentary affliction is preparing us for an eternal weight of glory beyond all measure, because we look not at what can be seen but at what cannot be seen; for what can be seen is temporary, but what cannot be seen is eternal. For we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

At the centre of Paul's faith was the unshakeable conviction that the God who raised the Lord Jesus from the dead would also raise those who shared the Easter faith; that through Christ God has already begun that process of transformation, so that life as we know it, with all its afflictions and limitations, will eventually give way to an eternal form of existence. As the hymn we shall sing puts it:

*O how glorious and
resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much
beauty,
Full of health, and strong,
and free,
Full of vigour, full of
pleasure
That shall last eternally!*

It is in this faith that we confidently commend to God -with great thanksgiving - his servant Rita Cudney. May she rest in peace and rise in glory. Amen.

R.A. Hoult

IN MEMORIAM ★

Harold S. Wardman 1905-1994

"The next day John was standing with two of his disciples, and as he watched Jesus walk by, he exclaimed, 'Look, here is the Lamb of God!' The two disciples heard him say this, and they followed Jesus. ...One of the two who heard John speak was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. ...And he said to him, 'We have found the Messiah.' ...He brought Simon to Jesus." St John 1.35 - 42 (NRSV)



"...the members of the Acolytes Guild knew Harold best by his faithful service and his love for this parish church and its expression in music and ceremony of devotion to the One Holy All-seeing God."

Harold Wardman - Born in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Five; died in this Year of Grace, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Ninety-four, and in between these dates another Andrew was at work in this parish church.

This reading from Saint John is what Fr Freeland calls the "Andrew Principle" and from time-to-time he urges it upon us by spoken sermon or in writing through the parish newspaper.

In a moment I will speak of Harold's almost fifty years as a faithful member of this congregation and his service in the Guild of Acolytes - but first a very brief biographical sketch.

Harold was born and spent his childhood in Barrie. He had four brothers all of whom are now at rest. His last remaining brother, Arthur, died last night. We pray that Mrs. Wardman, Harold's sister-in-law, will be sustained by the loving God whom Harold so faithfully worshipped.

Ruth, Harold's wife, who died several years ago was herself an active member of this parish and each was devoted to the other.

She and Harold shared an interest in classical music and Ruth danced in the ballet and if you visited Harold's apartment you would see her

other interest, for she was a landscape painter.

In her later years she was struck down by Alzheimer's disease and at the coffee hour we saw a loving husband being protective and caring for his partner. Harold and Ruth were to have no children. In our drives to Evensong, Harold would often speak of the old days and how they loved to dance. This was a bit difficult for me to imagine for, when I first joined the Guild, Harold was often the Crucifer who with great dignity led the processions around the church. I could not relate this distinguished gentleman to someone doing the "Lindy-Hop" or anything other than a graceful waltz dressed in white tie and tails on New Year's eve.

During the war - and for those too young to know - I mean the Second World War - that gives one's age away when you have to explain what war you are talking about - well, during that war Harold served with the Governor General's Foot Guards. He was on active duty in Holland and became close friends with a Dutch family.

As was to be his habit, by which he became known to many, he entered into a life-long correspondence with them and would speak of their annual exchange of letters at Christmas.

Harold carried this habit

over into his life as a member of the Masonic Order where he became Master of Quinte Lodge. After serving in that office he took on the duty of keeping in touch and visiting the sick. In his business career he was Chief Accountant in the Toronto Regional Office of the Canadian National Railways and following his retirement he became president of their pensioners' association where again he was active in seeking out his brothers both visiting and writing to fellow pensioners - and he didn't even own a word processor. How quaint can one get!

Faithful service

But, the members of the Acolytes Guild knew Harold best by his faithful service and his love for this parish church and its expression in music and ceremony of devotion to the One Holy All-seeing God.

Harold used to sit in a pew near the rear of the church - or is that area near the entrance called the front of the church - I can never get it straight -after all if you come in the front door how can you suddenly be at the rear of the church?

Well, to make the point, this seating arrangement gave Harold his chance. Hardly any stranger got by him without a warm welcome after the service and if one appeared for a second Sunday running and if you were of the male persuasion you were marched

"Ah, I thought, looking at the sanctuary lamps through the rood screen... there is lawlessness here all right!... I was having none of it. I reminded [our guide] that the Sacrament was not to be 'carried about and worshipped'. I asked him what a Protestant Anglican Church was doing with all these lawless Romish practices? Ian Paisley would have been proud of me."

down to the Acolytes' room to meet your predecessors and by the third Sunday you were probably carrying a banner in procession.

I want to read an excerpt from our new book on the history of this parish called *The Household of God*. This portion was written by a former acolyte of long standing, Brother Jack Burden, who died in 1992. It was Jack's wife, Gail Burden, who made the tunic, the vestment worn by the Crucifer on occasions of high celebration and it was Harold's privilege to wear it in procession for the first time at the Feast of Saint Michael and All Angels, in 1977.

Jack has this to say:

"I entered St. Thomas's for the first time.

"I immediately noticed the smell of incense. Ah, I thought, looking at the sanctuary lamps through the rood screen... there is lawlessness here all right! Out of the vestry came a layman, who offered us a tour of the church. This was my first meeting with one of the most faithful people with whom it has been my privilege to serve. He showed us vestments, communion vessels, the processional crosses, the hanging pyx in the Lady Chapel, ... indeed all the equipment and appurtenances used in Anglo-Catholic worship at St. Thomas's. By his very language and manner he showed clearly the love and respect he felt for his parish and its worship.

"However, in the arrogance of youth, I was having none of it. I reminded him that the Sacrament was not to be 'carried about and worshipped'. I asked him what a Protestant Anglican Church was doing with all these lawless Romish practices? Ian Paisley would have been proud of me. Our guide, with a twinkle in his eye, which said, 'Who does this prairie hayseed think he is?' replied, 'How can anything that adds to the solemnity and worship of God be lawlessness? Anyway,' he went on, 'those rules and laws are for the

Church in England and do not apply in Canada.' One might say he treated me with an air of charitable-but-disagreeable cheerfulness.

"That man was Harold Wardman."

It would be interesting to count how many of this parish, both members of the Acolytes Guild and congregation can thank this disciple - this other Andrew, for bringing them to this Sacred Place.

There are other memories, Harold wielding the carving knife at acolyte and parish feasts, nobody left without a full plate; another, the birthday cards each acolyte would receive; and another, the most recent, Harold ensconced in the old wooden armchair in the acolytes' room musing on all the changes and how things were in the old days. In this regard, Harold echoed the words of our favourite bishop, Bishop Stiff, who is heard to say from time-to-time:

"I hate all changes even if they are for the better."

I am sure you all have stories to tell and there will be time following this mass at the reception to be held in the undercroft of the church.

And finally, my own memories. In the past several years, Harold gave up driving at night, by the way he scored 100% on his driving test at age 88 just before last Christmas, and I would drive him to Evensong.

Even though not a generation separated us, I used to call him "Dad" and introduce him as such to new acolytes. This always started a rumpus, he was so easy to tease and rise to the bait when I compared the new better way of doing things to the old-fashioned ways. When he wearied of argument, or at the very odd time when he was persuaded to one's point of view, he would shake his jowls muttering "sure, sure, sure" and that would end the matter. Our trips to and from church were scenes of many lively debates and each would

arrive home exhausted looking forward to a glass of another kind of spirit.

Harold Wardman - a loving husband and brother, a diligent worker in the communities of which he was a member, a faithful acolyte, a servant of the church, a good friend to many, my dear friend, but above all a Christian.

Harold Wardman: Born in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Five. Born again into the Kingdom of Heaven in this Year of Grace, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Ninety-four. MAY HE REST IN PEACE. Amen.

Walter Hardacre, Lay Reader

Hospitality

I wonder how often your mind wanders. If you're anything like me, sometimes it wanders quite a lot — especially in church! Often I find that this wandering is accompanied by a recollection of some word, saying or quotation. (Yes, I must confess it is more often accompanied by nothing nearly so edifying!)

"It has been the case for donkey's years that at coffee hours or receptions it's all too easy to glob on to the circle of people you know very well and ignore the person standing on the periphery. And I do think that we need to work at recognizing the stranger in our midst and do something more to make them welcome."

R.A.H.

Lately, my cerebral wanderings have often been along paths that relate to "hospitality". Many of you will recall the appeals in the Sunday leaflet for more people to help us at St. Thomas's be more "hospitable". The response has been poor and, I suppose, one of the points of my wanderings (if one can truthfully say they have "points") is mulling over why.

The OED states that the derivation of "hospitality" and words of the same family is from Latin, via Old French: *hospitale*, "a place of reception for guests". Guests, and the reception of them, makes me think of....

Can one's mind wander to a more fruitful place than the Psalms? I think of the psalm, "The earth is the Lord's...." Well, if psalms don't stir me I might land on the hymns, say, "This is my Father's world". (Apologies for gender-specific language!) I think how we are all guests here. Or to wander more, now metamorphosed somewhat, to some letter writer in the New Testament, who less comfortingly put it ... we seek a country ... we are all strangers and pilgrims here on earth.... God, the great bestower of hospitality, hmm I wander....

Theresa of Avila, that great mystic and mover-and-shaker, somewhere talks about Christ as now on earth having no hands but ours. Christ's hands, I wander....

Hands are really so beautiful in a weird sort of way. In acts of hospitality they have so many uses: the hand shake, the embrace, a wave, the

preparation of food, the pouring of a glass of wine (or whatever). But Christ's hands, they must have been used for these things as well. And now we are his hands?!

But for Anglicans, great lovers of Lent and other elements associated with the Passion, and as members of St. Thomas's with that marvelous rood carving, Christ's hands are first and foremost stretched out and nailed on the Cross. Hospitality ... a place of reception for guests ... he has no hands but ours now.... My mind wanders to a collect I know only from the American Prayer Book (I'm not sure, but I don't think the BAS adopted it.) [editor, please reset the following]

Lord Jesus Christ, you stretched out your arms of love on the hard wood of the cross that everyone might come within the reach of your saving embrace: So clothe in

say nothing of Outreach) was so poor. This is not to be altogether condemnatory, for I know myself there are numerous reasons for not greeting the stranger in our midst. But more often than I care to think, there are strangers who have actually made the effort to come to coffee hour and they are totally ignored, or offered nothing more than a passing smile of welcome. It is at times like this that my mind wanders I think of a superbly challenging sermon my first rector preached. I can now only recall the Biblical text, but that is enough. Revelation 3: 15&16 "I know your works: you are neither cold nor hot. Would that you were cold or hot! So, because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth." The word "spew" echoed around that church. And I recall the preacher repeated the last sentence for extra effect. It was not, nor is not, a comforting image. Will we be vomited up simply because we have not reached out our hands in love. I wander... "a place of reception for guests" The end.

Glen Spurrell



your Spirit that we, reaching forth our hands in love, may bring those who do not know you to the knowledge and love of you; for the honor of your Name. Amen.

And then at the coffee hour I watch the room as I have my cup of tea and chat with people. And I'm no longer surprised that the response to the appeal for hospitality (to

REVIEW ★★★

Mystical Paths, Susan Howatch (Fawcett Crest, New York: 1992)

"The author, Susan Howatch, leads her characters through days of great joy and great terror, and never puts a foot wrong as she describes in context the polity and politics of the Church of England."

On my library shelves sits a book I have passed by many times. The book's cover being rather colourfully offputting, and my having only a vague recollection of the author have caused me to neglect reading it. But several weeks ago, I had to take a long TTC bus trip and at the last minute (always!) I was rummaging around for reading material. There it sat, beggars can't be choosers I thought. How wrong I was!

I had picked up a gripping "thriller" and a thought-provoking work rolled into one.

Set in and around mythical Starbridge, a see city somewhere in the south of England (it is really Salisbury), a drama of a young man caught in the upheavals of the 60's and plagued by psychical gifts unfolds. The author, Susan Howatch, leads her characters through days of great joy and great terror, and never puts a foot wrong as she describes in context the polity and politics of the Church of England.

Demon possession and Jungian psychology get equal treatment on each page. This may sound either heavy or frivolous, but it's not. Everything is introduced naturally and in context. Monks, priests, socialites and everyday life combine in a tale of great interest.

Each chapter is prefaced by quotations taken from the writings of Michael Ramsey and Christopher Bryant SSJE. If forceful drama with a liberal twist of the occult is not your "thing", these quotations alone make the novel worth reading. The author uses these to great effect. I'm very tempted to say

this book would make good Lenten reading—but I'm afraid that sounds either soppy or damning with faint praise!

Let me leave you with a portion of the book. This excerpt comes near the end of the novel, when most of the fuss is over, but many things have been discovered and resolved; this will explain its rather heavy-hitting meditative nature.

And as I see far beyond time and space to the mystery that veils the Godhead, I can feel at the very centre of my being the spark which connects me to that ultimate mystery, the mystery which no man will ever unfold on this side of the grave. All one can do in this life is to embark on that journey to the centre, where the immanent God dwells, and fight to continue that journey no matter how many obstacles are thrust in one's path. I know that in order to serve the mysterious transcendent God to the best of my ability I must continually work to align myself with the immanent God, the God within; I must continually strive to realise the blueprint of my personality and become the man God created me to be.

I must lay my problems before God, pray that His will be done, pray that my will be united with His, pray that I may move forward with faith and hope and love upstream on the river I'm called to navigate. And now another absolute truth seems to be pressing so hard on my psyche that I seem to see it written in letters of fire: serve God, love God, trust God, and the door will open into eternal life. Or in other language: don't violate your true self by worshipping only what your ego demands, don't override the call of your true self in order to respond to the summons of false gods, don't sink into disintegration by turning your back on the one road which can guarantee you the happiness of fulfilment. Our task is to be whole, not fragmented, to be fully human, not mere naked apes, to reach upwards towards the

Light, not to dive headlong into the Dark, and always God is there, calling us to integration, to self-realisation, to eternal life, by pressing on our psyches to lure us on towards Him. We may have to struggle on our inner journey through the labyrinth of the unconscious mind, but the guiding light is always there ahead of us at the source of the river within.

Mystical Paths is the fifth in a series of novels. The others in this series are *Glittering Images*, *Glamorous Powers*, *Ultimate Prizes*, and *Scandalous Risks*.

Glen Spurrell

VIEWPOINT ★★★★★

Reflections on "Can we learn from Warren Eling's murder?"

Jesus looked up and said to her, "Woman, where are they? Has no one condemned you?" She said, "No one, Lord." And Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn you; go and do not sin again."

John 8.10, 11

In the last issue, several reactions to the murder of Warren Eling were reported, all expressing similar viewpoints. In brief, it was stated that the teachings of the Church promulgate hatred and fear of homosexuals, and that the Church should cease to regard homosexual acts as sinful.

The first charge is one that is commonly made nowadays. In a word, such a claim is absurd. The Church does not promulgate either hatred or fear, much less murder, of any sinner. In the Mosaic law of the Old Testament, the punishment for some sins was

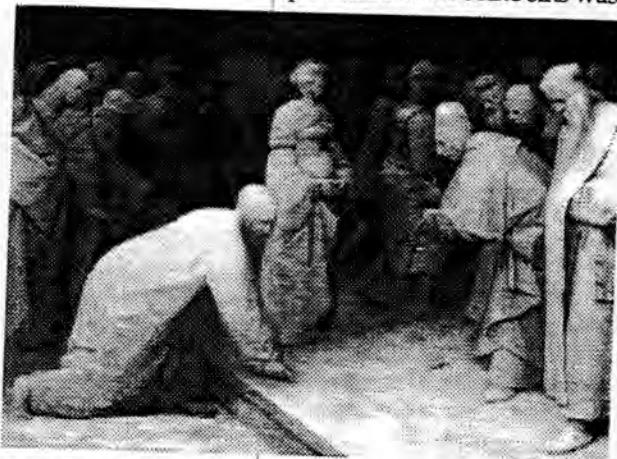
in this article that Christians who regard Scripture as presenting a coherent, divinely-revealed body of moral teaching must by definition not welcome homosexuals in their midst. Somehow it seems to be assumed that such Christians, and the Church as a whole, arbitrarily regard homosexual behaviour as worse than any other sin. The reasoning behind such an assumption is hard to fathom. Of course the Church welcomes homosexuals, just as she does the rest of us. Her attitude mirrors that of Our Lord, who did not associate Himself with prostitutes and tax-gatherers to demonstrate acceptance of their lifestyles, but of *them*. Describing Himself as a doctor ministering to the ill, He called them to ongoing repentance and discipleship - just as He calls us, whom He has also accepted. The whole reason for the Church's existence is to pass on not only the news of that acceptance, but that call to active discipleship. And make no mistake, Our Lord warned His followers that the cost of following Him would be high.

The individuals quoted in this article share fundamental assumptions: that having been redeemed, we are all "O.K.", and that a good God would not make demands on us involving self-examination and self-denial. The pop psychology of the 1960's convinced the generation growing up at that time that negative feelings about oneself were bad and destructive, and always to be avoided; hence the increasing tendency in the western main-line churches, which have come most strongly under this influence, to downplay the reality of sin and to present Christian worship as a celebration of

"community". It is no accident that contemporary liturgies take such pains to avoid mentioning the Cross and the Atonement, and to discourage the confession of sin. Although congregations and parishes in these churches have of course always been conscious of being communities, until recently we were communities of sinners, bound together in love for and service to our Redeemer, in recognition of our shared need for His help, and in gratitude for that help. Now, we are being told that, in place of charity for our neighbours' sins, we must simply pretend that both theirs and ours don't exist. But it is obvious that a church that follows this path must soon end up discarding the Gospel itself - or else preach a meaningless Incarnation, Passion and Resurrection for the forgiveness of non-existent sins.

We can indeed learn from Warren Eling's murder. He was a well-loved man, with many God-given gifts. Yet he was also a sinner, just like the rest of us. Recognition of the latter does not necessitate denial of the former. *Requiescat in pacem.*

Diana Versegghy



Pieter Breughel the Elder (ca. 1525-1569):

Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery

indeed death: for example, for adultery. However, in the episode of the woman taken in adultery, Our Lord gives Christians a new law: to show mercy and forgiveness to sinners, in recognition of the fact that we are sinners ourselves. At the same time, He does not shut His eyes to the woman's sin: she is still told, "Go your way, and sin no more." Following His example, the Church is likewise bound to forgive sinners; but she is also bound, again following His example, to recognize sin and, with charity, to rebuke it.

In a similar vein, it is inexplicably taken for granted

"The Prayer Book Society does not insist that the BCP should be our church's only prayer book."

LETTERS ★★★★★

The "Viewpoint" article in the last issue correctly describes the Prayer Book Society as upholding the Book of Common Prayer as the standard of doctrine, theology and worship of the Anglican Church of Canada. However, the next sentence ruins this good start by saying, "This in spite of the fact that only five percent of Anglicans nationwide think that the BCP should be our church's exclusive prayer book."

Quite apart from the fact that the survey quoted does not report the views of Anglicans in the pews, but only those of certain selected groups within the church, this statement is a glaring *non sequitur*. The Prayer Book Society does not insist that the BCP should be our church's only prayer book. For years now, it has patiently repeated that its concern about alternative liturgies is basically that these should conform to Prayer Book standards in matters of doctrine. This statement is printed on the back page of every newsletter, and has been reiterated countless times in the Society's publications, for example in the "Popular Misconceptions about the PBSC" pamphlet, a supply of which I regularly place at the back of the narthex.

How much longer will it take before people open their eyes to what the Society is really saying, rather than projecting their own assumptions onto it?

Diana Versegny

The Prayer Book Society of Canada (PBSC) does, however, insist that the BCP should be the only standard of doctrine, theology and worship. While the Society indeed says that it has no objections to other liturgies it has rejected almost totally the only other official prayer book currently available, i.e. The Book of*

Alternative Services.

In its Submission to the BAS Evaluation Commissioners this is what the PBSC is really saying in referring to the BAS as:

- doctrinally insufficient, inconsistent and credally confused;
- critically flawed and inadequate;
- historically inaccurate and out of step with recent scholarship;
- not Anglican and not consistent with our heritage;
- highly individualistic and subjectivist;
- catering "to the shallow sentimental, narcissistic cult of nuptial romance promoted by soap operas and the wedding merchandise industry";
- using language that is "rootless and cold";
- not adequately teaching the Biblical understanding of sin;
- remote from the Canadian mainstream;
- being characteristically double-minded; and
- rarely, if ever, acknowledging our need and complete dependence on God's Holy Spirit.

Ed.

See Desmond Scotchmer, PBSC Newsletter, May 1993.

We acknowledge receipt of your donation to the Playschool for scholarship/bursary use for its member families. This year we were able to offer fee subsidy support to three members of our co-operative, which funding enabled their children to continue to participate in our program.

On behalf of all the members of Huron Playschool we wish to express our grateful appreciation of your generosity and rent support.

Yours truly,
Deborah Louie, Treasurer and
Teresa Smegal Assistant
Treasurer and Church Liason

FINANCIAL ★

Envelope Secretary's Report for 1993

We started 1993 with 167 sets of envelopes and finished with 184 sets. However, a total of 15 sets were not used at all, or discontinued for various reasons and 3 subscribers died during the year.

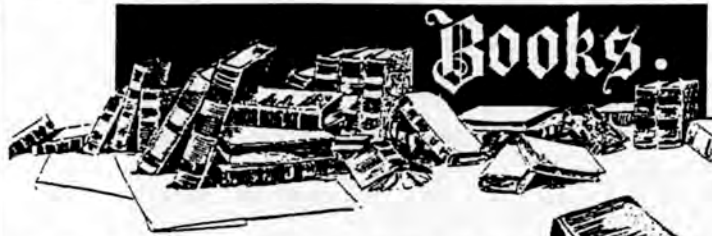
We also had 38 annual or quarterly subscribers, 83 occasional donors and/or visitors and 54 specials, which included all the feasts, Lent, memorials and Memorial Flowers, Foster Parents, etc.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank Barbara Obrai and Harold Jones for their frequent and generous help.

Weekly averages for 166 contributors were:

Up to and including:	\$	1.00	4
		2.00	8
		3.00	12
		5.00	14
		8.00	28
		10.00	28
		15.00	12
		20.00	10
		25.00	
		30.00	6
		35.00	8
over		40.00	18

*Elizabeth C. Lemberger,
Envelope Secretary*



"One of my most exciting days came when the Presbyterian minister let me have the key to the glass-doored bookcase in his church basement."

Three things I'll never be able to take for granted: water, trees and books. I was raised in a small prairie town in the '30s (Oxbow Saskatchewan, population 500) and while it was a marvellous place to ride ponies and observe beaver and birds, there was never enough rain, green grass or books. My father tried to establish a lending library but during the Depression and drought few had money to contribute. I grew up starved for books and used to knock on neighbours' doors to ask if they had any. One of my most exciting days came when the Presbyterian minister let me have the key to the glass-doored bookcase in his church basement. I can still recall vividly the ray of sunshine that flooded through the basement window and the dust motes that rose and drifted in it as I fitted the tiny brass key into that musty old bookcase and breathlessly pulled forth the cracked leather volumes I found there.

The books must have been as dry inside as out because I don't remember any of them; possibly they were 19th century Presbyterian sermons or pious morality tales designed for good children to read after

Sunday School. But the thrill I feel at the sight of a shelf of unread books has never deserted me I want to know what's inside them all.

I came to Toronto when I was 18, and was equally astounded by the luxuriant green foliage and the acres and acres of bookshelves to be found in public libraries. I still am. If reading addiction was illegal, I'd have been languishing in prison most of my life.

Predictably, when I came to St. Thomas five years ago it didn't take me long to find the bookshelves. And what a library St. Thomas turned out to have. Nothing at all like that meagre, dusty church basement of my childhood. I began prowling so regularly at the west end of the Parish Hall that Jack Bush was the first person I knew and for many months the only lay person I talked to besides Merrium Clancy who stood up with me at my baptism.

So when Jack felt he needed a rest from Sunday morning library duty it was perhaps natural that he should ask me to relieve him since I usually had my head in the shelves anyway. It's a marvellous library: I reckon roughly 1400 books about almost any

subject related in any way to Christianity; letters, biographies, journals, books about prayer, liturgy, meditation, monasticism, saints, church architecture, church artifacts, church history, Bible commentaries and dictionaries as well as theological works. There may even be published sermons, though I haven't run across them.

From the viewpoint of a native of Oxbow Saskatchewan, St. Thomas parishioners are mightily blessed. In fact we have such an embarrassment of riches that we're going to have to retire some books of which we have duplicates to a "stacks" cupboard. Father Freeland has promised to see if any books can be culled. When that happens we'll need to do some shifting and reorganizing. Catherine Spence and Gene Stewart have declared themselves willing to help with that or to relieve me at the library table if ever I should get sick or go on holiday.

And PLEASE LOOK IN YOUR BOOKSHELVES TO SEE IF YOU HAVE ANY OVERDUE LIBRARY BOOKS AND RETURN THEM. Otherwise I may be phoning you. *Carroll Allen Dale*

Battle of the Sopranos Kendrick/Williams

Battle of the Sopranos: A delightful duel of women's voices rings out Sunday, April 10 at 3 p.m., when sopranos Kim Kendrick and Denise Williams present an eclectic mix of solos and duets, from Bach to Bernstein. Bach's haunting Jesus Saviour from the St. Matthew Passion celebrates the Easter season. The

performance takes place in the

Chancel room

Metropolitan United Church, 56 Queen St. E.
Tickets \$15 adults; \$10 students and seniors.

For advance tickets and information call
588 6120.



Saint Thomas's
Church
383 Huron Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5S 2G5

POSTMASTER:
Return requested

Honorary Assistant Priests:
Michael J. Lloyd,
W. David Neelands,
John H.B. Rye and
Bishop Hugh Stiff

Lay Readers:
Walter O. Hardacre
Mary Suddon

Churchwardens:
Phyllis Garden
(925-7376)
Stuart Niermeyer
(249-4043)

Deputy Churchwardens:
Roger Hughes &
Robert Dunbar

Organist & Choirmaster:
John Tuttle
Organ Scholar:
Elizabeth Anderson

Sexton: Harold Jones
(979-2474)

Treasurer: Elaine Bell

Parish Secretary:
Barbara Obrai

Contributions Recorder:
Elizabeth C. Lemberger

Coordinators of Sidesmen:
Donald Garden

Church/Hall bookings:
Mary Suddon (924-6179)

RECTOR'S "STATE-OF-THE-CHURCH"

(Concluded from page 3)

have a very good laugh about it in the end. In fact I think he thinks that the church is just like the *Yes Minister* T.V. show. And so on your behalf, because he's your warden, I want to say to Willem a very hearty thank you for his efforts as churchwarden. He will continue, I know, to produce our Sunday leaflet, he does the printing of that each week and also edits the newsletter and various other things which he does, but particularly, and especially for his four years as churchwarden, I want to say on your behalf, a very warm thank you.

To John Tuttle, and the choirs, the Acolytes Guild and the Altar Guild. I would especially thank Merrium Clancy who has given up this month the position of President of the Altar Guild in which she has worked so very hard over so many years. We will miss her, I thanked her at the closing meeting of the Altar Guild and in her place I have appointed Doreen Stanton, a long-time member of the Guild who is sitting here in the front row. Please welcome Doreen.

And last but not least I want to say thank you to

Elaine Bell our treasurer and book keeper and to Barbara Obrai who as you know some years ago volunteered to be our part-time office secretary when we had to let the full-time secretary go and after a year as volunteer we began to pay her, a pittance. Barbara now knows more about the innards of the Sunday liturgy than I know, and I think she may be going on to the National Church and produce the Ordo, or something, next. And Harold and Gwen Jones who now work in tandem. I think they always did, but now they are officially in tandem as Sextons. Thank you Harold and Gwen.

You would appreciate Harold more if you had seen this hall at 5 o'clock last night. The floor was quite clear of chairs but covered in mud and I can imagine the average Sexton saying "O good heavens" but not Harold. He set to work and the place was spick and span by the time I entered it on my way to the 8 o'clock this morning.

Roy A. Hoult

**Edited for length. A verbatim transcript of the address may be available from Barbara Obrai if you're really nice to her.*



INTEGRITY TORONTO
P.O. Box 873
Toronto, Ont M4Y 2N9
Tel.: (416) 941-9213

Wednesday evenings
7:30

The Church of the Holy
Trinity, Eaton Centre
(Enter by East/back door)

Gay and lesbian
Anglicans and friends

**Stop 103 (the
foodbank) is in
urgent need of finan-
cial support. Dried
goods may be depos-
ited in the container
in the narthex.**

*If you can help, please send a
donation to:*
STOP 103
Box 69, Station "E"
Toronto, Ontario M6H 4E1.