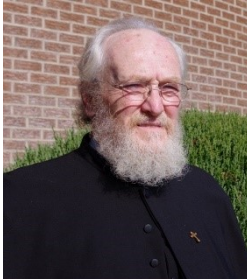


THE TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN NEWS

MARCH 15, 2019

VOLUME 7, ISSUE 3

Fr. Robert's Remarks



FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD, SSC
VICAR GENERAL

Thereby the whole Congregation was put in mind of the message of pardon and absolution contained in the Gospel of our Saviour, and of the need which all Christians continually have, of a renewal of their repentance and faith. I therefore invite you, in the name of the Church, to the observance of a holy Lent, by self-examination and repentance, by prayer, fasting, and self-denial, and by reading and meditation upon God's holy Word.. Penitential Service (BCP Canada 1962)

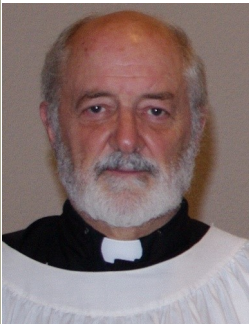
Greetings! The Lord be with you!

In the Exhortation of the Penitential Service, are the words quoted at the head of this column. One of the items which we are to take seriously at all times and especially in Lent is the “reading and meditation upon God’s holy Word.” You can see the same notion at the end of the Catechism in the Prayer Book where we are directed to create a Rule of Life. One of the items is to be considered in the creation of the Rule of Life is “[t]he practice of private prayer, Bible-reading, and self-discipline.”

In a little booklet entitled, *How to Read Your Bible*, published by Conciliar Press, now Ancient Faith Publishing, Metropolitan Kallistos (Ware) —a friend of the late Bishop Carmino deCatanzaro—wrote,

Rev. Peter Jardine: A Sermon for Sexagesima

(Continued on page 11)



REV. PETER JARDINE

The seed is the word of God. St. Luke 8:11.

In the entire history of mankind there has never been a seed so rich or so important as the word of God. It is the one and only seed which can be planted into each of us and then blossom into holiness.

For this to happen we have to be ready to welcome the seed and, with God’s gracious help, nourish it as best we can. We cannot point to a particular time in our lives and say, That will be the planting season! We may encounter the seed as children, in our teenage years, in early adulthood, middle age or late in life. So we can perhaps look back and say, That *was* the planting season!

In fact, we will encounter this seed at all of those stages of life because God makes sure that His word touches us with great frequency. The result of each planting depends upon the state of the ground it touches at the time it lands.

At crop sowing time the wise farmer prepares his land with great care to ensure that the seed will burst into life and produce the plants he wants. We need to copy the farmer and prepare our inner selves with the greatest possible care so that the seed of the word of God can take root and grow.

The seed may seem different, depending on where we find it in the word of God and when it takes root. But the beautiful

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Rev. Peter Jardine: A Sermon for Sexagesima

plant is always the same when it matures – a human soul made fit for heaven.

And the results will be different according to the state of the ground when the seed lands. Jesus paints a comprehensive picture of this in the parable of the sower. With very rare exceptions every one of us has contained a heart of each kind described by Jesus for at least some part of our lives.

That requires a decision to be made – a decision to listen carefully to the word of God and to be determined to open our hearts to welcome it.

We do not want to be among those standing at the wayside. That is a dangerous place where the devil can devour the seed as soon as it lands.



We do not want our hearts to be like rocky ground. There the seed of the word bursts into life, but the life is short lived. It has been visible on the surface but has not penetrated the soul where it would have been watered and nourished.

We do not want to be in a state where the seed blossoms, only to be choked later by the cares of this world, the pleasures of this world, or the business of this world. Such things can choke off the blossoming of the word of God in our lives and it may be too late when we see what a tragic error we made in allowing those things to become dominant.

This ground is perhaps the most common ground on which the seed lands. There are so many things in this world which we can allow to push our focus on the next world into a blurred background. Many of these things seem unimportant – a little fun here, a little fun there. But it is surprising how easy it is for them to take over.

Some of them actually seem to *be* important – our families, our businesses, our contributions to society, for example. Of course, we must love and care for our families and pay attention to how we earn a living. We should take an interest in what our governments, local and national are doing. But never should any of these things take prominence over our devoted service to God.

No! We must keep ourselves in the realm of the seed which fell on good ground. And if we live with that as our priority, we will find ourselves doing the other things which matter much more effectively, in accordance with the will of God.

We must give the word of God the full importance it merits. We must welcome it into our hearts and cherish it with unbounded love. We must genuinely repent of our sins and reject absolutely those temptations which lead us to sin. We must believe in Jesus Christ without a shadow of doubt and obey Him completely. And we will find it very easy to rejoice in doing those things.

We must accept the seed of the word of God in our hearts and pray for the help of the Holy Spirit to nourish it there, yielding those pure fruits of the Spirit which our beloved Jesus Christ longs to see bursting from us in glorious bloom.



Bonnie's Reflections: Words On Fire



MRS. BONNIE IVEY

An anecdote tells about a priest who began his sermon by stating “There is one part of the body that leads to more sin and grief than any other!” He let that sink in a moment. “Would you like to see it?” Another pause. Eyebrows in the congregation went way up. Leaning over the pulpit, he opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue as far as he could.

James wrote in his epistle, “Consider what a great forest is set on fire by a small spark. The tongue is also a fire, a world of evil among the parts of the body. It corrupts the whole person, sets the whole course of his life on fire, and is itself set on fire by hell.” (James 3: 5-6)

Corrupts the whole person? Sets the whole course of his life on fire? This seems extreme, even impossible.

What is speech? It is the way we express thoughts and feelings through spoken (or written) words. Our words can be benign and useful. They can be lies or promote ill-will. We can speak praise of God, then curse our neighbor who has been made in God’s likeness. (James 3:9) Once we give ourselves license to judge someone negatively, we justify ourselves by thinking up evidence to back up our opinion. Our speech becomes filled with phrases like “the trouble with you is...” “You always” and “You never”. This can erode a relationship, destroy a business partnership, or sink a marriage. The course of a life can indeed be set on fire.



Jesus taught that our words don’t just dissipate in the air like smoke. They have consequences. The person who calls another a contemptible nobody is liable to judgment. Calling someone a fool puts one in danger of hell fire. (Matthew 5:22) But who are we to “judge another man’s servant?” (Romans 14:4) We will each have to give account on the day of judgement for every careless word we have spoken. **“For by your words you will be acquitted, and by your words you will be condemned.” (Matthew 12: 36-37)**

Words on paper, or on screen, are likewise crucial. Since we can be at one remove when we write a note, or push SEND on an internet device, our conscience sleeps. We do not have to see the face of the one we injure with our words. There is a cruelty lurking in many of us, that longs to “take that so-and-so down a peg” with our written contempt. We may start young. The unpopular child at school leaves an insulting anonymous note in someone’s desk. The teenager uses a cell phone to mock their former friend. An adult reveals something personally demeaning about a co-worker, and makes certain this character assassination reaches thousands within a day.

We might find it exciting and pleasant to have power over others through what

Bonnie's Reflections: Words On Fire

we write. We are more likely to be snared by little power trips because it is all anonymous and there seem to be no consequences. We post a scathing review of someone's work. We sow doubt about someone's honesty. We might even become a Troll.

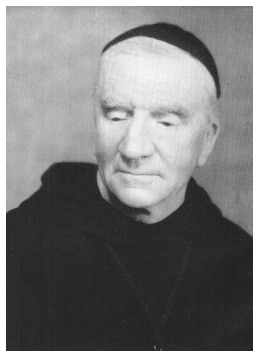
Trolls are people who get pleasure from causing distress to others by what they write online. A group of teens multiply messages about "that girl" who is ugly, needy, useless, and absolutely socially on the outside. Useful discussion forums can be hijacked by mockery and false information. Some trolls search out sites that give access to people struggling with handicaps, illness, or bereavement. "Why don't you just kill yourself?" they suggest. Sometimes the victim does.

The internet can be a blessing but can multiply the power of sinful words. False information can spread like fire. Lies can be made to appear as truths. There are efforts published online right now to redefine basic truths of the Christian faith by clever substitution of one meaning for another.

Are we careful with our words? Do we teach our children and grandchildren that words have consequences that reach out through time? Are there words of our own for which we must ask forgiveness?



Fr. Andrew, S.D.C.: The Symbolism of the Sanctuary



FR. ANDREW, SDC

IV THE ALTAR CANDLES

‘I turned to see the voice which spare with me. And having turned I saw seven golden candle-sticks; and in the midst of the candlesticks one like unto a son of man.’

—Rev. I. 12, 13, R.V.

TO-NIGHT I want to talk to you about the altar candles. What is our life for? I think there are people who never ask themselves that question. I was reading a French book this morning and in it I read these words: ‘Anyhow, the writing of this book has given me the shadow of a reason for living through a week.’ What an awful state of mind the man must have got into who wrote that! What is our life for? Yesterday I took a quiet afternoon for men and I was putting this question before them. I think I had eighty men in church with me; it was good to think that eighty men would come apart on a Saturday afternoon to think out this kind of thing.

After all, what is my life for? Well, whatever it is for, the life of each one of you is a witness to something: something silly or something big, something good or something bad. In big lives the witness is very clear. Take three examples: take the life of the Duke of Wellington; what was that a witness to? It was a witness to a sense

“ARE WE CAREFUL
WITH OUR
WORDS?”

Fr. Andrew, S.D.C.: The Symbolism of the Sanctuary

of duty; I should say that that man was incarnate duty; and you might be many worse things than that. Take the life of his great opponent, Napoleon; I should say that the life of Napoleon was a witness to ambition; I should say that Napoleon was incarnate ambition. He never made a speech without talking about the glory of France, and his ambition was very often a fine one, an ambition for his country. Here are two men: you could say the life of one was incarnate duty and the other incarnate ambition. And you can say that the life of the Emperor Nero was a witness to cruelty and lust. Now, my children, remember that this is true: every life is a witness to something; there is not a single person in this church who is not witnessing.

To what ought we to witness? What ought our life to express? Surely it is quite clear: our life ought to express the idea of the Author of our life. What does any artist want to do when he draws his picture or models his clay? He wants to express his idea; he will point to his picture and say to you, 'That is my attempt to interpret the model I had before me.' Look at my picture of our Lord in the baptistery; I am proud to remember that an artist of distinction once said to me, 'Well, anyhow you have expressed your idea.' I tried to express sorrow and strength; I tried to express sorrow and love. Any artist when he paints or models is seeking to express an idea; he looks at you and says, 'Can you see my idea?' In our Passion play we try to express the idea of the love of the Passion, the spiritual beauty shining through it, the presence of the unseen Christ made manifest in it all. We ourselves, every one of us, should truly be expressing by our lives the idea of our Creator in creating us.

How shall we know what God's idea is? Surely we can say this: that we should know what God's idea of human nature was if God Himself took human nature and in human nature revealed Himself to us. Now, do we believe that that has taken place? We all of us do; we believe when we look at the crucifix, when we look at the dear Babe in Mary's arms, that we see God's idea—the *chef d'oeuvre de Dieu*. God has taken human nature, and with it He has painted a picture, He has modelled a model, that beautiful, wonderful, adorable thing we call Jesus. We can see what human life is meant to do: it is meant to witness to God's idea; humanity is meant to be the revelation of God. That is an immense thing to think about our poor, soiled human nature, isn't it? And yet it is true; and you and I must believe it and not say when some poor girl goes wrong, 'Oh, that is human nature.' But we must look at the Cross, at blessed Mary with her Babe, and say, 'That is human nature.'

In old Church writings you will read that there are seven lights upon the



Fr. Andrew, S.D.C.: The Symbolism of the Sanctuary

altar: you are only accustomed to seeing six. But there are seven lights: first of all, the holy crucifix which is the chief light, and, on either side, six lights which witness to that light. So you and I are meant to be living altar lights; we are meant to witness to the Christ-light that has come into this world. I have reminded you how on Holy Saturday all the lights in the church are put out and a light is lighted and blessed, and from that light the great Paschal candle is lighted and every other light in the church. Every light lighted from the one great candle bears witness to that light, because every light has taken its light from that light.

That gives us, I think, three great lessons. The first is this: there is *the* light of the glory of God revealed in the face of Jesus Christ which tells us what God is. The great crucifix in the centre of the altar stands for that, and symbolizes that revelation of God in the same sort of way that the Paschal candle symbolizes the light of that revelation. There is *the* light to which we are to return again and again and again. My children, get back to the Cross of Jesus again and again and again. When you are in a temper get down on your knees and do not get up until the temper is gone; if you doubt the love of God get down on your knees and look at the crucifix and let the presence of Jesus have power over you until the doubt of God's love has gone; if you are going to do something wrong get down on your knees and look at the crucifix and think of God's pain and do not rise from your knees until your will is right and you can make the sacrifice that God demands.

Secondly, our lives are all to be lighted at His light: that is what Baptism means. Yesterday I baptized the baby of one of my children who is very dear to me; one thinks of that baby as not only the baby of those two children but the very child of God, a little Christ. Did Simeon hold in his arms anything very different from that little baptized child who lay in my arms?

Every life in this church is lighted with the light of God. As soon as the candles are lighted what happens? They begin to die; they begin to live; they begin to witness. Suppose our Lord had taken 'safety first' as His motto; if He had done so He might have got out of the Garden of Gethsemane so easily; He need never have gone to Jerusalem at all. But there never would have been a life of Christ, nor a revelation of God. So He tells us that if we would save our lives we must lose them; like the candles, if we are going to live we must begin to die. And all the time we must be witnessing. In His greatest darkness the light shone out most clearly. You know that twenty-second psalm which He began to say on the Cross itself, that great Messianic psalm, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' In that great darkness He could make use of the ancient poetry of His people and recite the great classic psalm which tells of victory in pain; He could still trust the Father's love and say, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.' When He was dying He revealed most clearly the love of God for us His children.

We have these two thoughts then: first, we have the true light in Jesus; secondly, that our little candles, our little tapers—and every one of us is a light of God, a living

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altar light, a taper shining perhaps in some dark place—are lights lighted from the supreme Light.

The third thing is this : you know how in the service of *Tenebrae* all the lights are put out except one light which is hidden for a time and then brought back again; so all the lights about our dearest Lord were put out, and it seemed as if His light was going to be quenched too. But the light came back on Easter morning, and those who loved Him knew that love had triumphed, that love had not been defeated. Our third thought then is just this: that even as His life was only veiled and never quenched, so we may believe about ourselves that death is just a veiling of our life while we pass on to the perfect fulfilment of our life according to the true idea of the Creator of our life and in the power of the redemption wrought by the Saviour of our life.

In the real world—the world to which we are journeying—we shall find One Who is as the Son of Man; and about Him we shall find those who witnessed to His light—the Son of Man among the golden candlesticks. That, I think, is the message of the altar lights to you and to me. We are to be witnessing always; we are not to be afraid of dying; we only live because we die. And if it is true to say that in the midst of life we are in death, I am sure that it is truer still to say that in the midst of death we are in life.

Continued next month The Sacred Vestments



St. Patrick: March 17



Saint Patrick (385 - 431) was a fifth-century Romano British missionary and bishop. He is the principal patron of Ireland and is known as the “Apostle of Ireland”, the others being St. Bride of Kildare and St. Columba of Iona—both of which are patrons our two British Columbia congregations.

The ever popular, St. Patrick is venerated by Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Lutherans, and, being a pre-schism saint of the Western Church, by the Eastern Orthodox as well.

A *Lorica* is a prayer recited for protection. It is a 'protection prayer' in which the petitioner invokes all the power of God as a safeguard against evil in its many forms. The Latin word *lōrīca* originally meant "armor" or "breastplate" This definition in itself draws one's attention to Ephesians 5—the Armour of God—verses which many of us learned by heart in Sunday school.

We have some fairly brief prayers for protection in our prayer book such as

VISIT, we beseech thee, O Lord, this place, and drive from it all the snares of the enemy; let thy holy angels dwell herein to preserve us in peace; and may thy blessing be upon us evermore; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen. (from Compline)*



BELL OF ST.
PATIRCK

St. Patrick

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen (from Evening Prayer and Compline)*

A little longer prayer for protection is the Office Hymn for Compline—*Te lucis ante terminum*. The is a variety of translation. This is from the Canadian BCP (1962)

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with thy wonted favour thou
Wouldst be our guard and keeper now.

From all ill dreams defend our eyes,
From nightly fears and fantasies;
Tread under foot our ghostly foe,
That no pollution we may know.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

A couple of loricæ appear in our “Blue Hymn Book”—The Book of Common Praise (1938). One (#568) is the beloved “Be thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart.” The other is (#812) *The Invocation of the Trinity also known as “The Breastplate of St. Patrick”* versified by Cecil Frances Alexander in 1889. While often sung around St. Patrick’s Day and at the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, there would seem to be no reason at all that this Hymn (and the other prayers and hymns) should not be used regularly by anyone who is feeling the need for spiritual protection. This would especially be true in Lent. The devil tempted Jesus in the wilderness. There is probably no good reason to believe that we shall not be tempted during Lent and at other times.

Following are the lyrics in two forms. The first is a very literal translation from *The Catholic Encyclopedia*; the second is from our Hymn Book. A prayerful reflection on and use of St. Patrick’s Breastplate would not go amiss,

I bind to myself today
The strong virtue of the Invocation of the Trinity:
I believe the Trinity in the Unity
The Creator of the Universe.

I bind to myself today
The virtue of the Incarnation of Christ with His Baptism,
The virtue of His crucifixion with His burial,
The virtue of His Resurrection with His Ascension,
The virtue of His coming on the Judgement Day.

I bind to myself today
The virtue of the love of seraphim,
In the obedience of angels,
In the hope of resurrection unto reward,
In prayers of Patriarchs,

In predictions of Prophets,
In preaching of Apostles,
In faith of Confessors,
In purity of holy Virgins,
In deeds of righteous men.

I bind to myself today
The power of Heaven,
The light of the sun,
The brightness of the moon,
The splendour of fire,
The flashing of lightning,
The swiftness of wind,
The depth of sea,
The stability of earth,

St. Patrick

The compactness of rocks.

I bind to myself today
 God's Power to guide me,
 God's Might to uphold me,
 God's Wisdom to teach me,
 God's Eye to watch over me,
 God's Ear to hear me,
 God's Word to give me speech,
 God's Hand to guide me,
 God's Way to lie before me,
 God's Shield to shelter me,
 God's Host to secure me,
 Against the snares of demons,
 Against the seductions of vices,
 Against the lusts of nature,
 Against everyone who meditates injury to me,
 Whether far or near,
 Whether few or with many.

I invoke today all these virtues
 Against every hostile merciless power
 Which may assail my body and my soul,
 Against the incantations of false prophets,
 Against the black laws of heathenism,
 Against the false laws of heresy,
 Against the deceits of idolatry,

Against the spells of women, and smiths, and druids,
 Against every knowledge that binds the soul of man.

Christ, protect me today
 Against every poison, against burning,
 Against drowning, against death-wound,
 That I may receive abundant reward.

Christ with me, Christ before me,
 Christ behind me, Christ within me,
 Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
 Christ at my right, Christ at my left,
 Christ in the fort,
 Christ in the chariot seat,
 Christ in the poop [deck],
 Christ in the heart of everyone who thinks of me,
 Christ in the mouth of everyone who speaks to me,
 Christ in every eye that sees me,
 Christ in every ear that hears me.

I bind to myself today
 The strong virtue of an invocation of the Trinity,
 I believe the Trinity in the Unity
 The Creator of the Universe.



"CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA: St. Patrick". Newad-vent.org. Retrieved 2019-03-17.

1 I bind unto myself today
 the strong name of the Trinity
 by invocation of the same,
 the Three in One and One in Three.

2 I bind this day to me forever,
 by power of faith, Christ's incarnation,
 his baptism in the Jordan river,
 his death on cross for my salvation,
 his bursting from the spiced tomb,
 his riding up the heavenly way,
 his coming at the day of doom,
 I bind unto myself today.

3 I bind unto myself today
 the virtues of the starlit heaven,
 the glorious sun's life-giving ray,
 the whiteness of the moon at even,
 the flashing of the lightning free,
 the whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
 the stable earth, the deep salt sea
 around the old eternal rocks.

4 I bind unto myself today
 the power of God to hold and lead,
 God's eye to watch, God's might to stay,
 God's ear to hearken to my need,

St. Patrick

the wisdom of my God to teach,
 God's hand to guide, God's shield to
 ward,
 the word of God to give me speech,
 God's heavenly host to be my guard.

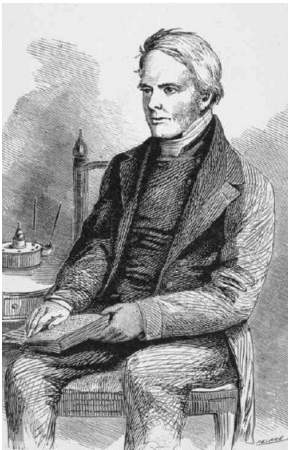
5 Christ be with me, Christ within me,
 Christ behind me, Christ before me,
 Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
 Christ to comfort and restore me.
 Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
 Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,

Christ in hearts of all that love me,
 Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

6 I bind unto myself the name,
 the strong name of the Trinity
 by invocation of the same,
 the Three in One and One in Three,
 of whom all nature has creation,
 eternal Father, Spirit, Word.
 Praise to the Lord of my salvation;
 salvation is of Christ the Lord!

✠✠✠

RSHM+



REV. JOHN KEBLE
 SKETCH-1832

*"THE CHRISTIAN
 YEAR" WAS
 PUBLISHED IN
 1827.*

John Keble: Fourth Sunday in Lent.

The Rev. John Keble was an English priest, writer, and poet. Below is the poem Fourth Sunday in Lent from his book of poems entitled The Christian Year.

Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother; and he sought where to weep, and he entered into his chamber and wept there. *Genesis xliii. 30.*

There stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. *Genesis xlv. 1.*

When Nature tries her finest touch,
 Weaving her vernal wreath,
 Mark ye, how close she veils her round,
 Not to be traced by sight or sound,
 Nor soiled by ruder breath?

Who ever saw the earliest rose
 First open her sweet breast?
 Or, when the summer sun goes down,
 The first soft star in evening's crown
 Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
 On features wan and fair,
 The gazing eye no change can trace,
 But look away a little space,
 Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
 Blushed on the rosy spray—

A brighter star, a richer bloom
 Than e'er did western heaven illumine
 At close of summer day.

'Tis Love, the last best gift of Heaven;
 Love gentle, holy, pure;
 But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
 The searching sun, the open sky,
 She never could endure.

E'en human Love will shrink from sight
 Here in the coarse rude earth:
 How then should rash intruding glance
 Break in upon *her* sacred trance
 Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,
 Ever the truest heart,
 Where deepest strikes her kindly root

John Keble: Fourth Sunday in Lent.

For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least knows its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er His woes,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
By all but Heaven unseen:

As when the holy Maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord:
Thought has not colours half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brought from
Heaven

The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,

Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
Old Israel's long-lost son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He called his conscious brethren near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasure of delight!

No— let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her, in her own soft noon,
To flourish and abide.



REV. JOHN KEBLE
25 / 04 / 1792 – 29 03 / 1866

PORTRAIT

Fr. Robert's Remarks

"As a student I used to follow the Goon show on the radio. In one particular incident that I recall, the telephone rings and a character reaches out his arm to pick up the receiver. "Hello," he says, "hello, hello." His volume rises. "Who is speaking—I can't hear you. Hello, who is speaking?" The voice at the other end says, "You are speaking." "Ah," he replies. "I thought the voice sounded familiar." And he puts the receiver down.

That unfortunately is a parable of what happens to us all too often. We are better at talking than at listening. We hear the sound of our own voice, but we don't pause to listen to the voice of the other who is speaking to us. So the first requirement, as we read Scripture, is to stop talking and to listen with obedience."

Personally, I remember reading this years ago and I too have heard the particular Goon Show sketch on the radio—though, Metropolitan Kallistos having some years on me—I heard it as a replay.

The etymology of words can be quite interesting and often very helpful. I recall looking up the words obedience, and obey. As I look it up easily, online, today, I find that its derivation is from

"late 13c., from Old French obeir "obey, be obedient, do one's duty" (12c.), from Latin obedire, oboedire "obey, be subject, serve; pay attention to, give ear," literally "listen to," from ob "to" (see [ob-](#)) + audire "listen,

Fr. Robert's Remarks

hear" (from PIE root *au- "to perceive"). [Note: PIE=Proto-Indo-European]

The relationship between hearing and doing caught my attention. Reading the etymological description brought back a memory that I have, as a child, of adults standing in front of me with finger raised and wagging while they were saying, "Now, you! listen to me!" This happened far more than once or twice. While I did not always cooperate, I really did get the impression that they wanted far more than just for me to acknowledge that I had heard the words they had said. They were expecting an effective response. They were actually expecting me to do what they had said.

Gratefully, God is not of the finger wagging sort.—as the parable of the Prodigal Son demonstrates so eloquently. The son and the brother do well enough on their own without the Father's help.

Metropolitan Kallistos began his little booklet by quoting the eighteenth century St. Tikhon of Zadonsk who wrote,

"If an earthly king, our emperor, wrote you a letter, would you not read it with joy? Certainly, with great rejoicing and careful attention. You have been sent a letter, not by any earthly emperor, but by the King of Heaven. And yet you almost despise such a gift, so priceless a treasure." He goes on to say: "whenever you read the Gospel, Christ Himself is speaking to you. And while you read, you are praying and talking to Him."

Metropolitan Kallistos continues

"We are to see Scripture as a personal letter addressed specifically to each one of us by God. We are each one of us to see Scripture reading as a direct, individual dialogue between Christ and ourselves.

In our Lenten reading, perhaps we shall have an encounter with God; not just learn some academic detail about God, but have a profound encounter with Him..

Having referred to the Prodigal Son above, I would mention that very recently, I heard a story told which was used as an object lesson to show a perspective on the heavenly Father. I paraphrase wildly.

In Mennonite country, a horse had broken loose and was running down the road. After a while, the horse turned in to a driveway. There was a welding shop on the property where the horse and his owner had been before. The horse stopped and was grazing near the shop. The shop owner, who was the one telling the story, went out and quietly tied the horse to the railing. He then drove down the road in the direction from which the horse had come. Eventually he found a man out on the road looking for the horse. The shop owner and the horse owner drove back together to the shop. The horse's human rested quietly for a while where the horse could sense his presence. After a while he went up to the horse and, as he put a lead on the horse, he asked quietly, "Are you



MET. KALLISTOS WARE.

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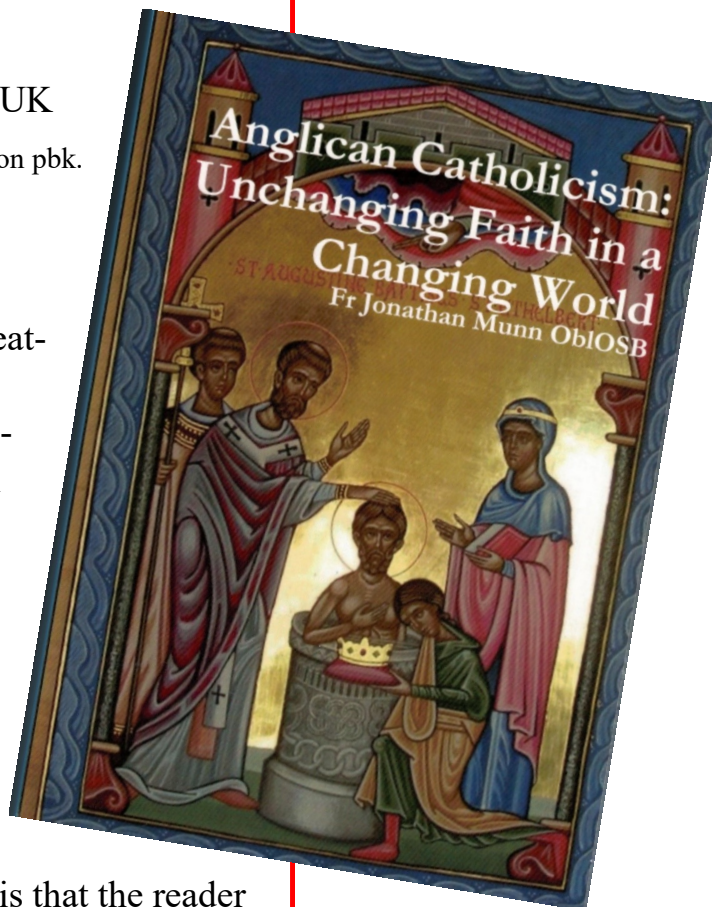
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TACC Office
136 William St.
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Fr. Robert's Remarks

ready to come home, now, fella?" And the two of them headed up the road toward home.

O what peace we often forfeit,
O what need less pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

...

In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there

(From Joseph Scriven's, "What a Friend we have in Jesus")

Till next month, God Bless!



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Fr. David Marriott
drm274@hotmail.com
409-15210 Guildford Dr.
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