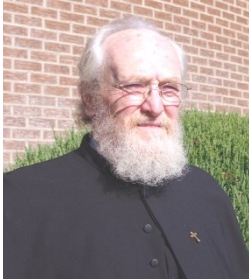


THE TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN NEWS

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Fr. Robert's Remarks



FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD, SSC
VICAR GENERAL

Greetings! The Lord be with you!

Yesterday was mid-Lent Sunday, Lent IV—commonly known as Mothering Sunday. I noticed on Facebook a posting from an Orthodox priest who was formerly a priest of the Anglican Catholic Church of Canada showing a couple of muffin trays of simnel cakes. It seemed to be an interesting and sensitive way of handling the cake in a pandemic situation.

Over the next few weeks we have a lot happening on the calendar. Around here, the pre-eminent festival seems to be that of St. Patrick; but, there are others, too. There is the feast of St. Joseph, Spouse of the B.V.M. on this coming Friday, March 19th. At the end of the next week—Passion Week—are back

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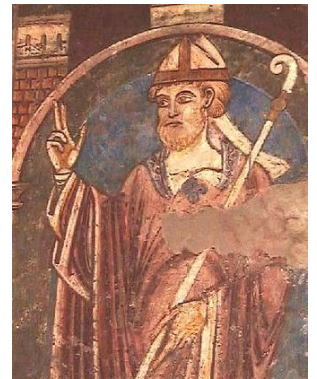
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Fr. David Marriott, SSC: St. Cuthbert



FR. DAVID MARRIOTT, SSC

On March 20th, we commemorate the feast day of St. Cuthbert. Wikipedia gives an outline of his origins: 'St. Cuthbert was born (perhaps into a noble family) in Dunbar, then in Anglo-Saxon Northumbria, and now in East Lothian, Scotland, in the mid-630s, some ten years after the conversion of King Edwin of Northumbria to Christianity in 627, which was slowly followed by that of the rest of his people. The politics of the kingdom were violent, and there were later episodes of pagan rule, while spreading understanding of Christianity through the kingdom was a task that lasted throughout Cuthbert's lifetime. Edwin had been baptized by Paulinus of York, an Italian who had come with the Gregorian mission from Rome, but his successor Oswald also invited Irish monks from Iona to found the monastery at Lindisfarne where Cuthbert was to spend much of his life. This was around 635, about the time Cuthbert was born.' (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cuthbert>)



12TH CENTURY WALL PAINTING
IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

He was involved in many of the discussions and debates which led to the Synod of Whitby being held in 664, along with his contemporaries, Eata, Wilfrid and Hilda of Whitby. This synod was of great importance, as it was there that the church adopted the dates for Christmas and Easter which had been established by the Roman church, which thus united the church from the earlier division between Celtic Christianity and that of Rome.

After Cuthbert retired, he moved to an island off the coast at Bamburgh, where life was harsh and simple in the extreme.

Fr. David Marriott, SSC: St. Cuthbert



In recent months, we have been beset by the threat of the coronavirus: we might remember that Bamburgh Castle was built, not to deter and scare away any threat from disease or storm, but from the ever-present threat from invading hordes of Viking warriors, who destroyed the original castle in 993.

What you can see in this photograph is the Norman replacement: which also tells us that even when the Vikings had destroyed the Anglo-Saxon castle, the Normans, after 1066 and all that, felt that there was still a grave threat from other potential invaders!

Although he was retired and living in seclusion on the Farne islands, he was again elected Bishop, of Hexham, but this was changed to the See of Lindisfarne. After his death in 687, again on the Farne Islands, he was first buried at Lindisfarne, which is a 'tidal' island by the sea, where the Viking raiders sought plunder. St. Cuthbert is buried, his coffin alongside the Venerable Bede, in Durham Cathedral, but this after a long journey!

Wikipedia tells us: 'In 875 the Danes took the monastery of Lindisfarne and the monks fled, carrying St Cuthbert's body with them around various places including Melrose.^[20] After seven years' wandering it found a resting place at the still existing St Cuthbert's church in Chester-le-Street until 995, when another Danish invasion led to its removal to Ripon. Then the saint intimated, as it was believed, that he wished to remain in Durham.'



These travels also led to the Irish seacoast, at Aldingham in Cumbria, which we visited on one of the Walsingham pilgrimages with Bishop Mercer. (<https://www.visitcumbria.com/sl/aldingham-st-cuthberts-church/>)

The Parish of St. Cuthbert was one more stopping place on the travels of the monks with his coffin: there are seven church dedicated to St. Cuthbert in Cumbria alone, so it is not surprising to read in Wikipedia, which tells us that after all his many challenges and difficulties: 'Cuthbert was "a figure of reconciliation and a rallying point for the reformed identity of Northumbria and England" after the absorption of the Danish populations into Anglo-Saxon society, as Michelle Brown puts it.^{[25][26]} The 8th-century historian Bede wrote both a verse and a prose life of St Cuthbert around 720. He has been described as "perhaps the most popular saint in

England prior to the death of Thomas Becket in 1170."^[27] In 698 Cuthbert was reburied at Lindisfarne in the decorated oak coffin now usually meant by St Cuthbert's coffin, though he was to have many more coffins.^[d] In 995 the "community of Cuthbert" founded and settled at Durham, guided by what they thought was the will of the saint, as the wagon carrying his coffin back to Chester-le-Street after a temporary flight from a Danish invasion became stuck hard on the road.'



Bonnies' Reflections: Storytellers



BONNIE IVEY (& LAD)

Our daily life is cluttered with stories: in print, on our phones, blabbing from the TV, on the car radio. We may feel inclined to seek silence as a relief. Yet we still like to hear someone **tell** a story; one voice only, speaking right to us.

Jesus drew crowds as he travelled from town to town. People urged their family, friends and neighbours to come and listen. Nobody else talks like this man, they said. He speaks like someone whose words you can trust. Jesus told stories about living in the Kingdom of God, in a relationship with God, in this life and forever. Sometimes they were easy to understand because they reflected daily life. Other stories could take a strange turn and invite the hearer to puzzle it out. Even his disciples might need to ask him to explain what his story meant. Stories told to us will stay with us, making pictures in our minds, unlike the background noise of our lives which is soon forgotten.

Bishop Timothy Matthews was the Anglican Church of Canada's bishop for the province of Quebec from 1971 to 1977. After his retirement he became a sought-after speaker because he was a teacher, a storyteller, like Jesus. His faith was rich and deep, and his feet were on the ground. He visited our diocese to address clergy and their wives about ministry.

Bishop Matthews was very down to earth when dealing with clergy and their congregations. He was aware that sometimes church boards do not realize how much their pastor and his family need practical support. For example, the rectory provided for the pastor's use might be in poor repair. When Bishop Matthews visited a parish, he would always ask the board members to meet with him for a meal or coffee in one or more of their homes. Then they would go together to view the rectory. The contrast in housing quality was sometimes very striking, moving board members to vote in favour of upgrading the home they provided for their pastor.

People who worked with the bishop valued his handling of difficult situations. "Don't be flustered when things go wrong," he would say. "Be still. Use the occasion. Find a way to turn it around, to everyone's advantage." However sometimes people would not be still, but would snatch up the telephone and call upon the bishop to "Do Something." He was familiar with many kinds of sinful behaviours that disturb parishes. He said hypocrisy was the greatest sin: believing in our own false claim to righteousness while putting others down, like the Pharisee despising the Publican in a story Jesus told.

Bishop Matthews faced a troubling situation in one parish. People were calling to complain about their priest. He was letting the congregation down, they said. Unreliable, missing appointments. Losing his place in church services. Visibly impaired by alcohol as he stumbled through a young couple's wedding. The priest was a drunk and they were put to shame in the town by his failings. But before Bishop Matthews could act, the priest suddenly died.

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Bonnies' Reflections: Storytellers

The bishop arrived in that town to conduct the priest's funeral. He didn't know what he should say at the service. He went into the empty church and prayed for inspiration, but nothing came. So, he sat in the pew and was still. He gazed around the building. Some repairs had been in progress, and two workmen arrived to clear away their tools before the funeral. They removed drop cloths, brushes, and cans of paint. One struggled to lift a heavy ladder, and his partner hurried to take the other end. Together they carried the ladder past the bishop and out the door. Bishop Matthews then knew what he had to say.

At the funeral, he reminded the congregation of the events of Holy Week. The arrest of Jesus. His trials with false evidence. His rejection by the people, and the death sentence. The scourging, the shame, dragging the cross through the streets, falling down under its weight. The man hauled out of the crowd to pick up the cross, Simon of Cyrene. All this shame, Jesus endured to lift us out of our sin and shame. He would go all the way to death and resurrection to open the way for us to Eternal life.

"Your priest," Bishop Matthews told the congregation, "wanted to be like Simon of Cyrene. He wanted to help Jesus carry his cross. But it was very heavy. And he fell."

May the Lord Jesus Christ, who walks on wounded feet,
walk with you to the end of the road.

May the Lord Jesus Christ, who serves with wounded hands,
help you to serve each other.

May the Lord Jesus Christ, who loves with a wounded heart,
be your Love forever.

Love God wherever you go,
And may you see the face of Jesus in everyone you meet. Amen.

Bishop Timothy Matthews' blessing



Frances Ridley Havergal: Kept For The Master's Use

Chapter X.

Our hearts kept for Jesus.

*'Keep my heart; it is Thine own;
It is now Thy royal throne.'*

'It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace,' and yet some of us go on as if it were not a good thing even to hope for it to be so.

We should be ashamed to say that we had behaved treacherously to a friend; that we had played him false again and again; that we had said scores of times what we did not really mean; that we had professed and promised what, all the while, we had no sort

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of purpose of performing. We should be ready to go off by next ship to New Zealand rather than calmly own to all this, or rather than ever face our friends again after we had owned it. And yet we are not ashamed (some of us) to say that we are always dealing treacherously with our Lord; nay, more, we own it with an inexplicable complacency, as if there were a kind of virtue in saying how fickle and faithless and desperately wicked our hearts are; and we actually plume ourselves on the easy confession, which we think proves our humility, and which does not lower us in the eyes of others, nor in our own eyes, half so much as if we had to say, 'I have told a story,' or, 'I have broken my promise.' Nay, more, we have not the slightest hope, and therefore not the smallest intention of aiming at an utterly different state of things. Well for us if we do not go a step farther, and call those by hard and false names who do seek to have an established heart, and who believe that as the Lord meant what He said when He promised, 'No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly,' so He will not withhold this good thing.

Prayer must be based upon promise, but, thank God, His promises are always broader than our prayers. No fear of building inverted pyramids here, for Jesus Christ is the foundation, and this and all the other 'promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him amen, unto the glory of God by us.' So it shall be unto His glory to fulfil this one to us, and to answer our prayer for a 'kept' or 'established' heart. And its fulfilment shall work out His glory, not in spite of us, but 'by us.'

We find both the means and the result of the keeping in the 112th Psalm: 'His heart is fixed.' Whose heart? An angel? A saint in glory? No! Simply the heart of the man that feareth the Lord, and delighteth greatly in His commandments. Therefore yours and mine, as God would have them be; just the normal idea of a God-fearing heart, nothing extremely and hopelessly beyond attainment.

'Fixed.' How does that tally with the deceitfulness and waywardness and fickleness about which we really talk as if we were rather proud of them than utterly ashamed of them?

Does our heavenly Bridegroom expect nothing more of us? Does His mighty, all-constraining love intend to do no more for us than to leave us in this deplorable state, when He is undoubtedly able to heal the desperately wicked heart (compare verses 9 and 14 of Jeremiah xvii.), to rule the wayward one with His peace, and to establish the fickle one with His grace? Are we not 'without excuse'?

'Fixed, trusting in the Lord.' Here is the means of the fixing—trust. He works the trust in us by sending the Holy Spirit to reveal God in Christ to us as absolutely, infinitely worthy of our trust. When we 'see Jesus' by Spirit-wrought faith, we cannot but trust Him; we distrust our hearts more truly than ever before, but we trust our Lord entirely, because we trust Him only. For, entrusting our trust to Him, we know that He is able to keep that which we commit (i. e. entrust) to Him. It is His own way of winning and fixing our hearts for Himself. Is it not a beautiful one? Thus 'his heart is established.' But we have not quite faith enough to believe that. So what is the very first

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O Sacred Head — attributed to St. Bernard of Clairvaux

1 O sacred Head surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
The pow'r of death comes o'er you,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel hosts adore you
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see your strength and vigor
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor,
Bereaving you of life;

O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn your face on me.

3 In this, your bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With your most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath your cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In your dear love confiding,
And with your presence blest.

THE HEART THAT IS
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Frances Ridley Havergal: Kept For The Master's Use

(Continued from page 5)

doubting, and therefore sad thought that crops up? 'Yes, but I am afraid it will not remain fixed.'

That is your thought. Now see what is God's thought about the case. 'His heart is established, he shall not be afraid.'

Is not that enough? What is, if such plain and yet divine words are not? Well, the Gracious One bears with us, and gives line upon line to His poor little children. And so He says, 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus.' And again, 'Thy thoughts shall be established.' And again, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.'

And to prove to us that these promises can be realized in present experience, He sends down to us through nearly 3000 years the words of the man who prayed, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God,' and lets us hear twice over the new song put by the same Holy Spirit into his mouth: 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed' (Ps. lvii. 7, cviii. 1).

The heart that is established in Christ is also established for Christ. It becomes His royal throne, no longer occupied by His foe, no longer tottering and unstable. And then we see the beauty and preciousness of the promise, 'He shall be a Priest upon His throne.' Not only reigning, but atoning. Not only ruling, but cleansing. Thus the throne is established 'in mercy,' but 'by righteousness.'

I think we lose ground sometimes by parleying with the tempter. We have no business to parley with an usurper. The throne is no longer his when we have surrendered it to our Lord Jesus. And why should we allow him to argue with us for one instant, as if it were still an open question? Don't listen; simply tell him that Jesus Christ is on the long-disputed throne, and no more about it, but turn at once to your King and claim the glorious protection of His sovereignty over you. It is a splendid reality, and you will find it so. He will not abdicate and leave you kingless and defenceless. For verily, 'The Lord is our King; He will save us' (Isa. xxxiii. 22).

Frances Ridley Havergal: Kept For The Master's Use

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Our hearts are naturally— | God can make them— |
| Evil, Heb. iii. 12. | Clean, Ps. li. 10. |
| Desperately wicked, Jer. xvii. 9. | Good, Luke viii. 15. |
| Weak, Ezek. xvi. 30. | Fixed, Ps. cxii. 7 |
| Deceitful, Jer. xvii. 9. | Faithful, Neh. ix. 8. |
| Deceived, Isa. xlv. 20. | Understanding, 1 Kings iii. 9. |
| Double, Ps. xii. 2. | Honest, Luke viii. 15. |
| Impenitent, Rom. ii. 5. | Contrite, Ps. li. 17. |
| Rebellious, Jer. v. 23. | True, Heb. x. 22. |
| Hard, Ezek. iii. 7. | Soft, Job xxiii. 16. |
| Stony, Ezek. xi. 19. | New, Ezek. xviii. 31. |
| Froward, Prov. xvii. 20. | Sound, Ps. cxix. 80. |
| Despiteful, Ezek. xxv. 15. | Glad, Ps. xvi. 9. |
| Stout, Isa. x. 12. | Established, Ps. cxii. 8 |
| Haughty, Prov. xviii. 12. | Tender, Ephes. iv. 32. |
| Proud, Prov. xxi. 4. | Pure, Matt. v. 8. |
| Perverse, Prov. xii. 8. | Perfect, 1 Chron. xxix. 9. |
| Foolish, Rom. i. 21. | Wise, Prov. xi. 29. |



Fr. Robert's Remarks

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to back festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary—the Annunciation and the Compassion. There are also feast of St Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Cuthbert—of whom Fr. Marriott speaks in his front page column, St. Gabriel, and St. John Damascene.

All these saints are important to our lives as Christian in one way or another; but, without Holy Week and Easter we would probably know nothing of any of them..

It is a busy time.

The two feasts I should like to touch on right now are those of the Annunciation and the Compassion of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the Creed of St. Athanasius (BCP Canada 1962—p.697), following the discussion of the Godhead, it is stated:

He therefore that would be saved, let him think thus of the Trinity.
Furthermore, it is necessary to eternal salvation, that he also believe faithfully the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We affirm the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ “by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary” in the Apostles and Nicene Creeds as well. It is such an important feast in our yearly cycle. It would not be going too far to say that without the incarnation we would not be celebrating Holy Week and Easter at all.

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Fr. Robert's Remarks

(Continued from page 7)

You might remember seeing sketches of Mary sitting and sewing with the Archangel Gabriel before her. There are often two very similar pictures together. The first has the Archangel standing before her; the second has the Archangel kneeling. The difference between the two scenes is that the Archangel stands for the announcement to Mary and then the second the Archangel knows instantly that the word he has spoken from God as been accomplished and he must therefore genuflect before our Lord Jesus Christ conceived in Mary who has become a Tabernacle.

There was a beautiful painting by the Canadian artist, the late William Kurelek showing a donkey on whose back was an open tabernacle in which one could see a ciborium from which emanated a brilliant light. Kurelek was a friend of Madonna House in Combermere and allowed them to use the image on a card as a fund-raiser. Of the image entitled "The Donkey Carrying God", Catherine Doherty, the foundress of Madonna House wrote, "The donkey that carried Our Lady to Bethlehem took another form in my thoughts. For he carried the Word—a dumb animal, carrying a Virgin who carried God—and so he was the carrier of God too. His bells were the first church bells, for Mary was the first Church, the first tabernacle of Christ."

The Prayer Book Collect for the Annunciation—also familiar to those who recite the Angelus :

WE BESEECH
THEE, O LORD, POUR
THY GRACE INTO OUR
HEARTS; THAT, AS WE
HAVE KNOWN THE
INCARNATION OF THY
SON JESUS CHRIST
BY THE MESSAGE OF
AN ANGEL, SO BY HIS
CROSS AND PASSION
WE MAY BE BROUGHT
UNTO THE GLORY OF
HIS RESURRECTION;
THROUGH THE SAME
JESUS CHRIST OUR
LORD. AMEN.

WE beseech thee, O Lord, pour thy grace into our hearts; that, as we have known the incarnation of thy Son Jesus Christ by the message of an angel, so by his cross and passion we may be brought unto the glory of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

There is the implication in this collect, it seems to me, that without our participation in His cross and passion we shall not come to the glory of His resurrection. This is of significance in thinking of the second feast that I mentioned—that of the Compassion of the BVM. You will remember the prophetic words of St. Simeon when Mary and Joseph to the infant Jesus to the temple to present Him there. Simeon said "(Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." (S. Luke 2.35)

Mary was at the foot of the cross on Good Friday, her heart pierced. What could be more fitting than to commemorate that and we do commemorate it on the Friday just before Holy Week in what we call Passiontide.

We shall not be without our own suffering.

The late Cardinal Terence Cooke presented a series of Conferences called "Meditations on Mary". In one entitled "Mary's Sorrow", he wrote:

There are many false ideas about suffering. There are those who falsely think that the Christian way of life glorifies suffering for its own sake. Actually, the Christian ideal is to use suffering as a means of virtue, to turn evil into good, to accept pain as an atonement offered by the mystical body in union with the sufferings of Christ, its head. Suffering is not



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good in itself. It is indifferent. The good or evil in suffering lies in a person's attitude towards it. It may be either a blessing or a curse; it may enable a person's nature or stultify it. An example is found in the two criminals who suffered with our Lord. Both suffered the same torments. While one accepted his state as a just punishment and obtained a promise of future happiness, the other made his state worse than before by railing and cursing. The important question is how we take suffering. Our human nature can be purified and refined by sorrow borne in patience for the love of God.

Cardinal Cooke then draws our attention to Mary as he continues:

If we go to Mary, Our Mother in our hours of suffering, not only shall we receive from her consolation in our affliction, but we shall also learn by her example to value at its proper worth the personal cross with which Our Lord is pleased to visit us. There is something peculiarly personal about the cross of each of us. For one it is mental anguish, dread of death, unreasonable fear of sins long forgiven. For another it is a persistent harassing temptation, hidden perhaps from every eye, never spoken of except in the sacred tribunal. For another it might be ungovernable scruples. Or it may be physical pain, incessant headaches, sleepless nights. Whatever may be the accidental differences in our personal cross, it possesses for each of us a sort of sacramental effect. It is designed as a vehicle of much grace to the soul if we bear it in patience and for love of God. It will make us more gentle, tolerant, sympathetic, resigned, and charitable. Each time we assist in offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, we are assisting at the same sacrifice that Mary assisted in offering at Calvary. We are reminded that the royal road of the cross, the road of daily sufferings is the only road to the crown of eternal glory that God has prepared for us.

Meditations of Mary pp. 49-50

I think that it was in late 1993 that I acquired that book. The principal reason that I bought it was that the *Introduction* was written by Fr. Benedict J. Groeschel, CFR and I considered that if he recommended the book it would undoubtedly be worth reading.

Fr. Benedict was a Franciscan friar, a psychologist, retreat and conference speaker, and the spiritual director for the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York when Cardinal Cooke was the Archbishop there and knew him well. He, himself, was a prolific writer many of whose conferences found themselves published as audio tape sets and as books. The principal reason that I bought it when I did was that Fr. Benedict was in Toronto at the book-room of the Daughters of St. Paul and speaking at the church next door and I think that is where he mentioned the book. Joyce and I went to Toronto for that event.

A book that I treasure *Healing the Original Wound: Reflections on the Full Meaning of Salvation (How to Experience Spiritual Freedom & Enjoy God's Presence)*

THE IMPORTANT
QUESTION IS HOW
WE TAKE SUFFER-
ING.

Fr. Robert's Remarks

was signed by him then and the book-room was fairly quiet then so we had a bit of time to talk before he spoke in the church.

After we had talked for a while, Fr. Benedict wrote in the book,

To Fr. Robert & Joyce Mansfield —
Fight the Good Fight! Let's pray for each other
Fr. Benedict.

It has never crossed my mind to doubt that he did pray for us and continues to do so and I have treasured the book not just because of the signing but because of its content. Fr. Benedict was very focused on Jesus and on the Cross.

Fr. Benedict wrote,

When suffering comes, as it must to any human life, we need to turn to the mystery of salvation, the mystery of the cross. We can, if we choose, keep questioning. But as Padre Pio, the Capuchin stigmatist, said, "The habit of asking *why* has ruined the world." Or we can kneel before the cross of Jesus.

and he continues with an example. A friend of his,

John Downs, founder of Apostolatus Uniti, became a quadriplegic in an athletic accident at the age of fifteen. The realization that he had a mind imprisoned in a body that did not respond was, as one can dimly imagine, devastating for an active young man at the beginning of life.

Yet I watched John from his electric wheelchair supervise a complex, week-long meeting of a thousand people at the National Shrine in Washington. So enthusiastic were the prayers night and day, that I think the Lord himself needed a rest at the end of the week.

Writing in a family journal called *Nazareth*, John tells how a wound like his can bring healing.

Suffering is not understood by asking why a good God would allow evil but rather by humbly accepting the fact that not only does a good and loving God permit suffering, but that it is through this GIFT of suffering that we can begin to live authentically human lives and that a fallen humanity can become ennobled and elevated. In particular, suffering can help us to attain humility and detachment from ourselves through knowledge and acceptance of our creaturehood; to become love, as God is love; to live a more spiritual/contemplative life in union with God, which is the life of Heaven for which we were created.

One of the first things that an afflicted person can discover is his own creaturehood and total dependence on God; that he is not the master of his own destiny. Through pain, dependency, and mortification, he learns that he is a creature, not a god. Herein one develops

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CROSS.

Fr. Robert's Remarks

the only sure foundation for a spiritual life, a life of union with God,
and that is HUMILITY.

In the nine years from the publication of this book until his death in 2014, Fr. Benedict would have the experience of being hit by a car and brought back from the dead with a head injury and broken bones, of returning to doing interview programming for EWTN, working his way through his recovery in a fairly public way, and then being abandoned by people to whom he had been quite close for years because he made a statement that was probably quite true but was definitely politically incorrect. In 2014 Fr. Benedict reposed. R.I.P.

In the closing of this book *Healing the Original Wound*, Fr. Benedict wrote:

The truths of salvation, like all revelation, must take root by God's grace in the soul and grow. They are ultimately a mystery that must be entered into and lived, not simply a set of theological truths to be understood intellectually. The interested person without faith can only dimly appreciate them, just as he or she might be moved by a great masterpiece depicting the crucifixion or the resurrection. The superficial believer, distracted by the cares of life, may even give these truths nominal acceptance until suffering comes and the pathetic reality of the human situation becomes apparent. The believer who prayerfully tries to follow the way of discipleship, despite failures and constant falls, will find in these truths the way to life in its fullest, in success and failure, in joy and sorrow, in life and death. As St. Augustine writes in sermon 231:

The Christ preached by the Church is not Christ rich in earthly treasure or Christ crowned with gold but Christ crucified. When this Christ was first preached to the few who believed, he was mocked by the multitudes. Nevertheless by the power of the cross, the blind saw, the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed so that all might come to know, that even among the powers of this world, there is nothing more powerful than the humility of God.

I would conclude by drawing your attention to the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians where he speaks of the humility of Jesus — God Incarnate — and His obedience “unto death, even the death of the cross.” He then says, “WHEREFORE God hath also highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.”

And what is this but the Resurrection & Ascension of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

May you have a Blessed Holy Week and Joy-filled Easter!!!

Till next month; God Bless!

R+

THE TRUTHS OF
SALVATION,
LIKE ALL
REVELATION,
MUST TAKE ROOT
BY GOD'S GRACE
IN THE SOUL
AND GROW.



The Church Mouse: Does God Like Kids?

I was exploring the church basement and made a wonderful discovery! The janitor left a bread crust from his peanut butter sandwich in the church kitchen. What luck! I tidied it all up for him, every crumb. Then I heard what sounded like a thunderstorm upstairs. It was just the kids arriving for their Bible lesson. So up the stairs I went, not wanting to miss anything.

They were all standing around the table, looking at a book Amanda had brought. “The Children’s Bible” it said on the cover. The pictures were bright and colourful.

“This belonged to my Mom when she was young,” she said. “Mom kept it because she wanted to share it with her family when she grew up. Sometimes she reads stories out of it for us before bed. And this is MY favourite picture.” She pointed to the page showing Jesus sitting down, with kids all around, and a laughing baby on his knee. “I would like to be that baby,” said Amanda.

Jesse leaned over her shoulder for a closer look. “So he likes kids? Really?” he asked. “I thought he only pays attention to grownups.”

“Why would you think that, Jesse?” asked Fr. Palmer.

“Well, it’s like grownups do all the important stuff at church and kids just have to sit still and watch and be quiet. At least, that’s how it was at that other church. You know our family went to a different church before? Well I didn’t like it there because people were always shushing me when I asked a question.”

“Has that ever happened to you here, Jesse? Has anybody shushed you?”

“No, but I always keep quiet because I don’t want to get in trouble. So I thought maybe God is like those grownups at the other place.”

Fr. Palmer opened Amanda’s Bible and turned some pages, said “Let’s see, the story of the stern disciples ought to be...here it is!” Then he read the story out loud. It was about mothers bringing their children to see Jesus, asking him to give them a blessing. The disciples told them





The Church Mouse: Does God Like Kids?

to go away because Jesus had important things to do with the crowd of grownups. But Jesus *rebuked* his disciples. That means he told them they had done the wrong thing. ‘Let them come to me! Don’t send them away!’ He gave each child a blessing, laying his hand on their heads. and praying for them. He held them in his arms. So you see he was just as interested in the little children as they were in him. In fact, he told his disciples that they had to become like little children themselves! I’m sure that surprised them!”

“How could grownup disciples be like little children?” asked Jesse.

“Well,” said Fr. Palmer, “Little children are always asking questions. Why? Because they don’t know much yet, and they want to learn. They want answers! God wants to go on answering our questions and teaching us about himself forever.”

“Also, little children are really quite good at trusting those who take care of them. And that includes God, who cares for them. They don’t think they have to figure out everything for themselves. In that way they are better at trusting God than some grownups are.”

“Finally,” Said Fr. Palmer, “little children can be obedient. Because they trust their parents and others who care for them, children will do the things they are asked to do. Not always, of course!” he said, laughing. “That is the way we learn to obey God when we are grownups.”

“And the surprising thing is this,” added Fr. Palmer. “God sent his Son, Jesus, into the world as a baby. Then he was a little boy, who learned the same rules we all learn. Be polite. Come when you are called. Put your things away. Do this job. Read your lessons. Say your prayers. Jesus probably enjoyed doing kid stuff as much as you do. If the world had been made with only grownups and no kids, it would be a much duller place.”

“HOW COULD
GROWNUP
DISCIPLES BE
LIKE LITTLE
CHILDREN?”
ASKED JESSE.



TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN CHURCH OF CANADA

TACC Office
136 William St.
Parry Sound, ON
P2A 1W2

Phone: 705-746-7378
E-mail:
vicargeneral@traditionalanglican.ca
&
We're on the web at
TRADITIONALANGLICAN.CA



EUNTES IN MUNDUM UNIVERSUM
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

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An Easter Hymn

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia
The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell,
Let songs of praise his triumph tell.
Alleluia!

On the third morn he rose again,
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee.
Alleluia!

*Tr. (1859) from Latin (17th cent.) by Rev. F. Pott
#163 Book of Common Praise Rev. 1938*

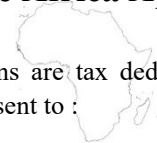
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Contact Info:

Fr. David Marriott, SSC
drm274@hotmail.com
409-15210 Guildford Dr.
Surrey BC V3R 0X7
604-551-4660