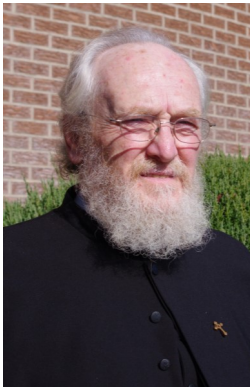


THE TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN NEWS

OCTOBER 15, 2013

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 8

Fr. Robert's Remarks:



FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD, SSC
VICAR GENERAL

By the time that you will receive this Newsletter, Thanksgiving weekend will be past, so I trust that you will have had a good Thanksgiving and that you have been able to recognise much for which to be thankful.

Joyce and I enjoyed a visit with St. Matthew the Apostle parish in Ottawa on Michaelmas. On the first of October, we travelled back from the Ottawa area through Algonquin Park on the Highway 60 corridor. We were fortunate to be able to see some of the truly amazing colours of this fall season. Also in wonderful display along the roadside are the Mich-



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Fr. Stan Sinclair: A Sermon for Thanksgiving



FR. STANLEY SINCLAIR

Thanksgiving has a host of memories for all of us, from childhood onwards. The family dinners, the drumsticks which two lucky children were served, and then in a small family only two to do battle for the "nose"! And then there have been the great occasions when many others in the family joined us, or we had a houseful of guests.

But the Church calls us back to the essential meaning of such a harvest festival, the giving of thanks for our daily bread and many blessings. We have our loved ones; we live in this beautiful land, this vast and varied and prosperous Dominion. We are a free people. Compared to most of the earth's population, even the poorest amongst us is rich beyond imagination. All we have to do is look around to know how blessed we are. Of course that is not the whole story of our times: there is always some cause to excite our anxiety or if nothing else, uncertainty. But Jesus also told us that these emotions add nothing to our lives and accomplish nothing, as indeed they do not; and He wants to banish them away. "Sufficient unto the day," He said, "is the evil thereof." The world offers no security.

But today's lessons direct us to a particular truth. Jesus said: ***My Father gives you the true bread from heaven.***

Bread is the very symbol of life. But this bread from heaven is so much more. His words followed-up to the feeding of the five thousand. Eager men piled into boats and followed Jesus across the Sea of Galilee. They worked hard for their daily bread, so they excitedly sought a continuing miracle. "Give us this bread always!"

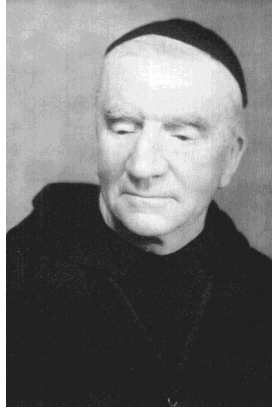
Then Jesus disappointed them—in fact, He repelled some of them, when He said, "Unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood you have no life in you." We now know what He meant. He explained, "My

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A Meditation for The Feast of St. Francis of Assisi¹



FR. ANDREW, SDC
PICTURE 1935, BY JOAN BERTWISTLE
FRONTISPIECE: THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF FATHER ANDREW SDC

“MY BROTHERS
AND SISTERS, LET
US BEGIN TO LOVE
OUR LORD JESUS
CHRIST.”

SANS CIRE

‘Let us draw near with a true heart’.—HEB. X. 22

S. FRANCIS has captured the love and the imagination of people as no other man has ever done, and in some very simple words said just before he died we really get the whole secret of the amazing influence of this Italian saint over the world. He looked round upon his Brothers and said, 'My Brothers, let us begin to love the Lord Jesus Christ.'

The whole secret of the power of S. Francis rests upon one thing, and that is his sincerity. The word 'sincere' is derived from the French, *sans tire*, or the Latin, *sine cera*, without varnish, without veneer—not wood that has a veneer or polish to make it look better than it is, but the absolutely genuine thing. It is the most terribly difficult thing to be quite sincere, and any one

who *is* quite sincere in his quest of God will certainly be a saint.

S. Francis was completely, absolutely, and entirely sincere. There was absolutely nothing that he would not do for God ; there was absolutely nothing that he would not give up for God. But sacrifice is never an end in itself, and out of this sacrifice of Francis came the most marvellous freedom. He was able to come back from his intercourse with God to the most marvellous communion with people, and not only with people but with all creation. Out of the sincerity of his sacrifice came the reality of his communion. Communion and sacrifice always depend on one another. There is a language which is understood all over earth and all over heaven, and that is the language of sincerity.

S. Francis is saying to us, as much as to those who gathered round his bed when he was dying, 'My brothers and sisters, let us begin to love our Lord Jesus Christ.'

¹ October 4th



Fr. Robert's Remarks

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aelmas Daisies—the wild asters—which are certain signs of fall.

Importantly, for our purposes, they are named for St. Michael the Archangel whose festival we mark on September 29 and we begin the month of the Holy Angels.

The holy angels figure very significantly throughout the Bible. (May I remind you of the short meditation by Fr. Andrew, SDC in last month's issue.)

We are reminded of them at the beginning of the *Angelus*—the thrice daily commemoration of the Incarnation of Our Lord Jesus: “The Angel of the Lord brought tid-

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Fr. Robert's Remarks

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ings to Mary/ and she conceived by the Holy Ghost” and in the closing prayer “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.” This prayer is from the Prayer Book for the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary (p. 271).

The Angels appear throughout the Old Testament (including the Apocrypha)—I think of SS Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel. In the New Testament appear St. Michael, St. Gabriel, the angels at the Resurrection, Peter's Angel, those of the Apocalypse, and many others.

Throughout the history of there has been a sense of the importance of the ministry of the angels and the Church does not permit us to write off the Holy Angels but obliges us to take into account their reality.

At each Eucharist we are not just reminded of them, but we actively proclaim that we are joining together with them in our worship: “Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the Company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name; evermore praising thee and saying: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord Most High.” (p. 81)

The Collect for Michaelmas is worth reflecting upon. It reminds us that God has “ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order.” we pray that God would grant that “as thy Holy Angels always do thee service in heaven, so by thy succour they may defend us on earth.” (p. 294)

In the Liturgy of Palm Sunday in the Canadian Holy Week Book published about 1972 by the Society of St. John the Evangelist from the then Cowley Bracebridge Press, closed the Procession with two Prayers.

The first was:

“O Lord Jesus Christ, our King and Redeemer, in whose honour we have borne these boughs, and sung hymns in solemn praise; mercifully grant that wheresoever these boughs shall be taken, there the grace of Thy blessing may come down upon us, and that the wickedness and crafts of all evil spirits being brought to nought, the defence of Thy right hand may be over them whom Thou hast redeemed: Who livest and reignest with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*”

This prayer draws our attention to God's protective blessing and also the reality of malignant spirits.

The second prayer which follows immediately is:



AN AUTUMN VISIT
BY CANOE TO
KILLARNEY
PROVINCIAL
PARK ON A DAY
OFF

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Fr. Robert's Remarks

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“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.”

This latter prayer is also used in a variety of places—some forms of Holy Unction, Blessings of Houses, anywhere that it is expected that malignant forces may be at work, etc., and, notably, in the daily Office of Compline (see p. 726) under the title of “The Collect for Protection”. The prayer could not be more appropriate given that we should have just sung the beautiful night hymn (p. 723), *Te lucis ante terminum*—“Before the ending of the day” in which God’s protection is asked.

Have you ever wakened during the hours of the night worrying about something? “Nightly fears and fantasies”? Call on God and His Holy Angels for help and protection!

“VISIT, WE
BESEECH THEE,
O LORD, THIS
PLACE, ... ”

In the cycle of the Gospels, those chosen for Trinity 21 and 24 deal with healing and in the next couple of weeks we shall commemorate the Feast of St. Luke the Beloved Physician (18/10) and then that of St. Raphael (24/10), which, while noting that it is not in the Canadian Prayer Book Calendar, is in other Anglican Calendars. One hagiography tells us that Raphael whose name means “God Heals” is assumed to be the angel who troubled the water (John 5. 2-4 and he also figures in the book of Tobit—one of the books of the Apocrypha. (We take some of our readings both in the Office Lectionary and the Eucharistic Lectionary from the Apocrypha)

Angels and Archangels, Physician Evangelist, peace, and healing: there is a lot to think about and to pray about this month

On different topics:

We have had contact with the CRA—the Canada Revenue Agency—regarding our application for Charitable registration. We had been told in late July that, based on their inventory of applications, it would probably be 5 months before our application reached an officers desk. We received a telephone call slightly more than two months on in late September with some questions. It is hoped that within a month to 6 weeks we shall have our charitable registration in hand and be able to administer the finances of the TACC directly. For the present, as you are aware, St. John’s, Parry Sound is looking after this and will turn over remaining money once the registration has been received. Your prayers for this matter would be greatly appreciated.

Some will remember Fr. Ernest Skublics of the ACCC parish of All Saints, Calgary, AB and Cumbria in the UK. Fr. Ernest was of those who joined the Ordinariate, returning to Rome. He wrote a book called “Aspects and Implications of Communion Ecclesiology” which was printed in a binder format by the Convent Society a few years ago for use at St. Bede’s College of the ACCC. It has recently been printed as a “proper

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Fr. Robert's Remarks

book” and is available on Amazon.com for about \$20.00.

From October 23-25, Fr. David Marriott and I shall be attending the international Provincial Synod of the Anglican Catholic Church of which, as a Missionary District the TACC is part,. During the Synod there are to be workshops on outreach and evangelism. Following the Synod, I shall spend some time visiting the parishes British Columbia before returning home. More on the Synod and the visits later.



Fr. Stan Sinclair: A Sermon for Thanksgiving

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words are spirit and life.” But it was only in the Upper Room that the apostles understood; this is the bread we still receive today.

Isaiah the Prophet quoted the Lord, who told him, “I will make an everlasting covenant with you.” The only certainty that we can find is that which comes to us from God. There are no promises about material wealth, perfect health, about safety from earthquake, fire and flood, no assurance of constant peace. Despite the abundance that the good earth can produce, we have not yet learnt enough how to manage and sustain it. If we want true security, there is only one sure place to find it: in Jesus Christ, in the Gospel, and in the sacraments and fellowship of the Church.

The people who were fed miraculously, and heard reports that this had happened other times, wanted more! Like us, they were of the earth, earthy. We think we are practical creatures. But we have only to stop and think: we **cannot** indeed live by earthly bread alone, even accompanied by steak and lobster tails or a great big turkey.

Poverty and hunger are major world problems and cause great suffering. But if relative wealth and a good diet are enough, why are there so many empty and unhappy lives, among the well-fed and well-provided for? The nation which, according to surveys, has the most contented people on earth has also the highest rate of suicide. What is wrong with this picture?

“... I THINK WE
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Fr. Stan Sinclair: A Sermon for Thanksgiving

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The roots of crime and despair usually are found where there is no spiritual basis for living. In the hungriest parts of the world, most people are still law-abiding. That was proven in the great Depression, when crime actually diminished. Even the revolutionary ideas that developed in the 19th century, and brought so much misery and tragedy to the 20th, were conceived by well-to-do idealists, not the poor. Materialism does not deal with the real problems of mankind.

Holy Communion continues the miracle of feeding the multitude, and is necessary to a good spiritual diet. In Switzerland in the 15th Century St Nicholas of Flue lived for many years receiving just the sacramental host each day. In recent times his body has been exhumed, and this fact confirmed. Somehow he lived in this way, which God would never expect us to do. But this saint was so highly regarded that he was instrumental in bringing peace to the warring cantons of Switzerland, making it a model of peaceful co-existence. No wonder: Christ is our bread, and He is also our peace. You and I need our daily bread, but we do need Holy Communion, the bread from heaven, as well.

Week by week we hear those words of Jesus, "This is my Body." Something wonderful is done for us. If we go back over our own history, I think we will find that serenity, or security, any inner strength which we possess, has come through our divine connection. For most Christians the world over, if we have peace at the centre of our lives, it has been nurtured and sustained by one simple little act, when we reach out our hands for the bread of life. Priests only have the privilege of *giving* Communion. The Lord is the giver, and with the gift He gives Himself. He answered the prayer for those excited men and women who pursued Him long ago, but not in the way they thought He should. "Give us this bread always." And He has, through twenty centuries, to the rich and the poor, the sick and the strong, all across the world.

This Sacrament does not alleviate physical hunger obviously. Even the manna from heaven was just a temporary solution for the children of Israel. The only way that the starving in this world can be fed, again temporarily, is that we take seriously the story of the miraculous feeding of the multitude. After all, there are two parts to the story: the wonderful miracle, and the willingness of the people to help one another. Jesus multiplied the loaves and fishes given him by a little boy. And on another occasion several people produced their small ration of food. Jesus took over from there.

When Jesus fed all the hungry crowd, it was an act of love, showing just how much God cares. We Christians cannot perform the miracles of Jesus, but if each of us gives what we can to relieve hunger in this world, the loaves and fishes are multiplied, now by that most ordinary of miracles, the love which produces unselfishness and generosity. The miracles of Jesus were an intervention in the ways of nature, by the God of nature. And whenever we love and serve and give, there is the evidence that God has trans-

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THE LORD IS THE
GIVER, AND WITH
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GIVES HIMSELF.

Fr. Stan Sinclair: A Sermon for Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 6)

formed our human nature. For then we are doing as Christ did on earth, and as He has done ever since through the grace of Holy Communion. And our thankfulness for the sure mercies of David—which are in fact the sure mercies of Christ—always involves giving.

People must be fed, clothed, educated, housed, healed. Body and mind both need to be nourished. No question about that. Ever since the time of Christ, Christians have sought to help the needy. The first collection made amongst all Christians was arranged by St Paul for the victims of drought in the Holy Land. So this has been a custom of Christians from New Testament times. But the soul is the neediest of all. Without the bread of heaven, without the Spirit of God within us, without a heart open to receive the blessings of God and then to share them with others, we are ourselves starving. Starved for that which comes without price from the goodness of God; starved for the inner satisfaction which no pay cheque, no material success or achievement can fully bring.

Once more we enjoy the harvest thanksgiving. We have reason for gratitude. But our ultimate security, our true happiness, and our greatest cause for thanksgiving are found in Christ, in the promises of our heavenly Father, and at the table of the Lord. No prayer has been better fulfilled than this, “Give us this day our daily bread,” and no bread greater than the Bread of Life. [Please join me, standing, to say the General Thanksgiving]

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, We thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks For all thy goodness and loving-kindness To us and to all men; [* particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings.] We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; But above all for thine inestimable love In the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; For the means of grace, And for the hope of glory. And we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, That our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, And that we show forth thy praise, Not only with our lips, but in our lives; By giving up ourselves to thy service, And by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; Through Jesus Christ our Lord, To whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.* [BCP (Canada) 1962 p. 14]



“ALMIGHTY
GOD,
FATHER OF
ALL MERCIES, . . .”

Bonnie's Reflections: Sixty-Two



MRS BONNIE IVEY

William could see his breath as he stepped up to the altar of All Saints, Missinabie for the monthly evening service. He was glad he had chosen to wear his parka under his priest's robes. The members of the little church were all sitting at the back, close to the woodstove that glowed cherry red. Communion wafers waited on a silver plate for the prayer of consecration. Water and wine cruets stood ready. William noted that the water was mostly frozen.

The people came forward to receive their Communion, returning to sit hushed in their pews during the thanksgiving and closing prayers. They gathered briefly near the door to chat before heading out into the night. Friendly goodbyes floated through the

icy darkness.

William was soon sitting in the delightful warmth of George and Maggie Fletcher's kitchen. Maggie passed slices of cinnamon toast, made with homemade bread. His chilled fingers gratefully clutched his mug of scalding tea. "Did you see the thermometer outside?" asked Maggie. "The temperature is dropping like a stone."

"I think Bill Soulier is going to lose his reputation as our weather prophet," said George. "He predicted the ice would be off the lake by May 4th. Ha!"

When pressed by the Fletchers to stay the night, William refused gently. "There is a parishioner dying in the Chapleau hospital. Her family has been gathering, and they want me there. Pour me another cup, Maggie, while I start the car to warm it up." A moment later he returned, frowning. "The battery's dead!"

"Sit tight, Reverend," said George. "I'll call someone for a jump start." It took many calls. Only one truck in the village would start in the brutal cold. The men bundled up and went outside to wait. They were startled by a deep hollow boom, followed by a shuddering groan that went on and on. They not only heard it, but felt it through their boots. "It's the lake ice," George explained. "When the temperature drops quickly like this, the ice expands, pushing against the shore." William pulled his emergency kit from the car: matches, candles, flashlight, blankets, flares, tow ropes, and the best heavy-duty jumper cables Canadian Tire could provide.

They checked the thermometer again. This time the pointer stood at minus sixty-two Celsius. The men looked at each other with raised eyebrows. Mr. Shesheguin's battered truck pulled up next to the car. "Thanks for coming out, Wilfred," said William. Both hoods were raised. Hands reached to stretch the jumper cable between vehicles. There was a snap, a tinkling, as frozen shards of rubber insulation fell from the wires. Eventually the three men, gloved hands gingerly holding the cables apart, got the connection made. The car roared into life.

After final farewells, William began the hundred and thirty kilometer drive back to Chapleau. Black tree shadows streaked the road, solid walls of forest rising on either side.

There was no traffic, no movement. All life seemed frozen. He thought about the woman in the hospital bed, and the people he had just left. So often, pastoral duties called him in two opposing directions.

A dark shape loomed on the highway ahead. Driving closer he saw it was a car, not

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THE NOW
ABANDONED ALL
SAINTS
ANGLICAN
CHURCH IN
MISSINABIE, ON
A CREE VILLAGE
IN NORTHERN
ONTARIO

Bonnie's Reflections: Sixty-Two

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pulled over and parked, but motionless on the road. There were no lights. He got out and peered into the driver's seat. Empty. With the flashlight he checked the interior. Abandoned. Would anyone be desperate enough to try to walk out seeking help or shelter on such a night? Had the driver been picked up? He drove on, fully alert.

The words of a prayer from the service returned to him. "Mercifully look on our infirmities, and in all our dangers and necessities stretch forth Thy right hand to help and defend us..." He watched both sides of the road closely for any sign of a person on foot. In many places thick fog billowed up from ditches and hollows. He realized that every spring or creek was plumed with columns of white vapour.

Another car appeared ahead, unmoving, in the opposite lane. Like the first car, it looked dark and dead. He got out and walked around it, looking inside, his footsteps making shrill squeaks in the snow. This one too was empty.

Each breath was like a shot of adrenaline as the frozen air hit his lungs. His face, hands, feet, stung with frost. Several sharp cracks echoed like rifle shots. He realized it was trees, their bark splitting as sap turned to ice in the deep cold. It was a relief to get back in the car.

He travelled on, pondering the eeriness of the night, seeing nothing but trees and rocks, stars and snow. He concluded that the drivers of both abandoned cars had been taken to safety. As he approached Chapleau, he saw a van moving slowly ahead of him. It laboured uphill, signaling for a turn onto Highway 101. Something was wrong. The van crawled to a stop, its lights flickering out. As William pulled up, a man jumped out and waved both arms. He hurried over, shivering, to speak to William through the open window.

"Can you take me into Chapleau? I need a tow to an all-night garage! I need a mechanic!" William shook his head.

"There is nothing you can do tonight. There is no all-night service here. There's probably nothing wrong with your van. It's just freezing up."

"You don't understand!" protested the man. "I'm a contractor and absolutely must be in Timmins tomorrow morning to start a major job!"

"Listen. It's a three hour drive to Timmins. Nobody will be on that road tonight. If you get the van going, and halfway there it quits, you will die." The man considered this blunt speech.

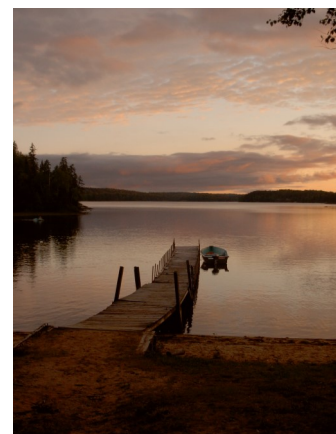
"If you can't afford a room," added William, "you can stay at my house."

"No, I have money. Take me to a motel, then. And thanks." Grabbing a bag from the van, he slid into the car.

William made certain that his passenger found a room in town, then drove home through silent streets. Fatigue washed over him as he pulled into the garage and shut off the engine. "I wonder if I could have started it again if it had stalled," he mused. On impulse he pushed the key back into the ignition and turned it. Silence. He opened the hood and shone his flashlight on the battery. It was frozen solid, its casing split open.

He went into the house and wearily prepared for bed. The phone rang. Was it the

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LAKE AT
MISSINABIE, ON
AT A MORE
TEMPERATE
SEASON OF THE
YEAR.

Bonnie's Reflections: Sixty-Two

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hospital?

"Hello Reverend! Well, you made it home. Thank God!"

"Yes, George," said William quietly. "Thank God."



"...THE PEACE OF
GOD WHICH
PASSETH ALL
UNDERSTANDING
SHALL KEEP
YOUR HEARTS
AND MINDS IN
CHRIST JESUS"

Ministry to the Sick and the Peace of God

Given that this month we celebrate the Feast of St. Luke who is known as the 'beloved physician' and perhaps also that of the Archangel Raphael whose name means 'God Heals', it would be worth taking a bit of time and rereading the services for the sick (see pp 576-591.

The Ministry to the Sick includes six short services—1. On Visiting the Sick, 2. An Act of Faith and Prayer, 3. A Form of Confession and Absolution, 5. The Communion of the Sick, 5. Forms for the Laying on of Hands and Anointing of the Sick, 6. A Supplication for the Dying.

Perhaps, the one of the Sentences from the Scriptures used at the beginning of the Visiting of a Sick Person right after the Minister says, "Peace be to this house" would be a good place to start.

"In nothing be anxious: but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4. 6,7.)

From the second half of these words we derive the first part of the Blessing at the Eucharist. Because it is assumed that we have already been praying and making supplication during the Liturgy of the Eucharist (The Thanksgiving), it seems reasonable to declare the peace of God in the blessing.

Sickness is distressing; people become anxious. We need to be reminded in our anxiety that it is in the relationship with God, in the praying, in the offering of supplication with thanksgiving that we experience the peace of God. We lose the anxiety because of our closeness to the heavenly Father.

Perhaps it is worth reminding ourselves of this at this Thanksgiving time. We do not just thank God for the good things; we thank Him IN everything. We need to be practiced up before we experience sickness for ourselves and for others.

From the Parishes

Resurrection, Walkerville,

Due to renovations to Mary and Fr. James Chantler's home (which houses St. Mary's Oratory - the meeting place of Resurrection Walkerville) our service on The First Sunday After Trinity had to be cancelled. The parish held a Yard Sale on Trinity 1 (June 2) at the home of Norma and James Chantler who also provided a fine luncheon for all who worked the sale which ran from 8.00 am until 3.00 pm. It appeared as though it would rain but we managed to dodge the wet weather and were able to raise \$634.20

A Yard Sale was held on Holy Cross Day (Sept. 14). The weather was beautiful ! The sale was held at the home of Fr. James and Mary Chantler from 8.00 am until 2.00 pm and \$173.50 was raised.

R.I.P.: Charles Kenneth Elliott (born Cobalt Ontario February 13 1925 - died Windsor Ontario August 11 2013) . Fr.. James Chantler officiated at the funeral and burial both of which took place at Victoria Greenlawn Funeral Home , Chapel And Cemetery.

R.I.P. : Claudette Florence Brown, nee Bourgeois, (born Deschenes Quebec May 24 1940 - died Windsor Ontario August 8 2013). Fr. James Chantler took the funeral held at Families First Funeral Home and Chapel. Internment of ashes is to take place at a later date. Mrs. Brown was a long time member of Resurrection Parish and served on the Select Vestry.

St. Mary's Chappleau

60th wedding anniversary!

October 14th marked the 60th wedding anniversary of Tom and Betty O'Shaughnessy of Chappleau. Tom and Betty celebrated this milestone at the Legion Hall 2 weeks before the event (because of the upcoming moose hunt.) They remembered that the weather 60 years ago was mild and sunny as it is now, and that they honeymooned in Ottawa and New York. They did offer no comments on how to stay married.

St. John's, Parry Sound

Fr. Robert and Joyce Mansfield are pleased to announce the birth of their seventh grandchild, Fiona Michelle , who lives with her parents, Faith and Jim, and her older brother, Ross. Fiona was born on September 28th.

St. Bride of Kildare, Pitt Meadows

R.I.P. Shirlie Alison (nee Richards) March 11, 1931 – September 22, 2013 Born in Vancouver—died Hatzic Lake, BC.

Shirlie passed away peacefully at her home on Hatzic Lake with her family gathered around her. Shirlie was predeceased by her husband, Michael and her sister Virginia Bazzilli, survived by her brother, Peter Richards (Barbara), her five children; Russell



FROM
THE
PARISHES

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EUNTES IN MUNDUM UNIVERSUM
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

The Traditional Anglican Church of Canada is a Missionary District of the Original Province of the Anglican Catholic Church.

The Anglican Catholic Church is a growing worldwide body with Dioceses, Districts, and Parishes present in North America, the UK, South America, Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand.

The Anglican Catholic Church is in Communion with the Anglican Province of Christ the King and the United Episcopal Church of North America.

One of our Congregations—St. Mark's, Victoria—has a very close relationship to Archbishop James Provenca of the APCCK and, with Archbishop Haverland's approval, is strongly supported by him.

PARISHES

St. Matthew the Apostle,
Ottawa, ON
613-829-7271

St. Athanasius
Belleville/Roslin, ON.
613-477-3098

The Resurrection
Walkerville (Windsor), ON
519-255-1703

St. John's,
Parry Sound, ON
705-746-9720

Holy Trinity & St. Jude,
Thunder Bay, ON
807-622-3931

St. Mary's,
Chapleau, ON.
705-864-0909

St. Bride of Kildare
Pitt Meadows, BC.
604-551-4660

St. Columba of Iona,
Halfmoon Bay
(Sunshine Coast), BC.
604-551-4660

St. Mark's
Victoria, BC
250-384-3268

From the Parishes

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(Debbie), David (Karen), Penny (Scott), Robert (Rachelle), Nicola (Grant), 17 grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Shirlie gave much knowing that by giving and seeing joy in others she would achieve her own happiness.

These last 4-5 years had been difficult for Shirlie, but through it all, she held her head up, and battled through with an incredible amount of determination and courage. We are thankful that through this journey she was not alone. She was loved and surrounded daily by her five children, their families and by dear friends and supporters alike. Funeral services will be held on Saturday, October 5th at 4pm, at St. Bride's Anglican Church, 12109 Harris Road, Pitt Meadows, BC. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the Canadian Red Cross.



Cast all your care upon the Lord, throw yourselves wholly and entirely upon Him. He will not withdraw Himself that you should fall.

St. Augustine

Newsletters 4 U

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The Africa Appeal

Donations are tax deductible and may be sent to :

The Parish of St. Bride
c/o 20895 Camwood Ave.,
Maple Ridge, BC

Please make a note on the front of the cheque that the funds are for the Africa Appeal.. Tax receipts will be issued

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