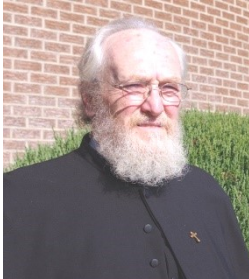


# THE TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN NEWS

OCTOBER 15, 2019

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## *Fr. Robert's Remarks*



FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD, SSC  
VICAR GENERAL

Canada's Election Day is October 21, 2019

ALMIGHTY God, the fountain of all wisdom: Guide and direct, we humbly beseech thee, the minds of all those who are called at this time to elect fit persons to serve in the . . . Grant that in the exercise of their choice they may promote thy glory, and the welfare of this Dominion [or Province, or Municipality]. And this we beg for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.* (27. Before an Election. *BCP Canada 1962 p. 50*)

Greetings; the Lord be with you!

Mr. Streeter was a quiet man, a retired homeopath. He had a small farm not too far from where we lived during the late 1950s and early 1960s and within the parish. I remember one particular trip to the farm with my Dad who was the local parish priest and making a pastoral visit. In my memory the place was

(Continued on page 15)

## *Fr. James Chantler:*

## *A Sermon For The Sixteenth Sunday After Trinity*



FR. JAMES CHANTLER

Today's account of 'the raising of the son of the widow of Nain' is found only in St. Luke's Gospel and we are fortunate that it survives for, by this time, Jesus had sent forth the twelve Apostles to reach out *to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.* (*Matthew 10 : 5-7*) Our Lord was still accompanied by a band of faithful women as well as some newly won disciples and a crowd that had become fascinated by this curious son of a carpenter and it is likely that it was through these people that the story was related to St. Luke.

Jesus and His companions were travelling to a city called Nain (which was really just a small town about seven miles southeast of Nazareth) and as they came near the city gates they met up with a widow in the funeral procession for her only son.

Jesus was moved with compassion as He too was the only son of His mother and it is believed that by this time that Mary had been widowed. The poor widow would have been heartbroken over the loss of her only son and I think she would have been frightened too as there were no programs or safety nets to help her. No one had to plead for Christ to come to her aid and from this we learn that Jesus is never indifferent to our sorrow and suffering and we must follow His example and offer our help to those suffering and destitute.

We learn of Our Lord's compassion and His being 'Christ the Consoler' for when He told her to 'weep not' it was not a reproach or scolding but consolation. He cares and understands and He always knows what to do for us. His pres-

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## *Fr. James Chantler: A Sermon For Trinity XVI*

ence was reassuring for her in her dark hour and His presence gives us strength in our own dark times. We proclaim this confidence whenever we pray the 23rd Psalm *Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me.* We old believers are sometimes scorned for retaining the old rites and ceremonies even at funerals where have a Requiem Mass or use the Burial Office with black or purple vestments; unbleached candles etc for a solemn service in which we mourn our loved ones and pray for them instead of having a 'celebration of life'. I have heard people ridicule believers for mourning their loved ones saying things like : if they really believed they would not be sad but happy that their loved one has died since Christianity teaches the Resurrection and the life everlasting. That kind of comment is not only terribly mean spirited but completely un- natural too. Though we truly embrace the sure and certain hope of the Resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come it is only human to be sad when our loved ones die. As I said earlier we know that Jesus cares and understands by His compassion for and consolation of the widow of Nain and we also know that *Jesus wept* when He was told that His friend Lazarus had died. (*John 11:35*)

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In contemplating Our Lord's encounter with the widow and her dead son we also learn that Christ is Lord of all : the living and the dead and He can recall a man's spirit into his cold and lifeless body. Jesus spoke about His Lordship of the living and the dead when He was teaching about His being the Good Shepherd *Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of My Father.*(*John 10 : 17, 18*)

I would caution you though, dear brethren, not to think of the raising of the widow's son or the raising of Lazarus as being the same as Christ's mighty Resurrection. Those accounts are best described as 'types' : things that serve as a symbolic representation of an even greater thing that is yet to come. Lazarus and the widow's son would eventually die again while Christ at His Resurrection rose once for all eternity to sit at the right hand of the Father ! That is what our faith is based on : Jesus Christ the holy Lamb of GOD's victory over sin and death. Amen.





## *Bonnie's Reflections: A Life Shaped By Scripture*



MRS. BONNIE IVEY

There was a woman whose example has stayed with me for years, known as Sister Eleanor. No, not a nun, but a tiny, perky old woman who made her living as a cleaning lady. In the tradition of some Protestant groups, she referred to herself as Sister Eleanor, and to her Christian friends as Brother or Sister.

My husband attended Huron College in London, Ontario, in the early 1970's, to train for the priesthood. Several of the students and their wives attended an ecumenical prayer meeting at a large Roman Catholic church each Thursday. There were people of all ages and many denominations attending.

Then there was Eleanor. Grey-haired, bright-eyed, she wore a cotton dress, sensible shoes, and carried a large fabric bag. In it were her bible, some charts concerning the End Times, and a folding felt storyboard with Bible characters made of felt, for storytelling anywhere, anytime. Her big smile had a few gaps in it. She was as friendly as a spaniel pup. She looked like the sort of odd person some would like to avoid.

### **Man looks at the outward appearance, but God looks at the heart. (1 Samuel 16:7)**

Eleanor was a solid, if eccentric, believer. She offered fellowship to people of every kind. She was motherly. She invited the seminary students to her tiny house, where she fed them home baking and talked about God's faithfulness. She prayed powerfully for those students. She had memorized great chunks of scripture. In particular, the prayers of St. Paul had become her own, and they were fitting for young men about to become pastors.

**"I pray that out of his glorious riches he may strengthen you with power through his Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith." (Ephesians 3:16)**

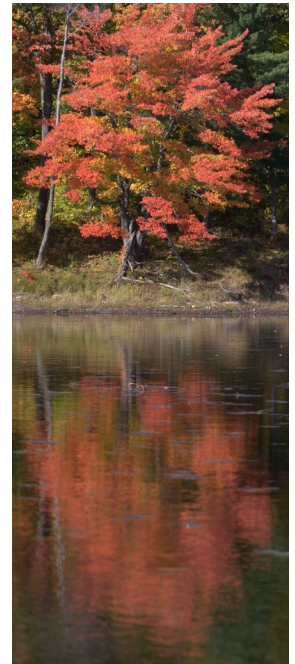
Over time, we learned more about Eleanor. She had attended Bible College, decades back. Her yearbook photo showed she had been a stunning beauty. She had been in love, too, with a young man who steadfastly refused to become a Christian.

### **"Do not be yoked together with unbelievers." (2 Corinthians 6:14)**

She did not marry him. He still lived nearby, and she said to us "Even now, If he became a Christian, I would marry him tomorrow!" She continued her single life, working in other people's homes, saving up money to enjoy bus tours all over Canada and the USA. Whenever she was on her knees scrubbing floors, she was inwardly praying and praising God.

**"Sing and make music in your heart to the Lord, always giving thanks..." (Ephesians 5:19,20)**

Eleanor believed that a Christian should actively listen for the Holy Spirit's prompting. At one point she heard him say, "Your house needs a fence around it." In





## *Bonnie's Reflections: A Life Shaped By Scripture*

obedience, she got fencing materials and built that fence. Then she heard the Holy Spirit say, "Now you need a sandbox and a swing." She got more boards, and some rope. She put up the play equipment, wondering why a childless woman, who had turned away from the only offer of marriage she ever wanted, was being instructed to do this. Soon afterward, Eleanor got a call: a family was in trouble, and their little girl needed a home to go to for a while. Eleanor became her foster mother.

### **"God sets the solitary in families." (Psalm 68:6)**

As years passed, Eleanor kept a routine of daily prayer, regularly fasting as well. Her aim was to be an evangelist, and her little bag accompanied her wherever she travelled. While sitting waiting for a bus, she would strike up a conversation with an adult, and pass on the Good News. If children were nearby, she would sit down and invite them to join her for a story. Whipping out her felt board, she would place the little figures, perhaps Daniel and the lions, or Jesus in Peter's boat. She made and maintained friendships all across the map.

**"Always be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope you have. But do this with gentleness and respect." (1 Peter 3:15)**



After graduating from seminary my husband was made deacon-in-charge of a church in a remote northern bush town. Far from family members and surrounded by strangers, we struggled to settle ourselves and our five-year-old son in an old rectory with 10 rooms. I was 9 months pregnant. There were so many boxes to unpack, supplies to purchase, parishioners whom my husband must visit. Our boy had to start kindergarten class. The baby's room was not yet prepared. At this point, our second son was born.

My husband returned from greeting his new baby at the hospital. He brought our older boy home from school. He looked around at the disordered house, and the pile of work and messages on his desk. He put his head in his hands and said, "O Lord, what am I supposed to do first?"

The phone rang.

"Well, hello, Brother William!" said Eleanor. "I was visiting friends out in California and the Lord told me it was time to pay you a visit!" Struggling to absorb this information, my husband asked whether Eleanor was still in California. "I just got off the bus! Can you come and pick me up in front of the hotel on your main street?"

Within the hour, Eleanor had settled our son with a storybook, found ingredients for supper in the fridge, started making a pot of soup for the next day, and put a load of washing in the machine. She stayed to help till I was out of hospital. She

## *Bonnie's Reflections: A Life Shaped By Scripture*

had come from the west coast to northern Ontario because she heard the Lord say it was time to pay us a visit. May God help us hear his voice as she did.

**“Nevertheless, I am continually with you; you hold my right hand. You guide me with your counsel, and afterward you will take me into glory. Whom have I in heaven but you? And earth has nothing I desire besides you.” (Psalm 73:23-25)**



## *St. Etheldreda (636-679) — October 17*

*In this issue there are to be found this article about St. Etheldreda and the following one about St. Martin of Tours. Both are from the book The Minor Festivals of the Anglican Calendar written by W.J. Sparrow Simpson, M.A., Vicar of St. Mark's, Regent Park and published by Rivingtons in 1901.*



THE family of Annas, King of the East Angles, was remarkable for its aspirations towards the monastic life. Of his three daughters, Ethelberga became abbess of the French convent of Farmoutier in Brie;<sup>1</sup> Sexburga became queen of Erconbert, King of Kent, and when he died acted as regent (luring her son's minority, and then entered a religious house, where she passed the remainder of her days; and Etheldreda—commemorated in the Calendar of the Church—after being twice married became foundress and abbess of the great convent of Ely. The religious ideal of all three sisters, set strongly in the same direction, reveals the influence exerted in their

home. Their mother was sister of the famous Abbess Hilda of Whitby.

The story of Etheldreda illustrates remarkably the religious life of her age.

It is quite clear from the entire history that if left free to follow her own religious aspirations she would never have married at all, and that the inconsistencies of her position were partly owing to the way in which for political reasons she was coerced into relationships which she would otherwise never have entered.<sup>2</sup> Although her heart was set upon convent life, she became reluctantly, at her father's will, the wife of Tonbert, chief of the fen country, who gave her the Isle of Ely as a wedding gift.<sup>3</sup> Through the two years of their married life Etheldreda retained the monastic ideals, and when Tonbert died she lived for the next five years in the practices of ascetic devotion. But, unhappily for her peace of mind, she was sacrificed to political emergencies. If the heir to the Northumbrian throne were married to one of the royal East Anglian houses the consolidation of the two kingdoms might follow upon the union of the two ruling families. True that the Northumbrian heir was at that time only a lad of fifteen. True also that the widowed princess had a strong aversion to married life. All this was overruled in the supposed interests of the people. She was com-



## *St. Etheldreda (636-679) — October 17*

pelled to marry Egfrid, the future Northumbrian king. But although nominally his wife, she persisted in living as if a member of a community. Egfrid, disgusted with his wife's religion, implored Bishop Wilfrid of York to induce her to abandon her monastic ideals.<sup>4</sup> But Wilfrid's sympathies were entirely on the other side. So far from helping the husband, he supported the wife. And he seems to have acted without the frankness and straightforwardness which Egfrid had a right to expect from the bishop to whom he confided his domestic difficulties.

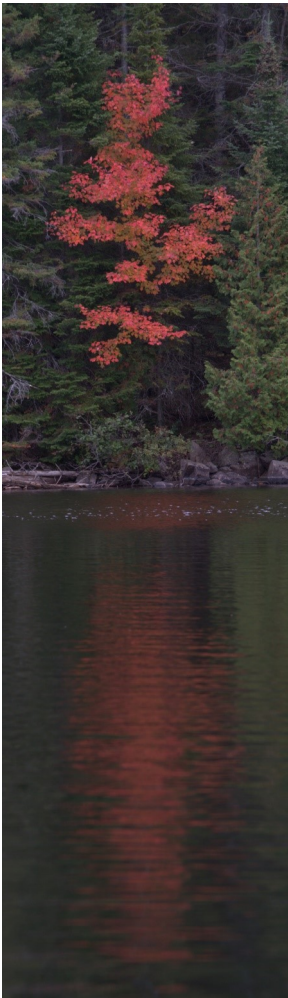
The consequence was that Etheldreda, after twelve years' residence in Egfrid's house, secured from the king an unwilling consent to her departure, a consent repented as soon as given, and so under these piteous conditions found herself free at last to realize the life which had throughout commanded her sympathies and formed her ideal. She took refuge at once in the convent of Coldingham, where Ebba, the king's aunt, ruled as abbess, and there received the veil at Wilfrid's hands.<sup>5</sup> But the unhappy Egfrid, unable to endure his desolated home, followed after his fugitive wife, determined to reclaim her and to withdraw the consent extorted from him in an hour of weakness. The popular imagination revelled in legend, as it described how Ebba the abbess, unable to protect, aided the royal novice in her flight, and how the queen, in garb of poverty disguised, fled southward until she reached her own far-off domain, the Isle of Ely, and how the waters of the marshy ground themselves arose to be her protection, until the royal pursuer, wearied and discouraged, abandoned her to the solitude which she had chosen.

Egfrid, deprived of his queen, speedily consoled himself in another marriage, to which apparently Wilfrid offered no objection. How the Bishop of York reconciled his share in these incidents with the principle of the indissolubility of Christian marriage and with the laws of the Church there remains no trace to show.

A modern Roman historian says that it is happily certain that no one to-day in the Catholic Church would sanction or approve Wilfrid's conduct in this affair.<sup>6</sup> It is also, he thinks, no less certain that no one seems to have blamed him in the age in which he lived. Whether or no the second of these statements is correct, it should be remembered that when a somewhat similar case was presented to the judgment of S. Columba, the saint threw all the weight of his influence so strongly on the side of domestic love that the man and woman from that time forward lived in accordance with their marriage vows.<sup>7</sup>

Etheldreda certainly found her vocation in the life to which for so many years she had aspired. She became foundress of a great monastic institution on the hill where the cathedral of Ely now stands. Many a woman distinguished in the world followed Etheldreda into devotional seclusion—chief among these was her own sister Sexburga, Queen of Kent. Mothers sent their daughters to Ely to be trained by Etheldreda's influence and example.

In this way she passed the last seven years of her life. Her clothing was of the plainest and roughest kind; except on the greater feasts, she rarely took food more often than once a day; and whenever health allowed spent the hours from midnight to morn in the Church in prayer. Toward the last she suffered from a tumour in the neck, which she regarded as a penance for the costly jewels with which it was formerly laden.





## *St. Etheldreda (636-679) — October 17*

The story of Etheldreda's life is recorded by the Venerable Bede, who heard part of it at least from bishop Wilfrid's own lips, and was himself so moved by the narrative that he became a poet and wrote a hymn in her honour.

The name of S. Etheldreda became popularly condensed into S. Audrey.

### Notes

1. Wm. of Malmesbury.      2. Matthew of Westminster      3. Bright, p. 250. A.D. 652
4. Bede, iv. 19.              5. A.D. 671                      6. Moutalembert, iv. 255
7. Adoration's "Columba," ii. 41, reference in Bright



In 1938, Bishop W.H. Frere of Truro arranged a little book, *Black Letter Saint's Days*. In it he includes a Collect for St. Etheldreda's Day.

Almighty and everlasting God, who didst enkindle the flame of love in the heart of Saint Etheldreda, thy servant, so that, at thy call, she gave up the old life for the new: Grant us the same faith and power of love that, as we rejoice in her triumph, we may learn her obedience; though Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen*

(I would mention that Bishop W.H. Frere was the Bishop who confirmed the late Bishop Alfred Woolcock, second bishop of the ACCC. Bishop Frere was also a co-founder of the Community of the Resurrection to which Bishop Robert Mercer belonged)



## *St. Martin of Tours (316 or 336 – 397) — November 11*



MARTIN, the soldier who became a bishop, was born in 316, in Pannonia, the region where Jerome (see September 30) some thirty years later first saw the light. He was brought up at Pavia, in Italy. His father was an officer in the Roman army, and, like his mother, a stranger to the Christian Faith.

But in spite of pagan influences and example at home, the power of the Cross entered into Martin's heart and took possession while yet a child. To his parents' surprise and regret, he went to the church at the age of ten, and asked to be taught the Christian Faith. The Church, the Faith, the monastic life, constantly filled his mind even at that early age, although his parents' authority and his own tender years prevented him from realizing the longing of his heart. At the age of twelve he

was minded to become a hermit, but was forced by his father at the age of fifteen to take the oath of military service, and serve his time in a profession for which, by character and inclination alike, he was totally unfitted. Warfare was abhorrent to the young man's soul, but there was no escape from five years' reluctant familiarity with the daily doings of a Roman regiment. Martin had not yet received the Baptismal Grace, but already his long-

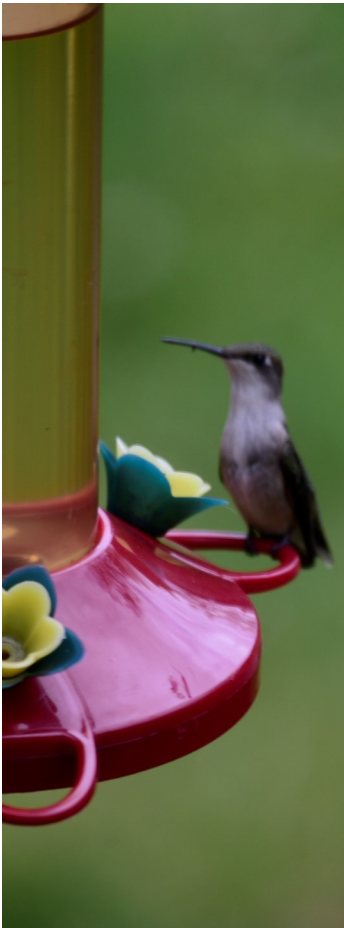


## *St. Martin of Tours (316 or 336 – 397) — November 11*

ings towards the Christian ideal made him singularly gracious and attractive.

Beset by coarseness which he loathed, and by religious notions which he rejected, Martin set a daily example of re-fined simplicity and manly self-reserve. His unpretending ways, his complete unselfishness, won the hearts of men, who had at least discernment enough to recognize the beauty of ideals which they did not attempt to pursue.

Martin was already known for his pitifulness and charity. In the depth of an exceptionally severe winter, when the extreme cold was proving fatal to very many, he met at the gate of Amiens a ragged beggar piteously pleading for help from the many who passed by. Being left by others, St. Martin felt that the man was reserved for him for sympathy. But Martin had nothing but his military cloak. He took his sword and divided it into two equal parts, giving one to the beggar and keeping one for himself. Martin's grotesque appearance in his fragment of a cloak excited the ridicule of the thoughtless bystanders. But the more thoughtful were deeply touched at the contrast between their selfishness and his generosity. That night Martin received his reward. He saw in a vision Christ Himself arrayed in that fragment of the cloak which the beggar received. He heard the Lord Christ say to the angels, "Martin, who is still but a catechumen, clothed Me with this robe." By deeds of pity such as this did Martin prepare himself to be a Christian, and at the age of eighteen he was baptized. He still retained his soldier's duty, for his tent-companion promised to follow him into religious labours if Martin would but wait two years. So Martin consented. But the emperor was now on the eve of an expedition in Gaul, and Martin felt that the critical moment for withdrawal had obviously come. Accordingly he asked permission to retire. "I am a soldier of Christ," he said: "it is not lawful for me to fight." The officer was enraged, and declared that the proposal was only prompted by cowardly fear of battle on the following day. Martin declared himself willing to stand unarmed before the barbarians. So he left to others the task of extending the empire of Caesar, and went forth to lifelong warfare of a purely spiritual kind.



Free to follow his aspirations, Martin with a true instinct let, resorted to Poitiers, and became a disciple of its saintly Bishop Hilary. How great was the privilege of that discipleship! To Martin, simple and unlearned, impressible and receptive of ideas, and firmly tenacious of truths when once he grasped them, the learned and powerful mind of Hilary was, for his intellectual and spiritual training, simply invaluable. And Hilary, the thoughtful and profound teacher, fully realized the capacity beneath that humble exterior. Inflexible towards truth, but considerate towards men, absolutely fearless of what flesh might do unto him, strong already in habits of self-discipline, fired with all the holy zeal of an apostle, and eager for the conversion of souls, there was no limit to the service which Martin, by the grace of God, might render both to man-kind and to the holy Faith. Hilary, in type so different from his simple-hearted disciple, was identical with him in single-hearted devotion to his Redeemer and his God; and he imparted to Martin his own passionate zeal for the doctrine of our Lord's Divinity, together with an intense detestation of all error by which that central truth was obscured, injured, imperilled, or compromised. The bishop was eager to retain his disciple in the Church at Poitiers, and pro-



## *St. Martin of Tours (316 or 336 – 397) — November 11*

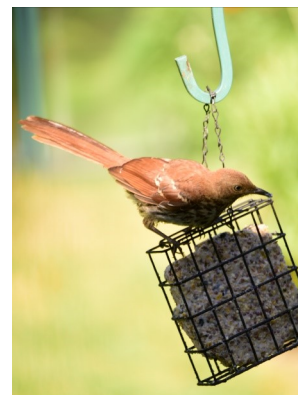
posed to ordain him to the holy office of deacon. But Martin, under a profound sense of personal unworthiness, resolutely shrank from accepting anything more than minor orders. And as the Faith grew more and more majestic in Martin's mind, there also grew the yearning to impart the glorious reality to others, and especially to those of his country and his home. Father and mother in their pagan darkness haunted Martin's thoughts by day, and entered into his dreams, until at last the pressure of their unconscious claims, all the more pathetic because they did not know or feel their need, became an imperious irresistible call which the young man hastened to obey.

With Hilary's regret, but full concurrence, Martin departed from the discipleship which had so firmly formed and matured him. But if he departed from Hilary's presence, he never swerved from Hilary's faith. It is instructive to remember how saint is joined with saint in spiritual parentage—how Ambrose teaches Augustine, and Hilary teaches Martin, and so the spiritual generations are continued.

Sad and full of strange presentiments was Martin as he retraced his steps across the Alps to be the bearer of apostolic truth to his native land. In some lonely passage of the Alps he was seized by a band of robbers; one raised an axe to slay him, but another diverted the blow as it fell. Martin was bound and carried before the robber-chief. In reply to the question who he was, he answered that he was a Christian. To the further inquiry, was he not afraid? he answered that for himself he never felt more safe, but that for the state of his captors he did sincerely grieve. Martin's conduct is said to have resulted in the robber-chief's conversion. So Martin reached his home. There he succeeded in convincing his mother of the truth of the Christian Faith, and many others followed; but his father remained a heathen still.

As became a disciple of Hilary, S. Martin laboured not only to enlighten the pagan, but to restore the heretical. Arian influence was strong enough to banish S. Hilary, and it strove fiercely to thwart the labours of S. Martin. Like his illustrious teacher, Martin also suffered from the severity of the men who denied the Divinity of his Lord. In one city he was publicly scourged and expelled for teaching the Catholic Faith. So he wandered into Italy and settled in Milan. The labours of S. Ambrose (see April 4) were not yet begun, and Milan was groaning under the Arian Bishop Auxentius. Martin strove and protested in behalf of the Faith, and drew upon himself much persecution and suffering, and at last was driven to take refuge in an island in the Gulf of Genoa.

After this Martin went back to France. Five miles from the city of Poitiers, about A.D. 360, he built a monastery on land which Hilary gave him. This was certainly one of the very earliest, if not the earliest, religious house in France. There for the next ten years Martin lived and laboured, and all that time his reputation grew, and it was determined to place him in the bishopric of Tours. But the difficulty was how to draw him from his beloved retreat, and the difficulty was only surmounted by fraud. A leading citizen of Tours called at the monastery and entreated Martin to come forth and visit his wife, for she lay dangerously ill. The unsuspecting saint complied. But Tours was crowded with people from the country round, resolved to place him in the bishop-



## *St. Martin of Tours (316 or 336 – 397) — November 11*

ric. Some, it is true, resented the proposal. Martin was poor, and in bodily presence mean; his tattered dress, his uncouth ways, his utter indifference to personal appearance, would be singularly unbecoming in a bishop—so at least a bishop said. But the objections were overruled; the universal love they bore him would not have their choice denied. So the simple monk who shrank from the office of deacon had most reluctantly the burden of the episcopate thrust upon him, and here as elsewhere in life, always bowing to indications of what he believed to be the will of God, Martin undertook as from Heaven responsibilities he would gladly have been permitted to escape.

Martin the bishop did not widely differ from Martin the monk. He still cherished the monastic ideal, and cultivated it as far as possible. There was the same homeliness in dress, the same humility of heart, as before. His dwelling for a time was a lowly cell beside his church, but the endless distraction, the multitude that came and went, made Martin yearn for a seclusion which the city could not possibly accord. He therefore withdrew his dwelling to a distance.

Two miles from the episcopal city, in a deep ravine of the river Loire, he founded a religious house, Marmoutier, the great monastery whose fame has survived the changes of centuries, and stands conspicuous in the annals of Western monasticism. There, in utter seclusion, Martin communed with God, and drew others round him in greater numbers than before, until eighty brothers assembled with him; some were lowly, but some were high-born, well-educated men, glad to exchange their wealth and easy habitations for austerity and rough-hewn caves or cells of wood in Martin's companionship and under Martin's direction. The life at Marmoutier was of the simplest kind. No manual labour was encouraged, nor was it Martin's aim to promote learning. He was no man of books. Even the copying of manuscripts was left to the younger members of the community, while the elders were absorbed in meditation and prayer. Yet out of that pure unworldliness issued forth numbers of men to be priests or bishops in the Churches in France, for all men coveted the presence of those whom Martin's zeal and piety had trained. Perhaps it was in the monastery of Marmoutier that Martin endured so patiently the persecution of his disciple S. Brice (see November 13)

Martin was not a man for study and for books. His mission was of the more active kind. The special feature of his work was that it lay chiefly not among intellectual opponents of the Faith, but among the ignorant and the heathen. Although bishoprics had long since been planted in the conspicuous cities of France, yet the country round lay still plunged in gross darkness, ignorant of truth, and for these it was Martin's joy to labour. The term pagan or countryman is still a synonym for ignorance of the Faith.

Forth went Martin, fired with holy zeal to preach the truth, to destroy the pagan emblems and to root out pagan superstitions, and to break down the groves in which the old divinities were held to linger, and to level to the earth the ancient temples, or else consecrate them to the service of the perfect religion. Everywhere, in place of sacred oak or stone, he built a chapel, or a monastery, or a church; and the altars of Jesus Christ occupied the sites of time-honoured and cruel superstitions. Martin's ascendancy was wonderful, his fearlessness amazing; but he did not always convince or convert, nor al-



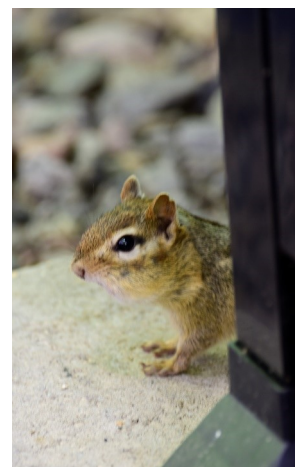
## *St. Martin of Tours (316 or 336 – 397) — November 11*

ways escape without bodily injury. Yet, notwithstanding sullen opposition or angered resistance, his apostolic spirit and gentle endurance and persuasive influence gradually won their way in his Master's behalf.

Miracles frequent and astounding are ascribed to Martin; and it is not for our modern materialized temper to assign limits to the spiritual gifts which may have been formerly granted to these utterly unworldly apostles of the Faith.

Martin's chief work was of this missionary kind, but he was at times involved in more public affairs. He was on a visit to Treves. New heresy had arisen in the country of Spain, and had there been treated with great severity both by the authorities of the Church and those of the State. Priscillian, the leader of the heresy, was condemned by a council of bishops, but was nevertheless consecrated a bishop by those who advocated his cause. Appeals were made to the Bishop at Rome, and to St. Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, to support the cause of Priscillian. Both appeals were made in vain. The matter was then brought before the Emperor Maximus at Treves, and the question tried by a secular court. Martin protested. A case of heresy ought not to be brought before secular authorities—that was one wrong. Another was that error in spiritual affairs should be visited with temporal penalties. The only punishment permissible in the case of heresy was the purely spiritual punishment of excommunication. Martin pleaded with Maximus that none but spiritual penalties should be inflicted. Maximus promised, and so long as Martin remained at Treves all was well. But no sooner was his powerful influence withdrawn than the opponents of the unfortunate heretic, having the field to themselves, stirred up such ill-will against Priscillian that Maximus broke his word, and gave sentence for his execution. This is the first execution for heresy. Martin and Ambrose united in indignant repudiation of any resort to secular force for the propagation of the Faith. Certainly here all honour is due to Martin's name. He saw what many of his successors failed to see, that violence is not one of the weapons in the armoury of the Christian. As is generally the case, persecution, even put on the lowest ground, failed to secure its object; for the execution of Priscillian and the banishment of his principal adherents did but excite universal sympathy, and caused a rapid increase of his heresy. But many centuries stained with ghastly deeds were to pass by before men learnt—if, indeed, they have everywhere learnt it even yet—that Martin's interpretation of the gospel was the only true one, and that they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Ambrose felt no less strongly than did Martin the impossibility of justifying the resort to secular authorities and methods in matters of the spiritual sphere; and when he visited Treves he steadily refused to have any communion with bishops guilty of such a confusion between the spiritual and the secular, the Church and the world.

Such was Ambrose's share in the incident. But for Martin things grew more complicated and perplexed. Once more he had to visit Treves to plead with Maximus, the emperor, for the lives of some chief officers of the murdered emperor Gratian. At that time the bishopric of Treves lay vacant, and the bishops of the province—the very men who brought about the execution of Priscillian—were gathered to consecrate a new bishop for the city. The person chosen was blameless of any share in Priscillian's death, and Martin found himself in great perplexity. Ought he or ought he not to unite in action with





## *St. Martin of Tours (316 or 336 – 397) — November 11*

the men who left Priscillian to the mercies of the secular power? For their sakes, no; for the sake of the bishop elect, surely yes. And for the sake of Gratian's officers, if he hoped to save their lives, must he not oblige Maximus to this extent? Or was this a temptation to be resisted with all his power? Moreover, if he refused—if he still defended Priscillian—might not suspicion rest upon himself as being in secret sympathy with Priscillian's error, and so harm be done to the Church's cause, and 'the cause of many monks and ascetics associated with him?

Martin was in the deepest perplexity. Maximus may naturally have desired the influential approval of such a man; but ought Martin in any way to seem to countenance him? Eventually he determined that, under the circumstances, there was nothing to be done but to communicate with these secularized bishops, and with them to consecrate the elected bishop for Treves. Martin did so, and departed, vexed in mind and self-reproachful. In the solitude of a forest on his journey home, he passed in anxious review the events of the previous days, resolved to judge himself in order that he might not be judged. The conclusion to which he came was that on the whole his action must be endorsed, but yet was at the same time most unfortunate. From that day Martin resolved never to attend any council of bishops—a resolution which he kept for the remainder of his life, some sixteen years. And he believed that thenceforward a sensible decrease of his miraculous power came over him in consequence of the part taken by him in that day's transactions.

These remaining sixteen years were passed more after Martin's ideal, in converting the heathen in his diocese of Tours, and in earnest assiduous labours for the ignorant poor who clustered by thousands round the city of his episcopal dwelling. So Martin lived and died calmly on the eleventh of November, 397, a day still known in the calendar of our Church as S. Martin's Day,

Far and wide after his departure from the world extended Martin's fame. It was the delight of the Church of the West to hold up his example to the Church of the East, and to show that Europe could excel in ideals of life which the far-off East had given them. Visitors to the monasteries of France would often hear the recital of Martin's labours. No theme was more popular, no example more beloved. 'Speak to us,' they said, "either in the language of the Celt or of the Gaul, so long as you tell us of Martin's good-



## *St. Martin of Tours (316 or 336 – 397) — November 11*

ness.” So Martin was known all over Europe. The first church at Canterbury in which Augustine worshipped had been dedicated to S. Martin, and so was the church which S. Ninian built in Galloway.

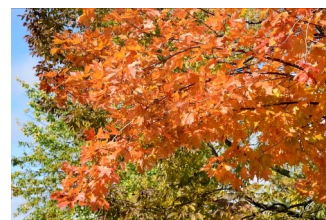
Martin’s apostolic life is a signal instance of simple-hearted devotion to the cause of Christ, of overwhelming belief in the reality of the spiritual world and its nearness to this, of practical exhibition of Christianity in social duties. Firm and strong, sensitive in conscience, more ready to criticize himself than others, he laboured with one lifelong aim in view, wholly concentrated upon his work, and from this he never swerved.

Generous in the extreme, touched in early boyhood with the beauty of the Christian life, there is a graciousness about him which shines out across the ages, and still wins admiration, as it did long ago among those for whom he toiled and prayed.



From Bishop Frere’s *Black Letter Saints’ Days*, again:

O God, who calledst Martin from military service to be a leader in the army of Christ: Give us grace to follow his faith, his compassion, and his apostolic zeal, that others may be won into the ranks of righteousness; through the same thy son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen*



## *The Church Mouse: What Does “Having Faith In God Mean?”*

It was almost time for the children’s lesson to begin, so I crept out of my church mousehole and found a nice quiet corner under a chair. I settled down to listen. Soon all the children were in their seats. A little girl had a question. “Father Palmer,” she asked, “What is faith in God? Is it a special kind of feeling?”

“No, it’s not a feeling,” he replied. “It is a decision to trust. We decide to trust in different things every day. If you believe a bridge is safe, you will ride your bike across it. If you believe the bridge is too rickety, you will not cross it.

Now, each of you imagine you are having a swimming lesson. It is your first time in deep water and your toes barely touch the bottom. Would you rather be taught by an instructor you don’t know, or by your own father?” Everyone agreed they would rather have a lesson from their own Dad. “Why is that?” asked Fr. Palmer.

“Cuz he’s a good teacher!” said one. “My Dad is a good swimmer and he taught my big sister!” said another. “My Dad has always kept me safe even when I was scared,” said the smallest boy.

“Exactly,” replied Fr. Palmer. “We can decide to trust someone because we know about good things they have done. God has done many good things. If we want to know what he is like, and how he acts, we have a perfect picture of him in Jesus.

Jesus once said, “I only do what I see my Father doing.” When we read about Jesus in the bible, we see him loving people (*even people who had done very bad things*). *He heals them when they are sick*. He teaches them how important it is to forgive someone. He answers their questions. He shows us what out heavenly Father is like. Now we no longer have to trust only in ourselves, in our own cleverness, or the things we have, or in our friends. We trust in God our heavenly Father.”

“So we have come to know and believe the love that God has for us. God is love, and he who abides in love abides in God, and God in him.” (1 John 4:16)





## Fr. Robert's Remarks

idyllic—small fields marked out with trees, a creek dammed up to create several cascading fish ponds. The peacefulness of the place seemed totally appropriate. Mr. Streeter was also a watercolour painter.

For many years, Dad and Mom had two of Mr. Streeter's paintings hanging in the living room. Now they hang in the cottage of one of my brothers. One of the paintings was a scene of a campsite, a canoe pulled up on shore, and a campfire burning. No doubt, that painting was influential on me and contributed to my love of creation, a love of canoeing and a love of camping, and I suppose now a love of photography of things natural including flowers, birds and animals.

As I write this column, it is October 15, the commemoration of Our Lady of Walsingham and the 58th anniversary of my Confirmation..

Just recently, I happened to be looking at the Prayer Book—BCP (Canada) 1959 that my parents gave me on that occasion signed by Bishop George Snell of Toronto. It has a 3.5" x 5" inscription fixed into it. Mr. Streeter painted the card. For a variety of reasons, it has always been a happy memory. (See right)

The words of the Psalmist, inscribed on the card "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: let the whole earth stand in awe of Him. (Ps. 96.9) are words that have been a long time companion on the Way. *An Order of Service For Young People* (BCP 1959/62 p. 622) was used, at least in part, at Sunday School. After the opening prayer, these words were used as the first of the Opening Sentences of the short Office.

Part of my life's journey or, shall I say, pilgrimage is involved in a search for holiness if only to see what the beauty of holiness truly is and what it truly looks like—both in others and in me.

"Let the whole earth stand in awe of Him." During the late 1980s and 1990s, we were using a small church building with several large clear windows on the sides of the nave. I think that I could not have been paying very much attention as we arrived at the church on that autumn day other than that I am sure that it was rather grey and dingy when we arrived.

The lead up to services were always busy as we did our setup. That morning, we were in the midst of the liturgy and there was a moment when I was turned to the congregation expressing the intention of the Eucharist and bidding the prayers just before the



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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

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### *Fr. Robert's Remarks*

Intercession that I happened to glance out the windows on the Epistle side. It was the movement of a big, beautiful, doe outside in the parking lot that caught my eye, I think. She appeared to be looking into the church. Surrounding her were the trees in colour with the sun shining down. It was a spectacular sight. The greyness was totally gone.

There are moments when God's wonderful creation becomes God's wonder-filling creation. Wonder-filled, I was left with the notion that the creation had woken up to join us in the worship of Almighty God. It was a most profound moment.

As I said, "Just recently, I happened to be looking at the Prayer Book . . ." It is a amazing how things can come together in a reflective moment!

In January 2020, our 5 delegates who wereelected at our last Synod will be at The Provincial Synod of the ACC in Atlanta. The Synod is organized as part of the Joint Anglican Synods. The is the second Joint Synod. You will remember that the outcome of the last Synod was the Atlanta Accord signed by the Bishops and Archbishops of four jurisdictions. Please pray for the event and for the delegates.

Thanks.

Till next month; God Bless!



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