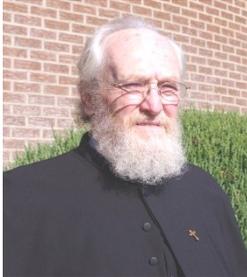


THE TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN NEWS

JANUARY 15, 2020

VOLUME 8, ISSUE 1

Fr. Robert's Remarks



FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD, SSC
VICAR GENERAL

Greetings; the Lord be with you!

This issue is a bit late getting sent out—just an explanation, not an apology, particularly. Atlanta got in the way.

Our Canadian contingent is now home. I'm really quite grateful. We had a good trip back from Pearson Airport on Friday evening. Saturday, the conditions became more blizzard-like—not nearly as bad as Newfoundland where cars are buried; but there has been a foot or so of drifting snow here. I'm happy not to be driving today.

It was a good Synod in Atlanta this past week—though, perhaps, a bit smaller perhaps than the Joint Synod of 2017—with representation from the Anglican



LEAVING ON A JET PLANE—FROM ATLANTA

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Fr. Byron Woolcock, TDC: The Divine Thief



FR. BYRON WOOLCOCK, TDC

Previously, our good Father Vicar General would wisely remind me of relevant seasonal Feasts and Saints Days when he asked me to write an article. Good advice, (which I sought to follow in parishes and, like you, day by day.) However, this time I am writing in Advent 2019 for the January 2020 Newsletter! My thoughts are of such as my dear Mother's birthday on St. Andrew's Day, of "Christmases long, long ago", of yet another winter of the many I have lived across my dear Canada. Mostly my thoughts are "Adventish" which, hopefully are both seasonal and daily... "Thy Kingdom Come... Maranatha".

Today the snow is falling so thickly the trees can hardly be seen. They have given up their leaves and stand like skeletons yet, we know, full of life and the hope of yet another springtime to come.

The Everlasting Now

When our Grandsons were younger, I would greet their welcome visits with a question; "Do you think today is the best of all possible days?" Not being much of a Philosopher, I will let Archbishop Anthony Bloom answer! "There is a Russian children's story in which a wise man is asked three questions;

What is the most important moment in life?

What is the most important action in life?

And who is the most important person?

Fr. Byron Woolcock, TDC: The Divine Thief

As in all such stories he seeks answers but finds none. Finally, he meets a peasant girl who is surprised he should even ask;

The most important moment in life is the present – it is the only one we have, for the past is gone, the future not yet here.

The most important action in life is to do the right thing.

And the most important person in life is the person who is with you at the present moment and for whom you can either do the right thing or the wrong.”

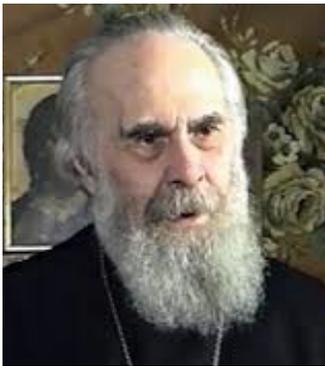
Here, Metropolitan Anthony leads to the conclusion introduced so skillfully; “That is what is meant by mindfulness of death.” What we pray for in the Litany is time for this needed mindfulness so thus we pray to be delivered “from sudden death”. The theme is also echoed in other familiar words; “in the midst of life we are in death...”, “make us deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life...”, “whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord...”, “...all, who in life and death have glorified Thee”.

Even, simply, as I write, the Archbishop’s words clarify more deeply, as ... Susan is baking cookies for a Christmas parcel. Sophie, her faithful dog companion, never far away. Beside me as I write is our other dog “Ruth the Faithful”. Indeed I have written before on “the sacrament of the present moment”.

How easily we recall “deeper” moments; “It is then we recognize the importance of every gesture and action, then that we realize how slight differences between what we usually consider the great things of life and those which are insignificant. The way we speak, the manner in which we prepare a tray with a cup of tea, the way in which we adjust an uncomfortable cushion because it is as important as the greatest things we have ever done. The humblest action, the simplest word, may then be the summing up of a whole relationship, expressing to perfection all the depth of that relationship, all the love, concern and truth that are within it.” For me, likely for you also, the time near death for my Mother and Father indeed fulfilled for me Archbishop Anthony’s words just quoted. My Mother held both her hands over her forehead which I had just anointed and said the first words of her favorite prayer; “O Lord, support us all the day long...”. My Father, having received his final Holy Communion, I went on to bless him. But with all his remaining strength he raised his own hand to bless me. The Bishop is the ultimate Celebrant at every Eucharist.

The world, presently described by St. John Paul as “the Culture of Death” sees our present theme as morose, as like a constant “sword of Damocles” hanging over our head.

However, “only awareness of death will give life this immediacy and depth, will bring life to life, will make it so intense that its totality is summed up in the present moment.” “All life is at every moment an ultimate act.” (Archbishop Anthony)



METROPOLITAN ANTHONY BLOOM
(19/06/1914-04/08/2003)

Fr. Byron Woolcock, TDC: The Divine Thief

THE FIRST KNOT

Of course I speak of the Franciscan cord, the monastic vows, and that lovely beatitude of true poverty to which we are all called, to be indeed, “poor in spirit”. Brother Christian+, of blessed memory, welcomed me officially into the Gospel Way of St. Francis. He quickly advised; “Your own poverty is set in your own little family context. Your needs versus your wants prayerfully ordered. Ultimately, you are called to detachment, not clinging to things but only and always reflecting that each of them can only be used and seen in the context of loving your family, (and all persons).” That wise advice, from a Celibate Franciscan, is why I notice, and meet “Franciscans” every day.

My dear Father died July 1st, 2003, the birthday of his dear adopted Canada. Earlier he had submitted an article for the July/August Oshawa Legion Newsletter and titled it: “Having To Leave It All”. After listing some mementos and the people who taught him so much by their lives and examples he concluded; “Remember that faith knows no distance in time or place. Love is from the innermost heart and has no material weight. A wise person knows it best to leave behind any burden at all that restricts real life and peace.”

THE DIVINE THIEF

That image, familiar also in Advent, occurs several times right on to Revelation 16:15, “Behold I come as a thief, blessed is he that watcheth...” I doubt if “The Lord is a Thief” may become a popular hymn, but it certainly must remain!

One of our faithful dog companions, Kelly, a Scottish terrier of course, had to be euthanized due to cancer from locally used pesticides. Our Vet was an “old style” Anglican who understood when I tearfully remarked; “God the thief has stolen back from us again”. No, maybe not “accurate Theology”, but certainly a valid emotion we all experience. A woman in New England faced the death of two of her family in a short period and wrote this poem;

“I never lost as much but twice,
And that was in the sod,
Twice have I stood a beggar
Before the door of God.

Angels twice descending
Reimbursed my store,
Burglar, Banker, Father,
I am poor once more.”

In every greeting there is a farewell and such “little deaths” can teach us, above all, that love is real and worth it. (Fr. Nouwen)

As always, C.S. Lewis concludes all this strongly, echoing our experiences;



Bishop Alfred Woolcock and Fr. Frank Moore Sr. with Confirmation Candidates at St. Jude's, Thunder Bay

Fr. Byron Woolcock, TDC: The Divine Thief

“To love at all is to be vulnerable ... If you want to make sure of keeping your heart intact you must give your heart to no one, not even to an animal. Wrap it around carefully with hobbies and little luxuries; avoid all entanglements; lock it up safely in the casket of your selfishness.

But in that casket it will not be broken...it will become unbreakable...
The only place outside of Heaven where you can be perfectly safe from the dangers of Love is Hell.” (The Four Loves)

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR

Part of our pastoral work in Madoc was to take our turn for a Worship Time, in the local Ministerial list, at the Retirement Home. Our Organist and some of the Congregation would come and, with piano accompaniment would sing the residents’ requested favourites. One such was always “Will Your Anchor Hold”;

“We have an anchor that keeps the soul,
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviours Love.” (Heb. 6:18-20)

I close with such a prayer of “Hope-Full Abandonment” by James M. Washington. After conversing, arguing, with God on the total vulnerability of love, the changes and chances of this mortal life and finally the casting of the Anchor of Hope in the Rock who is the Eternal Christ, he prayed thus;

“I abandon all I think I am,
All that I hope to be,
All that I believe I possess,

I let go of the past,
I withdraw my grasping hand from the future,
And in the great silence of this moment,
I alertly rest my soul just like the seagull lies on the wind current...
So I lay myself into the Spirit of God.

My dearest human relationships,
My most precious dreams,
I surrender to His care.

All I have called my own I give back,
All my favourite things which I would
Withhold in my storehouse,
Away from His fearful tyranny and demand...
I let go.
I give myself unto Thee, O My Dear God.”



Bonnie's Reflections: Packing For Heaven



BONNIE IVEY (& LAD)

people with wings and long robes...It all seems to have nothing to do with our lives now and certainly doesn't seem attractive as a future. The devil is behind this. He wants to focus our attention on ridiculous cartoons of heaven or little devils with pitchforks, so we won't take the subject seriously.

Jesus knows we need to take it seriously and therefore repeatedly taught about the Kingdom of Heaven. In his parables and other teachings, he makes it clear that *the Kingdom of Heaven is not a future location but a present relationship*. As Christians we are in the Kingdom of Heaven right now, because we have been baptized into it. We have a King: the Lord God Almighty. Will we maintain our relationship by honoring and obeying him? Are we desirable subjects or are we rebels? Do we wish to receive all that the Father has to give us in our relationship with him?



“Fear not, little flock, for it is the Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.” (Luke 12:32)

Not everyone is interested in receiving it, however. Jesus began a parable saying, “The Kingdom of Heaven is like a king who prepared a wedding banquet for his son...” This king sent out invitations to a rich and plentiful banquet. A royal celebration! Who would not be delighted to come? But some were not willing.

Years ago, there was a popular ministry called The Singing Nuns. You might remember their song:

*I cannot come! I cannot come to the banquet. Don't trouble me now!
I have married a wife. I have bought me a cow.
I have fields and commitments that cost a pretty sum.
Pray hold me excused. I cannot come!*

Just as in the song, Jesus tells how some people view the invitation with disdain and go their way, immersed in their own little concerns. Then he adds these details: the king de-

Bonnie's Reflections: Packing For Heaven

stroys the city of those who refused the invitation and sends his servants to round up everyone they can find, **good and bad**, so the banquet will be furnished with guests.

Jesus used the story of unworthy guests to try to warn the faithless ones among the Jews who had stopped expecting the promised Messiah. They did not want to be recalled to their relationship with God their heavenly King, and rejected the words of his servants, the prophets. Matthew writes that the crowd listening to Jesus on this occasion included some like these, who had become his enemies. Jesus was shaking up the religious establishment. They feared that controversy might take a political turn, drawing the attention of their hated Roman overlords. He speaks knowing there are hostile individuals among the listeners who long to catch him saying something they can use to destroy him.

He goes on to tell a second parable, in which people arrive to celebrate the marriage of the King's son. A royal wedding! What splendour! The glorious banquet has begun. The King proceeds into the dining hall to welcome his guests. In the days when Jesus told this story, guests coming to a state wedding were often provided with a wedding garment given by the king or governor who gave the invitation. People loved spectacles then as now. Picture a huge crowd, all dressed alike, bowing to their royal host in the hall ablaze with light; with servants, joyful music, and laden tables. But look! Here is a man not wearing a wedding garment!

The story continues: "the King said to him, 'Friend, how did you get in here without a wedding garment?' And he was speechless. Then the King said to the attendants, 'Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the outer darkness; there men weep and gnash their teeth.' For many are called, but few are chosen." (Matthew 22:11-13)

This rejection shocks us! All we are told about this man is that he arrives at the banquet expecting to be welcomed and accepted on his own terms. Because he rejected the robe offered by the King, he finds himself on the wrong side of the door. If we do not want to share that fate, we had better find out what the wedding garment really is. We want that to be in our luggage when we arrive for the banquet.

We can't say it represents good deeds. Think of the parable of the Pharisee and the tax collector. One can do good deeds with a cold heart. (Luke 18: 9-14)

We can't say it means good behavior. It was a crowd of nobodies, both good and bad, who were sought out to replace the original guests who refused the invitation.

St. Augustine dealt with the question in a sermon. He quoted St. Paul's teaching on charity: one might have many supernatural gifts, and faith enough to move mountains. One can give everything away to the poor, or allow oneself to be martyred, **"but if I have not charity, nothing profits me."** Charity: the heavenly kind of love which seeks no return for what it gives. Augustine ends his sermon by saying, "Put it on, you guests, that you may sit down securely."

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Fr. Stanton: Epiphany 4: The Teaching of the Storm



FR. ARTHUR STANTON, SSC

"The men marvelled saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him 1 "-S. Matt. viii. 27.

THE storm on the Lake of Galilee is a very, very beautiful little lesson. Let us for a moment just consider the wonder naturally, and then we shall see more clearly into the spiritual significance of the whole incident. The Lake of Galilee is situated amongst the hills. Volumes of wind from the scattered regions come down upon the lake, and in a moment or two the surface, hitherto calm, is ruffled. These storms on the Lake of Galilee defied all the science of the navigator; they nonplussed those who knew the lake best. Sometimes from one quarter, and sometimes from another, the whole lake boiled and seethed like a cauldron. We are told in the Gospel that the waves came over into the ship, and even the men who are accustomed to the lake, and the methods and manner of the lake, they themselves were terrified, and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ lay asleep, in the boat on the lake—fast asleep in the storm! He had had a very hard day's work before He got into the boat. If you look into the chapter you will see He had been all day preaching and healing and teaching among a crowd, and you know what a crowd is like? You can fancy it, filthy, loathsome, importunate, pressing upon Him. The whole day long He had been preaching and teaching and healing and comforting, and then at the end of the long day, they got into this boat on the lake. Why didn't they offer Him hospitality? There should be plenty of residents in good circumstances round about the Lake of Galilee? They could easily have offered Him a shelter for the night. Why put Him out in a boat on the lake after a hard day's work? Oh! my brethren, He was but as a poor working man, He was clothed and dressed as only an ordinary working man, and there was no consideration paid to Him. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" And so, although He had been preaching and teaching and healing the whole day, they let Him go out in a rickety boat in the teeth of a hurtling storm coming across the mountains. And there He is asleep—He Who might have been on the Throne of Heaven within the Trinity, in a boat on the lake, in a storm asleep!

"He held the highest place above, Adored by sons of flame,
 Yet such His self-denying love,
 He laid aside His Crown, and came To seek the lost, at any cost
 Of Heavenly rank, and earthly fame,
 He sought me—Blessed be His name."

But they missed the chance. Had they put Him up for the night they would have entertained not angels, but the King of angels; not angels unawares, but He Who is the Lord of all the angelic host, Aye, they missed their chance! And yet, dear brethren, isn't it exactly consonant with His whole beautiful life? He went about doing good, comforting, healing, saying such things as man never spake before, the joy not only of His age, but of *the* ages, not only of time, but of *eternity*, and yet at the end of His life there waged round about Him the greatest storm that ever raged round about any man. Round about the Rock of Ages there burst the storm of the whole ages—Time and Eternity



Fr. Stanton: Two Sermons

“MASTER, CAREST
THOU NOT THAT
WE PERISH?”

were engaged round about Him. Then there was no storm like the storm of Calvary, when the sun was darkened, and the moon did not give her light, and the rocks were rent, and the veil of the temple was torn in twain from the top to the bottom. That is like His life—a little bit of His life which ended in the storm. And as He lay asleep the storm burst upon them. Was it that the spirits of evil in high places seized the moment, for God has given even them some control over the forces of nature, still all under the control of Him at whose word the storm and wind rise and fall? Down from the hills they sped upon the boat. Oh! if they could have sunk that boat with that freight on the rock! Oh! if He Who is the Salvation of the World could have been sunk to the bottom! But eternal decree wills He is to mount the highest hill, the tallest tree that ever lived, and die for us men and for our salvation, and there on Calvary to lay down His life. And so, although the boat was nearly sunk, salvation came. And I know no more magnificent picture in Scripture. There is the storm, the hissing of the hurtling waves, the roaring of the winds, the poor frightened Apostles in the boat half up to their waist in water, and the Master asleep; and terrified they rush to Him and stab Him to the heart by saying: “Master, carest Thou not that we perish?” He Who made them! He who came down on earth for their salvation! “Master, carest Thou not that we perish?” And then He got up and rose and rebuked the waves, and on the waves and through the water you could hear the word—“At Thy Word”—borne upon the waves and the wind, borne upon the voices of the storm; and the waves and the winds sank down at once. There was no movement, no sway, no noise. There was a great calm, there was a great calm!

And what was the effect of this upon the disciples? Do you know they were more terrified by this than they were even by the storm? The Greek word is that they were very much terrified, frightened to death. They said: “What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him!” If the storm terrified them, the display of their Master and Saviour as very God frightened them more. They never knew Him before like that; that was some-thing altogether new. “What manner of man is this? “Oh! indeed, what sort of man is this that even the winds and the sea obey Him? They had been with Him, but they had never thoroughly known Him, or who He was. They had heard Him speak; they had seen His miracles, and thought of Him as a great man, or a great Prophet; they felt the tenderness of His life, the sweetness of His care, the help of His Presence, but they never knew exactly who He was. And here in the midst of the storm in the gloom, in the howling of the winds, and the roar of the waves, close upon death in the midst of the storm, there had shot up from the Master, the Light of lights, the light of Deity and they saw Him as they had never seen Him before. For who but God can control the wind and the waves? And they were frightened. They did not know they had been in the presence of their God, that their own dear Master and sweet friend and kind companion of their life was the God Who made heaven and earth and all that is therein, that ruleth the power of the waves, that “bringeth the wind out of

Fr. Stanton: Two Sermons

his treasures” (Ps. cxxxv. 7).

And so, dear brethren, is it with many Christians. It is like—let me compare it to the Brahmin—the Brahmin goes to worship his God—it is an ancient worship, perhaps more ancient than the worship of us Christians, and he brings to his God, his rice and his chicken, and lays his offering down before it (and that is more than some Christians do, who bring a penny or a halfpenny, for you cannot buy a chicken for a halfpenny in London), and there his idol sits, cold, impassive, stony in his ivory whiteness—conceive his surprise if one day the whole thing became incarnated, and the eyes had light, and the lips became pink, and the whole idol became living! But how frightened the man would be! And yet, my brethren, so may it be among many Christians. We have our conventional Christ, Who is the Christ of our family religion, the Christ of our early education, the Christ of our going to church, the Christ of controversy, and we worship Him up to a point, and bring our offerings to Him, our conventional religion. But, one day, oh, what a day! the conventional Christ becomes the living God, and light fills His eyes, and the Master is to you all in all, your Dearest, your Best, your Nearest, your Eternal Friend, the One you cannot live without. It may be you see Him in the storm—the storm lay upon you, and darkness was round about you, and the winds round about your dwelling, and in the midst of the storm the Christ you had heard of conventionally came to you as your own dear Saviour and clasped you to His Heart, and you felt the beating of the Sacred Heart, and knew you had the Christ; Christ was alive, the living God, and living with you for ever and ever, and that He made you, and died for you that you might be with Him and He might be with you for all eternity. That is the revelation. He has come to many in a storm. When all else seemed hopeless, the Saviour became all in all. Or it may be in the fear of death; these men were in the immediate fear of death—then they saw the Master their Salvation. And it may be to some who have never seen Him in this life, that as the shadows of death fall upon them, and all is going from them—

“Loose sand—and all things sinking! Hark,
 The murmur of a sea!
 Saviour! it is intensely dark;
 Is it near Eternity?”¹

then the Master may show Himself to be All in all. God grant that this Christ may be your Christ; this Saviour your Saviour. Talk about your different religions, be an Anglican, Roman or Nonconformist, be what you like, as long as you are Christ's and Christ is yours for ever and ever. That is the point. That is the kernel, that is the Eternal Salvation.

¹ Faber, *The Length of Death*.
 (Sermon lightly edited. Ed.)

“... BE WHAT YOU
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Fr. Roberts Remarks

Catholic Church, the Anglican Church in America (Archbishop Shane Janzen of the ACCC/TAC was present, too), the Anglican Province in America, and the Diocese of the Holy Cross. Given the Scranton discussions with the Polish National Catholic Church, their Prime Bishop, Bishop Anthony Mikovsky, attended and conveyed greetings to our Synod. I noticed that a bishop from Wyoming—Bishop Jimmie Dean—whose diocese had become sidelined over the years was present and that he and his people merged into the Anglican Church in America.

There was nothing controversial for us during Synod but some deliberate moves toward further unity were made.



BARLEY REFLECTING ON THE BIRD FEEDERS AND THE BACK GARDEN SNOW.

Personally, though our formal ACC Synod began on Wednesday and continued through Thursday noon, I arrived around dinner time on Monday. This allowed for the renewing of many acquaintances from previous Synods—both G-4 and also ACC Provincial Synods—and the making of new acquaintances. This continued through until I left on Friday to catch my flight back from Atlanta to Toronto.

It was a joy, finally, to meet Bishop Alphonse Ndukiye of Cameroon whom I had known only through some correspondence and through the mediation of Fr. Marriott and the Africa Appeal. Great conversations with Bishop John Ndegwa of Kenya, Bishops Solomzi Mentjies, and Dominic Sonwabo Mdunyelwa of South Africa, Bishop Mustag Andrew of Pakistan, bishop Ian Woodman of Australia and New Zealand and with many of the North American Bishops, clergy, and Lay Delegates and observers. Archbishop Janzen and I were able to spend an hour in conversation and will, hopefully, continue talks.

In the future, I am hopeful that we shall be able to hear directly from some of the international bishops—a bit of autobiography, their walk with God, and his people, and the work ongoing in their jurisdictions.

Time is rather tight this month so there are a few photos from the Synod to the right on page 11 of the issue. There will be more in the February issue—more photos, and some reflections on the Synod by our delegates.

Clergy Delegate Fr. James Chantler and his lady wife, Mary, of Resurrection Parish Windsor, ON were there. Lay Delegates Mr. Bert Dantu of St. Bride's Pitt Meadows, BC and Mr. Norman Freeman of St. Matthew the Apostle, Ottawa, ON attended.

One great disappointment this time was that for personal and health reasons, Fr. Marriott had to withdraw from attending at almost the very last moment. No doubt, your prayers would be appreciated for him and for the good people of St. Bride's and St. Columba of Iona parishes which he serves.

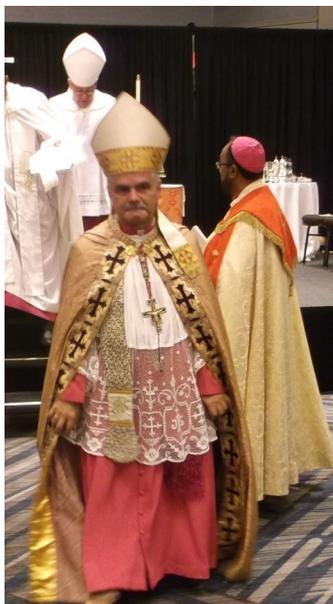
On the domestic side of things, Over the last while, I have received quite a number of questions. Some have been asked face to face; some have been asked by email; some have been asked on behalf of someone else. Of these questions, some them have been straightforward questions about the Prayer Book, the Liturgy and Sacraments, Christian Life, and so on. On the assumption that if one person has a question, there are

Atlanta Synod

Here are a few photos from the Atlanta Synod. In the next, the February, issue there will be some reflections on the Synod and some more photographs.



G-4 BISHOPS FOLLOWING THE CLOSING HIGH MASS



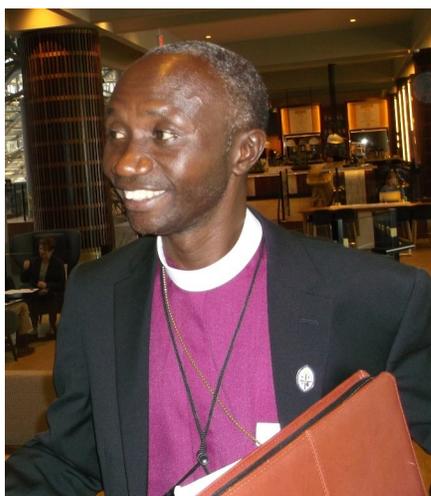
BISHOP GERMAN ORREGO-HURTADO – New Granada



(L) Mrs. Debbie Weaver—Provincial Secretary; (R) Fr. Jean Bien-Aime, Vicar General Haiti



John Omwake– Trinitarian editor—retiring at the end of 2020



Bishop Alphonse Ndukiye-Cameroon



Norman Freeman (Ottawa), Bp Ian Woodman (Australia & NZ), John Omwake

The Church Mouse: Who Are You?

There I was, mousing around under the radiator, waiting for the children's class to start. I think at least one of them knows I am the official Church Mouse whose job it is to know everything that's going on and to remove any bits of food that get left around. And somebody else, not just Fr. Palmer, is now leaving sunflower seeds...but where is everyone? Ah, they are in the nave, the main part of the church, near the front door. I hurried over there to listen and watch. Fr. Palmer had his hand on a big wooden thing.



“This is a FONT, which reminds us of the word FOUNTAIN.” He told them. “What do you expect to find in a fountain? Yes, water! The font is tall and has a basin for water in the top. It has a cross on it to show it is used for a holy purpose. Here is where people are baptized. Most of you were baptized right here, when you were very young. The font is near the door, where you come in, because here is where you enter your new life, when you are baptized.”

“The priest blesses the water, and tells your parents and godparents, ‘Name this child’. Then, saying your name, he pours a bit of water over you, and prays that you receive a new, everlasting life as a child of God ‘In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit’. And that is how you became a child of God.”

Fr. Palmer then asked one child, “What is your name?”

“Emma,” she answered.

“And who are you?”

“A child of God?” Emma asked.

“That’s right!” said Fr. Palmer. Then he asked each of the boys and girls “Who are you?” and each answered, “I am Kevin, a child of God!” “I am Jessie, a child of God!” “I am Rob, a child of God!” and so on until all had answered.

“Before you were even born, before you were given your name, God knew you and had a plan for your life. He wants to give you good things: friends, talents, good experiences. Just as a mom or dad looks down on you in your crib when you are brand new, and loves you and hopes you will have a wonderful life, God looks at you with love. He knows everything about you. Jesus said your Heavenly Father even

The Church Mouse: Who Are You?

knows how many hairs are growing on your head! That means every single thing about you is important to him”

“But, Father,” asked Emma, “What if somebody, like, let’s say a lady who is all old and wrinkly, was never baptized? Is it too late then for her to be a child of God?”

‘It’s not too late at all! Even though she is old, she can ask to become God’s little child, and be baptized to receive a new, eternal life!’

“Fear not, for I have redeemed you, I have called you by name, and you are mine.” (Isaiah 43:1)



Fr. Robert’s Remarks

probably more people with the same question, I have elected to start a series of podcasts. The “umbrella” title for these podcasts is *Joy in Adoration*”

The title of this podcast is an allusion to the last paragraph of the Preface to the 1959/1962 edition of the Canadian Book of Common Prayer. You can find the Preface on page vii.

“When the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Church in Canada assembled for the first General Synod in 1893, they made a Solemn Declaration of the faith in which they met together. It is in that faith that this Book of Common Prayer is offered to the Church, with the hope that those who use it may become more truly what they already are: the People of God, that New Creation in Christ which finds its **joy in adoration** of the Creator and Redeemer of all.”

There is a bit more on the title in the introductory podcast which can be found on our Traditional Anglican Church of Canada website at www.traditionalanglican.ca under the Podcasts link on the menu bar.

The series began in late November and continues with my reflections on *The Catechism* as found in our Canadian Prayer Book. The series will be a relaxed reflection *The Introduction* is less than 5 minutes and the subsequent podcasts are each about 20 minutes in length.. This method seems good to me as I can deal with questions any-



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

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Fr. Robert's Remarks

mously and in many cases, perhaps, allow them to be seen in a larger context. Further questions can be passed to me either directly or at *podcast@traditionalanglican.ca*.

Occasionally an interview or a topical or seasonal podcast might interrupt the series; but, we shall return quickly to the Catechism and the questions.

Later this year, we look forward to our 2020 District Synod, our fifth at Queen of Apostles Retreat Centre in Mississauga, ON—the venue where we have met biennially since 2012. The dates are October 5-8, 2020. As previously, we arrive, on Monday afternoon and evening and open our Synod on Tuesday morning through Wednesday. Thursday morning is there if we need it and we conclude at lunch on Thursday, allowing time to return for the weekend services at home.

More details should be available after the February Council Meeting.

Please pray for our upcoming Synod and encourage attendance of delegates and observers. Please note that while observers do not actually vote, we routinely offer them voice in the meetings. So the observers can have an impact on the final decision-making.

Till next month; God Bless!



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