

# THE ANGELUS



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SUMMER 2005

## The Celtic Church

Robert Seysmith

The Celtic Church was the first church in Britain and Ireland. It is credited with preserving, in Ireland, the basics of late Roman Empire civilization during the depths of the Dark Ages. But little is known about its origins.

The Celtic Church did not arise within the sphere of the early Roman Church, nor was it originally subject to the discipline of the Roman See. The Celtic rite and canon seem to reflect a church culture markedly different from the Roman — less sacerdotal and more human-centered.

Although Christian teaching almost certainly came to Britain from Gaul in the third century, it may have had roots farther back in a string of Celtic states stretching across Europe from Anatolia (now Turkey) to the British Isles.

There is evidence that the first two centuries of the Christian religion were centered in the Greek part of Anatolia. The Galatians of the New Testament were certainly Celts. The Celts of Helvetia — a part of present-day Switzerland — are known to have used the Greek alphabet. If the Celtic Church did spring from Greek-speaking Anatolia, then it might actually reflect a pre-Byzantine Greek Church culture.

The rising presence of the Roman See throughout Western Europe may have leavened the continental Celtic Christian culture with Roman practices. But the British Celts were cut off from Roman influence by the Saxon incursion, at least until the Roman mission under Augustine (of Canterbury) circa 600 A.D.

Eventually the two churches met in Britain and basic differences were likely resolved at the Synod of Whitby in 664. There are few records, so one cannot be certain. By that time, the Roman authority had strong manipulative skills so it could have overpowered any resistance from the maybe less sophisticated Celtic Church culture.

The British Celtic Church incorporated elements of Druid religious culture, such as preserving sacred groves and wells, blessing cherished objects, and putting emphasis on good works, and on joy in the beautiful, rather than on sin and repentance. It appears that none of the Celtic Christians practiced celibacy.

The Celtic church was all but lost to time, but lately a British research program has resulted in an effort to revive its culture and practice. The Iona Community on a small island off the west coast of Scotland has been the centre of this effort, and is open to all denominations. Perhaps, starting with the Iona Community, something of the Celtic Christian culture may be worked back into the main elements of the Western church.

— Robert Seysmith is a student of church history. His article on St. Thomas' Huron Street was published in the *Annex Gleaner* in 2004



## PATRONAL FESTIVAL

— plan to attend —

FRIDAY JULY 22, 2005

FEAST OF SAINT MARY MAGDALENE

7:15 AM SAID MASS

6:00 PM SAID MASS

*Missa IX "Cum Jubilo", Plainsong  
Ave Maria, 14th century, Anonymou*

SUNDAY JULY 24, 2005

11:00 AM PROCESSION AND FESTAL MASS

*Gallery Choir, Orff Instruments and  
Gallery Instrumentalists*

From the Rector



In this issue of *The Angelus* there are many stories of parishioners' visits to other churches while on holidays and at other times. As members of a catholic parish we need to be reminded that one of our most fundamental activities is the worship of God. Part of that tradition is the obligation

for catholic Christians to be at Mass every Sunday – at least. We believe that Jesus Christ becomes really present at every Eucharist, and that in the Eucharist we are offered the gift of encountering our risen Lord and receiving him into our lives.

We all know about the “busyness” of our society and the social activities that take place on weekends. We know how so many activities for children and young people now take place on Sunday morning. And yet as committed Christians we are to offer worship to God by our participation in the Eucharist and receiving our Lord into our lives at Mass. The 8 o'clock Mass on Sunday and any one of the weekday Masses can become that time for worship when other times prove impossible for you.

The accounts of our people visiting other churches can also be instructive of how we should welcome visitors. There are those for whom *this* will be the one visit to our parish that they will ever make. For others it may be one of a number of occasional visits that they will make here. For still others it is part of their search for a spiritual home. Whatever the case, we need to remember is that we are called as Christians to receive these visitors as if we were receiving Christ. It is part of our calling to make our visitors feel at home and put them at their ease, by being willing to help them with all the books and papers and show them to the refreshments afterward.

I do not know how many times I have gone to Mass as a visitor and then after to refreshments only to find myself being ignored by those who obviously belonged. The coffee hour is not just to satisfy our own need for friendship and fellowship, but it is also for us to offer both to visitors.

As I have said before, a parish that has the reputation for being friendly is such because the people take seriously their calling to welcome the stranger in our midst.

Father Harold



From the editors:

Ah, summer vacation! When we leave behind the care and worry of our day-to-day lives and rediscover that peaceful garden within. This issue of *The Angelus* is about cultivating this garden; it is about memories of numinous moments in strange and holy places; it is about spiritual retreat; it is about the fourth commandment; it is about going to church wherever we are.

In this issue Sandra Guillaume returns to her home church and Sylvia Minialoff reminds us that the Church is our true home. Automobiles help unlock John Longfield's youthful memories, while Gary Lovatt reminds us that some remote churches have never even seen an automobile. Viola Lang happens upon a struggling 200 year-old Church of Ireland parish in Dingle, while Robert Seysmith discovers the 2000 year-old Celtic Church struggling to revive on the tiny Isle of Iona.

We encourage you to note down your memories and impressions of visits to other churches throughout the year, and to share them with us in next summer's edition of *The Angelus*.

*The Angelus* is on vacation until September. See you in church!

## St. Stephen's - Lintlaw

Anonymous

St. Stephen's is a tiny Anglican church in Lintlaw, Saskatchewan where we attended a funeral some years ago. It is a small frame structure, one of several identical such structures in Saskatchewan known to locals as "Lloyd Churches."

These simple rural chapels were named for the Right Reverend George Exton Lloyd, fourth Bishop of Saskatchewan, one of the original Barr colonists and, as it happens, grandfather to Frances Lloyd a long time member of S.M.M. (recently deceased).

As the story goes, the Rev. G.E. Lloyd met the Rev. Isaac Barr in London in 1903 and was convinced to accompany the "Barr" colony of immigrants to western Canada as chaplain. When Barr fell victim to grumbling and dis-sension within the ranks, Lloyd assumed leadership and, on November 23, 1903,



the newly founded settlement of "Lloydminster" was named in his honour.

Three years later, in 1906, now Archdeacon Lloyd returned to England to recruit workers to staff new missions and parishes in the growing Diocese of Saskatchewan. He returned the next year with a group of sixty catechists and clergy. The little churches that sprung up in the wake of their efforts became known as "Lloyd Churches".

Following the service at St. Stephen's we were asked to toll the bell. Upon the first pull of the rope we found ourselves showered by ancient feathers, twigs and other debris from a long abandoned nest in the belfry. The simple unadorned beauty of the building and the service endure in my memory.

## The Church of St. John the Evangelist - Montreal

Sandra Guillaume

Most of my vacations in recent years have been spent in Montréal. My church of choice is my home church, St. John the Evangelist. It is located in the downtown area, about six blocks east of the Cathedral.

Known locally as "the church with the red roof" its steep, almost fire engine red roof and steeple are no longer so highly visible. A large complex of modern buildings, the science campus of the University of Québec at Montréal has surrounded them.

The architectural contrast is strong. St. John is almost 130 years old. The 100th anniversary of consecration was celebrated earlier this spring on June 5, 2005.

Some visiting St. Mary Magdalene parishioners have remarked that it is a bit like visiting a museum. St. John holds strictly to the Book of Common Prayer. There is no exchange of the peace. There are no women servers, although women do read. Readers may read in English or French.

Mass is celebrated daily and twice on Sunday (8:00am and 10:30am) but,



in common with many English-language institutions in Montréal, there are fewer regular worshippers than formerly. I have to confess I have never attended a Sunday low mass but the beautiful, reverently performed "old-style" service at 10:30 is still a joy. It reminds us of our own past.

The standard of music is quite high, partly the result of its proximity to McGill University. During the academic year the choir attracts students from the Faculty of Music.

Coffee hours often tend to be busy as in most churches, as parishioners try to imbibe caffeine while arranging various weekly duties, etc. Some parishioners try to be on the lookout for visitors and to welcome them. There are often visitors from the USA. (St. John is the starting point for the Sir William Osler tour).

St. John's is located at 137 President Kennedy Ave., mid-slope between St. Catherine's Street and Sherbrooke. Be prepared for stairs! There are a fair number of them.

— Sandra Guillaume is an archivist and cat-sitter. She attends the 9:30 Mass.

## Music, Churches, and Automobiles

John Longfield

My earliest memory of going to church while on holiday goes back to 1940, when I was 11. I know it was 1940 because my father had just purchased a new 1940 dark green Dodge Custom Sedan; “the American model” built on the Chrysler and DeSoto chassis. (Many of my childhood memories remain in the context of the cars my father owned.)

My family was vacationing on a farm near Parry Sound, Ontario. One Sunday evening my parents decided to attend service at a United Church in the village of Edgington, nearby. That little wooden church, with its coal oil lanterns and pump organ was so different from our big United Church in North Toronto. There I was aware only of the huge stained-glass window showing Christ The Light of the World. The little church in Edgington was my first consciousness of being engaged in worship. I was drawn into the act of worship by the singing of “The King of Love My Shepherd Is” to a beautiful tune known as St. Columba. Now, whenever we sing that hymn at St. Mary Magdalene’s, I am overcome with emotion remembering that long-ago service.

Years later, in 1951 while I was at university, my mother, my younger brother and I drove

through Québec and New Brunswick in my 1948 Hudson Super Six sedan. It was a new model, with “step down design” and it leaked like a sieve around the doors. It poured rain for most of the trip. and the floors were always awash.

One Sunday morning, in Cabano, Quebec, I heard music from a speaker in the steeple of the parish church. I knew little about that music, but one thing was clear: I belonged inside that church with the people who were at worship with such beautiful music. (I later learned it was the Missa de Angelis.) I went to the church and was made welcome when I stepped inside.

All these years later, singing the Missa de Angelis at St. Mary Magdalene’s carries me back to that point in my growing awareness of community worship.



When we arrived home in Toronto, never completely dried out, I pulled up the Hudson’s floor mats to discover that there were removable rubber plugs in the floor, front and rear, to drain the water. For years those “step down” Hudsons were known as the “bathtub” model by those in the know.

—John Longfield is a retired teacher and long-time member of S.M.M.

## "The Grey Church on the Hill" - Negril

Heather Mitchell

“What time is church?” I ask the taxi driver taking me from Montego Bay Airport to Negril, Jamaica.

“You missed it,” he says. “Church was today.”

“I mean tomorrow, Sunday. The Anglican Church. You know, the grey one on the hill in Negril.”

“Must be 8:30,” he says, giving me a brilliant smile. The smile means he doesn’t know, but wants to please me.

“Can you ask somebody?”

“Soon come,” he says, getting out his cell phone. He speaks rapidly, in the island dialect. He puts the phone away.

“8:30,” he says with another big smile.

I am not reassured.

I look in the Negril guidebook. No information.

I ask the hotel receptionist.

“I don’t know,” she says. “I’ll phone and find out.”

Three phone calls later, “We don’t know,” she says. “But we’re sure it’s 8:30.”

How will I get there on time? At 8:00 a.m. on Sunday morning, on the West End Road, two miles beyond Negril, there are no taxis or buses. I want to show respect, be on time, so I walk. The people I pass are coming home from all-night parties.

I arrive on time. The church is locked. The sign says, “Service: 10:30.” It’s too far to walk back to the hotel, then back to the church, so I wait.

At 9:30, a woman carrying a big key comes up the hill. She’s wearing a dress, and a confection of a hat, so I know she’s going to church. But is it this church?

Happily, it is. She is here early, to get the church ready.

Everything is locked in a strong room: Altar cloths, candles,

hymnbooks, the cross, the microphone, the audio speakers, the vestments, everything. I offer to help. She hands me the green altar cloths and tells me what to do. Together, we set things up.

But it's Advent. We should have used the blue cloths. The minister tells us so, when he arrives. We set things up again.

People begin to appear. Lots and lots of people. Today is a prize giving service for Sunday School children. "We don't usually see so many men," says my new friend. "They must be the fathers."

As soon as people begin to come in, my new friend takes the microphone and starts a hymn sing. It's a lovely way to arrive,

walking into song.

Visitors are asked to stand, introduce themselves, say where they're from. I stand. I introduce myself. Another woman does too. We are the only women wearing pants, and not wearing hats. As if the congregation couldn't tell who was a visitor, without the introduction.

After the service, several people ask if I know their relatives. Every Jamaican has a relative in Canada. I regret I don't know any of them. I wish I did.

— Heather Mitchell is a lawyer, and co-editor of the *Angelus*. She attends the 9:30 Mass.

## The Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine St. John's, Antigua Jacob David

Overlooking the city of St. John's is the Cathedral Church of St. John The Divine with its twin towers which are clearly visible from almost every point as one approaches the city. The Cathedral Church is one of six churches within the city of St. John's.

The Cathedral holds approximately 2000 people. There are daily masses and evening prayer, and four services on Sundays: 6:15 a.m. sung Mass, 8 a.m. solemn Mass, 11 a.m. Matins and 7:15 p.m. evensong. Attendance at the 8 a.m. Mass numbers several hundred, including many young people. A bright future for the Church indeed.

Parishioners buy their own books (two hymn books: Ancient & Modern Songs of Praise and the new West Indies Book of Alternative Services). Visitors are issued books and given a bulletin by a greeter. The bulletin is usually sponsored and paid for by a member of the congregation.

The liturgy is a mix of the Old Western and the new Modern Rite. The congregation loves to sing and it is not unusual that two processional hymns are sung as servers and clergy make their way to the sanctuary. On the first Sunday of the month the Mothers' Union takes part in the procession and on the second Sunday The Brothers' of St. Andrew. The third Sunday of the month is youth Sunday, and the youths take an active part in the service. A member of that group reads the Old Testament and the Epistle respectively. They also join the Eucharist choir to sing the Mass accompanied by steel band, drums, guitar, piano, and organ. It's



exciting but it takes getting used to.

After the sermon, notices are read and those celebrating birthdays and or wedding anniversaries are asked to stand. For those having birthdays the congregation sings "happy birthday" and for wedding anniversaries the last verse of the hymn "O perfect love" is sung: a token is given. Visitors are asked to stand and say where they are from and are given a memento to mark the occasion.

The Peace is chaotic and noisy. During the Eucharist Prayer there's a lot of incense so much so that the sanctuary is hardly visible from the nave. If there were smoke detectors in the sanctuary the fire department would be there every Sunday. At the elevation, all the bells are rung including the tower bells. Lots and lots of the hymns during communion and those not confirmed do not receive communion but are blessed by the priest. When the bishop is the celebrant he sings the blessing and dismissal.

One Sunday after Mass we went for a drive. We saw a large crowd at a beach having a picnic with music etc. We stopped to inquire what the occasion was.

We were told that this was a congregation from a neighboring parish (St. George's) having Mass with their new incumbent (from the island of Trinidad) celebrating his first Mass as their parish priest. Mass and picnic? That's hard to beat. It appears that the Church is alive and well in Antigua.

— Jacob David is a former Rector's Warden and divides his time between Toronto and Antigua.

## St. Raphael's - Fort Myers, Florida

Sylvia Minialoff

Joe and I have spent part of every winter since 1962 in Ft. Myers Beach, a small barrier island on the Gulf Coast of Florida.

Our church there is St. Raphael's. It is tucked away on a very large lot in a small residential enclave near a body of water called the Back Bays.

St. Raphael's was built in 1953 with blocks made by one of the original parishioners out of Coquina (a tiny clam) shells.

The church appears rather small, but its seats 150 easily and comfortably. It is quite lovely. Stained glass in muted hues, representing saints and apostles, line each long wall of the nave. A small rose window, in deeper shades, is set high over and behind the altar. The Stations of the Cross are used publicly on Good Friday and privately throughout the year.

There is a wonderful small choir, always eager to add voices, especially male voices. Being vocally challenged, neither Joe nor I joined.

We did join the readers, however. We follow a different format than at St. Mary Magdalene. We read the first lesson, then we lead the congregation in saying the Psalm, then we read the second lesson. Later we lead the Prayers of the People. The mass is a said mass. There's no chanting or sung response.

The Rectory was built in 1956 and the parish hall in 1958. It is a large building, wonderfully bright and cheerful because one wall is all windows. The kitchen is equipped with all manner of commercial equipment. There are lots of special dinners. March 17 is corned beef and cabbage night, Shrove Tuesday is, what else, pancakes and sausages.

During the winter season, all-you-can-eat shrimp dinners, including homemade coleslaw and wine, cost \$12. More than 100 people attend.

Ft. Myers Beach boasts the largest shrimp fleet on the Gulf of Mexico. The biggest event is the Shrimp Festival and The Blessing of the Fleet. It is always on the weekend of the full moon before Easter. During full moons, shrimps hide by burrowing in the sand, so the shrimpers stay in port and the party begins.

Fifty-three years ago St. Raphael's asked their bishop to bless the fleet and the sailors. Rain or shine, stormy or dead calm, the bishop, with his entourage, sailed into the Gulf and anchored. Then the ships of the fleet, all gaily decorated and full of very merry passengers, sailed past and received his blessing.

Fishermen believe the blessing assures them of a good shrimp season.

Nowadays the blessing takes place on the docks. The merry hordes are at the beach fair, buying trinkets, eating every kind of fried food, drinking.

One old tradition continues however. St. Raphael's still makes and sells its famous Shrimp Rolls, as it has for all 53 years of the Festival. They are still hugely popular. I helped to make

them last year. We made between 300 and 400 Shrimp Rolls. But I didn't buy one. I couldn't look at a shrimp for quite some time.

Our present (interim) parish priest is Father Richard Palmer. We all would love to have him as our permanent priest. Alas, he is in his 80s now and he says that he and his wife are "pooped"

Every priest, at some time in his tenure at St. Mary Magdalene, has preached a homily that made me think he was speaking directly to me. Father Palmer speaks to me nearly every Sunday.

St. Raphael's is our spiritual home-away-from-home. Every November, we get a lovely welcome. Perhaps that's how you know you've been accepted, when it simply feels like you've come home.

— *When not in Ft. Myers, Sylvia Minialoff and her husband Joe attend the 9:30 Mass at S.M.M.*



## St. James' Church - Dingle

Viola Lang

**D**ingle, in County Kerry, is the most westerly town in Ireland. On Main Street, one of many steep and narrow streets, is St. James' Church (Church of Ireland). It is a narrow, grey stone building set back from the road, in the midst of an equally ancient churchyard. This summer, enveloped in scaffolding and yellow tape, it was being extensively restored, under a grant from the "Common Market."

The present church dates from 1807, but an earlier sixteenth century building on the same sight was supposedly built by Spanish traders. This Spanish connection and geographical location meant the church became an embarkation point for the pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella in Spain.

About 100 people could be accommodated in the high, austere interior, but only 12 were present on this sunny August morning. The service was Morning Prayer, with the priest announcing pages and hymns. There was evidence of an organ, but the renovations meant a parishioner played a piano. The acoustics were wonderful, making even more pathetic the mewlings of our tiny group. The Church is a frequent site of concerts and recordings. The homily was brief and, at this point, I can't recall any of it.

The priest greeted us, as we left, asking most where they were from, so I assume most of us were visitors. Although two people were bustling about with books and altar cloths, they didn't speak to us, so their identity remains a mystery. The simple service was calm and undemanding and reminded me of many childhood holi-

days when my father insisted we go to church to "support the local vicar".

In rural Ireland, a priest is often shared among many parishes and St. James belongs to such a union. This service was only one of several the priest would have been performing that morning, some at quite a distance. He obviously couldn't linger, and I don't know if the construction prevented a regular coffee hour.



However, a quick nip down the road brought me to a neo-gothic convent now occupied by the Disart Institute of Education and Celtic Culture. Inside the chapel there is a series of stunning Art Nouveau windows by Harry Clarke. If you're lucky, the chapel will be empty, you can turn off the irritating commentary and meditate on these exquisite illustrations of the life of Christ.

Although you probably won't go to Compostella from St. James, you can follow another pilgrimage. Over the peninsula looms mist-shrouded Mt. Brandon. Once the site of pagan worship, it was eventually dedicated to St. Brendan. On Brandon's summit, Brendan had a vision of "the land to the west" and was inspired to set off for North America. The pilgrimage date is the last Sunday in July and the route is clearly marked but be warned, it is not an easy Sunday-after-church stroll. So, you might do better to follow another local custom and just pop into one of Dingle's 52 pubs!

—*Viola Lang was born in Dublin but admits to a fondness for Dingle's pubs. She attends the 9:30 Mass.*

## St. Clement's - Mutton Bay

Gary Lovatt

**R**andy Murray is serving an internship in the Diocese of Quebec, at a three-point parish on the Lower North Shore of the St. Lawrence River, near the Labrador border.

He lives in Mutton Bay (Baie-des-Moutons) and also serves the communities of La Tabatière, and St. Augustine. In the winter and early spring he travelled between the three villages by snowmobile. From May to November he can use an all-terrain-vehicle. There are no roads into the area: when the river is free of ice one can reach it via a coastal supply ship that sails once a week out of Rimouski, or by plane or helicopter.

If you would like to write to Randy his address is Mutton Bay, Duplessis County, Québec, G0G 2C0



St Joris Kerk - Amersfoort

Fr. Theo Ipema

It is not surprising that I have a professional interest in church buildings. I try to visit churches whenever I travel, partly as a response to a need to worship but mostly out of an interest in seeing how previous generations have adapted and modified their buildings to suit the changes in taste and theology.

I began to look at church buildings with new eyes following an experience in the town of Hoorn in the North of Holland. It was mid day and I was having my little *broodje* on the lawn behind a medieval church. I knew that the church was at least medieval because the bricks were smaller than modern bricks. Sitting on the lawn behind the sanctuary I noticed a sign advertising an art exhibit with an arrow pointing to a side door of the church and I was momentarily saddened to think that this was yet another historic church which had been given over to secular use.



*"Theology from above" in Amersfoort*

At the time of the Reformation in the Netherlands churches built for Roman Catholic worship were abandoned or simply seized. If the pulpit was in the nave already all that was necessary for Reformed worship was to arrange the chairs or pews around the pulpit and ignore the chancel and sanctuary or find some other use for the space.

Lunch over I made my way to the front of the church to discover that it was in fact an active Reformed congregation which met in the building, judging by the number and variety of services

which were posted by the door. It was only the sanctuary and choir that were being used as an exhibition space.

On another of my trips to the Netherlands I had an encounter with an ancient pulpit. In the walled town of Amersfoort I came across St. Joris Kerk (St. George's Church) which happened to be open to the public for viewing. My youngest brother is not much interested in church architecture so he chatted up the volunteers while I admired one of the last surviving stone choir screens in Northern Europe. I must confess that I had some uncharitable thoughts about the volunteers who were probably descendants of the people who had whitewashed over the medieval wall paintings in the chancel, and which were now being lovingly restored. While I was having these thoughts Frits was telling them that his brother, who was also from Canada, was a minister. When I rejoined them I was asked if I would like to "try out" the pulpit and they removed the red velvet rope.

This magnificent example of the wood carver's art was the size of a small apartment above which was suspended on enormous sounding board. To be effective these sounding boards need to be quite close to the speaker's head so that the sound can be deflected out and down to the listeners. Those who keep these sorts of statistics claim the men of the Netherlands are now the tallest in Europe. I can only assume that preaching must be a very claustrophobic experience for those who want to continue to make use of this legacy of a former age. I was glad not to be required to have this experience every week and I now have an interesting photograph of myself, clad in a short sleeved sport shirt posed in a 17th century Dutch pulpit.



*"Theology from below" in Amersfoort*

## There is a Season: A Memoir in a Garden

by Patrick Lane  
Reviewed by Eva Martin

In January 2002, Patrick Lane, one of Canada's finest poets, stood fragile and trembling on the edge of his garden, newly rehabilitated from his forty-five year addiction to cocaine and vodka. "The garden begins with my body. I am the place... Once dead I am come alive again. Forty-five years of addiction and I am a strangeling in this simple world." As he digs in his garden Patrick sifts through the memories deep in his subconscious that have been reflected in his poetry — childhood memories, memories of lost painful relationships, trying to reconcile his hard life in northern British Columbia with his love of language and the desire to write.

As he works in this garden on the southern tip of Vancouver Island Patrick observes the minutiae of the natural life present. As he philosophizes about the meaning of gardens and sets down principles for their creation, it is evident that the same truths can be applied to his poetical creations — "Gardens are metaphors for who we were, are and will be"; "Rhythm is important"; "Space is never empty in a garden"; "The eyes take pleasure in the variations of depth". As there are rules and boundaries for writing poetry, the same is true for the garden — "Think before you plant; Don't make your garden a zoo for plants; Even the best gardener screws up occasionally."

As Patrick becomes stronger and more fulfilled in his garden and the murky vapours of alcoholism fade away, he begins to find the courage to face his need to love and be loved. Lorna Crozier, also a fine Canadian poet, has been Patrick's partner for twenty-two years. After almost a year of new life, Patrick finally makes the commitment to marry her.

*There is a Season* is many things — poetry in prose, worship of nature and gardens, examination and forgiveness of a tortured self, but above all it is a resurrection story of hope and conquest over inner demons.

— *Eva Martin is currently Rector's Warden. She is a retired Librarian and attends the 9:30 Mass*

"The art of scattering rose petals requires precise tongue placement."

*Felicity Burbidge, Corpus Christi, 2005*



## Foolishness Made Credible by Love

James Parker

As catholic Christians we confess in the creeds and celebrate in the sacraments the central mystery of the Faith: "that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself" (2 Corinthians 5:19). And while Creed and Sacrament contain the whole of the Gospel *in nuce*, they only hint at its greater glory.

As an individual Christian I experience this "greater glory" when I find myself, one day, actually believing the apostolic assertion: that God was in this man Jesus declaring his love for us. When the truth of this simple statement captures my imagination I am driven to my knees in wonder and pity and sorrow and thankfulness and joy and peace and love: Love for God, the Father Almighty; love for Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; love for the Holy Spirit and for the holy, catholic Church.

Love for the Church because it is the community of those who love the Lord; because in the Church my love of the Lord is honoured and reciprocated, nurtured and deepened. Here in the Church I am invited to engage with the community in the development of a fuller and more expansive understanding of "the breadth, and length, and depth, and height" of Christ's love (Ephesians 3:18).

In the Church I am "rooted and grounded in love" (Ephesians 3:17). But the love of Christ in me is not complacent — it is a restless and expansive love. Wherever I go, I find myself face to face with yet another person for whom Christ has died. I am no longer indifferent towards this person. My love for the Lord, and his love for the world, have combined to bring about within me a spontaneous love for others.

"This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." (John 15:12)

Any sense I had previously, of this command as an external and burdensome obligation has been swallowed up in the love that the Gospel reveals:

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Romans 5:8);

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15:13).

Nothing more is required of me, and nothing less. To the philosopher this is foolishness, and to the fanatic it is weakness and a betrayal, but to me it is "the power of God and the wisdom of God" (1 Corinthians 1:23-24). For I am not drawn to Christ by force of argument, or by moral and intellectual arm-twisting — I am drawn to him by love, and in love.

This is the Gospel I hold dear, "that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." It may be foolishness to the wise, but it is foolishness made credible by love.

— *James Parker attends the 9:30 Mass and is co-editor of the Angelus*

### WEEKLY MASSES

**MONDAY**  
6:00 PM SAID MASS

**TUESDAY**  
7:15 AM SAID MASS

**WEDNESDAY**  
10:00 AM SAID MASS  
(FOLLOWED BY COFFEE HOUR)

**THURSDAY**  
7:15 AM SAID MASS  
10:00 AM LA MESSA (IN ITALIANO)

**FRIDAY**  
6:00 PM SAID MASS

**SATURDAY**  
10:00 AM SAID MASS

**SUNDAY**  
8:00 AM SAID MASS  
9:30 AM SUNG MASS (MODERN RITE)  
10:40 AM MATTINS  
11:00 AM SOLEMN MASS  
1:15 PM EVENING PRAYER

### THE PARISH CALENDAR

**JUNE 29, 2005**  
FEAST OF SAINTS PETER & PAUL  
6:00 PM PROCESSION & SOLEMN MASS  
*Mass IX "Alma Pater", Plainsong*

**JULY 22, 2005**  
FEAST OF SAINT MARY MAGDALENE  
7:15 AM SAID MASS  
6:00 PM SAID MASS  
*Missa IX "Cum Jubilo", Plainsong*  
*Ave Maria, 14th century, Anonymous*

**JULY 24, 2005**  
PENTECOST X  
8:00 AM SAID MASS  
SOLEMNITY OF SAINT MARY MAGDALENE  
11:00 AM PROCESSION & FESTAL MASS

**AUGUST 15, 2005**  
FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION  
6 PM PROCESSION & SOLEMN MASS

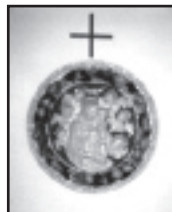
### THE PARISH REGISTER

**BAPTISMS**  
*Born again in Christ*

**EDWARD JAMES WOOD DEVEREUX**  
15 MAY 2005

**HOLY MATRIMONY**  
*Loving one another*

**NONE**



**DEATHS**  
*Rest eternal grant unto them*

**NONE**