

# THE FISHERMAN'S LOG

St. Andrew's Anglican Church's Newsletter

1611 St. Andrew's Place, Calgary, Alberta • [www.st-andrews-anglican-calgary.ca](http://www.st-andrews-anglican-calgary.ca)

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## A MESSAGE FROM OUR RECTOR

Beginning ministry here at St. Andrew's has been such a joy! You have all welcomed me so warmly and I feel great enthusiasm for what lies ahead. There is much to celebrate about St. Andrew's and it is an honour that I get to be a part of it.

In my first few services here, I have used a prayer from the Iona community as the final blessing:

In gratitude, deep gratitude  
for this moment,  
this meal,  
these people,  
we give ourselves to you, O Lord.

Take us out  
to live as changed people  
because we have shared the Living Bread  
and cannot remain the same.

Ask much of us,  
expect much from us,  
enable much by us,  
encourage many through us.

So, Lord, may we live to your glory,  
both as inhabitants of earth  
and citizens of the commonwealth of heaven.

And may the blessing of God:  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
be with us and remain with us always.  
Amen.

- *A Wee Worship Book*, Wild Goose Resource Group, 1999, p.89-90.

There is much that I like about this prayer, not the least of which being the simple yet evocative language that always characterizes Iona worship. I like the focus on gratitude for the gift of God in Jesus Christ, given to us sacramentally in the Eucharist. And I like that it is out of this gratitude (rather than a sense of obligation or fear) that we live as missional people. I like the focus on transformation, both personal and communal transformation, that is the direct result of participating in the worshipping community. I like the focus on human responsibility, empowered by the Holy Spirit, for participating in God's mission of love in the world. And finally, I like the focus of our identity as being saints of God living ordinary lives here on earth.

Living into this prayer will be our joy and our challenge throughout this season after Pentecost that we can now settle into. The hoopla that the winds of the Holy Spirit brought at Pentecost has blown over and "ordinary" is the word of the day. It is "ordinary" that we should shift and change as we grow more deeply rooted in our faith and stretch higher and broader in our engagement with the world. It is an ordinary time in which we can expect to see and know the glory of God in our everyday lives.

May you be blessed and encouraged as together we reach towards the great future God has for us.

Christine +



## Parker's Pen

I admit that on listening to our two delegates report on the 75<sup>th</sup> Synod of our diocese I hummed, "I've heard that song before."

And reading through the words of guest guru The Very Rev. Canon Kevin Martin in *The Sower* I found instructions that have been repeated often over many years. Yet little has changed – in fact we are losing more people from the pews.

Time now surely for action.

When evangelical churches are expanding so rapidly we have to be encouraged that people are indeed searching for a relationship with a higher being. But our actions must not be driven just by the need to put more bums on seats – although that does help the budget – but by having a desire to share the fact that there is a God who loves mankind and desires a relationship with each one of us.

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Before you can 'sell' a product or service you must have a good understanding of what it is and what it offers.

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I mentioned before that I am in the habit of reading a hymn every morning and found it very appropriate the week we entered a new beginning by welcoming Rev. Christine to open Common Praise at Hymn 584.

A couple of verses:

The church of Christ in every age, beset by change but Spirit led, must claim and test its heritage and keep on rising from the dead.

We have no mission but to serve in full obedience to our Lord: to care for all, without reserve, and spread his liberating word.

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The cross I wear on Sunday mornings when Lay Reader is a gift from the Society of St. John the Evangelist to show that I am a Friend. SSJE is an Anglican religious

order founded in Cowley, Oxford, in 1860 and came to the USA in 1870. Brothers live in a monastery close to Boston in Cambridge, where our primate goes for his retreats.

I was delighted to learn from Rev. Christine that she is not only aware of SSJE but was given a scholarship by the Order and has also visited the monastery on three occasions. I'm a tad jealous as I have yet to make it there to meet and participate in the life of the brothers and especially to meet the Superior Geoffrey Tristram who used to teach at Oundle Boys School, just down the road from where I was brought up in Northamptonshire.

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In her first sermon at St. Andrews she made us aware of the need to communicate our faith in language that younger people will understand. Wise words but I hope the next translation of the bible doesn't revert to texting spelling. And there are some words that can never be changed.

One is Hallelujah.

At the end of that service I was delighted with the resounding Hallelujah that followed the dismissal. I read of one definition of the word as the willful, joyful expression of Praise for God – and that's what it sounded like.

I dug deeper into the word and discovered that although it is used so often in the Psalms you will not find it in Mathew, Mark, or Luke and only in Chapter 19 of John's Book of Revelation.

Fancy that.

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Last year I 'discovered' St. Catherine of Sienna' and was thrilled to walk on the very stones she trod and visit her home and church where she was born in 1347, the twenty-fourth of twenty-five children.

This year I took on holiday a book called *Enduring Grace: Living Portraits of Seven Women Mystics*, and although I found the chapters on Julian of Norwich a bit difficult to understand, I read over a couple of times the portrait of St. Catherine of Genoa.

Many of the early saints like Julian, Catherine of Sienna, Clare and Francis came from wealthy families but gave all of their worldly possessions away before living lives of poverty. Catherine of Genoa, was indeed born into an aristocratic family in the tough port city in 1447, but was not cloistered living her life as a full-time working, married woman, looking after the city’s poorest inhabitants in its hospital.

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God is more generous in giving us questions than answers.

Nobody is so poor that he or she has nothing to give, and nobody is so rich that he or she has nothing to receive. – Pope John Paul II.

The point is *not* for us to make Christians of other people, but to *be* Christians for other people – Br. Curtis Almquist SSJE

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### A TIME OF TRANSITION

Christine Conkin was announced as the new incumbent of St Andrew’s earlier this spring and so it was time for us to say farewell to Helen Belcher who had been our part-time interim priest since last July. As Helen had explained in the Advent Newsletter her task was to guide and care for us as we searched for a new priest. The Search Committee worked diligently over the fall and winter and now we can reap the reward of their efforts as we welcome Christine among us.

We said farewell to Helen over a pot luck lunch on May 25<sup>th</sup> when she was presented with gifts representing the appreciation of the parish for all she had done for us over the past months. The following Sunday the services were led jointly by Helen and Christine.

The poem that follows was written by Doreen Catley and read by her at the farewell lunch.

### A FAREWELL TO HELEN BELCHER

We’ve had our priest for less than one year  
It didn’t take long for her to become dear  
To all of us who worship here.  
Her lovely blue eyes, so sparkling and bright  
Make us all feel that everything’s right.  
Her precise English voice is so easy to hear,  
Even to those without a good ear.  
Always adaptable to new requests,  
Compassionate, kind and full of zest.  
She’s conducted funerals with amazing grace  
With a glow of faith on her lovely face.  
We’ve fallen in love with this British gal  
Helen has cared for us very well.  
The children took to her like bees to honey  
Their adoring looks made everything sunny.  
So now is the time to say farewell  
We pray that retirement will go very well,  
May God bless you and yours  
I know he will open many more doors.

Written just for Helen by Doreen Catley. May 2014

The Fisherman’s Log is published bi-annually and is intended to capture the life of the St. Andrew’s community. If you would like to contribute an article, please, contact the Editor.

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# THE INDUCTION OF CHRISTINE CONKIN AS RECTOR OF ST ANDREW'S

JUNE 12, 2014





## **COLDEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR CALGARY WALK. SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22<sup>ND</sup> 2014**

On the statistically coldest night of the year in Canada, four hundred people of all ages gathered in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral church hall to register and participate in a fund-raising walk through Calgary's downtown in aid of two local charities.

The "Coldest Night Walk" started in Toronto in 2011, grew to thirty-eight Canadian communities in 2013 and to sixty-four communities this year including Calgary for the first time. Operated by Blue Sea Philanthropy (a non-profit charitable corporation whose goal is to help Canadian charities thrive financially by providing specialized expertise), the Coldest Night Walk raises money for foundations dealing with the homeless and the hungry.

Two local organizations were chosen to be the recipients of the funds raised in the Calgary walk. Firstly, the Feed the Hungry program (run by the Roman Catholic Diocese), which feeds more than five hundred people a good hot Sunday dinner each week and provides food Hampers for the Homeless in partnership with the Interfaith Food Bank, and secondly, Acadia Place (run by a partnership of the Calgary Homeless Foundation, Kairos and CUPS) which provides fifty eight affordable housing units to low-income families and individuals and those who are at risk of homelessness.

The Calgary event was two years in the planning by Kairos. Word went out to local churches for teams of volunteer walkers who then sought sponsorships from colleagues, friends and relations. The walk was suitable for everyone as routes were two, five, or ten kilometres in length. Each walk wound from St. Mary's through the downtown past the Mustard Seed, Inn from the Cold, the Drop-In Centre and CUPS.

At registration, walkers were given grey Coldest<sup>5</sup> Night toques, a warming drink and an introductory talk with a few safety instructions before they headed out. Support vans drove along the routes to deal with any potential problems. En route, the Anglican Cathedral's narthex became a rest stop and warming station where a hot drink was offered. CUPS offered the same hospitality for the 10 K walkers. The walk culminated at St. Mary's church hall where a welcome bowl of chili and a bun with coffee and Timbits warmed the walkers up. The entire evening was characterized by an easy sociability.

The Calgary fund-raiser exceeded expectations as an initial goal of \$40,000 was set, with the final amount raised was in excess of \$130,000. So, "Well Done Calgary!" and many thanks go to generous sponsors, walkers, volunteers and to Blue Sea Philanthropy. Once the final total is tallied, half the proceeds will go to Feed the Hungry and half to Acadia Place to help pay down the mortgage.

We look forward to another Coldest Night Walk next year. Volunteers should consider registering early to avoid disappointment since only four hundred spots are available! The walk is a heartening experience and the funds raised help the impoverished to find food, shelter and a sense of belonging.

Vicki Michkofsky/Carole Thomson – St. Andrews Amblers



## JOURNEY TO HEALING - Adeline Ridley

God has a way of answering prayer and this comes through as I travel on the path to health.

Two years ago, in April 2012, I woke up with a splitting headache. I decided that I had better get up and take some ibuprofen. To my surprise and consternation, I kept falling while getting dressed. Although I did not know that I was having a stroke, I kept telling myself not to hit my head. I got dressed but realized something was wrong with my left leg so I coached myself down the stairs. In the kitchen, my dog who was waiting patiently for me to wake up, feed him and let him out, watched me with two big concerned eyes. I made coffee as I thought that if I ate breakfast the ibuprofen would work better. I pulled some yogurt out of the refrigerator and reached over to get a spoon. I couldn't eat or carry the tub, and I dropped the spoon and the yogurt on the floor. The dog had a field day. I tried to swallow the pills with some coffee but the coffee spilt all over my shirt. My entire left side was numb. By now I was freezing so I made my way over to the couch to turn up the heat and cover myself with a blanket.

By the grace of God, I had made plans to go out to lunch with school friends. It was the last day before spring break and they were getting off at noon and I was to call them at 12:05. But I didn't. I just sat on the couch and waited for the ibuprofen to take effect. Then the phone rang and I knew it was them calling me. The first thing Maria said was 'Adeline are you all right?'. I replied that I had a splitting headache and... Where are we going to meet for lunch? She told me the location and in my mind I was going to drive to the restaurant to meet them!

After we hung up the phone rang again. This time it was a different teacher and she told me not to hang up. I asked why and she said they had called an ambulance as Maria had had a TIA (transient ischaemic attack) ten years ago and she felt I had taken too long to get to the phone and I was too slow in answering her and didn't sound like myself. I was shocked. You don't call the paramedics for a

headache! By this time two other teachers were at my front door and shortly after the ambulance arrived. They asked odd questions like what day is it, how many fingers do you see, what is your address. Ten minutes later they asked the same questions.

For the first couple of days my right hand was fine and could play the piano and do anything, but not my left hand. The bleed was extensive and I was outside the timeframe for the clot busting drug. It was decided not to operate but I was moved to neurology and then to the ICU. After four days I was in the unit for brain and spinal injuries. All patients have to go to therapy daily - physiotherapy, speech therapy, occupational therapy and recreational therapy.

I was in hospital for nine weeks. My mother strongly encouraged me to go to an acupuncturist to get my mobility back and probably to straighten my face. By the grace of God my seatmate at Theatre Calgary is a physiotherapist as well as an acupuncturist trained in China with experience in stroke recovery and I was blessed to receive treatment from her for four months until I realized that she had done everything she could for me.

In the meantime I could read music but not play piano at the level I used to be able to. I read music about as well as I read a book. Having played the piano since I was five my muscles were not going to forget. Together with acupuncture and occupational therapy I slowly began to play some pieces...SLOWLY. I worried about going back to work as a school music specialist but my health took a turn for the worse as soon as I came home. I had trouble sleeping, all light and sound stimulation was unbearable. So I began to lose weight and I lost energy. No energy meant I had no appetite. I could not watch TV but I could read quietly for hours and do a few things. I took the dog for short walks, practiced piano about ten minutes and went to occupational and physiotherapies, traveling by C train.

In January 2013, I woke one morning and realized I couldn't get off the bed so something was very wrong. I had no more energy left so Dick took me to the Sheldon Chumir where I was told they could not do anything for me and to go to my GP. I went home

and realized that the mainstream medical profession could not help me then nor could my doctor. I had just seen the stroke doctor the previous week with instructions to go for a full medical workup. I told Dick that I was going to see a naturopath and he phoned my massage therapist who highly recommended the naturopath she and her sister had seen. Before I went for an appointment I had the blood work done but I collapsed after having to fast for 12 hours and then had another seizure at home a week later while teaching a piano student. The naturopath decided upon IV infusions of vitamins and minerals and I was convinced by looking at the face of the doctor that this was going to work. After bi weekly visits from January to mid summer I had improved so much that I only needed IV's every month or so. As well I take a multivitamin breakfast shake and supplements to adjust my hormones and improve my memory functions and also vitamin B12 shots to induce nerve regeneration.

When I was asked if this is the worst thing that ever happened to me, I said no. All kinds of terrible things have happened to me since childhood. I believe that when warned of possible depression due to compromised serotonin levels, I never experienced depression because God had a plan for me though I did not know what it was. Apparently stroke victims could die, or come through with mild to severe disabilities like using a walking stick or being confined to a wheelchair, or survive and recover. Last summer I decided that I would not be sick forever. I still experience numbness on my left side. I make mistakes and spill food and drink. I miscalculate when cooking and stutter when I speak. I have lost the voice projection that every teacher needs. I returned to a different school near the C train station in January to volunteer a few hours a week. In my gradual back to work program, I estimated that I would be returning to my former school in April to start a few hours of teaching part of my previous workload and then gradually working my way up to my previous job by September 2014.

Last April 2013, one of the founders of the Church of the Good Shepherd passed away and the resident organist was unable to play at the funeral. I was asked and said yes. I overprepared an hour's worth of music to play both before and after the service. Afterwards I realized that I was always meant to play in public for an audience and I yearned for an opportunity. Imagine my delight when Helen called me in September to help out with the music at St Andrew's! It took all of three seconds to say yes and as Dick said - it was the answer to prayer. I flew to the piano to prepare a few weeks of both pre and post service music. Christmas was a very happy time for me as I was unable to do any Christmas music the previous year and I had missed it terribly. Multiple carolling sessions were even better and working with three guitarists was probably the highlight of the Christmas music making.

If I had not had a stroke, I would not have had all this time to rest. I would not have met some of the most caring medical professionals and therapists. I would not have come back to St Andrew's and had the support of old friends and a caring community.

God has a plan.

(Adeline has been helping with the music at the 10:30 am services since September and has added much to our worship at St Andrew's. She was not a stranger as she had been choir director and organist here in the early 1990s).

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*No road is too long for him who advances slowly and does not hurry, and no attainment is beyond his reach who equips himself with patience to achieve it.*  
Jean de la Bruyere

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## FILIOQUE

### Mathew Zachariah

I was baptized in my father's ancestral church, The Orthodox Syrian Church in Vanchithra in the village of Thekkemala in central Kerala, India. But I almost always attended Anglican churches because of my mother's strong Anglican (Church Missionary Society or CMS) roots and because I grew up with my CMS adoptive parents in Alapuzha (a coastal town in Kerala) and attended the Anglican Christ Church there.

When I visited my mother in our ancestral paternal home in Thekkemala in my youth for holidays, I accompanied her and attended the Orthodox Church. In the Orthodox tradition, the Lay Leader recites aloud and from memory the Nicene Creed and the congregants affirm the creed's truth by saying Ameen (Amen) at intervals. On rare occasions when the Nicene Creed was recited in the CMS church in the 1940s and early 1950s (because we recited the Apostle's Creed most of the time), the priest and the congregation read aloud that Creed from the translated Book of Common Prayer (BCS) in Malayalam, the language of Kerala. I could not have realized then that the Nicene Creed recited in the CMS Church had the *Filioque*.

What is *filioque*? In Latin it means "and the son." According to one of many sources I consulted (OrthodoxWiki found with the help of Google): "[*Filioque*] was added to the Nicene-Constantinopolitan Creed by the Church of Rome in the 11<sup>th</sup> century, one of the major factors leading to the Great Schism between East and West. This inclusion in the Credal article regarding the Holy Spirit thus states that the Spirit proceeds from the Father and *the Son*." (Bold italics in the original).

The Anglican Church accepted the tradition handed down from Rome in the matter of this creed.

We cannot tarry to examine the fascinating *filioque* controversy here. But, most of us do not know that The Book of Alternative Services (BAS) of the Anglican Church of Canada (copyright 1985) has chosen to extend the hand of *rapprochement* to the Orthodox churches. On page 176 of BAS we read thus: "The words "and the son" (*filioque*) have been removed from the Nicene Creed in accordance with the Lambeth 1978 Statement: The conference... [based on the work of the Anglican-Orthodox Joint Doctrinal Commission] requests that all member Churches of the Anglican Communion should consider omitting the *Filioque* from the Nicene Creed..." It goes on to say that "the omission of the *filioque* does not imply a change of doctrine or belief on the part of the Anglican Church."

When I was doing research for the "My Christian Faith" chapter in my book *Making Anew My home: A Memoir* (friesenpress.com, 2014), I read with sadness in the second 2001 edition of the **World Christian Encyclopedia** that: "Of all Christians, 1,888 millions are church members affiliated to 6 major ecclesiastico-cultural megablocs [such as the Anglicans], also some 300 different ecclesiastical traditions, also 33,820 distinct Christian denominations across the world." In 2014, the number of divisions would have certainly increased based on major or minor differences, thus making our Lord's devout wish "That they may all be one" an even more remote possibility.

Yet, I – shaped by both the Eastern and Western church traditions – am pleased with the Canadian Anglican Church's significant contribution to church unity in its doctrinal teaching and modern services.