

THE FISHERMAN'S LOG

St. Andrew's Anglican Church's Newsletter

1611 St. Andrew's Place, Calgary, Alberta • www.st-andrews-anglican-calgary.ca

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Vol. III, No. 2

and a little child shall lead them!



a bon mot from jo+ –

“The wolf shall live with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid, the calf and the lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.” (Isaiah 11:6).

During children's time recently I had a real awakening. It became so clear to me that we at St. Andrew's may think that we are leading the children, teaching them the way that they must go, when, indeed, it is they who are leading us. The faith of our children continues to amaze me. I attribute their faith to God's grace, not only to our Sunday school teachers and youth coordinator, but also to the children's parents.

Isaiah prophesied that when the Prince of Peace comes the wolf will lie down with the lamb. The lion and lamb has always been the image I think of when I reflect on Jesus's the peace monger, the peacemaker, the Prince of Peace. Our little children also are being embraced by the lion and the wolf, like lambs in this image in my mind.

Children are so impressionable, but, unlike some young people, our children seem to be soaking up God's word, the wonderful stories of the Bible. If you were in church recently, you will remember the children telling us in action about how very hard it is for a camel to get through an opening the size of a needle, how difficult it is for us to live the kingdom of God in the here and now when we cannot let go of all of our possessions. And they also knew more than most of us that Christ is the Alpha and Omega, the a through z, the beginning and the end of everything, every minute of the day, always and everywhere. The children took it even further with their

analogy that if there were only 26 days like the 26 letters in the alphabet then Jesus would be totally in all 26 days. Matt Stobbs was teaching that when we wake in the morning Jesus is with us, and he is there when we thank God for all the wonderful things we experienced with Jesus at the end, at the Omega, the Z of our day. The children suggested that Jesus is still there when we sleep, especially when if we snore throwing out even more z's. The children wondered if Jesus is with us when we have a bad day. Jesus surely is there to get us through the bad times during the day, as well as the good.

It occurred to me at that moment that our children are more well-versed in the Bible than we are. We study the Bible, but we do not always engage the stories like a little child. We may be Biblically literate, but perhaps we need to hear the stories like a little child?

Many of us are reading the Bible together – 1% of it a week, and 10–15 of us get together each week between the services to talk about what we are reading. It is not so much a scholarly discussion as it is a sharing of what has touched our hearts that week in our reading. In a way, we are engaging the Bible stories like a little child. Indeed we often ring up our understanding of a difficult story that we recall from our Sunday school days.

So, I would encourage us all to see the great narrative of the birth of Jesus, Mary's son, God's son, with fresh new eyes this year. And let us be at peace in our hearts about the details of the beautiful birth narrative let a little child lead us. Christ is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of all things, and only when we allow the little child to lead us will there be true peace.

- The Right Reverend Gregory Kerr-Wilson formerly the Bishop of the Anglican Diocese of Qu'Appelle was enthroned as the ninth Bishop of the Diocese of Calgary in a Service of Installation at the Cathedral Church of the Redeemer on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, Saturday, September 29, 2012. Many from the parish of St. Andrew's were there to celebrate this joyous occasion. The National Indigenous Anglican Bishop Mark MacDonald delivered an inspiring sermon. The Bishop surprised us in October when he came to worship with us along with his wife Vicki and two of his children Asha and Kyla. Their son Jeremy lives in Edmonton.
- Over the summer we committed to a new Bible study, reading 1% of the Bible each week for the next two years. Ten to twelve of us gather between services on Sundays to talk about what touched us or puzzled us in the last week's reading. In addition, many are reading who are not able to join the discussion. It is a powerful and enlightening venture. The schedule of readings in the red folder in the Narthex if you would like to join the 1%-ers. See the article on page 3 for more on this study.
- We have celebrated the lives of a number of parishioners who have died since last spring. While they have begun their new lives in Christ having entered into a closer relationship with him, we miss and think of them all the time. Let light perpetual shine upon them.
- Our funeral receptions have been a lovely expression of hospitality to the families and friends of the loved ones who have died. For the work of the women who contribute their time, resources, and unbounded energy, we are most thankful.
- There is new life at St. Andrew's. A number of new families have joined us which greatly enriches our parish family.
- The Sunday School has grown with the addition of families with children. This makes for a challenge for our teachers but also cause for joy. Children's time at the beginning of the service has become quite lively with the participation of these newest members of the church. Thank you, Lord!
- We were so blessed to have the choir director and members of the choir willing to provide music to enrich our worship every Sunday. While attendance was down with many of us traveling and on holiday, God was praised every Sunday.
- The Sunday after Labour Day the Youth Group and the Sunday School resumed meeting, studying, and having good Christian fun together.
- The annual Blessing of the Backpacks took place that first Sunday when the youth and children all returned. The token we blessed and dropped in their book bags was a small Anglican rosary.
- We continued the St. Andrew's tradition of offering Jazz Vespers in Calgary early this fall with a Harvest Vespers. The music was provided on a harp, on

Renaissance instruments, on drums, on the flute, on the trumpet, and on the organ and piano. Our Chancel Choir sang. The ancient evening service of nighttime prayers ended with an innovative improvisation jazz jam. A harvest supper was provided in the Parish Hall. See the article on page 3 for more on the Harvest Vespers.

- Our dedicated Altar Guild decorated the church with seasonal produce including pumpkins and apples for the Harvest Vespers, but they added grapes and bread behind the altar for the next Sunday's Thanksgiving service. The members of this group are indispensable members of the worship team, for they prepared everything we need at the altar for services each week. They are much appreciated. If you think that God may be calling you to this ministry or you would like more information about what they do, please, contact Kathryn Tulk, and Altar Guild member, or Jo+.
- Our longtime coordinator of the servers, Billie Bertrand, has retired. We have faithful servers who do everything the priests needs for worship services from leading the procession as crucifer to serving at the Lord's table. Please, call Anne at the office if you are interested in this vital ministry.
- In October we held our annual Blessing of the Animals with more animals with only dogs and their owners participating. It was a fun evening for canines and humans alike.
- **JUBILATION!**, a celebration of song and supper started back up in the fall after taking a holiday for two months over the summer. The faithful supporters of this monthly evening service enjoy the worship experience and the fellowship that follows over Gloria's chili or the Youth Group's homemade pizza. If you have not come to this service, you should.
- Remembrance Day fell on a Sunday this year. We were led into worship by Helen Perry (recent recipient of the new commemorative Diamond Jubilee Medal personally approved by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and presented by Prime Minister Stephen Harper for Helen's significant contributions to Calgary and to Canada in her work with the Girl Guides) who wore her Girl Guide uniform as she carried the poppy wreath in the procession. She was joined by Mark Frayne bearing the colours in his Boy Scout uniform.
- With the leadership of our Wardens Phyllis Haskewich and Mitchell Goodjohn and the parish Council with the able assistance of our new bookkeeper Sandra and our ever faithful administrative assistant Anne we have been able to keep run the parish smoothly. Thanks you all!
- Finally, without the many hours of service of all those who are Christ's hands at work in the world, we would not be a church. Continue your good work in the Lord! Jo+



What does this stained glass window over the front doors of St. Andrew's in Calgary symbolize? To us at St. Andrew's this represents the Glory of God that is revealed when all hands join together to praise God and share meals in our worship and in our study and in fellowship. Here are some of the ways we express and share the Glory of God:

Jazz Vespers: St. Andrew's is continuing the tradition of Jazz Vespers in Calgary. In April our guest artists were the andrea SUPERstein quartet who took part in worship with not-so-standard renditions of jazz standards like: "I'm Beginning to See the Light" as the vesper candles were lighted and continuing with "No More Blues," "Sunny Side of the Street," "The Very Thought of You," "Nobody Else But Me," and concluding with "A Sunday Kind of Love" after our nighttime prayers. We used a creative adaptation of services from the BAS and The New Zealand Prayer book.

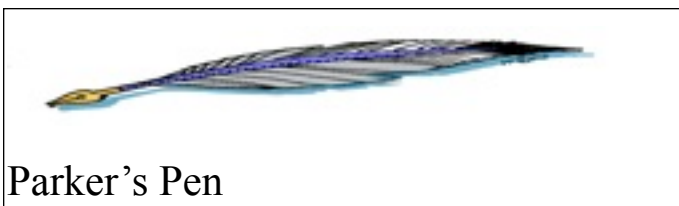
Our Harvest Jazz Vespers this fall featured eclectic music from the Harp Angel, Deborah Nyack, Broken Consort Renaissance Musicians, Bonnie Lawrence and the Marlborough Drum Ensemble, and our own Bryon Seeley & the Chancel Choir with Dr. Hugo Meynell on the organ and piano, all with a harvest theme. At the end of the service the postlude was an instrumental jazz jam with the harp, trumpet, and flute.

We follow our Vespers services with a reception where the musicians and the worshippers can discuss music and its contribution to the worship experience. After the fall service more than eighty people were treated to a harvest feast of pumpkin soup, hearty bread, and pumpkin and apple sweets.

We enjoy sharing meals together here at St. Andrew's, and we are known for our hospitality. We welcome all God's people and the Lord's table and at our parish meals.

JUBILATION! A celebration of song and supper began three years ago on third Sundays. This evening service begins at 5:00 pm with a Eucharistic service in the Parish Hall. This is a family friendly service with soft space for small children in the centre of the worship circle. We engage the Gospel in an interactive sermon where "everyone may, but no one must" take part in the discussion. Likewise we do the Prayers of the People by praying the newspaper. The music is acoustic guitar with music arranged by our talented Cindy Hands. A simple meal follows that is an extension of the Lord's table. The youth Group has become an integral part of this service, setting up the worship space, serving, and administering, and they often prepare our supper – if not the entire meal, then the dessert, of course.

Together ness Tuesdays: Two years ago this September, St. Andrew's began a fellowship and study series on Tuesdays each week. First Tuesdays we gather in parishioners' homes for a long term book study called "Chapter & Verse." On second Tuesdays there is a study at the church, which may be an interactive lecture series or a DVD study. This fall it is called "War & Peace." Parish Council now meets on third Tuesdays. On fourth Tuesdays the "Out-on-the Towners" meet for fellowship over a good meal at a different local restaurant.



Parker's Pen

Our travels this summer took us to Mission, B.C. where, although it dates back to 1939, I only then discovered a wonderful Benedictine monastery called Westminster Abbey. It is well worth a visit to walk the picturesque grounds high above the Fraser River and to rest a while in the beautiful and so peaceful church.

I'm a big fan of St. Benedict and his Order and have decided that on our holiday – I am going to re-read 'The Cloister Walk' by Kathleen Norris. She has been a regular attendee of a Presbyterian church in South Dakota for most of her life but became a Benedictine Oblate of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota.

Part memoir, part meditation it is written boldly and sensibly about her immersion into a liturgical world that she says gave her many new perspectives on many aspects of her life. I shall be inspired by reading it many more times.

I highly recommend The Cloister Walk along with her Amazing Grace: A Vocabulary of Faith.

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I was just thinking recently that many of my other favourite authors are Romans - Thomas Merton, Ronald Knox, Malcolm Muggeridge and my current morning starter To Be A Pilgrim by Cardinal Basil Hume. Excellent – but thank goodness for C.S. Lewis.

On a day in Oxford earlier this year I enjoyed a fine pint in the Lamb & Flag. A thrill to be in the pub where Lewis, Tolkien and other members of The Inklings group of literary scholars also drank – as did Thomas Hardy and Graham Greene

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I recently borrowed from the library a somewhat frightening new book called The Friar of Carcassonne, about the extraordinary life of Bernard Delicieux and the revolt against the inquisition in Southern France. I mentioned it to Rev'd Jo Popham and commented that I just couldn't understand how the Christian faith survived though years of infighting, torture and executions – by priests and bishops. She simply said, "Because it's true." How profound and how comforting.

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Kolbe Times is a new Faith and Arts Journal being published in Calgary that is well worth a read. And not just because I contributed.

My piece is about Calgary singer/songwriter Denis Grady, a member of the Order of Franciscans Secular, who travels every year to Guatemala to sing at a festival, a rehab centre, hospitals, and at street concerts.

He is asking people to donate unused guitars that have been lying in the basement for too long so he can take them to Guatemala and give to village kids who he will teach to play. "Guitars not Gangs" is his slogan.

I left some copies in the narthex.

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I enjoy talking to visitors to St. Andrew's and was impressed with one couple who said, "You have a fine church here; lovely choir and so many children, I wish we were so lucky."

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End quote: I may not be perfect but Jesus says I'm to die for.

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CAN RELIGIONS GET ALONG?

Mathew Zachariah

In my career as a teacher and researcher, I did much to promote intercultural dialogue within and without Canada. But, I shied away from promoting inter-religious dialogue because I was never sure how to do it and because such endeavours are akin to walking through a field full of killing and maiming mines.

Yet, two recent events have revived my interest. In one, I was chatting with the driver who was taking me to my dialysis centre. His name was Gurpreet. He was a biomedical engineer from Punjab, India who could not get any job in his profession and has reconciled to driving for Access Calgary for the rest of his working life. I asked him: Are you a Sikh? He said: I was born Sikh but I do not consider myself a Sikh now. I asked him why? He said that all religions are, beneath a cover of rituals or beliefs or good works, swords that promote love within ingroups and hatred towards outgroups. That insight led him to find a currently living mystic guru who guides his life the same way Jesus guided people during the times he lived. Did I say to him: Ah! but you are mistaken! Jesus is with us today and tomorrow. No. I kept silent because I did not, like a bull at the Calgary Stampede infield, want to disturb the spiritual solace he had found for himself. But, his assertion that all religions use music, singing, rituals, “we-feeling”(sense of community) and good works to hide their swords continued to bother me.

As I was roaming the Crowfoot Library for a book to read, besides watching TV, during my three days a week four-hour dialysis, I picked up a book titled *God is Not One*, written by a Boston University Religious Studies professor, Stephen Prothero. In his early life, he grew up in an Episcopal (American Anglican) household in Cape Cod. His main argument is that many attempts to promote interreligious dialogues are bound to fail because they start from a false premise that all religions are different but legitimate pathways to the top of the same mountain looking for answers to eternal question such as Why am I here? Proponents of interreligious dialogue falsely claim, says Prothero, that we will find at the top of the mountain unity and harmony. The author, using the cases of eight revival religions, argues that their differences matter greatly. I haven't finished reading the book.

But here is a taste from the early chapters. Prothero says that there is more similarity at the beginning of our

eternal religious searches (the foot of the mountain) than at the apex. Let me quote the author from his “Introduction” about his admittedly simplistic four-step approach to what I call the comparative study of religion:

“Each religion articulates:

- a problem;
- a solution to the problem, which also serves as the religious goal;
- a technique (or techniques) for moving from the problem to the solution; and
- an exemplar (or exemplars) who chart(s) this path from problem to solution.

For example, in **Christianity**...

- the problem is sin;
- the solution (or goal) is salvation;
- the technique for achieving salvation is some combination of faith and good works; and
- the exemplars who chart this path are the saints in Roman Catholicism and Orthodoxy and ordinary people of faith in Protestantism.

And in **Buddhism**...

- the problem is suffering;
 - the solution (or goal) is nirvana;
 - the technique for achieving nirvana is the Noble eightfold Path, which includes such Buddhist practices as meditation and chanting; and
 - the exemplars who chart this path are arhats (for Theravada Buddhists), Bodisattvas (for Mahayana Buddhists), or lamas (for Vajrayana Buddhists).”
- (pp 14-15)

I am convinced that Prothero is right in admonishing us not to claim superficial similarity between religions that are profoundly different. But, in this global, interconnected age, how are we to live with each other in peace and not unsheathe the ever present, hidden sword to settle our differences? After I finish reading the book, I will share my thoughts in another essay.

Know Thy Neighbors – Pam Harris
Biographer – Doreen Catley

Pam was born in Bournemouth on England's south coast and was an only child. She was rather a tomboy and was never lonely as she was always allowed to have friends over to play. After the war started her father went into the Navy (having served in WW1 as well) She remembers the beaches being defended by tank traps and enemy planes dropping bombs over their town. During air-raids Pam slept downstairs under the table. Once in High School, she can remember being at the top of a rope at the ceiling in the gym and having to shinny down mighty fast to get to the air-raid shelter.

After High School, she attended Nottingham University for 3 years and obtained a general B.Sc. in Botany, Geology and Chemistry. Pam's first job was in a sugar factory in Lincolnshire. She worked in the Laboratory doing routine analyses of beet juices. They changed shifts every 2 weeks, and after 6 weeks of work – finally got 24 hours off! Pam was the only woman on her shift. It was only for 4 months but she was able to save enough money for a secretarial course in London. After that she worked for 2 years for a public analyst and consulting chemist on Eastcheap, close to the Tower of London. Needing more challenge, Pam moved out to Borehamwood, near Elstree studios, to a new firm – Hunting Technical Services. Pam started as a Geophysical Data Reducer, but soon had a variety of tasks such as interpreting aerial photos, map compilations and technical reports.

One day, when Pam was at a table working on a map of Jordan, a young man named Stuart Harris was put in the same room to write up his report on Iraq fieldwork. In 1957 they were married and Pam had to leave the firm as that was their policy. No married couples working together. After a few months doing temporary work, the Iraq government signed the contract for soil surveying and off they went to Iraq just before Christmas with 44 lbs. of luggage each. Once in Baghdad, the business manager helped them buy furniture and other household needs for their home in Kirkuk in the Northeast, a city with a mainly Kurdish population, and they set off in the Landrover. At that time they had complete freedom to travel around the country. Pam and Stuart celebrated their first Christmas together in their new house. The other newly married couple, who were to share it, had not yet arrived. They started by scrubbing the greasy kitchen and had stewed mutton and a Christmas pudding which were supplied by the firm on Christmas Day. Pam's driver took her shopping in the local market (souk) She would see a newly butchered sheep hanging up, and quickly choose the piece she wanted before the flies got to it! Cooking was done on 2 oil stoves with a portable oven and she had to learn to regulate the

temperature. Pam found her Penguin Cookery Book invaluable as she had to cook 3 satisfying meals every day, for visiting field scientists and occasionally a consultant or company director.

They lived right in the city, which was surrounded by oil fields, but the oil company families lived in a compound and had their food flown in. Pam and Stuart socialized occasionally with the consuls and vice consuls, their families and a few engineers. They were paid a hardship allowance and Pam received a set payment for each guest. She soon learned to make bread because the bread that came to the door was rather gray and covered with flies. Vegetables had to be disinfected with potassium permanganate. It was a wise decision not to employ a cook – they kept much healthier that way. One day Stuart brought in a chicken and Pam asked him to put it in the fridge, but he remarked that the bird might not like that! They got the night watchman to wring its neck, and Pam had to learn quickly how to pluck and draw, using her trusty cook book. Soon their guests were shooting partridge, but when a hare appeared Pam made them cut it up outside, and then she would cook it. The night watchman slept in the outermost vehicle but was happy to warm up. Even during the winter, they still had roses in their garden. Unfortunately, when the other couple arrived it was less peaceful. The woman was hard to get along with and when it was her turn to do the housekeeping chores, the toast would be burned – simply because she liked it that way. The woman also refused to obey the local dress code for foreigners and ended up being thrown in a ditch, threatened with a knife. Although Stuart worked a 7 day week, they managed to save up their Fridays – which were Muslim holidays – and by the spring they were able to travel a little to see more of the country.

Stuart and the team were testing the soils and had local men digging pits. The aim being to improve the soils which had been ruined by centuries of poor irrigation. Looking at the country side in spring, with colorful flowers springing up through the stony surface, the dessert truly “blossomed as a rose” and the Bible came to life, with shepherds minding their flocks of sheep. One night Pam and Stuart were invited by some diggers to attend their Saturday night entertainment. They were ushered into a narrow hut – removing their shoes – and were handed glasses of tea (chai). There was no escape route! The drums started up and the Holy Man read from the Koran with tears streaming down his face. Some dervishes were dancing and went into a trance, snatching their tea glasses and crunching them up. Soon they were swallowing fire and chomping on their arms with sharp long sabers just a few feet from Pam and Stuart. They were being protected by plain clothes policemen. The dervishes wanted to fire bullets and they

were escorted out since no one is immune to bullets! Pam says it was one of the scariest times of her life. The Dervishes are an offshoot of the Sunni Moslem religion and the least intelligent lads go into a trance easily. They once watched the Yezidis (devil worshippers) dancing. They believed they were placating evil spirits. The girls wore colourful costumes and their braids were adorned with coins. In another village, as Pam waited in the Landrover, all the men came out to stare. They had not seen a western woman before, which she found a little unnerving!

Not having traveled much before, Pam experienced culture shock. There were no public washrooms and of course the water was very polluted. Many babies died before the age of 2, and bilharzia, a snail borne disease which causes blindness, was very common. One legend was that if you carried your wife over the ever burning fires (gas seepage) you would be blessed with sons – which worked in their case. Pam says she was lighter in those days! They were asked how many sons they had and how much Stuart had paid for Pam. A good camel cost more than a wife. An Arab asked her to try on her dowry necklace – 700 dinars (pounds sterling) worth.

When traveling for pleasure they stayed at government rest houses and were able to visit archeological diggings in Erbil and Mosul. They saw the Arch of the Tsesephon on the Tigris River south of Baghdad – the largest unsupported mud brick arch in the world, and the Ziggurat at Samarra – a high tower with a narrow path to the top. One of the King Faisals after WW1 wanted to ride his horse to the top. An Army Officer was ordered to try it first and fell to his death half way up. Upon another occasion they drove over the top of the Jebel Hamrin (front ridge of the Persian Mountains) to escape flooding below and encountered smugglers. Another time they arrived in Baghdad covered in brown dust (open Landrover) and the hotel staff no longer had space for the travelers. They went back the next day having cleaned up at another hotel who had taken them in for the night and they were happy to accommodate them.

Over the years Stuart and Pam have lived in many places (Guyana, Chicago, Christchurch N.Z. Ontario and Kansas.) Pam's work has mainly been editing, typing for geologists, coaching foreign students, assisting with fieldwork and helping organize an international conference. They came to Calgary in 1969 when Stuart joined the Geography department at the University of Calgary. Pam started attending St. Andrew's 18 years ago, moving from another church. She finds the people at St. Andrew's very friendly and welcoming. She thinks the choir is great and she enjoys Matins once a month from the BCP although she does enjoy the liturgies from the BAS as well. Pam and Stuart have 3 children, 7 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. For a time Pam brought 3 of the older grandchildren to Sunday school.

Pam's hobbies include hiking, swimming and going to the gym. She also sews and knits for the grandchildren and great grandchildren. Travel is of great interest to both Stuart and Pam. Immediately after their stay in Iran they both hiked the Haute Route across the Alps from Chamonix to Zermatt. They often combine a holiday with a conference. In the last 12 years they have visited China, Outer Mongolia, Arctic Russia, Kamchatka, Spain, Bolivia, Peru, Mexico, Costa Rica and Hawaii.

Pam was in the Choir and served on the Vestry in her last church. For a year or 2 she typed and collated the order of service for the Reverend John Pilling. She is a reader and makes coffee after services. For many years she sold UNICEF cards before Christmas at Church. Pam has been a member of the 5th Dimension Outdoor Club for over 20 years and is a member of the Triwood Tai Chi group. She is still a member of the Crowfoot YMCA and the Faculty Women's Club. For many years Pam delivered Meals on Wheels and has worked for UNICEF in various capacities.

What an interesting life this person and her husband have had! Upon speaking with Pam at coffee after Church and hearing her relate some of her adventures, I just knew that they had to be included in our "Know Thy Neighbours". Keep in mind that these adventures in Iraq took place in only 5 months! I'm sure there are many more stories to tell! Thanks for choosing St. Andrew's Pam for your spiritual home. It's great to have you in our 'family'!

Be an Angel!



This year's Angel Tree will support the children of prisoners. We have registered to take on this ministry with a division of Prison Fellowship Canada. On the First Sunday of Advent the Christmas Tree in the Parish Hall will be hung with angel ornaments AND the names of children of an incarcerated person. We are allowed to provide only one gift for the child with a spending limit of \$30. The parent in prison will suggest a gift they themselves would have liked to have provided for their child. We will be the angels who provide that gift for them. We also may want to provide a Christmas hamper for the family's Christmas dinner and a gift for the parent who is at home. If you would like to help with the delivery of the angel gifts, let Jo know.

Carole Thomson

In September of this year Dave and I and our family travelled to Winnipeg for a family wedding. Winnipeg is where both my maternal (Scottish) and paternal (English) Grandparents and their children immigrated to in the early 1900s. My parents took my sister and I back to Winnipeg twice if not three times a year to connect with the extended family. Tradition was that one of the first things we did was head to Elmwood Cemetery to visit our grandparents’ graves. This is something my sister and I still do whenever in Winnipeg, although we have not been able to pass this interest on to our own children (times do change!).

On this last trip, I particularly wanted to find the grave of my mother’s brother (Wee Bertie as they called him) who died at the age of 18 months in March of 1910. When we picked up maps in the cemetery office, we were told we might have great difficulty finding Wee Bertie’s grave, and that in fact we might not find it at all.

As we started our search for Bertie, many of the headstones in the area were very weathered or missing, or the markers had been taken back and overgrown by the earth. After much searching, we gave up and headed to find the grandparents’ graves instead. That seemed more straight forward and we figured out how the maps worked and found those graves more easily.

Before leaving the cemetery, we decided to return to our first search site for Bertie and try just a little longer. We wandered a bit in a new area we assessed, and as I was walking down what I thought might be the correct row, my foot slipped into an indentation in the grass and I stumbled a bit. I looked at the spot my toe had been caught in and decided to feel the indent in the earth. Instead of feeling dirt, I felt something hard. So I pushed the grass back with the toe of my shoe and after a bit of work, an “E” appeared, and then an “I” and then I yelled for Dave to help out. And I have to admit I started to shake. We gradually peeled back about 3 inches deep of grass and earth to find the marker we were looking for. It was engraved “WEE BERTIE” with the initials R A D G underneath. That was the final proof as we knew his entire name was **Robert Alexander Drummond Grieve**. It was a God moment for me. Somehow my foot stumbled in this particular indent in the earth and I believe God led me there. For this I am grateful and have now passed this knowledge to our relatives and children to carry forward. We must never forget our history and the trials and struggles of those who led us here to such a wonderful country.

Kirkin’ of the Tartans



For the last several years we have observed St. Andrew’s Day by having a Kirkin’ of the Tartans, the churching or blessing of the tartans. We ordered from Scotland enough wool in the Earl of St. Andrew’s plaid to made several stoles for the incumbent and the honorary clergy, which we blessed and wear proudly on the Sunday closest to November 30th. Members of the congregation are encouraged to wear or bring the tartan of their clan and swatches of the Earl of St. Andrew’s are provided for those of us who have no family connection to Scotland. This year we were joined again by the St. Andrew– Caledonian Society of Calgary and their Gaelic Choir. This talented group provides a social venue for all persons interested in Scottish culture and heritage, but they have come to treasure their worship with the community at St. Andrew’s Anglican Church. We processed to the music of the bagpipes and had hymns in Gaelic throughout the service, and all were enriched by doing worship together.



The Christmas Pageant
will be at 10:30 a.m.
on Sunday, December 16th.
Come and Bring a friend!

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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