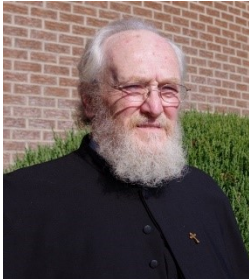


THE TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN NEWS

NOVEMBER 15, 2018

VOLUME 6, ISSUE 11

Fr. Robert's Remarks



FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD, SSC
VICAR GENERAL

Greetings! The Lord be with you!

I want to wish you a Happy New Year and a Blessed Advent!. It is barely two weeks and we shall find ourselves at Advent Sunday, the annual liturgical beginning of our preparation for the commemoration of the First Coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and our anticipation of His Coming again in glory as well.

John Keble's poem for Advent Sunday can be found inside. It is from his book of poems entitled, *The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holydays Throughout the Year*. While probably preferable to have the book in hand, it is readily available online in various formats.

I shall keep my comments to a minimum this month.

(Continued on page 14)

Fr. Byron Woolcock: This Is The Victory...



FR. BYRON WOOLCOCK, TDC

Two stories from history may help introduce this topic for, (as you well know) the rest of that title is; "...that overcometh the world, even our Faith". (1 Jn. 5:46)

For a while it seemed the 1960's were a highpoint for the Church in Canada. For me it was the move from the "mission field" of Saskatchewan to my Father's call to build up one of the new suburban parishes in Oshawa, in the Diocese of Toronto. It was also the beginning of my studies in Montreal. My Father had a Parishioner, Virginia, who had been transferred to the Montreal Psychiatric Hospital which was just two blocks away from the College where I stayed. He asked me to visit with her. Although I had met Virginia, her husband and children in Oshawa, I was not prepared for her greeting; "Byron, do you know why I'm here?"..."Because I didn't have enough faith." Yes, of course, I had the glib "Theological answers" available, but none seemed to fit. Years later Virginia drowned herself in a river north of Oshawa. Obviously I have never forgotten either my friend Virginia or her sad statement on Faith.

The second, longer history and faith story is very close to the time I was born into a war torn Britain. In January 1933, shortly before Hitler came to power, it was a time of great tension in Berlin, and of widespread fear. The political context was that the Hindenburg government was tottering, soon to go under, the fear of the "Red Tide" of communism from the east, other extremist movements and open fighting in the streets. In the midst of this storm a man whose courage I admire, and have written about previously, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, was no more certain for the future than anyone else. However, he was sure the followers of Christ should know where to turn. "God stands above all...his word unstayed." Bonhoeffer assured his congregation quoting from that verse from "The Golden Sun" a beloved hymn by Paul Gerhardt.

(Continued on page 2)

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Fr. Byron Woolcock: This Is The Victory...

In beautiful homiletical harmony with my present theme Bonhoeffer went on; “The overcoming of fear—that is what we are proclaiming here. The Bible, the gospel, Christ, the church, the faith—all are one great battle cry against fear, in the lives of human beings. Fear is, somehow or other, the archenemy itself. It crouches in people’s hearts. It hollows out their insides, until their resistance and strength are spent and they suddenly break down. Fear secretly gnaws and eats away at all the ties that bind a person to God and to others, and when in a time of need that person reaches for those ties and clings to them, they break and the individual sinks back into himself or herself, helpless and despairing, while hell rejoices.

Now fear leers that person in the face, saying: Here we are all by ourselves, you and I, now I’m showing you my true face. And anyone who has seen naked fear revealed, who has been its victim in terrifying loneliness—fear of an important decision; fear of a heavy stroke of fate, losing one’s job, an illness; fear of a vice that one can no longer resist, to which one is enslaved; fear of disgrace; fear of another person; fear of dying—that person knows that fear is only one of the faces of evil itself, one form by which the world, at enmity with God, grasps for someone. Nothing can make a human being so conscious of the reality of powers opposed to God in our lives as this loneliness, this helplessness, this fog spreading over everything, this sense that there is no way out, and this raving impulse to get oneself out of this hell of hopelessness.

Have you ever seen someone in the grip of fear? It’s dreadful in a child, but even more dreadful in an adult: the staring eyes, the shivering like an animal, the pleading attempt to defend oneself. Fear takes away a person’s humanity. This is not what the creature made by God looks like—this person belongs to the devil, this enslaved, broken-down, sick creature.” (From the collected sermon of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, edited by Isabel Best)

When I originally thought of this subject title it was “And Is It True”, from John Betjeman’s poem which our Bishop Crawley placed in the “The Rock” magazine each Christmas. Although that poem ends up (i.e. “God was made man in Palestine, and lives today in bread and wine”) certainly, on a note of faith my own fluctuating feelings at that moment required even more, perhaps the collect for Easter IV (praying that our hearts may surely be fixed, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, where true joys are to be found.) That momentary ebb and flow of my own feelings, surely mistaken for a momentary lost faith, reminded me of that Collect and also of a poem from an old scrap book;

“Coward, wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky,
One day eager and brave,
The next, not caring to try,
But he never gives in, and we too shall win,
Jesus and I.”

As you know, it is not often spiritually healthy to hover over such fluctuating feelings too long. These feelings can come and go for a myriad of reasons. Often

“GOD STANDS
ABOVE ALL . . .
HIS WORD
UNSTAYED.’
BONHOEFFER
ASSURED HIS
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...”

Fr. Byron Woolcock: This Is The Victory...

online I see the offer; “If you don’t have time to read this entire article go here for a brief summary”. Thus my summary here may well be worded; “Faith is Fear that has said its prayers”! That, somehow, reminds me of so many people telling us, in difficult times, “Don’t worry” (but rarely supplying the “HOW”!)

As you know, God thus admonished us many times throughout Scripture to “Fear not”...but He does supply the “HOW”. First, at least momentarily, a short journey into the darkness of fear which Bonhoeffer described so frighteningly in his 1933 sermon.

“This Present Darkness”

That was a popular book written by Frank Peretti in 1986. Although, for me, it did not include essentials such as the Sacraments or the prayerful Protection of the Theotokos the book was still a “good read” echoing the familiar warning from Compline; “be sober, be vigilant...” (1Peter 5:8-9). What good St. John Paul II called the “Culture of Death” we can add terms like Darkness, Evil, Sin and the so Demonic Insanity prevalent today.

All of us can personalize those terms in our own experiences and, as Bonhoeffer says, that resultant fear that gnaws away at us, cutting us off from God and one another. That horrible truth is summarized well by Alexander Solzhenitsyn; “The line separating good and evil passes not through states, not between classes either—but right through every human heart.” (With thanks to Fr. David for posting that quote on facebook) Another text that often comes to mind in our dark times is Psalm 74:20b, “for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty”.

Living in the country I often take a flashlight when I take the dogs out before bedtime. The combination of a smaller dog, a fearful larger dog and the howling of coyotes in the nearby field calls for a light in the darkness! Likewise heading even a little way into the subject of darkness and evil requires a light. Although I did poorly in Philosophy, I still treasure that comforting approach that speaks not of opposites but of absences. (The opposite of light is not darkness but only the absence of light, etc.) Here it may be safer to leave these thoughts to someone else! “Evil is not an entity that has a real being, like other creatures created by God, but there is only the deviation of beings from their natural state, into which the Creator put them into the opposite state. Therefore God is not the culprit of evil, but it comes from the creatures themselves, evading their natural state and purpose.” (Dionysius the Areopagite) Even with that ancient quote, “correct” as it may be, somehow evil does seem so very real! (Virginia, pray for us)

My “ancient toxic brain” sometimes now often intervenes...”what are you trying to express?...if evil is not even much of a “reality” (and should not be much entertained) what can one say about evil? Tell another story!

As you know, from a previous article here, I have, with the knowledge and permission of my Vicar General, accepted my largest, and most challenging “parish” yet, the Internet/Facebook! Recently a “parishioner” wrote “Have any of you thought about suicide? How do I go about getting assisted suicide?” The suicide rate in our chemical-

“THUS MY
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Fr. Byron Woolcock: This Is The Victory...

ly injured, M.C.S. community is about 60%. This question thus, appears often on our support sites. Because most of those afflicted with Multiple Chemical Sensitivities are women the sad stories of the death of marriage relationships also predominates. Some of the thousands on our sites know Christ, others know of Him and yet others “don’t want religion crammed down their throat.” (Sadly many have a belief in a “God” you and I could never believe in either.) Many such wives/partners have sadly labelled themselves: “I am nothing but a burden,” “I am a curse”, and require the true knowledge of “Who am I in Christ?” In a world of relativism, of being valued for our “usefulness” or “ability” a severe disability can bring deep despair. I also often think too of that text in Hebrews 2:15 which is echoed online so often; “And also that He might deliver and completely free all those who through the (haunting) fear of death were held in bondage throughout the whole course of their life.” (Amplified New Testament) I hasten to add that I am certainly not alone in my “new” parish ministry, your daily prayers and the kind supportive words both of believers and “anawim in disguise” on these sites is wonderful indeed.



“THE FAILED
ABORTION HAD ALSO
PROVIDED THE ‘GIFT’
OF CEREBRAL PALSY,
AS SHE CALLS IT: ‘IT
ALLOWS ME TO
REALLY DEPEND ON
JESUS FOR
EVERYTHING.’”

FROM HER WEBSITE:
[HTTP://GIANNAJESSEN.COM](http://giannajessen.com)

God’s Girl

Perhaps, like me, you have come to know this Woman of faith on the internet. Gianna Gessen too has a disability, cerebral palsy, initiated by an attempt to scald her to death in the womb with saline. Recently, I have watched her run joyfully up and down in her training gym always signing off her daily commentary with “Victory”! I know those who are reading this are also Witnesses to Life and likely have heard her story, which she often tells in her many world travels; she constantly reminds me of that text... “Above all, taking the shield of faith...” (Ephes 6:16) Just today, on her site, Gianna posted: “Circumstance never gets the credit of the author and finisher of your faith. Only Jesus gets called the Author and Finisher of your faith and your story”.

“Now Abideth...these three...”

Such wonderful people also remind me of the total synergistic unity, at least in this present life, of Faith, Hope and Love. As he so often did Bishop N.T. Wright personifies these three in Saints Thomas, Paul and Peter. Bishop Wright sees Thomas’, resurrection faith (“My Lord and My God”) as transcendory, yet also including, both history and science, challenging also the faith of Scientists to, ultimately, change their present incomplete paradigm. Paul represents Hope which Wright, to my delight of course, illustrates by 1 Cor. 15 Resurrection Hope and the inclusion of all Creation (Rom. 8).

Finally that beautiful, yet so deeply serious, “walk on the beach” of John 21. Easter calls Peter, and us, to live in an entirely new and different world. Ultimately it is Love that believes the Resurrection, the defining event of the (total) new creation!

Earlier I mentioned the custom of some online articles to point you to a brief summary, rather than using all that time to read the entire article! There I pointed out how this present article might be summarized by “Faith is fear that has said its prayers.” Although my suggested brief summary was by no means totally wrong I seem, however, to have been led, in my verbal meanderings, somewhere else! That “somewhere else” often surprises us in our daily life, our prayer, or even our writing. In this case, the foun-

Fr. Byron Woolcock: This Is The Victory...

vation I was searching for is Love. Perhaps I would have been wiser, and more accurate, to follow Bishop Wright's thoughts on Faith, Hope and Love. Also closing, of course, with a Franciscan,

"Charity is the soul of faith, makes it alive, **without love, faith dies.**" (St. Anthony of Padua)



"... WITHOUT
LOVE, FAITH DIES."

Bonnie's Reflections: The Price of Sparrows



MRS. BONNIE IVEY

When Jesus travelled with his disciples, preaching, healing the sick, casting out demons, not everyone was convinced that the power being revealed was from God. Some accused Jesus of working hand-in hand with Beelzebul, prince of demons. In Matthew, chapter 10, we read that Jesus was preparing his closest followers, "the Twelve", for their first mission to Jewish villages in the district. He ordered them to travel without money or extra clothes, no staff in their hand. They were to rely on hospitality that might be offered – or not. This was a crash course in relying on God. "I am sending you out as sheep among wolves," he told them. Sheep are defenseless animals. Wolves are very efficient predators. This phrase illustrates the conflict between the church and "the world".

The world, in this sense, does not mean planet Earth with its riches of life and beauty. It refers to human society, separated from God, and hostile to him. At our Baptism we renounce "the world, the flesh, and the devil." The devil might seem an obvious enemy; our flesh and the world not so much. Our **flesh** (not our bodies but our inclinations) is full of ideas and desires, seeking immediate satisfaction. **The world** is like this on a greater scale: a group mind that exalts pleasure, hates to be ruled, despises what is not like itself, and defies God. The tenth chapter of Matthew spells this out.

There is a saying: "moral high ground." It originally meant "The status of being respected for remaining moral, adhering to and upholding a universally recognized standard of justice or goodness." In our present day, it has become reduced to "Claiming that you are the only one who does what is morally right in a situation, with the intention of

Bonnie's Reflections: The Price of Sparrows

being noticed and considered to be good by the public.” There are two reasons for this erosion of meaning. First: the concept of universal truth or goodness is being lost. (“That may be true for you, but I don’t feel it is true for me.”) The second is the failure of Christians to live in obedience to God. These failures might be small – a church member stirs up trouble in the congregation by false gossip. Or we can look at the betrayal of vulnerable people by church leaders on a massive scale. Daily. On the news.

“Don’t you take the high moral ground with me, Mr. Christian. You religious people are the worst!” This is what the world says, and it brings shame upon us. Being a regular church attender was taken as evidence of reliability, wholesomeness, and honesty a generation or two ago. Now it indicates a possible weirdness; cultish things, something one does not wish to be drawn into. We *should* be ashamed when there has been wrongdoing by Christians.

The world wants to lay a burden of **false shame** on us as well. “You don’t mean to tell me you still believe all that stuff? I thought you were more enlightened than that! You are a bigot!” **The world expects us to be ashamed of the gospel and ashamed of Jesus.**

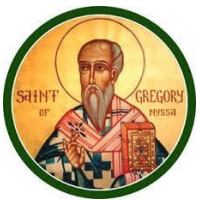
Jesus’ instructions, in this chapter, to the disciples, reveals their future: hated for his sake; arrest and flogging; being questioned by governors and kings; family loyalties torn; flight to safer places. All these things eventually happened. But Jesus tells them, “Do not be afraid of those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. Rather, be afraid of the One who can destroy both body and soul in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground outside your Father’s care. And even the very hairs on your head are numbered. So do not be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows.”

Sparrows are found worldwide. Common, dusty little things, they are often trapped using nets or snares, and sold for food, even today. Jesus points out that they are the cheapest thing in the market. Poor man’s food. Two bites and they’re gone.

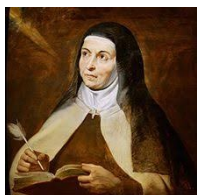
The world considers disciples of Jesus to be worthless, like sparrows, but our Father values them. He knows every detail of our lives, hence Jesus’ remark about numbering every hair. He sees the heart of every person. The world’s contempt is swept away by our Father’s loving watchfulness.



Some Interesting Quotes



- “Sin happens whenever we refuse to keep growing” St. Gregory of Nyssa 4th century



- “How often have I failed in my duty to God, because I was not leaning on the strong pillar of prayer.” St. Teresa of Avila



- “A time is coming when men will go mad, and when they see someone who is not mad, they will attack him, saying, ‘You are mad; you are not like us.’” St. Anthony; The Sayings of the Desert Fathers



- Because I love you, I want to show you what I am doing in the world today. I want to prepare you for what is to come. Days of darkness are coming on the world, days of tribulation....Buildings that are now standing will not be standing. Supports that are there for my people now will not be there. I want you to be prepared, my people, to know only me and to

cleave to me and to have me in a way deeper than ever before. I will lead you into the desert...I will strip you of everything that you are depending on now, so you depend just on me. A time of darkness is coming on the world, but a time of glory is coming for my church, a time of glory is coming for my people. I will pour out on you all the gifts of my spirit. I will prepare you for spiritual combat; I will prepare you for a time of evangelism that the world has never seen.... And when you have nothing but me, you will have everything: land, fields, homes, and brothers and sisters and love and joy and peace more than ever before. Be ready, my people, I want to prepare you...” (A prophecy given at St. Peter’s Basilica during the closing Eucharist on Pentecost Monday—May 1975 by Ralph Martin of *Renewal Ministries*)



A SUMMER TANAGER
VERY UNUSUAL FOR
THE PARRY SOUND
AREA.

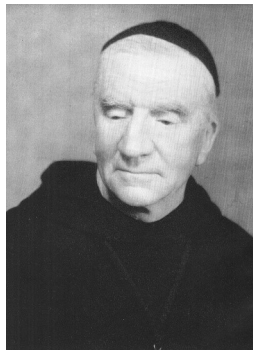


Fr. Andrew, S.D.C.: The Symbolism of the Sanctuary

In the past we have printed Meditations and poems written by Fr. Andrew, SDC. We shall serialise his little book The Symbolism of the Sanctuary, the contents of which were shared with his people in 1927. Some Forewords can be a bit tedious, however, this one seems to set the stage so to speak and highlights the love and pastoral relationship that Fr. Andrew had with people. Beginning in this issue with Fr. Andrew's Foreword

FOREWORD

“THE ADDRESSES
SET FORTH THE
PLAIN MESSAGE OF
THE GOSPEL WHICH
HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO
THE SYMBOLISM OF
THE SANCTUARY.”



Fr. Andrew, SDC

These homely talks were delivered in substance during the Lent of 1927 in the three churches of S. Philip's, Plaistow, S. Saviour's, Eastbourne, and S. Luke's, Kingston. An Associate of the Community, who is skilled in shorthand, made a verbatim report of the addresses at S. Philip's ; and as others have wished to possess them and the publishers are ready to print them, here they are.

I have read and corrected them but very little. I had not the heart to delete the affectionate note in my appeals to my precious Plaistow children, whom I have known, some of them, through all the three-and-thirty years of my life as a religious. I dedicate these talks very lovingly to them and to

the others to whom they were delivered, and I am very grateful that they should care to have them.

It would be, I think, as impossible to me to be an expert ritualist or liturgiologist as to be indifferent to beauty everywhere in form, colour, sound, or language. The addresses set forth the plain message of the Gospel which has given birth to the symbolism of the sanctuary. That symbolism I believe to be a heaven-taught earthly echo of divine harmonies, a heaven-taught earthly technique to express divine beauty ; higher still, perhaps, a heaven-woven earthly garment wherein One walks amongst us still. As well as I have been able to hear the harmonies, to understand the technique, to see the vision, so I have tried, very imperfectly no doubt, to interpret the symbolism.

There is a danger of starting from the wrong end of things in these days. I would affirm very emphatically that I do not first believe in the divinity of all men and then go on to believe, because of that, in the divinity of Christ. Nor do I first of all believe in the sacramentalism of all life and then go on to believe in the Holy Communion as just the same thing carried perhaps a little further, I start with Christ. I believe in Him as unique, unrivalled, immaculate, apart; utterly and wholly God, yet for my sake clothed in the vesture and functioning through the organs of humanity. Because I believe in Him, so I can believe that to as many as receive Him, to them He gives the right to become the children of God (*S. John i. 12*). But I go

Fr. Andrew, S.D.C.: The Symbolism of the Sanctuary

from Him to them, not from them to Him.

Again, I start with the Blessed Sacrament. I believe in that Holy Thing' ; I worship that Mystery, separate, different, distinct from anything else on earth, utterly and entirely possessed of Christ ; His Body and His Blood, changed sacramentally and essentially though not materially. Because I believe in that, so I can go on to believe in the, to me necessary, sacramentalism of all life. But I go from It to things, not from things to It.

The addresses that follow have ' the faults of their quality' ; they are not written treatises but recorded utterances spoken with simplicity to a much-loved auditory ; they have many blemishes, but at least they may be a humble offering like the flowers that Plaistow children bring to be placed before the shrine in S. Philip's Church : as such I offer them to the divine compassion of my Lord.

People have been heard to say that Plaistow is a poor part of London ; I have often found it a real part of Paradise. And I could be grateful to my publishers if only for this, that I am able to testify in this foreword to the treasure that I have found hid in my field.

To give one final testimony, for my words have not been submitted to the criticism of any competent theologian : I should like to protest that I submit all I say in these pages to the test of Catholic tradition and the judgement of Catholic truth.

ANDREW, S.D.C.

Continued next month The Sanctuary Lamp



BEFORE THE SNOW

ARRIVED



John Keble: Advent Sunday from The Christian Year

ADVENT SUNDAY

Now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.— *Romans xiii 11.*

Awake— again the Gospel-trump is blown—
From year to year it swells with louder tone,
 From year to year the signs of wrath
 Are gathering round the Judge's path,
Strange words fulfilled, and mighty works achieved,
And truth in all the world both hated and believed.

Awake! why linger in the gorgeous town,
Sworn liegemen of the Cross and thorny crown?
 Up from your beds of sloth for shame,
 Speed to the eastern mount like flame,
Nor wonder, should ye find your King in tears,
E'en with the loud Hosanna ringing in His ears.

Alas! no need to rouse them: long ago
They are gone forth to swell Messiah's show:
 With glittering robes and garlands sweet
 They strew the ground beneath His feet:
All but your hearts are there— O doomed to prove
The arrows winged in Heaven for Faith that will not love!

Meanwhile He passes through th' adoring crowd,
Calm as the march of some majestic cloud,
 That o'er wild scenes of ocean-war
 Holds its still course in Heaven afar:
E'en so, heart-searching Lord, as years roll on,
Thou keepest silent watch from Thy triumphal throne:

E'en so, the world is thronging round to gaze
On the dread vision of the latter days,
 Constrained to own Thee, but in heart
 Prepared to take Barabbas' part:
"Hosanna" now, to-morrow "Crucify,"
The changeful burden still of their rude lawless cry.

Yet in that throng of selfish hearts untrue
Thy sad eye rests upon Thy faithful few,
 Children and childlike souls are there,
 Blind Bartimeus' humble prayer,
And Lazarus wakened from his four days' sleep,
Enduring life again, that Passover to keep.

And fast beside the olive-bordered way
Stands the blessed home where Jesus deigned to stay,
 The peaceful home, to Zeal sincere

And heavenly Contemplation dear,
Where Martha loved to wait with reverence meet,
And wiser Mary lingered at Thy sacred feet.

Still through decaying ages as they glide,
Thou lov'st Thy chosen remnant to divide;
 Sprinkled along the waste of years
Full many a soft green isle appears:
Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode.

When withering blasts of error swept the sky,
And Love's last flower seemed fain to droop and die,
 How sweet, how lone the ray benign
 On sheltered nooks of Palestine!
Then to his early home did Love repair,
And cheered his sickening heart with his own native air.

Years roll away: again the tide of crime
Has swept Thy footsteps from the favoured clime
 Where shall the holy Cross find rest?
 On a crowned monarch's mailed breast:
Like some bright angel o'er the darkling scene,
Through court and camp he holds his heavenward course serene.

A fouler vision yet; an age of light,
Light without love, glares on the aching sight:
 Oh, who can tell how calm and sweet,
 Meek Walton, shows thy green retreat,
When wearied with the tale thy times disclose,
The eye first finds thee out in thy secure repose?

Thus bad and good their several warnings give
Of His approach, whom none may see and live:
 Faith's ear, with awful still delight,
 Counts them like minute-bells at night.
Keeping the heart awake till dawn of morn,
While to her funeral pile this aged world is borne.

But what are Heaven's alarms to hearts that cower
In wilful slumber, deepening every hour,
 That draw their curtains closer round,
 The nearer swells the trumpet's sound?
Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink down and die,
Touch us with chastening hand, and make us feel Thee nigh.

From the Parishes

Parish of the Resurrection, Walkerville (Windsor), ON

LO, CHILDREN AND THE FRUIT OF THE WOMB ARE AN HERITAGE AND
GIFT THAT COMETH OF THE LORD. Ps. 127. 4

Life Chain Sunday was kept this year (2018) on The Eighteenth Sunday After Trinity. Once again members of The Church Of The Resurrection were involved in the Life Chain nearest to us and out of the forty people present eight were members of our Parish.

There were several little ones present including our own Natalie and Danielle pictured right.



Next in the ongoing series of Clergy Teleconferences

December 12, 2018

PRESENTER:

The Rt. Rev. Rocco A. Florenza
Bishop of the Diocese of the Resurrection
and our Episcopal Visitor.

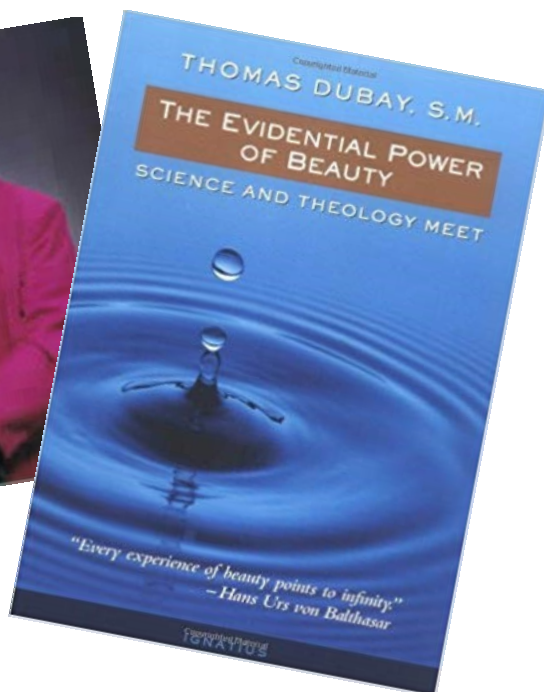
TOPIC:

Fr. Thomas Dubay's book:

The Evidential Power of Beauty: Science & Theology Meet

Q&A with discussion following the presentation

Final details will be sent out by email nearer the date.



Synod 2018: Some Photos



BILL MARIANES: GUEST PRESENTER & OBSERVER



FR. DAVID MARRIOTT, SSC, BERT DANTU, BRIAN MUNRO, BILL MARIANES, FR. PETER JARDINE (ST. MATTHEW), NORMAN FREEMAN, JOYCE MANSFIELD (ST. JOHN'S)

From the Parishes



BONNIE IVEY (ST. MARY'S)



L-R: NORMAN FREEMAN (ST. MATTHEW), FR. DAVID MARRIOTT,SSC (ST. BRIDE & ST. COLUMBA OF IONA), BERT DANTU (ST. BRIDE), FR. JAMES CHANTLER (RESURRECTION)



JOYCE MANSFIELD (ST. JOHN'S)



BRIAN MUNRO (ASCENSION)



FR. JIM & JANICE GIBBONS (ST. ATHANASIUS)

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EUNTES IN MUNDUM UNIVERSUM
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

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

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St. John's
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St. Bride of Kildare
Pitt Meadows, BC
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St. Columba of Iona,
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604-551-4660

Fr. Robert's Remarks

Elsewhere in this issue we have some photos from the recent Synod held in Mississauga—our fourth Synod using the facilities of Queen of Apostles Renewal Centre. I trust that many, if not all, of our clergy and people in the District will have seen the Post Synod mailings which have been sent out since Synod. As noted, Bill Marianes' presentations were appreciated and have triggered some thought. I think that there was a certain sadness that our numbers were so small. This Synod we were, due to our numbers, assigned a much smaller and therefore more intimate meeting area and arrangement for discussion. One hopes that our numbers will be up again for the next Synod.

Over this past year I have received several questions about our faith and practice. I have no doubt that these questions are of concern to more than just the couple of people who asked or commented on the subjects. In the coming months as time and space allow we shall endeavour to respond to some of them.

Till next month, God Bless!



Happy Advent!

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