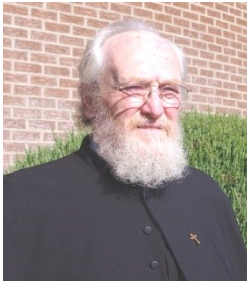


# THE TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN NEWS

OCTOBER 15, 2020

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## Fr. Robert's Remarks



FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD, SSC  
VICAR GENERAL

Greetings; the Lord be with you!

I trust that you had a good Thanksgiving Day this past weekend, at least, as good a one as possible. I know that it probably was quite unlike any other Thanksgiving Day that you have had. I know that it was for us. We didn't have the usual family get together.

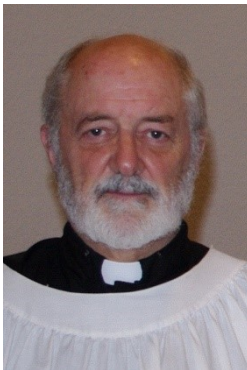
When I think about the subject of "thanksgiving", the first two things that always come to mind are the gift of the Eucharist and verses 4-9 of chapter 4 of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians.

<sup>4</sup> Rejoice in the Lord alway: *and* again I say, Rejoice. <sup>5</sup> Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord *is* at hand. <sup>6</sup> Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. <sup>7</sup> And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. <sup>8</sup> Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true,

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## Rev. Peter Jardine: Voice of The Martyrs, Canada



THE REV. PETER JARDINE

One of the things I value most in my life is my involvement with Voice of The Martyrs Canada. Early in 2007 I had the pleasure of meeting Glenn Penner, then CEO of the organization. I heard Glenn speak at a church in Ottawa and I was "captured" by what I heard. Some months later I was on my way to South Sudan to spend 3 months working with persecuted Christians there. It was a life changing experience. Some time after my return, I was invited onto the Board of Directors, which I willingly accepted. There I met Malcolm McLeod, a minister in the Presbyterian Church in Toronto and a Christian who I greatly admire. Some ten years ago, Malcolm left Canada and returned to his original home in Stornoway on the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides. There Malcolm set up Steadfast Global, which has been doing amazing work with persecuted Christians, especially in the Middle East. He remains on the Board of VOMC, for which I cannot thank God enough. Malcolm kindly sent me a contribution to this article and I am going to include it completely right here. It begins with references to Pastor Richard Wurmbbrand, the blessed man who launched what is now Voice of the Martyrs.

During a cold February in 1948 as Pastor Richard Wurmbbrand languished in a prison cell in Communist Romania, tortured and starved of even the most basic human dignity, simply for his unyielding faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He could surely never have imagined that 70 years later, his testimony would have led to a global network of over 14 organisations bearing the name The Voice of the Martyrs. Pastor Wurmbbrand believed in responsibility; the responsibility of *all*

## *Rev. Peter Jardine: Voice of The Martyrs, Canada*

Christians in the free world to care for and stand with their fellow believers in places hostile to the exercise of freedom of religion.

In 1965, after a \$10,000 ransom was paid by Norwegian Christians, he was released from his prison and eventually made his way to Washington D.C., where he gave testimony at a Senate committee. His gripping account of 14 years of maltreatment and dreadful persecution was the catalyst that led to an avalanche of speaking invitations and activity that culminated in the forming of *Jesus to the Communist World Inc.*, which would later become the Voice of the Martyrs.

Stirred into action after hearing Wurmbrand's challenge during a visit to Canada in 1970, a very ordinary Christian couple responded and so began the ministry of The Voice of The Martyrs Canada. Today, the faith of this very ordinary couple has led to a multi-million dollar ministry serving across the persecuted world, bringing love, hope, relief and theological training to countless persecuted Christians. God delights in using very ordinary people. I hope you heard that! All it takes is the courage to step out in response to His call.

Back in the early days of VOMC the 'enemy' was in plain sight. Communism was ravaging the Church of Christ and the primary duty of the mission was to support Christians behind the so-called Iron Curtain. Today, that 'curtain' has largely fallen, yet the legacy lingers across many regions and nations in the post-Soviet world where being a Christian can still prove to be costly. Other curtains have replaced that iron drape. The 'Bamboo Curtain' casts its hostile shadow across the underground church in China. The 'Saffron Curtain' looms over Christians in south Asia and the dark veil of militant Islam is a constant threat and source of oppression for many Christians living across the 10/40 window and beyond.

I mentioned at the beginning of this article my introduction to the persecuted church. I cannot thank God enough for that introduction. Persecution differs in intensity and form in the many areas it is now experienced. One thing which is all too common is the slaying of Christians by their religious enemies. In South Sudan, for example I was warned that the Muslim government was aware of my being there and they were probably going to bomb the area. I was told to dig myself a pit in which I could shelter from the bombing. Fortunately, the bombing did not happen, but I learned something about living under such a threat. Far too many Christians live like that today and I am so grateful that VOMC does what it can to alleviate the fear of those Christians.

I returned to South Sudan several times, both to Dajo in the Eastern Upper Nile and to an area in the West of the country. Two things stand out in my mind. Firstly, the dangers to Christians in those areas are very real and this applies to most of the areas where persecution is a constant threat. That word—"constant"—needs to register, please. The threat is not just daily, but in many places, hourly. After I repaired the Land Rover in Dajo, I decided to drive a very sick woman to the only hospital within range. I was told it would be very dangerous and I had two armed soldiers with me to protect me and the woman. It was, to say the least, an interesting trip. Secondly, those



LAST ROSES OF SUMMER

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Christians living under constant threats of persecution need to know that we in safe places are aware of their circumstances and that we pray for them. We can do more than pray, but they told me that prayer is important; they really appreciate knowing that they are in the prayers of other Christians.

One day in Dajo I was feeling a little guilty about how little I thought I was accomplishing. I mentioned it to the man looking after local matters. His response was that I could just be sitting under a tree and that would be fine. My presence told them that their situation was known and that they were cared for. I have not forgotten that message. Persecuted Christians need to know that those of us who live in safe countries are aware of them and care for them.

That is where Voice of the Martyrs becomes prominent. The Canadian office was started by a couple called Klaas and Nellie Brobbel, as a result of their meeting with Pastor Wurmbrand. In 1967, after his escape from the Communist world, and from his home in the US, Pastor Wurmbrand launched Jesus to the Communist World Inc., which would later be named The Voice of the Martyrs. He published a book that year, called *Tortured for Christ*. Resulting from that book many Christians decided to serve the persecuted Church, among them Klaas and Nellie. In 1971, they started what became Voice of the Martyrs Canada. In 2007 Glenn Penner was made CEO and he worked hard to build the organisation. Unfortunately, just a short time later Glenn came down with cancer and passed away on January 26<sup>th</sup>, 2010.

The organization is now run by Klaas Brobbel's son, Floyd and I can only say I am excited by the blessing he is turning out to be. Floyd made a trip into South Sudan with me and I know it made a deep impression on him. It is almost impossible to know how people live in places like that unless you manage to visit them and experience their lives directly. I am not suggesting that we all should so put ourselves at risk, but we should pay careful attention to the writings of those servants of God who do. They certainly appreciate, and need, our prayers. VOMC is blessed with good financial support from the Christian community and that support allows them to help persecuted Christians as much as possible.

If you visit the VOMC website, as I hope you will do, you will find much to read and absorb. Here is a short item from the Raising a Voice section:

Today, The Voice of the Martyrs continues the legacy of Pastor Wurmbrand in raising a voice for persecuted Christians around the world. It is sometimes hard for Christians in Canada to understand that persecuted Christians do not want us to send all of our funds directly overseas! They urge us to publicize their plight, to tell their stories, to urge governments to intervene on their behalf and to share their prayer requests with Christians in Canada. One of our core values as a mission is to serve the persecuted Church according to its wishes and needs, and not according to our own predetermined strategies.

Just as Pastor Wurmbrand left Romania at the command of underground Church leaders to be their voice, we are fulfilling the command of today's persecuted Church as



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we share their stories in our monthly newsletter, in books, on the Internet and through television and radio.

From personal experience I can tell you that not all those things are easy to accomplish. I have made several presentations at Government meetings in Ottawa, for example, and the response was, to say the least, mixed. Some came to me afterwards to ask questions and talk further. One woman, an MP, had tears in her eyes. Others left as quickly as they could with expressions on their faces that told me I was not in their good books. On one occasion as I was speaking, I actually saw some people hide under the table in front of them!

I sincerely hope you will visit the VOMC website and take a careful look at what the organization is doing and accomplishing. Let me finish now with this short quotation from the website:

Just as Pastor Wurmbrand left Romania at the command of underground Church leaders to be their voice, we are fulfilling the command of today's persecuted Church as we share their stories in our monthly newsletter, in books, on the Internet and through television and radio.

Join us in raising awareness of the persecuted Church today!



## *Bonnie's Reflections: Threatened*

In the British Museum there is a small six-sided column made of red clay. On it are declarations made by Sennacherib, who was King of Assyria about 700 years before Jesus was born. He boasts of his conquests and the tributes squeezed out of defeated kings. He calls himself "King of the universe, the perfect hero, the powerful one who consumes the insubmissive." He credits his god Assur with "placing all mankind beneath my feet."



**BONNIE IVEY (& LAD)**

King Hezekiah had come to the throne in Jerusalem at a time when idolatry had blotted out the true worship of God. Hezekiah's father Ahaz had placed idols in the Temple itself, and built pagan altars everywhere. Eventually the Temple had been closed. Literally, the lights had been turned out and doors locked. The priests and Levites had been dismissed and were living in poverty.

Hezekiah began his reign by destroying the pagan places of worship. He opened the Temple and refurbished it. Money was made available to support priests, Levites, and their families. A duty roster was set up ensuring all were employed. Hezekiah contributed animals for the sacrifices. Holy festivals were celebrated again after years of ne-





## *Bonnie's Reflections: Threatened*

glect. One was even celebrated for two weeks instead of one, because the people were so joyful to be assembling in worship again.

Yet the threat of absorption into the Assyrian Empire grew. Sennacherib had conquered 46 nearby cities. The thought of thirst and starvation in a siege spurred Hezekiah to block a spring that flowed at one side of Jerusalem so the Assyrians could not use it. He redirected its water through the city to a reservoir, an amazing feat of engineering, tunneling through solid rock. Some houses were knocked down and their stones were used to reinforce the city walls.

Sennacherib came. Hezekiah was forced to pay a tribute; so much silver and gold that he had to strip the gold sheathing off the Temple doors to make up the price. Sennacherib withdrew.

But then his army returned. He sent his Rabshakeh, his top field commander, to meet Hezekiah's officials at the city gate with a message. It was known that Hezekiah had bought cavalry horses from Egypt. Sennacherib dismissed Egypt as "a broken reed" and mockingly offered to give Hezekiah 2000 horses himself...If he had any riders to put on them! Hezekiah's army was a joke!

Hezekiah's soldiers lined the top of the city wall, watching, listening. The Rabshakeh switched to speaking Hebrew, to be sure the soldiers would hear and understand Sennacherib's threats. "Don't trust Hezekiah! He cannot save you. He trusts in the Lord, the same Lord whose altars Hezekiah has destroyed! The Lord is angry with Hezekiah and has ordained his defeat! Did the gods of all those other cities save them? They could not, and neither can your god. Do not let your god deceive you when he says your city will not be taken by the Assyrians."

When Hezekiah read the letter, he tore his clothes, and dressed in sackcloth as a sign of mourning. He took Sennacherib's letter into the Temple and spread it out before the Lord. "You alone are God over all the kingdoms of the earth," he prayed. "You have made heaven and earth. It is true the Assyrians have laid waste these nations, that they have thrown their gods in the fire and destroyed them, but those were only wood and stone, made by men. Now, Lord our God, deliver us from his hand so that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that you alone are God."

It matters more to Hezekiah that God has been mocked than that he himself has been mocked. First, he states the true facts about God, and praises him. Only then does he request help. It is important to keep a grip on truth when facing lies and threats.

Hezekiah did one other thing: he sent his servants to the prophet Isaiah to ask him to pray. The prophet replied, "Here is what God says to Sennacherib. I have heard your insolence. All your victories were not your own accomplishments but were part of my long-term plan. I will put my hook in your nose and lead you back the way you came."

Sennacherib received a message that things were going wrong with another campaign, and abandoning his siege of Jerusalem, he abruptly left. He did not return.



## *Frances Ridley Havergal: Kept For The Master's Use*

### Chapter IV.

## Our Feet kept for Jesus.

'Keep my feet, that they may be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.'

The figurative keeping of the feet of His saints, with the promise that when they run they shall not stumble, is a most beautiful and helpful subject. But it is quite distinct from the literal keeping for Jesus of our literal feet.

There is a certain homeliness about the idea which helps to make it very real. These very feet of ours are purchased for Christ's service by the precious drops which fell from His own torn and pierced feet upon the cross. They are to be His errand-runners. How can we let the world, the flesh, and the devil have the use of what has been purchased with such payment?

Shall 'the world' have the use of them? Shall they carry us where the world is paramount, and the Master cannot be even named, because the mention of His Name would be so obviously out of place? I know the apparent difficulties of a subject which will at once occur in connection with this, but they all vanish when our bright banner is loyally unfurled, with its motto, 'All for Jesus!' Do you honestly want your very feet to be 'kept for Jesus'? Let these simple words, 'Kept for Jesus,' ring out next time the dancing difficulty or any other difficulty of the same kind comes up, and I know what the result will be!

Shall 'the flesh' have the use of them? Shall they carry us hither and thither merely because we like to go, merely because it pleases ourselves to take this walk or pay this visit? And after all, what a failure it is! If people only would believe it, self-pleasing is always a failure in the end. Our good Master gives us a reality and fulness of pleasure in pleasing Him which we never get out of pleasing ourselves.

Shall 'the devil' have the use of them? Oh no, of course not! We start back at this, as a highly unnecessary question. Yet if Jesus has not, Satan has. For as all are serving either the Prince of Life or the prince of this world, and as no man can serve two masters, it follows that if we are not serving the one, we are serving the other. And Satan is only too glad to disguise this service under the less startling form of the world, or the still less startling one of self. All that is not 'kept for Jesus,' is left for self or the world, and therefore for Satan.

There is no fear but that our Lord will have many uses for what is kept by Him for Himself. 'How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things!' That is the best use of all; and I expect the angels think those feet beautiful, even if they are cased in muddy boots or goloshes.

Once the question was asked, 'Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready?' So if we want to have these beautiful feet, we must have the tidings ready which they are to bear. Let us ask Him to keep our hearts so freshly full of His good news of salvation, that our mouths may speak out of their abundance. 'If the

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### *Frances Ridley Havergal: Kept For The Master's Use*

clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth.' The 'two olive branches empty the golden oil out of themselves.' May we be so filled with the Spirit that we may thus have much to pour out for others!

Besides the great privilege of carrying water from the wells of salvation, there are plenty of cups of cold water to be carried in all directions; not to the poor only,—ministries of love are often as much needed by a rich friend. But the feet must be kept for these; they will be too tired for them if they are tired out for self-pleasing. In such services we are treading in the blessed steps of His most holy life, who 'went about doing good.'

Then there is literal errand-going,—just to fetch something that is needed for the household, or something that a tired relative wants, whether asked or unasked. Such things should come first instead of last, because these are clearly indicated as our Lord's will for us to do, by the position in which He has placed us; while what seems more direct service, may be after all not so directly apportioned by Him. 'I have to go and buy some soap,' said one with a little sigh. The sigh was waste of breath, for her feet were going to do her Lord's will for that next half-hour much more truly than if they had carried her to her well-worked district, and left the soap to take its chance.

A member of the Young Women's Christian Association wrote a few words on this subject, which, I think, will be welcome to many more than she expected them to reach:

'May it not be a comfort to those of us who feel we have not the mental or spiritual power that others have, to notice that the living sacrifice mentioned in Rom. xii. 1 is our "bodies"? Of course, that includes the mental power, but does it not also include the loving, sympathizing glance, the kind, encouraging word, the ready errand for another, the work of our hands, opportunities for all of which come oftener in the day than for the mental power we are often tempted to envy? May we be enabled to offer willingly that which we have. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.'

If our feet are to be kept at His disposal, our eyes must be ever toward the Lord for guidance. We must look to Him for our orders where to go. Then He will be sure to give them. 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.' Very often we find that they have been so very literally ordered for us that we are quite astonished,—just as if He had not promised!

Do not smile at a very homely thought! If our feet are not our own, ought we not to take care of them for Him whose they are? Is it quite right to be reckless about 'getting wet feet,' which might be guarded against either by forethought or afterthought, when there is, at least, a risk of hindering our service thereby? Does it please the Master when even in our zeal for His work we annoy anxious friends by carelessness in little things of this kind? May every step of our feet be more and more like those of our beloved Master. Let us continually consider Him in this, and go where He would have gone, on the errands which He would have done, 'following hard' after Him. And let us look on to

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the time when our feet shall stand in the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, when holy feet shall tread the streets of the holy city; no longer pacing any lonely path, for He hath said, 'They shall walk with Me in white.'

'And He hath said, "How beautiful the feet!"  
The "feet" so weary, travel-stained, and worn—  
The "feet" that humbly, patiently have borne  
The toilsome way, the pressure, and the heat.

'The "feet," not hasting on with wingèd might,  
Nor strong to trample down the opposing foe;  
So lowly, and so human, they must go  
By painful steps to scale the mountain height.

'Not unto all the tuneful lips are given,  
The ready tongue, the words so strong and sweet;  
Yet all may turn, with humble, willing "feet,"  
And bear to darkened souls the light from heaven.

'And fall they while the goal far distant lies,  
With scarce a word yet spoken for their Lord—  
His sweet approval He doth yet accord;  
Their "feet" are beauteous in the Master's eyes.

'With weary human "feet" He, day by day,  
Once trod this earth to work His acts of love;  
And every step is chronicled above  
His servants take to follow in His way.'

Sarah Geraldina Stock



*Fr. Arthur Stanton: All Saints' Day*

"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."-Rev. i. 5-6.

IT is S. John who is writing about His dear Master. There is no doubt whatever that John loved the Saviour. There is no doubt whatever that the Saviour loved John. When he speaks of the love of the Master, he cannot help himself, and he goes off at once into a doxology: "Unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." S. John speaks here of the Blood—he has told us about the love of God before, but here he speaks about the Blood. S. John is getting towards his end. **He** is nearing the river. Perhaps as he came near the river of death he caught the sounds of heaven's sweet music: "Worthy is the Lamb that hath redeemed us by His Blood from all nations of the earth." Sometimes, to those who love God, the songs of Zion sweep over heaven and come down on earth. He must have caught it. May





### *Fr. Arthur Stanton: All Saints' Day*

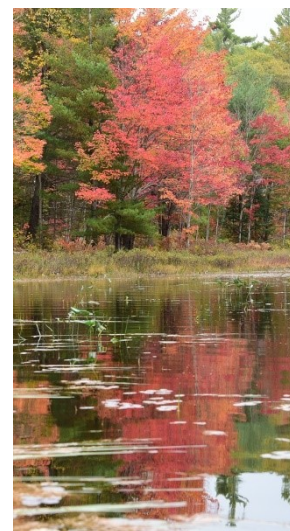
God grant that as we get towards our end, we may hear something of the sweet music of the other side of the river. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood . . . to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

Of course, dear brethren, it is the song of the redeemed; it is the song of those who came out of great tribulation. It is the sweet song of the saints them-selves, of which they are never tired. It is the burden of all their music. It speaks of the free grace of God, who loved us and washed us while we were yet sinners. While we were still sinners, Christ loved us. There was Peter cursing and swearing in the hall, and the Lord looked at him. It was quite enough—He is the chief of the Apostles! There is the dying thief on the Cross. He has been reviling the Master, but he says "Lord, remember me." And the Saviour never will forget him! There is Paul!—injurious, breathing out slaughter—a blasphemer, and he becomes the great Apostle! Now just you mark this: it is not—He washed them first, and then loved them. You might think that having washed us, and made us so beautiful by His Blood, He would love us. It is not that—it is, "He loved us, and washed us." The love came first, the washing afterwards. "While we were yet sinners," Christ died for the ungodly. (Rom. v. 6.) I wonder when I say this that the whole congregation does not rise up and say: "To Him be all glory, might and dominion for ever and ever," in a pure doxology of gratitude to God.

Well, then, I want you to notice this—the winsome-ness of it. I know I can think of Almighty God as creating the world and all that is therein—"All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any-thing made that was made." (S. John i. 3) I can think of God as destroying all that is evil; or I can think of God's power. "The Lord also thundered out of heaven, and the Highest gave his thunder: hail-stones, and coals of fire." (Ps. xviii. 13.) But to think of our God as loving us and washing us in His Blood! "Who loved us, and washed us in His Blood." And as we so think of Him, in a moment the whole thing comes before us of the Master having girded Himself, and kneeling down and washing the disciples' feet, and telling us that as He has done to us, we ought to do the best service—heart service—to one another. Love must issue in service, and His service comes from His heart, "who loved us, and washed us in His Blood from all sin"—laved and loved-

"Wrap me in thy crimson cloak And speak me of thy love."

Well, then, I want you to know the costliness. He washed us in His own heart's Blood. That is the meaning of all the Old Testament types. It is the meaning of all the holocausts of slain beasts in the temple, which made the gutters of the temple run with Blood. It means *that*. It is the meaning of the mercy seat sprinkled with the blood and all the vessels of the Sanctuary sprinkled with blood. It means *that*. S. Paul tells us that we are made nigh to God by the Blood of Christ. There is no doubt about that. S. Peter tells us that we are not redeemed with corruptible things like silver and gold, but by the "precious Blood"—that beautiful term we Catholics love so much: "the precious Blood of Christ," that is Peter's expression. S. John tells us "the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin"—and, again, in



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the Revelation, He tells us that being redeemed by Blood is the Song of the Saints. Now I tell you plainly, under these circumstances, a Gospel that is without Blood is a Gospel that is without Christ. It is the Song of the Saints. He made us kings and priests to God, to Him be glory and dominion, henceforth, for ever and ever, Amen. Don't you water it down. Don't you make the Gospel of none effect. Don't you give in to the twentieth-century absurd effeminate religion. He rescued us with the Blood which He took from the veins of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Well, then, again, I want you to notice this: not only is it so precious, but it is so very effectual. The blood of no saint could do it. It is only the infinite Blood of God Himself. He came down on earth, and took His human nature of the Blessed Virgin Mary, that He might pour out every drop of Blood on Calvary for us. It is so effectual, nothing else can cleanse the heart and soul of men. All the waters of the sea, all the rivers of the land, they may cleanse the hands and the body, but nothing can cleanse the heart, the heart can be cleansed only by the Blood of God. "Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." The hands may be clean, the face may be clean, but the heart, the heart can only be cleansed by the Blood of Christ—"Purge me with the hyssop dipped in blood and I shall be clean," "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory, and dominion for ever and ever." It is the eternal chorale of the saints.

And if it is so effectual, it is also so everlasting. When did He begin to love you? When do you think that He first loved you? When He saw you? When Jesus looked upon the multitude He had compassion on them. Is that the first time He ever saw them?

When did He first begin to love you? From all eternity. He loved me before the foundations of the world were laid. There is an age of love! It is older than the hills; it is older than the sea, it is older than the worlds, it is older than the stars. He loved me from the very first. If you can believe *that* you can understand something of the joy of the saints. When God loves, He loves from all eternity. His love has no beginning, and no end. "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end"—unto the end of what? Unto the end of all things—unto the end of all their sins; unto the end of all their sorrows; unto the end of everything, for ever and ever, world without end. When we speak of our God, we are always saying: "For ever and ever, world without end." It means this: that God is from everlasting to everlasting, and His love is from everlasting to everlasting, "He loved us, and washed us in His Blood from our sins, to Him be glory for ever and ever." It is a beautiful text. It contains the heart blood of the Gospel. It contains that heart Blood from the heart of Christ that should run from your heart and tinge your fingers as you hold them up in prayer, so that your heart might swell and you might praise God, and bless His Holy Name for ever and ever.

Then, there are two things I want to say this morning on the Feast of All Saints.

1. Never you be ashamed of the Blood of Christ. I know it is not the popular religion of the day. They will call it mediaevalism, but you know as well as possible that the whole Bible



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from cover to cover is incriminated, reddened, with the Blood of Christ. Never you be ashamed of the Blood of Christ. You are Blood-bought Christians. It is the song of the redeemed, of the saints, and of all Christians on earth-redeemed by His Blood. *You* never be ashamed of it. The uniform we Christians wear is scarlet. If you are ashamed of your uniform, for goodness' sake, man, leave the service. Oh! never be ashamed of Christ! That is the song of the redeemed: "To Him be glory and praise for ever and ever, Amen."

2. And the second thing is this: Let us all remember that our religion is the religion of a personal Saviour. It is not a system of ethics, it is not a scheme of philosophy, it is not a conclusion of science, but it is personal love to a personal living Saviour--that is our religion! Why, you can hear the voice of Christ off the altar to-day at Mass, "Do this in remembrance of Me." "*You*" and "Me." He "Christ--'me'--remembrance"--"Don't you forget Me here at the Altar" our Lord says to you--"I will never forget you--don't you ever forget Me." "Do this in remembrance of Me." It is a personal religion, by which we can say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me"--"The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." And then, in all your experiences, however deep they may be, when you enter the shadow of death, and go through the agony of the dissolution of your body--you can say: "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." He loved me and washed me from my sins in His Blood, to Him be glory and dominion and praise henceforth and for ever, Amen."



### *George Herbert: Gratefulness*

Thou that hast giv'n so much to me,  
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.  
See how thy beggar works on thee  
By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,  
And says, If he in this be crossed,  
All thou hast giv'n him heretofore  
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first  
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,  
What it would come to at the worst  
To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,  
Tears sullyng thy transparent rooms,  
Gift upon gift, much would have more,  
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou wentst on,  
And didst allow us all our noise:  
Nay thou hast made a sigh and groan  
Thy joys.

Not that thou hast not still above  
Much better tunes, than groans can make;  
But that these country-airs thy love  
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;  
And in no quiet canst thou be,  
Till I a thankful heart obtain  
Of thee:

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me;  
As if thy blessings had spare days:  
But such a heart, whose pulse may be  
Thy praise.



IT IS A PERSONAL RELIGION, BY WHICH WE CAN SAY, "HE LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME"--"THE LIFE WHICH I NOW LIVE IN THE FLESH, I LIVE BY THE FAITH OF THE SON OF GOD, WHO LOVED ME AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME." AND THEN, IN ALL YOUR EXPERIENCES, HOWEVER DEEP THEY MAY BE, WHEN YOU ENTER THE SHADOW OF DEATH, AND GO THROUGH THE AGONY OF THE DISSOLUTION OF YOUR BODY--YOU CAN SAY: "HE LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME." HE LOVED ME AND WASHED ME FROM MY SINS IN HIS BLOOD, TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION AND PRAISE HENCEFORTH AND FOR EVER, AMEN."

## *The Church Mouse: Pray Every Day—The Next Two Fingers*

Mona came up the church steps today with a girl I hadn't seen before. I was curious so I crept out of my mousehole for a closer look. Mona was pointing out the parts of the church to her.

"This is the Nave. It's where the people sit. Here is the font where people are baptized. This is the chancel, up these little steps, and there is the altar. That's where the Holy Communion happens." Just then the new girl happened to look down and noticed me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "A mouse!"

"Yes," answered Mona, "That's the Church Mouse. He belongs here." Just then, Fr. Palmer and the rest of the children came in from outside.

"This is my new neighbour, Sylvie," said Mona, "and she wants to join our class." Sylvie was introduced to each of the others, and Fr. Palmer welcomed her.

"We are working on learning the Five Finger Exercises For Playing the Harp in Heaven," he explained. "It means learning five things we do that help us have a happy life here on Earth, and make us ready to be happy in heaven forever." He told her how the sound of a church bell gave him the idea for the little song. Then the children showed Sylvie the first finger – the thumb, really- that reminds us to Pray Every Day.

2. . "How did you and Mona become friends, Sylvie?" he asked.

"Well, she just started talking with me and we found we like a lot of the same things," she answered. "And we like being together."

"It's much the same, being friends with God," said Fr. Palmer. "But we can't just be friends with God all by ourselves. We need to be together with the rest of God's family, the Church. So hold up your second finger. You'll see it points up to heaven like the steeple on a church building. It reminds us to be with God's family to worship him.

"Each Sunday Church!" he sang, and the children answered him singing "Bong Bong Bong Bong!"

Fr. Palmer held up his whole hand. "Do you notice you have one finger that seems to have grown more than the others? The middle finger! For our body to grow, we need to have food. But our soul has to grow too, and it needs to be fed. What can we feed our souls? Here's a hint: you can find





## *The Church Mouse: Pray Every Day—The Next Two Fingers*

these things at church.”

There were some thoughtful faces, and some whispering among the children. Then they gave these answers; “Hearing the Bible lessons.” “Praying with all the people.” “Singing songs about the Lord.” Fr. Palmer nodded.

“And,” he said, “when you are old enough, you can receive God’s Holy Spirit in Confirmation, and receive Holy Communion. All these feed your soul. And the more your soul grows, the more you will enjoy loving God and his people.”

Pray Every Day  
Each Sunday Church  
Food For My Soul



### *Fr. Robert’s Remarks*

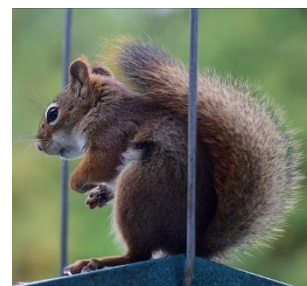
whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things *are* just, whatsoever things *are* pure, whatsoever things *are* lovely, whatsoever things *are* of good report; if *there be* any virtue, and if *there be* any praise, think on these things. <sup>9</sup>Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.

With these verses, I think that it is the reminder of peace—the peace that passeth all understanding—that has always caught my attention.

Not too long ago, I came across the reminder that “the chief end of prayer is to glorify God” and the comment that “Prayer is not simply talking to God, worrying in Jesus’ name—or watching a live-stream.”

In the King James version of the Bible, St. Paul tells us “to be careful for nothing”. The older use of the word ‘careful’ carried these meanings: mournful, sad, full of care or woe; anxious; full of concern (for someone or something). That’s a bit different from our modern usage which is suggestive of prudence and caution. Some of the more modern translations read, “Be not anxious”.

I suspect that for many, worry and anxiety just seem to be a normal part of dealing with COVID-19. St. Paul wants us not to do that; he wants to see us at peace—at peace with God, at peace with ourselves, and at peace with others. I commend these few verses from St. Paul for your reflection.. Oftentimes it seems that if we do not worry we



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*EUNTES IN MUNDUM UNIVERSUM*  
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

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### *Fr. Robert's Remarks*

find that we don't have a whole lot of advice to give God about how to handle a situation and perhaps we are more inclined to listen to him; but, at any rate, if we do not worry we can commend the situation to God and thank Him that he knows what He is doing. This is letting God be God and remembering that He has had lots of practice in that area; we have not.

I have done enough worrying over the years to know that when I am worrying, I get to listen to far more of me than is good for me and to far less of God than is good for me.

Here is something else for prayer, reflection, and action—the Collect for All Saints' Day:

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ our Lord: Grant us grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Until next month. God Bless!



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