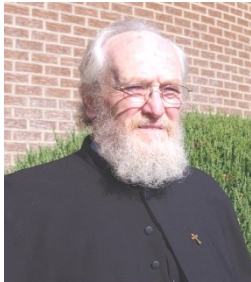


Fr. Robert's Remarks

FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD, SSC
VICAR GENERAL

Greetings! The Lord be with you!

One of my favourite days on our calendar is the Feast of the Transfiguration on August 6th. The feast in 1989 was on a Sunday and I preached at a tiny Anglican Mission near Bracebridge, Ontario—St. Peter's, Roxborough—one of my first sermons preached other than at St. John's.

St. Peter's has long since been closed and now is part of an historic display in Bracebridge. The simple little church began as a stable and was converted into a church and was one of the 16 little Mission Churches served by the Mission Priests of the Society of St. John the Evangelist—the Cowley Fathers of Bracebridge—including Fr. Roland F. Palmer who figures regularly in the *Church Mouse* column in this newsletter and who was a significant figure in the early days of the ACCC.

I was a deacon then and the priest who invited me to preach and who celebrated the liturgy that Sunday had been the Rector of Bracebridge for 25 years while the priests of the Society ministered to these little mission Churches. Fr. David was very supportive of and helpful to me and though he never joined the ACCC, he did with the permission of Bishop Woolcock celebrate the liturgy for us at St. John's a couple of times before his death in late 1989. The crucifix over our altar belonged to him.

I have always found that that little stable, like the stable at Bethlehem, seemed to radiate the truth that things are not always as they seem. In this case it had ceased to just "just a stable" and became a centre of worship, a place where, for those who had eyes to see it, the love of God shone forth and Jesus was present on the altar. Especially notable for me was that the original Chapel at the monastery was dedicated with the title *Transfiguration*. The mission priests would have celebrated the community Mass on Saturday and then dispersed on Sunday from the Chapel of the Transfiguration to the little mission churches.

At the end of each Mass, it is a joy for me to proclaim the "Last Gospel"—St. John 1.1-14. The pericope ends with these words,

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth.

John was on the mount Tabor with Jesus at His Transfiguration where the three disciples were directed to say nothing until Jesus was raised from the dead. The Transfiguration had such an impact on him that it is referred to in those first few verses of the Gospel.

On the Feast, we pray,

O GOD, who on the holy mount didst reveal to chosen witnesses thy well-beloved Son wonderfully transfigured: Mercifully grant unto us such a vision of his divine majesty, that we, being purified and strengthened by thy grace, may be transformed into his likeness from glory to glory; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

May this be so for us!

Till next month; God Bless! R+

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Bonnies' Reflections: Captain Jim



BONNIE IVEY (& LAD)

The baby boy cried alone, struggling in his tangle of blankets. Too young to sit up, he could not see out of his carriage. Nobody came. He heard strange noises but no calming voice. No gentle hands reached for him. He had cried for so long that he choked on his tears. He was hungry, thirsty and afraid. He was too young to have any words, but he

knew what despair feels like.

Suddenly there was an unseen presence with him. He felt loved and safe. The sobs and the trembling ceased. Someone was there and that presence warmed him, calmed him, and he slept.

My husband's first parish was a series of towns stretched along the Canadian Pacific Railway's main line. The diocese used to send seminarians to parishes like this, to assist pastors in the summer months, ministering "up and down the line". One year there were no young fellows available, but there was an officer of The Church Army of Canada ready to come. Like the Salvation Army, the Church Army in Canada called its members by military titles. Captain Jim Galbraith, we were told, had been working with marginalized people on the streets of Toronto after being commissioned as an evangelist.

An elderly blue muscle car pulled into our driveway and a middle-aged man got out. He was sunburned, with brilliant blue eyes. (One of our sons remembers him as "a vivid man, with a ready smile and a loud voice.") Jim soon established himself in the parish work, doing home and hospital visits, as well as driving the bush roads with my husband to reach the outlying communities.

Jim told us how he came to be an evangelist. Raised by his grandmother, he was a wild boy who got into increasingly serious trouble. Booze was his downfall. He worked in the bush with rough guys. He was a log scaler, inspecting and estimating the value of harvested trees. Later he became a helicopter pilot.

He and his buddies worked hard, and on weekends they drank hard. Jim became an alcoholic. He would wind up in jail, and his grandmother would bail him out. He was frustrated and ashamed of his inability to break out of this cycle, ashamed of giving his grandmother such a poor return for having cared for him. "This is the last time I call her from jail," he told himself. "I'm joining AA."

Membership in Alcoholics Anonymous gave him the help he needed, and he became a Christian. He no longer felt alone in his struggle, he told his grandmother, but felt God's presence just as he did that day when he was a baby. He recounted his early memory of fear that was eased by his experience of a loving presence.

"I remember that day," she told him. "We were moving into the new place. You were in your carriage on the front veranda. The movers were in a hurry to unload the truck and had piled boxes all around the carriage so we couldn't get to you. It was dis-



Bonnies' Reflections: Captain Jim

gressing to hear you crying so pitifully. But then, the crying suddenly stopped. We wondered why.”

Jim’s rougher experiences gave him insight into the troubles of people to whom he ministered. He never looked down on them because he recognized how easily he could fall again. They were just people, and he loved them, especially the young and vulnerable. He felt especially bad for the runaway kids who clung to a girlfriend or boyfriend, then were devastated when their relationship ended, leaving them even more alone than before.

Plain, direct talk was Jim’s style. He once went with my husband to visit the owner and chief pilot of a fly-in fishing camp. They got out of the car and stood admiring the floatplanes at the dock; a De Haviland Beaver and the even larger Norseman. Both had rotary engines, the kind that rumble like Harley motorcycles. Customers would be flown to remote cabins in these old but reliable craft for a week of hunting or fishing.

“Jim,” said my husband quietly, “This fellow is not likely to give us much welcome.” As they turned to go to the office, its door was flung open by the camp owner. He eyed my husband’s clergy collar and Jim’s blue uniform with a cross on the lapel.

“Oho! Coming to call on the old sinner, eh? No use calling here, you two. I don’t believe in God.”

“You’re a liar!” said Jim, with a wide grin. “You’re a pilot, and I’m a pilot. And there is no such thing as a pilot who has never cried out, ‘Oh, God! Help me!’”

The camp owner began to smile. “Well, I guess maybe I have. You’d better come on in.”

Jim spent two summers in our parish, and we missed him when he returned to working in Toronto full time. A few years later he came to us again, but it was for his last vacation. Jim had terminal cancer. He had been given a last round of palliative radiation, to reduce his discomfort, and a supply of pain pills. He tired easily but enjoyed being with the family. He did not complain about his approaching end, but did gently voice one regret. He was in love, and would have liked to marry, but he kept silent. “She doesn’t need an old crock with cancer in her life,” he said. He was good at letting go of life, without bitterness. His strength came from his connection to the Lord. Every morning before he got out of bed he reached for his bible and prayer book.

He returned to Toronto, to a charity hospital, to spend his last days. A young woman from our parish was studying in Toronto and went to see Jim. It was a shocking experience for such a young person. “The wards were painted that horrid medical green,” she said, “and smelled of urine and disinfectant. There were many people who had major disfigurements: missing limbs, evidence of drastic surgeries. Jim was so swollen I had trouble recognizing him. And there were no visitors in the place. The patients were all alone.”

They were alone, so Jim got out of bed as long as he was able, and went and sat with them, and prayed for them. May he rest in peace and rise in glory.



Frances Ridley Havergal: Kept For The Master's Use

Following the book *Kept For The Master's Use* is a section of poems by Miss Havergal which will be printed this month and next in the newsletter.

SELECTIONS FROM MISS HAVERGAL'S LATEST POEMS

An Interlude.

THAT part is finished! I lay down my pen,
And wonder if the thoughts will flow as fast
Through the more difficult defile. For the last
Was easy, and the channel deeper then.
My Master, I will trust Thee for the rest;
Give me just what Thou wilt, and that will be my
best!

How can I tell the varied, hidden need
Of Thy dear children, all unknown to me,
Who at some future time may come and read
What I have written! All are known to Thee.
As Thou hast helped me, help me to the end;
Give me Thy own sweet messages of love to send.

So now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in Thine;
And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not ask
To understand the 'wherefore' of each line;
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task,
Just to look up to Thee for every word,
Rest in Thy love, and trust, and know that I am
heard.

The Thoughts of God.

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
Unharmèd and unconsumèd, as in a luminous shell,
Which the bright walls of fire enclose
In breachless splendour, barrier that no foes
Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source;—
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire,—
As we fall o'erawed
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
Than unredeemèd angels, till we stand
Even in the hollow of His hand,
Nay, more! we lean upon His breast—
There, there we find a point of perfect rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace
That stoop in tenderest love; that still increase
With increase of our need; that never change,
That never fail, or falter, or forget
O pity infinite!
O royal mercy free!
O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful,
most strange!
'For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me*

'Free to Serve.'

She chose His service. For the Lord of Love
Had chosen her, and paid the awful price
For her redemption; and had sought her out,
And set her free, and clothed her gloriously,
And put His royal ring upon her hand,
And crowns of loving-kindness on her head.
She chose it. Yet it seemed she could not yield
The fuller measure other lives could bring;
For He had given her a precious gift,
A treasure and a charge to prize and keep,
A tiny hand, a darling hand, that traced
On her heart's tablet words of golden love.
And there was not much room for other lines,
For time and thought were spent (and rightly
spent,

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For He had given the charge), and hours and days
Were concentrated on the one dear task.
But He had need of her. Not one new gem

But many for His crown;—not one fair sheaf,
But many, she should bring. And she should have
A richer, happier harvest-home at last.
Because more fruit, more glory and more praise
Her life should yield to Him. And so He came,
The Master came Himself, and gently took
The little hand in His, and gave it room
Among the angel-harpers. Jesus came
And laid His own hand on the quivering heart,
And made it very still, that He might write
Invisible words of power—‘Free to serve!’
Then through the darkness and the chill He sent
A heat-ray of His love, developing
The mystic writing, till it glowed and shone
And lit up all her life with radiance new,—
The happy service of a yielded heart.
With comfort that He never ceased to give!
Because her need could never cease) she filled
The empty chalices of other lives,
And time and thought were thenceforth spent for
Him
Who loved her with His everlasting love.

Let Him write what He will upon our hearts,
With His unerring pen. They are His own,
Hewn from the rock by His selecting grace,
Prepared for His own glory. Let Him write!
Be sure He will not cross out one sweet word
But to inscribe a sweeter,—but to grave
One that shall shine for ever to His praise,
And thus fulfil our deepest heart-desire.
The tearful eye at first may read the line,
‘Bondage to grief!’ But He shall wipe away
The tears, and clear the vision, till it read
In ever-brightening letters, ‘Free to serve!’
For whom the Son makes free is free indeed.
Nor only by reclaiming His good gifts,
But by withholding, doth the Master write
These words upon the heart. Not always needs
Erasure of some blessed line of love

For this more blest inscription. Where He finds
A tablet empty for the ‘lines left out,’
That ‘might have been’ engraved with human love
And sweetest human cares, yet never bore
That poetry of life, His own dear hand
Writes ‘Free to serve!’ And these clear characters
Fill with fair colours all the unclaimed space,
Else grey and colourless.

Then let it be

The motto of our lives until we stand
In the great freedom of Eternity,
Where we ‘*shall serve Him*’ while we see His face,
For ever and for ever ‘Free to serve.’

Coming to the King.

2 Chronicles ix. 1-12.

I came from very far away to see
The King of Salem; for I had been told
Of glory and of wisdom manifold,
And condescension infinite and free.
How could I rest, when I had heard His fame,
In that dark lonely land of death from whence I came?

I came (but not like Sheba’s queen), alone!
No stately train, no costly gifts to bring;
No friend at court, save One, that One the King!
I had requests to spread before His throne,
And I had questions none could solve for me,
Of import deep, and full of awful mystery.

I came and communed with that mighty King,
And told Him all my heart; I cannot say,
In mortal ear, what communings were they.
But wouldst thou know, go too, and meekly bring
All that is in thy heart, and thou shalt hear
His voice of love and power, His answers sweet
and clear.

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O happy end of every weary quest!
He told me all I needed, graciously;—
Enough for guidance, and for victory
O'er doubts and fears, enough for quiet rest;
And when some veiled response I could not read,
It was not hid from Him,—this was enough indeed.

His wisdom and His glories passed before
My wondering eyes in gradual revelation;
The house that He had built, its strong foundation,

Its living stones; and, brightening more and more,
Fair glimpses of that palace far away,
Where all His loyal ones shall dwell with Him for aye.

True the report that reached my far-off land
Of all His wisdom and transcendent fame;
Yet I believed not until I came,—
Bowed to the dust till raised by royal hand.
The half was never told by mortal word;
My King exceeded all the fame that I had heard!

Oh, happy are His servants! happy they
Who stand continually before His face,
Ready to do His will of wisest grace!
My King! is mine such blessedness to-day?
For I too hear Thy wisdom, line by line,
Thy ever brightening words in holy radiance shine.

Oh, blessed be the Lord thy God, who set
Our King upon His throne! Divine delight
In the Beloved crowning Thee with might,
Honour, and majesty supreme; and yet
The strange and Godlike secret opening thus,—
The kingship of His Christ ordained through love to us!

What shall I render to my glorious King?
I have but that which I receive from Thee;
And what I give, Thou givest back to me,
Transmuted by Thy touch; each worthless thing
Changed to the preciousness of gem or gold,
And by Thy blessing multiplied a thousand fold.

All my desire Thou grantest, whatsoever
I ask! Was ever mythic tale or dream
So bold as this reality,—this stream
Of boundless blessings flowing full and free?

Yet more than I have thought or asked of Thee,
Out of Thy royal bounty still Thou givest me.

Now I will turn to my own land, and tell
What I myself have seen and heard of Thee.
And give Thine own sweet message, 'Come and see!'
And yet in heart and mind for ever dwell
With Thee, my King of Peace, in loyal rest,
Within the fair pavilion of Thy presence blest.

Surely in what place my Lord the King shall be, whether in death or
life, even there also will thy servant be.'—*2 Sam. xv. 21.*

Where I am, there shall also my servant be.'—*John xii. 26*

The Two Paths.

Via Dolorosa and Via Giojosa.

[Suggested by a Picture.]

My Master, they have wronged Thee and Thy love!
They only told me I should find the path
A Via Dolorosa all the way!
Even Thy sweetest singers only sang
Of pressing onward through the same sharp thorns,
With bleeding footsteps, through the chill dark mist,
Following and struggling till they reach the light,
The rest, the sunshine of the far beyond.
The anthems of the pilgrimage were set
In most pathetic minors, exquisite,
Yet breathing sadness more than any praise;
Thy minstrels let the fitful breezes make
Æolian moans on their entrusted harps,
Until the listeners thought that this was all
The music Thou hadst given. And so the steps

That halted where the two ways met and crossed,
The broad and narrow, turned aside in fear,
Thinking the radiance of their youth must pass
In sombre shadows if they followed Thee;
Hearing afar such echoes of one strain,
The cross, the tribulation, and the toil,
The conflict, and the clinging in the dark.
What wonder that the dancing feet are stayed
From entering the only path of peace!
Master, forgive them! Tune their harps anew,

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And put a new song in their mouths for Thee,
And make Thy chosen people joyful in Thy love.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast trodden once for all
The Via Dolorosa,—and for us!
No artist power or minstrel gift may tell
The cost to Thee of each unfaltering step,
When love that passeth knowledge led Thee on,
Faithful and true to God, and true to us.

And now, beloved Lord, Thou callest us
To follow Thee, and we will take Thy word
About the path which Thou hast marked for us.
Narrow indeed it is! Who does not choose
The narrow track upon the mountain side,
With ever-widening view, and freshening air,

And honeyed heather, rather than the road,
With smoothest breadth of dust and loss of view,
Soiled blossoms not worth gathering, and the noise
Of wheels instead of silence of the hills,
Or music of the waterfalls? Oh, why
Should they misrepresent Thy words, and make
'Narrow' synonymous with 'very hard'?

For Thou, Divinest Wisdom, Thou hast said
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all
Thy paths are peace; and that the path of him
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness
Is as the light that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day. And Thou hast given
An olden promise, rarely quoted now,[1]
Because it is too bright for our weak faith:
'If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend
Days in prosperity, and they shall spend
Their years in pleasures.' All because Thy days
Were full of sorrow, and Thy lonely years
Were passed in grief's acquaintance—all for us!

Master, I set my seal that Thou art true,
Of Thy good promise not one thing hath failed!
And I would send a ringing challenge forth,
To all who know Thy name, to tell it out,
Thy faithfulness to every written word,
Thy loving-kindness crowning all the days,—
To say and sing with me: 'The Lord is good,
His mercy is for ever, and His truth

Is written on each page of all my life!
Yes! there is tribulation, but Thy power
Can blend it with rejoicing. There are thorns,
But they have kept us in the narrow way,
The King's Highway of ~~holiness and~~ peace.
And there is chastening, but the Father's love
Flows through it; and would any trusting heart
Forego the chastening and forego the love?
And every step leads on to 'more and more,'
From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass and sing
The praise of Him who leads them on and on,
From glory unto glory, even here!

[1]Job xxvi. 15.

Only for Jesus.

Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it for ever
Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life!
Pulse of all gladness and nerve of endeavour,
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife

'Vessels of Mercy, Prepared unto Glory.'

(Rom. ix. 23.)

Vessels of mercy, prepared unto glory!
This is your calling and this is your joy!
This, for the new year unfolding before ye,
Tells out the terms of your blessed employ.

Vessels, it may be, all empty and broken,
Marred in the Hand of inscrutable skill;
(Love can accept the mysterious token!)
Marred but to make them more beautiful still.

Jer. xviii. 4.

Vessels, it may be, not costly or golden;
Vessels, it may be, of quantity small,
Yet by the Nail in the Sure Place upholden,
Never to shiver and never to fall.

Isa. xxii. 23, 24.

Vessels to honour, made sacred and holy,
Meet for the use of the Master we love,
Ready for service, all simple and lowly,
Ready, one day, for the temple above.

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2 Tim. ii. 21.

Yes, though the vessels be fragile and earthen,
God hath commanded His glory to shine;
Treasure resplendent henceforth is our burthen,
Excellent power, not ours but Divine.

2 Cor. iv. 5, 6.

Chosen in Christ ere the dawn of Creation,
Chosen for Him, to be filled with His grace,
Chosen to carry the streams of salvation
Into each thirsty and desolate place.

Acts ix. 15.

Take all Thy vessels, O glorious Finer,
Purge all the dross, that each chalice may be
Pure in Thy pattern, completer, diviner,
Filled with Thy glory and shining for Thee.

Prov. xxv. 4.

The Turned Lesson.

‘I thought I knew it!’ she said,
‘I thought I had learnt it quite!’
But the gentle Teacher shook her head,
With a grave yet loving light
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
As she gave the book
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

‘I thought I knew it!’ she said;
And a heavy tear fell down,
As she turned away with bending head,
Yet not for reproof or frown,
Not for the lesson to learn again,
Or the play hour lost;—
It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
But her Teacher understood,
As God understands the chirp of the birds
In the depth of an autumn wood.
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
Was quite enough;
No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
‘ Now I will try you again!’

And the lesson was mastered,—every word!
Was it not worth the pain?

Was it not kinder the task to turn,
Than to let it pass,
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in part,
And the Master’s testing-time may show
That it was not quite ‘by heart’?
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,
That lesson again
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only, stay by His side
Till the page is really known.
It may be we failed because we tried
To learn it all alone,
And now that He would not let us lose
One lesson of love
(For He knows the loss),—can we refuse?

But oh! how could we dream
That we knew it all so well!
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
What we could not even spell!
And oh! how could we grieve once more
That Patient One
Who has turned so many a task before!
That waiting One, who now
Is letting us try again;
Watching us with the patient brow,
That bore the wreath of pain;
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach,
Line upon line,
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts ‘be still,’
Though our task is turned to-day;
Oh let Him teach us what He will,
In His own gracious way.
Till, sitting only at Jesus’ feet,
As we learn each line
The hardest is found all clear and sweet!



Fr. Arthur Stanton: Transfigured



FR. ARTHUR STANTON

“And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, And was transfigured before them.”-S. Matt. xvii. 1-2.

“AFTER six days” at once seems to be a notification of time familiar to us: “After six days” God rested from His work which He had made. Do not miss the incident of time—there is poetry in it. “After six days” Jesus taketh them up into an high mountain apart and is transfigured before them. S. Luke says “eight days, but it is only another computation of time. It is the same reckoning, including the first and last days of the Octave.

Does it suggest anything to you? As this is the Feast of the Transfiguration, does this wording suggest anything to you? “After six days,” what comes? The seventh, when we are supposed to come to Mass, as you have this morning, and see the Lord Jesus Christ transfigured before you. We do not go to Mount Tabor, we go to Calvary. That is our mountain, and there upon that mountain one day in the week—if you know how to hear Mass—you will see the Master transfigured before you. The *Gloria*, which should come at the beginning of the Mass, is the Nativity; the Epistle, what was said of Him in the Old Covenant; the Gospel, what was told of Him in His life; the Consecration, the Passion; the Elevation, Christ elevated on the Cross; Communion, His burial in the hearts of all that love Him and believe in Him; and the Pax, the blessing—He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and was taken up into heaven. And so as you kneel down before the Altar, if you know how to come to Mass, to hear the service of the tryst of Christ, He is transfigured before you, and the steps upon which the Altar is placed become Calvary. The apostle says: “Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you.” Week after week, “after six days,” don't forget. “After six days,” Jesus took the three up into the mountain apart and was transfigured before them.

And who are the three? Peter, James and John. The others did not attain unto the three. What think you about this sort of trinity? There is a trinity of the same kind in the Old Testament, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. There is the trinity in the New Testament: Peter, James and John. Is it by election or selection that He takes these three with Him up into the mountain? Both. They were chosen before the foundations of the world were laid. He had the whole world, and out of the whole world He chose twelve, and out of the twelve He chose three, and out of the three He chose one, “The Disciple whom Jesus loved.” Jesus taketh Peter, James and John with Him into the high mountain apart and is transfigured before them. You catch the meaning and the music of the Gospel, do you not? And as you sit here before the Altar, you might ask yourself this question: Am I—am I chosen? Has the Lord chosen me before the foundations of the earth were laid? How am I to know? What is your sign? What will you tell me to see, supposing I search within the secrets of my own heart to know whether I am one of the three, or *the* one Jesus loves at this moment? Am I chosen? And the best answer I can give you is this: have you chosen Him? If you are chosen of God, God is chosen of you, and if you say these

“AFTER SIX DAYS,”

WHAT COMES?

Fr. Arthur Stanton: Transfigured

words: “O God, Thou art *my* God,” it means that He is yours and you are His, and, if so, you must be, every one of you, you must be the Disciple that Jesus loves. May He take you up into the mountain apart this morning; may you see Him transfigured before you.

Where was it? On Tabor—Tabor the great rounded mountain. It is like the very arch of heaven, splendid in its form and position; near to that neighbourhood where the Lord Jesus Christ lived amid all the circumstances of humiliation. Can any good thing come out of Galilee, think you? Is not this the carpenter's son? and his brethren, are they not known to us? What about the man who came from Galilee? What about the carpenter's Son? Come now? There in the midst of the mountain He is transfigured before you.

Brethren, if you love the Saviour, love the hill-country—be hill-men. Calvary is the hill we love; Tabor is the hill we think of to-day. Look up to the hills from whence cometh your help; our help is in the name of the Lord Who hath made heaven and earth. The vision of the transfiguration shall be in your heart, and its light shall be in your eye.

“Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not why;

He thinks he was not made to die;

And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.”

(In Memoriam.)

To the hills, men, to the hills! Look up to the hills from whence cometh your help.

“And He was transfigured before them.” The light of the Son, He Who “made darkness his secret place ; His pavilion round about Him with dark water.” (Ps. xviii. 11.) Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His seat,” (Ps. xcvi. 2.) and here He is clad in a cloud of light, and the Master is transfigured. They saw Him; they could never forget Him. They remembered how they saw Him on the mount. And if you have ever seen the Master to be what He is, All in all to you, the Infinite Saviour, you will not forget it, you will carry it with you wherever you go. He is my Saviour, my Master and my God!

No wonder Moses and Elias appeared, Moses representing the old Covenant and Elias the greatest of all the Prophets. God's saints are never dead people. They tell us that we worship dead saints! I should be sorry to worship a dead saint. God's saints and God's men are never dead. Moses appeared, and Elias, and talked to them. It was right that before Him Who is the centre of all the Covenants, with whom all testaments are made, that they should come out of the past, and be there, and speak.

And what do you think they spoke about? The decease that He should accomplish at Jerusalem. The subject of all prophecy—His Passion. Moses could have told you about the exodus out of Egypt, but what was the exodus out of Egypt compared with the decease He should accomplish out of Jerusalem—His exodus out of the city, out of the world that He had made? What was that exodus to this? They spoke about the greatest of all subjects, the death and Passion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. That is the subject of all subjects. That is why in the Gospel, in the beautiful gospel of salvation, so many chapters, and such a large portion of the Gospel, is given up to the detailed

BRETHREN, IF YOU
LOVE THE SAVIOUR,
LOVE THE HILL-
COUNTRY—BE HILL-
MEN. CALVARY IS THE
HILL WE LOVE; TABOR
IS THE HILL WE THINK
OF TO-DAY. LOOK UP
TO THE HILLS FROM
WHENCE COMETH
YOUR HELP; OUR HELP
IS IN THE NAME OF THE
LORD WHO HATH
MADE HEAVEN AND
EARTH. THE VISION OF
THE TRANSGUR-
TION SHALL BE IN
YOUR HEART, AND ITS
LIGHT SHALL BE IN
YOUR EYE.

Fr. Arthur Stanton: Transfigured

account of the decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.

And then came the voice “to Him from the excellent glory.” “This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.” You notice the expression: “My beloved Son.” Is the Master your beloved? Could you say of the Saviour “My Beloved is mine, and I am His”? (Solomon's Song ii. 16.) It is a beautiful expression, “my beloved Saviour,” but the force of it lies here, that you and I accept the Lord Jesus Christ and His work for us, His Atonement, at the hands of God the Father. On the hill of the transfiguration the Eternal Father says: “Here is my beloved Son, hear ye Him.” We do not accept Jesus Christ as All in all to us because of what we think of that which He said or did, or because our opinion of Him is this or that, we accept Him because God gives Him to us. The Eternal Father says: “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” Then we know Him from God the Father to be our Saviour, and the Holy Spirit within the heart teaches us what God says is true from everlasting to everlasting. He is the Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last, the beginning and the end, Heaven's darling, earth's Saviour.

To-day on the feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord, get in touch with God, and let Him know that His beloved Son is your Saviour, and no other.

No wonder the men were confused; no wonder they said: “Let us make three Tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias,” not knowing what they said. His glory was overpowering. The Lord bid them not to fear; and then they that were with Him vanished. Moses, where has he gone? Gone back into the past. Elias, where has he gone? Gone back into the past. And they are left alone—yes, alone with “Jesus only.” And when you say your prayers at Mass, you forget, if you like, the congregation, forget everything, and when you hear the bell ring, be quite alone in the midst of the congregation, with “Jesus only.” That is the way to renew your strength, that is the way to strengthen your heart, that is the way to let the blood go to the very tips of your fingers' ends, that you may hold up hands to God red with the blood of His creation renewed by redemption: “Jesus only.”

And then last of all, dear brethren, come down from the mount. You have got to get down. We cannot always be in high places, we cannot always be in ecstasy, we cannot always have the heart and mind lifted into the high mountain with the Master. We have got to come down, and it is a come down. I hope it will be a come down. You must come down from the mount, but you must bring some of the hill air with you. What is the good of going to the mountains if you do not bring back some of the air with you? What is the good of going to the seaside if you do not hear the roar of the ocean when you come back to London, or see some of the beautiful lights lying on its bosom? What is the good of going to the country if you do not hear the murmur of the trees, and bring it back? And when you have been with the Lord Jesus on the mount you must take something of the mount back with you to the home. The men knew that the disciples had been with Jesus. There was something about them, the secret of happiness, a sort of kindness, a longing to be kind to every one, that they took away with them. They knew they had been with Jesus. You cannot help it, there is something, you need not put it on,

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL EXPRESSION, “MY BELOVED SAVIOUR,” BUT THE FORCE OF IT LIES HERE, THAT YOU AND I ACCEPT THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND HIS WORK FOR US, HIS ATONEMENT, AT THE HANDS OF GOD THE FATHER.

The Church Mouse: The Golden Zipper

I had spent a busy morning mousing around in the flower bed in front of the church. There were quite a few tasty little pansy seeds, but the big prize was an apple core under the leaves. Still juicy and fresh! I slept a long time in my mouse house under the radiator but woke up when I heard children's voices. Somebody was upset! I peeked out.

The children were gathering around the Bible study table, still all talking excitedly. Excited, but not in a good way.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked Fr. Palmer. Mona, Jesse, Kevin and Lila all tried to answer at once.

"It all started when..."

"Then I said..."

"Then there was pushing and shouting!"

"It wasn't Jesse's fault!"

"Then the coach came over and..."

Fr. Palmer put up his hand. The children became quiet. "Jesse, can you tell me what was the very first thing that happened there?"

"It was at baseball practice. I was pitching. The ball hit Tony in the face. I tried to say 'Sorry' but he got so furious that he said I was a ..." Jesse went over to the priest and whispered in his ear.

"Well, *that* was certainly not nice to hear. What happened then?"

"I got mad and called him a few names too. Then he hit me, and I hit back, and that's when the coach said we were both suspended from the next game! All because of a baseball going wrong!" And Jesse huffed and flung himself onto his chair.

"Ah, but the baseball was not the problem. WORDS were the problem", said Fr. Palmer. "Words can lead to actions, and then things might go very wrong. The Apostle James wrote a book that is in our New Testament. In it he gives some wise advice about



The Church Mouse: The Golden Zipper

controlling our tongue. How can such a little part of us cause so much trouble? He compares the tongue to a tiny little flame which starts a terrible forest fire—I have seen such a fire and the devastation spreads for miles and miles.

Our words can do damage that spreads far and wide, like a wildfire. Suppose someone makes up a lie about another person? The story spreads from place to place. Some say the story is true and some say it isn't. Friends take sides and more people get angry with each other.

Or think of two friends. One says something that hurts the other. Many more things get said, often beginning with the words, "You always..." or "You never..." It could all be made right again if the friends were willing to apologize. But too often people get feeling all proud and puffed up and say "I will NEVER apologize! Because I am RIGHT!" So a good friendship ends because the people keep saying more and more bad things to each other, and refuse to admit they might be wrong. Instead of using the words, "I'm sorry" they keep on trying to be right. They might be friends again for their whole lives if only they are willing to say those two words.

"Father?" said Mona, "My old auntie has a good prayer for times when you are tempted to say the wrong thing!"

"Let's hear it, Mona."

'Oh Lord, Please put your Golden Zipper on my mouth.'

Everyone burst out laughing. "Ah, Mona, said Fr. Palmer, "That is a really useful prayer and we should all be wise enough to use it!"



TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN CHURCH OF CANADA

TACC Office
136 William St.
Parry Sound, ON
P2A 1W2

Phone: 705-746-7378
E-mail:
vicargeneral@traditionalanglican.ca
&
We're on the web at

TRADITIONALANGLICAN.CA



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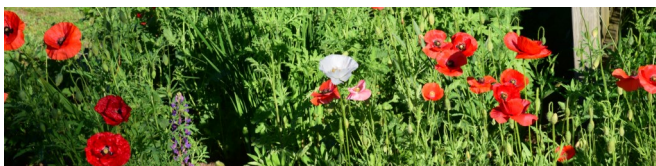
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(Continued from page 11)

there is something, if you love Him and are with Him, that I should like you to bring down from the mount having been at Mass. Some have told me: "I have come to S. Alban's in August and have gone away, and I have felt happy after it. I shall not forget it." No, do not forget it, because if you come down from the mount, there is sure to be a row at the bottom. You go back into the world and it won't be very long before there is a row going on. The old thing; maybe some one is possessed with the devil. There is sure to be a row! You have got to come down. We have got to come down. Yes, we have to go away, into the six days again, but we take the sweetness of the transfiguration with us! I have seen the Master. I saw Him; He was altogether lovely.

*"O'er gulfs profound I saw Him move towards me,
And tenderly, 'Ah! why so long!' He cried,
'From My embrace thou hidest?' Near and yet
More near He came, and bright and yet more bright
Out flashed the lustre of His eyes. I caught
The flame, and in that flame shall burn forever."*

(Translated from Silvio Pellico's Dio Amore.)



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Contact Info:

Fr. David Marriott, SSC
drm274@hotmail.com
409-15210 Guildford Dr.
Surrey BC V3R 0X7
604-551-4660