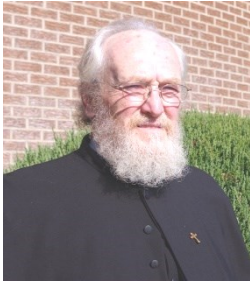


THE TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN NEWS

JULY 15, 2022

VOLUME 10, ISSUE 7

Fr. Robert's Remarks



FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD,
SSC

Greetings, The Lord be with you!

This past Friday, July 15th was St. Swithin's Day.

St. Swithin's Day if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain
St. Swithin's Day if thou be fair
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

I guess that this must just apply in the British Isles and not in Canada. Friday was a fair day and, lately, it has been hot and humid and we have had the rain since and will probably have thunder showers this afternoon. Oh, well.

This month's sermon is by Archbishop Mark Haverland.. The sermon arrived as a blog posting this morning. As I read it there were a number of things that struck me and brought back some memories. I appreciated the 'thinking on death'. Over the past couple of weeks we have had two deaths in our extended family and this sermon was a timely reminder.

The sermon was preached earlier this year at a Requiem for Dr. Henry Griffith Utley of St. Stephen's parish in Athens, Georgia. I did not know Dr. Utley though I have offered a prayer for him since I saw the sermon. I have no doubt that it is my loss that I did not know him.

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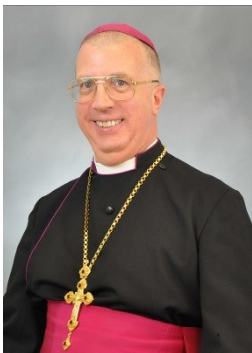
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Archbishop Mark Haverland: A Sermon at a Requiem



ARCHBISHOP MARK
HAVERLAND

Preached on June 11, 2022 at a Requiem for Henry Griffith Utley May 1, 1937 ~ May 29, 2022 at Saint Stephen's, Athens, GA. Reprinted with kind permission.

I Corinthians 15, verse 57 - But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

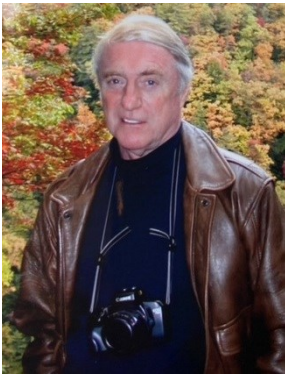
If memory serves I first met Henry and Elaine about 40 years ago – I think at Charles Beaumont's house at lunch, I think with James Reap and perhaps Connie and Bill Herringdine. In any case, it was a casual introduction to my future eye doctor and parishioner.

Some years later, though still many years ago now, in this place a priest gave a sermon from this pulpit about which Henry Utley said to him afterwards, 'Father, I could hear you better today.' To that the priest said, 'Good.' To which Henry replied, 'Don't worry, I can move further back.' You will all recognize that as classic Henry. Around the same time Henry posted

Archbishop Mark Haverland: A Sermon at a Requiem

in the parish hall laminated cards with an extract from the late medieval municipal code of Chester. This story will make more sense to you if you know that Canon Cotterell, who was curate at the time, was raised in Wales. The cards read, ‘It is unlawful to shoot Welshmen within the city walls after sunset.’ When Henry was well, life with him involved sparring. He often was perfectly serious and sincere, but he usually also enjoyed a good tussle.

Behind the tussles was a substantial speculative and critical intelligence. Henry was not constitutionally inclined to suffer fools gladly. He in himself was well-read, intellectually curious, and informed about a truly surprising variety of subjects from rugs and silver, to the problem of universals and the general history of Western philosophy, to psychological disorders and Duke basketball. (Let me hasten to add that as a Duke degree holder, I am allowed to bracket psychological disorders and Duke basketball.) Henry to the world was appreciated by his patients. He was, and knew himself to be, blessed in his marriage. He loved and was proud of his children and grandchildren. He was supportive of his Church and parish and clergy.



HENRY G. UTLEY, MD, PHD
(MAY 1, 1937 ~ MAY 29, 2022)

I think Henry’s faith was complex. On one level, he was quite consistent, I think, in valuing this place as what Rose Macauley called ‘a shrine of the decencies’: a place of beauty and order in an often ugly and disordered world. He saw his church as a positive cultural influence. His deeper and more specifically religious views were, I felt over the years, more complex. But I know that when he received Extreme Unction in May, he said the confession and the Lord’s Prayer, he said ‘Amen’ to all the prayers, and he crossed himself at the absolution and the final blessing. While I do not think his faith was simple or unruffled, I do think it was real and sincere and was attached to his love for Elaine and for people whom he knew and valued here. Henry was inclined not to believe in universals: so perhaps it is fitting and consistent that his faith was closely tied to particulars – flowing from his particular history, connected to particular people, particular associations, and the particular religious practice that he shared with Elaine.

As Christians it is our duty to think about death and its meaning. As Henry knew, Socrates was deemed the wisest of men because he always went about thinking on death. So should we.

Christianity is not, or at least should not be, a sentimental religion. It is a practical religion which teaches us how to deal with things as they truly are. To ignore death or to try to prettify it is sentimental and unrealistic. Death comes for us all, and whether in our brief perspective it seems to come early or late for

Archbishop Mark Haverland: A Sermon at a Requiem

some is really not very important: my days are ‘as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee....For man walketh in a vain shadow’ (Ps. xxxix) so soon do our days pass away. To ignore the Psalmist’s wisdom is foolishness.

Saint Paul, in the light of this reality, tells us not ‘to be ignorant’, not to ignore the fact of death. But Paul also tells the Thessalonians to ‘sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.’ (I Thes. iv.13) He does not say not to sorrow at all. Rather he says not to sorrow as those who have no hope. We ‘sorrow not’ overmuch, because Christians are not only realistic, but also receive from God the supernatural gift of hope, the most neglected of the three theological virtues. We have hope: ‘For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.’ And so we may say in the words of my text, and even in the face of death, ‘...thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ We have hope of victory because we believe in the Resurrection of the dead, and the Life of the world to come. And we have this belief, which gives us hope, because we believe in the all-prevailing Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour.

‘SORROW NOT,
EVEN AS OTHERS
WHICH HAVE NO
HOPE.’ (I THES.
IV. 13)

For Christians our end is present in our beginning. In baptism we die to sin and the old Adam, that we might be born again and live unto life eternal. Today we also should remember that in our end is another beginning. Death is the narrow door through which we must stoop to enter the larger life to which this world is only the gate. Henry has not died to life, but rather has died to the half-life, the suffering life of this world where we, poor banished children of Eve, pass a few years. For us the death of those we love is sad. For those who die in hope, particularly when they leave sickness and decline, how can death be sad? Henry’s illness is over, his afflictions laid down, his repentances accepted, his sins forgiven, his good works rewarded, and his hopes fulfilled, by our Mediator and Advocate.

As a realistic Christian, I do not tell you to pretend that loss and sorrow are not sad or should be ignored. That is unreal. Death is a deep sorrow for those who are left. What I do say to you is this: ‘thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ We are not as them without hope, for I believe, and so should you, in the Resurrection of the dead, and the Life of the world to come. For which, again, thanks be to God. May the soul of Henry rest in peace. Amen.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.



Bonnie's Reflections: What's On Your Plate



BONNIE IVEY (& LAD)

WHAT'S ON YOUR PLATE?

When St. Paul wrote to the Corinthian new believers, he was concerned for their welfare as they faced a daily clash of values in that city. The population was of mixed nationalities, and each group had their own gods and their own ideas regarding how life was to be lived. There were many opinions on

what was, or wasn't, acceptable behavior. The city itself had a reputation as a place where one's inhibitions could be abandoned. "What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas" could have applied to Corinth, a city that has been described as "intellectually alert, materially prosperous, and morally corrupt," by New Testament scholar Leon Morris. In popular speech at that time, a person who had cast aside all restraint was described with the phrase, "He's been Corinthianized."

The city of Corinth had temples honoring many gods and goddesses, each housing a large ornate idol representing a deity. The mountainside above the city was dominated by the temple of Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty, pleasure, love and procreation. An important seaport, Corinth was dedicated to the god Poseidon, ruler of the oceans. Other temples honored deities of healing, wisdom, warfare, and creativity. Foods were offered as sacrifices. Grain, vegetables, fruit and animals, were first offered to idols, and afterward cooked and served in temples. Each temple had one or more dedicated dining rooms for participants. A temple's dining space might seat as many as 200 worshippers. Foods offered to the various gods and goddesses included grains, fruit, and meat.

Birds and animals would be ritually killed by slitting the throat. Their blood was poured out as an offering at the base of the altar. Some of the offered meat, the deity's portion, would be burnt to ashes on the altar. The remainder provided meals for the temple's priests, or else was served at a ritual meal shared by the worshippers gathered at the temple. The remaining meat was sold in city markets. Here was a problem for St. Paul to address. New converts to Christianity would be living in this mixed society, next door to neighbours with whom they once worshipped pagan gods. They bought meat from the same market. Had this particular meat been an offering to Aphrodite, for example? There was no way of knowing. Staying away from pagan temples might be easy, but cutting oneself off from friends, relatives and co-workers might be difficult. If one wants to invite others to learn about Jesus, pulling away from fellowship with them will not be helpful. But as a guest at someone else's home, there was always the question: *What's on your plate?*

Bonnie's Reflections: What's On Your Plate

Paul himself was a converted Pharisee. This group of ultra-strict Jews were diligent in observing the Law. Paul so hated the idea that people could worship the crucified Jesus that he arranged to be licensed by Pharisee officials to hunt down Christians. They were arrested, jailed; their children taken, their property confiscated. But an experience of the presence of the Resurrected Jesus, as he travelled the road to Damascus, left him blind and helpless. He was healed by God when a Christian prayed for him. Paul's eyes were opened in more than one way. He could now see the truth. He had been fighting God. All his book-knowledge had not saved him from making terrible mistakes. Humbled, he sought out the Apostles and set himself to learning how to be an effective evangelist and teacher. He was sent out as a missionary who had personal knowledge of the life changes needed to follow Jesus in a hostile setting.

His experiences made him able to help new believers who were struggling to apply their new faith to everyday interactions with their community. When he wrote to the Corinthian church, he pointed out that sacrifices and ceremonies could not replace right behaviour. In their situation, they were swimming against the tide of pagan beliefs and practices. At Paul's visit he discovered that a man in the Corinthian church congregation was "shacked up" with his stepmother. People did not know whether to try to correct him or to accept this as normal Christian behaviour.

To a certain extent, we can identify with those Corinthian believers. Today we are immersed in a stream of ignorance about Christianity and increasingly anti-Christian sentiment. The media portrays Christians in negative ways. This results in surprising ignorance. A twelve-year old was shocked to learn that Christians routinely get married first and have children afterward. A visitor to a rectory was invited to join in a game of Scrabble, and remarked, "So you *are* allowed to play games, then? I suppose you can only use words that are in the Bible, though..."

The most damning conclusion: that Christians are cruel perverts who love to control others, is tragically confirmed by topical news stories about investigations into Church institutions. Reports of evil actions in church-run homes for unwed mothers, orphanages, and residential schools are in the public eye. How are we to live?

What's in our hearts?

But to the wicked God says:

"What *right* have you to declare My statutes,
Or take My covenant in your mouth,

¹⁷ Seeing you hate instruction

And cast My words behind you?

WHAT'S
IN
OUR
HEARTS?

Bonnie's Reflections: What's On Your Plate

¹⁸ When you saw a thief, you consented with him,
And have been a partaker with adulterers.

¹⁹ You give your mouth to evil,
And your tongue frames deceit.

²⁰ You sit *and* speak against your brother;
You slander your own mother's son.

²¹ These *things* you have done, and I kept silent;
You thought that I was altogether like you;
But I will rebuke you,
And set *them* in order before your eyes.

²² "Now consider this, you who forget God,
Lest I tear *you* in pieces,

And *there be* none to deliver:

²³ Whoever offers praise glorifies Me;
And to him who orders *his* conduct *aright*
I will show the salvation of God.

(Psalm 50. 16-23)



WHOEVER OFFERS
PRAISE GLORIFIES
ME;
AND TO HIM WHO
ORDERS HIS CON-
DUCT ARIGHT
I WILL SHOW THE
SALVATION OF GOD.

PSALM 50. 23

Fr. Robert's Remarks

Aside from the thoughts on death which I appreciated and commend to you, a couple of things caught my attention. One—and I shall stay with one—was the reference to Canon Cotterell. It is so interesting how a name that one has not heard in years or a little detail can bring back so many memories.

On a vacation to Florida—probably about 1996 or 97; at any rate, not too long before Fr. Cotterell moved to Athens, my memory is a bit wobbly—Joyce and I with our youngest attended a Sunday Liturgy followed by prayers for healing at which Fr. Cotterell was the principal celebrant. As we arrived at the church, Bishop James Mote was already present and caught up in his devotions. Following the coffee hour after the Mass, at which we spoke with Fr. Cotterell, and with others of the congregation, Bishop Mote insisted on taking us out for brunch. He insisted that a bishop was to feed the flock and even if there were only the three of us, that was just what he was going to do. That has been a wonderful memory for a quarter of a century.

I had met Bishop Mote in Edmonton in June, 1986 at the Canadian Synod which he attended and served as co-consecrator with Archbishop Falk and Bishop Alfred Woolcock of Bishop Robert C. Crawley, SSC was consecrated.

Fr. Robert's Remarks

Unlike to-day when we see some of the major players in the Anglican Continuum coming together again, those days seemed to be defined by fissiparousness, so I shall remain eternally grateful for the kindly, generous, and Christian way in which we were treated in the ACC churches in those days.

Just this past weekend, I have occasion to be thinking back to the old (1959) movie *On The Beach* which was based on Neville Shute's book of the same name. The very last scene in the movie, as I remember it, showed a street in Melbourne, Australia where there had been a final carnival as the world was coming to an end from nuclear fallout.

The frontal material of the book included words from T.S. Eliot's *The Hollow Men*:

In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river.

and also the final words of Eliot's poem:

This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.

There were banners across the street and papers blowing about like tumbleweed on the streets of a prairie village—but absolutely no people. A little extreme, perhaps, but that was the scene that came to mind when, as a family, we visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré in Québec in early August of 1987.

At the Shrine, the Feast of St. Anne is kept on July 26 and is preceded by a Novena and followed by an Octave. There were camping areas about the property and trailers, campers and tents had been set up. When we arrived just after the almost 3 week long festival had ended, the parking and camping areas had bits of paper, Styrofoam coffee cups, etc., blowing about the empty lots. It brought back the memory of the end of *On The Beach*.

That the parking lots were empty, suggested that we were going to have a peaceful visit to the Shrine and in contrast to the apocalyptic movie, we had a lovely day at the Shrine, in the Church and on the property. After our time there the verse that came to mind was more related to the wiping away of tears than the world ending with a whimper.

Next week we celebrate the feast of St. Anne and this year, 35 years later, we shall rejoice and celebrate along with St. Anne, the 18th birthday of our eldest granddaughter.

That is probably more than enough time on memory lane.

AND GOD SHALL WIPE
AWAY ALL TEARS FROM
THEIR EYES; AND
THERE SHALL BE NO
MORE DEATH, NEITHER
SORROW, NOR CRYING,
NEITHER SHALL THERE
BE ANY MORE PAIN:
FOR THE FORMER
THINGS ARE PASSED
AWAY.

REV 21.4

Fr. Andrew, SDC: Several Poems

TRANSFIGURATION

IF we had only seen this world of men,
The strivings and the weariness and pain,
And disillusionment again, again,
 The sad suggestion that all life is vain—
We should have given for life but scant thanksgiving;
Such dying life were scarcely worth the living.

But we have seen Love in the midst of life,
 Transfiguring life and lifting life to Love.
Though Love met Force in most unequal strife,
 Yet on the Cross the conqueror was Love;
And in all darkness still Love's light shall shine,
And make the darkness prove Love's light divine.

THE HOLY NAME

O THORN-crowned Love,
With hands outstretched to greet,
And gentle courteous welcome, sad and sweet,
This soul that creeps to kiss Thy pierced feet.

O broken Heart,
My Refuge and my Home,
Here let Thy little one all weary come,
Here in love's mystic sleep I lay me down.

Jesu, my Lord,
The silver stars at night
Shall spell Thy Name;

The breeze of morning whisper Love is light.
And love is still the same
To-day as yesterday,
And comes, as once He came,
In tenderness—
And the dear Name of Jesus
Is His Name.

Dear Name, my Peace—
My Peace, Thy Name—
 Jesus.



Fr. Andrew, SDC: Several Poems

A PRAYER OF SILENT LOVE

To rest a tired head upon Thy Heart,
 And to be still—
 To come to Thee from the whole world apart
 And learn Thy will—
 And in that will, because it is Thy will, to live and die,
 Knowing Thy love and will are one eternally.
 That be my way of prayer—
 That bring me there where Thou art—
 Heaven is there.

AVE MARIA

WHITER than whitest thought of any other,
 Queen Lily of the lily saints of God,
 Whose little feet earth's bramble paths have trod,
 Ave, sweet Sister; Ave, mighty Mother.
 Ave Maria, Mater Christi, Ave.

Saint of the silent deeps of brooding prayer,
 Whose hiddenness might be a home for Heaven,
 To whose known nothingness All might be given,
 Where God could dwell and find no rival there.
 Ave Maria, Mater Christi, Ave.

All that thy Motherhood must mean to thee,
 Not thy lips nor all angels' hymns could tell,
 Still less a sinner's song, so it were well
 That thine own Heaven-sent silence fall on me.
 Ave Maria, Mater Christi, Ave.

PEACE

LORD Jesu, gentlest, dearest,
 When all the world is still,
 Tis then Thou comest nearest,
 Love healing every ill.

Since death must come most surely
 And all be still for me,
 Grant me in love most purely
 Wholly to come to Thee.



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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

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Fr. Robert's Remarks

There are several significant dates before the next issue of this newsletter is due out. On August 6th is the Transfiguration, a feast on which I have written previously in the Newsletter. The Holy Name of Jesus follows on August 7th. A week later we keep the Falling Asleep of the Blessed Virgin Mary, also known as the Dormition or Assumption of the BVM. This feast considers the end of the earthly life of the Mother of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ—lots for reflection and participation.

In closing, I would draw your attention to the Synod upcoming in October where along with the usual synodal agenda we shall have Bishop Stephen Scarlett presenting to us.

Those interested in attending the Synod at the lovely Queen of Apostles Renewal Centre who are not registered should contact me—see top left of this page for contact information. For those in need, some financial assistance is or can be available.

May God bless you and keep you!

More next month.

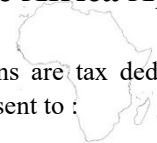
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