



DIOCESAN POST

Celebrating the Diocese of British Columbia

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JUNE 2020

Turning normal upside down

BY PETER SHURVIN

(Ed. Note: As the COVID-19 situation wears on, and people try to adapt to a new reality, many in the diocese agreed to share their personal reflections. We have printed a selection of them in this issue.)

I work as a spiritual health practitioner at the Royal Jubilee Hospital in Victoria, but I have little I can tell you about COVID-19 in the hospital, except how it has changed everything. My work has changed radically, but mainly as a reaction to what is happening, not anything I am driving. I expect many of us find ourselves like this: reacting to the enforced changes.

I wish to offer my reflections from a more theological viewpoint.

I find myself feeling like the writer of Psalm 74: "We do not



Hospitals such as the Royal Jubilee in Victoria have prepared for the COVID-19 pandemic, creating new protocols for spiritual health practitioners like Peter Shurvin. Photo by Susan Down.

see our signs; there is no longer any prophet, and there is none among us who knows how long." No one has an easy answer, no one can tell us much, official statements are full of words like maybe and possibly. This lack of knowing, this lack of control is unfamiliar, and unsettling.

It has been said that no one learns anything by doing it right the first time. We are not doing it right, because no one knows what is right yet. Maybe at this point there is no right way.

As Christians, this is a time to learn about ourselves

and our faith. Christianity has a long history of dealing with problems beyond our control. When the early Christians were being martyred in the arenas, they didn't study the biology of lions. Like lions, COVID-19 is beyond our control. The early martyrs learned about what it is to be faithful, to stay true, to sacrifice.

As the Church, we are in a time ripe for learning what it is to be community, precisely because we cannot assemble in the church. We can learn about humility, because this virus is bringing

our society, our way of life and our comfortable optimism to its knees. We can learn about patience and hope because we do not see an end in sight. We can learn about ourselves, through introspection, because we cannot discuss things around the table over a drink or two. We can learn about the God whom we tentatively address on our own, without the company of our congregation, the accompaniment of the choir and organ and the familiar liturgy. We can learn of our hunger for communion on so many levels

because it has been denied us. We can learn the lonely life of the hermit as we self-isolate and avoid others.

So much of the learning and the wisdom of the Church was born out of struggle and hardship in circumstances we did not choose. May we find this pandemic a time of rich personal learning rather than just a chance to binge-watch everything on Netflix. ■

Peter Shurvin is a hospital chaplain and honorary assistant priest at St. Barnabas, Victoria.

Transforming futures: an update

In an April 16 letter to the parishes and their Transforming Futures teams, co-chairs Bishop Logan and Walter Stewart acknowledged that the program is on hold while we deal with the other event that has transformed our futures: the COVID-19 crisis.

Since Synod 2018, most parishes have been engaged in thinking about what God is calling us to be in

each of our communities, as an expression of the diocesan Vision and as the living manifestation of Jesus Christ. Some parishes are only beginning such thinking; others are far down the road and very close to developing the parish case for support with a view to Transforming Futures.

In ways we couldn't predict, the COVID-19 pandemic has transformed our immediate futures. We all have immediate concerns that must take precedence as we work to protect the health

of ourselves, our families and our neighbours.

We carry on with the serious concerns for ourselves and one another in this very difficult time, confident that God is still calling us to be living witnesses in our communities of the love and grace of Christ. And when we are once again able to gather, this experience, and all that we've learned through it, promises to transform how we continue that faithful work together in community.

The conversations we have

Continued on page 6



On his last day, April 30, keen walker Bishop Logan received a fitting retirement gift from staff: custom sneakers complete with the diocesan dragonfly logo. Diocesan council is exploring new dates for the electoral synod. Watch the website for details over the summer. Photo by Susan Down

Wondering about the church after COVID-19



Dean's Corner

BY THE VERY REV'D
ANSLEY TUCKER

If only I had a dollar for every time someone has said that we will never be the same after COVID-19! Truly, in all sectors of society, many plans, predictions and expenditures have been put on hold, while we stand back, wait and see. Perhaps you too have found yourself wondering how we as a church might be different, and what insights or changed behaviours will have sticking power.

Here are a few ideas and ruminations, in no particular order. I hope you have more, and that you will share them.

- I wonder what we are learning about our beloved buildings.

On the one hand, we've amazed ourselves at how much we've been able to accomplish without them. At the same time, we've realized why sacred space is important: it is our shared touchstone, the place where our vows have been witnessed, sins forgiven, prayers heard, tears shed, and nourishment provided.

I wonder how long it will be before we feel safe with each other

- I've noticed how our virtual coffee hours have successfully pressed us, first, into identifying ourselves (putting on a nametag), and second, into stepping outside our usual small cliques and chitchat, and actually interacting with the other 20 people on the call. I wonder if we will continue to "do coffee better" on our return?
- I wonder if the constant emphasis on what is and is not

"essential" will make us better at managing the distinction between what we want, and what we really need. Might we consume less?

- I wonder if we will have a deeper appreciation for those whom society typically underpays or casts as servants rather than the backbone of our wellbeing – grocery clerks, transit drivers, garbage collectors, personal care assistants. Or will they continue to be bit players in our own drama?
- Will we remember that we were ashamed of our warehousing of the elderly, and frightened by the consequences of our leaving the addicted and homeless poor to their own devices?
- I wonder if our liturgical exchange of the Peace will recover some of its original and deep meaning – not as a social greeting all round, but an intentional (and none-too-huggy) offering of Christ's own reconciling peace to the other, so that we can break bread together as an unfractured community.

- Might we have gained a modicum of humility in terms of our relationship with the rest of the created order? I wonder if we will remember that the human race was brought to its knees by a tiny protein we couldn't even see, and that we are but part of, rather than in charge of, a complex ecosystem?

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- I wonder if the months-long practice of living locally, and the fear of unknown global influences, will keep us closer

to home, rooted in our local economy and mindful of our local watershed.

- I wonder how long it will be before we feel safe with each other.
- I wonder if anything will really change.

I hope so. ■

M. Ansley Tucker is rector of Christ Church Cathedral and dean of Columbia. She is also the interim diocese administrator.

Personnel

Retirement
The Reverend Dimas Canjura, incumbent to Holy Trinity, Sooke, effective July 1, 2020.

Jacque Nevins, archivist, effective April 30, 2020.

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Submissions

News, letters and other articles are welcome. Please limit articles to 500 words and letters to 200 words. Submissions must include name and contact information of the author.

Pictures must be a resolution of 300 DPI and in sharp focus. Clearly and accurately identify the name of all subjects as well as the person who took the picture.

New Submission Deadlines

January issue - November 25
February issue - December 25
March issue - January 25
April issue - February 25
May issue - March 25
June issue - April 25
September issue - July 25
October issue - August 25
November issue - September 25
December issue - October 25

All material is subject to editing.
Volume 54, No 6

A virus will not slow us down



BY ANDREA MCCOY

I was not sure what to do. She looked at me through a computer screen and was expecting answers: a plan in place, a way forward. But I did not know what to say. She was among many of our sponsors considered more vulnerable to being infected with the novel coronavirus due to age. And the needs – medical, English language training, employment – of the newly arrived family she was sponsoring were not being met. Suddenly she questioned

the safety of all the things she was doing such as meeting with the family, driving them to appointments, assisting them with their groceries. The purpose and responsibility of sponsorship changed almost over night.

Since April of 2019, 42 families have arrived on Vancouver Island. As part of their first year, they were enrolled in ESL courses, attended employment workshops, met new friends, developed communities with neighbours, integrated their children into school, connected with faith-based groups. They adjusted to a new culture, with all of its unspoken social rules, customs, practices, expectations and so much more. Many began work, graduated from school, received professional training, and succeeded in starting their own businesses. And within a few short weeks in March, all of it came to a stop. Families were laid off from their work, ESL courses were now only online, schools closed, dental appointments postponed, medical attention slowed, and every person who had become a part of their new community now had to be distant.

The pandemic has had an effect on refugee families waiting

to come to Canada. On March 17, 2020, Immigration, Refugees, & Citizenship Canada closed entry to all persons outside the country who were not citizens or permanent residents. Former Minister of Immigration Ahmed Hussen had greatly reduced the wait times for refugees to be approved to come to Canada from four years (from time of application received to time of arrival) to, in some cases, less than a year. Sadly, this is no longer the case due to COVID-19. Immigration offices globally are now working remotely, some are on lock down and others can process very little. So, for the 78 families who are waiting to come to Vancouver Island, the situation seems hopeless.

What does this mean for sponsoring families who are waiting to come to Canada? It means the work of sponsoring families is still crucial. Globally, there are over 25 million refugees as recognized by UNHCR. Our work to help resettle refugees is important even if we aren't sure when a vaccine will be found or when travel restrictions are lifted. So, we work hard to integrate

Continued on page 8

Farewell to the McKeons



Lincoln McKeon and Tanya Packer-McKeon left the diocese (St Peter, Campbell River) on May 1 to start a new ministry chapter in the Territory of the People where Lincoln will be consecrated as its first bishop. Photo by Elizabeth Northcott

Diocesan archivist retires

Appointed diocesan archivist in 2008, Jacquie Nevins served during the development of the Anglican Archival Network and adoption of new standards in document identification, reproduction and transfer.

A native of Massachusetts, she spent 30 years in Ottawa where she worked with the Ottawa Sun, the Bank of Canada and other government and heritage agencies. Prior to her archival training in her 40s, Jacquie was a floral designer, a dual career she continued until last year. She retired as archivist on April 30, the same day as Bishop Logan.

A pathway of remembrance

On the journey of life, we travel with hope towards an imagined future. But we do so equipped with what we know of our past. All of us stand on the shoulders of our ancestors and loved ones.

Over the past couple of years, our diocesan cathedral has been in conversation with representatives of the Songhees and Esquimalt First Nations,

on whose traditional territories the cathedral is located, about the redevelopment of the south lawn of the cathedral. In the beginning, we had in mind a simple refurbishment of what had become shabby and muddy. But early on, the community recognized that there was an opportunity to work with local First Nations to create a project that would genuinely advance the work of reconciliation. With their help, the cathedral hopes to include storyboards to remind people of the history and original

use of this land. Conversation continues about such things as the carving of house posts (with an educational component), and the inclusion of native plantings. For its part, the cathedral is working with the Esquimalt and Songhees leaders to design an intercultural day camp where each year indigenous and non-indigenous children can experience each other's dance, story, art, song and culture.

One component of the proposed refurbishment is a walkway of engraved bricks.

The engraving will provide an opportunity for a permanent record of names and messages of thanksgiving for family members and special friends, beloved pets and others. The cathedral is already imagining ways to honour its ancestors, and to ensure that the walkway pays homage to First Nations partners. And already it is possible for individuals to reserve or order bricks for such remembrances.

Of course, the walkway – being wide and long – will incorporate not only origins,

but also the community's unfolding history including the COVID-19 crisis. In response to community interest, a portion of the walkway will be set aside to honour the heroes, or to acknowledge the departed.

The cathedral wants this project to embrace the memories and hopes of as many people as possible, and for as many reasons as possible. All are invited to "lay a brick."

For more information, look at the cathedral website www.christchurchcathedral.bc.ca under the Cathedral Commons tab.



Honour Your Heroes

Buy a brick for the Thanksgiving Walkway

The Cathedral Commons is the south lawn beside Christ Church Cathedral, a serene and popular green space in Victoria's urban centre. This summer's major renewal project includes the new Thanksgiving Walkway, featuring bricks engraved with names and messages of thanksgiving for family members, friends, beloved pets and others. A portion of the walkway will be set aside to honour the heroes of the COVID-19 pandemic. Construction is planned to begin in August. Send in your order today!

The full cost qualifies as a charitable donation. Look for more information and the order form on the website under the Cathedral Commons tab. Sponsored by the Friends of Christ Church Cathedral.



SUBMISSION DEADLINES

SUBMISSION DEADLINES ARE THE 25TH OF THE MONTH (TWO MONTHS IN ADVANCE OF EACH ISSUE)
NEXT SUBMISSION DEADLINE IS JULY 25TH (FOR THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE).

Reflections on our isolation

Bible study finds new platform

BY ANITA HADLEY

Word of God, Word of Life is a Bible study group at Christ Church Cathedral that continues to meet every Wednesday morning, only now we ‘gather’ on Zoom to study and discuss the three readings for the following Sunday services (also online).

How well does this work online? Like many others, we have learned that it is possible to keep in touch via an electronic platform. We have learned to change from an intimate meeting around a table to a virtual gathering from the comfort of our own homes. Indeed, using this platform has made it possible for others to join us whose insights enrich our

exchanges. While we are still mastering the intricacies of the technology, we are making it work for us. And we are finding that it is still possible to experience an atmosphere of trust, respect and friendship, all bound together by readings from our faith that continue to nourish us in these days of social isolation. In short, this new way of studying and sharing together works!

As we continue to prepare ourselves for the Sunday readings common to Christians around the world, we do so in the spirit of the early Christians who “devoted themselves to the apostles’ teaching and fellowship, to the breaking of bread and the prayers.” (Acts 2: 42) Technology is making it possible for us and our scriptures to keep connected. ■

Blessing box overflows with kindness

BY ALAN NAYLOR

At the parish of St. John the Divine in Courtenay, there has been a “blessing box” for some time, placed outside the church on 5th Avenue. Initiated by the Rev. Anthony Divinigracia, former incumbent of the parish, and maintained now by parishioner Barb Neid, it contains snack foods such as granola bars, crackers, canned soup, juice boxes and so on. It also has a notice that invites passersby who need food, to help themselves or to donate food as they are able. The notice adds “Above all, be blessed!” Since the closure of the church due to the pandemic,

we have noticed an interesting phenomenon. An increasing amount of additional food (such as bags of rice and pasta) has started appearing in the blessing box. Recently people placed a few books in the box as well for anyone’s reading pleasure. We have no idea where these additional items came from, but it appears the local community is taking shared ownership of our blessing box. A silver lining to the pandemic cloud! ■

Alan Naylor is interim priest-in-charge, St. John the Divine, Courtenay.

Choristers unmuted

BY DONALD HUNT

It’s Wednesday afternoon, after a long day of online classes for our cathedral school’s young choristers. Since my home keyboard has no speakers, I set up (alone) at the piano in the vast cathedral nave with my laptop to one side, a stack of repertoire to the other – music that our choristers know already and love to sing.

Can you run a choir via Zoom or Google Meet? The short answer is “no.” However, like many choir trainers, I am still finding ways of using these media to keep our cathedral school’s young choristers engaged.

Once a week (instead of the usual four mornings a week during a normal school term) I run several short small-group sessions for these committed choristers, aged 8-13. Each session unfolds in a similar way: a check-in on how the week has gone, a warm-up (with all singers muted), some pitch-identification games, work on a couple of pieces (again, with singers muted), and a farewell until the next week.

Because of the inherent time-lag, the only unmuted singing possible is if individual choristers agree in turn to step onto the tightrope and sing a solo passage, without piano accompaniment. Luckily, most are keen to strut their stuff when it’s the Anglican choral tradition chart toppers: Ireland’s *Greater Love*, Haydn’s *The Heavens are telling*, Rutter’s *The Lord*

bless you and keep you. You get the idea.

Can they work on the finer aspects of choral singing such as blend, balance, ensemble, stagger-breathing? Of course not. But one of the things I’ve learned during this pandemic is the importance of maintaining a sense of community and momentum to the extent that technology allows it.

When asked in a recent session how she’s enjoying this temporary virtual world, 11-year-old chorister Elysse said she misses her friends and teachers. She is certainly not alone in this sentiment. But until we can all be together again, choir directors, like all of us, will continue to do everything possible to sustain what they believe to be most precious. ■

Donald Hunt is the director of music at Christ Church Cathedral.

Building a routine

BY JUDE CHILLMAN

As someone who has worked from home for many years and no longer has children at home, I am used to not seeing people other than my spouse for days at a time unless I make the effort to get out. I am fortunate to still have work coming in and have deadlines that are not daily targets. I love the freedom to come and go (under ‘normal’ circumstances) according to my own timetable but know that many people are struggling with working at home under the new normal.

Self-motivation can be hard, concentration can be difficult, and distractions are many, but it can be done. I can’t offer clever ideas to help people who have to work around having children in the house all day but I have found that the simplest ways to stay focused for work are to get dressed in the morning (don’t stay in your PJs), set the computer up on a table/desk (not my lap), start at the same

time as when going to work, ignore my cell phone (important one), take breaks at the usual times and finish at a set time. In other words, build a routine if possible. Treat your working day as though you were still in the office. We are creatures of routine and ours are being severely disrupted right now so building new ones can help stabilize us and reduce anxiety.

Many of us are blessed with access to a huge variety of social media through which to chat, pass on information and keep an eye on each other but remember the old-fashioned phone call as well. We can use these media to their best effect if we don’t keep checking for updates, give ourselves space to take a break from the bombardment of news (good, bad and fake), check our facts before passing so-called information on and are kind to ourselves and other people.

This, too, shall pass. ■

Jude Chillman, St Philip-by-the-Sea, Lantzville



Cathedral Director of Music Donald Hunt takes his young choristers through their vocal exercises on the Zoom platform while sitting in an empty cathedral.

Faith in Formation

Livestreaming creates unusual vigil

BY DAWNA WALL

*I will hold the Christ light for you,
In the nighttime of your fear,
I will reach my hand out to you,
Speak the peace you long to hear.*

*- Verse 3 from Sister Let Me be your
Servant, Common Praise, #500*

As church buildings were quickly closed to reduce the spread of COVID 19, clergy from across the diocese scrambled to find ways to faithfully observe Holy Week and Easter amid restrictions. The Easter Vigil, which begins with the kindling of the new fire, the lighting of the Christ candle and sharing the sacred story of salvation from the beginning of creation to this moment in time, was scrapped. But, a desire to hold the Christ light in the nighttime of our pandemic fear brought clergy together to create an unusual vigil.

Livestreaming the lighting of paschal candles outside the church buildings served as a reminder of our joy and our sadness, and echoed the mingling of life, death and resurrection that shapes the Christ story and our earthly realities.

Craig Hiebert, incumbent at St. Mary, Oak Bay, researched the possibilities and conducted trial runs for the vigil. On Holy Saturday, he hosted a livestream event where several priests and deacons from across the diocese made their way to their various parishes. As they held the Christ light for parishioners, Bishop Logan prayed and David Stratkauskas, music director at St. John the Divine, Victoria, sang the Exsultet.

Andrew Twiddy and Christine Muise, clergy from St. Anne and St. Edmund, Parksville, worked to light the paschal candle while observing

safe protocols, sharing in both the diocesan vigil and a vigil for their own parish. They found that the antiphonal nature of the candle lighting echoed the call and response nature of our engagement with one another across short and long distances.

The church is not the building. It is the people, the body. But throughout history our buildings have been spaces of refuge

Incumbent at the Parish of Central Saanich, Lon Towstego, said, "It was a paradoxical moment to 'join' with others from our beloved diocesan church and light the paschal

candles...The basis of our faith is memory and moving out of death and into life: the light of Christ shines!"

Paradox shaped Meagan Crosby-Shearer's reflections about the event. The incumbent at St. Matthias and co-prior of the Abbey Church said the event was, for her, heartbreaking, "I stood in the falling dark with the lit candle and folk came and stood on the sidewalk and listened and watched and asked eagerly if this meant the church was finally open again.

"I offered to pray and hold them in the light, but had to tell them that no, we were still closed. "The church is not the building. It is the people, the body. But throughout history our buildings have been spaces of refuge," she said. "Places for those who need a light in the dark, a word of hope, even just to sit the presence of the stored

prayers and faithfulness of a place."

The prayers and faithfulness of the vigil provided a "balm of hearing" for Gyllian Davies, incumbent of the Parish of Salt Spring Island, as she held the Christ light on behalf of her community. "It was heartwarming to see faces and hear voices from across the diocese."

MJ Leewis-Kirk, incumbent of St. Peter, Quamichan, found that the joy of Easter, which had been elusive amid a COVID-19 reality, found its way to her. "It felt great to see everyone and now it feels like Easter! Oh my, I am so looking forward to a great celebration when we are able to open our doors! Alleluia! Christ has risen!" ■

Dawna Wall is incumbent at St. Michael and All Angels, Victoria, and archdeacon of the Selkirk region.

How COVID-19 has ripped apart our church choir and united us in a different way



BY SUSANNE REUL-ZASTRE

May 4 was the 17th anniversary of my appointment as director of music at St Luke Cedar Hill in Victoria, and a quarter of my volunteer choristers have been with me that long. The weekly rhythm of Thursday rehearsals and Sunday services has shaped our routines during the church year and in our personal lives.

Weeks of provincially prescribed social and physical

distancing has resulted in the continued shutdown of Anglican churches across the province. This means, as a church choir, missing rehearsals and services, including a musically rich Holy Week with special rehearsals and anthems. Ergo: the physical, emotional, and spiritual benefits of singing as a choir has vanished! Studies have shown that singing together helps strengthen the feeling of togetherness, regulate the heartbeat, reduce anxiety and depression, improve the feeling of social well-being and strengthen the respiratory system and vocal muscles.

Most of all, however, let me address the grief I feel as a conductor that the privilege

of making music and spending quality time with a group of singers has been temporarily removed. At this point, holding meetings or a rehearsal via

The weekly rhythm of Thursday rehearsals and Sunday services has shaped our routines during the church year and in our personal lives

Zoom just isn't practical or useful for our group, especially as not every member likes or knows how to use a computer or is online in the first place. My band-aid solution for now has

been to regularly send weekly Thursday and Sunday check-in messages to every chorister who has email and phone those who don't. From their email replies and phone chats it is obvious how caring a group of singers we have a St Luke.

Unfortunately, at the beginning of April I joined the growing demographic of those who know somebody personally who was infected and passed away from COVID-19 (a fellow organist and choir master). I was so relieved when the two-week incubation period was over and every single one of my choristers was (and is still) ok. And for the record – once the gathering restrictions are lifted – each one of my choristers will

receive a LONG bear hug from me at the first choir rehearsal.

Oh, how I am looking forward to playing our Casavant organ again with PEOPLE in the church! ■

Susanne Reul-Zastre is music director and organist at St. Luke, Cedar Hill.



Gifts of love for a memorable birthday

BY NANCY PAXTON

This time of being home and being a single person in an apartment that doesn't allow pets has been a difficult. I'm sure that I'm not alone in this position. I have found that you must have a routine to go through, and it gives a feeling of

accomplishment when you look back on your day. It is easy for a feeling of loneliness to set in, if you don't get outside and go for a walk and look at the beauty in this world that God created for us to enjoy.

This year my birthday was on Easter Saturday, and I was

dreading it because of social distancing from my children and family. I woke up in the morning to a phone call from my son, and as we were talking, my cell phone rang. My granddaughter asked me to go to the window. When I looked out, there to my amazement were my daughter, son-in-law, and

my two granddaughters standing on the sidewalk two floors down. "Happy Birthday Nanna we love you" was written in chalk on the sidewalk. This was 8:00 a.m., and my family members had been busy for an hour using their artistic talents. Needless to say, I was reduced to tears of joy. This birthday in 2020 will be one that I remember because I received not presents, but the gift of love and

memories from all my family and friends.

Our minister, Dawna Wall, is doing services remotely from her back yard. They keep me focused on the love of Christ, and his death and resurrection. My faith in people is stronger than before, and I keep in touch with many parishioners through emails, and phone calls. My life has been enriched by this depth of caring. ■

Art sustains us

BY ROB MACLEAN

One of the ironies of our lives at present is that, despite our official social isolation, we are drawing together as a community. When my wife and I walk along the Cowichan River, the Cowichan Estuary or the Saanich Inlet in Mill Bay, we invariably share brief, often unspoken greetings with those folks who pass by. Such greetings can be full of meaning.

We share that feeling that we are in this together. That we are looking out for each other. That we believe in the social

contract. That we are fortunate to enjoy all this space to share with each other as we walk.

Curiously, this irregular attendee at St. John the Baptist in Cobble Hill feels that he has also drawn closer to our parish community over the past few weeks. The intensity of Easter worship will foster that: four church services in eight days, all from the comfort of our home.

Zoom technology allows me to survey my fellow parishioners at my leisure, most of them coyly identified by a name at the bottom of each rectangle. Ah, so that is his name...now I will remember her. And so on...

Zoom services allow me the opportunity to hear sacred

music from great choirs, follow the readings in our family Bible, and get up and pour another cup of coffee.

Mary's left hand, I aver, is the defining gesture in the entire history of art. She understands God's higher purpose in the sacrifice of His Son

But for this art lover, digital services have been the springboard to sharing my love of great art, namely Christian

art and the visual story of The Passion. The excellent slide show of The Passion imbedded into our parish's Good Friday service inspired further Zoom sessions. Smaller groups of art lovers and Christians were able to gather online and take a 'slow look' at 20 famous art works depicting the last hours of Jesus, from Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper to Caravaggio's Deposition.

For instance, Michelangelo's Pieta takes our breath away. We are reduced to a profound silence before it. We wonder how any hand can turn a block of marble into such beauty. From the cascading folds of Mary's robes

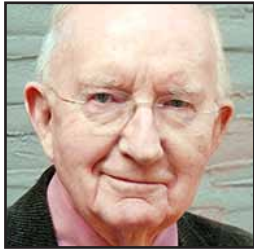
to Jesus's musculature, the hard stone seems to transform into a moving, flowing force. Mary is depicted as young, tall, strong. The purists might carp that she is presented as too young, too tall, and too strong.

Mary's left hand, I aver, is the defining gesture in the entire history of art. She understands God's higher purpose in the sacrifice of His Son. With her simple gesture, Mary gives Jesus to us.

The power of art can sustain us through these extraordinary times. ■

Rob MacLean is a former history teacher and parishioner at St. John the Baptist, Cobble Hill.

Treasures old and new



Reflections

BY HERBERT O'DRISCOLL

I have two handsome books in my study that I have come to realize are far more than books. They are treasure chests, bound in leather and lettered in gold. One is called the *Book of Common Prayer (BCP)*, the other the *Book of Alternative Services (BAS)*.

From the late 16th century to the mid-20th century, the BCP was the text with which all Anglicans once worshipped, and many continue to do so today. However, the BAS has taken its own place with many Anglicans, and there has developed much experimenting with liturgies beyond both books.

My own experience came from being of a particular generation. I came to know the BCP as a seven-year-old choirboy in 1935. By 1965, I had been formed as an Anglican by its beauty. I knew large sections of it off by heart – psalms, collects,

prayers. I know those things to this day. Beauty remains.

On the other hand, when I first received the BAS, I was interested and excited because I felt that these new forms would lead us eventually to the next generation of the BCP. For many reasons this did not happen, and I regret this.

After a few years of using both books regularly at Sunday worship, I began a quest. I would like then to offer two short lists of treasures found on their pages.

Seven things I treasure from the BCP

1. An Offertory Sentence: *You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor that you through his poverty might become rich.*

2. The Collect for the fourth Sunday after Trinity: *O God, increase and multiply upon us thy mercy, that we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal.*

3. General Intercession: *Remember for good all those that love us, and those who hate us, and those that have desired us, unworthy as we are, to pray for them. And those whom we have forgotten, do thou O Lord, remember.*

4. From Family Prayers: *For life and health and safety, for power to work and leisure to rest, for all that is beautiful*

in creation and in the lives of men and women, we praise and magnify thy holy name.

5. From Psalm 84: *O how lovely are thy dwellings, thou Lord of hosts! Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.*

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6. From a prayer at Eventide: *Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work is done.*

7. From the prayer of Humble Access before receiving Communion: *We do not presume to come to*

this thy table...trusting in our own righteousness but in thy manifold and great mercies.

We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table...

Now a list from the pages of the BAS

1. A powerful succinct summing up of Christian faith used in the Eucharist: *Christ has died: Christ is Risen: Christ will come again.*

2. From a prayer translated from the Dutch for use in the Burial Offices: *God of grace and glory, we thank you for N. who was so near and dear to us, and who now has been taken from us. We pray that nothing good in this woman's life will be lost... and that everything in which she was great will continue to mean much to us now that she is dead...*

3. Litany of the Holy Spirit: *Come Holy Spirit, breath of God, give life to the dry bones of this exiled age, and make us a living people, holy and free.*

4. From Thanksgiving for the Gift of a Child: A prayer for a child born handicapped: Note how sensitively this prayer is given its title. What is made primary is the child, not the handicap. *God, grant us understanding, compassionate and accepting hearts, and the gifts of courage and patience to face the challenge of caring for (our child). Let your love for us show forth in our lives, that we may create an atmosphere where*

he (or she) will live a life full of dignity and worth...

5. From the Occasional Prayers, a prayer for those suffering from Addiction: *... look with compassion upon all who through addiction have lost their health and freedom... remove the fears that attack them, strengthen them in the work of their recovery, and to those who care for them, give patient understanding and persevering love...*

6. From the Blessing of a Marriage: *Let their love for each other be a seal upon their hearts, a mantle about their shoulders, and a crown upon their foreheads. Bless them in their work and in their companionship, in their sleeping and in their waking, in their joys and in their sorrows...*

7. From the Commendation in the Burial Offices: *You only O Christ are immortal, the creator and maker of all; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return...All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.*

There is my list of treasures. My hope is that you may roam in these two books and find material that you will come to treasure.

Herbert O'Driscoll is a retired priest and a prolific author and hymn writer. ■

Transforming futures: an update

Continued from cover

about Transforming Futures are bound to look different after we have gone through this together.

We believe these discussions will be richer for it, despite the uncertainty and trauma we are currently experiencing.

As we navigate these days in the wilderness, consider these questions: How will our efforts be different

after our experience of the pandemic? Do things we thought terribly important matter less? Do things we rarely thought of matter more? What does it mean to be Christ's church in the world? In this season

of Easter, we hold fast to the knowledge that we are resurrection people and God is with us, always. For now, the immediate demands must take our full attention. But the people of God come through desert experiences

stronger because of them.

In time we will be back together again, ready to continue to transform the kingdom, together. May you all find comfort and solace in these days. The Lord is with you.

Living with a purpose

My Journey

BY JILLIAN HARRIS
(SNUMITHIYA)

A Q&A feature on Island Anglicans

Jillian Harris was scheduled to be ordained as a deacon on March 28, but the service was cancelled due to church closures as a result of COVID-19 restrictions. St. Peter, Quamichan is her home church.

I was born in Duncan, at the King’s Daughter Hospital and raised on the tiny Indian Reserve of Tsussie which is only one square mile in size and part of the Penelakut Tribe. Tsussie is located near Crofton in the shadow of the big pulp mill located there. The land where my home is located belonged to my great-grandparents, Old Bob and Annie, who cleared, fenced, and farmed the land when they were displaced and relocated from my great-grandfather’s home at Kuper Island’s Limalche Village (which a Royal Navy gunboat fired on in 1863). Old Bob and Annie were prosperous farmers for the time, raising

cows, chickens, and caring for prize-winning fruit trees and roses. Life as I remember it was joyous: playing with my cousins on canoes and fishing for bullheads in the creek that ran through our village.

My mother came from a very strict Presbyterian background, and my father was a hostile Roman Catholic. Both were raised in institutions (my mother in an orphanage and my father in an Indian residential/ industrial school). Despite their histories of abandonment, displacement, and abuse, both my parents were spiritual as well as ritualist (church being their choice of ritual). My mother became a Roman Catholic so that I would be legitimate in the eyes of the Church and be eligible to enroll in the local Indian day school; my father followed the Indian Shaker Church where he became an ordained travelling missionary and a renowned preacher (from BC to California). The exposure to the way my parents expressed their spirituality in church has had much influence on my perspective today. As a travelling missionary, my father was often called to private homes for “house worship” as well as to Washington State, Oregon, and California to preach. My mother was the chairperson of the parish council and a staunch social activist who did work in discerning changes for Indigenous people in the

church following the direction of Vatican II. Mom played the organ for worship at our little church on Sunday mornings, and on Sunday and Wednesday evenings she would be called to play the piano at the Indian Pentecostal church.

God has sent many special, courageous women who believed in my journey

When I was five years old, I dreamed that one day I would be a missionary. In my Indigenous tradition the name that was chosen for me determined what I would become. With the receiving of my traditional name I became “ordained” into a traditional occupation for life – I am a traditional funeral worker. As an Indigenous woman, my struggle to be a human being with a purpose has many times been painful and lonely. God has sent many special, courageous women who believed in my journey and were companions, mentors, and defenders enabling and supporting my journey. I wanted to be a missionary in Africa, so I went to Africa. I wanted to know how the church could call my Indigenous ways heathen, so I went to missionary training in England and learned about “the church.” I wanted to be a missionary: an Indigenous

Faith in Foundation

Christian woman bringing the Gospel to “the People.”

In my day there were not many work options for “Indians.” There were few, if any, models for directing a path to gainful employment in professional fields. Service jobs – maid, waitress, house cleaner or office clerk – were some of the employment options in my young life. Going to university was rare.

In my teenage years I was a cleaning assistant in a rest home, and I took a waitress training course and could only get a job in a Chinese restaurant; I took office training at vocational school after high school and became my band’s first band employee. Over the years I held several jobs in the secretarial field before I met this amazing woman while I was living in Washington State who said, “Have you ever thought about going to college?” I was introduced to the field of counselling, community organization and social development through working at the Seattle Indian Health Board as an outreach worker and then as an executive secretary to a tribal council.

I have spent a lot of time clearing brush and weeds to create my path. The Creator, God, has sent special people to advocate, hold open doors, and has often been the voice

calling for doors to stay open to give me a chance. After many years feeling unworthy to enter the hallowed halls of higher education, I was called by my younger son who needed a ride to his college classes. He said, “Mom there’s one more position in the Arts One First Nations Studies. Why don’t you apply and then I’ll have a ride to school?” What followed were a few years in the Bachelor of Arts in First Nations Studies program. My final paper in my bachelor’s program was on Indigenous people and the Church. I found my voice. My research has taken me to places that were only in my dreams. I was sponsored by a group of people who thought I might like to see what the Vancouver School of Theology Native Ministries program was all about.

The greatest challenge I see for the Anglican Church is finding a way to be “church” for those who have been marginalized, ostracized, criticized or disillusioned in this time of materialism and self-gratification. More than ever, I see this pandemic as an opportunity to self-analyze our personal views as Christians and to look at what the value of the church has been in our lives. Facing ourselves in time of pandemic I believe that we will find what the word reconciliation means. ■

DIOCESAN POST WELCOMES LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



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Breathe deeply and listen to God’s voice

BY CHRIS COLEMAN

Part way through law school, and much to my surprise, I found myself volunteering for a week at Camp Columbia on Thetis Island. Some summers previously, I had volunteered at a junior camp but this was teen camp, a completely different kettle of fish! Dealing with sometimes rebellious young adults, who liked to challenge the tenets of their upbringing, required a different set of skills. No longer was it appropriate to lay down the rules and expect them to be followed. While everyone was nice, everything was open to challenge, particularly theology and societal norms and expectations. While the camp ran according to its proposed weekly program, there could, at any time, be a question posed as to why we were doing this. Often these challenges reflected the

perspective that “religion has always been part of the problem, and we need to do everything differently.” In some ways, the campers cast themselves as the agents of change, and the staff and volunteers were the defenders of the establishment. It was civil, but there was tension. The week could have been very awkward, but for the fact that the chaplain was Trevor Williams. A rather impish looking bearded gent with a big smile, Trevor had much experience with challenge, and knew intuitively how to calm the waters. After one particularly contentious evening’s campfire (where vociferous debate had run rampant), Trevor closed with a homily and an announcement that chapel the next morning would be held on the beach. Early the following morning, the campers made their way to the beach (even the stragglers were on time) to find Trevor

sitting on the sand, eyes closed, back against a big log. Wordlessly, he motioned for everyone to be seated wherever they felt comfortable. Those assembled, sat. A raised hand...silence!

In some ways, the campers cast themselves as the agents of change, and the staff and volunteers were the defenders of the establishment

“Thank you for coming. Please share with me this glorious morning. Close your eyes and breathe deeply. Feel the air going into your lungs, and again! Now listen to the beat of your heart and breathe.” A silence ensued before Trevor’s voice once again broke in:

“Now listen to the waves as they lap against the shore. (a pause) Now, do you hear the sound of the wind rustling through the leaves in the trees behind us? (a longer pause) And now, as you clear your minds, can you hear the sound of that gull in the distance? Now feel the sun’s growing warmth on your arm.” And so it continued; Trevor directing quietly, the assembly reacting silently. After a period of time (I still don’t know how long it went on, but it was probably no more than 15 minutes), Trevor said, “And one last deep breath, and open your eyes.” Now standing, Trevor Williams grinned at all of us and finished with “Thank you for praying with me and hearing God’s voice. Have a good day.” And he walked off. There was a moment’s silence and then a couple of the teens suggested, rather indignantly, that they hadn’t been praying.

However, one teen said, “Well, not like we used to, not like we were taught to.” The tone of the whole camp changed on the beach that morning. Doing things differently was okay. Some 35 years later, society is dealing with changing rules of engagement. We are concerned because it is unclear what the “new normal” will be. We are anxious because we can’t control all the variables in the lives of those we love. We are angry because some people just don’t – or don’t want to – get it: we are all in this together! I suspect that Trevor Williams would say, “Close your eyes. Take a deep breath. Feel the air going into your lungs. Listen to God’s voice.” We will get through this pandemic. Things will be different, but doing things differently will be okay. ■

Chris Coleman is a parishioner at Christ Church Cathedral.

A virus will not slow us down

Continued from page 3

technology at an even greater capacity to make sure applications can be processed, communication can still happen and efforts to sponsor will continue. What does this mean for families who are here? It means

that we are creative in being the community. Many sponsors are utilizing technology to virtually connect with families. Others drop off groceries at their doors or go for walks with them – six feet apart. Obtaining employment and being self-sufficient (two of the many goals of sponsorship) is also more difficult with the restrictions imposed by the virus. Yet what the virus has not

done, and will not do, is slow humanitarian care down. I know the hearts of all the sponsors we work with. I know they are still working hard to make sure families do not feel alone. I know they are still putting forth the same effort and care they did before the virus hit, however differently than before. I know there are still many who approach our office and want to help sponsor refugee families.

And I’ve seen the resilience and bravery of newly arrived families. This isn’t the first time their lives have been disrupted. This isn’t the first time they’ve had to relearn everything just to survive. This isn’t the first time life was met with so many questions and few answers. The men, women and children who now live among us as neighbours are brave, hopeful and still working

hard to make their new lives work. A virus may slow down our economy, our schools, our businesses, our travel, our conveniences. But it will not slow us down. The human spirit is stronger than a virus. I have seen it. ■

Andrea McCoy is the community engagement coordinator of the refugee sponsorship program for the diocese.



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Photo: Chaplain Rev. Cathy Victor (R) spending time with one of Veteran Memorial Lodge’s lovely residents.

