



ST PHILIP'S POST

DUNBAR'S ANGLICAN COMMUNITY

CHANGE IS IN THE AIR

By The Rev'd Stuart Hallam

It has been a momentous time of change over the last few months, not only for the Hallam household, but also by the parish! Our thanks go out to all those who have been involved with, and who have worked so hard during, the long interregnum. So to John Bailey and to Harold Munn our interim clergy, thank you for steering the ship on an even keel! Also, special thanks to the Canonical Committee for all their hard work and is to the wardens for their leadership and wisdom...

My thanks go particularly to my wife Laura and to Matilda for having the courage and determination to go on this incredible journey as a family. Without their constant love and support I could not be here. We have been overwhelmed as a family by the warmth and generosity of our welcome, so thank you all for embracing us and allowing us to journey with you.

And so, a new chapter is beginning and there much to do! I am hugely excited about the possibilities and potential for St Philips going forward. But for now, as the season begin to change, and the days grow longer and warmer, may I wish you all God's blessing for whatever plans you may have over the summer. Stay safe, travel well. May you find rest, relaxation and recuperation and God's speed until we see each other again!

JUNE 2018

INSIDE . . .

Back in the Swim of Things

Trouble on the Train

From Anticipation to Celebration

and much more...

St. Philip's Dunbar
Anglican Church
3737 W. 27th Ave.
Vancouver, BC
604-224-3238

FROM ANTICIPATION TO CELEBRATION: THE INDUCTION OF THE REV'D STUART HALLAM

By Debbie Matheson

St Philip's 10th rector, Stuart Hallam, was officially and very warmly welcomed at the Celebration of New Ministry on Tuesday, May 22. It had been two years since the Venerable John Stephens resigned from St Philip's to take on new challenges at St John's Shaughnessy. In the meantime, the Venerable John Bailey and the Reverend Canon Harold Munn prepared the way for transition. Canonical Committee members patiently explained the process as parishioners asked, "What's taking so long?"

As Archbishop Melissa Skelton reminded us in her sermon, waiting can build up unrealistic expectations. She described the scene of a little girl who waits forever for an order of strawberry pancakes, her expectations mounting, only to find that they are, well, just pancakes. Priest and parishioners, we will simply do our best, with "the confidence that we, all of us, are mysteriously, irrevocably and unshakably beloved of God".



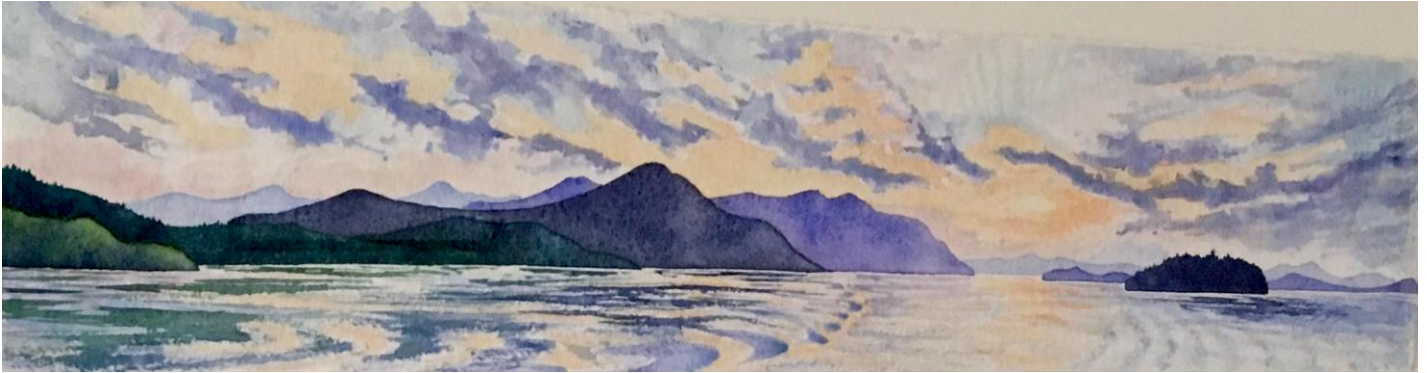
Michael Murray, Harold Munn and Archbishop Skelton devised a varied repertoire of music from trumpets, to cello, organ and piano, and a "hands up" rendition of "The Trees of the Field" led by the choir. Young Norah and Graeme Mix read the lessons beautifully, while their father Brian played the cello. Every parish group had a role to play in presenting Stuart with symbols of his new ministry at St Philip's, including a bowling pin from the Youth. And at the end, the four wardens welcomed Stuart's wife Laura and their daughter Matilda with gifts.



The celebration continued in the gym over wine, finger food, and a generous gift of Dilly Bars from lovely Simon at Dairy Queen. A sweet celebration, indeed.

Be sure to find Randy Murray's photos and story "Worth Waiting For" (May 24, 2018) on the Diocesan website under "News". www.vancouver.anglican.ca





BACK IN THE SWIM OF THINGS

By The Rev. Dr. Marilyn Hames

There are pros and cons about taking a sabbatical. The benefits have been great, but I have certainly missed you all and am just starting to get back in the groove, prompted by the delight of finally meeting Stuart, Laura and Matilda, but cheered on by your warmth and love. Thank you!

Trouble is, I've 'let a few things go' while focussing on studying Welsh and Celtic Spirituality, including aquafit which is one of the ways I combat the pain from an old back injury. It seems all I have to do is dip a toe in the pool and the old bod gives a sigh of relief—and I'm not the only one who limps or shuffles to the poolside to enjoy the transformation that buoyancy gives.



We talk about being 'reborn through the waters of baptism', so maybe it's because we are so immersed in Christian teaching and symbolism that it's possible to see examples everywhere, even in visiting our local swimming pool. In fact, I find it very moving to join all those others—folk of every shape and size, age and colour, many of whom bear the scars of injuries or surgery—just having to step into the water to feel its support letting us move more easily, more freely. There's no pretense nor pecking order in the pool—it's where friendships are formed as we work through the routines trying not to splash neighbours, respecting each other's space and making room for late-comers, sometimes singing along to the Beatles songs or show-tunes.

Would it be taking the analogy too far to say it's what I think Church is like—welcoming and making room for everyone, bringing relief and healing to those in pain, experiencing the support (which we call the love of Christ) that allows us to move freely, make friends, sing, laugh....?

Talk about having a laugh in Church—as part of my sabbatical I have been able to worship at the Church where my husband sings in the choir. Slipping inconspicuously into a pew, as I thought, just before the service began a dapper sidesman, dressed immaculately, greeted me with the immortal line "Oh hi, I didn't recognize you with your clothes on! What's your name again?" I could feel a stiff breeze from the row of ladies behind fanning themselves with their leaflets, but it gusted to gale-force as I seemed to make things worse replying "Marilyn, Andrew's wife." The opening chords of the first hymn probably drowned his comment "See you at aquafit!" Pity. Glad to be back and getting into the swim of things again at St. Philip's.

TROUBLE ON THE TRAIN

By Adele Wonnick

If you're going to Seattle for a day or two
and wonder how to get there well, there's a way or two.
You can take a bus or drive a car, or even take a plane
- Let me warn you with a story if you want to take the train:

The locomotive chugs into the station, parks along the track.
It's ready for new passengers - Oh, look who's coming back!
Min likes to go a-riding now and then. She's here again!
Look out folks! There's going to be some trouble on the train!

Daniel, also riding, comes by. Chemistry is in the air.
He asks a porter near him, "Hey, who is that over there?"
"That's Min", he says, "she likes to flirt. Oh man! She'll cause you pain!
Stay clear of her or else there will be trouble on the train."

Well, Dan hears him but he ignores the words the porter said.
He thinks Min is the greatest and he turns and goes ahead
to Min and asks her for a date that night to dine with him.
The time is set for eight o'clock. Dan gives his hair a trim.

Min dresses in her finest clothes and then prepares to go
to keep her date with Dan that night for dinner and a show.
The porter sees her passing by and sadly shakes his head.
He's seen this sort of thing before. Poor Dan's as good as dead.

They dine that night by candlelight. Dan reaches for her hand
to squeeze it tight to her delight. He's yet to understand.
Min flirts with Dan and makes him smile. The trouble's gonna start.
Poor Dan falls mad in love with her - and then she breaks his heart.

You can travel all around the globe, explore both near and far
by plane or ocean cruise ship, take a bus or drive a car,
But if you travel to Seattle, friend, I want to make it plain:
if Min is there I guarantee you trouble on the train.

WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH OUR REFUGEE FAMILY?

By Mary Lymburner

It is now about 18 months since I submitted an application on behalf of St. Philip's for the sponsorship of Lama and her family, refugees from Syria now in a refugee camp in Lebanon. Still they are not here. I am getting impatient. I think the parish is getting impatient. And Lama and her family are getting very, very impatient. In fact, the average processing time for applications in the Visa Office in Beirut has gone from 10 months when we started to 20 months now.

The family had their medical examinations and interview with the Visa Office in December 2017. Then the period from mid-February to mid-May was spent in a difficult search for documents to confirm the death of Lama's husband and to confirm her sole custody of the children and the right to take them out of Lebanon. We think acceptable documents have now been submitted to the Visa Office.

In this process I feel that I have come to know Lama quite well. She does not have much education, and is not fully literate. But she is a very clear communicator and she likes to keep in touch. We send little voice messages back and forth with the help of an Arabic interpreter who was recommended to me by the chair of the Refugee Group at Immaculate Conception. Lama is determined to advance the future of her children. She is deeply worried about her daughter, Sedra, who was severely traumatized by the death of her father. Lama has gone to great lengths to try to get all the requested documents, sometimes making several trips to the neighbouring town in one week. We have been greatly helped by advice from the Diocesan Refugee Coordinator.

I have also learned more about the background of this family. They come from a suburb of Damascus called Yarmouk. I googled Yarmouk. One article said it had been the best place in the Middle East to be Palestinian. I gather it started as a refugee camp for Palestinians, such as Lama's grandparents, fleeing their homes at the time of the creation of Israel in 1948. Over the years it morphed into a regular neighbourhood, home to many Palestinians but also to many Syrians. The Palestinians did not face many restrictions, as far as I can gather, although they were not granted Syrian citizenship. Lama's late husband was Syrian, so the children are considered Syrian, as one's status follows the father's line. However, Yarmouk fared very badly in the Civil War. Our family fled bombing early in 2013 and sought refuge in a Palestinian refugee camp in Lebanon, along with many extended family members. Since then Yarmouk fell into the hands of ISIS from which it has just recently been liberated. In fact, there has been bombing there just recently, and the whole suburb is a wasteland. You may have seen Margaret Evans of the CBC broadcasting from Yarmouk a few weeks ago on the National.

In the camp in Lebanon they live in poverty, able to do a little work, but only for others in the camp. The children have not gone to school since they fled Syria five years ago. Recently I was told this was because the children are Syrian, and the refugee camp for Palestinians does not provide free education for Syrian children. Apparently the two boys, Majd and Ahmad, only 11 and 10, do some work, but the girls, Sedra and Doha, are not encouraged to go out much as the camp is not very safe. I am afraid life in Canada will require a major adjustment, especially for the girls. There will be much work to be done by St. Philip's to help them settle.

Meanwhile they and we continue to wait. Please pray for this family and especially for the health of Sedra.

Parishioners have been very generous. We now have \$40,000 on hand for Lama and her children, the amount we estimated we would need for their support for 12 months. We may need a bit more than this for various expenses, including translation of the extra documents, and possibly dentistry and counselling. We expect Lama's parents and brother will join them later, but they have not been contacted for medical examinations or interviews yet. If you wish to donate to the Refugee Fund, please make cheques payable to St. Philip's with "Refugee Fund" on the envelope as well as on the memo line. For more information, please contact Mary Lymburner, kmarylymburner@telus.net or 778-898-5117.

REMINDER TO PRE-AUTHORIZED DONORS: CHECK YOUR BANKING DETAILS

By Paul Harrison, (new) Envelope Secretary

The revenue from pre-authorized donations (by debit or credit card) is helpful for managing parish finances. It tends to even out the income stream over the year by reducing the dip that traditionally occurred during the summer. However, if you give through your credit card, please think of St. Philip's when your card expires and is renewed every few years. *The Church needs to know the new card details.* I forgot when my bank sent a new card last year and didn't realize for a few months that the charges weren't appearing on my credit card statements. Put that down to my lack of attention, but it did create a lot of work afterward clearing it up.

Please contact Rachel Taylor at the Diocesan Head Office with any updates. She can be reached by phone or email: 604-684-6306, extension 220; or via email rtaylor@vancouver.anglican.ca

IT RAINED AND IT RAINED AND IT RAINED...

By The Rev'd Dr. Marilyn Hames

It always rained when we went on holiday. It didn't matter where we went—the Isle of White, Torquay, Porthcawl, the Gower. When I was a kid, it always rained. Forget the pretty sundresses, sandals and brightly-coloured straw hats—macs and wellies were our usual togs, except for a brief dip in the icy sea in woolly bathers, and brisk rub-down in damp towels that never dried after Day 1, then back into warm sweaters and macs.

Then what to do? Build shelters and forts out of deck-chairs abandoned on the beach by those hardy enough to rent them before the deluge began some days, or weeks, maybe years before. When you are the only family plodding through the sand the imagination runs wild, we didn't need Sci-Fi films.





We used to stay at *B&Bs*—the old-fashioned sort where straight after *breakfast* we you were turfed out and not expected to return until it was time for *bed*. So what to do? There are only so many cups of tea you can drink in the shelter of a café that didn't provide entertainment. After exploring the tide pools, skimming stones, clambering over the rocks pretending we were scaling Everest, trying to run out to the tide-line and scamper back to beat the inrush of a wave without getting wet, building sandcastles... Now I think about it there was plenty to do—for a while, but when went to Ryde on the Isle of White, just when we were getting tired or bored the local *Band of Hope* would start singing and playing hymns Salvation Army style, tell a Bible story—and they could really tell 'em well, making them come alive—then invite us all (and by then from out of nowhere kids would assemble while parents propped against the seawall for a rest or some semblance of shelter) to the church hall to play games and enjoy a place in the dry.

Is it any wonder we kept going back? We had such fun. Young and old, we all made friends, learned new games, listened to more stories or learned to act them out like skits, drank the tea-urn dry and made stacks of egg or cucumber sandwiches. Happy memories! Memories rekindled a few years ago when I stumbled on a similar *kid's camp* at a church right here in our neighbourhood. I was going to a *Godly Play* training session and wandered into the gym to find tents set up and was shown how some had board games, some crafting supplies and so on. Apparently, it was over-subscribed, so had a waiting list and sadly had to turn folk away to find something similar at a community centre maybe.

Despite rumours to the contrary, it doesn't always rain here, but I have wondered if we could—if we should consider offering a similar day-camp for a week one summer. Could be fun!

Have a great summer.

UPCOMING EVENTS

JUNE, JULY, AUGUST & SEPTEMBER

June

- 17th Parish Picnic, Chaldecott Park
24th Deanery Picnic

July

- 3rd Canada Day Monday, office closed

August

- 26th Bach Project III Concert

September

- 9th Welcome Back Sunday

CONTACT US

Phone: 604-224-3238

Rector
The Rev'd Stuart Hallam
rector@stpdunbar.com

Spiritual Director
The Rev'd Dr. Marilyn Hames
mhames@stpdunbar.com

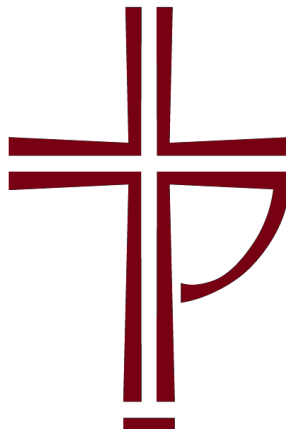
Organist
Michael Murray
mmurray@stpdunbar.com

Church School Coordinator
Deb Hamilton
debsham11@telus.net

Parish Manager
Elizabeth Vondette
manager@stpdunbar.com

Wardens: Craig Wilson,
Diana Bragg

Associate Wardens: Charlotte French,
Debbie Matheson



Summer Offering

For those of you who receive
the POST by email,
you may use the DONATE NOW
button on our webpage:

www.stphilipsdunbar.com