

The Messenger

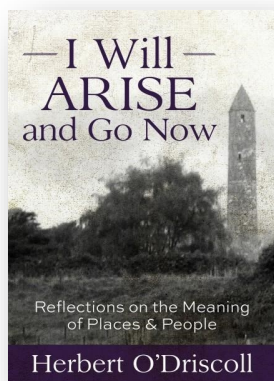
Holy Week 2021

Reverend's Reflections - Walk in Peace

A favourite pin of mine came as a surprise, with a pair of walking shoes. It says, "Walk in Peace". I wear the pin frequently, and appreciate how it gently reminds me to consider conscientiously the way I am entering different situations. I don't always manage to walk in peace, but it is something I contemplate and hope to live into as I go.

One aspect of my walking-in-peace journey is in relationship to the Community of Francis and Clare (<https://cfcfranciscans.org>) where I am currently a postulant, working towards making promises as a novice in June. This Franciscan community is dispersed (with members living in the UK, the US, Canada and Mexico). We meet via Zoom for prayer and conversation about how to live faithfully into our promises of humility, simplicity and fidelity. This vocation tucks into my vocation as a priest, and the promises we make as novices are seen as an extension of our baptismal promises.

Baptismal promises are echoed in one of our congregation's favourite hymns, *Come and Journey*, written by our dear friend, Herb O'Driscoll. The tune and text mingle in ways that energize us as we try to walk in peace with Jesus from cradle, to seaside, from weddings to burials, upper rooms and along the Via Dolorosa.



Herb's new book, *I Will Arise and Go Now*, is a collection of stories that span his travels as a boy in Ireland, through his seminary days and early ministry, and his later pilgrimages. The book is available at the Cathedral's new online bookstore (<https://the-robins-nest-online.myshopify.com>), and you can request an autographed plate for the book. At the online book launch in March, Herb talked about how he meanders through time and space in the book and how the reader is invited to do the same, contemplating his/her own stories as they mingle with his. I think this is a good description of pilgrimage.

As we wander through our second Lent in pandemic, we do so, grateful for the vaccination roll out and for each person we hear who has received an inoculation. It helps bring us closer to the time when we can worship together, share meals, lively conversations, singing and laughter.



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There are so many feature articles that I could not list them here. Thank you to our wonderful contributors that are a reflection of our St. Mike's family.

Please explore this edition with the love and prayers from your editors as you walk with us through Holy Week.

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Reverend's Reflections - continued

Another dimension of pilgrimage is discipline – to keep walking, to rest, to take water and nourishment along the way. I am grateful for the stories you have shared in this Messenger, of the ways you have shaped this long season, and for the many ways you have continued to journey with Jesus through isolation, Zoom grids, line ups and roll outs.

Our Pastoral Care team is working to put together a *Walk through Holy Week* care package, a brown-bag pilgrimage that will take you from Palm Sunday to Easter. For each day there are prayer practices to try, and even one or two to taste. The Altar Guild coordinated a safe protocol for folding palm crosses, and these will be included in your parcel, allowing us a new way of praying and worshipping together, even while we are apart.

May Christ come near and help us walk in peace as we continue stepping forward faithfully.



Dawna Wall

From the Archives... Support and Schooling for Orphans in Uganda

During the early years of this century, Brigid Peer made several visits to Mengo Hospital (Kampala, Uganda) as a volunteer nursing instructor. In those years the AIDS epidemic was rampant, and many young children became orphaned as they lost first one and then both parents; many were left on the brink of starvation. Then Brigid got to hear about “Prayers & Porridge”, a programme started by a native woman (Sara) to rescue abandoned orphans in her remote village of Sakiya. Brigid visited Sakiya, and returned to Canada with a wonderful plan as to how St Michael's could be of real practical help.

First we sent gifts of money to help Sara increase the sustenance that she was able to supply to the children, while gifts of gardening tools enabled them to learn how to grow their own food. Soon the children began to flourish - dull expressions changed to bright, eager smiles, and local adults also started to care for and encourage them. Our Sunday School children sent all their collection money to Sakiya; some even carried out their own fundraising; others wrote letters. In due course all the children of grade-school age could attend school, which was State provided and free. But the older ones needed to attend a High School or Community College for training so that they could be employed in a gainful occupation, and those were sponsored individually by St. Michael's parishioners. At one point we sponsored 17 school-children, giving over \$5000. It is good to recall that the Sunday School of St. George's Church, Cadboro Bay, joined and increased this endeavour.

What commenced as a pilgrimage on the part of Brigid (and accompanied on two separate occasions by Gillian Roe and Sally Tuckey) enabled our own youngsters to develop an understanding of the needs of the Third World and the difficult and different lives led by their young Sakiyan friends. It taught how to translate the cost of a packet of seeds or a simple garden tool into the provision of staple foods for a whole family, and it enabled many starving youngsters to develop into valuable citizens of their country.

Source: Mission & Outreach Report, 2004



Friends of Mengo Hospital Canada (FOMH(C))

raises funds for Mengo Hospital in Kampala, Uganda, providing support for sustainable health care.

Please visit <http://www.mengofriends.ca/> to learn about Mengo Hospital and how you can support this initiative.



Guild Goings-On

What will the Women's Guild look like in 2021? With the weather warming up, we should be able to hold a safe, socially distanced meeting outdoors, and April is a good month to begin. For example, we might use our outdoor worship space, with members bringing their own food and beverages for lunch and a walk on the labyrinth either before or after a brief meeting. So - Ladies! - mark your calendars for Tuesday, April 13th at noon in the outdoor worship space.

Guild funds will be used to supply the "pretzels" included in the Easter packages for Parishioners, as we will not be able to hand out chocolates on Easter Sunday as is our custom. In-person worship in the Diocese is suspended until April 12th, but some of us will have had our first vaccinations by then. We have a few new things to discuss, including Spring donations and a proposal for an exciting "stitching project". I hope Diana Caleb will be able to attend and help me speak to this new initiative.

Phyllis Fatt has planted many tomato seedlings, and plans to co-ordinate a sale of them plus other plants at her home in May, and - who knows? - we may be able to do something outside in our church grounds!

Painting the upper hall will be the Smile Card Fund-Raising Project. From May 2021 to April 2022 we will be painting the upper hall. In 2022 we will celebrate 100 years of gathering in the Littler Hall.

All women of the parish are welcome to our first gathering in well over a year. Come, reconnect, and enjoy the fellowship!

Submitted by Lenore English



Outdoor Worship Area Update

Four memorial benches arrived on March 12 and are now waiting to be installed in the outdoor area. Two of the benches are family memorials, one is in honour of St Michael's past choristers and organists, and the fourth celebrates St Michael's Sunday School students and teachers - past, present and future.

The Labyrinth has been seeded and we hope rainfall will help it germinate over the coming months. We would like people to donate and plant deer resistant herbs, flowers, and shrubs along the perimeter. Deer resistant herbs include thyme, sage and Bee Balm. Flowers and bulbs that work include Foxglove, cyclamen, and daffodils. Indian Plum, Ocean Spray and Snowberry are all native shrubs that do well in shade. If you have some of these plants on your property or wish to purchase or propagate them to help with the landscaping of the area, please let Dawna know, or contact Christine Eschman (ceschman@gmail.com or 250-658-8371).

A big thank-you to a parishioner who contributed foxglove and sage plants along with two bags of soil. These plants are a welcome sight around the perimeter of the labyrinth. Help with planting donations would be greatly appreciated, and also help with watering the new plants when you are visiting. Watering cans are on a shelf in the belfry.

Submitted by Christine Eschman

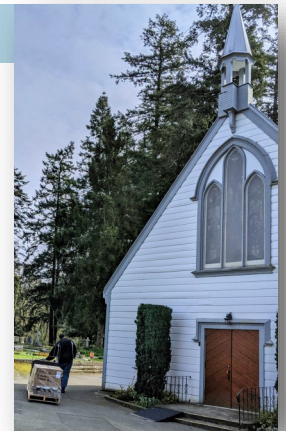


Wardens' Window

As we pass the first anniversary of our modified church services, we can now see light at the end of the tunnel. The Provincial Health Officer has indicated there can soon be a resumption of worship services, and we are anticipating direction from the Diocese as to how we can resume our regular worship services. Unfortunately we cannot celebrate Easter together, but we are on the road to normality. As soon as we have the information, we will begin planning our reopening.

Meanwhile, the outdoor worship area is progressing well; the labyrinth is complete and we await the growing season so that we can start to fill out the little spaces. Our first batch of benches for the outdoor area has arrived, and will soon be installed. Many thanks to Christine Eschman for her leadership in this project.

I ask everyone to continue to be patient, to enjoy Dawna, Colleen and Angela's services on-line, and – perhaps - to take a walk in the outdoor worship area.



Submitted by Stan Willow

The Internal Road

The idea of pilgrimage is more than a trip to some distant destination; it is linked to a personal or spiritual quest. According to Webster's Dictionary, a pilgrimage is **a journey of a pilgrim, especially one to a shrine or a sacred place, or it can be the course of life on earth.**

Then there is the Wikipedia definition: **A journey, often into an unknown or foreign place, where a person goes in search of new or expanded meaning about self, others, nature, or a higher good, through the experience. It can lead to a personal transformation, after which the pilgrim returns to daily life.**

I am sure that each of us has met the conditions of pilgrimage in either of these definitions. The important common theme is that we are improved in some way through undertaking that journey.

I have been thinking about journeys this year as we are restricted from taking one in the foreseeable future. Last March my family and I were caught in San Diego at the outset of Covid 19 and had to return early in accordance with the national directive to return home. Not exactly a pilgrimage, but it did set my frame of mind for the topic. I have travelled in over 27 countries, although not all of them in vacation mode or when the locals were welcoming guests to their area. I have had moments when I fervently prayed for survival during danger, and was exceedingly grateful when I was able to walk away. All of these were episodes that changed me in one way or another - but they were not pilgrimages. I had to think deeper to identify what my pilgrimage has been.

The most important journey I made was not physically walking somewhere but took place here at home, in my head. I walked an internal road, passing and reflecting on each moment in my past, both the good and the bad. They were my milestones and points of reflection. I made internal reviews of my life through each of these pivotal points in my life and recognized the changes and challenges they created. I reflected on my contributions to my family, to society and to God's teachings. I reassessed my contribution as a person in this world that we all inhabit. I believe I became a better person and a more caring person. The road was not easy; self-assessment rarely is.



I realized, however, that I was not a person who was adrift. I did learn to be more tolerant of others, to trust in God's teachings and how to apply them daily. I must say my journey is not finished, nor do I think I will ever finish it. The aim is not Maslow's fifth level, but to be a better Christian. It is a pilgrimage I am happy to walk. I wish you God speed in your journey, whether it be spiritual, personal, or physical.

Submitted by Stan Willow

Pilgrims, Pagans and Pubs

The Prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* goes:

"Bifil that on that seson, on a day, In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage"

The "seson" referred to is Spring, when "longen folk to goon on pilgrimages". Many folk in England would travel to Canterbury Cathedral (where Thomas à Becket, the "holy blissful martyre", had been murdered in 1170). Southwerk (now Southwark) is a borough of London on the south side of the Thames, and the Tabard was (at least in the 14th century) the most popular inn for pilgrims to congregate before they headed out to Canterbury. Travelling on a pilgrimage provided not only physical benefits but also 'brownie points' that could be presented at the Pearly Gates, in the hope of giving the bearer thereof better chance of admission.

I grew up in "Southwerk" and went to a primary school on Tabard Road, where the Tabard Inn was located (until 1676, when it burned down). My entire youth was defined geographically by pubs. I was born on a lane named after the White Hart pub, and grew up listening to the roar of the crowds from the White Hart Lane Stadium, home of Tottenham Hotspur Football club. When I was still in diapers we moved to a house on the New Kent Road midway between the Elephant and Castle and the Bricklayers Arms, and as a child I often fell asleep to the serenades of the drunks leaving those pubs (and the numerous others in our area) at 'chucking out' time. The serenades were often accompanied by the slamming of car doors and the squeal of tyres as the drunks drove away from their parking spots outside our house. Thanks to an unknown Luftwaffe bomb-aimer there was no shortage of parking space outside our house. The buildings on the opposite side of the New Kent Road had all been levelled by a bomb in 1943, offering us boys a huge playground in the 'bomb ruins' in which to play (naturally) war games.

The New Kent Road is an extension of the Old Kent Road, the main route between London and Canterbury (a trip of about 50 miles), one of England's main pilgrimage routes. My family travelled the first mile of that pilgrimage route just about every Saturday during my childhood. Saturday was shopping day, and at the end of the day we would all head down the Old Kent Road (in the direction of Canterbury) to a bakery and a grocery which, just before closing, sold off any remaining items at a huge discount. (The shopkeepers did observe the Sabbath back then). If we were lucky we might 'score' a bag of day-old English muffins which, toasted and buttered, were a favourite treat for our afternoon tea.

Despite its spiritual connotations, to "goon on pilgrimage" is not necessarily a sober undertaking. For Chaucer's pilgrims it was evidently a fun social event, with each pilgrim required to tell a story en route to help pass the time. Some of the stories told by the Canterbury Pilgrims are really bawdy. I was quite disappointed to discover that the set work from the *Canterbury Tales* for A-level English Literature in 1964 was the relatively boring *Pardoner's Tale*. Fortunately, another set work was Fielding's *Tom Jones*, which had just come out as a movie. Needless to say, we A-level Literature students all saw the movie several times and didn't bother reading the book.



Pilgrims or pagans? We have no Pardoner to banish our sins (for a fee), and the need to appeal to the Lamb of God (the *Agnus Dei*) is now felt unnecessary in our liturgy, yet perversely by introducing the *Trisagion* instead our requests for mercy have increased. More debate on this sinless subject, and how other Pilgrims fared, in the next Messenger.

Submitted by Tony Booker

Walking Group

I really don't want to invoke the "C" word, but I am going to have to. "COVID" has had a huge impact on our lives, not the least of which has been the isolation of so many during lockdown. There is only so much reading, baking or whatever anyone can do within the four walls before cabin-fever sets in. So as our COVID journey continues with still no clear end in sight, we have been truly fortunate that we have been able to continue the Walking Group.

Prior to COVID our choice of location tended to be fairly random, driven by predicted weather or somewhere we hadn't been for a while. But now we are conscious of selecting trails or walks where the path is wide enough to fulfil the need for social distancing. Fortunately, some of our favourite places to visit, like Tod Inlet, can accommodate this requirement, but some of our other walks cannot. Therefore, to maintain variety, we have had to come up with some new locations.

Most of the "regulars" in the Walking Group have annual memberships to The Butchart Gardens, and when that was discovered we decided to try it as a walk. Our first visit to Butchart was in January; whilst mostly in winter slumber, even at that time of the year the garden is still lovely. Quieter without the rush of tourist traffic we had the space to meander around, admiring the creativity of some excellent gardeners. The coffee shop at the end of the walk is also a pleasant stop to warm up on a winter's day. That first walk prompted us to decide that it will become a regular throughout the year so that we can watch the garden transform through the seasons. February's walk in the garden was just after the big snowfall when other trails were impassable. The garden was a winter wonderland cloaked in a blanket of snow. In March the delight was the "Spring Prelude", where the old restaurant has been transformed into a botanical wonderland including a pond replete with koi!

Though our weekly walks aren't "journeys" per se, I'd like to think we will be pursuing a year-long journey to appreciate the transforming beauty of this local landmark.

Walks take place every Friday morning, weather permitting starting promptly at 10:30 am and last about an hour. Everyone is welcome to join for a stroll and chat. Please phone Linda at 250-479-0113 or email Ricky at ricky.love@shaw.ca if you plan to join one of the walks.

April Walks (Tentative)

- ♦ **April 2nd:** Swan Lake
- ♦ **April 9th:** Butchart Gardens
- ♦ **April 16th:** Elk Lake
- ♦ **April 23rd:** Charlie's Trail

Future walks will be confirmed and posted on the parish calendar.



Butchart Christmas tree in January



Butchart in the snow in February



Butchart "Spring Prelude" in March



Todd Inlet

Oberammergau and Drumheller

Away back in the year 2000 some folks at church were talking about its being an Oberammergau performance year. I remember expressing an interest in attending some day, and was reminded that it is only performed every ten years.

Since I didn't think I would actually get to Germany, my husband and I decided to go to Drumheller (Alberta) in 2006 to see the Passion play which is performed there every year. Another couple of our friends were interested in going with us, so we booked tickets to the play, packed our RVs, and went on our way through the beautiful scenery, camping along the way to Alberta.

The Passion play is performed in the Badlands outside Drumheller in a natural amphitheatre. The temperature is almost unbelievably hot, but we followed instructions to wear large hats, an ice collar, and to take a spray bottle of water and water to drink. Volunteers also went through the crowd, giving folks a cool water spray.

The play was presented in a simple setting with very enjoyable music. No microphones were required because of the natural amphitheatre. For the ascension 'Jesus' climbed the stairs through the crowd into a host of angels which ringed the theatre. It was very moving.

Part of the fun of being in a nearby campground was that many of the actors were there too. One lady who I met told me her granddaughter was Jairus's daughter.

Another bonus to being in Drumheller was touring the fabulous Dinosaur Museum, but that's another story.

Now in 2010 I actually went to Germany with three of my nursing buddies, to attend Oberammergau's *Passionsspiele*. This production was, of course, elaborate, professional and amazing and huge, and the choir, well, ... wow. They were all dressed alike in long tunics and turbans in order of height, with the shortest in the centre. There was a lot of choreography involved in their exits and their entrances, and the music was wonderful.

Since the play is in German, we were given textbooks with translation into English. This was very helpful for the afternoon session of three hours. However, the evening session of another three hours was in the dark, so we could not use our texts. If we had known we would have brought flashlights, so that was unfortunate. We were, of course, all familiar with the story but there was a play within a play, which took us back to old testament prophecy, etc. Isaiah was quite easy but not some of the others.

The performance was very grand, in fact almost overwhelming, and we would have been more pleased to have it divided into two daytime sessions, allowing ourselves more time to ponder and discuss. Certainly a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Submitted by Nancy Whysker



*Drumheller's
Passion Play*

*Oberammergau's
Passionsspiele*



A Journey with Words and Deeds

During a church service at Christmas 2019, each member of the congregation was invited to take a star out of a basket. Each star bore a single word. My word was "Patience", but I was **not** patient! I felt angry at God and asked for guidance. No answer came. It seemed that God thought it best to let me stew about it and find the answer for myself...



The answer came in the form of an Epiphany "Aha!" moment. Having been an athlete and a ballet dancer, I discovered my niche in teaching physical exercises - mobility for seniors like myself - and suddenly became aware that that was where my path might lie. We started up "Mobility for Seniors", and everyone seemed to enjoy, and benefit from, the classes. When Covid-19 lockdown was imposed in early 2020 I was frustrated; our exercise group could no longer gather weekly in the hall for its sessions as we had for the past three years. Well, that is where "Patience" came in.

I contacted the members of the class and offered to teach them in their private residences, socially distanced, for half an hour each, and (as before) at no charge. The experiment proved successful, but another lockdown towards the end of the year again threw a wrench into the plans, and rather than face fines, or resentment from neighbours, we decided to end the sessions until further notice.

Naturally we were all disappointed, as we had established a wonderful way of keeping safe and healthy in an unusual situation. We missed the companionship too, and sadly everyone retreated to home isolation.

Amazingly, God still had another plan for me. In the Fall of 2020 I was invited to help an elderly lady who had been totally blind for over 60 years, so for two days a week I have been providing help and companionship to this unique individual. In her turn, the blind lady has become not only a friend but also a teacher, as she helps me to understand that physical disabilities do not prevent a person from living a full life of blessings.

The amazing stories of that life which she has been sharing with me are testament to the happy fact. We also found much in common, and the sharing enriches our hours together.

Curiously enough, I asked to pick another star at Christmas 2020, and this time it bore the word "Sharing".



Submitted by Valda Kitching

My name is Bill

I was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1875. When I had finished my schooling I tried a number of different jobs but nothing seemed to pan out for me. In 1896 I heard about the "free" land in Canada. Apparently, the Canadian government was offering 160 acres of virgin farmland to settlers, virtually for the asking.

I saw this was great news, and was soon caught up in the wave of would-be settlers who were setting off to the New World. I sailed out of Liverpool in 1903 on the SS Teutonic bound for New York, and severed family ties. (I never returned to England - in fact, in later years I heard that my siblings presumed that I had joined the army and had been killed in the Great War).

I'll not bother you with the details of finding work in New York. I managed to make a little money in that bustling hive of humanity before crossing over to Canada. My timing could not have been better. When I arrived in Winnipeg everyone was talking about the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway (GTP). This company had just been formed to build a railway west from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast. They were hiring workers and I got a good job straight away.

Continued on next page...



My Name is Bill Continued

When I was working with GTP I met a fellow traveler who, like me, wanted to work just long enough to put a few dollars aside as a grub stake before heading up to the prairies to acquire some free land before it was all gobbled up by the people coming from eastern Europe. We had been hearing about the great Peace River Country and how settlers had begun to arrive at Grande Prairie. To make a long story short, soon after the rail reached Fort George (now Prince George) we implemented our plan to make our way to the Peace River country. It was quite a pilgrimage.

When we reached Grande Prairie - a small settlement near the British Columbia and Alberta border, we asked a local settler if he thought we could make a start if we each had \$500. Here is his answer:



**You'll want a yoke of oxen. They will cost about \$225 if you get them at Edmonton. (They will live and work on hay, whereas horses need oats when it comes to hard work.) \$12 will buy the harness.*

**Never mind the wagon. Come in during the wintertime over the snow. Get a sled and save \$30.*

**A breaking plow costs about \$23 for a good 12 inch one, and another \$15 will buy a harrow.*

**Put a scythe in if you like, but if you settle with other people, you can always hire a mower.*

**For a year's supply of grub for one man you will need 300 pounds of flour; bacon, lard, sugar, beans and salt (a 100 pounds of each.) Put in a couple boxes of dried fruit and about 20 pounds apiece of tea and coffee.*

**Besides the above you'll want baking powder and a few other things, but you can find those at the store.*

**The above essentials will cost you about \$375.*

**Blankets are necessary. Hudson Bay four point blankets are the best. They weigh 12 pounds and cost \$8.50. Two of them will keep an iceberg warm.*

**One needs a canvas for the sled load, which will, if need be, serve also as a tent, or as a ground sheet, or as a bed cover. Cooking pots and pans, axes and tools are also necessary but \$500 will cover the lot if judiciously laid out and still leave one with \$50 dollars for ready cash in your pocket.*

**That's all you need. There's any amount of work to be had. You can get \$5 an acre for breaking land, and although some days you would earn more, I think \$7 a day is a good average.*

**\$500 will be sufficient. Sure, look, when you get up there you can file on a homestead, do as much work as you can for yourself and work out for others as well."*

It took the work of some years and a great deal of money to change a homestead into a paying farm. Many homesteaders ran winter trap lines to get ready cash. The settlers were dependent on their vegetable gardens and moose meat and venison. Earliest crops were flailed out. The first threshing machine was owned by a settler. He told me that a cog wheel broke and repairs to allow finishing the stack threshing were not obtained until the next spring.

But don't get the idea that life was all work. Everyone attended the social gatherings. If attendance implied bringing the family milking cow as well as the family, that was accepted and done. Small community centres developed roughly 7-8 miles apart so that the centre could be reached via team and wagon or buggy. Many of these communities would have a community hall, church and eventually post office and store (often combined). It gave me great satisfaction when my wife and I were instrumental in getting a church built and established in our town.

I clearly remember the opening of the first major hall in the south Peace where I resided. It was mid-July 1915. We had two days of sports, including log rolling on the river and tug-of-war with dancing on the two nights to a fiddlers' orchestra from Grande Prairie. Many other wing-dings took place over the years.

Life was good

Submitted by Jim Bullen

My name is Meg

Nowadays my journey from Scotland to Western Canada could have been accomplished in one day by plane. But in 1928 it involved two long train trips with a transatlantic voyage in between, so took much longer. But I was young and on a mission so did not notice how weary I was by the time I arrived.

Prior to leaving home I had a lovely job in a candy shop, but I longed to be married and have a family. However, like many other young ladies of that time, I found that eligible men were in short supply because of the horrible loss of soldiers in the First World War, so I became penfriend to a Canadian police officer and was on my way to Edmonton to get to know him with a view to marriage. He knew a busy farmer's wife with a little boy and girl who had agreed to house me in return for help with the children – a dream job from my point of view.

My dreams were shattered when my pen pal failed to meet me from the train. Instead the farmer himself came with a message that the policeman had been posted away and changed his mind about marriage. To make matters worse, the farmer's wife had passed away, leaving him with two children and no one to look after them. What a quandary! He was tall, dark and handsome, friendly and conversational, but it would not have been proper for me to live with him in an isolated farmhouse even with two children under three to act as chaperones. To cut a long story short he proposed to me and we were married in three days.

The children, Anne and John, were sweethearts and I felt that God had sent me as a special emissary to be their "new mother" and to help them build successful lives. They were soon joined by two more, Sandy and Jimmy. Sadly, Sandy died after a tragic accident in our farmyard. We believed that he might have lived had there been a nearby hospital to give him the treatment he needed. So we set about raising funds to build one. Even at the height of the depression we managed this and our hospital opened a couple of years later. Our community did not have a church, either, and we wanted our children to have a traditional Christian upbringing especially with church services and a Sunday School, so once again we set about helping to raise funds and this was soon accomplished.

My days on the farm were very busy. I made butter, cheese, rolls, bread and scones for the family, soup from my home grown vegetables, and mammoth meals for farmhands and for the frequent droppers in who used our farmhouse as a hostel as they travelled across the prairie looking for work, often sleeping under the kitchen table if all the beds were full. I managed the farm and business affairs at home when my husband was away on trips to purchase cattle or in connection with his other business enterprises.

Most importantly, I gave the children a secure and loving home and all the attention and affection they needed. As a result they remained close and happy and I felt my mission was accomplished.

Fourteen years after my epic journey from Scotland to Canada, calamity struck when my husband's health deteriorated. After a painful illness he died quietly at home of cancer. He was greatly missed in the community, by me, and by his family.

His name was Bill.



Submitted by Chris Bullen

collectionscanada.gc.ca

Homesteads

By terms of the Dominion Lands Act, once Crown land in western Canada had been surveyed and subdivided into quarter-sections and advertised as available for settlement, individuals could make application for parcels of it. Each male head of a household, albeit but one person, was eligible for one quarter-section, although in the absence of a male a female head of a household was eligible. Once the application was approved, the individual was required to clear at least 10 acres of it, undertake some cultivation, have a habitable dwelling and some farm buildings, and live on the land for six months a year for three years. After three years from the date of application, the applicant could file for title to the land, and indeed, was required to file for title within five years of the date of application. Upon verification by a Homestead Inspector that the duties had been fulfilled, title was invariably granted although, by this time the applicant must have become a British Subject.

The boundaries of the *Dominion Peace River Block* stretched 35 miles north and south of the Peace River for a distance of 74 miles west of the Alberta boundary - altogether 3,500,000 acres. Surveyors established the base lines for the Block prior to 1907 and the Dominion government opened the southeastern corner of the block for homesteading in 1912.

Along the baseline, surveyors established Townships. Each Township was 6 miles both north–south and east–west extent and contained 36 sections each 1 mile square. Sections were numbered within townships, beginning with the southeast section. Each section was divided into four *quarter sections* (square land parcels roughly 1/2 mile on a side). The quarter sections were named: southeast, southwest, northwest and northeast. This survey and quarter-section description was used by the settlers to identify the area they had selected.

Each homesteader could apply for one quarter section (160 acres).

The above was the general condition, but there were many exceptions made so that other family members could acquire adjacent sections or portions of sections, etc., taking into account that more than 160 acres were needed to make the farm a viable operation.

Distance

The chain was used as the unit of linear measurement.

- 1 Chain = 100 links or 66 feet
- 1 Mile = 80 chains or 5,280 feet
- 1 Chain = 4 Rods

Area Measurement

- 1 Acre = 10 square chains or 43,560 square feet.
- 1 Square Mile or 1 section = 640 acres

Submitted by Jim Bullen



collectionscanada.gc.ca

The Ware homestead,
near Brooks, Alberta.

Pause for Poetry

Reflecting in Nature

2020, for most of the year,
I didn't go far, and just stayed near.

Victoria has some wonderful walks,
So, I set out for nearby forests and parks.

Happy to have friends who like to hike,
We went on foot, though some like to bike.

A friend in my building likes to walk in the woods.
With Elk Lake nearby, we were lucky we could.

After the trees, we'd arrive at the lake,
Where we'd relax and enjoy a break.

The water so tranquil, sometimes we'd spy,
The national team rowers, gliding by.

Another friend likes to go here and there,
At the seaside, we were a strolling pair.

At Cordova Bay and Cadboro too,
Skipping rocks in the water is what we would do.

In Caddy Bay with my friend named Anne,
We'd eat Japanese sushi at Mutsuki-an.



This was the hymn that was
sung at Camp Columbia's
last night of the camp.
It was sung to Stainer's
tune, *All For Jesus*.



We climbed Christmas Hill, went to Thetis Lake,
Hiked at Mount Doug - after that one we flaked.

Finnerty Cove was beautiful to see,
With many a twisted Arbutus tree.

On UVic's Ring Road round the campus we'd harken
To Mystic Vale and Finnerty Gardens.

Forests and mountains, streams and hills,
Victoria has so many outdoor thrills.

The toll of last year, and so far, this one too,
Has made us reflect on good things we can do.

We help our neighbours, pray for folks in need,
Always remembering those with Covid 19.

As we observe Lent, and Easter draws near,
Saint Michael's has contemplated listening this year.

We endeavour to listen more carefully to others.
In God's world we are all sisters and brothers

We know now to listen to our own heart, soul and mind,
And remember always to be calm, safe and kind.

Submitted by Janet O'Meara

Take us on the Quest of Beauty,
Poet Seer of Galilee.
Making all our dreams creative,
Through their fellowship with Thee.

Take us on the Quest of Knowledge,
Clearest Thinker man has known,
Make our minds sincere and patient,
Satisfied with Truth alone.

Take us on the Quest of Service,
Kingly Servant of man's needs.
Let us work with Thee for others,
Anywhere Thy purpose leads.

All along our Quest's far pathways,
Christ our Leader and our Guide.
Make us conscious of Thy Presence,
Walking always at our side.

Submitted by Margaret Eagle

Philosophical Ponderings (or Contradictions)

Some important philosophical questions on life

- ◆ Why do supermarkets make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front?
- ◆ Why do people order double cheeseburgers, large fries, and a diet coke?
- ◆ Why do banks leave vault doors open and then chain the pens to the counters?
- ◆ Why do we leave cars worth thousands of dollars in our driveways and put our useless junk in the garage?
- ◆ Why does the sun lighten our hair but darken our skin?
- ◆ Why can't women put on mascara with their mouths closed?
- ◆ Why don't you ever see the headline 'Psychic Wins Lottery'?
- ◆ Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavouring, and dishwashing liquid made with real lemons?
- ◆ Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?
- ◆ Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called the rush hour?
- ◆ Why isn't there mouse-flavoured cat food?
- ◆ Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?
- ◆ Why do they sterilize the needle for lethal injections?
- ◆ You know that indestructible black box that is used on airplanes? Why don't they make the whole plane out of that stuff?
- ◆ Why don't sheep shrink when it rains?
- ◆ Why are they called apartments when they are all stuck together?
- ◆ If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?
- ◆ In the UK, why does it say Road Works when it doesn't?

Thomas Jefferson has the last word:

- ◆ When the people fear their government, there is tyranny; when the government fears the people, there is liberty.

Submitted by Linda Dryden

The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

By Sir Walter Raleigh
Submitted by Rosalind Taylor



My Covid Journey

My Covid journey has been a little different than most. When the church closed its doors, my life took a busy turn instead of slowing down.

I have been filming since our first attempt in the church, to moving to Dawna's house and yard, and then finally into the outdoor worship area. During the year, I have acquired tools to help produce a more polished video. First was a "dead cat" cover for the microphone; it stops the wind noise. Then was a new camera in the summer, (have you noticed how "in focus" everyone is now?), followed by clip-on wireless microphones. Recently I added an LED light and power station. Just this week I added a special box for plugging in two microphones – no more losing one of them to static. But more than these worldly things, I have learned so much in my journey as a Christian. Being a cradle Anglican, I fell into doing the "Anglican Mumble" so prevalent in congregations with Common Prayer. First hearing the service live at close range, then editing it and adding text, has resulted in really paying attention to learn and hear what is being said. I was a diehard BCP fan, but over the last year I am hearing little snippets of what I grew up with, in lots of new ways to worship. Dawna has taught me so much about liturgy, how to put the service together in the prescribed order, what different parts are called, and how they fit into the service. I have learned from the sermons insight into the bible readings and different ways of looking at the bible stories I learned growing up. I have a greater appreciation for the power of poetry. Typing out the words for the readings helps me focus on what is being said and I can pick up some of the subtlety. My favourite part of the service is when Dawna speaks of the Christ who has befriended me. To know that and accept it has been a great comfort to me. My faith has matured over the past year.

My camera skills have increased too. The service we present now is sooooo much better quality than when we first started, and the sound and visuals have greatly improved. I have learned on the fly how to figure out how to produce what Dawna envisions. The software I use to make the movie makes many tasks easier to do but is very buggy. (Back on February 27 the service went completely missing for 6 hours, until Tristan finally figured it out and I was back in business). I truly enjoy producing a video for you to engage with each week. There are always challenges, and sometimes we just can't do a second (or third) take and have to work with what we've recorded. If you have any suggestions for improvements or things we could do to make the video flow better for you, let me know. We can always improve.

On Monday we usually settle on a time to film by consulting several online weather services. We aim for Wednesday or Thursday if possible. Once a time is decided upon, Dawna lines up the readers and gives them their reading for the week. If they are not able to read at the set time, I try to accommodate their needs and film when convenient, even if it means another trip to the church or their home. At the set time the worship area is set up and everyone trickles in, safely distanced and masked. The readers go first so that they can leave the area quickly. Dawna and Colleen are recorded (and many bloopers), the worship area is cleaned up and I head home to edit. At the same time, I get files sent to me for the music for the week from Barb and Tony. Joan Clement also contributes some amazing videos of distant choir members singing in their own homes. Thursday and Friday are my main editing days. Sometimes things fall into place perfectly; other times it takes more work. Dawna is my proof-reader, and as she makes suggestions I edit and upload new versions of the service with the corrections. This might be once, or there

might be three or four versions. I try to finish it off on Saturday morning or at the very least Saturday afternoon. The final version is approved, then uploaded to Vimeo and YouTube. After several hours - or even the next day, YouTube automatically generates the subtitles. I then edit them for final use. Let me know how I can make the service more accessible for you.

I am excited to see where our journey goes next.

Submitted by Angela Goddard
abgoddard@telus.net



The Choir's Covid Journey



Does the picture below look like an earthquake seismograph recording?

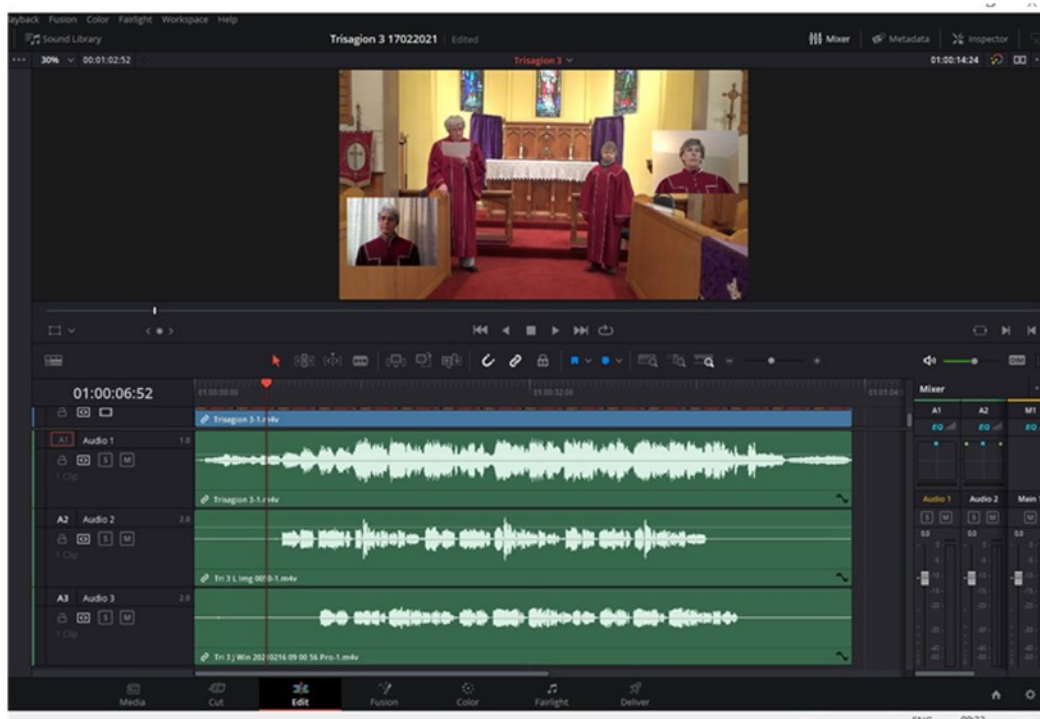
In a way, it is an earthquake – a ‘voicequake’.

Before Christmas, amid increasing restrictions brought about by the virus, the choir tried a variety of ways to bring music into our recorded services. This was fairly successful until the cold and wet weather prevented any further recording outdoors. The only option open to us was to try remote recording. Thus began our pilgrimage into an unknown and foreign space.

Over Christmas we were able to get singers to record their parts at home after receiving the organ or piano music from Tony and photographer Barb. Our pilgrimage was fraught with obstacles: extended preparation times, finding a recording space in our homes, learning how to make recordings using headphones, sending recordings to a ‘techie’, and then getting the separate recordings edited to produce a single piece of choral music. Although at the time we could not give a good video of all the singers, we could sync the audio to provide our Christmas music of anthems and carols.

Since Christmas the pilgrimage route changed course in spite of now being permitted to have only one singer in the church. The ‘techie’ was finally able to sync video with the audio to produce what you see below, as well as anthems for St. Michael’s services. This has been a true pilgrimage into an unknown land.

Trisagion – three-part round



Holy God...

Holy God...

Holy God, Holy and mighty, Holy Immortal One have mercy upon us.

Submitted by Joan Clement

Down to Toulouse

As with all good journeys (and I have had many), you need a catalyst and planning. The catalyst for this journey was an invitation to a New Year's party from a friend in Toulouse. Two other couples we knew in London were also invited, but instead of flying there we decided to make it a road trip in our classic, tennis-ball yellow, BMW 2002 called Wimbey.



Now for the planning. We decided to break the journey up into manageable pieces, with two one-night stays en route. I bought a book of Chambres d'Hôtes (B & B) and we went to Stanford's map shop in London and bought a copy of the Michelin road guide. We poured over routes and accommodation that was open all year. Using the sample letter in the book, I wrote in French requesting accommodation and an evening meal. (We were not sure what we would find in these little places in between Christmas and New Year; no Google back then to check our possibilities). We then waited in hope. Four letters arrived back. These I took to a colleague at work, to ensure that our dictionary translation was correct and in one case to write back and confirm that we would be there as requested. Wimbey also got a makeover, with new tyres, routine maintenance and a tool kit in the trunk, just in case ...



My father waved us off early on Boxing Day and we set off for the Ramsgate - Dunkirk ferry. Our first stop was Bus St. Rémy, on the outskirts of Paris. Finding the little Chambres d'Hôte was tricky, but when at last we did find it, food and host were welcoming. Whilst feeding us regional hock stew, our hostess regaled us with stories from her time in Africa, escaping capture from the rebels in the Congo with a hand gun she was given.

Next day we went up into the Massif Central - Road to ourselves. switching back and forth, steadily climbing, stopping now and then so I could regain my equilibrium and not lose my breakfast.

Our next night was in Montroir. A beautiful farm with very fluffy chestnut cows that mooed through the kitchen window as Madame chatted to them while she cooked. She had no English and we had little French, so dictionary at the ready we discussed the lovely soup and what was in it. Next day was very cold, and we had to scrape the car while the engine ran, but even in sub zero temperatures Wimbey quickly became like a sauna on wheels. Our trip down to Toulouse was beautiful - until we searched for our road across the top of the outskirts of the city towards our friend's house. Thick fog then descended, and got thicker the nearer we got to Toulouse. In fact so thick we could only just see the road and not read the road signs at all. Plan B: We drove into the centre of the city in the rush hour and found the correct road with the assistance of streetlights, and then drove out in the direction we wanted.

We all squeezed into our friend's house and enjoyed some non-driving days. New Year's Eve started by being entertained by her young daughter demanding petit suisse at the top her young lungs sitting in her highchair. Once she was in bed, other guests started to arrive, bringing with them traditional things from their country. I remember a traditional regional fish soup served with green or black tapenade on toasted bread. There were oysters; those are very traditional - most markets have boxes of fresh oysters piled high outside, using natural cooling of the cold weather. A French guest made a great show of opening them for us. We rounded the evening playing party games, and celebrated the New Year with cooled champagne from our host's porch.

Submitted by Catie Oates

Annual General Meeting - Covid Style

On February 28th we gathered, via Zoom, for our parish annual General Meeting. Whilst tea and cookies had to be provided by each attendee themselves in their homes, it was still a lovely gathering with a lot of familiar faces we have missed over the past year.



Holy Week Care Package

Have you received your Holy Week Care Package? Mine was delivered to my door on Wednesday morning and was a delight to open. I was working and in an online meeting... so it was a great distraction to open the package and describe to my colleagues the contents - they were all impressed with my active Church!

A lot of thought and work went into creating these packages. It was also a rare opportunity to gather (socially distancing respected) to put them together with love. The pictures below reminded me of the fun times we have had in our Hall preparing for fairs and special occasions.

Thank you



Volunteer and See The World

I am recalling a very memorable journey that my husband (Gordon) and I made in November 2009, when we volunteered to take part in the Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter Work Project for *Habitat For Humanity*, entitled “The Mekong Build”. 82 houses were to be built in a newly created village called Nong Gon Gru, situated outside the city of Chaing Mai in Thailand. 82 families were chosen to work alongside 1500 volunteers from all over the world; the houses would become their homes.

We were proud to be chosen as part of the “Canadian Contingent”. Each participant paid \$1,500 USD for a package that included accommodation, meals, transport to and from the jobsite each day, some cultural events, and materials for the building. Days were 10 hours long, beginning at 5:30 am. As the infrastructure of the village had already been put in place by another team, our job was to work with the new home-owners for five days to take one of the 82 cinder-block houses to lock-up stage: walls, roof, windows and doors in place. The week was hectic, full of heavy manual labour during the daytime and amazing cultural events every night.

Both before and after the week of the build, we had glorious holiday stays in Bangkok and Phuket and in total we were away three weeks.

One moment we will never forget was a visit made to the jobsite by Jimmy Carter and his entourage of security agents. He spoke to the new homeowners individually and then to us volunteers as a group, thanking us for our time, money and talents and reminding us to remember that “the build was all about the families we were helping and not about us”. Those important words capture the essence of charitable work.

Once we were back home, Gordon was interviewed for a write-up in our local Boulevard magazine, where he was quoted as saying, “As with many volunteer opportunities, you realize how fortunate you are. If you mix volunteer work with travel, it adds that extra element. You get a sense of the *people*, something you might not get just as a tourist. Yes, we would do it again.”

Here we are 12 years later and we have our memories plus a treasured keepsake: an oil painting created by our homeowner. He was a “decorator of temples” in Thailand, and extremely talented. The picture holds pride of place in our house and reminds us daily of him and his family. We hope that they remain as happy and blessed in their home as we do in ours.

Submitted by Lenore English



Please visit the Habitat for Humanity website (<https://www.habitat.org/>) where you can find information about volunteering, making donations and the important projects underway around the world. For specific information about the projects described in the above article in Cambodia please visit the Cambodian site (<http://habitatcambodia.org/>).

Book Review

Pioneer Churches of Vancouver Island and the Salish Sea - *An Explorer's Guide*

Author: Liz Bryan

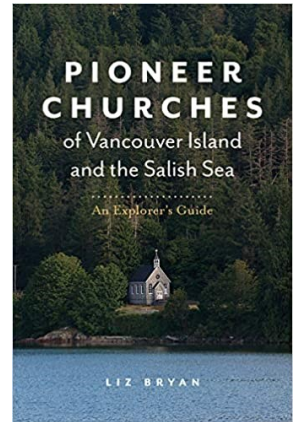
This recently published [2020] book is an introduction to the 46 surviving pioneer churches on Vancouver Island and the Salish Sea. It is divided into five geographical sections: Victoria, Esquimalt and Metchosin; The Saanich Peninsula; The Cowichan Valley; Salt Spring Island; Nanaimo and the North. Most of the churches are still in use in some way. Some have graveyards, and each one includes beautiful photographs and a written overview of its architecture, history and unique story.

Our church is featured on pages 63-65 in the Saanich Peninsula section, and there are well-illustrated maps marking our location on West Saanich Road.

I found this book to be full of beautiful photographs, interesting to read and easy to follow. It now joins the others in our home library that have valuable information about St. Michael and All Angels (Royal Oak) and the Diocese itself. I would recommend this book to all who are interested in historical landmarks. It can easily be purchased from all the major booksellers, and is just right as a special gift for someone (or to keep yourself).

We are blessed to worship in a building and grounds so full memories and history. Our site is a regional treasure and is on the Canadian Register of Historic Places. Its story is unique, and it is important to preserve that for future generations. Exploring in the graveyard, walking the labyrinth, and going inside the church to view the stained glass windows, to think and to pray, are an integral part of my life.

Submitted by Lenore English



Pilgrimage Themed Books for Children, Young Adults, & Adults

Paddington, by Michael Bond

This children's classic is cozy, funny, and whimsical — it follows a young bear, sent from the forests of Darkest Peru to London, where he is adopted by the Brown family.

The Little Prince, by Antoine De Saint Exupéry

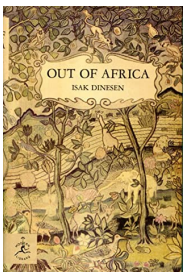
Another classic children's novel that walks the line between a philosophical fairy tale and a series of existential musings.

The Hobbit & The Fellowship of the Ring, by J.R.R. Tolkien

In some ways, Tolkien's epic Middle Earth novels defined pilgrimage and adventure. To avoid all the battle scenes and page-long ballads, I would recommend starting with (or re-reading) *The Hobbit* and/or *The Fellowship of the Ring*.

Always & Forever, Lara Jean, by Jenny Han

Jenny Han's young adult series follows 16-year-old Lara Jean as she navigates high school, relationships both platonic and romantic, and exploring the possibilities for her future.



Out of Africa, by Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen)

This is an intensely moving memoir about a Danish woman's journey to Africa, where she owns a coffee farm, and learns more about herself through the people she encounters along the way.

Submitted by Annalise Wall

Take God By The Hand

Over a hundred years ago a woman named Minnie Haskins wrote; *I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown'. And he said to me, 'Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way'*. I believe we need to hear these words perhaps more today than we have ever done.

Right now the 'new normal', which is suggested will be our future seems dark and unknown, and we will do well to note what the words actually say. "Put your hand into the hand of God" - the action must be ours. God's hand is always outstretched to help, but it is up to us accept it if we will. He does not force it on us.

So if we will step out into the 'darkness' of the future with our hand firmly clasped in His, our first assurance is "That will be better for you than a light". Late one winter's night when I was returning to Saskatoon from taking services out in the country, all the lights on my car just went out and for a few moments I was driving full speed into pitch darkness - and it was scary!! By the grace of God the road was straight and there was no other traffic around and I was able to stop and to get the lights back. For years I had relied upon those lights and suddenly they had let me down. Most of us have faced some time in life when we have felt that something, or someone, we have relied on for years has suddenly let us down - light has gone out. If we hold firmly to God's hand, says our speaker, there will be nothing to fear....He is more reliable than any light.

Again, if we will step out into the 'unknown' of the future holding firmly to the hand of God, our second assurance is..."That will be ...safer than any known way". Many years ago I was driving a visitor from England and I told him that we usually gave directions and oriented ourselves in terms of north, south, east & west rather than 'the first on the right' or 'the second on the left' as they do in England. To illustrate this I told him that we were headed south-east. He looked out of the window and asked me, "Why is the sun on our left, then?" To my embarrassment I discovered that we were in fact heading north rather than south. I had driven this particular route so often in the day light and in the dark that I couldn't lose my way - yet I did. Afterwards I drove out by myself and discovered that since I had last been that way, there had been a major realignment of one of the intersections and I had not noticed the change as I drove through it. So in our daily life, things or people we have relied on, perhaps all our lives, suddenly change and where we had always felt sure and safe we now feel insecure and fearful. Yet even though we may not see the way ahead very clearly any more (and we surely can't right now), if we hold firmly to God's hand He will prove to be better than any known way.

Try as hard as we will, we know that we may not be able to eliminate fully the threat of the present pandemic; we may have little personal effect upon the great events of our day and age; and we can, obviously, do nothing to stop the passing of the hours and days as the 21st century draws us on into the uncertainties of the future. But as professing Christians, if we will take God's hand and let Him lead us into the unknown and the darkness of the future, even though we may not see more than a step or two ahead and we may not know clearly the way we are going, He will be with us and we may step out boldly into our 'new normal' of 2021 and beyond with confidence and courage.

Submitted by Geoff Huggill

"Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way." - Minnie Louise Haskins

YOU MAY NOT THINK YOU WANT IT,
NEED IT, OR BELIEVE IT,
YOU MAY NOT DESIRE IT RIGHT NOW,
BUT IT IS A FREE GIFT. IT CAN'T BE RETURNED, OR EARNED.
JESUS GAVE HIS LIFE FOR YOU..... ACCEPT HIS GIFT TODAY,
HIS PEACE CAN BE YOURS.



Piecing Together St. Michael's: First a Bell, Now a Font, Next?

The Christmas Messenger ("Ring out, wild bells!") related how a massive church bell, cast in a foundry in England and taken across the seas to China, happened to be spotted there by a couple from the Parish of St. Michael & All Angels on a world tour by sea. The owner of the bell happened to be agreeable to parting with it, and the couple happened to have enough cash on them to buy the bell outright, so they dispatched it to their home parish church (which happened to be in need of a large bell). With those happenstance events now fresh in the mind, see what you make of Chapter 2 of St. Michael's heritage and the remarkable story of a journey made by another piece of our church's hardware: its old font.



Did you know there is an old font? In our church garden, hidden behind two hydrangea bushes and almost enveloped by the hedge that runs beside the Rectory lawn, is a font. Although it has latterly been used as a planter, one cannot help recalling the myriad occasions when Christ used seeds, soil and new growth to illustrate parables and as examples of how the Word spreads.

What is known about that font-turned-planter? In its original incarnation it was a baptismal font in Holy Trinity Church, Colton, up a hill and thus a little removed from the Crake Valley in the south-west extremity of the English Lake District. The church itself dates from the 13th Century but this font is newer; it bears the date of 1718, plus the initials of the then church-wardens: JP, JR, CI and FC. The area around Holy Trinity church was divided into four bailiwicks, with one church-warden assigned to each. One duty of a church-warden was to collect a tithe to support the Vicar; more worryingly, in 1683 wardens were instructed to impose a fine for non-attendance (watch out!). The 17th Century was a turbulent time for English churches as Roman Catholicism was formally ousted to make way for the more parishioner-friendly Protestant movement. Fearing harm to the treasures and furnishings in their churches, many parishes removed items for safe keeping, as did Holy Trinity. The older (original) font was thus hidden away, but after the Restoration in 1660 and the outlook had become more safe, no-one was left to tell of its whereabouts. A new font was therefore installed in 1718.

Fast-forward 170 years to 1890, when a restoration of Holy Trinity Church was begun. The floor of the church needed levelling, but when it was lifted for that purpose, behold! The original red-sandstone font was found beneath the new font, and was brought back into service forthwith. It had clearly seen other types of 'service' too, as its sides bore marks of sharpening knives and arrowheads in centuries past. The 'new' font, now redundant, was given to the foreman, James Pennington Burns, father of Mrs. H Elwell; she and other family members had been baptized at that font. When he died, Mrs. Elwell was by then a parishioner of St. Michael's; the font was sent to her (another overseas journey!), and it was her duty to find a welcoming home for it in Victoria. That proved difficult, so for many years it served as a planter in her garden on Beaver Lake Road - and also as a memorial to the English branch of her family. When her husband died she moved to Edmonton to be near her younger family, so in 1961 the font was given to St Michael's and placed in the Rectory garden.



That piece of church hardware is over 300 years old, and deserves to see light once more. If only fonts could talk! What a fine service to this treasure to clean, re-furbish and re-engage it for its originally designated work. Its new destination might be the outdoor worship area or the prayer path.

Details about this intriguing history are still coming to light, and will be continued in a future Messenger.

Submitted by Peter Goddard

This is Why we Love Children



- ♥ **OPINIONS** On the first day of school, a first-grader handed his teacher a note from his mother. The note read, "The opinions expressed by this child are not necessarily those of his parents."
- ♥ **KETCHUP** A woman was trying hard to get the ketchup out of the jar. During her struggle, the phone rang so she asked her 4-year-old daughter to answer the phone. "Mommy can't come to the phone to talk you right now. She's hitting the bottle."
- ♥ **POLICE # 1** While taking a routine vandalism report at an elementary school, I was interrupted by a little girl about 6 years old. Looking up and down at my uniform, she asked, "Are you a cop?"
 - "Yes," I answered and continued writing the report.
 - "My mother said if I ever needed help I should ask the police. Is that right?"
 - "Yes, that's right," I told her.
 - "Well, then," she said as she extended her foot towards me, "would you tie my shoe?"
- ♥ **POLICE # 2** It was the end of the day when I parked my police van in front of the station. As I gathered my equipment, my K-9 partner, Jake, was barking, and I saw a little boy staring in at me.
 - "Is that a dog you got back there?" he asked.
 - "It sure is," I replied.
 - Puzzled, the boy looked at me and then towards the back of the van. Finally he said, "What'd he do?"
- ♥ **ELDERLY** While working for an organization that delivers lunches to shut-ins, I used to take my 4-year-old daughter on my rounds. She was unfailingly intrigued by the various appliances of old age, particularly the canes, walkers and wheelchairs. One day I found her staring at a pair of false teeth soaking in a glass. As I braced myself for the inevitable barrage of questions, she merely turned and whispered, "The tooth fairy will never believe this!"
- ♥ **DRESS-UP** A little girl was watching her parents dress for a party.
 - When she saw her dad donning his tuxedo, she warned, "Daddy, you shouldn't wear that suit."
 - "And why not, darling?"
 - "You know that it always gives you a headache the next morning."
- ♥ **DEATH** While walking along the sidewalk in front of his church, our minister heard the intoning of a prayer that nearly made his collar wilt. Apparently, his 5-year-old son and his playmates had found a dead robin. Feeling that proper burial should be performed, they had secured a small box and cottonwool, then dug a hole and made ready for the disposal of the deceased.
 - The minister's son was chosen to say the appropriate prayers, and with sonorous dignity intoned his version of what he thought his father always said: "Glory be unto the Faaather, and unto the Sonnn, and into the hole he goooes." (I want this line used at my funeral!)
- ♥ **SCHOOL** A little girl had just finished her first week of school. "I'm just wasting my time", she said to her mother. "I can't read, I can't write, and they won't let me talk!"
- ♥ **BIBLE** A little boy opened the big family Bible. He was fascinated he fingered through the old pages. Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible. He picked up the object and looked at it. What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed in between the pages.
 - "Mama, look what I found", the boy called out.
 - "What have you got there, dear?"
 - With astonishment in the young boy's voice, he answered, "I think it's Adam's underwear!"

NOW IF THIS DIDN'T BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY, GO BACK TO BED AND FORGET IT.

Submitted by Linda Dryden

Can you create all of these handprints yourself?

ON THE ROAD TO EASTER WORD SEARCH



Ash	Holy Week	Palm Branch
Wednesday	Holy Thursday	Forty Days
Sacrifice	Good Friday	Jesus
Almsgiving	Holy Saturday	Passover
Prayer	Easter	Foot Washing
Fasting	Palm Sunday	Resurrection
Lent	Purple	Love



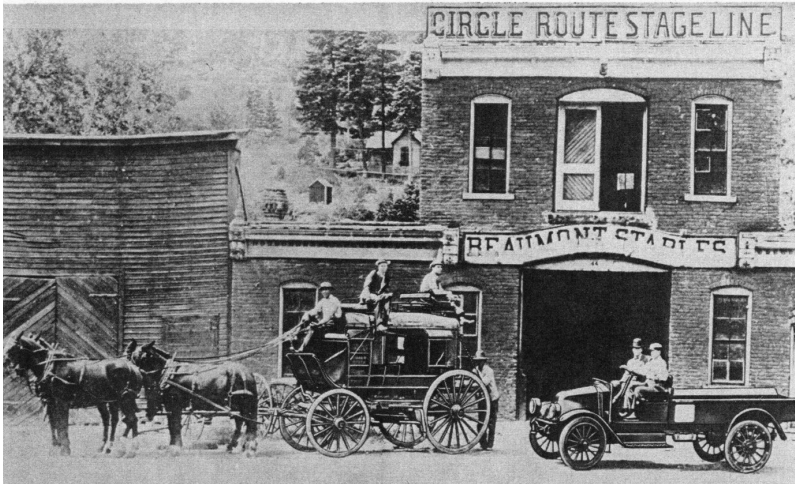
Art by Sky

Holy Week In Handprints

From Catholic Icing



Frontier to Freeway



INTERNATIONAL TRUCK and four-horse stagecoach represented old and new (above) in inter-city transport. For a time both modes of travel had to be accommodated by supporting industries; livery stables and garages, oat raisers and gasoline peddlers, harness makers and auto parts suppliers. Demands of motor vehicles soon surpassed needs of horse however. . . . International Harvester Auto-Wagon (below) was high-wheeled, hard-tired pioneer version of pickup truck. Doleful Dobbin behind symbolized passing of an era. (Photos International Harvester Company).



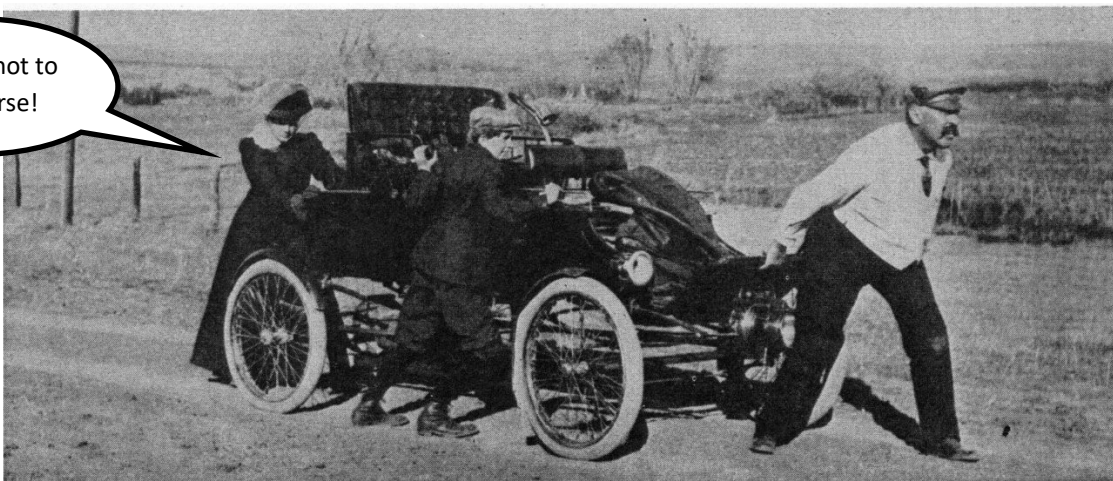
Travel in British Columbia in the early days was a story of people with a purpose, pushing through heavy forest, climbing sheer canyon walls and finding hidden passages through seemingly impassable mountain ranges. Fighting cold, loneliness, bleak wilderness and even one another, they blazed hard won paths to reach gold fields and fertile valleys.

In most of the province, the original trail builders were members of British Columbia's First Nations, whose people used these routes for millennia. They were followed by explorers and fur traders from the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Fur Trading Company. Then came the Gold Rush of the mid-1800s. The mad dash for riches made road building such an urgent necessity that many difficult natural obstacles were overcome.

Here are some pictures from Peter Goddard's collection that illustrate the journey our roads have taken.

https://www2.gov.bc.ca/assets/gov/driving-and-transportation/reports-and-reference/reports-and-studies/frontier_to_freeway.pdf

I told you not to sell the horse!



AN AUTO THAT WOULDN'T RUN made no friends for pioneer manufacturers. It was particularly embarrassing for new owners to chug proudly out of town—then return afoot, pushing and tugging. (Denver Public Library Western Collection).

Congregating in the Kitchen

Holy Week Soup from Ecuador

This soup is traditional in Ecuador for Jueves y Viernes Santo, which means Thursday and Friday Holy days. Some call this dish Locro de Ayuno or fasting soup and Locro is a hearty thick soup.

Directions:

1. The night before leave the red beans and lima beans in two separate bowls. Fill each up with cold water (about an inch above the beans). Let it soak on the kitchen counter overnight 7-9 hours.
2. After overnight soaking the beans, drain off the soaking water and rinse thoroughly. In two small sauce pots (or working one at a time) bring each batch of beans up to a boil with water an inch above. Then drain and set aside. Make sure not to mix the beans.
3. In a dutch oven (or medium to large pot) heat the oil to medium heat and add in the chopped scallions and garlic. Saute for 2-3 minutes.
4. Add in the red beans, salt, pepper, and oregano. Then pour in 2 cups of water, stir to combine and cover with lid. Cook the beans until almost tender, about 15-20 minutes.
5. Next, add the potatoes and 6 cups of water. Stir and bring to a boil. Then lower the heat to medium/low without the lid. Stir once in a while so that the soup gets thick and the potatoes break apart.
6. About 45 minutes into the cooking, add in the lima beans and stir. Keep cooking for 15-25 minutes or until everything is tender. If the potatoes haven't broken apart but are tender, use a fork or potato masher and gently mash the potatoes.
7. After mashing add in the green peas and corn. Stir until warm thoroughly. The soup should be thick. If it's too thick for your liking add some water.
8. Before serving check for seasoning, garnish with cilantro and serve with fried sweet plantain, sliced avocados, and a lime wedge. Enjoy!!



Ingredients:

- ♥ 2 Tbsps Achite oil or canola oil
- ♥ 1 Cup scallions, finely sliced
- ♥ 2 garlic cloves, minced
- ♥ 1 Cup frozen corn kernels, thawed
- ♥ 1/2 Cup dried red beans
- ♥ salt, pepper, & oregano to taste
- ♥ 3 Pounds Idaho, Russet, or red potatoes, peeled & cubed into medium-size pieces (leave in a bowl with cold water so they don't oxidize)
- ♥ 1/2 Cup frozen green peas, thawed
- ♥ 1/2 Cup Dried lima beans
- ♥ cilantro, for garnish
- ♥ 8 Cups water

<http://www.grouprecipes.com/132718/holy-week-soup.html>

Lenten Pretzels

Directions:

1. Mix the yeast, water, sugar, and salt in a large bowl. Stir in the flour, and knead until the dough is smooth. Shape into the form of arms crossed in prayer and place it on a baking sheet.
2. Brush the dough with a beaten egg to give it a shiny finish. Sprinkle the top with salt, and bake in an oven preheated to 425 degrees for 15 minutes.



Ingredients:

- ♥ 1 package yeast (.25 oz)
- ♥ 1 1/2 cups warm water
- ♥ 1 tablespoon sugar
- ♥ 1 teaspoon salt
- ♥ 4 cups flour
- ♥ 1 egg
- ♥ extra salt for the tops

<https://www.catholicicing.com/pretzels-for-lent/>

The Joys of Discovering Frozen Fish During a Pandemic

Since last March, our family has reduced its grocery shopping visits by buying larger quantities in fewer outings. We have also helped members of our parish and neighbours stock up on bulk purchases of sale goods – like deeply discounted maple syrup – when they were available at our usual store but unavailable elsewhere. Call in advance for service!

Living on the west coast, we love our access to so many kinds of fish throughout the year, especially fresh salmon and halibut in their seasons, and (a Bullen family favourite) sole fillets. Because of COVID-19 we found ourselves becoming more open to trying frozen fish as a way of reducing our shopping trips. In the midst of pandemic pressures, frozen fish provides a quick and healthy source of protein. Frozen fish on sale also helps with our family budget. And there are so many sustainable fish options at our local grocery stores, which supports our efforts to be good environmental citizens.

What have we been enjoying on our recent dining journeys? In January, frozen crab cakes were on sale (half price!) – we put a bunch in the freezer and ate some each week – everyone loved them! Tuna steaks were on sale at Thifty's in February – easy to thaw partially, slice finely, and put in an Asian stir fry, Indian curry or pasta dish. Last week, Save-on-Foods had frozen tuna fillets in a Thai marinade – great in noodle soups.

From the 20th-century English poet John Masefield's *Sea Fever*, as we long for ocean journeys in normal times:

Submitted by Ron Wall



I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by ...
I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ...
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Almond pastry puff

Directions:

1. Preheat the oven to 220°C/425°F/gas 7. Line a baking tray with greaseproof paper.
2. Blitz the almonds in a food processor until nice and fine. With the processor still running, add the cream, icing sugar, 1 egg and a pinch of sea salt until combined, stopping to scrape down the sides with a spatula, if needed.
3. Halve the pastry, shape into two rounds and, working quickly, dusting with icing sugar as you go to stop the pastry sticking, roll out between two sheets of greaseproof paper until they're just under ½cm thick.
4. Place one round on the lined tray. Spread the almond paste on top, leaving a 2cm gap at the edges. Put the other round on top and gently push together. Quickly seal the edges with the back of a fork. Eggwash the top, then dust over an extra layer of sugar.
5. Gently push your finger into the middle of the pastry, then, with a sharp knife, very delicately make little lines from the centre to the outside.
6. Bake on the bottom of the oven for 12 to 15 minutes, or until puffed up and golden, dusting with a little extra icing sugar before serving.



Ingredients:

- ♥ 100 g blanched almonds
- ♥ 1 tablespoon double cream, plus extra to serve
- ♥ 75 g icing sugar, plus extra for dusting
- ♥ 2 large free-range eggs
- ♥ 375 g block of all-butter puff pastry, (cold)

Hot Cross Buns

With credit to Sally's Baking Addiction (on the internet)

Hot cross buns are rich in history going back to the 12th century. They are yeasted sweet buns filled with spices and various fruits such as currants, cranberries, raisins and /or candied citrus. They are decorated with a white cross, either marked right into the dough or etched on top with icing. Hot cross buns are a traditional Easter food, typically eaten on Good Friday.

These buns are a cross between a dinner roll and cinnamon roll. They are soft, yet a little dense with a deliciously spiced flavour from cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice. You can play with the spices, even adding a little cardamom too. The buns are sweetened mostly with brown sugar, then topped with an orange icing. For extra flavour, you can add a little orange zest to the dough.

Hot cross buns require basic baking ingredients like flour, yeast, butter, eggs, sugar, and milk. Less milk, more butter and more eggs produces a slightly denser roll (but not heavy) compared to dinner rolls. These are more of a dessert/ breakfast roll.

I would call this an intermediate recipe since there's a few extra steps with 2 rises and piping the crosses on top. However, don't let that stop you from trying hot cross buns! They're the breakfast and dessert version of a dinner roll and extra special for Easter time.

Here are the basic steps:

1. Make the bread dough.
2. Knead the dough for 2 minutes
3. Cover the dough and let it rise. (The dough rises in about 1 – 2 hours)
4. Punch down the dough to release the air, then shape in to rolls.
5. Let the rolls rise for about 1 hour.
6. Pipe the crosses on top.
7. Bake for 20-25 minutes until golden brown.
8. Top with orange icing.

Full recipe on the next page



Ingredients:

Buns

- ♥ $\frac{3}{4}$ cup (180 ml) whole milk, warmed to about 110 F
- ♥ 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. active dry yeast (1 standard packet)
- ♥ 1 tsp. (5 ml) granulated sugar
- ♥ $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (125 ml) packed light or dark brown sugar
- ♥ 5 Tbsp. (75 ml) unsalted butter, softened to room temp. & cut into 5 pieces
- ♥ $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. (2 ml) pure vanilla extract
- ♥ 2 large eggs, at room temperature
- ♥ 1 tsp. (5 ml) salt
- ♥ 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. (6 ml) ground cinnamon
- ♥ $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. (2 mL) ground nutmeg
- ♥ $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. (2 mL) ground allspice
- ♥ 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups (900 ml) all-purpose flour (you could add some brown flour as part of flour mixture)
- ♥ 1 cup (250 ml) raisins or currants or whatever combo you would like (soaking & boiling dried fruit in water for a couple of minutes will make them plumper)

Flour Cross

- ♥ $\frac{1}{2}$ c. (125 ml) all-purpose flour or bread flour
- ♥ 6-8 Tbsp. (90-120 ml) water

Orange Icing

- ♥ 1 c. (250 ml) confectioners' (icing) sugar
- ♥ 3 Tbsp. (45 ml) fresh or bottled orange juice (or use milk and splash of vanilla extract for plain icing)

How to Make Hot Cross Buns - Detailed Instructions

1. Whisk the warm milk, yeast and 1 tsp (5 ml) of granulated sugar together in the bowl of your stand mixer fitted with a dough hook or paddle attachment. Cover and allow to sit for 5 minutes.
2. Add the brown sugar, butter, vanilla extract, eggs, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice and 1 c. (250 ml) flour. Beat on low speed for 30 seconds, scrape down the sides of the bowl with a rubber spatula, then add the remaining flour and the raisins. Beat on medium speed until the dough comes together pulls away from the sides of the bowl, about 2 minutes. Dough should be a little sticky and soft. If it is too sticky and not pulling away from the sides of the bowl, mix in additional flour 1 T. (15 ml) at a time. If you do not own a mixer, you can mix this dough with a large wooden spoon or rubber spatula. It will take a bit of arm muscle.
3. Knead the dough: Keep the dough in the mixer and beat for an additional 2 minutes or knead by hand on a lightly floured surface for 2 minutes.
4. 1st Rise: Lightly grease a large bowl with oil or nonstick spray. Place the dough in the bowl, turning it to coat all sides in the oil. Cover the bowl with Al foil, plastic wrap, or a clean kitchen towel. Allow the dough to rise in a relatively warm environment for 1-2 hours or until double in size. (I always let it rise on the counter. Takes about 2 hours.)
5. Grease a 9 x 13 in. baking pan or two 9-inch square or round baking pans. You can also bake the rolls in a cast iron skillet or on a lined baking sheet.
6. Shape the rolls: When the dough is ready, punch it down to release the air. Divide the dough into 14-16 equal pieces. (just eyeball it – doesn't need to be perfect!) Shape each piece into a smooth ball, pinching it on the bottom to seal. Arrange in prepared baking pan.
7. 2nd Rise: Cover shaped dough and let rise for 1 hour.



Crosses on Hot Cross Buns

There's a couple ways to make crosses on hot cross buns:

1. Flour Cross: Pipe a "paste" of flour and water on top of each bun BEFORE baking. This is the traditional application of the cross and the method I usually choose. It gets a "little" hard after baking, but it's still perfectly chewy.
2. Icing Cross: Pipe a thick cross made from icing on each bun AFTER baking. Use a piping bag – no piping tip needed – or a zipped-top bag. Snip the corner off. If making the flour cross, make sure the corner opening is small because you want a thin line.
3. Bake in a pre-heated oven of 400 F (200 C) for 20 – 25 minutes until golden brown.

Orange Icing

1. The lush orange icing is the best finishing touch and it's even better if you brush it on the buns right out of the oven.



The Price of Pilgrimage

The Events that we meet during this pilgrimage called Life may be enjoyable, or painful, even both at once, and all can be instructive - particularly about ourselves. Grieving is one such Event, and while its expression may appear to be self-centred, in reality the griever looks outwards, and perhaps deeper within, asking questions to which there can be no answers, and experiencing what seem like tumultuous emotions. Perspectives are turned inside out, rationality bereft, moods fleeting and unexpected. An activity formerly regarded as routine may loom as impossible. Christian, who reached the Hill with the Cross, felt his burden loosen and fall off, but are there not price tags attached to that relief? Those prices will be individual, and their measure not calculable until encountered. In three major Events in my own experience, the price has been 'singing'.

My father (a church organist) determined his own future (as a farmer) step by step. Some of the steps were difficult; many were painful to his family (myself in particular), and when he died tragically in an accident he left numerous issues unresolved. My losses were broader than the man who had dominated my outlook for 23 years; I mourned for the area of Sussex countryside that would no longer be ours - the nooks and crannies where certain early spring flowers could be found, where glowworms gleamed on steamy summer evenings, where frost-ferns decorated my bedroom windows in winter, and when the pride of seed-time and the harvest were personal thanksgivings as well as church festivals. Torn apart emotionally, I could not, for many years, sing the well-known hymns of harvest, and 55 years on I still find it difficult.

My husband, likewise self-made, pursued his career in astrophysics as keenly as a vocation; I helped and supported as best I could. When the relationship broke, the reality of what could never be was a very real loss, and during the two years that I mourned it I could not sing any hymn at all without lapsing into tears. The separate journeys that followed led to important repairs, and in Canada I was able to cherish and nurture again the flowers of spring that had enchanted me as a child. But that one-time companion on my pilgrimage has also now left this Earth, and as once again I pass through the valley of the shadow I grieve for us and for what went wrong - the unfulfilled promises, the expectations that were over-strong, the commitments that ended in cul-de-sacs. Like those in Psalm 137, I too cannot sing the Lord's song in a strange land, and will not be able to until I emerge from this valley once more.

The Ten Commandments

1.
Practice loyalty to the Sacred.
2.
Do not forget that any given image of God is only a glimpse.
3.
Do not use God's name to do harm.
4.
Do not let life be defined by productivity.
5.
Care for those who have cared for you.
6.
Do not be destructive.
7.
Be faithful to the commitments you make.
8.
Do not take what does not belong to you.
9.
Do not hinder justice from coming to fruition.
10.
Do not let your internal desires lead you to harm another.

Yet this pilgrimage is being a unique educator, rich in its intensity and in its potential. No other Event would have enabled such discoveries, finding friends and comforts in unexpected places, shapes and forms, nor have awoken the ability to recall fun over failure, to laugh at the small absurdities of life, and to recognize sincerity in humankind. The very nature of the "price" that was my lot bore an important lesson. Singing is an outward expression of inward thoughts, music that is formed and formulated on the inside and shared towards the outside. If that music is presently silenced, it is because the expressions it would bear are tangled, and need freeing from the kinds of burden which troubled Christian in his ascent towards Salvation. Each burden of mine echoes personal failures in relationships, but if I can transform their disappointments into appointments with reality, and to the freedom that awaits beyond, then *"heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning"* (Psalm 30). And that joy will echo relief from the prices paid by all who journey through intense pilgrimages.

Submitted by Elizabeth Griffin

Lizzie's Quiz

Here are some (fairly) well-known quotations that feature travelling. Can you identify them? Solutions are not provided, but a cryptic clue is offered. We suggest you try to work out the answers before turning to Google.

1. All I want is a tall ship and a star to steer her by ... (RW)
2. The undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns ... (2B)
3. Where I go you know, and the way you know ... (J14)
4. Blue lake and rocky shore, I will return once more ... (Camp)
5. Oh ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road ... (Go north)
6. They returned home a different way ... (M & J +)
7. To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive ... (RLS)
8. Come and journey with a Saviour ... (482)
9. Journeys end in lovers meeting ... (12N)
10. I am going outside, and may be some time. ... (Snow)
11. I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes ... (Bottom)
12. Till Burnham Wood be come to Dunsinane ... (Cauldron)
13. Creeping like snail unwillingly to school ... (Like)
14. Oh that I had wings like a dove ... (P55)
15. Speed bonny boat like a bird on the wing ... (Sea 2)

Submitted by Elizabeth Griffin



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Though the whale isn't much of a pet,
Especially when slippery and wet,
If you could just hoist a sail
And hang on to its tail,
Just imagine how far you would get.

Submitted by Valda Kitching

Editors: Helen Love & Elizabeth Griffin

The Messenger is the newsletter of St. Michael and All Angels' Anglican Church. The Messenger is a communication means for members of the parish. It does not necessarily reflect the beliefs of the editors, or the church. While the newsletter exists for parishioners to contribute their news, opinions and views, the editors may edit articles in order to facilitate understanding and fit space.

Contributions should report on parish activities, advertise upcoming events or be original literary articles, that are church related, up to a maximum of 500 words.

Please send submissions to the church office, preferably by e-mail to smaaac@telus.net.

We acknowledge that for thousands of years the Coast Salish, Nuuchah-nulth, and Kwakwaka'wakw peoples have walked gently on the unceded territories where we now live, work, worship, and play.

We seek a new relationship with the first peoples here; one based on honour and respect.