

The Messenger

Summer 2025

Rector's Reflections

Comfortable Words from Rev. Paul

I am still a 'newcomer', having been with you for only the past four weeks, standing in for Bishop Logan. Yet it has been a delight to reconnect with so many parishioners, and to meet many new faces.

This is a strong parish with many talents, gifts, and the potential to adapt to change. The first Sunday I was with you I spoke about the grieving which has taken place here at St. Michael and All Angels during the past months. For many of our parish the grieving process continues to unfold both individually, and corporately as a congregation.

For those also dealing with personal loss, difficulties within your own life, and fear of the path which lies ahead for you, please know that you are not alone. The prayers offered during our weekly worship service, and in our daily prayers, hold your hearts before our Creator. We each deal with loss in our own way. You are a blessing to our parish family, and we desire God's grace and blessing in your life.

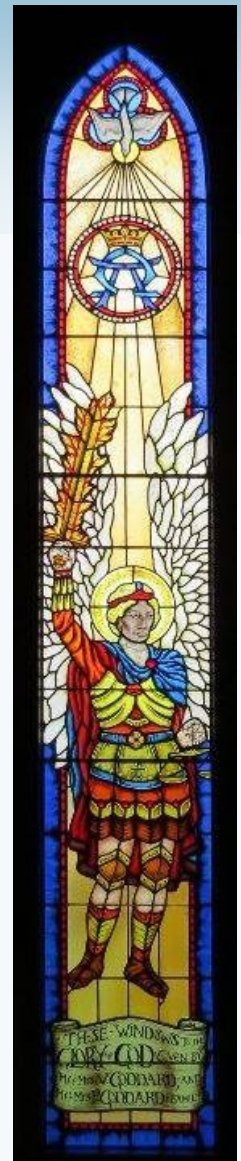
Two Sundays ago, our wardens were asked to read a letter from Bishop Anna informing our parish of a change in the selection of our next incumbent. Circumstances have resulted in the withdrawal of one successful candidate's acceptance of the position as incumbent at St Michael's. I know it hurts to think we were so close to filling the position, but I believe God has a plan for this congregation. Our parish profile is complete and can be posted again for a new round of applications for the position. Time will come, soon enough, for the search team to conduct new interviews with those prospective applicants who meet the diocese's vetting process.

The big thing that we, as a congregation, can do is to pray and offer support for the search team, the wardens, and parish council. Everyone has done – and is doing – the best they possibly can do in this situation. Please support the team and the wardens, and parish council. All will be revealed in God's good time because we are not alone. The Holy Spirit is here with us.

Blessings.

Rev. Paul Schumacher

The Bible uses "butterfly" to show us that something once "ugly" can become something beautiful to behold. Coming out of the cocoon is like being born again. You are no longer the "caterpillar," or your prior self.



Wardens' Window

Well, it has been quite a year so far. We are surely safe to call 2025 a year of transition for St Mike's. A quick run through of the events and changes that have occurred since February is worth reviewing

On the plus side, we enjoy the musical abilities of Patrick Sibley and Trish Murray on a weekly basis. The choir up in the choir stalls is a welcome sight for us all. The subtle change to having the psalm sung by members of the choir is quite a positive step in my opinion. We even have a new piano in the church.

The spring sale, though experiencing a lower turnout than usual, was a great success garnering \$5,000 for outreach and other projects. Lenore English has volunteered to resume managing the sales for St Mike's and we welcome and thank her for stepping up. The fall sale will be held Saturday September 20th. This allows the Orange Shirt Day and our Patronal feast day to be held the next weekend.

The office renovation has been completed with the able efforts of Lanny Hubbard, Colin Murray, Brian Goddard, and Helen and Ricky Love, all contributing time and effort to the success of a brighter and more spacious office. Next up will be painting the Rector's office and upgrading the lower rooms of Littler Hall. The desire to repaint Littler Hall a nicer colour will be a future project.

With respect to the building envelope, some progress has been made. The comprehensive Building Condition Assessment is slated for mid-July. We are waiting for the roofs to have the moss removed this summer in preparation for the repairing of the church envelope. The window for doing the exterior work this year has unfortunately passed so we are slated to do the major work next summer. The job description includes stripping the paint, repairing all damaged wood and facades, repainting the church and replacing the protective covers on the stained-glass exteriors. We can ponder on the secrets that might be exposed during this work! Lanny has been working steadily to get the quotes and hunting for grant options to support it. Once the estimates are complete, I will advise the congregation on cost, scope of work and timeline.

We have improved the Bottle Diver bin and added a clothing donation bin for our outreach projects. Somehow, we lost a bottle bin, but it is on the list for re-

placement. Speaking of bottle divers, I thank Betty Ann Martin and Nancy Paxton for volunteering to help with the project. It is an example of many hands making light work.

On the fellowship side of things, it is good to see both the Card Sharks and the Stitching Group continuing through the summer. The Sundaes for Sunday is fast approaching and July 19 is the Summer Tea. And before we know it, the welcome back BBQ will be here. Many thanks to Terry and her band of kitchen elves for orchestrating these fellowship events. Beginning in July, Marguritte Heppell advises the lemonade and iced tea outside after the 1030 service will begin.

On the spiritual side, we have Evensong once a month at our Outdoor Worship Space with the next services on July 9 and then August 13th at 4 pm. Unfortunately, Open Church is on hold for the summer months, but we will strive to restart Open Church on Wednesdays in September. As most of you know, we will have Ansley Tucker as our rector for the September to December period. I am looking forward to that stability for us all.

I am in regular contact with Bishop Logan and he continues to heal. Once he has been given the green light by the medical world, he will return to St Mike's for a final service.

In closing, it is wonderful to see the congregation continuing our ministries and activities. We continue to be The Little Church That Could.

Helen, Brian and I are proud to be your wardens.



*A day of joy to remember,
the baptism of Bishop Logan's grandsons on
March 30th, 2025*

Walking the Iron Age

With most people busy or away this summer, we decided to suspend the Walking Group until the Fall. But this was with the exhortation to “keep walking” wherever you are; and true to that ethos, Helen and I (and Leo) have been out in the Dorset countryside most days. Dorset is a county of Iron Age hillforts that seemingly dot every hilltop of the chalk uplands. The largest in Britain, Maiden Castle, is in Dorset; and one day last week we climbed the impressive ramparts on a windless day to circumnavigate its 19 hectares (an area the size of 50 football pitches). Dominating the local landscape, the views of the surrounding countryside are spectacular.



With an inner rampart of over two kilometres, the effort to dig this with Iron Age tools when it was expanded to its current size in around 450 BC boggles the mind; and this hillfort is “multivallate”, ringed with four ramparts and three ditches (each ditch from three and a half metres to six metres deep). A massive undertaking. For context, Mount Tolmie Park covers 18 and half hectares. Imagine that ringed with three ditches and four massive ramparts all dug by hand.

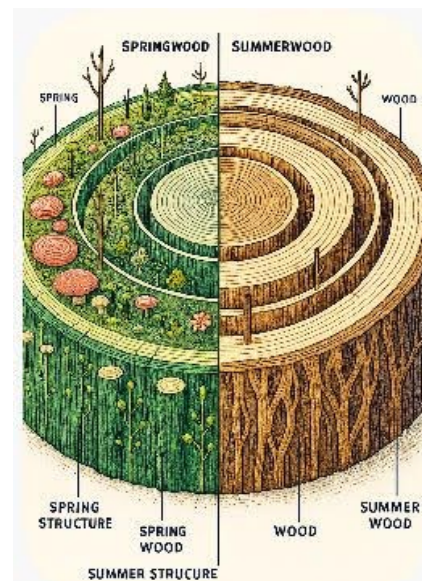
Interestingly, and despite the fanciful and bloodthirsty analysis of the archaeologist Sir Mortimer Wheeler, who excavated at Maiden Castle with his wife Tessa in the 1930s, it seems the hillfort was largely abandoned when the Roman Army under Vespasian swept through Dorset on his way west after the Roman invasion of 43AD. The stone foundations of a late fourth century Romano-British temple can still be seen at the eastern end. Otherwise, this incredible undertaking has been used as pastureland for the centuries after; and indeed, the day we visited, sheep were peacefully grazing those ramparts. This was Leo’s first encounter with sheep, and he was very well behaved!

Submitted by Ricky Love

A Dream About Growth Rings

I often dream about the Wise Old Owl who dwells inside the Douglas fir tree beside our church. Dreams are never weird – this Owl does ecclesiastical business by going through the mail in his celestial office: piles of prayers whirling around inside a transparent cylinder.

- ◆ Hey Owl, I said, can you break-off work for a moment and give me a hand?
 - ◇ Sure, what’s the problem?
- ◆ I want to write something for the Messenger and the theme is Summer. What can you tell me?
 - ◇ Well, I live in a tree so I should know a thing or two about wood. Did you know that a new layer of wood is added each year? We call each new layer an annual ring.
- ◆ Yes, but what can I actually say about annual rings?
 - ◇ Well, first consider the early growing season which happens in the spring. Conditions are then favourable for rapid growth. The new growth cells are larger, have thinner walls, and are more porous. This creates weak wood. The good news is that when summer comes the summer-wood growth season begins. The wood cells are then smaller, with thick walls and less porosity. That results in stronger and more durable wood. One wood technologist told me that he hates spring wood loves summer wood. Indeed, it is the contrast between spring and summer wood that gives Douglas fir its distinct strength and stability.



Differences between spring wood and summer wood in a tree growth ring

Submitted by Jim Bullen



THEY WILL SOAR ON WINGS LIKE EAGLES
GENERAL SYNOD 2025

Highlights from Synod 2025

Synod started on Sunday for Georgina as she spent the evening getting to know the Youth Delegation, and on Monday she was back for a day of learning and events. I had my first Resolutions Committee meetings on Monday and started the work of reviewing all the resolutions submitted by committees or individual delegates to make sure they were ready to be presented. I found this work fascinating and started making friends. Monday evening's highlight was the opening worship at St. Paul's Cathedral. It is a beautiful building with stunning stained-glass windows, a labyrinth in the centre of the Nave, and wonderful acoustics. The best part of the service was certainly the music - a congregation of Clergy and regular churchgoers can certainly belt out a popular hymn. We raised the roof, and good music continued throughout the week. The Opening Reception was lovely - although it made for a late night.

Tuesday was the first day of "real business", and it set the pattern and the tone of the days ahead: morning Eucharist at 7am, breakfast at 8:30 and then morning prayer, with the plenary meeting starting at 9:15. After a break for Noon Prayer and lunch, Synod reconvened until 5pm (dinner break), and then a final plenary session from 7pm to 9pm. During the lunch and dinner breaks we continued the committee meeting work. This was the pattern of the week: demanding but exhilarating.

Continued on next page...



[General Synod - Anglican Journal](#)

Photo: Matthew Puddister

Georgina's (Gia) Highlights

I'm sitting here reflecting on all the things that happened at General Synod with my brain feeling like softly scrambled eggs. We did so many things. The week flew past and suddenly I made tons of lifelong friends, gained new experiences, was appointed to two councils, and ate chicken at almost every meal. In total, General Synod passed 39 resolutions, 5 with amendments, and referred 5 to the Council of General Synod (CoGS). On one of the days (they all blur together a bit, bare with me), Su Mcleod, the Youth Engagement Coordinator for Alongside Hope (prev. PWRDF) asked me to fill the spot of youth representative for British Columbia on their council. Without hesitation, I jumped at the opportunity to lend my voice to such a magnificent organization. I strongly encourage you to head to the Alongside Hope website and check out the incredible initiatives this non-profit takes on. I also have the honour of representing our ecclesiastical province (BC, Yukon) as a youth delegate on CoGS. So, all of those referred resolutions will be back in my hands come November. I better get to reading! Thank you to Prolocutor and Acting General Secretary Ian Alexander for nominating me for CoGS.

During the Primatial Election, Becca Michaels, youth delegate from Ontario, and now a close friend, moved the request to receive more names on the election ballot. Us two, as well as Zach Groves, (also elected to CoGS) who seconded the motion, sat right in the front row. We locked right in as assessor Bill Mous helped phrase our motion.

Continued on page next page...



Diocese of Islands & Inlets Delegation

Highlights from Synod 2025 - continued from page 3

Thursday was slightly different, as we headed to the cathedral to elect the new Primate. This is a wonderful and unique experience. We started with a Eucharist service and then stayed in the service for the rest of the day. Ian Alexander was amazing at keeping us connected to the Holy Spirit as we prayed, sang and voted in turn. In the end it took five votes to select Bishop Shane Parker as Primate (65% from Clergy and 65% from Laity showed the consensus between houses!). It was a difficult decision; however, I'm confident that Bishop Shane is the right choice to lead us through the next triennium, a period that will be punctuated by change as we explore the Primatial Commission's Pathways Report.

The consistent theme throughout Synod 2025 was the emphasis on the youth perspective. As we were clearly reminded – the Youth are not the “Church of Tomorrow”, they are here TODAY and have a voice in shaping today's Church. Georgina was (if I say so myself) a shining light of joyous energy and powerful perspective. Her teaching during Sunday Morning's worship was effectively and passionately delivered. She was also elected to the Council of General Synod, so she will continue to influence the direction of the Canadian Church.

Another highlight for me was the display booths. During

meals and breaks we were encouraged to visit and learn about the many organizations that support our wider Church. I particularly liked the “Proud Anglicans”, who were delighted to hear about our rainbow banner project; I have promised to send them pictures when it is installed, and they have sent pins with Georgina for all the parishioners who are involved in that project (ask Diana Caleb about it!). I also was impressed with the Alongside Hope (was PDWDF) booth as they demonstrated the Solar Suitcases and other dynamic projects. I have sent home brochures, and am looking forward to discussing how we can be involved actively.

Although this week at Synod was busy and high-powered, I learned so much, met so many people, and was inspired to continue to build our Church and congregation. I am confident for the future in the hands of the leadership we have elected, and - most importantly - I was so proud to describe our little (not so little) parish and to represent you at Synod.

For more information about Synod 2025, I encourage you to read some of the articles at from the [Anglican Journal](https://gs2025.anglican.ca/articles/) (<https://gs2025.anglican.ca/articles/>)

Submitted by Helen Love

Gia Highlights - continued

While my name is not attached formally, I hand wrote the motion (in purple pen, for pizzazz), and I have never heard my heartbeat so loud as I tried my best to write legibly but quickly. Becca and I took most breaks during the election together in contemplation and prayer. The tension was high, but we sat together with the Lord to ease our stress and organize our minds. My hands are still black and blue from how hard Zach and Becca squeezed them as we awaited the results from each ballot.

My final highlight I'll leave you off with is bible study Sunday morning. Everyday we would have bible study to kick off that day's sessions of meeting. The youth were asked to put together Sunday morning's study, and a group of eight of us took it on. I had the opportunity to give a teaching on Matthew 21:28-32, the parable of the two sons. I gripped the podium, steadying my hands, as I looked out at 200 faces eager to hear my lesson. I was met with loads of support, even from folks



I didn't know! This moment helped me further grow my love for teaching.

I cannot wait to bring all I learned and experienced to our parish. I'm thrilled to approach our group of youth with new ways of engaging with the Lord and with each other. I am eternally grateful to have met so many incredible youth. Becca and I talk daily, and we are already planning road trips to see each other! And finally, I cannot contain how honoured I am to be trusted with representing our ecclesiastical province on CoGS. I'll be sure to write about those experiences too!

Submitted by Gia Love

The Odd Cat Story

Terry, Robyn and I were living in New Brunswick in the early 1980s. At the same time Terry's brother Michael was attending McGill University. For our holiday in August 1984, we decided to visit him in Montreal for a week.

In normal fashion, we loaded up the Volare station wagon with luggage, baby Robyn and our dog Chica and then set off for the 14-hour drive. The long hot drive was uneventful, but long with a multitude of stops along the way. We finally arrived in the late evening. Montreal weather remained as it does in the summer – extremely hot and humid.

Our week was spent touring by day and enduring the heat in Michael's Atwater apartment. The place was decorated in early student revival: two chairs, a rickety table, a sofa that had seen better days and only one bed. We barbecued and ate on the apartment roof via the living-room window. Sleep was on a thin mattress on the floor of the living room. Fun times when you are young.

When our week came to an end, Terry and Michael took the dog for a walk around Mont Royal Park late in the evening to cool off. While strolling along the path, Chica the dog decided to chase a cat into the bushes. Terry heard a rustle and then the dog yelped. Fearing that Chica was injured by the cat, Terry called her back. When Chica returned it was obvious . . . the cat was not a cat.

The aroma of skunk was just as strong despite a nose-to-tail spray from Pepe Le Pew. I was assigned the task of cleaning up the dog for our return trip. A brief discussion among the three of us skunk rookies determined that tomato juice was needed to bathe the dog and clear the scent. Off I went at midnight to every dépanneur I could find to buy multiple cans of tomato juice. With the juice in hand, I had a lonely and smelly late-night date with the dog and a hose in the basement parkade.



When I finally finished the job, I smelled like a skunk and the dog was a tomato disaster. Early morning saw us loading the car for the return journey to New Brunswick. We piled in, and within a block all the windows were open. We spent 14 more hours sailing along the highway enduring the aroma of a skunked, tomato-soaked dog. That was the longest drive of our lives.

In closing, tomato juice does not neutralize skunk. To this day I dislike tomato juice and am glad we do not have skunks on the Island.

Submitted by Stan Willow

Stan, You Were Not Alone in your Noble Struggles . . .

As it happens, we had another story that echoed closely the trials and tribulations of perfumed dogs which Stan has just described.

It was like this. My friend Jemima had had several dogs in her time, and each was always the most wonderful creature (in her view) that the doggie world ever bred. The creature that was current when I first arrived in Canada was a large black labrador, and like (so I'm told) all black labs, this one suffered from B.O. to a quite objectionable degree. The dog had its own place in Jemima's SUV and was invited to accompany her on most outings.

Given a year or two later, I needed a car and Jemima needed to sell hers, so I acquired her SUV. But I hadn't made many trips in it before I was acutely aware of the presence which that dog had bequeathed to every nook and cranny of the internal recesses of the vehicle's upholstery.

Continued next page...

Chemicals were impotent against that level of olfactory displeasure. I tried parking the car in the front drive with the doors and windows open, so that the midday summer sunshine could beat down upon its black exterior and do its greenhouse thing, but all to no avail. Eventually my lifestyle preferred me to have a truck rather than an SUV, but I didn't know how to go about a sale – should I confess the car's weakness, or hope that the buyer was also a dog-lover? As it turned out, I sold it to a clergyman who was effusively polite even though I came clean about the car's "problem".



The four-footed hero of this little story went to doggie-heaven long ago, where perhaps there is only singing and no smelling. But I must delve once again into the antics which his owner related to me.

Now widowed, Jemima sought physical warmth during winter nights by letting the dog (whose girth and mass were similar to those of a 7 to 8-year-old child) get ... into ... bed ... with ... her. Presumably she had a standing order for tanks of Eau de Cologne.

Submitted by Cat-lover

Maybe it's a question of personal preference.

A Travelling Dog's Life

I'm only 18 months old, but I am now a world traveller! I was not quite sure what to expect when my mummy bought me a large kennel and asked me to try sleeping in it instead of on her feet. But I happily obliged. Then we went on a fun adventure on a big boat where I got to meet some other dogs and see a seagull up close (very scary!). We then took a taxi and arrived at the "airport" - that's where I had to trust my Mummy. After a fun walk I was put in my kennel (with my favourite toys and mummy's T-shirt) and then a nice man took me away. I was a little unsure, but comfortable. When I was loaded on the aeroplane, I could see that Mummy was watching and would be nearby, so I decided to have a nice nap. Before I knew it, I was being moved to another aeroplane and a funny man came and checked me and gave me some water...it was the middle of the night, so I went back to sleep.

Before I knew it, Mummy was there and getting me out of the kennel—and I was in Paris! That was easy I said as I jumped up and down and licked her all over. The harder part was trying to catch the French trains and there was a lot of people and bustle which I didn't like much. We finally got to Calais, and I got to nap with Mummy again and then we went for a lovely walk by the lake—I was good, I didn't chase the huge swans. Our trip was not over yet—we got on a shuttle bus which took us onto a train that went under the sea! But when we arrived in England Daddy was waiting for us and I went to play with my new cousins in the most beautiful big garden.

Since arriving in England, I have been on many wonderful walks and have met cows (like horses but slower) and sheep (which I'm not allowed to chase). We have climbed Iron-Age forts, explored forests and discovered fields of flowers to roll in. I really like going to the pub—we do a lot of that, and I even went to a Eucharist service at Wells Cathedral. The music was nice, but I didn't like the incense.

However, my favourite thing in England is meeting my Nana and Rara. Nana is very good at slipping me treats from the table and giving me cuddles.

I miss you all in Canada and will be home soon.



Submitted by Leo Love

The Butterfly

Every Summer in June we see more and more butterflies around. I had the closest personal encounter with one.

On June 7th this year, around noon, I was walking to a shopping mall enjoying a clear sunny day, blue skies, lots of blooming flowers, taking it all in. Suddenly a beautiful large (the size of a hummingbird) black-tailed yellowish butterfly was following me, dancing around carelessly at my shoulder height. Slowing my pace down, I had a mysterious feeling about the close, swooshing, fluttering wings and by its beauty. When I reached a crossroad the traffic was heavy, and I paused, watching it fly by. I remained standing on the corner, mesmerized by the friendly butterfly. I like butterflies because I feel that they are hovering over flowers, simply asking for permission to land.

It was amazing to feel so close to this beautiful creature flying by me with such slow motion and friendly manner, as if it knew me. I even asked him what he wanted, but he flew on happily. My eyes followed, saying goodbye to my transient friend and marveling at this beautiful creation.

As it flew on, crossing the road carelessly, a white truck appeared at speed, hitting the butterfly heavily with its front hood. The butterfly dropped, falling onto the road in the middle of the traffic. There it tried to move helplessly, fluttering its wings but could not get up. It was hurt badly from the impact, and I was standing there motionless. I was wretched with sadness, when another car ran over it, dragging it further away. It was dead, a fatal accident.

There was a hopeless pain in my heart as I stood there, feeling tears rolling down my face. The driver did not even see the tragic demise of this beautiful thing, the demise of a modest butterfly on a bright sunny day ... and for what purpose?



(Eastern) Tiger Swallowtail

Submitted by Eva Macbride

The Beauties and the Beasts



*"Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
God made their glowing colours ...
The Lord God made them all".*



God created the animal kingdom: our companions, workers, domesticated, wild, (or, to put it bluntly) those we enjoy, those whose properties we utilize, and those we eat. When I questioned a Reverend recently where insects fitted into God's grand scheme of things, I was reminded that I could admire the insects themselves but was not bound to like what they do (think of mosquitoes). And among those insects there is much to admire, and much to abhor.

The Beauties:

We moved to a farm when I was 10 years old. Rural life was not unknown, but the occupations and the magni-

tude of how a (dairy) farm ticked brought new experiences daily. I recall especially June 24 1952. Hay-making (the manual sort, as then it was) had occupied Dad's thinking and most of our waking hours for days if not weeks, and as the English climate is so prone to depression-bearing showers in summer there was an added pressure to get the hay crop safely gathered, carted, stacked and covered. I was invited (if not told) to help in the final run for the time being, and probably did what I could with a pitchfork twice my size.

Continued on next page...

The Beauties and the Beasts - continued

Darkness had fallen by the time the last load was being pulled homewards, and as we walked behind it I noticed little lights in the banks – steady and of a yellow-green colour. Glow-worms! (vers luisants), unashamedly luring their prey with their bioluminescence, but very exciting for a little girl to see for the first time. And on Midsummer Night – almost like a Dream.

Decades later, I was visiting distant cousins in Iowa (USA), whose farm occupied a mile square of land (the next-door neighbours could just be made out by their domestic lights a mile away). But in competition were other tiny, twinkling lights – fireflies! – flashing on and off in the clear darkness. Their purposes were even more basic: to attract mates in order to ensure the longevity of their species, but (again) very exciting for someone who had never dreamed of seeing such little creatures in action each night.

Then there was the matter of the swallow with a broken wing. A colleague who lived in the country near Kiel (north Germany) found an injured swallow in his garden one spring. The bird could not fly, and was weak from lack of food. He settled the bird in a large cage, but then faced a practical problem: the swallow's diet consisted of flies, but they had to be live ones, so he engaged the willing help of neighbours to catch and retain live flies for this eccentric professor. The bird slowly regained strength and could fly again, short distances. Then came the time for the whole company of swallows to fly to north Africa for the winter, and it left his garden. Next year, in mid-spring, who should fly into the professor's garden but the self-same swallow, identified by the band that had been put round one leg. What amazing map-reading!

Garden insects and birds abound here in Canada, and display intriguing, even amusing, habits. Why did a bald eagle deposit a duck's egg in the gutter above the carport? Had it stolen it from somewhere and then had a senior moment and forgotten where it had left it? How can bumblebees manage to be airborne when their dimensions (like those of a jumbo-jet, scaled) are simply not conducive to flying at all? Why do humming-birds regularly enjoy an evening shower in the spray of a hose that I am holding?

... and the Beasts:

Then came a conference in Italy. Accommodated beside the big lake on the hill just outside Rome, it was designed as a summer retreat so it was not lavish in creature comforts inside. The first night in my little bedroom was disturbed frequently as the occupants of adjacent rooms tried to deal with whatever had woken them, and slaps of slippers against the walls mingled with triumphant cries of "Got it!" suggested that perhaps some elements of The Lord's creation could have benefited from environmental correctives, or at least some less unpleasant ways of feeding each female mosquito with the animal blood that she needed in order to produce a brood of eggs.

Not quite enemies yet but becoming an invasive species are the green lizards, which scuttle away from flower-pots and planters on my deck whenever I open the door. Lizards are insectivores; can they be encouraged to dine off mosquitoes? .

Submitted by Elizabeth Griffin



Fraud and Scams

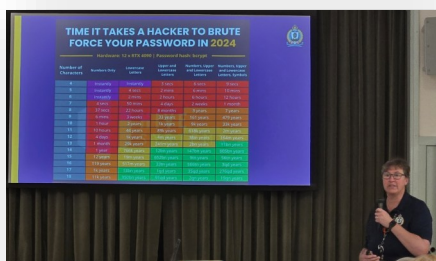
The Education Committee recently organized a professional talk on Fraud & Scams, delivered by a Constable from the Saanich Police's Anti-Fraud Centre. Evidently much in demand to address this subject, our speaker taught, enlightened, encouraged and warned us of the many ways that these unscrupulous criminals can invade our privacy just from a computer situated in any number of spots around the world. The internet may be a wonderful invention for many, but unfortunately there are those who learn how to apply it for their own purposes.

The speaker left us with some basic actions as all-time aids:

- ◆ Do not feel you need to act immediately if you are threatened by a bogus message. Breathe deeply and slow down: no real financial tangle is a matter for panic
- ◆ If a scammer telephones you, be rude: hang up, delete, and don't respond
- ◆ To confirm any suspicions, check with two trusted people
- ◆ Never send money, or give personal or bank info, to someone you haven't met
- ◆ Be wary of sob-stories from a stranger or messages from family that seem unlikely; check through a different route (e.g., cell phone) if you can.

The session was practical, fact-based and helpful. Everyone present benefited from the information that was explained and shared.

Submitted by the Education Committee



Summer Sunday in Saskatchewan

All Saints Church in Langmead was one of the two points in my first parish. It was set in a totally rural area and was the only other building of any size for several miles around except for the school. Those two were the centre of life for the surrounding farming community. Most of the families in the area were members of the congregation; they were proud of their church, and regular in their attendance all year round.

As I was preaching my sermon one hot and drowsy afternoon someone ran in at the back of the church and whispered to the men near the door, who leapt to their feet and rushed outside shouting "There's a grass fire!". What a way to end Evening Prayer!! The church was empty in seconds, as everyone ran to cars and trucks to reach the scene of the blaze.

Apparently, the children of one of the few farm families who were not church goers were playing outdoors and had managed to set fire to the grass and brush near their house. There was no fire-hall for miles, and (of course) in those far-off days there no iPhone, so knowing that most of the neighbours would be in church the boy had run to us for help.

When we reached the house, we grabbed whatever sacks and other material we could find there, in the trucks, and set to work to beat out the flames. With a blazing sun to dry the grass and no water to help us it was not long before we were losing the battle. One farmer drove home and fetched his farming equipment to plough a fire break around the school (much to the chagrin of the kids), but happily the church was not in danger.

Eventually the fire reached a road that stopped any further spreading in that direction, and after a long battle we were able to put it out. We were hot and dirty and tired, but victorious; no one was hurt, and no buildings were lost, and we were able to "depart in peace, thanks be to God".



Submitted by Geoff Huggil

Friendship on Mount Rundle

In June 1962, after graduating from Selkirk Senior Secondary School in Kimberley, I was faced with a dilemma. At that time the provincial government awarded us “money for marks”, so my tuition at Uvic in September was covered. But I needed a summer job to pay for the rest of the expenses, and I couldn’t get one if I went to the Banff School of Fine Arts summer program, for which I had been awarded a scholarship. My Dad had the answer. I applied successfully for a student loan, so my problem was solved for the time being. I could dance all morning, play the piano all afternoon, and sing in Filmer Hubble’s choir in the evening. What a life!

Not long after arriving in Banff, I met Nancy Tomkins from Baie d’Urfe. Like me, Nancy had just graduated from high school, but unlike me, she was exotic and elegant, with big-city ways. Three times a week she caught the train into Montreal, where she studied music, and she was going to Juilliard in New York in the fall. I was very much in awe of her lifestyle, but she was in awe of the Rockies in general, and Mount Rundle in particular. Because I had lived in the mountains all my life, I took their beauty for granted. Nancy helped me to see them in a new way.

After a couple of weeks, we were firm friends; and on a free Saturday we decided to climb Mount Rundle. Climbing up the steep face was out of the question for novices like us, but we could surely hike up the gently sloping back. We set off in early morning darkness, around the golf course and up the switchbacks through the woods. Eventually we got to the treeline, and as we continued to ascend gradually, the view started to become more spectacular. We were clad only in shorts, tank tops and runners, but it wasn’t long before we wished we had hiking boots for protection.

Every step we took resulted in a downward slide, ankle deep in scree. Finally, we got out of the gravel, and we planned our way to the highest of the peaks. We had to move along a ridge which was perilously narrow in places. Sometimes we crawled on our hands and knees, hearts in our mouths, because serious injury or even death could result if we plunged into either abyss. I was terrified the whole time but didn’t want to turn back. When we got to the summit I held Nancy’s ankles, while she peered over the edge at the ribbon of highway and the tiny dots of cars travelling along it. Then it was my



turn. We were blessed with a perfect day to view all this splendour!

We celebrated our achievement by eating a cheese sandwich and toasting ourselves and the mountain gods with water. Back down the dragon’s back, over the terror of the ridge, then joyously sliding down through the scree, shouting gleefully and singing all the way down! We arrived at the park ranger’s office by dark to check in. I still remember the sense of exhilaration I felt, lying in bed that night.

Few things in life have been as momentous for me as that day in July. Were we mad to take such risks? Maybe. But learning about trust, about friendship, about saying yes to opportunities and challenges, about respecting our natural world, about managing our fear, and about not taking the gifts of God for granted – all this has enriched my life. I would do it all over again. When you are eighteen years old, life is to be seized and enjoyed. And when you are eighty-one years old, life is still to be seized and enjoyed, in whatever way you can do that !

Submitted by Lonnie Palmer



Masquerade Party

In the summer of 1968, Stan and I received an invitation to a “Masquerade Party”. This put me in a panic about costumes that needed to be ready in just two days. Stan, however, calmly volunteered to go as a ballerina, preferably a swan. Problem solved. I got busy sewing a tutu, arm ruffles and a tulle head-piece with white feathers. A senior neighbour, who was also invited, proffered a large-size bra, which we stuffed with several pairs of Stan’s socks to give him a more feminine shape.

Two days later, when the day of the party arrived, we realized that we had forgotten that I too needed a costume. I grabbed a pair of old trousers, splattered them with paint, a black T-shirt likewise, and donned a black beret. Thus emulating Degas, the painter of ballerinas, I carried an artist’s palette and paint brush.

When we arrived at the hall where the dance was held, we parked close to a gas station where an attendant was pouring gasoline in a customer’s gas tank. When he saw the floating ‘apparition’ in a white tutu, he could not believe his eyes. Mesmerized and shocked, he found he was directing the gasoline onto the street instead of into the tank . . .

The dance was a big success. A contest was held at the end for best costume. The winner was a man who dressed as the devil, while Stan received second prize. Being a good sport, Stan didn’t mind being called “Pavlova” Kitching that evening.



Submitted by Valda Kitching



*Summer Sailing on Chandos Lake, Ontario
One great way to spend the summer!
Trish Murray*

STRANGERS

One friendly face in a crowd of strangers – how it makes your day!
Someone with a smile of kindness and a pleasant way;
Park bench becomes inducement to friendly armchair chat,
It breaks through a shell of loneliness to talk of this and that.

You may not ever meet again, but still it warms the heart,
Two strangers close knit for a while, instead of worlds apart;
Such brief encounters leave behind a haunting, sweet perfume,
Remembered like the muted strain of an old, familiar tune.

Submitted by Valda Kitching



Pause for Poetry

"You do not just wake up and become the butterfly. Growth is a process."

Rupi Kaur,

"Well, I must endure the presence of a few caterpillars if I wish to become acquainted with the butterflies."

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry in *The Little Prince*

"A butterfly symbolizes acceptance of each new phase in life. To keep faith as everything around you changed."

Lisa Kleypas in *Rainshadow Road*

"Just when the caterpillar thought 'I am incapable of moving,' it became a butterfly."

Annette Thomas,

"The great loneliness — like the loneliness a caterpillar endures when she wraps herself in a silky shroud and begins the long transformation from chrysalis to butterfly. It seems we too must go through such a time, when life as we have known it is over — when being a caterpillar feels somehow false, and yet we don't know who we are supposed to become."

Elizabeth Lesser

We delight in the beauty
of the butterfly, but rarely
admit the changes it has
gone through to achieve
that beauty.

Maya Angelou



*"If nothing ever changed,
there would be no such
things as butterflies."*
— Wendy Mass



*"If you smile when you see
a butterfly, you have
happiness in your soul."*
— Diana Cooper

Butterfly

In the hidden place
When all seems dark
In the cramped space
When you fall apart

Through the struggling years
As you cry so many tears
That is where your future starts

Maybe your chrysalis
is just your metamorphosis
Where God transforms your
heart

From the inside out
You begin to regrow
More than what the enemy
stole

For God knows
That who you were before
Could not hold
The glory He wants to shine
through you

See,
He let you break
Just to make you whole
As you begin to break free
And your wings unfold
You fly into your destiny
That God planned of old

Now you realize
From a caterpillar to a butterfly
He's always been right by your
side

Now you see the other side
Flying free through the sky |
With bright colors
In springtime's bliss
Your life reflects His faithfulness

So fly free
And lift Him high
You are His beloved butterfly

marisadamore.com

The Caterpillar and the Butterfly

A man found a cocoon of a butterfly. One day a small opening appeared in the cocoon. Fascinated, he sat and watched the butterfly for several hours as it struggled to force its body through the little hole. Then it seemed to stop making any progress. It appeared as if it had gotten as far as it could and could go no farther.

After waiting for some time, the man decided to help the butterfly. He took a pair of scissors and nipped the remaining bit of the cocoon. The butterfly then emerged easily.

But alas, it did not unfurl its wings and fly gracefully away. The butterfly had a swollen body and shrivelled wings. The man continued to watch the butterfly hoping that the wings would enlarge and expand to be able to support the body, which would contract in time.

Neither happened. In fact, the butterfly spent the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body and deformed wings. It was never able to fly.

What the man in his kindness and haste did not understand was that the restricting cocoon and the struggle required for the butterfly to get through the small opening of the cocoon are nature's way of forcing fluid from the body of the butterfly into its wings, so that it would be ready for flight once it achieved its freedom from the cocoon.

Source: International Story

The story teaches us two things. First, that we should not haste in life. Patience is divine and there is always a reason to everything, if we would just wait and watch. And secondly, that every struggle makes us strong and teaches us to 'fly'!



Source: www.itstimetomeditate.org

Pause to feel the summer wind and stop to hear its song;
Smell the newborn flower while its bloom is sweet and strong.
Take time to know each season, to watch each new day's birth,
And you will hold within you the treasures of this earth.

Valda Kitching



SUNFLOWERS

Like greeters you stand in a row in the field,
When summer is glowing with bountiful yield.
Your bright sun-like faces smile at each passerby
From sun-up to sun-down, till night shades draw nigh.
O, beautiful sunflowers, handwork of God —
What joy you exude through your sunshiny nod!

Valda Kitching

Feedback! Please . . . We want to hear from you!

This newsletter is the Messenger of the parish, and the Editors would like You to give Us feedback so that it meets your needs better. Please send us your comments regarding the three basic areas: Continuation, Frequency and Content:

1. **Continuation:** Do you like The Messenger? Do you read it, toss it, share it, or should we just stop doing it?
2. **Frequency:** Most years we manage Winter (Christmas), Spring (Easter) and Summer or Fall (Michaelmas), though sometimes only two issues per year. Would it be better if we did more (shorter) ones more often or just one per year?
3. **Content** The Messenger is intended to complement the weekly Newsletter, not overtake it. It can be fact or fiction, highly retrospective, straight or humorous, and can cover any topic that is deemed appropriate.

Please send your comments, either by email to the Editors or as hand-written notes. The default is that we carry on, with size and frequency pretty much like this year's issues. (Thinking ahead: One suggestion for the next issue is to choose Music as the theme).

Hoping to hear from you!

Thank you, Helen & Elizabeth

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:

admin@stmikevictoria.ca.



AI Images

In this edition of the Messenger we have used Artificial Intelligence (AI) to generate some images where the authors did not provide one. These are intended only to add visual interest and should not be interpreted as real or editorial. The above icon indicates AI images



Good News on Thursday Newsletter

If you would like to subscribe the weekly newsletter, please visit our website

<https://www.stmikevictoria.ca/subscribers>



St. Michael and All
Angels' Anglican Church

4733 West Saanich Road,
Victoria, BC, V8Z 3G9

Phone: 250-479-0540

Email: admin@stmikevictoria.ca

www.stmikevictoria.ca



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.