



St. Luke Cedar Hill

www.stlukesvictoria.ca

"A beacon in the community, illuminating
many ways to encounter God"

The Prescription



Fall 2023

St. Luke's Rector: The Reverend Daniel Fournier

Editors: Sharon McMillan and Barb Prescott

Cover photo by Sharon McMillan

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We embrace the knowledge that the Ləkʷəŋən (Lkwungen) peoples are the original custodians of the lands on which we gather. Their traditions are a blessing that can open our hearts and minds, and they are bearers of ancient wisdom that can give us hope.

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From the Editors

Sharon McMillan and Barb Prescott

Welcome to this Fall 2023 issue of **St. Luke's Prescription**. Thank you to everyone who sent in pictures and articles for this issue. We are always happy to receive your contributions! We also appreciate feedback and suggestions as to what you would like to see included in the Prescription.

Looking ahead, the deadline for submissions for the Christmas 2023 edition of **The Prescription** will be **Friday, December 1st**. Please keep sending us (Sharon and Barb) your articles, photos, poems, and other creative endeavours at prescription@stlukecedarhill.ca or communications@stlukecedarhill.ca.

Celebration Sunday and Lots to Celebrate at St. Luke's

Celebration Sunday is coming on October 29th and I hope to see many of you at the 10 am Celebration Sunday Service and the fully catered lunch afterwards. The service and lunch are a time to give thanks for the many blessings we have at St. Luke's and to thank all of you for all you do at St. Luke's, whether it is supporting the St. Luke's community through your prayers, your actions in volunteering to help in various areas, or through your financial contributions. It takes all of us working together to be the community of St. Luke's. We are all part of the body of St. Luke's.



Please enjoy the wonderful pictures of recent events and activities, such as this year's Amazing Journey Day Camp, the Bishop's visit to St. Luke's, and the Blessing of the Animals service. We've had some other exciting events last month, which didn't make it into this issue of **The Prescription**. Two very successful and enjoyable examples were the Crowd Pleasers Only Concert on September 24th and the Vintage Fashion Show and Tea on September 27th. These events raised around \$1,800 and \$1,600 each after expenses. We hope to include pictures from the Crowd Pleasers Only Concert and the Vintage Tea and Fashion Show in the next issue of **St. Luke's Prescription**. A big thank you to all the talented people who made all of these events happen.

Speaking of talents and gifts, please talk to one of the wardens, to Daniel, or to me if you have some gifts or talents you would like to share. Perhaps you might start thinking now about being on Parish Council next year. Talk to one of us about what is involved. Or perhaps you would like to help with social activities, odd jobs around the property, with youth programs, reading in church, or being a sidesperson/greeter. Please talk to one of us and we'll introduce you to someone who can tell you more about these areas.

One of the great aspects of church communities such as St. Luke's is that a variety of people with diverse skills and talents come together, which wouldn't necessarily happen in a workplace or another environment. Perhaps your gifts or talents are hidden or you'd like to try something new. This time of celebration and thanksgiving would be a great time to start! What is God calling **you** to do next?

Fall blessings to our community of St. Luke Cedar Hill.

Barb

From the Rector's Desk – Fall 2023

by the Rev. Daniel Fournier



*Photo credit:
Michael Zastre*

Dear Friends,

We are now into this wonderful season of autumn, even though at the moment we are enjoying warm days that still feel like summer. Autumn is my favourite time of the year where the yellow and red leaves of the trees and bushes form a spectacular contrast against the brilliant blue sky.

It is also the time of year when we call to mind the precious gifts we do enjoy - the abundance of gardens and trees that have produced a variety of delicious vegetables and fruits, and the beauty of the flowers that coloured our yards and surroundings.

It is also the season when we gather to share in Thanksgiving celebrations with family and friends at dinner tables resplendent with the season's bounty. In gathering together, it is a time when we especially thank God for blessing us with so many gifts - for all that has been and for the blessings yet to come.

It is also, as it ought to be, a time to express thanksgiving for the gift of love, of God's presence in the person of Jesus Christ in our worship together. It is a gift to be able to worship together in faith, in sanctuary, in our beautiful church. And what is our response? It's simple! Say thank you and bless it forward! Share your thanks in gestures of kindness; pass on your thanksgiving to everyone you meet.

And so, may your autumn be filled with even deeper appreciation of God's goodness and may you be blessed as you live a thanksgiving way each day.

Lastly, just a reminder of our service of St. Luke Day/Celebration Sunday on October 29th at 10:00 am, which will be followed by a shared meal.

Happy Thanksgiving, and a Blessed Autumn!

Daniel +



Words from the Wardens

What We See Is What We Believe. Or, Is It?

by Brenda Morgan

Revelations come at the oddest of times. Suddenly, something will grip us, a startling illumination that confirms something as true that we had previously held in doubt, or conversely shakes a long-held belief throwing us into question and doubt. I had a summer of unexpected revelations.

This summer, my family and I took a trip that included six countries, one of them being Hungary. The beautiful city of Budapest broke all my stereotypes of an ex-communist city. Grand and elegant with a visible history dating back many hundreds of years, it proudly straddles the graceful Danube and cleverly hides the brutalist architecture of its recent communist past.



Budapest on the Danube



Quotation at St. Stephen's

The Basilica of St. Stephen sits at the head of one of its main city squares, busy with the social activity of restaurants, bars, shopping. In the bustle, one might easily overlook the gilded lettering above the entrance to the basilica: ***Ego Sum Via, Veritas et Vita***. Latin is not an everyday familiarity to me, so I missed the significance at first glance, but then looked again to see what the words were. Oh yes, I thought, “I am the Way, the Truth and the Life”. How wonderful to have those words above the entrance.

And then wham! It struck me: in Latin unlike the English, there is alliteration. All those V’s: Via, Veritas, Vita. How very poetic! What rhythm! The words are beautiful and rhetorical in English, probably in other languages too, but in Latin it's sheer poetry.

And then the GREAT DOUBT hit. My mind became a whirl of questions as I tried to reason what I had just seen. My train of thought went something like this: Jesus was a Jew; he spoke Aramaic, not Latin; he was not Roman; *but the words were undoubtedly first written in Latin – poetically with alliteration*. He, Jesus, wouldn’t have said those words in Latin; where then would the words have come from? Paul? He was Roman, wasn’t he?

I walked up the wide staircase, under the words, and entered the church. I was surrounded by the beauty of the great dome. Familiar Christian iconography was everywhere I looked. A Catholic mass was just starting, so I sat down. But, I was rattled and agitated. I always knew the Bible was a human endeavour, a human construct, albeit inspired by God. But here I was wracked by doubt. These were words I had always BELIEVED were said by Jesus, and now I was in doubt.

I became convinced that because of the poetic element, the words were first written in Latin. Which Gospel did the words appear in? John? Then, did John get those words from Paul? Did John even live at the same time as Paul? Did he live after Paul? Sitting there in the church, I was comforted by the familiarity of the service, and I decided it was best not to think anymore, but just enjoy the service and try to keep my faith.

(Now I'm no theologian, and I invite any theologian who has studied the history of the Bible to please enlighten me. I would love to have a further discussion of those words and where they came from, and why in Latin they are alliterative but probably not in any other language, and what the significance of that might be.)

The journey with my family continued, as we worked our way through the various countries of eastern Europe. Finally, we got to our last destination: Turkey. The country, difficult to pigeon-hole, was no disappointment. Both Europe and Asia, the country literally straddles two continents. It is Muslim for now, but for much of its history Christian.

Everywhere we looked, we could see signs of both. In the fabulous Hagia Sophia, behind the Arabic writing quoting the Quran, the frescoes of the Christian era are still present.



Hagia Sophia, Istanbul

On a blazing hot day, we went to visit the Topkapi Palace in Istanbul. This was the palace used by the sultans of the Ottoman Empire. The powerful Ottomans had ousted the Byzantine emperor, bringing to an end an empire that had held sway in Middle East for a thousand years. Islam took over from Christianity.

As expected, Topkapi Palace was huge. There were the Sultan's apartments, the never-ending quarters of the hareem and eunuchs, the vast kitchens that would feed thousands, not to mention the many rooms housing the stunning jewels owned by the sultanate.



Set apart in its own building, in what used to be the worship/prayer area was the Topkapi Relic House, now a museum, known as the Relic Museum. Tired though we were on this sweltering day, we decided to visit the museum. We had been advised not to miss it. Groups of pilgrims, dressed in white, were all heading in the same direction. As expected, there were many artifacts and relics important to Islam such as very early versions of the Quran, Mohammad's footprint, and Mohammad's sandal.

Then in a small glass case, I saw what looked like a walking stick. I looked at the label, and could I believe what I was seeing? There, typed, were the words: **The Staff of Moses**. The Staff of Moses? I was incredulous. How could it still exist? How could it not have disintegrated by now? It must be just a stick. I looked at it again and again. Slowly I felt my initial skepticism giving way, and I felt compelled to stretch out my hand to touch it. It was, of course, behind glass.

I thought of the significance of the staff. This was the staff that Moses used to part the Red Sea; the one God turned into a serpent and then back into a staff; this was the staff that Moses used while walking through the wilderness looking for the Promised Land; the staff Joshua carried into the Promised Land after Moses had died. I felt myself shiver. The staff of Moses!

Of course, it could have lasted millennia! Of course, the staff would have been kept! Of course, it would have been seen as a relic and passed down and treasured! Of course, a powerful Byzantine emperor defeating Judea would have taken it as loot. Of course, a powerful sultan would have appropriated it as a significant Muslim relic. Of course, of course, it must be true.

Once again, I call on historians to shed enlightenment.

Twice on this trip, I had had a spiritual jolt. One shaking me out of a belief I had never previously doubted, and the other confirming belief in the face of understandable skepticism over an undeniable lack of provenance.

In the end, I think it comes down to faith and the willingness to believe in miracles: the miracle of a piece of wood lasting thousands of years even when exposed to the air, and the miracle of a sublime coincidence that words that were first spoken with no alliteration in one language will be alliterative and suddenly poetry in another.

In this world where we are weighted down with endless reality, it lightens the heart and spirit somehow just to believe in miracles.

Dates to Note: October through December 2023

Date	Event
Saturday, October 28 th	Community Cemetery Cleanup – 9:30 – 11:30 am
Sunday, October 29 th	Celebration Sunday – 10:00 am service, followed by lunch. A service to celebrate our blessings at St. Luke's and observe the Festival of St. Luke, transferred from October 18 th . No 8 am service this Sunday.
Thursday, November 2 nd	No Stone Left Alone Ceremony in the afternoon. Cedar Hill Middle School students visiting St. Luke's Cemetery to honour the veterans.
Friday, November 3 rd	Fantastic Friday (aka Messy Church) – 4:30 – 6:30 pm
Sunday, November 5 th	Service of Remembrance to recognize veterans in St. Luke's Cemetery – 10:00 am
Saturday, November 18 th	St. Luke's Christmas Bazaar – 10:00 am – 2:00 pm
Sunday, November 19 th	Reflections Service – 4:30–5:30 pm in the church
Friday, December 1 st	Fantastic Friday (aka Messy Church) – 4:30 – 6:30 pm
Sunday, December 3 rd	First Sunday of Advent Service – 4:00 pm A service held jointly with Church of the Cross at St. Luke's.

*Unless otherwise noted, Sunday services are at 8 am and 10 am.
Watch for more information about Christmas services closer to Christmas.*

A Reminder...Your Support is Needed

As Readers and Liturgical Assistants. Please speak to Daniel or to Sean Tiernay or leave a message for them in the office if you are able to help in this way.

To help to keep the grounds looking tidy and well cared for. Contact the parish office if you can help with this very important aspect of maintaining our parish. Even helping with weeding a couple of times a year can be a big help!

By donating to the Altar Guild Flower Fund. Please write cheques to *St. Luke's Altar Guild*. If a receipt is required, please write the cheque to *St. Luke's Church* with a notation that the donation is for flowers. For more information, contact Ann Séguin at 250-477-0704 between 10 - noon or after 4 pm.

By financially supporting St. Luke's. While there are many ways to support St. Luke's such as through volunteer activities and through prayer, please consider if you can make an extra financial donation. You can support St. Luke's by going to the St. Luke's DONATE page at the website:

<https://www.stlukesvictoria.ca/donate>

You can make a gift by:

- **Cheque or cash** (dropped off at the office or in the secure mailbox outside the office; in your envelope in the Sunday collection plate; or mailed).
- **E-Transfer** (from your bank account - sent to the Church office e-mail (admin@stlukecedarhill.ca))
- **Credit Card** (Canada Helps) at <https://www.canadahelps.org/en/dn/24305>
- **PAR** (Pre-Authorized Remittance/automatic debit). If you are viewing *The Prescription* online you can access the enrolment form through the website at <https://www.stlukesvictoria.ca/pages/donate-by-pre-authorized-remittance-par>

A Note from Marilyn Trigg

Editors' Note: Sandra Lindberg received this note from Marilyn Trigg and she asked Sandra to share it with others at St. Luke's. Marilyn moved to Vancouver last year to be closer to her family.

Hope this finds you well and enjoying life. I'm very happy at Tapestry and the staff is wonderful. Manage to keep busy with exercise programs, concerts and take many tours which are great. Vancouver has changed so much. Just had a group (5) of my Alberta relatives out which was fun. With the relatives here, I was out 2 days in a row for barbeques. They have cars and drivers here which you can hire to take you to appointments, etc. My son and daughter-in-law have been very good to me, and we actually found a doctor who would take me on as a patient. I certainly miss the church and all of you. I've phoned Connie a few times and she seems content. Give my love to everyone. Take care. Miss you.



Going with the Moon River Flow

by Elizabeth Brimacombe

Editors' Note: Elizabeth shared this story at the St. Luke's Players Talent Show on September 8th.

Julie?

I'm here, mom. You okay?

You've got the light on.

No mom, it's the moon. There's an amazing full moon tonight.

My mom shifted in her bed and turned her head to the window.

The moon?

Uh huh. A big, beautiful, bright moon. Shining up high in the sky.

Mom was quiet. Her eyes open. She'd slept through most of the day. I crossed to her side and took her hand. Her voice, softly singing, *Moon River, wider than a mile....Julie, I'd like to see that moon, feel that moon river.*

I helped her sit up and turn toward the window.

Take me closer to the moon?

I wasn't sure what the rules were, about going outside. I stepped out into the hall. It was quiet. Just one nurse sitting at the desk around the corner. I eased a wheelchair into my mom's room, gently helped her into the seat, and tucked a blanket around her knees. I knelt down, looked her in the eyes, and put my index finger to my lips, *Shhhhh...* Mom nodded.

I worried that someone might stop us, or an alarm might sound when we advanced through the exit door. But we moved out into the night air with quiet ease. I pushed the wheelchair out across the parking lot, beyond a dark corner of the building, out onto a grassy field.

I paused and checked in with my mom. *You okay?*

She smiled and took my face in her hands. *Let's get closer to that moon,* she said.

I pushed on through the grassy field, taking it slow, keeping a close eye on my mom as we bumped along over the dry grass and pebbles. She had her arms raised and her face turned up toward the bright night sky. I walked a bit faster, exhilarated at the beauty of the moon hovering above us, my mom's lucid connection to me and the night sky, and the strange otherworldly experience of pushing my dying mother through a field at midnight. I broke into a run and mom giggled. I looked up toward that bright moon and ran, joining my mom's laughter. The handles of the chair slip from my sweaty grasp when I smacked my foot on a rock. The wheelchair careened on forward as I stumbled and fell.



Mom

The chair bounced along for a few feet and then stopped abruptly as a wheel dipped into a shallow, muddy hole. Mom slid forward out of the seat and onto the soggy ground.

Mom

I moved swiftly to her.

Julie! I'm so glad you're here. Look at that moon!

Mom was fine. Physically. And she still had her awareness of who I was and the moon above us. We wiped our muddy hands on the grass and sat together in silence for a moment.

Mom, we should go back inside.

Okay, she said. And bring the moon!

Oh, you bet, I laughed. We're not leaving that gorgeous moon out here all alone! I picked up an invisible rope and swirled it around over my head. Moonlight cowboy in action! Mom followed the imaginary line of the rope as I wrapped the moon with my invisible lasso.

Here mom, you hold onto the moon.

She clasped her hands around the imaginary rope as I helped her up from the ground and settled her back into the wheelchair. I pushed. But the chair wouldn't budge. Maybe a wheel had bent when it hit the puddle?

Mom, I need to give you a piggy-back ride.

She didn't question it. I bent down in front of her, and she stretched herself over my back, softly folding her small frame over my spine. I breathed a sigh of relief as I looped my hands under her knees and felt the supple range of motion she still had in her body.

We fumbled forward on my cautious stooped steps, pausing several times to rest, look skyward, and tug on the rope.

Mom rested her head on my shoulder as we washed our muddy hands in the sink in her room. Together we tied the rope to the back of the chair by the window. Then I smoothed mom's hair and helped her gently into bed. *Good night, mom.* She fell asleep straight away.

I sat, watching her sleep, letting the sweat on my back dry up. I'd been told that the sense of hearing is the last to stay with us when we go. So, I quietly sang, *Moon River. Wider than a mile.*

Afterword: Elizabeth comments, *"The story is fiction, inspired by the amazing moonlight skies of August 2023, tender thoughts of remembering my mom who passed away in 2011, and my sense of whimsy."*

The Bishop's Visit

Pictures by Heather Simpson and Brenda Morgan

On September 10th, St. Luke's was pleased and honoured to welcome Anna Greenwood-Lee, our Bishop, to the 10 am service. It was a wonderful service and an informative and inspiring coffee time afterward at the hall. To read more about the Bishop's visit to St. Luke's, refer to the two stories in the October Faith Tides (<https://faithtides.ca/bishop-anna-greenwood-lee-visits-st-luke-cedar-hill/>).



Blessing of the Animals Service

Our Blessing of the Animals Service on October 1st was well attended by 4 dogs, 6 cats, 1 bearded dragon, and 23 of their human friends.

As well, a number of cats and dogs no longer with us were remembered through prayers for our beloved pets that have died.



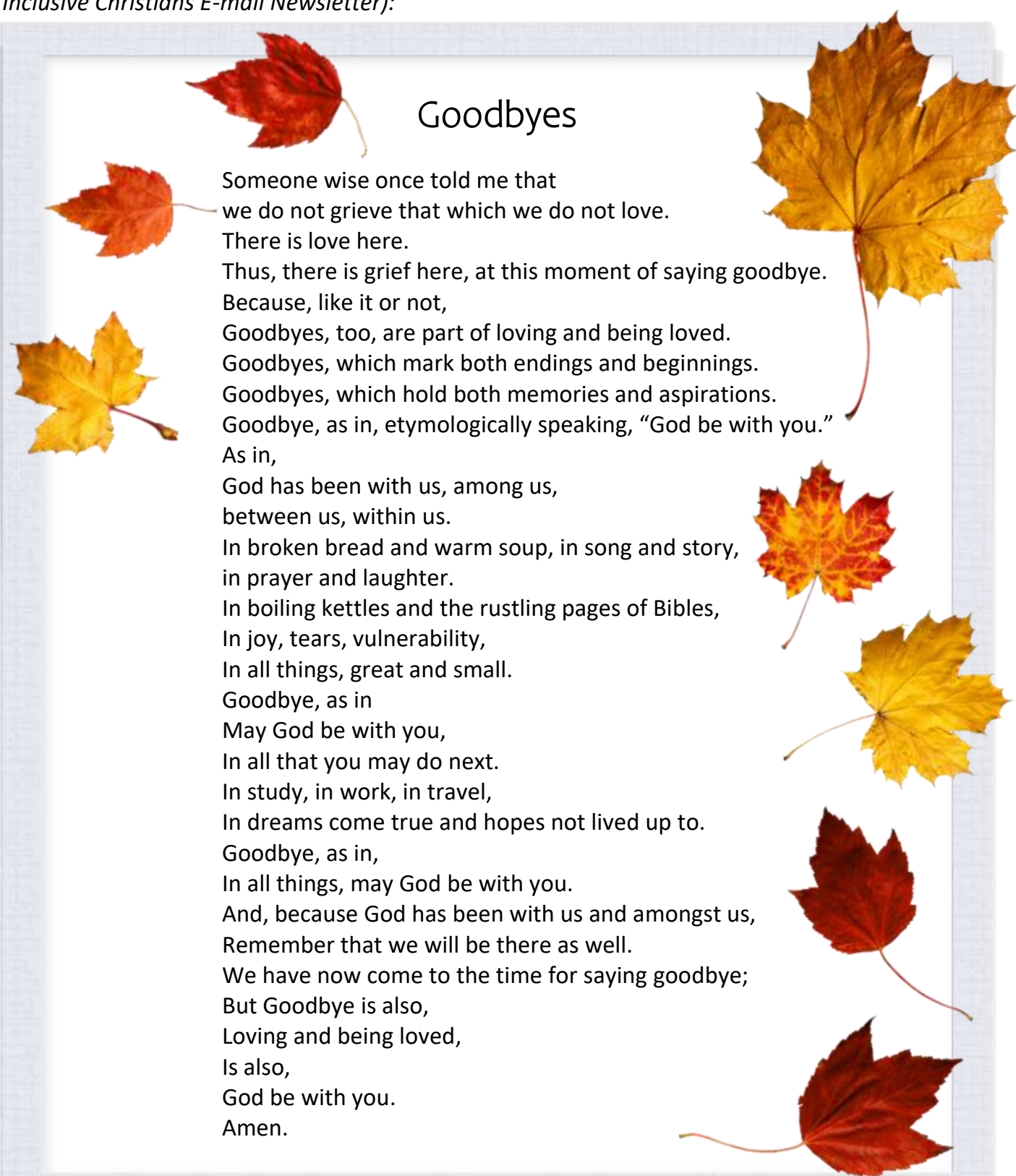
Photo credits: Barb Prescott

A Blessing

by Reba Yeo

Reba Yeo wrote this poem as the blessing for the last Around the Table campus Communion Service of the academic year held on April 5th. Here it is, as a gift to the community (from the April 2023 Inclusive Christians E-mail Newsletter):

Goodbyes



Someone wise once told me that
we do not grieve that which we do not love.
There is love here.
Thus, there is grief here, at this moment of saying goodbye.
Because, like it or not,
Goodbyes, too, are part of loving and being loved.
Goodbyes, which mark both endings and beginnings.
Goodbyes, which hold both memories and aspirations.
Goodbye, as in, etymologically speaking, "God be with you."
As in,
God has been with us, among us,
between us, within us.
In broken bread and warm soup, in song and story,
in prayer and laughter.
In boiling kettles and the rustling pages of Bibles,
In joy, tears, vulnerability,
In all things, great and small.
Goodbye, as in
May God be with you,
In all that you may do next.
In study, in work, in travel,
In dreams come true and hopes not lived up to.
Goodbye, as in,
In all things, may God be with you.
And, because God has been with us and amongst us,
Remember that we will be there as well.
We have now come to the time for saying goodbye;
But Goodbye is also,
Loving and being loved,
Is also,
God be with you.
Amen.

The Amazing Journey Day Camp 2023

Thank you to everyone who helped make our Amazing Journey Superheroes Day Camp in July a great week. We had 35 campers and 18 youth volunteers, as well as 19 adult volunteers who helped for all or part of the week. Thanks to all for your help and support for this important youth ministry. Visit the News page of St. Luke's website www.stlukesvictoria.ca/news/the-amazing-journey-day-camp-2023 to see more pictures from this year's Amazing Journey Day Camp.





Thanks to Tara Poilievre, Sharon McMillan, and Barb Prescott for sharing these Day Camp pictures.

A Mystery Letter with Family Connections to St. Luke's



In among items dropped off for our Spring Fair at the end of April, we found a mystery envelope with a letter and photos. We sent this information out to our parishioners and those on our Cemetery News e-mail list. Through some detective work by one of our readers, we found an obituary for Vera Palmer Beischer, who was the letter writer.

After sending out a notice about the letter, we were connected with two of the letter writer's daughters. We also realized that Vera's parents, Annie E. Palmer and Ernie Palmer, are buried in St. Luke's churchyard, in Row D Plot 38. Vera's daughters shared family memories with us.

Joanne, one of the daughters, sent these comments: *"Thank you to you and the person who found this treasure. I didn't recognize anyone in the photos, but knew instantly the letter was from Mom by her handwriting. It was like walking down memory lane while reading her letter. She must have written the letter within two months of when Mom, Dad, Barb and I (Joanne) moved into the house, followed a few years later by Sue (deceased in 1994) and our brother Billy. Mom lived in the house for more than 70 years.*

For as long as I can remember, Mom and Dad fostered and loved 63 foster children and cared for many more daily (babysitting and overnights). All of this, for love, as in those days she received a mere \$1 per day for fostering and not much more for babysitting many of the neighbours and friends of friends. Mom truly did keep children safe in the home on the hill, overlooking the Blenkinsop Valley.

Mom always had many milking cows over the years for all but two years when she gave up the cows, after which she returned to getting another cow, a Dexter she called Bonus, whose job was to keep the grass in the pastures from getting too tall. She also raised chickens, rabbits, turkeys, mink at different times but always cats, dogs, chickens, and cows with most of their names still remembered.

In Mom's letter, she referred to Alf and Joyce (her brother and sister-in-law), her sister Dorothy and brother-in-law Bill Duncan, and her youngest brother Roy Palmer. Vera also referred to Rolly, Johnny, Peter, Craig, and Fred. All of these friends were welcomed into the home of Annie Palmer (Mom's mother and our grandmother) to enjoy a home cooked meal while on leave from the Army or Navy. Gram met them while volunteering at the Salvation Army hostel. Annie Palmer and her family lived in the house at 3970 Braefoot Rd.(directly across from Andrews Road), where there is a bench commemorating the lives of both Gram and my sister Susan (Sue).

Gram started and operated her store from about 1945 until after 1970. Barb, Sue and I loved helping out at the store, where she sold canned foods, bread, sugar, fresh fruit, etc., but most popularly, penny candies, 5 and 10 cent candy bars, pop and chips. Everyone in the neighbourhood knew Gram. I don't think she made much money but she loved all the visitors/customers and welcomed them all. Annie was also instrumental in the beginning of Braefoot Park, using her back acre, which was later taken over by Saanich. It was a hub for all the neighbourhood children and was supported by the families in its beginning.



Both Annie E. Palmer and Ernie Palmer were buried in St. Luke's Churchyard. My Mom, Vera and Dad, William (Bill) Beischer were married at St. Luke's as well as my Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Bill Duncan. Also my husband Bill

Sanderson and I (Joanne), Barbara and her first husband Rick, and Billy and his wife Joslynn were all married at St. Luke's. There is also a long list of christenings at St. Luke's for the Beischer children and our many children and cousins."

Another daughter, Barb (Beischer) Huonker wrote from Hawaii, "Our family had attended St. Luke's Church probably from the 1940s and my grandparents graves are in the cemetery. My grandfather was buried there about 1940 and my grandmother's ashes were buried at the foot of my grandfather's grave in 1986. I visited the graves all my life even when I would come home for a visit. I even sang in the church choir when I was a young teenager (early 1960s) and remember David Foster playing the organ. All of my generation's kids have been christened there. So St. Luke's is a big part of our family's history.

Gram's store (Palmer's Confectionary) was on what is now Braefoot Park. My grandmother donated the first acre that was Braefoot Park where we played during our childhood. Her store was at 3970 Braefoot Road. If you drive up Braefoot Road from McKenzie, you will see a wooden bench just off the sidewalk facing the part of the park where the store used to be, right across from Andrew Road and Braefoot Elementary.

I really appreciate all of the effort that you and your friends have made to get Mom's letter to us. It was so much fun reading what she wrote as a 27 year old in her own words at that time. We still have not figured out how she got the letter back from Rolly, if he ever got it. That will probably always remain in mystery."

To see a copy of the envelope, letter, and pictures which triggered these memories, visit St. Luke's website: www.stlukesvictoria.ca/news/a-mystery-letter-and-photos. Once we found the letter writer's family, we returned the envelope, letter, and pictures to Vera's daughter, Joanne Sanderson.

Palmer's Penny Candies Were Popular

by Valerie Green



Editors' Note: This article was originally published in *Saanich News*, Feb. 23, 2000, p. 14. It is included here with permission from Valerie Green.

There are still many Saanich old-timers who recall Mrs. Palmer's convenience store which stood at 3970 Braefoot Road. In 1985 when it was set on fire as part of a three-day Saanich Fire Department exercise, a nostalgic 'corner store' came to an end. Since 1946, the

store had been run by Mrs. Annie Palmer and was a popular landmark in that neighbourhood, especially with the children from nearby Braefoot School. The store fronted part of the Palmer house, but when their property was sold in 1984, the land was designated by the Palmers as a Saanich park. One year later the house and store disappeared in flames and plans were under way to extend the playing fields at Braefoot Park. Mrs. Palmer died in 1986 happy in the knowledge that although her home was gone, the acreage she and her husband had first purchased back in the 1930s, would become part of Braefoot Park and would be enjoyed by all. The Palmers always wanted their land to be a place where children could forever play. Today Braefoot Park is a living memorial to their wish.

While walking with the two Palmer daughters recently, I discovered that there was far more to the story than simply a corner store being demolished in the name of progress. Their father, Ernest William Palmer, immigrated to Canada from England around 1903 at the age of 18. He worked at many jobs in many places across Canada, including one in Toronto in 30 degrees below temperature.

Around 1905, after he passed through Victoria he dreamed of one day returning and settling here. His wife, Annie Elizabeth Palmer, also had an adventurous life prior to coming to Victoria with her husband in the 1930s. She was, for instance, living in Fernie at the time of the great fire of August 1908 and could recall how most of the townsfolk and their animals had to flee to the river to escape the flames.

In 1934, Ernest Palmer, his son, and a friend came back to Victoria from Calgary where the Palmers were living. They intended to look around the area. While out walking one day, they met Simon Fraser Tolmie (Premier of B.C. from 1928-1933), who offered them a bag of filbert nuts and asked if they would be interested in purchasing some of the land that was part of the Tolmie farm. Palmer agreed to purchase two acres (Lot 14) and two years later, the whole family moved to Victoria. By 1937, the Palmers had built their home on the Braefoot Road land (opposite today's Andrew Street). Ernest and Annie Palmer and their four children (Vera, Dorothy, Alfred and Roy) farmed the land initially as a 'hobby farm' with cows, chickens and rabbits. Ernest Palmer was an experienced 'homesteader' and their home was a happy one, always full of friends. The Palmers held bridge parties and enjoyed sessions around the piano and their house soon became the centre of community life in the area.

Ernest died in 1939 but Annie Palmer carried on as best as she could. During WWII, a section of the farm was planted in bulbs sent out from Holland, so tulips and daffodils became a familiar sight alongside the Palmer property. Meanwhile, from August 1942 onwards, Annie's home became the center where neighborhood women gathered every Wednesday afternoon to prepare bandages and mend clothing for the Victoria Military Hospital at Mount Tolmie. They also made up the famous "Bundles for Britain," which were sent overseas during the war containing knitted or quilted goods for hospitals and families. Boxes of clothes would be left on Mrs. Palmer's porch and she and her ladies would wash them, sew on buttons where needed and mend them before they were sent on to those in need. Annie Palmer also opened up her house to Navy or Army young men who were away from home and in need of a place to stay.

Some stayed with the Palmers for quite a while, earning their keep by helping Annie and her family around the farm. In 1946, she decided to extend the front section of her house and turn it into a "convenience store." Palmer's Store became a favourite place in the neighbourhood selling all the essential staples as well as the famous 'penny candy' so popular with the local children. Mrs. Palmer

would also serve tea in the back of the shop to her friends who sat on overturned apple boxes while they sipped their tea and discussed local affairs.

When the store was finally closed in 1978 after 32 years of service to the community, the children of Braefoot School presented Mrs. Palmer with a special plaque and an ornamental plate showing a scene, entitled "A Home in the Wilderness." Today a solitary bench can be found in Braefoot Park near where the Palmers' home and little store once stood. It was placed by the Palmer daughters in memory of their mother, Annie, and of Vera's daughter who passed away more recently and would have been delighted to know folks could sit and rest there and still enjoy the area. Two other benches were placed on McKenzie Avenue by the Palmers, thanks to the additional generosity of over 200 donations by friends and family in memory for the Palmers.

These benches are a symbol of the generosity of a family who left its mark on the community in many ways, and in particular, of a woman, Annie Palmer, who made it possible for so many children to enjoy sporting events and the many pleasures of Braefoot Park today.



Braefoot Park



St. Luke's Christmas Bazaar

Be sure to mark your calendars:

SATURDAY, November 18th 10 am–2 pm

Your donations of antiques and collectibles, needlework and handicrafts, jams and jellies, home baking, jewellery, books, toys, items for the Little Elves Shoppe (for children to buy), silent auction items, vintage clothing and accessories, and miscellaneous "white elephant" items will be most appreciated.

No large furniture items please.

Please drop off items the week of the sale.

We don't have storage space for items dropped off sooner.

Set Up - All day Friday, November 17th (9 am - 3 pm)

Carol Turnham, 250-592-2842 Convenor



The Prescription – Fall 2023

St. Luke's Decorated for Thanksgiving



Greetings from Annabelle and Family in England

Editors' Note: *We met Annabelle, Graham, Sophie, and Alice in the fall of 2012 when they started attending Fantastic Fridays and other family events at St. Luke's. At that time, they had recently moved to Victoria from England. While in Victoria, their son, Edward, was born and he was baby Jesus in the Christmas pageant in 2014. Annabelle, Graham, and their family moved back to England in 2016. Annabelle sends periodic updates about their family, which we are happy to share with St. Luke's parishioners.*

August 14, 2023

Thank you so much for your update. The camp sounded like a lot of fun. I remember the girls attending when we were in Victoria, and they really enjoyed it. I enjoy the link to the Prescription too - thank you sending it.

We are on route to France for our annual holiday in Normandy. We've had a busy time with work and school. The summer weather in England has been dismal, so much rain and not very warm, so we're all looking forward to a break and hopefully some sunshine!



Edward, Alice and Sophie

The children are all doing well. Sophie is 15 now, Alice 12 and a half, and Edward shall be 9 in November - where does the time go! We had a lovely day out in London for Sophie's birthday in June and went to see the musical *Hamilton*, which was fantastic.

Both girls continue with their performing arts and Sophie is keen to tread the boards professionally one day. She will take her high school exams next year, so we shall see whether she then heads to drama school or Uni. Alice has just completed her first year at High School, which she's found very tiring, and Edward is still at Elementary. They are all super kids and we're proud of them all.

We continue with our ongoing house renovation and we're on to the next phase after our holiday - we tackle the downstairs next. The house is 200-300 years old, so as you might imagine, renovation is never straight forward and always interesting.

I'll endeavour to send some more photos from France, hopefully with the sunshine, rather than umbrellas!

September 10, 2023

We enjoyed our holiday in Normandy and are now settled into a week back at work and school. The children have settled into their new classes, though we're tired by the end of the week.

We've had an unseasonably hot week, with temperatures up to 30 degrees, though cooler today and potential for thunderstorms. Despite being hot, I welcomed it, having had quite a gloomy wet British summer - France being the exception, which was gloriously warm. We had a super time.



One lovely trip was to Mont. St Michel, an Abbey built over 1000 years ago surrounded by tidal water. The story is that St. Aubert built it after seeing the Archangel St. Michel in his dreams. We had a walking tour around it, with the children up to their knees in 'sinking sand' which was lots of fun!



We visited the theatre last week in London just before school started and saw *Back to the Future, The Musical* - it was very good.

Nothing more planned for a little while now, as we restart house renovations in a couple of weeks, which means lots of sorting out before the mess begins! I am looking forward to getting things done though.

Take care and do say hello to those at St. Luke's who remember us.

Our best wishes
Annabelle, Graham, Sophie, Alice, and Edward

Drinking From My Saucer *from the Internet*

I've never made a fortune and it's likely too late now.
I don't worry much 'bout that, I'm happy anyhow.
As I go along through life I'm reaping better than I sowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer 'cause my cup has overflowed.

I don't have a lot of riches, sometimes the going's tough.
But I've got loved ones 'round me and that makes me rich enough.
I thank God for all the blessings and mercies He's bestowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer 'cause my cup has overflowed.

I remember times when things went wrong and my faith wore somewhat thin.
But all at once the dark clouds broke and the sun peeped through again.
So God, help me not to gripe about the tough rows that I've hoed.
I'm drinking from my saucer 'cause my cup has overflowed.

If God gives me strength and courage when the way grows steep and rough,
I'll not ask for other blessings; I'm already blessed enough.
May I never be too busy to help others bear their loads.
I'll keep drinking from my saucer 'cause my cup has overflowed.



Hills Garlic Festival 2023

by Ray Lett

In a past issue of the Prescription I wrote about a visit to the Hills Garlic Festival in 2009. Elaine and I, and occasionally other family members, attended the Festival several times in the past, but not since 2020 when the event was cancelled due to COVID concerns.

For those not familiar with the Hills Garlic Festival, it began as a potluck dinner at the Hills Community Doukhobor Hall in 1993. Hills, a small, rural hamlet on Highway 6 between Nakusp and New Denver, has a strong Doukhobor tradition of growing garlic. Encouraged by an initial success, the organizers of the 1994 potluck dinner arranged for the meal to be accompanied by the Kokanee String Quartet and the Selkirk Trio and the food to include chocolate mint garlic shakes, chocolate covered garlic cloves, garlic potatoes, garlic pesto, garlic hummus, and garlic pastas. Since then, the festival has been held annually and gained a province-wide reputation for the variety and quality of the garlic cloves.



A garlic cornucopia

Hills, a small community with limited space, experienced a parking problem as the number of festival attendees increased. So, in 2000, the Festival moved to Centennial Park, a large open area in New Denver.



Folk Music



Metal Crafts

The Festival was revived this year for September 10th so we decided to attend. It attracted over 4000 people and exceeded all expectations. Over 100 various craft exhibitors, community groups and, of course, garlic vendors were there. Also, there was a rumour of garlic ice cream though I never actually confirmed the rumour (much to the relief of other family members). Among the entertainers were several bands including one singing 1960's folk songs and Andora, a fantastically clothed three metre tall person on stilts accompanied by the Dancing Duck Man.



Andora and the Dancing Duck Man



Barely interested in humans, just apples

The only slightly unsettling aspect of our New Denver visit was the mother bear and two cubs that decided to stay in a tree by the house where we stayed. The family would periodically descend from their roost to gorge themselves on windfall apples in anticipation of the winter hibernation.

Thanksgiving Haiku

Golden autumn days
Impossibly bright blue skies
Bounty from the earth

Poem and Image by Sharon McMillan

Revitalizing the Planter

by Barb Felsing

The Wardens had been advertising for someone to look after the gardens at the hall entrance, in front of the Rectory and also the corner at Cedar Hill and Cedar Hill X Roads. I thought about this for a while and eventually told Heather Simpson I would like to take on the planter box at the hall. I looked at this for a week or two picturing various plants in my mind.

The first task was to remove dead plants, weeds and any plants which would no longer fit into the scheme (there were not many of those). I also trimmed the corner lavender which was looking rather straggly and very dry. I purchased a bamboo but when it was placed in the planter it did not enhance that area and possibly would not last in the hot sun, so it was returned to the nursery.

Karen suggested wormwood plants and when Tara and I went to an “open house” at the B.C. Aviation Museum in Sidney, they had a couple in their gardens out front. Those plants looked rather striking and we thought they would fit well into the planter. Two were purchased and put in place in their pots. Also, a ‘Jacob’s Ladder’ was asking to go to a good home so it is in the center. I also purchased two Pieris trees and added them to the “pots line”! We re-arranged the order of the pots two or three times until I was happy with the layout of the plants. They are now in place. I hope they do well over the winter, and grow as they should.



Still to be done is final trimming of the lavenders (which is best done in the spring) and also the purchase of a timer for the sprinkler system and repair of that system. Once that is completed, I will mulch the area, which will keep the weeds down.

I hope everyone enjoys the new look of the planter and that all the plants fare well!



Shelbourne Community Kitchen Launches Bring Home the Kitchen Capital Campaign

The Shelbourne Community Kitchen is thrilled to announce the launch of its Bring Home the Kitchen Capital Campaign to raise funds for the construction of a commercial kitchen and accessibility improvements. When the Kitchen moved to its current location, it simply could not afford to do all the improvements at once and the project was split into two phases.

Shelbourne Community Kitchen is delighted to announce that it has already raised an impressive 64% of the total campaign goal through the generosity and unwavering support of community members, local businesses, and philanthropic organizations. This remarkable accomplishment showcases the collective commitment to address food insecurity and transform lives.

With the campaign's launch, the Shelbourne Community Kitchen invites the community at large to contribute and become champions of this transformative initiative. This renovation project will unlock the full potential of the Kitchen to help more individuals, increase its accessibility to the most vulnerable, and create a lasting impact on the lives of those who rely on its services. To help ensure we meet our goal, a long-time generous anonymous donor has pledged to match the first \$50,000 of donations!

These improvements will enable The Kitchen to cater to the rising demand for its services, and provide a wider variety of healthy food and nutritious meals. The current layout and designation with Island Health significantly limits the Kitchen's programs and services. The Kitchen needs a place for participants to cook together in-person, to share community meals, to host canning and preservation workshops and so much more. "Some people cannot believe that we have been functioning without a commercial kitchen for so long. We can no longer go without an actual kitchen in our community kitchen," explains Kim Cummins, Program Director. "With demand for services steadily increasing, the renovation will allow us to expand services and secure our future financial stability", continues Cummins.

"We are immensely grateful for the overwhelming support we have received thus far," said Clarice Dillman, Board Chair at Shelbourne Community Kitchen. "Together, we have already achieved a significant milestone, and with the community's continued support, we are confident that we can achieve our goal and make an even greater difference in the lives of those facing food insecurity." To date, The Kitchen has raised \$247,000 of the total \$387,000 required for all the capital improvements.

The Kitchen invites individuals, businesses, and organizations to participate in the Capital Campaign by making a tax-deductible donation or organizing fundraising events. Every contribution will help the Shelbourne Community Kitchen create a more resilient and nourished community.

To learn more about the Capital Campaign, make a donation, or explore volunteering opportunities, please visit www.shelbournecommunitykitchen.ca.

About the Shelbourne Community Kitchen

The Kitchen is a neighbourhood food centre — so more than a food bank or a soup kitchen. In addition to distributing fresh and healthy food, The Kitchen teaches cooking programs, hosts garden workshops and events, and manages gardens that help to supply much needed fresh produce for programs.

Since its inception, Shelbourne Community Kitchen has been a steadfast pillar in our community, providing healthy and nourishing food, fostering connections, and empowering individuals and families in need. Through its compassionate volunteers and dedicated staff, the organization has made significant strides in combating hunger, while also creating an environment where individuals can find solace, support, and opportunities for personal growth.

In 2022 the Shelbourne Community Kitchen accomplishments included:

- 1,100 adults + 400 children served through the Pantry Program
- 51,457 lbs food distributed
- 2,047 meals prepared together
- 8,310 lbs produce grown in the garden
- 1,876 food plants distributed
- 261 volunteers

For more information contact: Kim Cummins,
Program Director at 250-590-0980 or
info@shelbournecommunitykitchen.ca
Website: shelbournecommunitykitchen.ca
or Clarice Dillman, Board Chair
claricedillman@gmail.com



Thanksgiving Food Donations for the Shelbourne Community Kitchen

Thank you for your donations of food items for the Shelbourne Community Kitchen. The church looked lovely and the donations were appreciated by The Kitchen.

*Thanksgiving pictures on page 17 and this page
by Barb Prescott*

SAVE THE DATES: Shelbourne Community Kitchen Benefit Concert Series



JAZZ BAR
Vocalist **KELBY MACNAYR** *Live in concert with*

THE BOB WATTS TRIO	DR. TONY GENGE ORGAN
JOEY SMITH GUITAR	
BOB WATTS DRUMS	

OCTOBER 29 | SUNDAY 3-5PM | TICKETS \$50
AT LUTHERAN CHURCH OF THE CROSS CONCERT BOWL
3787 Cedar Hill Rd.



AN AFTERNOON with STEPHANIE GREAVES *Live in concert with*

THE BOB WATTS TRIO	ATTILA FIAS PIANO
JOEY SMITH GUITAR	
RYAN TANDY ACOUSTIC BASS	
BOB WATTS DRUMS	

NOVEMBER 26 | SUNDAY 3-5PM | TICKETS \$25
ST. GEORGE'S ANGLICAN CHURCH
3909 St. George's Ln.



WINTER WONDERLAND with EDIE DAPONTE *Live in concert with*

THE BOB WATTS TRIO	ATTILA FIAS PIANO
JOEY SMITH GUITAR	
RYAN TANDY ACOUSTIC BASS	
BOB WATTS DRUMS	

DECEMBER 10 | SUNDAY 7PM | TICKETS \$25
LUTHERAN CHURCH OF THE CROSS CONCERT BOWL
3787 Cedar Hill Rd.

Purchase tickets online at www.shelbournecommunitykitchen.ca or at the door.

Word Search

created by Sharon McMillan



ABUNDANCE
ACORN
APPLES
APPRECIATION
AROMA
BAKING
BLESSINGS
CARVE
CASSEROLE
CELEBRATE
COMMUNITY
COOK

CORNUCOPIA
CROPS
DELICIOUS
DRUMSTICK
EATING
FAMILY
FEAST
FIRESIDE
FLOWERS
FRIENDSHIP
GOBBLE
GOD

GRATEFUL
HARVEST
HEARTH
HELPING
HOSPITALITY
HUGS
JOYFUL
LEAVES
LOVE
MEAL
PRAYER
SHARING

Word Search Solution

E	C	A	S	S	E	R	O	L	E	V	O	L	X	N
Q	H	A	E	E	C	N	A	D	N	U	B	A	G	A
N	B	S	I	J	L	S	R	E	W	O	L	F	P	F
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