



ST. CUTHBERT ANGLICAN CHURCH



VOLUME 39

ISSUE 2

ST. CUTHBERT COMMUNICATOR SUMMER 2026

"To seek and encourage growth as a Christ-centred community, empowered by the Holy Spirit, to know God and to make God known in word and deed."



Welcome Back

St. Cuthbert
Anglican Church

BBQ



Sept. 13
2026

after the 10:00 am Service
11601-82 Avenue, Delta
HOSTED BY
THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Hot dogs
chips
ice cream
drinks

There is no charge but donations are appreciated. Everyone is welcome!

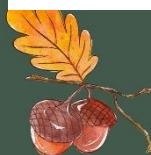
Hakuna Matata Children Choir

Performing at St. Cuthbert Anglican Church
11601-82 Avenue, Delta



Sunday, September 13 at 7:00 pm

Donations accepted at door





Coming Up!

September

- 13th Sunday School classes resume
Welcome back BBQ lunch following the 10:00 service
Hakuna Matata Children Choir, 7:00 pm, donations accepted at the door

- 14th Monthly luncheon 12:00 in St. Cuthbert Hall
ACW meeting at 7:00 pm in the office area

October

- 3rd Men's Breakfast at 8:30 in St. Cuthbert Hall
5th ACW meeting at 7:00 pm in the office area
19th Monthly luncheon 12:00 in St. Cuthbert Hall
31st Men's Breakfast at 8:30 in St. Cuthbert Hall

November

- 2nd ACW meeting at 7:00 pm in the office area
9th Monthly luncheon 12:00 in St. Cuthbert Hall
21st Annual Ladies Breakfast hosted by St. Cuthbert ACW, 8:30 am in St. Cuthbert Hall
28th Men's Breakfast at 8:30am in St. Cuthbert Hall
Parish Advent Potluck Supper at 5:30 in St. Cuthbert Hall

Rev. Monte Tugwete Study Leave 2026

From the 3rd of August until the 19th of September, I will be on a study leave so that I can write my comprehensive exams for my doctoral program in Pastoral Psychology, Leadership, and Indigenous Studies. The exams are extensive and broad, so each takes 7 hours. I will write these under a proctor at Langara College. I am going to write 4 of them in these areas:

1. **Monday 7 September - Exam #1:** History and Theory of a Primary Field – *Theological Ethics & Indigenous Moral Traditions*
2. **Wednesday 9 September - Exam #2:** Major Figure – *Desmond Tutu*
3. **Friday 11 September - Exam #3:** Concentration – *Trauma, Oppression and Pastoral Psychology*
4. **Monday 14 September - Exam #4:** Issue – *Truth & Reconciliation Commissions and Their Critics in Canada*

After that, on the 18th of September, I will defend my dissertation proposal with the **Working Title:** *Reimagining Restorative Justice: A Decolonial Critique of Truth and Reconciliation Commissions Through Indigenous Moral Traditions and Digital Ethnography.*

The Statement of the Problem is that existing Truth and Reconciliation Commissions (TRCs) are fundamentally inadequate for addressing the deep-seated trauma of systemic political oppression. Because these commissions were historically and structurally instituted through the legalistic and bureaucratic lens of the oppressor state, they inherently prioritize state continuity over genuine healing.

My research critiques the structural failures of the TRCs in **Canada** and **South Africa**. It argues that by marginalizing or entirely omitting **Indigenous Religious and Moral Traditions** from their constitutional frameworks, these commissions undermined their own stated objectives of achieving authentic reconciliation and instituting meaningful restorative justice. The state-centric design forces traumatized populations to articulate their grief within the language of the systems that oppressed them, perpetuating a form of epistemic violence.

The **central thesis** of this dissertation proposal is that *true reconciliation and restorative justice can only be achieved by dismantling the Eurocentric epistemological foundations of current TRC frameworks and rebuilding them around Indigenous Moral Traditions.*

Ultimately, this study goes beyond mere critique; it provides a **pragmatic, reimagined blueprint** for future transitional justice frameworks—one that replaces state-centric bureaucracy with a restorative model deeply rooted in Indigenous ways of knowing, being, and healing. I must make my argument for this and defend my research thought process so that I will be allowed to turn this into a final dissertation, which will be my final hurdle in completing my doctorate.



Bathing in Creation and Conversing with Trees by Rev. Stephen

No, I am not talking about going for a swim. Once again, we are at the beginning of the Season of Creation, a time to focus on appreciating the wholeness of what the Holy One has brought to be in all of creation. We, in our humanity, are but one element of creation but are often so tied up with the complexities of our own lives, that we forget how important the rest of creation is, if not for its own sake, but even for our own survival. We take ownership of and use creation for our own needs and pleasures and walk away. We are not often compassionate toward that which shares so much beauty and sustains our lives. But Creation, as is the Holy One, is patient, even in its own pain. It sees and listens and feels in its own ways. Scripture, in Romans 8:22 speaks of the groaning of creation, waiting for the ultimate healing. Creation has a lot to say to us if we choose to listen. When we decide to listen, we may hear a response, feel a touch, even an embrace. There is quiet understanding and quiet healing to be found in creation, even in the midst of its own groaning.

All through my life when I have walked through wooded areas, I have quietly talked to myself out loud. There are times I need to hear my own voice speaking what I am thinking. I know others who do this too. Some speak to the flowers while others speak to the insects. There are those who sit at the waters edge of a lake and speak to the lapping water, or perhaps to the fish.

These walks included the Grouse Grind a few times. It is quiet most of the time, but it is also laborious. I don't speak out loud here. I save my breath for the climb. Most people climb past me. We may nod a hello but that's it. Most climbers are in their own thoughts and that's just fine. It isn't a race. It's a walk. We are all bathing together, separately. But there are a few climbers who arrive as a group of four or five, and I have noticed that there is often one person in that group who speaks loudly and continuously, seemingly oblivious to everything around them. No one else in the group is speaking. They are silent. I can hear the group coming from a long way off. I stop and take a break a bit before they reach me and let them pass by. Once the voice has diminished, I continue my own climb in my own time.

The Conversation... A few years ago, I was on a retreat with others. The first day had been a day of reflection, contemplation, short conversations, and long listening. We had been invited to watch, listen, and interact with the other aspects of creation around us. I sat down and looked closely at the grass all knitted, matted and thatched together with its interlocking weave holding the earth in place, a blanket at bedtime, a cushion for a nap, a comfort zone for a cuddle.

I wandered off. After a while I stopped and spoke to an elderly tree stump and asked if I could rest by leaning into the Steve-shaped indentation it had. It didn't say no, so I leaned in the nook. There weren't any objections. I rested and appreciated the roughness of the bark on my back. I scraped the palms of my hands over its surface too. It was bliss.



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Eventually, I moved on, and spoke to another, a mid-aged tree with many roots running out from the trunk on the surface in all directions. I introduced myself. After a time, intuitively, I understood it to invite me to sit on its knee, one of its larger roots. We sat in silence for a half hour or so. Finally, I asked if it had lived here long.

It replied 'All my life, as have my ancestors for many generations.'



'Ever travelled?', I asked.

'No', said Tree. 'No need to. The world comes to me, right here. Stay a while and perhaps you will see and understand. People searching for peace come to me. Bears looking for a back scratch come to me. Birds wanting to nest come to me. Insects of all sorts find little nooks and crannies in my bark. Squirrels and others play around me. It's all part of the day to day.'

I chuckled and said, 'I am of a species that takes great pride in travelling far and wide, as often as possible, and if we ever pause, it is only to do our laundry.'

'And today', said Tree, 'Here you are. Are you pausing to do your laundry? No, I think not. I can tell you needed to sit in some silence for a while.'

'Yes, that's true. You seem to understand life and the English language quite well', I said.

'Yes, I suppose I do' said Tree. 'You might be surprised at just how much I understand. Not only have I come to my own understanding, I have also absorbed from this place all that my forbears came to understand as well. As for understanding one another, it is the hymn of the universe by which you and I understand one another. You understand me. You just don't yet realize how you do. You don't really think I understand English or any other particular language of humanity, do you?'

'No, I suppose not. I did feel a little foolish telling you my name earlier on.'

'We are who we are at much deeper levels than the sounds we might utter. One day, you will come to know my name at a greater depth than simply as Tree'.

'I look forward to that time. Thank you', I said.

I rose to leave saying, 'I'll be back again some time.'

'I'll be here', said Tree.



May the Holy One, Our Father, Our Creator, touch each heart, mind, and soul to draw our attention to the need for the loving care of all creation.

Powered Together by God™: A Summer to Remember!

By Obie Adabanya, Director of Children's Formation

What an incredible week it was!

From July 27–31, the halls of St. Cuthbert were filled with laughter, excitement, singing, prayer, and plenty of joyful energy as 27 children gathered for our 2026 Summer Day Camp, themed "Powered Together by God."

Throughout the week, our campers discovered that God has created each of us with a unique purpose and that, when we trust Him and work together, amazing things can happen. Each day explored a different Bible story - from Creation and Daniel to Esther, Gideon, and David - helping the children grow in faith while learning about courage, leadership, teamwork, and trusting God.

Of course, learning wasn't confined to the classroom! Every day was packed with exciting games, creative crafts, delicious baking activities, lively team challenges, and lots of opportunities to make new friends. Whether cheering for their team, decorating cupcakes, creating meaningful crafts, or enjoying our much-anticipated Water Day, the children embraced every moment with enthusiasm and joy.

One of the greatest blessings of the week was watching the children grow in confidence - not only in themselves but also in their faith. We witnessed shy campers finding their voices, children encouraging one another, and many confidently praying aloud during our daily prayer times. These are the moments that remind us why Children's Ministry is so important.



This camp would not have been possible without the incredible support of our church family. To our 25+ volunteers - thank you for generously giving your time, talents, patience, and love. Whether you served as a counselor, referee, baker, craft leader, kitchen volunteer, photographer, morning snacks volunteer, technical support, or worked faithfully behind the scenes, your contribution made a lasting difference in the lives of our children.

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To our parents, grandparents, guardians, and families, thank you for partnering with us and entrusting us with your greatest gifts - your children. It has been a privilege to walk alongside them and help nurture their faith.

Above all, we give all glory to God. We are deeply grateful for His protection, His wisdom, His provision, and His faithfulness throughout the week. From the very first day to our closing celebration, we saw His hand at work in countless ways, and we do not take that for granted.

Although this year's camp has come to an end, the lessons learned, friendships formed, and seeds of faith planted will continue to grow. And we're already looking forward to what God has in store next!

Keep an eye on our church communications over the coming months as we'll be sharing details about Summer Day Camp 2027. We look forward to welcoming both returning and new campers for another unforgettable week of faith, fun, and fellowship.



Until then, may we all continue to be Powered Together by God!

Season of Creation Cards by Barb Steele

As many of you are aware, I like to take pictures. Most of you have seen a few of them as occasionally they are used when the announcement is sent out each week for the upcoming Sunday service. A few of my friends see rather more of them, probably more than they want in some cases.

When I was out for a walk one day I was looking around and thanking God for this beautiful place we are blessed to live in, and it occurred to me that I would like to make something featuring the beauty and variety of creation around us. With Rev. Monte's leave I have made some "Season of Creation" cards to celebrate this.

The cards are for sale and I hope the note writers of the congregation will check them out to see if there are any they'd like to purchase. I'll have them available following the 10:00 services for a couple of weeks.

I discussed the price with Rev. Monte and a couple of other people, and settled on \$5.00 each. All the profit will go to the church, directed to the Grounds and Maintenance group and specifically for the purchase of plants and materials to beautify our gardens and help keep our little corner of creation looking wonderful.



The Importance of Faith in My Life

By Meredith Hannen-Tugwete

I was born into the faith. Growing up in my family where my father's career was based in faith, church was never an option, and I didn't know any different. Fast forward 19 years. When I was at University in Calgary I started to wonder why I went to church, why I believed in God, and was it the best thing for me. So, after Christmas I stopped going to church, I took a break, I tried being Jewish (I had a Jewish roommate) I tried Islam, (I had a lot of Muslim friends and went through Ramadan) I tried doing nothing. Fast forward to Holy Week a year later and I felt a need to experience Holy Week. I went to a Roman Catholic elementary school and knew the routine well. Down the street from where I lived was a Roman Catholic Church where I decided to quietly attend Holy Week services. I still wasn't sure this was for me, so I wanted to sneak in the back. As you can see by where I am today, God decided I was where I needed to be and have been ever since. God needed me to know I believed in Him for me, not because that's what my family did or because it's what I had always done, or out of habit, but out of genuine love for God, and that life is better with Him than without.

That's not the end of the story. I decided I wanted to have faith for me, no one else. I wanted to continue a quiet faith and through my post-secondary career that worked well for me. People would see God in me without them ever knowing I was a Christian. Fast forward to a backpacking trip through Europe that led me to Zimbabwe. A place where your faith is loud, proud, and is tattooed on your forehead. This was a very different experience for me in my adult life. Hiding my light under a bushel was no longer an option and pushed me to figure out what kind of person I wanted to be and how I wanted to live my life.

That's still not the end of the story. I met a man, one who was a youth worker and very good at it. You could see the passion and felt like it was his calling in life. He was going to school for Theology in Zimbabwe as he felt he wanted to pass his passion on for youth and families to others. I asked him "Do you want to be a priest? I grew up in that life and I would like to not do that as an adult" his reply was simple "No I'm happy with where I am". Fast forward six years and his answer had changed. He felt differently, well it was a bit late now as we were newly married, God was showing me that regardless of the Christian I wanted to be, He had a different idea of the Christian I was meant to be.

Fast forward to 18 months ago, God challenged me to surrender control and remind me that He's in the driver seat and I'm in the backseat. That I need to look out the window and enjoy the view and ask him to pull over and get out and enjoy the world He has created. That it's not about the destination (I know where that ultimately is, sitting beside Him in heaven) it's about the journey. That I will go through valleys and mountains, droughts and downpours and through it all God will drive the car. I can ask for detours and to take different routes and I'm encouraged to do so, but I don't need to know when we will get there. This is a daily practice and a daily reminder I need to tell myself and to teach my children.

The importance of faith in my life has brought me to this day, this time, this place and this phase of my life and I am grateful. I hope to instill the importance of faith in my children and that others see it in me. I hope that my faith supports my husband in what he does and to be the calm that he needs. The importance of my faith is that God uses me as He sees fit and I continue learn and surrender to what He needs it to be.

Parish Picnic 2026 by The Social Committee

The 2026 picnic was a fun afternoon. The Social Committee's greatest concern each year is that it might rain, but once again the weather forecast did a 180 and we had sunshine. This year however, we had unforeseen competition when the Canada FIFA game was scheduled for exactly the same time as the picnic! We thought we would get only a handful of attendees but, in fact, about 55 people turned up. Those who were glued to their phone screens were welcome to huddle and follow the game while they enjoyed the wonderful food of pasta, samosas and hot dogs. Others were almost as engrossed in endless games of bocce and friendly competition. It was another perfect day of food, fun and fellowship.



Button Blanket and Naming Ceremony by Fay Pereira

For a few years now we have observed National Indigenous Peoples' Day on the third Sunday in June, but never has one been so special as June 21, 2026. One of our own parish family, Beth Fortin, was honoured by receiving a button blanket, which is a Coast Salish tradition of recognizing the accomplishments in a person's life, and the bestowing of her indigenous name. These were very touching moments during our service that day. At the request of her sponsors, a beautiful button blanket was commissioned and painstakingly prepared. At the centre of the blanket is a bunny, representing Beth, her gentleness, adaptability and intuition. Then around the bunny are animals representing the significant people in her life, parents, siblings, husband and children.



Traditionally, her indigenous name would be bestowed by her family at a celebration in the band's longhouse. The bestowing of the name comes after the

family recognizes the qualities and characteristics of their family member. Beth considers St. Cuthbert's her longhouse so two members from St. Cuthbert and a member of St. Helen's chose her name, which was kept secret until presented to her. After receiving approval from Beth's family, her name "Sheltering Oak" or the Sto:lo spelling - St'alt'exw P'xwelhp - was given to her at this service. Knowing Beth as we do, this name couldn't be more fitting. During the presentation, her son Alex, "Walks Barefoot" or the Sto:lo spelling - Imexósem Smamáxel, read the story of Beth's life thus far, her joys and challenges, and also explained the significance of the traditions we were witnessing.

Following the service, we were all treated to a delicious salmon feast which again is traditional. It was a blessing to witness and be part of this meaningful occasion in Beth's life and celebrate with her.



Walking Amongst Giants by Susan Gage

When is the last time you walked amongst giants? These are not giants created by man, but giants created by the most powerful being, God.

I was recently walking in a local park with my dog and suddenly I stopped in the presence of a mighty Douglas fir. I tried to wrap my arms around this beauty, but it was three times my wrap. It had a gnarly thick bark which was honed over a lifetime of rain, sun and snow. I scanned the forest floor and let my eyes slowly look up the trunk of a tree which had to be a least 100 feet



tall or taller. It towered over me. I froze to the ground letting the quiet of the forest wrap around.

It was magnificent. A splendour to soak in. So perfect and so tall. How could a plant be so sustainable and so prevailing?

There is only one who could create such perfection and glory. HE is with us all the days of our lives and beyond.

Giving us grace and beauty which is more than we could ask or imagine. In my mind, He only asks us to do one simple thing. That is to be stewards of this land. He allows us to be close to the plants and appreciate how important they are for the sustainability of the place we call home.

I believe it is truly important to care for our simple place. For we have been given the opportunity to help and to learn that a balance between plants and mankind is possible but only if we take time to pause, look and listen to what God is asking us to do.

The next time you are in the forest, walk gingerly, look deeply and let our God guide you.



Thinking about Lay Ministry? By Rev. Stephen

There are many calls that go out to invite people into some sort of lay ministry, to exercise their gifts for the glory of God, the building of the Kingdom, to stretch one's own faith and build spiritual muscles through spiritual exercise. Many people respond with a 'Yes' to the call, many have continued for many years. Some are a little fearful or worried that they do not have the skills to do what is being asked or that they won't have enough time to do their part. Some are self-conscious and shy and don't want to take a risk. There are all kinds of reasons to hold back. But each of us is called to a place that builds the community of the church. Big things and small things, everything is a contribution and everyone can contribute something that only they can offer. I know there are people who dream of stepping up for all kinds of ministries but are wary. Ministry is something we do together. It is all Christ's ministry. If you are still thinking and dreaming about taking on some role in our ministries, I invite you to speak with one of the clergy, one of the wardens, or the leaders of different groups, teams, and committees about something that interests you. There is a place for you. The following story may help you take that step of coming forward.

A Little Story about Little Dreamer.

There once was a young girl who was a wonderful dreamer about things that she might like to try. Throughout her childhood she had loved to watch the birds soar and swoop in aerobatic displays. Their antics were sometimes fun filled, chasing each other. Other times it was to protect a nest. She was an audience of one and the birds completely captivated her attention. Watching the birds thrilled her heart and brought complete joy to her life. The back garden of her home was a retreat for birds of all types. There were bird houses and bird feeders, including special feeders for hummingbirds because hummingbirds are very special. She made sure the flat trays always had plenty of seeds and small nuts along with anything else she thought the birds would enjoy. The 3-tiered bird bath was topped up with fresh water every day. The garden was a haven and sanctuary for any and all birds, and, of course for the little dreamer. Besides special hummingbirds, there were sparrows and blue jays, a few woodpeckers, even swallows, along with several others, including crows. The crows didn't seem to be the friendliest but sat high in the trees watching or strutting around the ground like a police officer on the beat. They guarded the garden against cats and other creatures which like to prey on birds. If there was a problem, you would hear them squawk and all the other birds would fly to safety.

The generosity of Little Dreamer did not go unnoticed and from time to time she would find small, sparkly, shiny, items on the deck railing. They seemed to be little thank you gifts for Little Dreamer. One time a ring had been left on the deck rail. It was a little large for her but she put it on a finger anyway. Since it was a little loose, she would twist it around her finger and play with it. It became quite a habit and whenever she felt unsure of herself all she had to do was twist the ring around and around, think about her garden friends, and in a flash she would feel right as rain. Over the years she grew into it and had to move it from one finger to another. Eventually it became a pinky ring.

In her room she had shelves and shelves of books about birds. She got to know most everything there was to know about them. She wished that she had been born a bird but that was silly she thought. The most I can hope for is to fly like a bird. How wonderful it would be to find the perfect balance between gravity that would eventually bring her back down to 'terra firma' and the winds and breezes that provide the updrafts that would lift her up and keep her airborne. Then she would be able to join the birds swooping and soaring and gain new perspectives on life from lofty places.

Continued...

She thought not only would she have such fun flying, she would gain new insights about people, her neighbours, and others. She might even be able to fly to far off places and explore the world like a bird that belongs there, not as a tourist.

She didn't talk about her dreams with others very often. She didn't like the funny looks she got. But one day she mentioned her secret dream to a new acquaintance. As she shared her dream her new friend just smiled back at her until Little Dreamer was finished sharing her dream. She was quiet for a moment and then simply said, 'You need to come along with me next weekend. I am a member of a soaring club, a place to let your dreams truly fly. Our club members climb into motorless planes that we call gliders. The gliders get towed up into the sky by a plane and once high enough are released. The person piloting the glider takes full control and soars and swoops, sometimes for hours. It takes a good bit of training to learn to be a glider pilot, but I am told it's well worth it.

'Others, like me, are paragliders. We start high up on a hillside and get harnessed to a large wing that looks something like a kite. When ready to fly, we start to run down the hill so the wing can catch the breeze. It isn't long before we are airborne. Gravity ceases to exist and the air currents and updrafts lift us and keep us aloft. Knowing the directions of the winds and how to handle the glider, we are able to plan where we want to go, or just circle. Eventually we land safely when we have finished enjoying ourselves. It may seem hard to land but we make a slow descent and almost always have a soft, safe landing.

'Sure, it takes some training but each time you fly you are gaining more experience about how to handle the glider. When you first start you will be attached to another experienced glider, in tandem. They will talk you through everything you need to learn about balance, how to turn, recognize directions you need to take to stay aloft, and perhaps most importantly how to make the perfect landing. It's great fun and everyone is very supportive of one another. Why don't you come along?'

Little Dreamer was spell bound. A million questions were running through her mind. Many more questions than could be answered before they went their separate ways that day. When she got home, she thought and thought about it. This could make her ultimate dream come true. She looked up information she hoped would help her make a decision about giving it a try. She thought some more and dreamed about the possibilities. Months went by and although she was being encouraged by her acquaintance who was now a good friend, she could not make herself take that first step to just try it, to learn and gain a bit of experience. She so wanted to spread her wings and achieve her childhood dream of soaring and swooping with the birds but there was an old stumbling block for her. In her mind she could not work out the equation that would answer her question about the perfect balance between gravity and the pressures and powers of the air and the wind. It worried her and stopped her from even going to watch the others gliding and flying.

Now, it wasn't just months that had passed. A whole lot of time flew by, as it does, and it was now more than two years since she had met that new paragliding friend. The friend was still a friend, but she had stopped asking Little Dreamer about coming along to try the paragliding. One day, the two were walking along the waterfront of the seaside. They stopped for lunch at a cafe and right out of the blue, that friend said to her. 'Just try it. Don't worry about perfection, the perfect balance, and all that. Do you think the birds worry about it? They are born to it. We may not be precisely born to it, but we can work toward it, aspire to it, and achieve it. I can tell you, you will feel the joy of the universe.'

Continued...

Lunch ended. The friend had to be off for an appointment and left Little Dreamer standing there looking up to the sky and out to sea. There were birds of all sorts flying around going about their daily tasks. There were sparrows hopping and pigeons walking around people's feet looking for dropped crumbs. The ever-present gulls were looking to swoop down on unwary folk to steal their hand-held food. There were even a few eagles far off over the water swirling around looking to dive for fish. And in the trees there was the squawking and chattering of the ever-present crows calling out to one another. Every day it was a running commentary on all the conversations they are privy to about sorrows, worries, and doubts people have. But there were also stories of dreams and joys. The crows watched. The crows listened.

Little Dreamer walked along the seafront on her own, deep in her thoughts. 'Should I try it? I still don't know', she thought to herself. She twisted her ring around and around to calm herself and put her worries away. But now it wasn't bringing the calm she needed. She tried twisting harder and with that the ring fell off and rolled off the boardwalk down toward the shoreline amongst the rocks. She couldn't see the ring anywhere. The tide was coming in so there was no way to get down to the rocks to search. There was silence. Others around could see her distress but were not able to help. The small birds there, the gulls, and the eagles just carried on as if nothing had happened. But something big had happened. Little Dreamer was devastated and couldn't be consoled. She had had that ring for many, many years now. It had carried her through difficult times and helped her to dream her dreams. Everyone was quiet as they watched Little Dreamer leave to walk home. Even the crows were quiet.

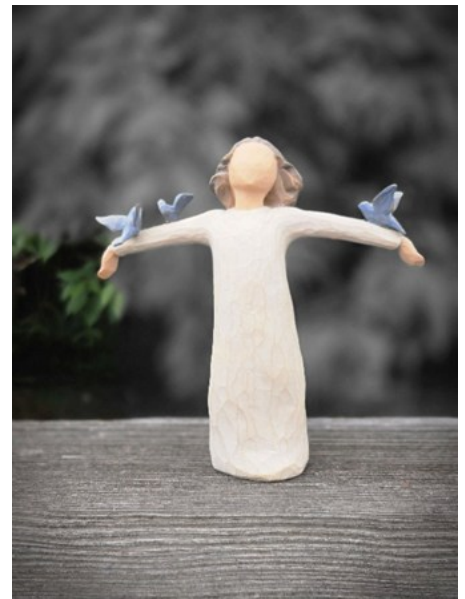
When Little Dreamer arrived home she walked through the front door, through the house, and out the back door into the garden. She stood there not knowing what to think. She dare not think about the ring, so she decided not to think at all. She looked around to see if all was in order, that there was enough food in the various feeders, water in the bird bath, that all was as it should be. It was.

She sat on a bench near the bird bath. It was a place she could sit quietly to be close to her friends. She would hold out a handful of seed, so the birds would come and alight to eat right from her hand. It was a blessing to have their trust. As she sat there, she heard a flutter behind her and then a loud squawk. Turning around she saw a crow standing on the rail of the deck. It was a crow she knew well. It had been a part of the back yard sanctuary for many years. Looking directly at Little Dreamer, it gave out another squawk and with its beak nudged something on the rail then flew off. Little Dreamer got up and walked over to the rail. It was her ring sitting there! But how! She was filled with joy beyond anything and shouted out 'Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!' She laughed with abandon. She spun and twirled, soared and swooped as she ran around the garden. Right then it occurred to her, 'I've been taking care of them but they've been taking care of me too!'

The crow squawked again. In that squawk Little Dreamer heard 'Don't let your thinking stop you from flying. Come out of the tomb of your thoughts and live. You can do it.'

The crow had been watching her, had always watched her, had seen how she had taken care of so many others. Little Dreamer could be free to live her dreams and her life without fear and doubts, and with a sense a worth, that what she does in sharing her giftedness with others was given to her for that very reason. To give and share with others and to receive from others.

She phoned her friend and simply said, 'I will see you at the club on Saturday.'



May 2nd Spring Cleanup by Susan Gage

What a fantastic day for a Spring Cleanup. We had great weather to get out and enjoy the sunshine. There was a crowd of volunteers tidying up the Memorial Garden. They were power washing to their hearts content. Mud was flying everywhere. On clothes, faces and all surfaces. They washed the whole area, while the tree branches of the giant tree came flying down and were thrown into the dumpster by a team of tree huggers. What fun. Then the power washing continued on the 116th Street entrance. Again, mud was flying in all directions. Meanwhile another team was getting the letters off the sign by the roundabout so that power washing could happen. What an amazingly clean sign. Nor more mud and yuck. Over near the hedge, raking was in full swing. Huge piles of leaves went into the bin. Near the storage sheds there was wild whacking of blackberries. Oh my. A visit to the kitchen and the level of activity was swirling. Rags were cleaning all the grease away and making everything sparkle. Time to go back to the Narthex. Wait!...there was a team hunting for spiders and dust bunnies. I believe they all got re-homed. Lunch time and a dull roar was taken down to a hum and crunch as we all enjoyed a lovely meal of hot dogs and chips. It was an amazing day. Thanks be to God.





Bring Your Family Planting Traditions by Susan Gage

I see St. Cuthbert as a strong community filled with family traditions and history. Each Sunday we gather and grow together. As we become involved with various projects and committees, we bring our personal values along with us. This sharing gives us strength.

As a member of the Grounds Committee, I would like to ask you to consider this opportunity.

The Grounds Committee which is made up of Cathy, John and I would like you to bring your family traditions to us. For example, did someone in your family save special seeds or have plant cuttings which they nurtured. Perhaps it would be warming for them if you brought these seeds to St. Cuthbert. I am proposing that we would plant them in a special place and watch them grow, thus strengthen the community of St. Cuthbert.

Let me more specific. Recently, I went to Ottawa to visit my son Blair and his family. He said that he had great success with a plant which he thought I might like to grow. He told me that it was easy to grow from tubers. These tubers are edible and very tasty as they are similar to a potato with a nutty taste. They are also prolific. Tall with small daisy like yellow flowers. They are called Jerusalem Artichokes. It turned out they are wonderful and a joyful addition to my garden. They will feed us and provide spectacular flowers for the garden.

This is a simple story of sharing family planting traditions from one generation to the next. Do you have a story you would like to share?

I would love to find a place for your seeds or tubers within our bright sunny warm growing location.

The only criteria is that God gave us a sunny, dry landscape so the plants would need to be able to thrive in such growing conditions.

Bring us your ideas and seeds.

Parish Council Corner

“Where Are We Going?”: This is St. Cuthbert’s 2026 Annual Theme, and many programs, sermons, teachings and workshops are focused on it throughout 2026.

New Ministries and Programs: Seniors’ Formation after the Thursday 10:00am services was well received by attendees with many interesting speakers; it will resume in the fall. The Adopting Newcomers Ministry is ready to be launched in the fall. The Bereavement & Resilience Group has also been launched. Planning continues for the *Parenting 101 in Canada Seminars* for young families with children, that will be held in January and February 2027. Special workshops were held for First Aid training and Emergency Response Training. The Hakuna Matata Children’s Choir will perform at the church on September 13th.

Pastoral Care: Rev. Steve continues to focus on pastoral visitations, monthly Communion services at Northcrest, and a new Celebration of Life Service at Laurel Place that takes place every two to three months. Pastoral Care has also coordinated parish meals for families in need due to illness.

Youth Report: Rainoa has reported that the youth continue to lead Youth Sunday services whenever there is a 5th Sunday in the month. The youth have revamped the Quiet Room at the back of the sanctuary to make the room more flexible. They held an event with another North Delta youth group, plus other social events for parish youth. Many youth volunteered as counsellors for the Summer Day Camp.

Finances: The parish is currently in an operating surplus at the end of each month, thanks to the generosity and commitment of parishioners. Special appeals to purchase the Auracast system for the sanctuary, a new freezer for the kitchen and a new digital sign for the corner of 116 & 82nd were very successful and augmented by generous bequests. The Diocese has granted all parishes a one-month Assessment rebate in 2026 (approx. \$5,000 for St. Cuthbert’s) because the Diocesan investment portfolio has performed so well in the past year.

Staff: Obie Adabanya was hired as Director of Children’s Formation. Leanna Bartyuk and Aaron John Prinu were hired as summer interns. The salaries of the two summer intern positions have been covered by grants from the federal government.

Committee Reports:

Admin and Finance (A&F): The positions of Director of Children’s Formation and two summer interns were successfully filled.

Children, Youth & Families Ministry (CY&FM): Val Reimer retired as leader of the Sunday School and her long and dedicated service was recognized at a celebration Sunday. A very successful Summer Day Camp was run for a week in July under the leadership of Obie, Aaron and Leanna, and with the assistance of many capable volunteers.

Hospitality & Welcoming (H&W): The Adopting Newcomers Ministry is being led by Christina Sundara and more volunteers are needed. This new ministry will be launched in September. All parishioners play a role in welcoming newcomers.

Infrastructure, Information, Communication & Technology (IIC&T): Rental contracts for the rectory, daycare and user groups are being re-negotiated. The Committee is developing a job description for a part-time Building Steward; the funding is already in place. A new company has been engaged to empty the garbage/recycling bins which will result in a significant monthly saving. The fence behind the daycare has been replaced. The Auracast system has been installed in the sanctuary, and the new exterior sign has been ordered. Maintaining the church gardens during the drought is a challenge and more volunteers are always needed to help water and tend the gardens.

Worship, Outreach & Welfare (WO&W): The outreach ministries at Northcrest and Laurel Place are being reinvigorated and support for the services, by parish groups, will be reinstated in the fall. Tony Houghton retired as leader of the Adult Choir and Barb Buxton will now lead all choirs. A new team is selecting the music for the 10:00 am worship service each week.

PDC: The Property Development Committee and Parish Committee have met with Purpose Driven Development, who have applied for funding for a feasibility study for the parish’s development plans.

Rev. Monte: He is on study leave until September 20th.

*For more information, see the complete Minutes, Rectors Reports and
Monthly Financial Statements that are posted in the Narthex.*

Life in the Eucharist by Lori Ross

“The Anglican Church of Canada teaches that we are made full members of the church at baptism. Each baptized person is entitled to share in the eucharist, the meal that sustains the new life we have received in Christ. In some parishes infants receive communion and will never know a time when they were not communicants. Other parishes set an age, usually between five and seven, at which children are admitted to communion”. (Life in the Eucharist Parent Guide).

At St Cuthbert, parents can decide when their children take communion. Some take communion as young children, and others wait until they have a fuller understanding of the Eucharist or wait until the child is confirmed.

For the last 30 plus years, St Cuthbert has offered a program to help children understand and appreciate the Eucharist.



This spring, Sakhi Prinu and I had the opportunity to teach the course that was developed by the Anglican Church and updated by Sheila McDowall. The course is taught in six lessons:

- We gather to celebrate the Lord's Meal (baptism and water)
- We read the word of God (the Bible)
- We share the word of God (Prayer)
- God gives us the gift of life (Taking/ Blessing/ Breaking/ Sharing)
- We share the bread of life (Giving our time/talents/treasures/love)

We live in communion with Jesus (Jesus Walks with us).

We found the use of Bible story videos, games and crafts helped keep the attention of the children and hopefully made learning fun.

We spent a Saturday morning with the children in the church where:

The children baked bread that was served at Sunday Eucharist.

Rev. Monte taught the children about his robes, proper manners during communion, and the colours on the altar.

The Altar Guild taught the children how to set up the altar and care for the church - polishing brass, arranging flowers and preparing the wine.

On the final Sunday we had a teaching eucharist, which reminded all of us of the importance and significance of the different part of the service.

Congratulations to Mathias, Rylan, Xzavier, Malakai, Kaedyn and Keyanna on completing the Life in the Eucharist course.



Faith in My Life by Sakhi Sara Prinu

Since my childhood, I have held a few verses close to my heart that deeply touched me during the tough seasons of life.

Hebrews 11:1 – “Faith is confidence in what we hope for and assurance about what we do not see.”

Matthew 17:20 – “If you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can say to this mountain, ‘Move from here to there,’ and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you.”

Ecclesiastes 12:1 – “Remember your Creator in the days of your youth, before the days of trouble come.”

I grew up in a very strong Syrian Orthodox Christian home, where missing church on Sunday was never even a question. Sundays were dedicated to church, fasting before communion was practiced, and preparation through confession and prayer was part of our spiritual discipline. These strong values shaped my foundation.

At the same time, my mother had an evangelical heart. She worshipped with passion and often took me to prayer meetings where I experienced the presence of the Holy Spirit in a very real way. Those moments had a deep impact on me and helped shape me into a spiritually strong teenager.

Prinu and I got married in our mid-twenties, and from the very day of our wedding, we made a decision not to miss our family prayers. By God’s grace, we have remained faithful to that commitment, and it has now been 22 years. It is something we are deeply thankful for and continue to hold as a foundation of our home.

Life, however, brought many challenges. When I moved to Dubai with Prinu, I faced new adjustments and struggles. When I had my first child, those were some of the most difficult yet defining days of my life. The only thing that sustained me was my faith in the Lord, that He would show me the way.

In 2010, we moved to Canada, which became another major chapter of starting over from square one. There were struggles, uncertainties, and rebuilding from the ground up. Yet through it all, I continued to experience God’s presence guiding and sustaining us as a family.

One of my biggest decisions has been to pass this faith on to our children. I believe we have planted that seed of faith in them through consistent values and prayer. Reading the Word of God daily and practicing family prayers has been central to our home. We strongly believe that a family that prays together stays together.

The Word of God has also been my shield and strength in life’s battles. As written in Epistle to the Ephesians 6:17, “The Word is the sword of the Spirit, a protection and guide against every challenge and attack.”

No matter how busy life gets, we always make time to sit together as a family and pray every single day in the morning and at night. This has kept us grounded, united, and spiritually strong.

This is my journey of faith - steady, tested, but always upheld by God’s grace and presence through every season of life.

Retirement – Be Open to the Unexpected! By Leslie Ward

I retired in 2017. In the prior year, I had attended a series of retirement-planning workshops for professional women. Most of the information ‘went in one ear and out the other’, but the one thing that stayed with me was the discussion about how to create a new and purposeful life in retirement. That workshop centred around a secular version of Frederick Buechner’s quote about vocation, which he described as: “the place God calls you to...where your deep gladness and the world’s deep hunger meet.” The concept was daunting but it was something I hung on to, as I tried to figure out ‘the rest of my life’.

I had lots of plans for retirement: continuing working occasionally as a consultant, continue my UBC courses and complete my degree, continue serving on governance committees, etc. etc. But that was really just an abbreviated version of my pre-retirement life, and I had no hobbies to fill in the gaps or any other ideas. So I waited.

One day I literally had an epiphany: I realized I did not enjoy serving on committees any more, and so I resigned almost immediately and felt a burden lift. And I waited some more.

I always aim to say “yes” when a new opportunity presents itself, and give it a try. When I was asked to join the St. Cuthbert’s cooking team for the Healthiest Babies lunches at Guildford I said “yes”, and discovered I loved it. I have found a ‘deep gladness’ in not being responsible for anything and just taking orders from “Chef Dale”. I help chop endless vegetables for the day’s soups and salad, prepare fruit for the dessert, serve our delicious food to the lovely new moms, and wash the dishes. And that was another epiphany – I love washing dishes. Later, when the kitchen team for the St. Cuthbert’s Monday Luncheons mentioned it was tiring to have to wash the endless dishes, after spending all morning preparing and the serving the food, I volunteered to wash the dishes. And I found another ‘deep gladness’ – both the task itself which is immensely satisfying, and the fun and chatting that happens in the kitchen while the work progresses.

So, if you are retired, or planning to retire, my message to you is to keep an open mind, and say “yes, I’ll try it” to new opportunities. You may not discover you are passionate about dishwashing, but I wonder what you will discover about yourself....?

Editors’ Note: If you too have experiences or advice to share, about how you found purpose in retirement, please submit a short article to The Communicator c/o Barb Steele at barbaste@telus.net.



Church Family News

Nagasha & Namara

This year has been a season of abundant blessings for our family, as both daughters reached meaningful milestones in their educational journeys.

Nagasha graduated from high school and was the recipient of a District Authority Scholarship and received the Top Psychology 12 Student Award. She will be heading to the University of Calgary to pursue a Bachelor of Nursing, fulfilling her lifelong dream of caring for and working with children. She has been an active and cherished member of the youth group, participating in many activities over the years. Most recently, she has served faithfully in the church nursery, where she can be found every Sunday caring for the little ones. They adore her, and she pours her heart into loving them right back.

Namara will be graduating with distinction from Dalhousie University this October with a Bachelor of Arts, double majoring in Political Science, and Law, Justice & Society and is the recipient of the Dalhousie Entrance Community & Leadership Award and The Hector McInnes Memorial Scholarship. She hopes to begin law school in September 2027, but for now is enjoying precious time at home with family as she prepares for the next chapter of her journey.



We are deeply grateful for God's guidance and the support of this church community during this special year of growth and celebration, and as parents, we are very proud of both our lovely daughters.

Dennis & Bridget



Samantha

Samantha graduated June 12th from Simon Fraser University. She received her Bachelor of Arts with a double major in Criminology & Psychology and a Certificate in Forensic Studies.

Beth



Philip - 25 Years of Service

In 2000 I was a Line cook / dishwasher at the Delta Lion Pub, but I was noticing that my dream to be a head chef may not work for me. I was having problems with the head chef. So, someone told me that there is a place to help you find work. The service to help find work asked me to do a test to see what else I can do. The test results said to be a security guard or a warehouse worker. I was able to apply to Wallace & Carey, which supplies to retailers like 7-Eleven. July 1, 2001, Canada Day was my first day.

First, I was a Grocery Bulk Picker (pick cases on to a skid). My orders could get totes put onto my orders. Second there was an opening to pick in the freezer. I was doing well with that too. Management said, "With you doing so well, how about we get you certified to drive a forklift so you can fill your own totes and picking bays. So, I was able to move to full-time replenisher in the warehouse. 7-Eleven expanded its freezer line of products, like chicken wing flavors, pizza etc. Again, I was able to go full time to replenish the freezer. Sometimes I picked in other departments too.

Wallace & Carey employees receive awards for different years of service. For five years (2006) you get a little pin with W&C (company's logo) together with a small diamond in the middle. At ten years (2011) you are invited to a dinner to receive a ring for ten years of service. At the dinner I was able to bring a plus one, Sarah, my future wife came with me. I got two rings, first a joke skull ring and second ring that looks like a grad ring that I could personalize with my birth stone on the top. I heard sometimes someone gets a joke ring. When I got the ring. I opened the box right away and said, "This is not the ring I ordered." I also got a bag with a little forklift and electric wire in it as a joke of reminder of an accident I had. Fifteen years service (2016) at the Ten-Year dinner you would get a small diamond added to your ring that you received five years before.

In 2021, late November, Wallace & Carey Branch 2 Vancouver, moved to a new location from Annacis Island to Tilbury Industrial Area in Delta. Then in 2023, Wallace & Carey signed CCAA protection. Then in 2024, Wallace & Carey was bought by 7-Eleven. Then in 2025, the new company changed its name to SEDCC (7-Eleven Distribution Canada Corporation).

7-Eleven has honored my service time with Wallace and Carey so, on July 1, 2026, Canada Day, I got a certificate for 25 years of service with 7-Eleven. Now I must choose one prize out of 15 categories for my service time.

The pictures are of me. First one was taken in July 2001 and second one was taken on July 1, 2026.

Philip A. S. Kenny



Summer Intern Reports

By Leanna Bartyuk

I started my internship on June 15th as the first summer intern at St. Cuthbert's this year. From the beginning, I worked alongside the amazing staff and volunteers at the church, helping out in the office, garden, kitchen, and wherever else I was needed. The majority of my internship was spent preparing for our annual summer day camp. I worked closely with our camp director Obie, helping with activities, crafts, games, supplies, schedules, and communicating with our volunteers. I also helped with youth group activities and ran Children's Chapel on Sundays. We were able to welcome 27 campers to this year's "Powered Together by God" day camp. It was really rewarding to see everything come together and watch the kids have such a great time. I'm especially proud of the hard work and dedication from all of our volunteers, and I learned a lot about leadership, teamwork, and organizing a large event. I'm very grateful for the experience and for everyone I got to work with this summer, especially my fellow intern Aaron, who was a huge help and a pleasure to work alongside. I'll be returning to Victoria in September for school, but I'll continue attending church when I'm back.

By Aaron John Prinu

As the current active summer youth intern, I started my position a bit later than Leanna (the first youth intern for this year), on July 6th where I immediately began work to assist in preparations for this year's summer day camp.

Throughout the month of July, I worked closely with Leanna and Obie to help communicate information about this year's day camp with volunteers, organize logistics for the games and crafts, and fully comprehend the day camp activities with tireless help from Leanna and Obie. With their help and our incredible volunteers, we were able to successfully accommodate 27 children for the St Cuthbert's 2026 "Powered Together by God" day camp!

Following my duties with the day camp, I have been taking the time to help with church maintenance needs and planning for senior's formation activities for this fall.





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