

St. Michael and All Angels' Church

The Messenger

Summer 2026

Rector's Reflections

Dear Friends and Members of St Michael and All Angels:

At the heart of our weekly worship is an act of remembrance – we take the bread and we lift the cup, and we repeat the words of Jesus, “Do this in memory of me.”

This is no ordinary act of mere recollection, or of casting our eye back over the past for nostalgia’s sake. We believe as Christians that the active remembering of the ministry, words and presence of Jesus all those years ago has the power to invade and inhabit our present. Here. Now. Theologians have a word for this: “anamnesis” – in other words, it is the very opposite of amnesia, the very opposite of forgetting.

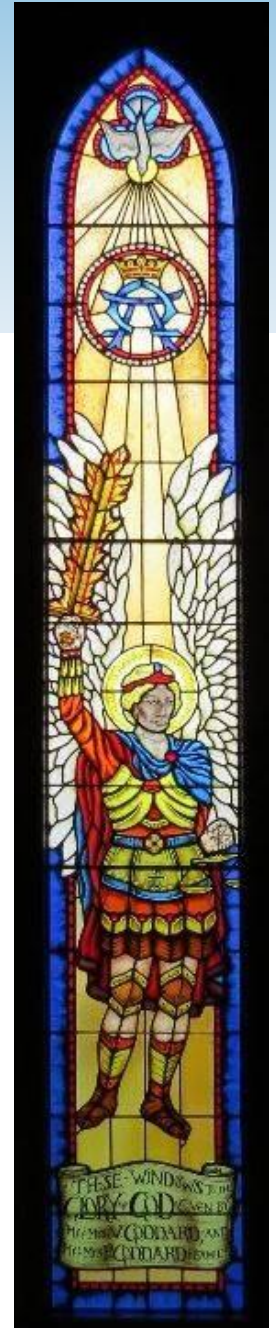
And herein lies an important spiritual insight. Despite all manner of folk wisdom adjuring us to “let bygones be bygones” and to “leave the past where we left it”, our ability to remember is one of the greatest gifts we have. It is our remembrances that keep our beloved departed close to us. It is our memory upon which the gift of reason works to create a better future. It is our memories that remind us of who we are, and where we come from. It is the sharing of memories that binds us together into a community of belly laughs and tearful compassion.

Please enjoy the stories that follow, and give thanks to God that we have this extraordinary capacity to bring the past right into the present.

Faithfully,



(The Very Reverend) M. Ansley Tucker



Warden's Window

Reflecting on this edition's theme of memories brought my thoughts to our church and the years we have shared. I began attending St. Mike's in 1977 (Terry was even earlier) and was baptized there as a young adult. Terry and I were married in the church at Christmas in 1979, and our children were baptized there as well. We lived away from Victoria for several years, and family life sometimes affected our attendance.



Much has changed in our church services style, schedule, and methods. We have lost the old pulpit, and the colour scheme remains familiar, although the apse ceiling was once grey and is now yellow. The windows, heating systems, lighting, and technology have all been updated and improved. By embracing technology, we now reach a wider audience through streamed services. We have joined the Quiet Garden movement and created a labyrinth and outdoor worship space (which still needs a catchy name). Littler Hall, however, has changed very little; even the chairs seem to be the same ones from years past. Our greatest project is now well underway: repairing both the structure and appearance of our church.

We have grown as a parish, welcoming new members while sadly saying goodbye to newer and long-time parishioners. Still, we remain a large, caring, and welcoming community. Committees have formed and closed, clubs have come and gone, but strong fellowship continues to be an important part of our spiritual life.

It is important to recognize the contributions of all those who give their time and energy to caring for our church and grounds. We are grateful for the volunteers who provide leadership through service on Parish Council, our fellowship volunteers providing coffee fellowship, the outreach volunteers who manage our sales and the bottle divers, the sewing and card-making groups, the setup and clean-up crews, our choir and volunteer musicians who readily step in when needed, and for our video producer and photographer. We are blessed with readers, servers, greeters, and a dedicated altar guild. Each volunteer contributes to the life of our church.

Terry and I have worshiped with many incumbents, beginning with Reverend Ted Greenhalgh and Canon Bill Hill, followed (in no particular order and apologies to any I have missed) by Rusty, Ed, Lucy and David, Dawna, John, and Ansley. Now we are about to begin a new journey with Matthew Humphrey. The road is, and always will be, long, but the Parish of St. Michael and All Angels has the will and faith to continue its century-old journey.

In Faith, Stan Willow



Note from the New Priest

Warm greetings beloved community of St Michael and All Angels! I am looking forward to meeting you all and getting to know you as we chart a path into the future together. Our shared life of worship and ministry is simply our response to the amazing news of God come near in Jesus Christ – and so we walk together, in faithfulness to what we have received and in creative response to the needs of one another and our neighbours (and planet) in this time and place.

In Christ,

(The Reverend) Matthew Humphrey



“We live in a Palimpsest of Memories.....”

Margaret Drabble, *The Seven Sisters*

Wherever I find myself, I try to imagine what may have happened there before. Last September I was in the Piazza della Signoria (Italy) on a lovely sunny morning eating breakfast and watching the vendors dragging their carts full of wares across the flagstones, getting ready for the tourist trade. They passed the place where, in 1497, Florentines dragged their most valued possessions, such as mirrors, books, art, cosmetics etc., to be burned in the Bonfire of the Vanities, encouraged by the Dominican Friar Savaronola. Ironically, about a year later he was burned alive at the stake close by, upon the order of the Pope. This is all written down in history books.

But when I sat in St. Mike’s outdoor worship space this summer different things came to mind. First, the poem many of us read in high school, Gray’s *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. Instead of owls and cocks there was a persistent crow, and an eagle wheeling overhead. But we keep company with those who “gain’d from Heav’n ...a friend”, just as Gray did. Even the “flow’rs born to blush unseen” are now immortalized by Gray, just as those in our cemetery are remembered by loving relatives and honoured by the family of God.

Now I wonder about those whose names are presently unknown to us, who passed through this area, hunting for deer, or gathering roots or berries or medicinal plants, or finding cedar trees to use for baskets or clothing. We are told that the people of these lands lived here for thousands of years in harmony with the land. Here, instead of marble columns we are blessed to have amazing trees providing us with oxygen and shade. Instead of flagstones, we have the forest floor, spongy underfoot, and alive with countless animals and micro-organisms. So the spirit of God is alive within us and the gifts of our Creator are around us. The bones of our ancestors, the memories and history, written and unwritten, connect us all through time and space.

Submitted by Lonnie Palmer

30 Memories of 46 years of ordained ministry

I remember when...

1. there were votes at annual meetings about whether girls could be servers;
2. you couldn't receive communion until you were confirmed;
3. we made girls wear veils at their confirmation (which later served as excellent table cloths);
4. the big fight was over whether we should switch from the old (1938) blue hymn book to the "Red Book" (1971), shared with the United Church of Canada;
5. the Anglican Church and the United Church were seriously considering union;
6. white gloves and a hat were *de rigueur*, and Easter meant a new hat just as surely as Christmas meant a new pair of pyjamas;
7. there were 300 kids in the Sunday School, and Sunday School consisted of sitting in a circle and taking turns reading the King James Version of some bible story;
8. my mother, having forgotten her hat, pinned a handkerchief to her hair so she could enter the sanctuary to perform altar guild duties;
9. my friend Mary was asked to leave the cathedral choir in St John's, Nfld because she refused to wear a mortar board;
10. baptisms took place on Sunday at 4.00 p.m., and no appointment was necessary;
11. people stood up when the bishop entered the room;
12. all the church could talk about was sexual orientation;
13. the BAS was introduced, and deplored as "the spinach book";
14. my rector received poison-pen letters for proposing that the altar should be pulled out from the east wall so that the priest could face the people during the eucharist;
15. the Anglican Church of Canada and the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Canada declared full communion, and Archbishop Michael Peers and Bishop Telmor Sartison led an impromptu konga dance for 600 people around the Waterloo arena in which our inaugural joint eucharist was held;
16. people brought their own prayer books to church;
17. wives pledged obedience to their husbands, and only women wore wedding rings;
18. flannelgraphs and filmstrips were the hot new technology in Sunday School;
19. no priest who valued his or her life would dare to use the "new" Lord's Prayer on a Sunday;
20. a curate in Toronto named John stuffed all his monthly receipts in a lunch bag, upended it on the desk of Archbishop Lewis Garnsworthy, and declared, "You figure out how I'm supposed to pay for all this stuff on \$635 per month!"
21. Lewis Garnsworthy boldly moved the diocese toward fair pay for clergy, with an immediate 15% increase;
22. and there was no longer a need for the Christmas collection to be diverted to the clergy;
23. thinking "When mothers of Salem" was the best hymn ever;



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30 Memories of 46 years of ordained ministry

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24. I first met and heard the stories of residential school survivors;
25. the partners of those who died of AIDS couldn't print their names in the obituary for fear of losing their jobs;
26. guitar music felt like a fresh expression of Christian spirituality;
27. guitar music began to feel like a bunch of 60-year-old hippies who hadn't moved on;
28. it was possible to visit people in the afternoon, and desirable to visit in the evening – and you didn't have to call ahead;
29. people would refuse the offer of Communion in the hospital because they thought it meant that you thought that they were dying;
30. the normative pattern of worship included morning prayer, usually the 2nd and 4th Sundays of the month.

Submitted by Ansley Tucker

Faces from the Past

There has always been a wonderful contingent of ladies supporting the church activities. The following photos may bring back some memories – and you may see some familiar faces!



Visiting the Cathedral - 1994

Jean Cleland, Margerie Hemmingson, Ann McCormick, "Gardner", Sally Tuckey, Audrey Price, Ellen Goddard and Shirley Hayes.



Hat Party - 1998

Marian Ferguson, Barbara Marshall, Kay McGuire, Nancy Whysker, Phyllis Fatt, Mary Eckersley and Norma Meggilt.



The Youth

Graham Smith, Brian Goddard and Sara Goddard

Fond Memories

Our grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack and Lilly Peet, used to live at 4630 West Saanich Road situated on the right side of the road at the bottom of the hill from our church. Their home still exists and whoever lives there now has a big Canadian flag flying at the end of the driveway near the road. There is also a little stand for flowers; you will notice it as you drive by.

When we were youngsters, my sister (Marguerite Heppell) and I, and sometimes our brother David, would stay for the weekend with our grandparents. They had a small farm with cows, chickens and (from time to time) a goat or two. We would churn butter from the cream we got from the milk, and we would collect the little eggs produced by the Bantam chickens our grandparents kept – small eggs for small children, such a breakfast treat! After churning the butter, we would shape it into oval pads and then pat them with a paddle that had grooves in it to make a distinctive pattern.

Before bed we would have a bath in our grandparents' very big clawfoot tub, but Grandma would have to heat the bathroom first using a portable potbelly heater as there was no heat in the room. We had to be quite careful not to get too close to that heater when towelling down as it was very hot.

In the early morning we would be woken by the roosters crowing, telling us it was time to get up. After breakfast we would help grandpa milk the cows and grandma collect the eggs, both of which I was very timid about doing as I was afraid the cows would kick me, and I didn't like the chickens pecking my hands.

Laurel bushes grew on the east the side of the house and my sister and I would use the

leaves from it, pretending they were dollar bills to buy food and clothing for our "babies"

when we played 'house'. At other times we would use an old-fashioned scooter Grandpa kept on hand so we could whiz with glee down the sloped driveway adjacent to the house – we were fearless speedsters!

As many parishioners might know, Colquitz Creek runs below the road next door to our grandparents' home, and we used to go there to play. We would splash around in the water and holler our heads off to hear our voices echo in the tunnel and hear cars as they passed over our heads. Although the creek still runs under the road, it's now largely hidden from view by the vegetation surrounding it on all sides. Sadly, one would have to stop the car on the very busy West Saanich Road of today to see the creek. In those days West Saanich Road was far out in the boonies (remote, wild place) so traffic was rare.



Jack & Lilly Peet, 1961



As Beaver Lake was nearby, we would sometimes walk with our grandmother to the lake for a summer swim. In the winter we

*Richard &
Elizabeth Butt
(Lilly's Parents)*

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Fond Memories

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would put on our skates and skate on Quick's Pond. The Quicks were friends of our grandparents and the end of their property butted up against the back of our grandparents' property.

One snowy, cold Sunday when we were quite young, our mom and dad (Dick and Muriel Ireland), together with my sister and our two brothers (David and Dennis Ireland), drove to our grandparents for a visit and Sunday dinner. When it was time to go home my siblings and I had fallen asleep, so our parents had to bundle us up and carry us to the car. After attempting to start the car several times on such a frigid night, our dad eventually had to get out and crank the engine to get it going ... in the end, I'm happy to say, we eventually got home to our cozy, warm beds.

Our grandparents' home was built in 1912 so it's now 114 years old. The outside of the house looks much the same as it did when

they lived there – the exterior is even the same colour. The interior, however, has been completely remodelled (as I viewed it recently, via a website virtual tour, complements of a local realtor). The property has been divided to accommodate another lot, as well as an easement leading to a very large modern home now located at the back of Grandma and Grandpa's former home.



Suffice to say: time marches on, but I like to pretend our grandparents' home is just as I remember it.

*Dick and Muriel
Ireland, 1936*

Submitted on behalf of our family,
by: Marilyn Beckett



Sunday Mirage

Many years ago, when I was the rector of St. Mark's church in Saskatoon, I was also priest-in-charge of a three-point parish about 20 miles north of the city. Most Sundays I would conduct two services at St. Mark's in the morning and drive out to Rosthern after lunch and conduct three services in the course of the afternoon and early evening. Because of the time needed to travel between the three points, as well as to have a meal, it was often beginning to get dark when I was ready to come home.

One evening towards the end of summer I was on my way back to Saskatoon in the twilight and still some miles from town when I 'saw' across the fields ahead of me, in full detail, the streets of the city complete with lights and buildings as though I was there. I stopped and watched for a while until the mirage slowly faded away, leaving me pretty awestruck.

During the more than thirty years I spent travelling the prairies I saw many heat shimmers on the roads and glorious displays of Northern Lights, but I never experienced another full-scale mirage*.

Submitted by Geoff Huggill

**An optical illusion, caused when adjacent layers of still air have different temperatures, thereby bending the light from an object as though it were in a somewhat different direction. --Ed*

The Pioneers – An Eternal Race

It seems that people have always like to visit Victoria, and not a few elected to stay and adopt the land as their own native choice. Ever since there were habitable areas that could be called 'home' this region has been host to the many who were delighted to find rich resources for farming, hunting and building. Those among them who were the homemakers created communities, and sought ways to include places of worship as a means of binding their own religious beliefs and practices that made the new regions really feel like home.

Those folk, collectively labelled Pioneers, built churches as frequently as was reasonable given that their parishioners had little or no transport. Their buildings were sturdy and well-maintained, and most still stand; in her book, *"Pioneer Churches of Vancouver Island and the Salish Sea"*, author Liz Bryan catalogues 46 such churches, among them our own church of St. Michael & All Angels, and offers a brief summary of its history and the dates of specific developments that have taken place together with the identities of the master builders or benefactors that made it all possible. Another of that same flock of young churches was Holy Trinity in North Saanich, less than two years junior to St. Michael's and also consecrated by the same Bishop, the Rt. Rev. George Hills, but its building materials (at least, those bought rather than donated) officially cost only half as much as the \$2,500 needed for St. Michael's.

The spirit of the early Pioneers has never faltered, and it is with a blend of joy and gratitude that, two generations further on, we recognize its continuation in the form of Dick Fatt and Peter Goddard, photographed here a good many moons ago. The example and actions of such pioneers and benefactors, together with the hosts of other volunteers and supporters during the past 140+ years, have indeed caused our heritage building and churchyard to remain a welcoming oasis for all those visitors who still keep coming.



Photograph: courtesy of Phyllis Fatt

Reflections

Alone in the morning I consider everything around me.
The way the leaves wave in the gentle breeze,
scattering the rays of sunshine
like flashes of lightning through the leaves.

You go before me, allowing me to gather together
my thoughts of the pleasures you bring unbounded to me.
What a joy it is with you to guard my life.
You are the hidden foundation of my very being.

Submitted by Wendy London



A Prayer beyond the Mask

I'm writing this after church on August 23rd, and reflecting on Ansley's sermon today where she helped us think about Egypt in the years when Moses was born. A time of great darkness for the Israelites, where hope for the future was shrouded by oppression and fear. But this time also marked the birth of hope for a new future as Moses was saved.

In 2020 we experienced a life changing event as we were overcome by a pandemic beyond anything in living memory. As we tried to adjust to a life of "social distancing", "remote church" and "zoom visits" it felt like we would never again be able to gather, hug and be "normal" again. I remember going into a shop with my mask on, unable to imagine a world where this would not always be the reality of life. I could not conceive that I would look back on those months with anything but sadness and despair.

However, as I look back now, I remember that during that year our church community drew together in ways that we would never have imagined, with creative ideas to stay connected whilst protecting the vulnerable. We now enjoy live-streaming and recorded services, we have an appreciation for our outdoor space and when we look around in church on Sunday mornings, we can once again clasp the hands of dear friends.

In our darkest hour, it was hard to imagine light coming back. Coincidentally, at coffee this morning I was given a copy of the poem written by the Right Reverend Richard Bott, Moderator of the United Church of Canada, in the height of the pandemic. Today, read it again and hear the prayer. Although we are no longer physically wearing a mask, we must still uncover our hearts to those who wear invisible masks in dark times and look towards a brighter future.



Submitted by Helen Love

The Mask Prayer

Creator,

as I prepare to go into the world,
help me to see the sacrament
in the wearing of this cloth –
let it be "an outward sign
of an inward grace" –
a tangible and visible way
of living love for my neighbours,
as I love myself.

Christ,

since my lips will be covered,
uncover my heart,
that people would see my smile
in the crinkles around my eyes.
Since my voice may be muffled,
help me to speak clearly,
not only with my words,
but with my actions.

Holy Spirit,

as the elastic touches my ears,
remind me to listen carefully –
and full of care –
to all those I meet.
May this simple piece of cloth
be shield and banner,
and each breath that it holds,
be filled with your love.

In your Name
and in that love,
I pray.

May it be so.
May it be so.

Right Reverend Richard Bott

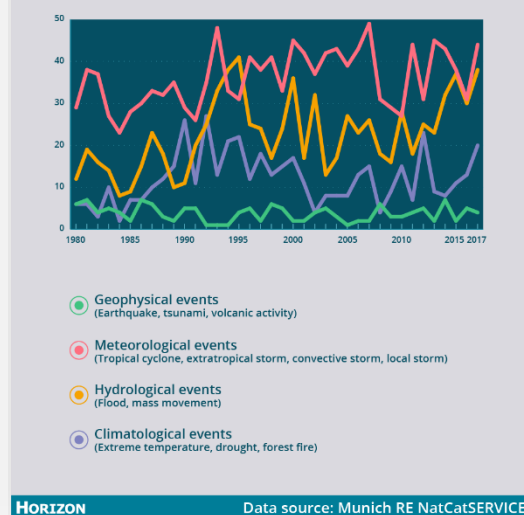
Extremes and Excesses

Weather-forecasters and other doomsayers are sometimes correct, sometimes rather non-committal, and often woefully wrong. Their expertises lay in decoding weather patterns which – especially in regions prone to Atlantic disturbances, can be dominated by local conditions. A number of such occasions that I have witnessed or experienced make a full bag of instances that may go to show how “it has all happened before”, but take a look at these.

1947 brought what was by all accounts one of the worst winters in the British experience, exacerbated by the war-worn state of its infrastructure and the sheer exhaustion of its subjects. It was a winter that nearly brought Britain to its knees – when ships and trains lay gridlocked in ice for weeks at a time and where snow fell, somewhere in the UK, for 55 days in a row. When eventually conditions started to ease in March, snow melt could not be absorbed by still-frozen ground and added widespread flooding to the list of new enemies to face. Our house was half-way up a 150-metre Ridge behind the coastal port of Hastings; what fell higher up as fresh snow and innocuously at sea-level as rain descended on our wooded garden as icicles, causing trees to snap and topple under the weight.

Only a few weeks later began a blisteringly hot summer. The Government introduced Double Summertime, when the country put its clocks forward by two hours rather than one in order to open up more time and daylight after work for those gardening to raise fruit and vegetables at home. Mothers of young kids like us found

EXTREME WEATHER EVENTS IN EUROPE SINCE 1980



it difficult to persuade us to go to sleep in broad daylight.

A new experience entered our history in January 1953 when a quirky combination of a gale-force SW wind blew extra sea-water eastwards up the English Channel and through the Straits of Dover, only to be driven back towards the Straits overnight, causing devastating floods right across Holland, the east of England, and the south-east tip of Kent and Sussex; the whole of the valley where my local village of Sedlescombe was nestled vanished from sight where the gentle, sleepy trickle of a river changed overnight into a tidal monster that cut off many farms and houses. Though bringing devastation to farmers and low-lying buildings, it was nevertheless a most amazing sight, and one that I will never forget.

In 1961-2 another really tough winter hit the British Isles, when snow that started on Boxing Day simply went on and on, filling once-cleared roads, reducing highways to single-track passing places,

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Extremes... *(continued from page 10)*

and injecting mayhem into many endeavours. In Cambridge the River Cam froze, and since it was normally a barrier to keep students within college precincts at night, many took to their skates to leave their rooms overnight or skate to their lectures rather than face rush-hour traffic.

More quirky weather was recorded in England in 1975, when I was unable to ride my bicycle in Cambridge because of an unexpected snowfall. That was on June 2.

One other violent meteorological event must be recalled – that of the “Hurricane” of 1987. Purists tell us that it wasn’t quite violent enough to earn that classification, but it surely must have seemed like it when row upon row of fir and larch, planted to offer stability and protection to one of Hastings’ giant reservoirs, fell like ninepins under the force of the wind that night; when ancient and massive oak trees

that had withstood onslaughts for more than 300 years succumbed to the weather. Some fallen trees were left to experience the coming spring from a lowly position on the ground, watched and catalogued like laboratory specimens to see how nesting birds would handle the new paradigm.

Yes, events like these may not nowadays be thought of as frightfully rare, but in those years of history there were no reporters or TV videos on the scene to live-stream these excitements in real time. Are we better or worse off for knowing the details as they unfold?

Submitted by Elizabeth Griffin



The Funny Organs

Over my many years of tuning pipe organs on Vancouver Island there were some encounters which may be humorous for the reader today but certainly not at the time.

A small organ in the gallery of Christ Church Cathedral at the time had a plank to stand on to access the pipes. The assistant is usually bored as he sits on the bench, depressing the keys sequentially when the tuner inside the organ calls out “NEXT” to continue to the next note. In this instance, the word was accompanied by a large crash. The heavy-set tuner (not me) crashed through the board as the plank broke in the middle - weakened by a knot obscured by paint. “Are you all right, Richard?” Fortunately, he was only shaken up but not injured.

Another close call was on a visit to an Anglican church just outside Duncan. As in many old buildings, the step ladder was wood, well used, and, when expanded, held by folding metal braces. I climbed up the rickety thing to access a front pipe. At the moment I carefully lifted it out, the ladder let go and collapsed, leaving me only an instant to lay the pipe back in the organ and recover myself. My assistant that day, my wife Bev, ensured that I was okay before allowing herself to laugh. A new aluminum ladder was purchased and both the pipe and I survived.

Submitted by Grant Smalley

War Story

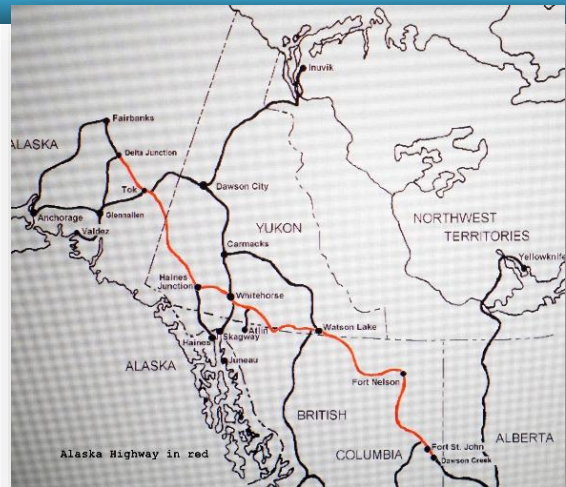
World events affected the Bullen family on 7th December 1941, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour. I was 8 years old and I remember our family huddled around our battery-powered radio listening to the shocking news that Japanese warplanes had swept over Pearl Harbour without warning, killing hundreds of U.S. soldiers and civilians. The next day America declared war on Japan.

I knew there was a big war going on in Europe. Many young men from the Peace River Country had already joined the army and were on their way to fight this war. My mother was fearful that the Germans would take over England and that her folks would be killed or taken prisoner. We all knew that we all had to do our part. There were ration books and some of us kids collected "tin foil wrappers" to melt down and re-use (to make bombs I guess).

But the big surprise for me was in early February 1942 when large U.S. Army trucks began entering the town loaded with American soldiers. Now I realized what an army looked like, and it was for real. Some of these guys had guns! I can still remember Colonel Ed. Buker, who became a friend of the family. He was an army paymaster and carried a big .45 pistol in a holster on his hip.

The mission of the U.S. Army Engineers was to build a pioneer road from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks Alaska to help defend Alaska from possible Japanese invasion.

Their work faced difficulties which might have staggered and stopped a less dedicated task force. Their battlefield was the resistant terrain and their enemy the fierce elements. It was determination, ingenuity and know-how pitted against the complete lack of facilities usual for construction, across 1500 miles of land virtually unknown and unmapped.



The mission to build the Alaska Highway was completed in late November, 1942. Civilian contractors could then be employed by the U.S. Public Roads Administration to upgrade the road to the status of a permanent highway.

PS. I found it was easy to make friends with the soldiers. They gave me Coca Cola, and I couldn't believe how good it tasted! I still like Coke today.

Submitted by Jim Bullen



The Bath

Broad is the Gate and wide the Path
That leads man to his daily bath;
But ere you spend the shining hour
With plunge and spray, with sluice and show'r -
With all that teaches you to dread
The bath as little as your bed -
Remember, whosoe'er you be,
To shut the door and turn the key!

I had a friend - my friend no more ! -
Who failed to bolt his bath-room door;
A maiden aunt of his, one day,
Walked in, as half-submerged he lay!
She did not notice nephew John,
And turned the boiling water on!
He had no time, nor even scope
To camouflage himself with soap,



But gave a yell and flung aside
The sponge, 'neath which he sought to hide!

It fell to earth I know not where!
He beat his breast in his despair,
And then, like Venus from the foam,
Sprang into view, and made for home!
His aunt fell fainting to the ground!
Alas! They never brought her round!

She died, intestate, in her prime,
The victim of another's crime;
And John can never quite forget
How, by a breach of etiquette,
He lost, at one fell swoop (or plunge)
His aunt, his honour, and his sponge!

By Harry Graham
submitted by Grant Smalley



Dad's Cookies

1. Beat eggs.
2. Add melted margarine and vanilla.
3. Sift white sugar, flour, soda, baking powder, and salt into a bowl.
4. Add margarine-egg mixture.
5. Beat.
6. Add brown sugar and beat well.
7. Add coconut and rolled oats.
8. Drop by spoonfuls 2" apart on greased cookie sheet.
9. Bake in oven at 375 degrees for 8-10 minutes.

Recipe makes about 64 two-inch cookies.

I sometimes add as well, or substitute, nuts, cranberries and chocolate chips for the coconut. A little more liquid may be needed if this is done.

Submitted by Marilyn Beckett



Ingredients

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup melted margarine
(measure after melting)
2 beaten eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flower
1 cup white sugar
1 cup of brown sugar
1 tsp baking soda
1 tsp baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup coconut
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups large, rolled oats

The Model Church

It was built in 1954, by my father and the neighbour Mark Scott. It was built to raise money for the addition of the balcony. You put money through the slot, and it rang the bell. I'm sure it must be filled with dimes, quarters and maybe \$0.50. That makes it 72 yrs old, but I thought you might want to just take a picture of it as a "memory" of how they raised funds at that time.



I also have another memory, but it is a Christmas one. Bishop Harold Sexton was well known for his llllooonnnnggg Blessings and Sermons. He would stand up to lead 'the grace' before a meal, and 20 minutes later he was still talking. One Sunday when my mother and I went to church, it was late so we had to sit up at the front. I might have been 4 or 5. As usual his sermon went on and on, and apparently, I let out a great big sigh, Aaaaahaaaa. He said, " I see that by the little girl down at the front, I have talked too long", and he sat down. My mother was so embarrassed she wanted to crawl under the pew, but I heard that the congregation was actually very grateful.

Submitted by Margaret Eagle

Presence in the Apple Orchard

It was 1961. I was in grade one or two. The Bay of Pigs crisis was at its frightening apex and my best friend Kathy and I had overheard my parents' worried whispers of 'World War 3', down in the kitchen the night before.



So the next day, we jumped the back fence and retreated to our 'special place' - the remains of an ancient and once vast apple orchard that lay just beyond the fields behind my house. As we sat together in our refuge, safely enfolded in the arms of an apple tree, I recall listening to Kathy's fears of a world about to explode, and attempting to quell those fears with my child's understanding of God's purpose in such an outcome.

Throughout my growing-up years, I returned again and again to my beloved orchard and my special tree, as a source of comfort, companionship, and even love. It was a place I could talk with, and listen to, God and experience the Presence, and so - for me - apple trees and apple orchards became a kind of holy ground.

This sense of sacredness has remained with me throughout my life. Apples and apple trees continue to act as important symbols and signposts on my spiritual journey, guiding me towards a deeper understanding and fulfilment of my soul's purpose, and a closer relationship with God.

Submitted by Sara Baker

Being a Warden

This edition of The Messenger is about memories, and I find myself reflecting on several that connect with my new role as Warden.

As I thought about what it means to become a Warden, I realized how much I still had to learn. Both titles (Rector's Warden and People's Warden) carry their own responsibilities while still sharing active duties, including chairing Parish Council when needed. At times, both roles can be demanding and require a true team effort. Even though I have been involved with the Church for most of my life, I don't think I fully grasped what it meant to become a Warden until I stepped into the role. I am blessed to work with a wonderful team: Stan, Lanny, and Ansley. They have supported and guided me in every aspect of these past six months.

During this short time in office to date, I have learned that I cannot enter a situation holding too tightly to my own preconceived ideas. When I do, it lessens my ability to hear what others are saying. Ultimately, this is the position I was elected to hold: to listen to the parishioners who elected me, and bring their concerns to the other Executive Committee members.

I have always felt the love and support of my St. Michael's family. We are a loving community, pulling together to achieve a common goal. I was so proud of St. Mike's parishioners for coming together to raise money for the Restoration Project of our Church. Each one of us contributed to it through donations or by giving time and energy to the Church sales and, more recently, to the cemetery cleanup. (I had never seen so many pinecones in one small area; perhaps, in future, we should adopt a family of St. Michael's squirrels to help make pinecones disappear).

I am excited that our Quiet Garden has come to fruition through Lanny's hard work. As members of the Quiet Garden Society, headquartered in England, we hope our garden will become known as an oasis—a peaceful place where people can sit among the trees, reflect, and find the quiet peace that only nature can offer.

One thing that has become very clear to me is that we, as Wardens, cannot do this by ourselves. As the saying goes, it takes a village to raise a family; in our case, it takes a family to raise a church, and we are blessed to have both.

Thank you for your continued support. It is deeply needed, and truly appreciated.

Submitted by Nancy Paxton



Messenger, by Mary Oliver

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird—
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still not half-perfect? Let me
keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,

which is mostly standing still and learning to be
astonished.
The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all the ingredients are here,

Remember when...

- Encyclopedia Britannica was your “google”
- Rotary telephones
- Cheaper long-distance calls after 7 p.m.
- Formica tables and naugahide chairs
- Nurses with white caps, gowns and shoes
- Sandwiches wrapped in wax paper
- LePage's glue
- Mickey Mouse Club



Good News on Thursday Newsletter

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The Messenger is an occasional magazine to the parish from the parishioners of St. Michael and All Angels' Anglican Church. The Messenger is a communication means for members of the parish. It does not necessarily reflect the beliefs of the editors, or the church.

While the newsletter exists for parishioners to contribute their news, opinions and views, the editors may edit articles in order to facilitate understanding and fit space.

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

Please send submissions to the church office, preferably by e-mail to:

admin@stmikevictoria.ca.

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

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