

THE LYCHGATE

December 8, 2019

Parish Newsletter of
The Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields



From the Rector's Desk



Our Lady of Walsingham

For ten days during October this year I lived with the members of my religious community, the Oratory of the Good Shepherd, in a place known traditionally as England's Nazareth. In a remote corner of East Anglia just a few miles from the wild west coast of the North Sea, the village of Little Walsingham has been for centuries a beacon of light and hope within the English realm. In 1061 a Saxon noblewoman, Richeldis de Faverches, is said to have received a vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In that vision Mary instructed her to build a house, a house that would be a replica of the home in which the Holy Family dwelled in Nazareth long ago. In obedience to that vision, a simple house was built which contained a statue of the Virgin and Child. As news of the vision and the resulting building project began to spread, people started to make the long trek to visit the holy site. In time Walsingham became one of the great pilgrimage destinations of England. People of all walks of life, from commoners to kings, made the long journey to pray in the holy house, to seek God's grace and help for the many trials and difficulties of their lives. But all this came to a crashing end in 1538 when Henry VIII, in the midst of his campaign to dissolve the monasteries and purloin their wealth, also destroyed the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. For centuries the village remained dormant, and then, beginning in the late nineteenth century, the

place began to come to life again, as first the Roman Catholics, and then the Anglicans, and then the Orthodox responded once more to the original vision and began to flock again to England's Nazareth. Indeed, a replica of the Holy House became part of the shrine rebuilt by the Anglican vicar of Walsingham, Fr. Hope Patten, in 1931. Today thousands of pilgrims make their way to Walsingham each year seeking once more an encounter with the living God in this holy place. Today also the statue of Our Lady of Walsingham has become a common sight in many Anglican churches around the world.

Why do people make the pilgrimage to Walsingham? What draws them there? Deep down it is perhaps that longing for the holy, for the presence of God in the midst of our lives, which is at the heart of our Advent journey also. It is that quest to feel the touch of God that can bring forgiveness, healing, and hope to the struggles of our daily life. The holy house is a physical symbol of that mystery that we celebrate at Christmastime, the mystery of the Word made flesh, of God coming in Christ to dwell with us, to share our human lives, to be part of a human family, living in that ordinary home in Nazareth. The ordinary things of this world, our families, our homes, are revealed to be not so ordinary after all, but are seen to be places that can be transformed by the Incarnation. They are places and moments in time ready to be opened to the presence of God's beauty and love. While so many barriers still exist between us, at least in Walsingham, Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Orthodox can be united in their common desire to draw closer to the God who seeks to draw ever closer to us.

This Christmas may each of us set out in our hearts to make that pilgrimage to the stable in Bethlehem, to the holy house in Nazareth, and indeed to that cross and empty tomb in Jerusalem, to encounter there again the living Christ who seeks to embrace us in his arms of love. May the holy child of Bethlehem bless each one of us this Christmastide in our pilgrimage of faith, and in our service of him and his world.

Fr. Philip

Church Directory



The Church of
St. Martin-in-the-Fields

151 Glenlake Ave.
Toronto, Ontario M6P 1E8

www.stmartininthefields.ca

Church: 416-767-7491
Fax: 416-767-7065

Incumbent:

The Rev'd Canon Philip
Hobson OGS

Assistant Curate: The
Rev'd Alison Hari-
Singh

Honorary Assistants:

The Rev'd Canon

David Luxton

The Rev'd James
Decker

The Rev'd Canon

Harold Nahabedian

The Rev'd Canon

Alyson Barnett-Cowan

Organist & Music Director:

Jack Hattey

Church Wardens:

Philip Savage

Cindy Paget

Secretary:

Margaret Allen

Property Manager:

Mark Kolberg

Sunday School & Nursery

Grace Karraam Stephenson

About *The Lychgate* Newsletter: *The Lychgate* is published four times a year. Parishioners and friends are encouraged to submit news and articles to the editors, Eilonwy Morgan and Ian Greene, at iangreene0766@rogers.com. For digital access to *The Lychgate*, including colour photos and click links to web sites, go to <https://stmartininthefields.ca>. If you want to go paperless and cancel your paper copy of *The Lychgate*, email us at Lychgate1111@gmail.com.



Christmas Eve Pageant, December 24, 2018

Upcoming Events

Upcoming Events

Sundays, December 8 and 15: Advent series by Alison Hari-Singh continues after 11 a.m. services.

Sunday, December 8 – Advent Lessons and Carols, 7:30 p.m., followed by a reception.

Sunday, December 15 – Michael Coren, who has recently become a deacon, will preach.

Sunday, December 15 – Esther-Ruth Teel and friends present a Concert, Songs of Christmas, at 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, December 22 – our Diocesan Bishop, Bishop Andrew Asbil, will visit at 11 a.m.

Sunday, December 22 – Caroling in the garden, 4:30 p.m.

Sunday, January 12: Alison Hari-Singh will be priested at St. Martin's at 4:00 p.m.

Saturday, January 25: Games Night

Sunday, February 23, 2019 – Vestry Meeting

Christmas at St. Martin's

Tuesday, December 24, Christmas Eve

7:00 p.m. Christmas Pageant with Sung Eucharist (family service)

11:00 p.m. Procession, & Festal Eucharist

Wednesday, December 25, Christmas Day

11:00 a.m. Eucharist with Carols, followed by Christmas Lunch

Sunday, December 29, First Sunday after Christmas

8:30 a.m. Eucharist

11:00 a.m. Christmas Lessons & Carols with Sung Eucharist

Sunday, January 5, Epiphany

8:30 a.m. Said Eucharist

11:00 a.m. Procession & Sung Eucharist

Since the September 29, 2019, from the Parish Registers:

Baptisms:

November 24 – Milo Speers

Funerals:

December 4 – Elissa Barclay

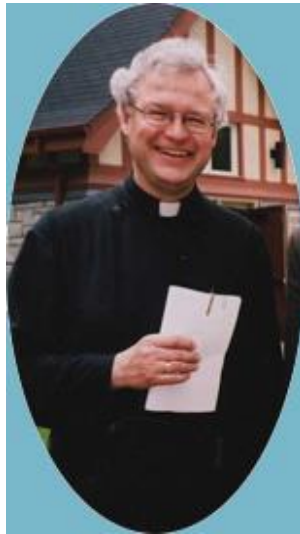
Parish Profile: Fr. Philip

By Tim Stephenson

St. Martin's has been blessed with Fr. Philip as our rector for 22 years. He makes deliberate choices and stays strongly committed to his decisions which are rooted in his deep faith.

He grew up near the Kingsway neighbourhood in western Toronto and attended Royal York Collegiate. As a child, the family attended St. James, Humber Bay. He became a server which sparked his interest in liturgy. From his youth until university he served for four priests and had seen the inner workings of a parish.

After high school he went to Trinity College (University of Toronto) from 1971-75. He majored in history with a focus on British and European history. When he finished his undergraduate studies, he did an M.A. in history, specifically in medieval history. His thesis was focused on the influence of government actions on the wine and wool trade under Edward III. (He is happy to share his findings with any parishioners!) At the end of the Masters program he took some months in Europe to decide whether to pursue a career in the foreign service, or what he came to understand was his calling to the priesthood. To make the best of his time as he considered his future, he enrolled in courses in Tours. This city is known as having had the greatest influence on the standard form of French spoken today. He stayed in a "pension de famille" where meals were shared as a family around one big table. Fr. Philip was the only English-speaker in the house. All the others were French people such as travelling salesmen, students, and retirees, so he had an excellent opportunity to improve his French. As a premonition of his future life in ministry, Tours is the city where St. Martin was bishop. Fr. Philip continued his studies in Florence and it was from there that he applied to do his Masters in Divinity.



Fr. Philip attended Trinity divinity school from 1977-1980. There were some memorable moments, including a chaplaincy at the Toronto Western Hospital, where his supervisor was a Roman Catholic nun. He was asked to focus on one of the wards in the old wing of the hospital (now torn down) which contained large rooms of up to eight beds. The people being cared for were both older patients with complex conditions, and young recovering drug addicts – often in the same room.

The decision that had far-reaching implications occurred at the end of his first year, when he was looking for a summer job that would be aligned with his studies. He applied for a posting to a church in Alert Bay, an island between northern Vancouver Island and the mainland. There were no roads, and access was by boat or float plane. He had twenty minutes of training from the bishop during a layover at the Vancouver airport. Alert Bay had had the largest residential school in Canada (closed at that time) and it was clearly divided between the white residents and the Indigenous people living on the reserve. The church had a stunning location and had been built in the nineteenth century with no nails. A traditional Indigenous "big house" had been built, and some of the native traditions were returning, including the potlatch that had been suppressed during the residential school era. The big house became the centre of Indigenous cultural activity.

The community was built around fishing, and that summer there was a huge salmon run. Besides serving the Alert Bay community, Fr. Philip joined another priest flying up and down the coast in a float plane to remote communities. Prayer was an important survival tool because the plane could get lost in fog, hit logs when landing, and the sheer cliffs of the mountains on either side of the inlets offered no shelter. Sadly, there were four suicides of young people in Alert Bay during that summer alone. All these challenges strengthened Fr. Philip's conviction that he was called to be a parish priest serving God's people.

He was ordained deacon in spring of 1980 and served his curacy in All Saints, Whitby. Whitby had been the county seat for two centuries, and this was an old parish in the centre of town. The parish had

had to decide whether to invest in a curate or to renovate an old parish hall. They chose the ministry option and Fr. Philip became the parish's first curate. The rector, Fr. Roney, remains a good friend. Towards the end of his curacy, Fr. Philip became the chaplain to the Diocesan Girls' Choir School which meets in Whitby. He continues this ministry to this day.

He stayed for three years at All Saints and then moved to St Peter's, Oshawa. It was a smaller parish, located in the south end of Oshawa where the huge GM car plant was located along with much of the public housing for the Durham region. It had a strong group of parishioners, including many who came from Newfoundland. It was the only Anglo-Catholic parish east of Toronto and had a strong liturgical tradition and everyone worked hard to keep it going. Fr. Philip stayed for nine years; no previous rector had lasted longer than four years.

Fr. Philip was then asked to become the vicar of St. James' Cathedral. In this role, among other duties, he was in charge of organizing the liturgy and starting some of the outreach programs which still run today. There were a couple of St. Martin's connections. Fr. Pritchard had previously been vicar at the cathedral before moving to St. Martin's and Fr. Jackson had retired as rector of St. Martin's and now attended the cathedral.

Fr. Philip was chosen to be the rector of St. Martin's in October 1997. From all his parish work he had a strong conviction that churches succeed when they serve the community in which they are based. St. Martin's had a solid liturgical foundation and a great choir that continue to this day. The parish has evolved with the area around it with the thriving Sunday school attracting many of the newer residents in the area. St. Martin's continues to welcome people from all generations and backgrounds. Based on the results of a recent survey, only a third of St. Martin's parishioners were raised Anglican, so the parish attracts people from many Christian traditions and also those who are new to the Christian faith. Fr. Philip believes that St. Martin's needs to continue to maintain a strong identity and that we remain true to it. There are three other Anglican churches within walking distance, so

people have many options. Though St. Martin's is not on a major street, it gets more visitors than is typical. They are often drawn by the beauty of our garden and church, by our liturgy and music, through our community connections such as with Romero House, by our outreach programs, and by our continuing ministry to theological and music students. Many have said that they have been attracted to the parish because the liturgy and parish life give them a sense of the transcendent, the depth of the mystery of God, at the same time that there is a strong sense of community and our call to serve. Another point of pride is the large number of parishioners who have gone on to ordained ministry in the church.

Beyond St Martin's, Fr. Philip has many other interests which are shaped by his strong sense of the larger church and his desire to foster ecumenical ties. He continues to be the Regional Dean for Parkdale/West Toronto, and within the diocese he has been chair of the formidable-sounding Doctrine & Worship committee. Giving back to his alma mater, he is the vice-chair of the Senate at Trinity. Much of his ecumenical work has been with the Orthodox Church and he is pleased that Trinity now has an Orthodox School of Theology. Today many people want to pursue further religious education but do not want to be ordained, and he enjoys being part of an institution that can meet this need.



Fr. Philip Cutting Birthday Cake September 29, 2019

Fr. Philip belongs to many communities, and the Oratory of the Good Shepherd is one which has been important to him for decades. It was founded in

Cambridge after WWI. The men who belong live in the community rather than in houses. There are over 50 brothers across the world and many are involved in ecumenical work and what he describes as the "labour of the mind."

When Fr. Philip chose to pursue ordained ministry, it was a choice that would absorb every aspect of his life. He sees the Church as the only institution that exists to serve those who don't belong to it. He is energized by the joy of the faith and our life together at St. Martin's and believes that we are called to carry that joy out with us from the parish to share with all whom we meet.

Confessions of a Synod Delegate

By Jonathan Gentry, Lay Delegate

The Regular Synod of the Diocese of Toronto was held on Friday and Saturday, November 8 and 9, at the Sheraton Parkway-Toronto North Hotel & Suites. A Synod is a gathering of lay and clerical members who constitute the governing body of the Church. Synod gatherings are a time of worship, inspiration and education, as well as a forum for affirming the direction of our ministry together. Members also receive and discuss reports from the various committees and vote on a number of financial motions. Regular Synods are held on a bi-annual basis.

Synod membership is made up of all the licensed clergy in the diocese plus the lay members (non-clergy) elected by each parish in the diocese. On November 8 and 9, just over 300 lay members attended, and just under 300 clergy. In 2019, St. Martin-in-the-Fields sent four delegates to the Synod of the Diocese of Toronto: two clergy (Fr. Philip and the Rev'd Alison), and two lay delegates (Patty McKnight and myself).

A personal highlight for me was a section on day two called "A Word to the Bishop." This was an hour-long, "open mic" session, specifically on the topic of same-sex marriage in the Church. It was intended to allow people to speak directly and

openly to Bishop Andrew Asbil on the subject as he seeks to have new guidelines in place for the diocese by Pentecost 2020. Members were also invited to send written comments to him if they wished. I feel this was successful and often very moving. The comments during this session are summarized in the link below for day two of the Synod. As well, a good deal of time was spent considering changes to the organization of the diocese. There was general agreement that the current structure needs to be improved. However, the proposed changes did not quite pass with the required 75 per cent majority of the clergy delegates. The motion failed by 0.7 per cent, and so the issue will come up again at the next Regular Synod.

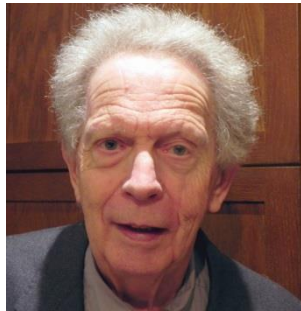
The guest speaker, Dr. Sylvia Keesmaat, was well received. Dr. Keesmaat is an adjunct professor at Trinity College and Wycliffe College and the Biblical Scholar in Residence at St. James, Fenelon Falls. She spoke about our role and responsibility to care for creation, and what has happened in the past when humanity has failed to do so. She pointed to places in the Bible that report this.

For a detailed report on Synod 2019 I urge you to read The Anglican newspaper and, if possible, view the following online resources in the link below, especially the Bishop's charge to Synod, the highlights of day one, and the highlights of day two.

<https://www.toronto.anglican.ca/about-the-diocese/corporate-information/synod/2019-regular-synod/>

This two-day event also gives members a place for fellowship. It was a chance for me to meet up with former parishioners and friends of St. Martin's. It was wonderful to chat with them and learn what they have been doing since we last met. I particularly enjoyed talking to the Rev'd Karen Isaacs and the Rev'd Don Beyers. Another highlight was to see current and former parishioners of St. Martin's at work in their day jobs within the Church. They do us proud.

On behalf of Patty and myself a big thank you for trusting us to be your representatives.



**Nutcracker
Fair
Bakesale**

The Last Chapter Of My Summer With The Vanners In Remote Manitoba

By Adrienne Beecker



As a teenager, I attended St. Mary the Virgin Anglican Church, located at 40 Westmoreland Ave. (Bloor and Dovercourt). I was deeply involved with church life – church school teacher and choir. In June of 1956, I saw a notice in the church bulletin that Eva Hasell (pronounced *hazel*), “the indomitable British spinster” (Vera Fast book noted below) and head of the Anglican Church’s Sunday School Caravan Missions which she founded in 1920, needed a young volunteer for a summer mission in remote parts of Manitoba. Being the adventurous sort, I met Miss Hasell at the University of Toronto, and after learning about my background, she hired me on the condition that my church would raise funds to send me to Manitoba. The fund-raising drive was successful – my friend Ron McCuaig (later a St. Martin’s stalwart) donated \$25 – and off I went on the plane to Winnipeg, with a connecting flight to Brandon. Miss Hasell told me what to take, including rugged clothes and “wellies.”

I was met at the Brandon airport by Miss Molly Tubbs, who had come from England to work with the Anglican Diocese of Brandon through an order called the Bishop’s Messengers. In 1927, Marguerita Fowler founded the Bishop’s Messengers in Manitoba in the tradition of the Bishop’s Messengers created in England during World War I. Because of the shortage of male clergy during the war, the Church of England appointed women as lay readers to run missions, with licenses to take services, and to perform baptisms and funerals where necessary. Many continued their mission work after the war, including Molly Tubbs, who ran the Anglican Caravan Mission in the Diocese of Brandon. Miss Tubbs had an eighteen-year-old English milk truck that she or Miss Hasell had somehow managed to get to Canada. From June to the beginning of September, Miss Tubbs and I were tasked with delivering Sunday School lessons, vacation Bible camps, and other church activities to remote

communities in the Diocese of Brandon, which stretches all the way from the U.S. border to Churchill on Hudson Bay.

Miss Tubbs introduced me to Bishop Norris, who gave us a list of Anglicans and their families living in remote areas. They needed to be visited, and their children offered Sunday School activities. Miss Tubbs and I then took off in the van. We picked up a few groceries (mainly staples) in Brandon. Miss Tubbs had received a small allowance from Bishop Norris for our food, gas, oil and emergencies. Ordinarily, Miss Tubbs would wear a navy veil with a white wimple on her head, a navy blue dress, and black shoes as a Bishop’s Messenger. However, she wore a serge brown dress when she was driving the van.

Between 1955 and 1959, there were 31 vans and 62 workers in 15 dioceses across Canada that were part of the Sunday School Caravan Missions, mostly in the prairie provinces. All of the vans had names. Our van was St. Augustine, which we called “Gus” for short. Given his age, Gus went through a tin of oil every 18 miles. As a result, the inside of the van was piled high with oil cans, on which I sat during our road trips.

St. Augustine did us proud. He never broke down once as we rode up and down hills and rumbled over gravel roads into Manitoba’s hinterland, even past Flin Flon in the far north. Sometimes, on Sundays, we visited small churches in towns like Baldur, and attended services. Mostly, though, we visited farmhouses with families. Miss Tubbs would speak with the adults in one room while I chatted with the children in a separate area. Then we would all come together, usually for a meal. Those were meaningful moments with these people. I ran three week-long vacation Bible schools. One was in the far north in a First Nations community. Another was a large one in Virden, west of Brandon, where we sang hymns (I played a pump organ), told Bible stories



Eva Hasell



A Van Like Gus

with themes, played games, did crafts with the more than 30 children, made snacks, and held afternoon tea for the helpers (many of whom were the parents). This gave Miss Tubbs and I more time to discuss the Biblical theme of the day with the children and their parents.

There were certain rules that we had to keep as we journeyed on. The main rule – set by Miss Hasell – was that we must sleep in the van. This involved undoing two brass buckles holding leather straps that held our beds in place on each side of the van. We had two big flat tins in the middle of the van floor (remember Gus was an old milk van) that kept our Carnation milk to mix with water for cereal, which was supplemented by peanut butter, jam and Spam.

You can imagine that I was more than pleased when we were invited into homes for a meal, since I did all the meal prep outdoors with a Coleman gas stove. Tea for Miss Tubbs always came first. When it rained, I cooked under a tarpaulin. Sometimes, I had to walk up to strangers' farmhouses to ask for milk and bread. Invariably, we were invited into those kind homes for a meal. In those situations, Miss Tubbs made the most of this time to spread the Gospel.

The mother house of the Bishop's Messengers in Manitoba was a big frame blue house known as St. Faith's in Swan River (between Brandon and Flin Flon) where we occasionally stayed for a weekend to recharge ourselves with a short retreat (and a bath). There were eight Bishop's Messengers who could baptize and perform funeral services. Unfortunately,

the Church of England did not appoint more Bishop's Messengers after World War I, and the order died out. However, as late as 2002, the Anglican Diocese of Calgary still operated a Vanners mission.

Homesickness left me as happiness filtered its way into my life, with beautiful sunny scenic days and friendly people. My mom sent care packages to Bishop Norris, who somehow found out where we were and mailed them to the nearest post office. I managed to phone home twice. Some nights showed the awesome Aurora Borealis with hues of blue, green and yellow. Miss Tubbs allowed me some "time off" when we visited Riding Mountain National Park, south of Swan River, on the August 1 holiday weekend where I could swim and she would rest. We moved on quickly afterwards.

One sad experience has stayed with me over sixty years. We had trampled through heavy bush over an hour in our wellies on a hot summer day leaving "Gus" parked on a gravel road. We finally arrived at a farmhouse with three children, ages approximately 11, 8 and 3. Their mother had left the day before. Miss Tubbs walked with the father into the house for a chat and left me with the children. I only remember listening to them and hugging them. I have often wondered what happened to them.

Another event that was so memorable, but hilarious, found Miss Tubbs wanting to take a sponge bath in the van. Bathing was a problem for us, as you must realize. So, we drove to a cemetery. Where else for privacy? I placed towels across the front and side windows and pumped some water in our steel wash basin. I helped Miss Tubbs with the basin, soap, washcloth and towel, and then proceeded to the driver's seat to wait. It was raining and dark outside. Suddenly a tall, scrawny man with a black fedora peered through the side squinting at me. (The towels had slid). I screamed! Miss Tubbs yelled at the man, and he took off as I sat frozen to the seat. Miss Tubbs plunked herself in the driver's seat and away we flew! Needless to say, there were no more baths in a cemetery!

There were strict routines though. Every morning before breakfast we had Morning Prayer at 7:30 a.m., and at night Miss Tubbs said prayers from the

Book of Common Prayer. This routine was kept religiously. Sleep came easily to both of us.

So, after all these years, I ask myself, "Did we do any good or help anyone?" Apparently, we did. Three books have been published about the Vanners. The first is *The Story of St. Faith's*, by Marguerita D. Fowler, O.B.E. (London, The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 1950). The second is *God's Galloping Girl: The Peace River Diaries of Monica Storrs, 1929-1931*, Ed. W.L. Morton (UBC Press, 1979). The third is by Vera Fast entitled *Missionary on Wheels: Eva Hasell and the Sunday School Caravan Mission* (Anglican Book Centre, 1979). All three books illustrate the huge impact for good that Eva Hassell and the Vanners had for those living in remote regions.

Miss Hasell, who originally came from England to Canada in the 1920s to bring Sunday School with the Gospel of Christ to people in remote areas of Canada, succeeded.

St. Martin's Theological Student

By Mathew McPhee

I arrived at St. Martin's through a field placement for school. If you're wondering what sort of school would send their students to a church, you'd be right if you guessed, "seminary!" I am a second year Masters of Divinity student at Wycliffe College, and I will be serving here for the year, culminating just after Easter in 2020.

I was born in Halifax, N.S., and grew up in Cape Breton, where all of my extended family continues to reside. When I was ten years old, my parents, my brother and I moved (and drove, for two weeks straight!) to rural, northern Alberta. I grew up there in the heart of "the oilpatch," and subsequently went to school in Edmonton for a Bachelor of Theology degree upon discerning a call to the priesthood, having initially considered social work.



A fondness for pastoral ministry and care has continued to be a companion for me, as well as a feeling of being "at home" with those who are poor and marginalized. I find joy in painting (oils) and historical fiction ("Anne with an E"). Please pray for me as I continue onward in this parish, discovering the artistic joy of the liturgy and cultivating an "Anne-like" heart of service to others, and I will pray for you!

Thank you to everyone for welcoming me so graciously, and for helping me out on the way. I look forward to serving you all and getting to know each of you better in the months to come! May Christ bless us all with his loving presence as we continue onwards in worship, service and praise.

Christmas Eve Pageant Organized by Japanese Canadians Displaced During WWII

By Eilonwy Morgan

In tribute to our forthcoming Christmas Eve children's pageant, this story has a personal connection (see my comments below). It was written by award-winning Canadian poet and novelist, Joy Kogawa, who was sent with her family from Vancouver to an internment camp in Slocan B.C. during World War II. After the war, she and her family were resettled in Coaldale, near my home town of Lethbridge, Alberta. Kogawa completed her high school in Coaldale, and attended the Anglican church in a hut her father erected so the Japanese Canadians in Coaldale could have a church. Joy Kogawa has lived in Toronto since 1979.

Pageants

By Joy Kogawa

-reprinted with permission of the author

My mother, who hardly ever praised me, or anyone else, was full of praises about that Christmas, which is why I remember it. She was so happy and so proud, and her happiness spilled over into praises for me.

What year was it? I can't quite remember...1950, or thereabouts. I might have been 15. We were in Coaldale, Alberta, that wonderful little town of grass roots multiculturalism. We had a Christmas concert every year in our Anglican church, which had once been our community's kindergarten building in the internment centre of Slocan. After the war, Dad had had the building dismantled and shipped to Coaldale. So now, there it was, and there we Japanese Canadians were, scattered around southern Alberta's sugar beet farms thanks to the federal government's efficient dispersal policy. Assimilation, not multiculturalism, was the ideal of the day.

Whatever the weather-and it was usually unspeakably fierce with deep snowdrifts and blizzards and the cold of 20 or 30 below – people would come, arriving in pickup trucks and cars, their tires well chained and crackling over the snow. From Vauxhall and Taber and Barnwell, Iron Springs and Picture Butte, Raymond and Magrath and Sterling, Chin and Readymade and Hardieville, and Lethbridge, the big city, Anglicans of Japanese descent would come together to eat sushi and teriyaki chicken and manju, and laugh at Santa Claus, who was usually my brother, and watch Dad's movies of Abbott and Costello and *The Night Before Christmas*. Every person got a paper bag containing a Japanese orange, a Delicious apple, twists of colorful Christmas candy and a small present, like crayons or a toy car. And of course, being Christmas, we kids would throw together something resembling a nativity pageant.

That year, Walter Nishida made beautiful long cardboard signs saying Hawaii, Switzerland, Holland, and whatever other places we could think of, and these were draped diagonally across whoever was agreeable. Then, as the time approached, I grabbed some old bathrobes and hastily made up some shepherds with towels and dishcloths on their heads, found a blanket, not quite blue enough, to wrap around Mary, got a stick for Joseph and pointed them to the little stage where they assembled to the strains of *Away in a Manger*, my brother pumping his heart out at the old reed organ.

It was Eddy, I believe, Walter's brother, who took the picture. It appeared quite magically and

amazingly somewhere in the back pages of the Anglican Church calendar the next year, along with other pictures from various church missions. There we were, black-haired kids, announcing the world at the Prairie stable. Peace, goodwill to all the peoples.

Mom was so happy when she saw the calendar. Our little effort was in public view. She kept saying to me in Japanese, "It was because of you. It was because of you." I can hardly remember her being happier.

Eilonwy's comments:

I was born and raised in Lethbridge. I attended St. Augustine's Church and remember visiting the Coaldale church on a Sunday school visit.

Many years ago I read (and kept) this short story. It told about a nativity pageant held at the church building in Coaldale. In the details of this story, Ms. Kogawa mentioned that Eddy Nishida took a photo which later appeared in the Anglican Church calendar the next year.

Mr. Nishida took his interest in photography to Lethbridge and took photos of events at St. Augustine's Church. One of the treasured photos from my childhood is one that Mr. Nishida took, just prior to one of our annual nativity plays, around 1964. He took photos of each set of participants. In this photo, I am one of the cherubs (top left) soon to go upstairs and sing "Rocking" around the manger.

I kept the story clipping all these years because it brought back wonderful memories of those years when we in Southern Alberta did not have a lot of money, but Christmas was everything.

Merry Christmas to all of you!



FaithWorks 2019

By Judith Kidd

On November 23, I attended the wonderful Nutcracker Fair. It was a beautiful morning outside and inside one felt an abundance of goodwill. One sensed that something good was going on. It brought forward old memories but also a sense of hope, anticipation.

As a relative newcomer, I'm so often struck by the willingness of this congregation to find ways of reaching out and sharing their gifts with the wider community. This week a bazaar, next week preparing and helping to serve dinner for up to 100 guests at the Out of the Cold at St. Matthews, Islington parish. The St. Martin-in-the-Fields congregation is generous indeed.

And, this congregation has been particularly generous to the FaithWorks Campaign for many years and again this year. If you plan to mark your Christmas with a donation to the program, please remember that your gift needs to be received by December 31 in order to qualify for a 2019 receipt.

I've written in the past about how the FaithWorks ministry helps those who are vulnerable and marginalized and in many cases with a "hope deficit"! This time I would like to highlight one of FaithWorks' partners, the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund (PWRDF). This agency of the national Anglican Church provides funds for development and relief both in Canada and worldwide. They have supported the Pikangikum Water project in Northern Ontario that is also supported by this parish.

Amongst the many projects that PWRDF has developed is a recent one to further their goal of reconciliation with First Nations, Métis and Inuit peoples. It is entitled "Mapping the Ground We Stand On." A short video is available at their website pwrdf.org. In that video is reference to the "doctrine of discovery" and, to learn more about that, there is a thought-provoking video produced by Anglican Video entitled *Doctrine of Discovery: Stolen land, Strong Hearts*. It's on YouTube.com. I encourage you to watch both.

This Advent season let hope warm your heart, love warm your family, and the Holy Spirit warm all humankind.

PAR for the Parish

By Jonathan Gentry, Envelope Secretary

The use of PAR has been a benefit to both St. Martin's and myself. PAR stands for Pre-Authorized Remittance and has nothing to do with golf.

PAR is good for St. Martin's because the parish is assured of a regular monthly income. This is most useful during the summer months when many of us are away and not at the church. The invoices for gas, hydro, telephone and the internet still arrive and need to be paid. Much regular maintainance also takes place over the summer. Our clergy and staff also deserve to be paid.

Donations by PAR are made by direct debit of a bank or credit union account, or by credit card. The cost to the parish is 50 cents per transaction plus a per centage of each credit card transfer (per cent varies by credit card).

PAR is good for me because it is one less thing for me to worry about each month. However, it is easy to forget to adjust the amount given each month as our life circumstances change. These changes can be positive if income increases. Fortunately I will be able to increase my pledge for 2020.

If you already donate by PAR and wish to adjust your donation, or wish to start using PAR, now is a good time to do so. You can do this by contacting me in person, by telephone at (416) 766-8491, by email at gentryleishman@gmail.com, or via the parish office at (416) 767-7491.



Nutcracker Fair, November 23 raised nearly \$12,000!

Frances Jerry

By Ian Greene

Frances Jerry is one of our senior parishioners who continues to lead an active life and to pursue her love of the arts. She joined St. Martin's in 2006 when she moved into the Chartwell Grenadier Retirement Residence.



During her school years in Toronto, Frances took ballet lessons from Boris Volkoff from the time she was 12 until she was 20. After graduating from the Fifth Form in high school in Toronto (later called Grade 13), she attended the Banff School of Fine Arts during the summer of 1947, and studied with J.W.G. (Jock) Macdonald. She particularly enjoyed instruction from Macdonald because he was “young and handsome.” A.Y. Jackson, a founding member of the Group of Seven, was also at the School that summer, and he particularly liked one of her landscape paintings, and commented on her “dramatic clouds.” He placed a star on it, which meant that she had won an award – the sum of \$25. Jock Macdonald was a member of the “Group of Eleven” that promoted abstract art in Canada, and some of his paintings are in the National Gallery in Ottawa.

Frances studied Art and Archaeology at Trinity College at the University of Toronto. One of the founders of the program had worked on the famous archaeological dig in Egypt in 1922 which unearthed the tomb of Tutankamun.





Sketch of Nadia by Frances Jerry

One of the hobbies Frances currently has is the enjoyment of opera. She frequently listens to Saturday Afternoon At the Opera on C.B.C. radio, and sometimes attends "The Met Live" at one of the Cineplex-Odeon Theatres.

Another hobby that she very much enjoys is creating charcoal sketches, such as the ones shown here. Her subjects include flowers, still life, the



scenery around her apartment, and people who live or work at The Grenadier. She started charcoal drawing in 2016, inspired by other Grenadier residents, John and Maria, who were also artists and who continue to provide her with suggestions.

Help Wanted for The Lychgate

Ian and Eilonwy are Editors of *The Lychgate*. Eilonwy is Deputy Warden (Management Board), and has submitted her name to become Warden beginning after the Vestry meeting in February, 2020. As a result, she may not be able to continue with her contributions to The Lychgate.

Ian needs your help! There are many ways in which volunteers can help, for example –

- Contribute stories
- Research Parish Profiles
- Edit submissions from parishioners
- Take and receive photographs and prepare for inclusion in The Lychgate

inclusion in The Lychgate

- Format *The Lychgate* for printing
- Fold and stuff envelopes for distribution
- Prepare electronic versions for uploading to the

St. Martin's web site in colour

Because of active involvement of parishioners, The Lychgate is widely read and enjoyed, and serves as outreach to the wider community.

For further inquiries, please contact Ian Greene during coffee hour, or at iangreene0766@rogers.com, or 416-571-8742.

Thanks for Parking Help

Thanks to parishioners for avoiding parking on the west side of the laneway on Glenlake north of St. Martin's. It is a "no parking" area, though not clearly enough marked by the City. Our neighbours are grateful, as it is a safety issue of blocked vision when they drive south out of the laneway and try to turn west onto Glenlake.



Nutcracker Fair, November 23, 2019