



The Wardens' Wire

MARCH 10 – 21ST 2024 ISSUE 28

Sunday Mar 10th LENT 4

10.30 AM MORNING PRAYER

Monday Mar 11th & 18th

9.30-12 AM Craft Circle

12.30-2.30 PM Friendship Circle

6.30-9 PM HSC Choir practice

Wednesday Mar 13th & 20th

1.30 – 3 PM BIBLE STUDY

Thursday Mar 14th & 21st

5.00 PM Soup & buns preceding

7.00 PM Compline Service

Friday Mar 15th & 22nd

6 - 9 PM AA Park group

Sun Mar 17th LENT 5

10.30 AM Morning Prayer

Tues March 19th

1.30 – 3 PM BOOK CLUB –

The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Society

NOTE: Hoi Thanh Tin Lanh Church continues to meet at 2 pm each Sunday in our sanctuary

St Mary the Virgin Independent Anglican Church meets in our Sanctuary at 8.30 am each Sunday.

EASTER SERVICES:

Maundy Thursday

5 pm Pot luck prior to

7 pm Holy Communion Service

Good Friday

10.30 am Morning Prayer

Easter Sunday March 31st

10.30 am HOLY COMMUNION

St Mary the Virgin Independent Anglican Church and the Hamilton Schola Cantorum invite you to their services being held in our sanctuary

Friday March 29th 1 pm. Good Friday

Passion According to Saint John (Sarum chant)

Service of Solemn Intercessions

Saturday March 30th 4 pm.

Solemn Easter Vigil with Holy Communion

Please see the Bulletin Board for details.

All are welcome to join in these services

BOOK CLUB

The book group members are reading The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Society.

On page 101 is a quote from Thomas Carlyle, Scottish writer, historian, philosopher. (1795-1881)

It made me stop reading and think for a bit this evening. Here it is:

“Does it ever give thee pause, that men used to have a soul - not by hearsay alone, or as a figure of speech; but as a truth that they knew, and acted upon! Verily it was another world then...but yet it is a pity we have lost the tidings of our souls...we shall have to go in search of them again, or worse in all ways shall befall us.”

I'm thinking about the people of St. George's as folks with healthy souls, and there are millions of good souls everywhere, but this strikes me as a message for the whole world. Maybe that is why our Front Porch Ministry is important. We need to be in the world with the Good News about where and how our souls can find refreshment.

Our souls need a docking place, like ships, and an anchor to hold us in place. Lots of choices, but only one that works in the long run.

- Judy



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We are sorry to hear that our friend Ed Coomber has recently passed on. We remember Ed holding tiny babies in our parish hall over the years. , Verna and Ed had a lifetime of little treasures who they fostered . sending hugs to Verna at this sad time

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A few years ago I came upon an interesting fact I'd like to share with you.

You are all familiar with the Canadian artist Emily Carr (1871-1945) who painted the wonderful record of our west coast peoples including their villages, their totems, the old-growth forests in British Columbia. She did so with her rich swirls of oil paints that gave life to towering forests, to clouds blowing and twisting through blue skies, and to all the richness of God's grandeur.

What you may not know about Emily is that her family were devout Christians , members of the Anglican Cathedral in Victoria who eventually made their way to the Reformed Episcopal Church of Our Lord in Victoria. It's a lovely building, extant, designed in the Carpenter Gothic style. It is now a member of the Anglican Church in North America which makes us partners.

There are several references to the Carr family's time there including this lovely quote from Emily's younger years which I found in The Book of Small which she wrote in 1942. (Page 42, Douglas & McIntyre reprint, 2004.

Emily's own words with reference to Bishop Cridge were as follows;
"He gave the blessing just as if he was taking it straight from God and giving it to us."

We can be proud to have her as a former member of our greater church. Her deep faith speaks to an important part of Emily's art. You can see it moving though her oils. She has been my heroine for quite some time, my favourite Canadian.

As with many people of fame there have recently been some attempts to cancel her. She has been

criticized for painting Indigenous subjects as a non-member of that group but from the media pieces I have read she is supported by the subjects of those paintings. The indigenous communities welcomed her in and loved her. She had great respect for their land and for their cultural richness. They loved her and nicknamed her Klee Wyck, which translates to Laughing One.

Maybe it's time for us to sing "Breathe On Me Breath of God" again. Emily sang it as she started each of her paintings."

The next time you take a walk in the woods tuck this quote of Emily's into your pocket. It is available on the internet.

"Go out there into the glory of the woods. See God in every particle of them expressing glory and strength and power, tenderness and protection. Know that they are God expressing God made manifest."

- Judy

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BREATHE ON ME BREATH OF GOD

**Breathe on me, Breath of God
Fill me with life anew
That I may love the way you love,
And do what you would do.**

**Breathe on me Breath of God
Until my heart is pure
Until my will is one with yours
To do and to endure**

**Breathe on me Breath of God
So shall I never die
But live with you the perfect life
For all eternity.**

**Edward Hatch
1835-1889**



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OUR NEW WALLHANGING IN THE HALL

EASTER FLOWERS

The church will be decorated for Easter Sunday. If you wish to have flowers in memory of a loved one, please talk to Alison .

Margaret's poem is a keeper – thank you so much

In our church on Christmas eve
Candle flames glow very bright,
Proclaiming Christ our Saviour's birth
Like the star that holy night

The shepherds came with fear and awe
To look upon the Christ child dear
Angelic choirs in sweet refrain
Sang alleluias loud and clear

Without that night in Bethlehem
There'd be no cross at Calvary
Where our Saviour paid the price
And died for you and me.

You died and rose again dear Lord
And sit at God's right hand
Making a better place for me
When I leave my earthly land.

My final breath will come one day
O Lord be by my side
To take me to my heavenly home
Forever to reside. *Margaret Boehm*



"When Rev Paul asked me to make a wall-hanging quilt for the Friendship room I was overjoyed. What a privilege to share my creativity.

In this quilt I have used the colours of the Liturgical Year. The corner blocks are Log Cabin, placed in the four corners, the firm foundation. The inner blocks are Circle of Friendship, showing our friendship growing, strengthening, moving throughout the year. The middle, red block is an alternate style of Log Cabin, again showing strength and faith. The red cross sashing identifies the Red Cross of the St. George Church, an idea of Brandon's.

The different shades/patterns/ textures of material express the differences of all of us coming together in our faith. The small circular top stitching is a favourite of mine; it emphasizes the connecting circles of our lives. As the colours of the year change, so can the quilt: it can be hung from any corner. This was Brandon's suggestion and I was able to adapt it."

THANK YOU PAT WILD FOR THIS WONDERFUL WORK OF ART, WE ARE HONOURED TO HAVE RECEIVED IT AND HANG IT IN OUR PARISH HALL.



The Wardens' Wire

It's always wonderful to welcome new members and it's great when they are as enthusiastic and willing to work as Craig is. Craig, we're blessed that God led you here. Thank you for your kind words.

Growing up, my Mom and Dad made us go to church. It was the one hour of the week we had to dress up, and sit quietly. We would watch the adults go get their communion and then kneel down to pray. Because we were Catholic and attended Public School, my Brother and I had to attend weekend religion classes on Saturday morning's at St. Alfred's Church. I started the classes first in Grade 4 (Communion) and my brother was 3 years behind me. I would also attend Confirmation and Confession in later years. Saturday morning started with us all singing a song (though the mountains would fall....) then breaking off into groups by our ages. We would read these books about the Catholic religion, none of it sinking in. After all, these mornings were meant for sleeping...not more learning. At the end, we had to graduate in Church, something as a child you dread!

As I grew older, I became involved more in the church. St. Patrick's, where we attended, was in need of altar-servers for mass. My brother and I participated frequently under the supervision of Father Croal, who was strict and also very intelligent, and he had a way of ruffling feathers with the diocese and the bishop would transfer him around the time I started High School. The thing about Fr. Croal is that he fixed catholic churches. People liked him, and the congregation would grow en masse. Because of his "style", he was transferred to St. John Boscoe Church in Port Colborne (a beautiful Church), and into a congregation of only a few older folks. The former priest was not into being social and thus the people left. As a family, we attended mass there frequently because we liked Fr. Croal's routine, and Dad and Mom would visit on Wednesday evenings as my Dad

converted from Anglican to Catholic. After a short while, the congregation grew and the church was doing well. Father Croal, retired.

I grew up and got into working, 60+ hours a week and having a life around me. I never thought to be honest that I would ever get back into the life of a church. I always looked at the scandals and saw what people didn't like about religion and thought, hmm, that's not really me. Of course, this was at the time until one day I was down on my luck and someone suggested I ask God for guidance and forgiveness. With their assistance, I started spending time reading the bible, completing workbooks and study materials and learning about God. Until a year ago, I had never opened a bible and learned what's inside and now I spend time daily writing about how the bible reflects on my daily life. In fact, a friend of mine said to me one day, "I know a church that you would enjoy and probably benefit from" and he wrote it down and gave me a phone number to call. I would call the number, and the person on the other end met me for coffee. He explained what it's all about and what I could expect. He told me about what they offer and the studies they provide, and assured me that I am more than welcome to attend. On my first Sunday there, I couldn't believe how welcoming everyone is and how appreciated they were for having new people. You often hear of other parishes not willing to adapt to a changing society and yet St. George's was so delightful and welcoming. So let me just reach out and say Thank You to Pastor Paul and all of those who've welcomed me and made me feel like I've known you all for so long. I am so proud to call St. George's home!

Craig



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