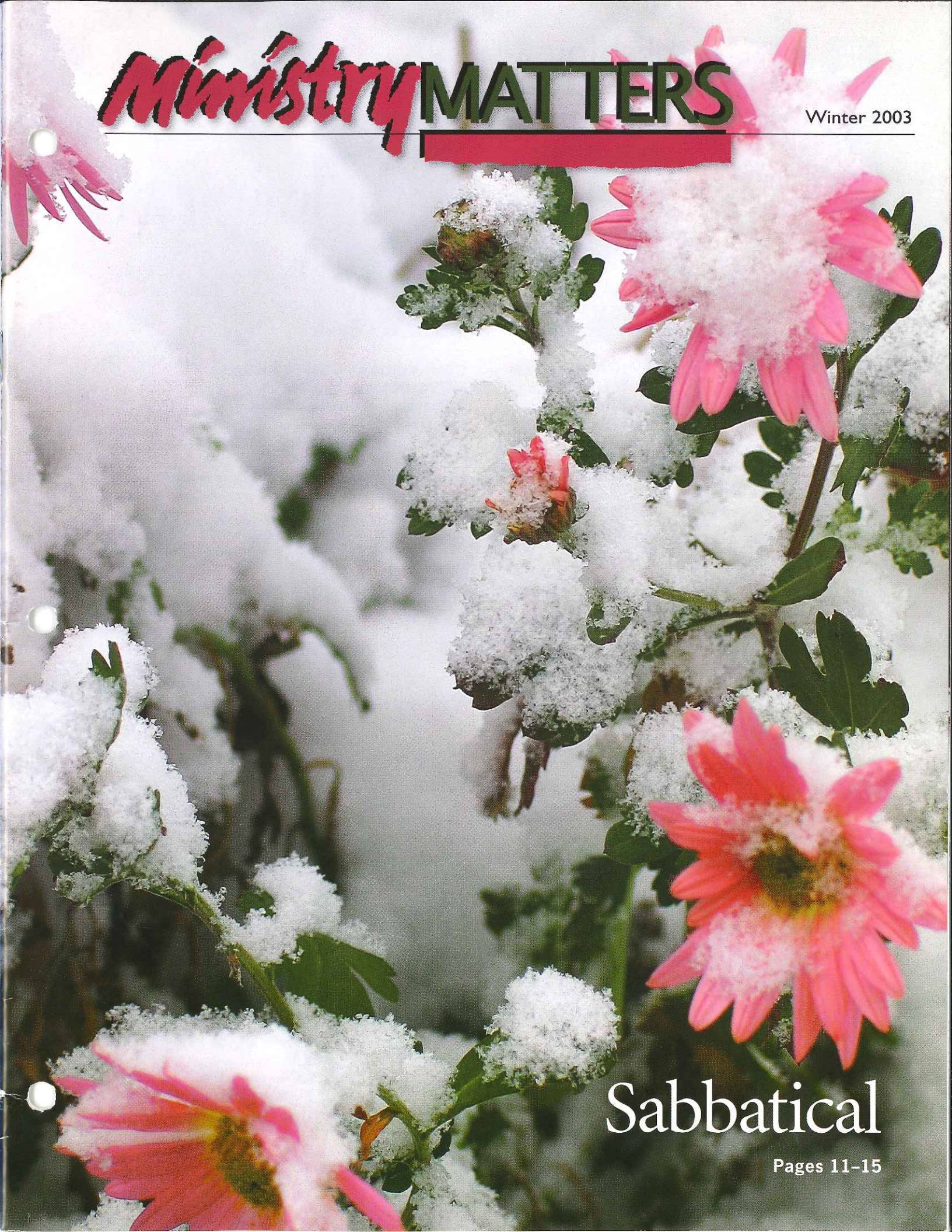
Ministry MATTERS

Winter 2003



Sabbatical

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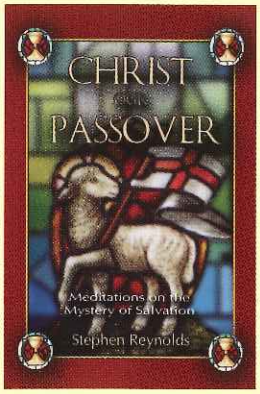

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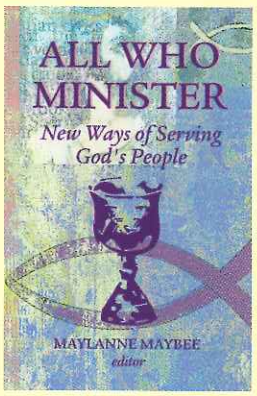

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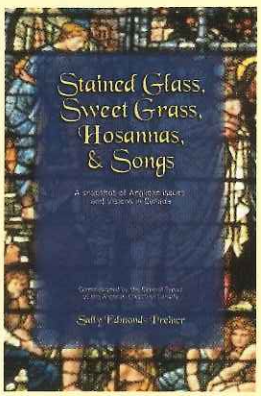

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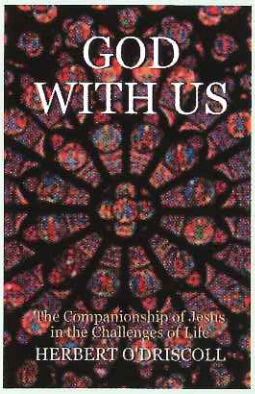

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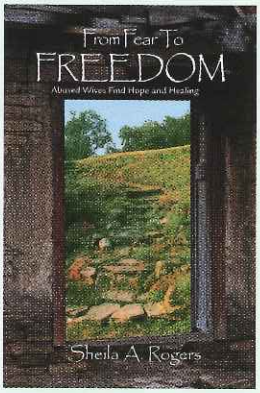

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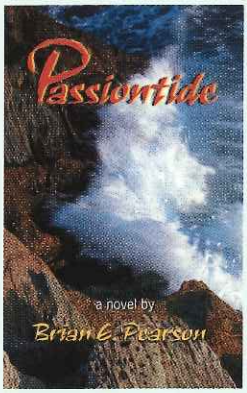

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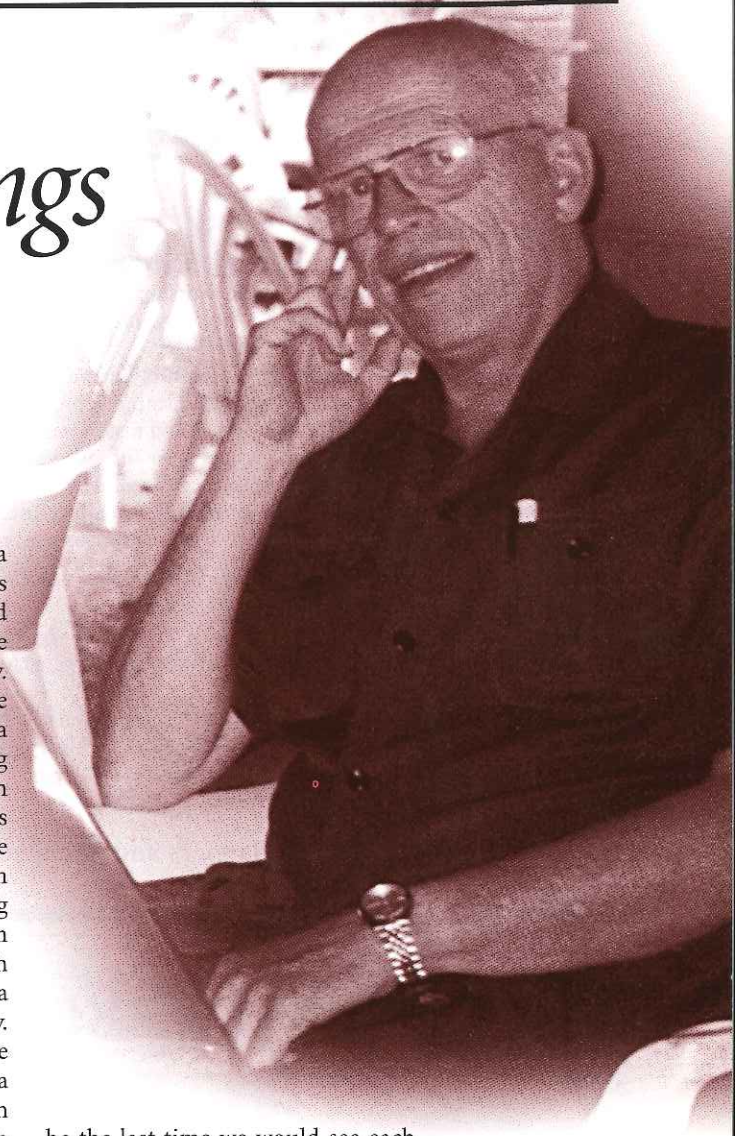
EDITOR'S PAGE

'A few practical things to be said'



VIANNEY CARRIERE
EDITOR, *MINISTRY*MATTERS

TWICE IN my life, I have written the obituaries of people for whom I had deep feelings; one I would describe as a "close acquaintance;" the other more recent one was a dear friend. When I tried, not long ago, to describe the feelings this evokes and the process it involves to a friend of mine, she likened it to what priests must feel when they officiate at the funerals of people they knew or loved. It's not a task to be taken lightly for a journalist, and I have been aware, when I've done this, that what I write will become a reference point. In an age when anything published becomes accessible to the whole world through the internet, I know that words chosen in summary of a person's life may well, forever after, become the definitive assessment of who and what that person was.

When journalists write, it is axiomatic that they should be removed from their subject matter. When they are too close, they run the risk of self-interest clouding judgment and obscuring the truth. Writing about people after they have died is a case apart from that. Obituaries, after all, are more about life than about death, and like funeral services themselves, they are for the living rather than for the person deceased, even though the departed one's hand may be felt on the writer's shoulder as no doubt it is felt by an officiating minister. Writing an obituary is a unique way of remembering. It is a process that involves a focused kind of memory and the concentration to summon up moments and times that were buried or shunted behind more recent experiences and events.

John Rye, a missionary to Africa and the second of the two cases referred to above, was a close friend and mentor whose death affected me as intensely as if he had been family. John took a while to die, and those who knew him were aware for a couple of years that he was slipping away. He had been a fixture at Church House for many years before his retirement in 1996, and when he began what was to be his last stay in hospital, people in this building flocked to his bedside to see him again and to drink in the man's aura, which was as palpable and digestible as a glass of cool water on a scorching day.

I did not go to the hospital in those final days, remembering as I did, a time several months before when John and I had had our last lunch together. It was a strange thing, because I was fully aware that he was dying, but John, an intensely private man in many ways, did not know that I knew. Things had been confided by him to other people who in turn had confided just enough to me, that I knew his days were numbered, and yet I was not about to violate that confidence through a mawkish farewell that might well have made him more uncomfortable than my needs were worth. We spoke, of course, of his health, and John, for the better part of an hour, described to me what medical science had already done to him and what was contemplated in the near future, all of it couched in half truths which concealed the essential fact that he was dying, and that the few hours we were spending together would likely be the last time we would see each other. John was a man of rich humor as well as rigorous honesty, and the sham that our lunch-time conversation was could not last long, and sure enough, there came a time when he paused and chuckled and then admitted to me that what he was telling me was somewhat shy of the whole truth. And he began the story anew, this time with the real prognosis, and the lunch became a farewell rather than a keeping-in-touch kind of thing. Later, we stood on the street, our hands clasped, and we said good bye, and he walked away. It might have been a good thing to have gone to the hospital as he lay dying, but any farewell in that setting would not have improved the one we had already had.

I started the task of encapsulating

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Contributors

Richard Carter, p. 13

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Wayne Holst, p. 26

Mel Malton, p. 26

EDITOR'S PAGE, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

John's life for publication while he still lived, while he lay on that hospital bed in his last week, and in remembering times we had had together, in going through documents and articles others had written about him during his long and fruitful ministry, and especially in rereading a notebook of conversations I had had with him during a three-week trip to Africa several years before, I said farewell again, in the only way that journalists can, by writing it down for others to read, as well and as truly as I could. You're never happy with something like that, but you do the best you can.

The very best book that Ernest Hemingway wrote was not one of the novels that garnered him a Nobel Prize, but an oft-ignored manual on bullfighting called *Death in the Afternoon.* It was there that he confided his philosophy of life and writing. The last chapter begins apologetically: "If I could have made this enough of a book, it would have had everything in it. ..." It ends with a segment that should be etched on the mind of everyone who writes words about fellow humans that other people will read.

"The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after. Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly. The thing to do is work and learn to make it. No. It is not enough of a book, but still there were a few things to be said. There were a few practical things to be said."

That's all that a writer can do.

MinistryMATTERS

Articles, resources, and information to inspire you and support you in your ministry.

Winter 2003

*Ministry*Matters, a publication of the Anglican Journal, appears three times a year (Winter, Spring, and Fall, and is distributed to clergy and lay leaders. We urge you to circulate this publication to others and to send us the names of people you think should be on our mailing list.

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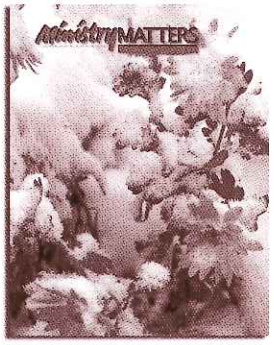


COVER – WINTER
This edition's cover: *When seasons touch,* a digital photograph by Vianney Carriere. First snowstorm in Toronto, 2002.

DEPARTMENTS

WE GET FEEDBACK

things you had to say about our last mailing

*MINISTRY*MATTERS

Inspiring and informative. If anything is to be "let go" let it be the Journal, which is far less valued in this household.
TORONTO

Especially appreciated the back page. Thanks to Malton and Carriere. More please.
KEEWATIN

I found *First lament, then move on* very helpful in light of what has happened here in Cariboo.
ANGLICAN PARISHES OF THE CENTRAL INTERIOR

Very glossy. Little content of note.
FREDERICTON

Harold Percy is very inspiring.
MOOSONEE.

Well done.
BRITISH COLUMBIA

A pleasure to read consistently thoughtful pieces in a handsome magazine about the church.
TORONTO

Always very stimulating and thought-provoking.
NEW WESTMINSTER

The language of storytelling by Mr. Carriere was insightful, thought-provoking and challenging. What a conclusion! I always look forward to Mr. Carriere's editorial here and in the Journal.
EASTERN NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

I enjoyed Larmondin's Viewpoint. I found the *Letters from Overseas* surprisingly dry. I loved the variety of stories.
EDMONTON

White and Pearson stories were a welcome addition. How about more poetry?
QU'APPELLE

Great stuff!
CENTRAL NEWFOUNDLAND

ABC NEW AND NOTEWORTHY

Everything in it is very expensive.
NEW WESTMINSTER

Many books I would like to read but cannot afford.
HURON

I wish I had a million dollars.
ANGLICAN PARISHES OF THE CENTRAL INTERIOR

ABC PUBLISHING CATALOGUE

Why such glossy paper?
NEW WESTMINSTER

A very helpful resource.
MOOSONEE

PROJECT PLOUGHSHARES

The church needs to put more emphasis on social justice issues and current events.
HURON

Totally unclear as to what to do with this.
HURON

JUST WAR/JUST PEACE

A great resource for reflecting on war in light of our faith.
TORONTO

SACRED CIRCLE PRAYER CALENDAR

Useful in intercessions.
TORONTO

Very broad and comprehensive. Sometimes can't see connections as intercessions lumped together.
MOOSONEE

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS UPDATE #14

Continues to be a long, drawn out and depressing process.
NEW WESTMINSTER

Excellent, even though it's boring stuff.
BRITISH COLUMBIA

In challenging times, it is imperative to have good, up-to-date information.
KOOTENAY

Four pages is too daunting to a busy cleric.
HURON

I lament the fact that "justice" often means "money" rather than forgiveness and reconciliation.
HURON

Archdeacon Boyles always gives us a sense of the tone of the consultation. Excellent.
NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

RATINGS

Fall 2002 Mailer

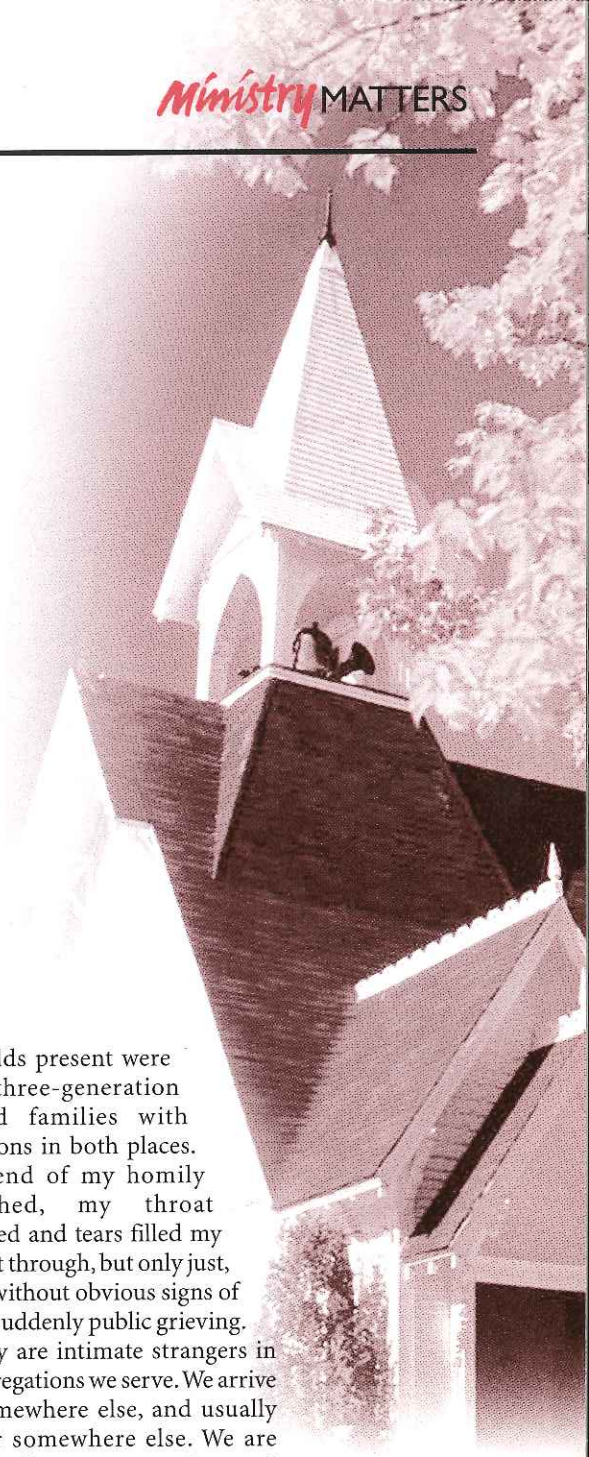
1=Poor; 2=Fair; 3=Good; 4=Excellent

*Ministry*Matters	3.6
ABC New and Noteworthy	3.2
ABC Publishing Catalogue	3.3
Project Ploughshares	3.0
Just War / Just Peace	3.0
Sacred Circle Prayer Calendar	3.3
Residential Schools Update	3.3

Strangers in a congregation

"The best thing for being sad," replied Merlyn . . . "is to learn something. That is the only thing that never fails."

T.H. White, The Sword in the Stone.



MICHAEL THOMPSON

THE ANGLICAN PARISH of Christ Church in Edmonton sits on the corner of 121 Street and 102 Avenue on a large shaded lawn. That Sunday morning last May, I was returning there as a guest, 19 years after I began ordained ministry there as a deacon.

Immanuel Anglican Church in Wetaskiwin, also sits on a treed and grassy corner, 45 minutes south of Edmonton. That Tuesday morning in July, I sat in the rectory of the first church I served as rector. It was the house built just before our eldest child, now 16, was born. I had not been in that house since 1988.

Several times a week, I bicycle, walk or drive past St. Cuthbert's Church, on a treed and grassy corner in Toronto. In 1992, I joined the ministry of St. Cuthbert's, when our youngest child was seven weeks old. In 2001, I presided there for the last time, when that child was nine years old. Though we still live five minutes' walk away, it is no longer our church. It will probably be years before I enter that church again, even as a visitor.

Clergy come and go, the arrivals a mixture of anxiety, curiosity, possibility and challenge, a rush of new faces, new stories, new hopes. The departures, though, are solitary. In between are months and years of life together, building habits of conviviality and shared mission, celebrating and grieving together. It is this weaving together of lives and stories that makes leaving such a lonely thing. For two years, for three years, for nine years, a household builds its rhythms to include the rhythms of a congregation's life. Then one Sunday, after the closing hymn, the speeches, the cake – after *all* – those rhythms fade and then are gone.

There is a back way from London, Ont., to Toronto. Just west of Thorndale, two sweeping curves lead down to a bridge over the north branch of the Thames River. One Saturday last June, a mile or two before those curves there was a sign: "Detour. Bridge Out." The road that was going somewhere ended. Just like that.

The big events – baptisms, weddings, funerals – "Bridge Out." The daily events – conversations, hospital visits, encounters at the supermarket – "Bridge Out." The weekly gathering of a community known and knowing – "Bridge Out."

A few weeks ago I preached in a parish where there are a number of family connections to St. Cuthbert's. I had baptized one of the servers early in my years at St. Cuthbert's. Another family was connected through the deaths and funerals of two young people. At least three of the households present were part of three-generation extended families with connections in both places. As the end of my homily approached, my throat constricted and tears filled my eyes. I got through, but only just, and not without obvious signs of my own suddenly public grieving.

Clergy are intimate strangers in the congregations we serve. We arrive from somewhere else, and usually leave for somewhere else. We are transients in a congregation, and often in our homes and neighbourhoods as well. We are strangers. For many, this transience is costly, not only for the individual, but for the household as well. We ask our children to leave behind schoolyard, friends, and neighbourhood. We ask our spouses to abandon a home, a street, perhaps a workplace.

Somewhere down the road, this forced resilience may well pay a dividend. But in the moment, it is neither easy nor particularly welcome. Clergy, and those who attach their

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Some part of me says that they trust us because they know we won't settle in too deep, too long, too comfortably. They trust us not to forget the uncertain journey by which we serve the moments and seasons of uncertainty in the lives of our congregations and their members.

lives to the lives of clergy, are sojourners. For clergy and those who are close to us, the costs associated with this status are clear.

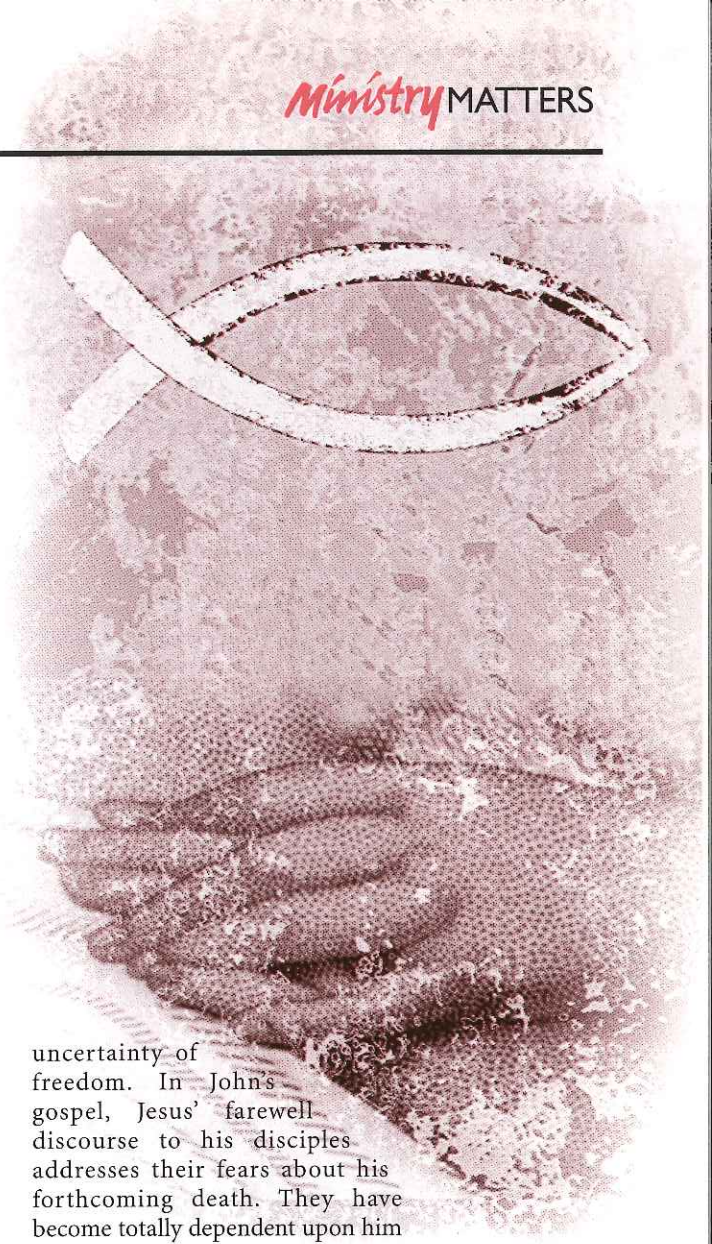
What is perhaps less clear is what can grow from our transience. Clergy thrive when transience becomes an issue for a congregation or its members. If we have studied our own status as sojourners, if we have entered into its cost and its curriculum, we can bear witness to the hard and holy moments in which transience imposes itself on the lives of those who are not fluent in the language of the sojourner. If we have learned from the sadness of it all, we can serve others when fragments of the world's elemental sadness tear unbidden and unwelcome into their lives. Perhaps that is why every colleague I have ever asked has told me that they feel most useful, and in a strange way most *alive*, in their ministry at the time of death. Our transience makes us fluent in the very dialect that such times require. We who are always on the move are strangely still and stable when transience shatters the otherwise settled life in which we are visitors.

Most of the great figures of scripture set out on at least one unsettling journey. Abram sets out from Haran, Ruth from Moab. Moses flees Egypt, and just when he has settled into the comfortable domestic rhythms of Midian, he is called to return. Were it not for his journeys, we might know nothing of Paul. Were it not for the destabilizing events on the Damascus road, he would still be Saul. It is when Jacob is wobbling unsteadily towards a confrontation with Esau that he wrestles with the stranger and receives his true name. It is in Egypt that Joseph emerges as a character who communicates the divine presence. It is a wandering rabbi we follow.

Some part of me says that they trust us because they know we won't settle in too deep, too long, too comfortably. They trust us not to forget the uncertain journey by which we serve the moments and seasons of uncertainty in the lives of our congregations and their members. The best thing for being sad is to learn something.

Rev. Michael Thompson *is principal secretary to the primate.*

Reflections on ministry



PETER DAVISON

WHEN BISHOP William Anderson invited me to come to Prince Rupert, it was pretty clear that my task was to help you define your vision for the future ministry of the cathedral, and to encourage you in implementing that vision. I think both you and I were excited about that possibility, and my disappointment is much less about my illness (the prospects for a cure are good) than about my inability to fulfill my ministry commitment with you. Still, there are some useful lessons for all of us from this unexpected turn of events. What follows is a brief reflection on the nature of ministry and how we are called to exercise it.

In his *First Letter to the Corinthians*, Paul likens the church to the human body. The body has many parts, all of which have a role to play. When the body functions well, all the parts work in harmony. But when any part of the body suffers, the whole body is affected. While some parts may seem to be more important than others, that is not the case. Each part has its own responsibility for the well-being of the whole. There are many different gifts, but all exist to serve the whole body and to give glory to God, who has created us as a wondrously diverse unity.

Paul, of course, was addressing a serious conflict in the Corinthian church – a conflict created by some people who thought they were more important than others, or by people who were unwilling to play their full part in the functioning of the community. There were two problems here – on one hand people who were motivated by ego and a desire for power; and on the other hand people who failed to appreciate their importance to the life of the community.

Faith communities may be characterized by three main types of leadership. First there is the autocratic style, which is more concerned with exercising "power over" others. People will often buy into this style because it relieves them of responsibility. The problem with it is that it attracts insecure people who dislike being challenged and fear accountability. It easily leads to adversarial relationships and the breakdown of community.

A second style of leadership may be described as "leading from behind." Such passive leadership acts only on the perceived wishes of the people and is afraid to take initiatives for fear of being criticized. It too masks a basic insecurity, and tends to be more concerned with preserving the status quo. It is more concerned with maintenance than with vision and mission.

A third model of leadership is collaborative. It seeks neither to dominate nor be passive-dependent, but rather to "work with" the community in discerning and calling forth the gifts of each and every member. It recognizes that each and every member has a role to play in the building up of the body. It is more demanding than either of the other two; but it is also the only way that is both liberating and fulfilling.

There are numerous examples in the biblical narrative of the first two models. The Israelites turned against Moses in the wilderness, claiming they were better off as slaves in Egypt than facing the uncertainties of life in the desert. They preferred the predictability of slavery to the uncertainty of freedom. In John's gospel, Jesus' farewell discourse to his disciples addresses their fears about his forthcoming death. They have become totally dependent upon him and wonder what they are going to do without him. He suggests that it is good for them that he is going away, for until he does the Holy Spirit cannot come upon them and empower them.

This reminds us that the essential task of leadership is to encourage and empower the whole community. What seems like a loss can in fact be liberation from dependency to maturity and freedom. The function of all good leaders is to work themselves out of a job! In my case, this has occurred rather more quickly than any of us anticipated, but we need to ask ourselves what kind of gift lies hidden beneath our shared disappointment.

Another thing about leadership is that it exists both formally and informally. Every community has its designated leaders. In the church

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We must never put one another down or write off an idea. Sometimes what seems practical turns out not to be so, while what appears to be a pipedream turns out to be quite doable.

these are, of course, the bishop, the licensed clergy, church wardens and parish council members. But every parish also has people who exercise enormous influence, even if they hold no formal office. Whether formal or informal, leadership must always be exercised with the good of the whole community in mind; and it must always be open and accountable.

As with considerable sadness I leave you, I nonetheless encourage you to continue the process of sharing your stories and shaping your future. It is out of our shared history and our dreams for the future that we shall find the presence of God leading us forward. For this to happen, however, we must learn really to hear one another. We must never put one another down or write off an idea. Sometimes what seems practical turns out not to be so, while what appears to be a pipedream turns out to be quite doable.

Whatever emerges over the next few months, I urge you to carry on the work of visioning and discerning your gifts. I shall look forward to hearing news of the cathedral and diocese, and hope, perhaps, to play some modest role in your future.

Meanwhile, my illness may, I hope, prove to be a gift, and my enforced departure an opportunity for you to claim the vision and the ministry that is rightly yours.

God bless each and all of you, and thank you for all you have done for me and Sabine in the brief time we have been here.

This reflection is reprinted from Good News, *the newsletter of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Prince Rupert, BC.*

Time, planning, balance ...and more time

MAYLANNE MAYBEE

IN 1986 I STARTED work with the Urban Core Support Network, a small, informal organization that connected and supported people across Canada working in urban ministry and with homeless people. I was the second of two staff people. Within four months of my arriving, my colleague left on a six-month sabbatical, made possible by his church's continuing education plan. We were working in a difficult and demanding area of ministry and being able to take time off, with pay, to follow our passions and interests was what kept people like us in the job.

Six years later, it was my turn to take a sabbatical, but instead, the funding for our work dried up and I lost my job ... a very different kind of "time off."

In 1996 I started work at Church House, and tried not to look too envious as other colleagues planned and carried out their sabbaticals ... finishing a second degree, pursuing independent study, travelling with partner or parent, learning Spanish or brushing up on the piano, doing photography, pottery, painting. Once again, I waited for my turn to come up, but as time went on, the future of the organization looked very uncertain, and there was some thought that the operation might have to close down by the end of 2002. I wondered more than once whether my previous experience of losing my job instead of going on sabbatical would repeat itself.

In my better moments, I dreamed of all the things I would do if I could take the time off and organize the financing. I would cycle in France or Ireland. I would walk the pilgrimage along *El Camino* in Spain to Santiago de Compostello. I would visit sacred communities like Iona and Taizé. I would walk the labyrinth at Chartres Cathedral. I would go on a 40-day Ignatian retreat. I would deepen my understanding of the work of reconciliation – and visit the Henry Martyn Centre in Hyderabad, India. While I was there, I would find out more about Mahatma Ghandi. And oh yes, I would visit Oxford University and take in some theatre in London.

It was great to dream. But as the possibility became more concrete, the real challenge was to decide what parts of the dream I really wanted and to figure out how to make it happen.

The first challenge was learning that for various reasons I couldn't take my sabbatical during the spring and summer months as I had hoped. And I couldn't be away when the EcoJustice Committee, which I staff, was meeting. And I didn't want to wait for another year for fear that, once again, circumstances would change and a sabbatical would not be possible. So I dropped the pilgrimage idea.

At one point I sought advice from someone who had just completed a very successful sabbatical. It was Barry Jenks, Bishop of British Columbia, who had returned from Ireland, Jerusalem, and Guyana. His advice: plan plan plan, and give yourself lots of lead time to get ready. So I sat down and drew up a proposal and in January I put it before the Church House management team for approval – which they gave. Step one completed. There's lots of lead time, I thought, since I would not leave until November.

My proposal had some of the basic components of my dream, with a few adjustments to accommodate the time of year. I asked for time off between November and February – four months, all we are allowed. I would spend time in the United Kingdom. I would make a retreat. Time and money permitting, I would visit France.

On the advice of my director, I also explored a study program at the Episcopal Divinity School in Boston – Anglican, Global, and Ecumenical Studies. I learned that the program featured a travel seminar that would be going to India and immediately wrote to the registrar to express my interest. So I put that into my proposal too.

Weeks, then months, passed. How was I going to pay for this wonderful plan? I knew of a couple of funds for which I could apply that would cover the costs of airfare and tuition. All of a sudden it was spring, and the application deadlines loomed large and red on my calendar, less than a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Sabbatical

The effort to make space has been enormous, and I confess I am tired out from the preparations, both at home and at work. Yet I am amazed that I am feeling some benefits of the sabbatical already – a sense of excitement, rejuvenation, of consolidating the parts of my life into a restful whole.

week away. That was the week, I might add, just after Holy Week and Easter … and just before I had to leave for a 10-day trip in western Canada. More research, more pressure, and more dreaming. To qualify for each grant, I had to develop a research proposal with a focus and an outcome. It was fun to give the dream shape. And the pressure meant that I didn't try to make the proposals perfect – my goal was simply to get them in.

More weeks and months passed as I waited for the decisions to be made. I wrote to the Sisters of the Love of God, a religious community in Oxford that I had come to know in student days, about my desire for a retreat there. I received a hospitable reply, offering a place at their house in Kent instead. By mid-June, I learned that both of my applications for funding had been approved. I could now pay for the airfare to England and participate in the travel seminar.

Summer vacation was not far away, requiring its own level of planning and budgeting. And suddenly, there were fewer than four months before my departure. I still had no firm assurance of my participation in the travel seminar, though I now knew it was to be in South Africa rather than India. I still had no itinerary for my time in the United Kingdom. And there was an enormous workload to complete before I could leave in good conscience.

At the end of August, while having lunch with a good friend, also dreaming of a sabbatical, I learned about a sabbatical fund for clergy that made very generous grants in US dollars, without heavy demands in return. It sounded too good not to try. The deadline, however, was mid-September, and to qualify, one had to compete with 240 others from every denomination across the United States and Canada for about 40 grants.

Well, I thought, *someone* has to receive the grant, and it wouldn't be me if I didn't try. This meant more pressures and another deadline, with time growing short. The literature was very clear – a *balanced* sabbatical proposal was essential. At the very least, I supposed, this will help me to hone my plans yet further.

At the end of September, it was finally confirmed that I had been accepted into the seminar, travelling between Cape Town and Johannesburg for three weeks in January.

Meanwhile, at Church House, I buttonholed anyone who had been to or was going to South Africa. On the bus and subway to and from work, and whenever I could find a moment to sit, I would read about South Africa – the biography of Nelson Mandela, the writings of Desmond Tutu, the fiction of Alan Paton. I read about its history, religions, politics, and geography. The more I learned about the effects of colonialism in that country, the more I realized I had to learn about its effects in my own. So I started to read about pre-colonial Canada, about the encounter between Aboriginal peoples and Europeans. And I started to think about my own racial and ethnic origins. The journey of discovery was beginning already.

On a more practical level, I started to look in every luggage store I passed. I browsed through catalogues that sold travel clothes and backpacks. I agonized about what to take and what not to take for a four-month trip to two continents and two climates. I practised packing, and kept putting things in and taking things out. I made list after list – itinerary, budget, financial arrangements, household instructions.

In the end, my sabbatical has taken on a somewhat different shape from my original dream, and yet I see that it contains the essence of what I had hoped for – travel in Europe and beyond, a structured learning experience in South Africa, time for prayer and solitude, time for rest and recreation with friends. Here's the outline:

November: Fly to London, stay with friends, travel through England, Scotland, and Wales with a Britrail pass. Visit people and projects that are models of local mission. With luck, visit Whitby on the feast of St. Hilda. Spend a few days at Iona.

December: Make a 30-day retreat at Bede House, in Tunbridge, Kent. Spend Christmas with the sisters.

January: Fly to Cape Town, South Africa. Stay with a friend for the first week. Join the travel seminar group from the Episcopal Divinity School and travel with them to Johannesburg.

February: Stop in Paris. Rent a car and drive to Strasbourg, where another friend has a place overlooking a millstream. Use this time for writing, resting, eating, and socializing.

Is the schedule too full? Perhaps. Yet a wise friend assured me that when I am part way through a 30-day silent retreat, I won't feel over-programmed! And I don't begrudge defining some of the content and focus of my time in order to qualify for the sabbatical grants. At the same time, it was a good thing that I was required to seek *balance* in my plans – it seems to me that there's a nice combination of travel and retreat, study and vacation.

It is the eve of my departure, and coincidentally, Hallowe'en. For me, I feel that is the eve of a hallowed time in my life. The effort to make space has been enormous, and I confess I am tired out from the preparations, both at home and at work. Yet I am amazed that I am feeling some benefits of the sabbatical already – a sense of excitement, rejuvenation, of consolidating the parts of my life into a restful whole.

***Maylanne Maybee** is a staff member with the Partnerships department of General Synod.*

A study leave and pilgrimage of faith

BROTHER RICHARD CARTER

I WAS DEEPLY grateful when, after 10 years teaching at Bishop Patteson Theological College, six of which I had been chaplain to the Melanesia Brotherhood, the Church of Melanesia offered me the chance to come back to the UK to study for my MA. It had been planned two years previously but the time fell fortuitously for my father had passed away in 1999 and so it gave me the opportunity to be nearer my brothers.

My time in the UK began with the amazing experience of our Melanesia Brotherhood Mission to Chester diocese, during which we were also able to visit Exeter diocese and London. I had long dreamed of the chance of this kind of reverse mission because this is what I believe partnership in mission is all about, both giving and receiving.

The Church of Melanesia has so much to offer the church in the West, bringing new youth life and spirit. The mission exceeded expectations and the greatest thing was the sense of sharing which it brought about. I had feared that the mission might turn into a kind of cultural show, fascinating as an example of a different culture but not challenging our English cultural and religious values. I need not have worried: the Brothers' openness and honesty cut through inhibitions and opened up the opportunity for a real experience of God's goodness at work in our Christian family.

I listened as panpipes melted the most traditional church wardens, as young offenders at the prison asked the Brothers' countless questions, even requesting to join the Brotherhood, as the women at the prison whistled and swayed to their music and then wanted to know about the Brothers' life and faith in God. I saw the Brothers make friends with the homeless, captivate audiences with drama, and become beloved friends of even the oldest members of our English parishes on whose staircases they often had to line up to have their evening shower. By the end of the two months we had more than 30 new companions and seekers and many new friends and I knew that Selwyn's original vision that Melanesians should become the evangelists of the future had indeed come true.

After I had said good-bye to the Brothers and spent some time with own family I set off to the College of the Resurrection to begin my studies for my MA.

This is a theological college but also the monastery of the Community of the Resurrection who over the last 100 years have done great work in the UK and South Africa especially in providing religious education and help for the poor. The discipline of the monks' daily office would provide the familiar structure for my studies. It is quiet, devout and sacramental, and their huge chapel was a very prayerful place for the singing of the offices and the daily mass.

I quickly found a desk in the community library, where each day I went to study. This was full of the most wonderful books as for over 100 years Christian books have been collected and cared for with obvious love and dedication, and it was a great privilege to study here. The MA involved four taught units with essays and a longer dissertation. Over the next year I wrote a research project on transforming mission and other essays on the hermeneutics of Christ's parables with which I had always been fascinated: Christ, culture and context, art and the imagination and rediscovering the meaning of our Christian symbols, which also lined up with the theology I have been teaching at BPTC and the development of liturgy I have been involved with as chaplain of the Brotherhood.

I also joined a group of religious from different communities to prepare a book about different aspects of Anglican religious life today, which will be published later this year. Last summer, when all the other students had left, I spent two months in the library reading and researching for my dissertation, which was to be *Holy Theatre: The use of drama in Christian*

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worship. My aim was to try to find a theoretical base for much of drama I had been involved in. I had realized that drama was not only a tool for my own ministry but central to Christ's own method of expression and God's action among us. This was a drama not of pretense and article, not a mask, but a drama which leads to a greater truthfulness and experience of God's revelation. It was drama making the invisible in some way visible.

But before I wrote this dissertation I went on a pilgrimage. For a long time I had planned to walk to Santiago da Compostelo in Spain, a place where many people believe St. James is buried and which has become one of the major places for Christian pilgrimage.

In September 2001, I set off to walk to Santiago da Compostelo, 780 km from St. Jean in France, with one bag and my Brotherhood walking stick. My youngest brother Daniel walked with me for the first two weeks and then I went on by myself, but by that time I had met many fellow pilgrims. Each day we walked about 20 – 30 km and at night we slept in the pilgrim dormitories provided by the church and attended the pilgrim Mass.

It is difficult to capture the spirit of this pilgrimage. All I can say is that, after a year of academic study, the walking, the companionship, the landscape, the struggle, the shared stories and the worship helped my studies and my faith move from my head to my heart and my body again.

I felt that I was able to be a Christian in the West as I had learnt to be in Melanesia. The greatest gift was to realize that the Christian faith is not confined to a particular time and cultural context, not a memory to be remembered, but a life to be lived out with people from all cultures and in all places.

I made the pilgrimage shortly after September 11th, when the Western world was still in shock from the terrorist attack on the twin towers in New York. The unity of the pilgrims was a small sign of peace, that something better is indeed possible and it is for Christians to try to break the endless cycles of pay back and revenge in which we can all become terrorists. I felt blessed to be a Brother and a pilgrim and realized that the Melanesian Brotherhood are called to do just this: to share their faith and live the Gospel on the road without all the baggage that often weights our faith down and can imprison it. Somehow, when you are walking, you are freed to become attentive to all that is around you, the landscape, villages, towns and cities and the people. Before I had a sense that location was vital to my vocation; after this pilgrimage it was as if God has said you can carry your vocation with you and live it in every place.

I spent the next three months completing my dissertation. In January I submitted it to Leeds University and set off for a 30-day silent Ignatian Retreat at Loyola Hall in Merseyside. It was a very valuable time. The exercises involve meditating on gospel passages for four hours each day and each day meeting with a spiritual director to discuss these prayers and meditations. I knew something of the exercises before I started but had not realized how powerful the meditations would prove nor ever appreciated before the full extent one can use Scripture to enter into a real present-tense dialogue with God. Each afternoon I worked in the retreat house gardens turning over a large plot of dark frozen winter earth with the birds coming to eat the worms, and this too was like a meditation. The retreat has already proved very valuable in the Solomon Islands, helping me to lead retreats and give spiritual direction in which we have focused on listening to God's Word in our lives.

In February 2002, despite the worsening conflict in Israel, I took up a place to study The Palestine of Jesus at St. George's College Jerusalem. I am grateful I went. I saw the Holy Land at a time when there are no Christian tourists and many Palestinian Christians feel deserted by the Christian world. The course at St. George's College was brilliant, linking meditation, exegesis, and environment with a deep understanding of the present political realities of this troubled land.

I visited for the first time in my life the sites of Christ's life. Nazareth, Bethlehem, the Mount of Transfiguration, and in Jerusalem followed the Stations of the Cross to Calvary and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Because of the terrible conflict taking place between Israel and Palestine these places were deserted. I was able to pray undisturbed in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where you can reach down beneath the altar to touch the rock of Calvary.

It is a deeply suffering land, where three religions meet: Christianity, Judaism and Islam. This conflict made me more aware that Christ's own struggles for love, justice and peace are real and still with us. I saw again so clearly how much our world needs to hear the very Gospel we proclaim.

During the three days in the north of the Holy Land I was asked to celebrate and preach on the Mount of Beatitudes overlooking the Sea of Galilee, which was flashing in the sunlight like the leaping backs of a billion fish, a true symbol of the resurrection the Gospel holds out to us all. There could have been no more special place for me to celebrate, for the Beatitudes have long been central to my understanding of the Gospel, my faith in my community of the Melanesian Brotherhood and my own vocation as a priest and Brother. I was indeed very aware of God's blessing and His longing to break the endless cycles of violence which divide our world.

I returned to the UK to find I had been awarded an MA with distinction from Leeds University, which is a tribute to the prayers and encouragement of all who had supported me during my studies.

This study leave was a pilgrimage of faith which I know will continue to enrich me and my ministry and teaching for my whole life.

This article is reprinted from the Church of Melanesia Newsletter, *July 2002.*

The wonder is things unplanned

SASKIA ROWLEY

I LIKEN MY SABBATICAL to a wonderful dream. You know, the kind of dream where the alarm wakes you at the best part and you pretend to go back to sleep to keep it going? Eventually you just have to get up.

My alarm was set three months from the dream's beginning. In that time, I attended art college, took a sculpture course with my teenage daughter, and I painted — painted all summer long.

My days began with a half-hour or so of meditation and prayer, instead of the frantic wake-ups and getting people off to school and work that I am used to.

For the shortest time, I enjoyed the role of a stay-at-home mom — you know, when breakfast dishes don't get done just before dinner, when clean laundry gets folded and put in drawers rather than crumpled in laundry baskets, and when the 9-year-old actually wears boxers under his jeans.

I met wonderful and interesting people at the art college, people I'd never have had the fortune to meet through work or social activities. People, like myself, who had wanted to paint or draw or sculpt since childhood, but been too caught up in family and career, but who finally, at the age of 40, 50, 60, found themselves indulging at last in acrylics and oils.

I met Doreen, while taking a shortcut, against my better judgment, through the downtown alley next to the school. Cigarette dangling from her mouth, rummaging through the garbage heaped against the building, chatting away to no one, excited about the copper wire and floor sample boards she'd salvaged. I thought she was a bag lady until I saw her wheeling her shopping cart into the sculpture studio, about to take the class with me.

I met my good friend Muriel at Grabba Jabba for the two-latte-Tuesday deals, and we walked through the park and along the lake, as we talked about my art, plans for her new book, Jack Russell terriers, horses, and the crumbling Canadian publishing industry.

My neighbour, Eva, generously took the time to teach me (and another mother, Bridget) to make Waldorf dolls. These dolls originated with the first Waldorf School in Germany in 1919. Created to help children develop a healthy sense of self and nurturing, desperately needed in the aftermath of World War I, we were now replicating them for our own children.

We spent many balmy summer afternoons sewing at the picnic table in her backyard, sharing stories, drinking rooibos tea from earthenware mugs, while the children ran and played in the ravine-like grounds around us.

I have two regrets around my planning. I could have taken four months, but I hadn't found anyone to take over my responsibilities, particularly for the design of the *Anglican Journal* and *Ministry*Matters. I cut my sabbatical short for that reason, and I also took on a few jobs during the sabbatical instead of making other arrangements. I short-changed myself, and I wouldn't recommend this.

My second regret has to do with stubbornness. I wanted to find my personal inner expression in art — my *mark,* as the teachers called it. I thought it would just pop up, but I couldn't get at it.

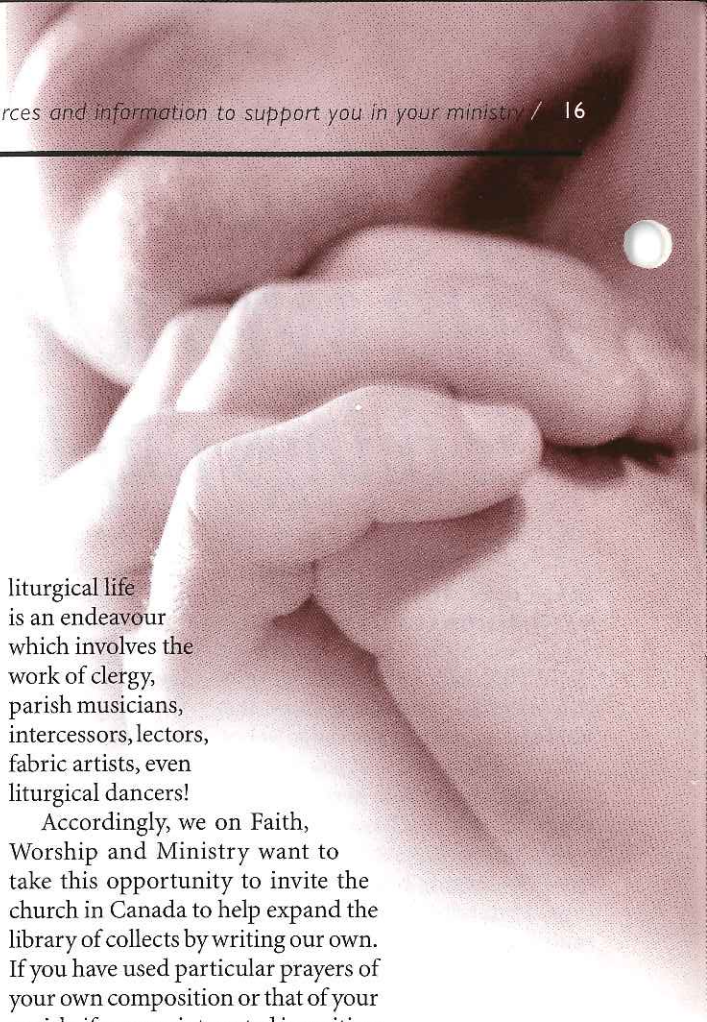
As time closed in on me, I became very sad at the thought of returning to work — waking up from that unfinished dream.

It is only now, after several months, that I fondly remember all the other great experiences and understand that although I didn't make this great discovery within myself, I had a good go at it. The wonder of my sabbatical lay in things I hadn't planned for — time with family and friends, time for just me. And it is good to be back at work, because I'm renewed and refreshed. I have wonderful memories of the summer, and I've missed my Church House friends.

***Saskia Rowley** is General Synod's graphics designer.*

Sabbatical

A Compendium of Canadian Collects



PETER WALL

THE FAITH, WORSHIP and Ministry Committee has, as one of its ongoing tasks, the whole area of networks - working with other parts of our church and with other churches in the areas of liturgical development and renewal. One such area is *Collects.* An interesting thing, the collect. A word almost unique (now) to Anglicanism, it is word with the emphasis on its first syllable, although its function has much more to do with that which is suggested by its more usual pronunciation — that is with the emphasis on the *second* syllable. It is a prayer, called by some other traditions *the prayer of the day,* which calls or "collects" the gathered community into prayer in such a way as to name and support the theme of the liturgy, as articulated either in the lectionary, the feast or day in the calendar being kept, or both. The collect gives expression, through one voice, to a central devotional theme, a particular aspect of God's saving work, expressed within the seasonal themes and appointed scripture readings of the day.

Liturgy is a lively art, and, as such, reflects the world we live in as well as the timeless truths of God. With the publication of the *Book of Alternative Services* in 1985, the Canadian church embraced the gift of a new, alternative lectionary and, along with it, a whole set of Proper Prayers: Collects, Prayers over the Gifts, and Thanksgiving Prayers. Some of these collects represented the best of the *Book of Common Prayer* collects, some slightly refashioned in slightly more contemporary language. Others came from other parts of our communion or other traditions; still others were written by Canadians for our new book.

Since then, much of the church has adopted a revised lectionary (*The Revised Common Lectionary)* and the church has had almost two decades of living through three-year cycles of Sunday readings. We have become more aware of the nuance of language and of its power; hence a sensitivity across the church to ethnocentric images in language, to the potential of balance in using both male and female images of God, to the significance of different cultural assumptions, and to the beauty of the aboriginal voices in our midst.

So we have a wide choice of materials concerning collects available to us. The basic shape of a collect — an invocation, a petition, and an ascription of glory to God — is common to all. As well as the collects available in other Anglican books — the prayer book of the Episcopal Church of the United States, the New Zealand Book, the new English book — there are two recently published anthologies that parish worship leaders might find particularly helpful. *Revised Common Lectionary Prayers* published by Augsburg Fortress and *Opening Prayers,* first published in 1999 by The Canterbury Press, Norwich, are both fine resources for series of three-year collects.

As well as being a lively art, liturgy, as its Greek root suggests, is the work of the people. In ways that were virtually unheard of a generation or two ago, local worshipping communities now involve far more people than simply the priest in the planning and carrying out of liturgies. The laity now takes appropriate parts of the service; one hopes that many different voices are heard and the planning of a particular community's liturgical life is an endeavour which involves the work of clergy, parish musicians, intercessors, lectors, fabric artists, even liturgical dancers!

Accordingly, we on Faith, Worship and Ministry want to take this opportunity to invite the church in Canada to help expand the library of collects by writing our own. If you have used particular prayers of your own composition or that of your parish; if you are interested in writing collects; if you are interested in working with a group of similarly inclined people, we would like you to get in touch with us. We believe that there well may be Canadian voices who wish to contribute; there may be a set of *collects from Canada* which speak of our particular country, its regions, its peoples, its hues of faith.

Some will argue that the collect should be for the whole church, without national or cultural identities. That may well be so. Our experience tells us that we are only enriched by studying, praying, and reflecting on other prayers created by other groups, other nationalities, other scholars. We hope that we may go on working together and creating our own Canadian examples and offering those as a gift to the church.

If you are interested in participating in this process, or simply interested in hearing more about it, please contact the writer (or Eileen Scully at Church House in Toronto).

***The Very Rev. Peter Wall** is Dean of Niagara and a member of Faith, Worship and Ministry.*

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

VOLUNTEERS IN MISSION

ARE Canadians, from all walks of life, who serve with partner churches in other countries for a period usually of two years. They are expected to organize a support group in their home parish to provide some of the financing, as well as moral and spiritual support while they are away. In return, the VIMs agree to communicate with their home group and the National Office regularly.

Many of these letters are shared among parishes in the home dioceses; many are published in local diocesan newspapers, and quite a few find their way onto the pages of *Ministry*Matters, where the regular feature Letters from Overseas is one of the most popular and well-read segments. The letters also appear on the national church's web site at www.anglican.ca.

The letters are fascinating and inspiring for their humanity. They tell the stories of ordinary Canadians cast into a strange environment to do a kind of work that is both awesomely demanding and incredibly fulfilling. Not surprisingly, the letters frequently speak of discovery and a growing spirituality as a strange context is digested, new people met and a foreign land discovered. They also provide a very human dimension to this kind of missionary work as the volunteers learn to deal with a strange culture, homesickness and, frequently, adversity.

This issue, we hear from Kay and Ed Schmitt in El Salvador.

Women and ministry in El Salvador

From **KAY** *and* **ED SCHMITT** *in El Salvador.*

(Kay Schmitt)

ONE OF THE first people I identified at Santísima Trinidad was Vilma Claros. She and several other women from the parish were attending the annual women's conference held little more than a month after our arrival in El Salvador and before I actually took up duties at the parish. I identified Vilma because of her high-volume passionate voice, her capacity for argument on any subject without ever wavering on her position, and the full-throated song with which she would belt out the Salvadoran hymns about making our journey to the New Jerusalem.

I must admit, that when I realized that Vilma was one of the Junta Directiva of Santísima Trinidad, I was alarmed. Where, I thought to myself, is all that advice I received at the workshop on working with difficult people? How am I going to cope with this woman? I cannot imagine I will be a cool, calm management officer who continues to say the correct thing and gently manipulate this person into seeing my point of view. I was right about that, at least. The only difference in Vilma's behaviour and mine when we were at cross-purposes was that I learned to back off, but only because I knew she would never budge.

Vilma was a large woman who cared a lot about her family, the community, and the church.

Vilma's life was not easy. She had a small business – a sort of confectionary or corner store that she operated from her house in Colonia Santa Teresa. Even so, the debts accumulated from buying the right kind of fridge and keeping up the stock, caused her huge anxiety. She had great difficulty keeping her head above the water on the economic scene. She was also in poor health. Many people will gloss over their ailments, but not Vilma. When I asked how she was, I always learned in detail just exactly what part of her anatomy was causing her pain. She suffered from diabetes, renal disease, high cholesterol, and arthritis. Her health and her fight for survival could overwhelm her, and she struggled with depression.

Nevertheless, most of the time she came to the Sunday service, and her strong voice and her love of singing carried the rest of us along. When Vilma sang, her song was a heart-felt prayer.

My personal reflections on Vilma's death are that the specialists decided that this simple woman, with her limited education, was not worth their charity, for to get the treatment she needed, charity would have been necessary. There may be health nurses who visit the Santa Teresa Housing Co-op, but if there are, no one has ever told me about them. A person who is depressed and upset needs help to make sure they do not confuse their medications – if they have managed to obtain any medications.

There are public health clinics in El Salvador, where medications are sold at low cost. Yet is any cost low when one lives on less than $100 US a month like many people here? I question how good the services are. I once took Vilma to a hospital and sat with her in the tasteless plastic chairs through the long wait until she could be seen. Yet even these government hospitals are in the process of being privatized. My mind boggles. People who operate hospitals for profit are not likely to help the thousands and thousands of people like Vilma in this country.

Vilma died of pneumonia that resulted from her not taking her medications correctly. She was the spouse of Armando, the mother of Isabel and the grandmother of two grandsons, Eduardo and Emerson. She was 38 years old.

Theological Education Program Mature

The church in El Salvador has maintained strong commitment to theological education through the School for Women. This program has educated laywomen in the faith for more than eight years. However, the need for other areas of education for ministry has also emerged. In response to new models for church leadership a training program for lay evangelists has been developed. This is seen as one element in a continuum of theological educational program. The plan is to offer another intensive intake program for lay

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS ...(CONTINUED)

ministry in 2004. As well, those people presently in the lay evangelism program are in a process of vocational discernment. During the one-year initial fieldwork the students are taking a Bible survey course at the Lutheran University in San Salvador.

Ed Schmitt recently visited the Biblical University of Latin America (UBL) in San José, Costa Rica, to investigate the possibility of working more closely with theology staff there. This ecumenical university has an important role in theological education in all of Latin America and Spain. UBL is committed to education within the social, spiritual and political context of the students. It encourages the various traditions within the church to develop programming that expresses the tradition's view. An Anglican approach to church history, liturgy and spirituality would be an integral part of such program.

New women's ministry committee

A new women's ministry committee has been struck. The new chairperson is Doña Betty Barahona. The new officers will lead women's work in two years. Kay Schmitt is the chaplain and an interested participant in the committee activities.

Since May the committee has designed a diagnostic tool to give to the women of the various parishes information on how the groups organize themselves, what their program needs are, how many members they have, and suggestions for the central committee in its planning stage. The theme of the committee's work, drawn from the comments by women all over the diocese, is Unity and Spiritual Growth.

The committee has learned some things unsurprising: we are women, Anglicans, most of whom have scarce economic resources, and have families and responsibilities. We are all sinners. Some of the things that pose obstacles to unity for women in the diocese are the difficulty of transportation – by bus, which is time-consuming and reduces motivation of women to participate in diocesan activities. The scarcity of economic resources means that almost everyone is struggling to survive, and it is difficult to find energy for other activities. Most women lack telephones, which slows communication.

There is strong interest in the central committee to visit to parishes and offer leadership. There is interest in learning more about diocesan canons, having workshops for leadership development, Bible study, and the building of self-esteem. As well, a number of needs for support by the parish clergy were expressed.

Santísima Trinidad initiates evangelism program

Two young evangelists have joined the staff of Santísima Trinidad, the parish where Kay Schmitt works as a priest. Hernández and Claudia Castro arrived at the beginning of September to work in evangelism in Colonia Santa Teresa, San Martin, where the church is located.

Outreach to families with children is their first project, covering a short list of such families within the parish, and reaching out to the families of children who have attended the Vacation Bible School during December of last year.

The new phase of ministry at Santísima Trinidad includes a new teacher of the children's program, Cristina Brizuela, who has completed a teacher-training course on a professional level. As well, Alicia Áviles has accepted the role of director of the youth program, which gives stability and organization to the work of that group. She can consult diocesan youth worker Irma Alvarado in planning and implementing programs with the young people. The group currently has 15 members.

After the initial phases of the evangelism program, the ministers will begin to visit prospective individuals and families from a list drawn up by the parish Junta Directiva, a group of women who know both the people and the area well.

Evangelists committed to rural ministry

The mission of the church is to proclaim the liberating presence of the reign of God. An example of this are Miriam and Caín, a couple who live in the suburbs of San Salvador, where they founded a vital Anglican church. They participated in a diocesan training program and now are spending their weekends at the newly established Church of San Marcos in the hamlet of San Juan Latrán as evangelists. They have a home in the community, in which relatives live. It is one of the settlements set up as a component of the land reforms, which were part of the peace process.

Their community is at the end of a dusty or muddy trail, depending on the season, in the Department of Usulután. At least one resident in each household was a combatant in the revolutionary forces during the civil war. In addition to extreme poverty the members of the community are suffering ongoing spiritual and psychological effects as a result of the terror of the war.

Miriam and Caín witness to the redemptive and healing message of the Gospel. They provide pastoral care, Bible study, weekly worship and services to the community. This is only one example of the important ministry that is being performed by these two vital lay ministers.

REFLECTION Charlotte Maxwell has retired after a distinguished career as Africa Development Coordinator for the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund. She was invited to share her thoughts on the work she has done.

'What I fear most is indifference'

CHARLOTTE MAXWELL

LISTENING TO the radio – as I do in the morning coming to work — I heard Margaret Visser, writer, classical scholar and cultural anthropologist, talking about her upcoming Massey lecture on fate. I was quite struck by her approach and the statement that Christianity was revolutionary in its time because it rejected the fatalism of the Greek and Roman belief systems. At my last meeting of the board of the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund, our executive director, Andrew Ignatieff, talked about the weight of history that the Anglican Church has – how to honour it without letting it overwhelm us.

I related to this because I am caught in that moment — retirement — looking backwards and forwards at the same time. It reminds me how much we all live and work in the midst of contradictions and continuities. The underlying premise of PWRDF's mission in development is that people can change. However, the Gospel message that infuses or motivates is as old as the revolutionary example of Christ, and before Him, the prophets and promise of God's reign on earth. What I have been doing for many years is encouraging people to be future-oriented, to take risks, to challenge the status quo – all this in Africa where Africans have a long view back over time and the future is viewed in a short-term framework.

There is a dilemma that development activists like myself face constantly: We are asking people who live on the narrowest margin of survival to take risks where the only certainty is an unpredictable future. In the church, *development* challenges and changes the societal status quo within an institution that carefully weighs the value of conserving the status quo against being changed by external events and situations.

In some ways, the Christian message and ministry in sub-Sahara is a relative newcomer. African societies traditionally respect ancestors and elders, and have strong kinship ties that create mutual responsibility and sharing through good and bad times. What may seem to be resistance to change is a strong social organization that has ensured survival of family and community living in fragile environments and through centuries of externally induced social, political and economic upheavals.

Those of us apt to be impatient with fragile democracies and the results of 40 years of independence need to remember the centuries of colonialism and state borders drawn in defiance of the integrity of existing human communities. The weight of that past shouldn't paralyze efforts to break through poverty, but if we don't remember the past and lack knowledge of and respect for the cultures that receive us, we are unlikely to make the human connections at the root of all positive change.

Living in Canada, we tend to have a short-term view of the future or perhaps a pop-culture induced incapacity to stay with difficult or complex situations that demand time. Or maybe it's the media moments portraying a series of desperate realities that discourage us from making a commitment to long-term interventions in the world disorder.

All my experience in development says that preoccupations with concrete and preferably short-term physical results easily ignore the dynamics and human change processes that are essential for long-term sustainable development. It also ignores the fact that changes in social,

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced – poor people suffer and die, not because of the lack of food or medical care, but because they are not seen as entitled to food and medical care. And yes there are lots of lag times and logistical nightmares and no simple solutions. But complexity should not disguise the fact that essentially it is a matter of greed and lack of moral and political will that allows the unthinkable to happen.

political and economic structures may be needed to remove barriers to perpetual poverty and oppression. As PWRDF, we have to persuade our supporters to stay with us for many years, to see grants going to things like "capacity building," agriculture and health clinics, gender training women's income generating projects, and to support grants going to ecumenical, inter-agency, inter-faith and secular organizations for campaigns in challenging the systems and powers obstructing change.

Just as development is a dynamic and long-term process, so is our experience in engaging with Canadian Anglicans and others on what we call social justice issues. As long as I have been part of PWRDF, committee members and staff have asked the question, "What is our prophetic ministry in this issue / situation / in this world at this time?"

Just as being the visible face of PWRDF in Africa has immeasurably enriched my life, so have the hundreds of encounters with Anglican volunteers – committee and board members, those unsung heroes and heroines known as the diocesan and parish reps.

What I now know is that people of faith have moments that they often describe as a "conversion" where secular allies talk about "aaha" moments. What emerges from these ruminations is that issues, context and situations will vary; theological discourse goes side by side and informs the analysis, decisions and actions. To put it another way, good exegesis is likely to lead to creativity and commitment to face the ever pressing exigencies.

In 24 years of travelling in sub-Sahara Africa I have experienced nothing but civility and generosity from Africans. My experience is at such odds with the image of a continent mostly known in North America for crises, violent conflicts and some unsavoury heads of government. Over the years and recently, there are in-depth reports after research and investigations exposing the mostly hidden links between northern governments, arms dealers, mercenaries, trans-national companies and southern counterparts: the reports put flesh on the bones of accusations of neo-colonialism and economic plundering that lie behind so much of the violent conflict and political instability. Now the global pandemic of AIDS and looming famine throughout southern and parts of east Africa confront us.

What I fear most is the indifference of the rich to poverty and suffering, and good people's weariness of any crisis. Stephen Lewis puts the question well: "Why can three trillion US dollars be raised in a matter of weeks for the war on terrorism, but not $65 billion over five years to prevent literally millions of deaths from AIDS?"

The answer is likely to be avoided because it is so shameful we can't face it. Of one thing I am absolutely convinced – poor people suffer and die, not because of the lack of food or medical care, but because they are not seen as entitled to food and medical care. And yes there are lots of lag times and logistical nightmares and no simple solutions. But complexity should not disguise the fact that essentially it is a matter of greed and lack of moral and political will that allows the unthinkable to happen.

PWRDF, the Anglican church, the other churches, and all the other like-minded NGOs are no match for global forces arrayed against development, tolerance, peace and justice. But one advantage of having a history is that we can recall when the rather ragtag collection of "naïve idealists" (or "loony left") propelled a movement for change; think of the anti-apartheid campaign and the emergence of Nelson Mandela, one of the few world statesmen with moral stature in the 20th century. We can't be guaranteed a timetable, but, as Christians we are required to endure because there is the covenant given by God, and we are granted love and grace. The manifestation of the covenant is the birth and life of Christ. There is no time to be faint hearted.

A place where good followed evil

BY LEANNE LARMONDIN
WEB MANAGER, ANGLICAN CHURCH OF CANADA, WWW.ANGLICAN.CA

THE ANGLICAN cathedral in Zanzibar is a towering symbol of redemption, a testimonial that good that can come of evil.

Christ Church Cathedral and the church-run St. Monica's Hostel next door are built on the site of a slave market; the altar reportedly stands on the exact site of the whipping post to which traders tied their strongest slaves. There, prospective buyers would whip the slave as a test of how strong he was. The stronger the slave, the better price he brought the seller – chiefly Arabs. The weaker slaves, including women and children, would go for a much lower price.

The slave trade grew on Zanzibar – otherwise known as the Spice Island – through the 18th and 19th centuries. While some slaves taken from mainland Africa remained on Zanzibar Island, working the spice plantations, cultivating such rich spices as cloves, cinnamon, vanilla and nutmeg, others were shipped to the Middle East and Europe.

Today, all that remains of Zanzibar's slave market are two holding cells, which lie beneath St. Monica's Hostel. Built of concrete at a height of about 1.8 m (six feet), the cells would have been horribly cramped, with only two small windows in each.

One of the cells held about 50 men, the second 75 women and children. Shackles and chains, which would have bound the slaves together in the cells, still lie on the concrete, and a chilling monument outside the cathedral features slaves in a pit, joined by the neck with heavy iron chains.

Filled with about 50 mosques, both large and small, one-room houses of prayer, Zanzibar Town's buzz is punctuated regularly throughout the day by the *muezzin*, the Muslim call to prayer. The calls begin at 5 a.m. and are heard five times a day.

The larger mosques – a minaret of which seems to towers metres from the cathedral spire in the skyline – are fitted with powerful sound systems and the calls can be heard throughout the town.

Unguja (the Swahili name for Zanzibar Island) remains largely Muslim, centuries after Arabs of Oman conquered Portuguese settlers on the island in the 16th century. Zanzibar gained independence from the sultanate in a 1963 coup.

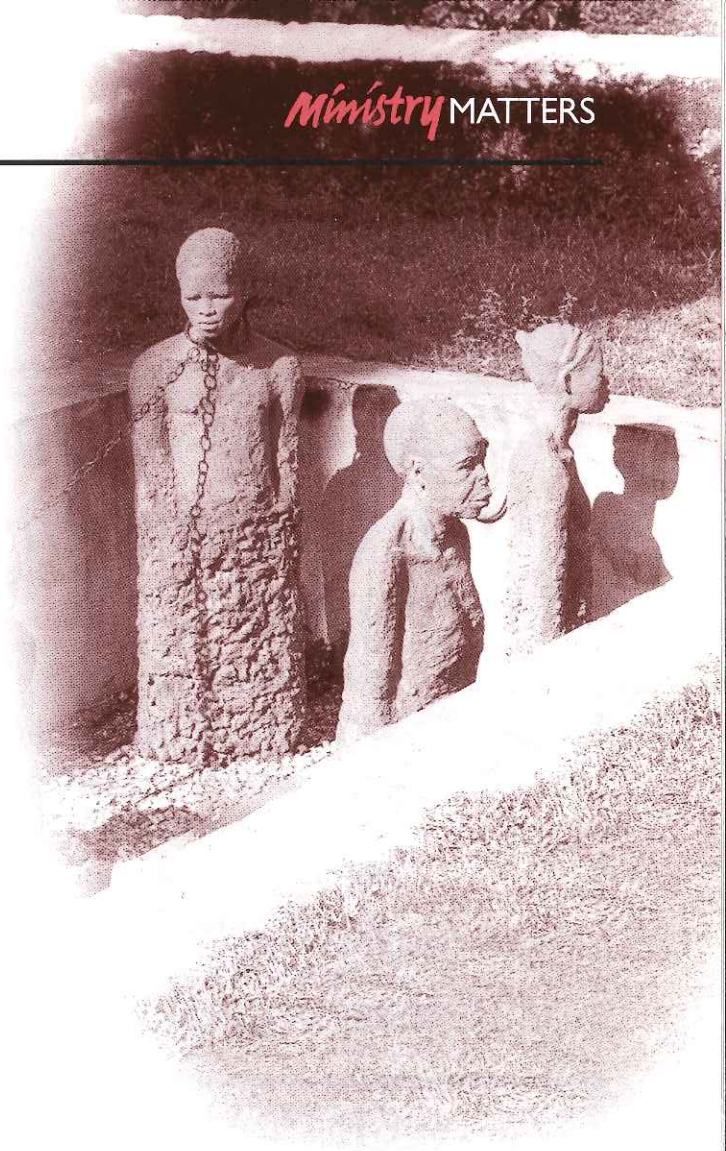
The strong Muslim influence of Zanzibar shows up in the architecture of much of the old Stone Town – Zanzibar Town – including the cathedral. Its windows and carved stone walls look like something from the pages of *Arabian Nights*.

Cathedral guide James Kaleza – a former development worker with the diocese of Zanzibar – says the choice of site for Christ Church in the 1870s was a deliberate one, transforming a place of horror to one of redemption.

He points out a simple wooden crucifix near the chancel made from the wood of a tree under which was buried the heart of Scottish missionary and explorer David Livingstone, who died in Zambia in 1873.

The explorer – immortalized by journalist Henry Morton Stanley, who found him in Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika in 1871 – fell ill and died while searching for the source of the Nile. His followers cut out his heart and buried it beneath a tree before carrying his body overland 1,000 km to the coast of Tanzania, across Zanzibar Channel to Zanzibar Island, and finally to Westminster Abbey in England, his last resting place.

Livingstone – through his writings to the European world of the horrors of the African slave trade – is credited with helping abolish slavery, though he did not live to see its end. The slave market at Zanzibar closed months after his death.



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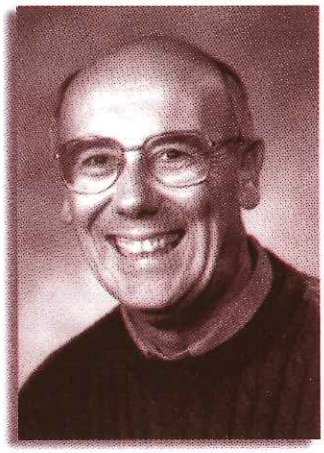
LIFE IN THE CONGREGATIONS

The greatest asset is a creative imagination



HAROLD PERCY

IN RECENT COLUMNS we have been discussing some of the key elements in the life and makeup of vital congregations. Using an acrostic on the word "VITAL," we have identified *Visionary leadership*, *Inspirational worship*, *Training in discipleship*, and *Authentic community* as four of the key components. This column brings us to "L," which stands for *Loving outreach and evangelism.* As I use these terms, outreach and evangelism are closely related but they are not identical.

OUTREACH includes all the ministries and activities of a congregation that are offered for the sake of those outside the congregation. Outreach ministries seek to express the love of Christ in practical ways, with no thought of what we might get in return.

Every congregation needs to have at least one ministry or activity of which its members can say with satisfaction and pride, "This is one of the ways we show Christ's love; this is part of our response to the overwhelming needs of the world; this is something we offer freely in the name of Christ, out of love for Christ and the world."

Vital congregations analyze their local community with a view to discovering unmet needs. Who lives around here? What could a congregation of people who are learning to follow Jesus and to live the life of God's kingdom do to enhance the life of this community, to add value to it, to relieve suffering, to offer hope? Are there senior citizens, teenagers, children, single mothers, widows, stressed young parents, homeless people, recent immigrants, harried executives? Are there "invisible" people who are living lives of quiet desperation who don't show up on the local radar screen?

How could a local congregation help? Do people need food or shelter? English classes? Tutoring and care for school children? Transportation for shopping or doctors' appointments? Help in developing good parenting skills, cooking skills, relational skills, money management skills, stress management skills? What about home maintenance services for seniors and widows, or car maintenance for single moms? Are there stay-at-home moms who would love a place to come for some adult conversation and friendship? Are there people who would benefit from a 12-step program?

As they grow, vital congregations move on and learn to think nationally and globally as well. Of course all of this takes time and money and the resources available in different congregations vary widely. But the greatest assets in thinking about outreach are the desire to make a difference in the name of Jesus, and a creative imagination. There are people in every congregation who dream of being able to make a difference in the world, even if it is only in a small way. Tap into their passion, get them to share their ideas, encourage them to dream, help them to plan and implement.

In all of this the old saying proves true: we get far more out of this than we give.

We don't do it in order to receive. We do it because we are a gospel people and this is what gospel people do. We do it because we are seeking to follow Jesus and to live a "kingdom life." Our motives are gratitude, compassion, and faithfulness. Nevertheless, the truth remains that those who seek to benefit others receive benefits in return. This is how things are in the economy of God. Those who give freely receive richly.

Evangelism has to do with sharing the good news of the gospel and inviting people into the life of the

Vital congregations analyze their local community with a view to discovering unmet needs. Who lives around here? What could a congregation of people who are learning to follow Jesus and to live the life of God's kingdom do to enhance the life of this community, to add value to it, to relieve suffering, to offer hope?

church community where they learn to follow Jesus. If the primary work of the church is to make disciples who are learning to live the life of God's kingdom, evangelism is an early part of the process of making disciples. Disciples are made out of the raw material of self centered, secular people who hear the good news about Jesus and sense that this is where they will truly find life. They hear this news and receive the invitation from people who are already "on the way" with Jesus.

Vital congregations never stop thinking about what more they can do to connect with outsiders and to help them become insiders. They encourage and train their members to share their faith with friends and neighbours, and to invite them to "give our church a try." They sponsor events and have special services to which members can invite friends and help them make a connection with the church. They offer courses and resources to help seekers and inquirers understand the essence of the faith, and that encourages them to respond to the gospel invitation.

Vital congregations realize that evangelism is not an option for gospel people; like outreach it is what gospel people do. It simply grows out of who they are. They understand and accept that the responsibility of connecting with outsiders and helping them come to faith rests with the church. They are willing to do whatever it takes, and to pay whatever price it demands, in order to become more and more effective in this.

It goes without saying that because these ministries of outreach and evangelism are done in the name of Jesus they are done lovingly and graciously, never coercively or in a demeaning fashion. These ministries give a congregation energy and vitality. They give off the fragrance of life, and create an air of excitement and anticipation. They give a church credibility and a magnetic power of attraction. Congregations that serve their community and the world in practical ways, and that help people to become intentional followers of Jesus, are hard to resist or ignore.

Visionary leadership; Inspirational worship; Training in discipleship; Authentic community; Loving outreach and evangelism. People love to belong to such communities; and they love to bring their friends!

***Canon Harold Percy** is rector of Trinity Anglican Church in Streetsville, Ont., and the author of several books on congregational development.*

PLANNED GIVING

Financial Development

BY JOHN ROBERTSON
PLANNED GIVING CONSULTANT, GENERAL SYNOD

THE OFFICE OF Financial Development is now planning its calendar of regional workshops and diocesan-based conferences for 2003 and the first half of 2004, leading to the next General Synod. The focus of these events is usually on enhancing our understanding of financial stewardship of God's gifts, particularly our accumulated assets.

Sometimes this means beginning with some work on developing a clearer sense of mission and purpose. What is God calling us to do as a parish or diocese? What is God calling us to become as a community of faith?

Sometimes we need to spend time on Stewardship 101, re-examining our understanding of basic Christian stewardship — in all its fullness. It's hard to do serious work on planned giving if we don't have a clear understanding of our role as trustees or stewards of all God's gifts and blessings.

If you would like to have some help in organizing a regional or local workshop or conference, perhaps with a cluster of parishes or with a whole diocese, and are serious about this, please let us know and we will try to find a mutually convenient time when we can meet during the coming 18 months.

There are many print resources available (see the Winter and Spring 2002 issues of *Ministry*Matters) for study beforehand. Please contact us for more information.

In addition, there are three conferences coming up this spring that will be of interest:

April 24 — 26
Pushing the Envelope stewardship conference for parish clergy and lay teams. Sponsored by the ecclesiastical province of Ontario in cooperation with General Synod and the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Orangeville, Ont.

April 30 — May 3
Navigating Change — Ride the next wave! 10th Annual National Conference, Canadian Association of Gift Planners. This excellent planned giving educational event will be held in Vancouver. Ideal for those interested in establishing a planned giving program in their parish or diocese.

May 9 — 10
Joyfully Walking in the Light of Jesus – Developing Disciples (Stewardship, Evangelism, & Holy Habits) Conference. Radisson Hotel, Buffalo, NY. Sponsored by several dioceses in western New York, the Episcopal Church and General Synod.

For information about any of these three events, please contact John Robertson, Office of Financial Development, General Synod.

Telephone (416) 924-9199 ext. 268.

Email: jrobertson@national.anglican.ca

***John Robertson** is national consultant, Financial Development, General Synod.*

RESOURCES FROM THE PRIMATE'S FUND

Side by Side

ANNA PAYNE-KRZYZANOWSKI

YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY, by virtue of the interconnectedness of the world around them, are increasingly aware of the needs of their global brothers and sisters. While it might be easy to become overwhelmed by a world that feels too big to impact, and issues that seem impossible to confront, Anglican youth face the challenge of struggling for global justice and development with the passion of their conviction and the force of their faith.

Starting in the fall of 2002, Anglican youth have a new tool to help them meet this challenge!

The Primate's World Relief and Development Fund's Youth Initiative has launched a new program, called *Side by Side*. Designed to provide youth with a mechanism to raise funds and awareness for justice and development, *Side by Side* offers young people and youth groups an opportunity to spend a day focused on the call of the faith to create a better world.

The *Side by Side* package includes an introductory letter, a facilitator's guide (with a sample itinerary), an exciting simulation game, ice breakers, pledge forms and information about PWRDF. It is ready to use, or you and your group can design your own program, based on the needs and interests of young people in your community, and PWRDF will be happy to help!

Taking a day to reflect on the reality of our broken world and on God's vision of justice and peace will allow young people to learn more about the ways in which our world falls short of God's ideal for us. By raising pledges in advance, young people will also have an opportunity to contribute funds to the work of PWRDF, the Anglican expression of our joint desire to create a world more in keeping with God's plan.

As participants deepen their understanding of global issues of justice and development, they will also further their understanding of the call to partnership, to which PWRDF seeks to respond. It is through this call that we are all invited to stand *Side by Side*, as we struggle together for a better world.

If you are interested in participating in the **Side by Side** *program, or you would like to pass the program along to a youth group in your community, contact Yvonne Lane (ylane@pwrdf.org) to order your* **Side by Side** *package today. Or call us toll free at 1-866-308-7973.*

How to hear dying people

WAYNE HOLST

DAVID KUHL, a Vancouver physician, is a busy man these days.

He is involved in a heavy schedule of cross-Canada appearances to talk about his new book, *What Dying People Want*. What, I ask him, is the basic point of the book?

"We live in a death-denying society," Kuhl says. "It is not easy for a physician to really get to know a patient who is in pain and dying."

One of the first things required of medical caregivers, he explains, is to do all that is possible to relieve physical pain experienced by the patient so that his primary attention can be directed to spiritual, psychological and social needs. Once a patient is freed to talk, it is amazing what can be said. "We doctors need to bear witness to the truth that is our patients' lives," says Kuhl.

Effective physicians learn to focus their attention on the dying patient as a person, not a case. At that significant time in the history of an illness the doctor/patient relationship needs to become an encounter between two people.

Kuhl is passionate about this aspect of his profession. He realized that his medical training taught him to be a detective in order to assess what is happening to the patient but that he learned little or nothing about what the patient was actually trying to tell him.

"I registered for a doctoral program in communication psychology," said Kuhl, "because I realized how little many of us physicians really know about communication. We need better skills in listening and bearing witness to what we hear. We must learn to understand, for example, that the reason the patient is angry may not be because she is in a certain stage of grieving. It may be because I as her doctor am not understanding what she is trying to say."

Anger may be a sign the patient feels misunderstood and discounted.

Traditionally, the doctor might have assumed that the patient was in the "anger" stage of grieving and not be able to do much about that. If, however, the patient is angry for not being heard, then there is a lot that the doctor can do about that. That can change the whole climate of the exchange.

"In order for a dying person to understand herself, she needs to be understood by another," says Kuhl. "At that point there are things that need to be shared that might not otherwise come out. It can make all the difference in the world."

His position is borne out by others. "Not all physicians are healers," said Dr. John Toews, a professor of psychiatry and associate dean of continuing medical education at the University of Calgary. "Not all doctors show respect for the sufferer. It is too easy for the doctor, because of his own human fears and faith stance and while functioning under time constraints imposed by medical systems, to revert to the more comfortable role of being the detached professional.

"But without exposing some of your own wounds and vulnerabilities, and truly listening to the dying person, where would your power be?" asks Toews. Physicians need to be taught by what is, at that moment, affecting the dying patient and learn to relate out of their own humanity. Then it is possible for the patient to sense an identification with her feelings and to meet in a spirit of communality.

There will always be points of misunderstanding between people. We can never fully know another. And yet, the medical profession must give a lot more attention to this crucial health dynamic. Doctors and other caregivers can become more effective conduits through which patients can bear witness to the truth of their lives.

Toews's comments are welcome to Kuhl. His studies in counselling psychology included work in such diverse fields as medical anthropology, theology and ethics. He has helped to develop the palliative care program for people with cancer and AIDS at St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver. Teams he has trained have attended to thousands of people at the end of life.

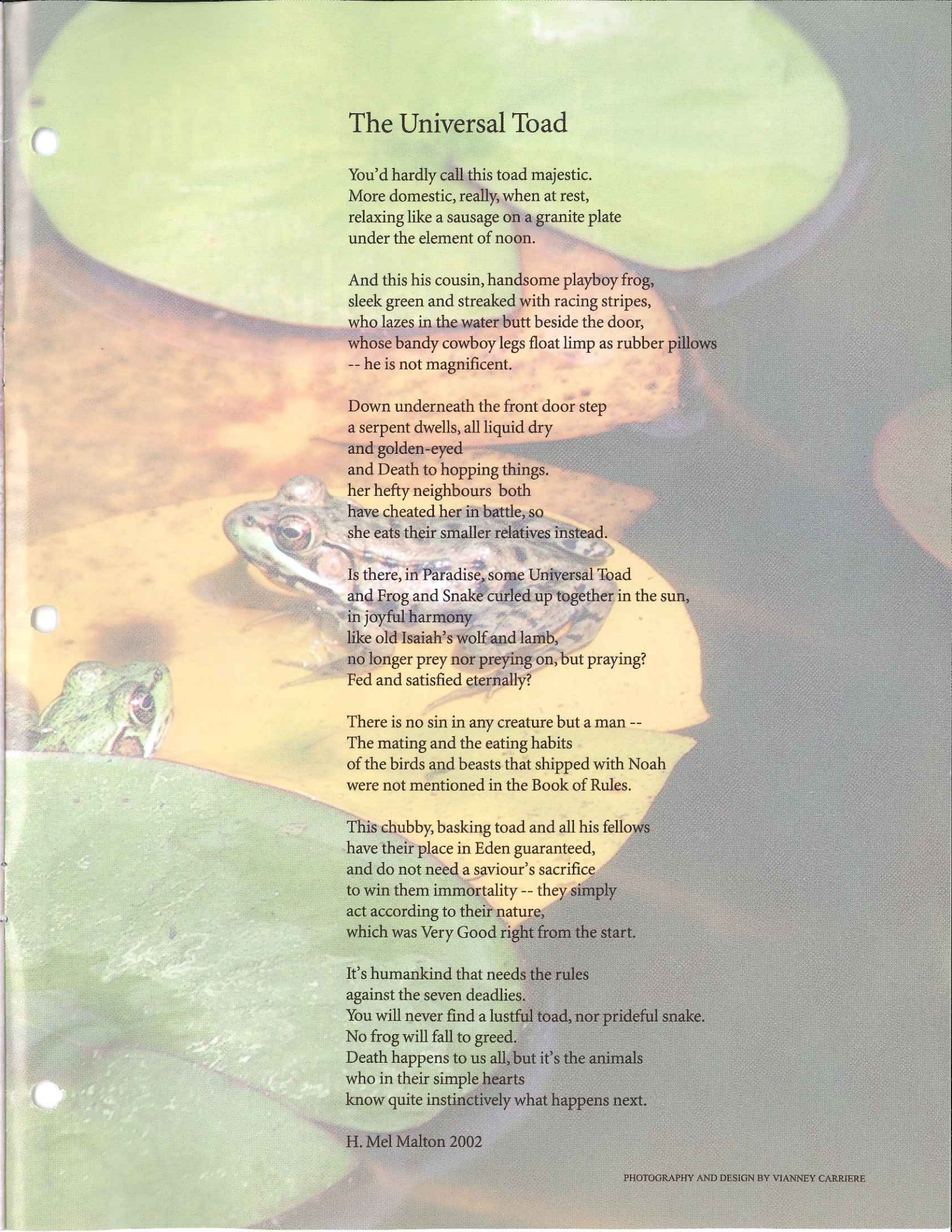
As a Soros Faculty Scholar for the Project on Death in America, he brings new insights to students at UBC's School of Medicine and at Vancouver School of Theology where he teaches seminarians courses in medical ethics and pastoral care.

An Anglican, it is obvious that Kuhl's scientific findings and his faith inform each other. Non-medical Christian care-givers and a patient's family can also learn from him.

Giving voice to humanity's voiceless is a time-honoured Christian value. From his experience and his studies this physician has learned an important lesson. Many dying people have for too long gone unheard. David Kuhl is doing all he can to break the silence and the faulty communication.

He is devoting this part of his life to helping dying people bear witness to the truth of their lives.

***Wayne A. Holst** is a writer who has taught religion and culture at the University of Calgary.*



The Universal Toad

You'd hardly call this toad majestic.
More domestic, really, when at rest,
relaxing like a sausage on a granite plate
under the element of noon.

And this his cousin, handsome playboy frog,
sleek green and streaked with racing stripes,
who lazes in the water butt beside the door,
whose bandy cowboy legs float limp as rubber pillows
-- he is not magnificent.

Down underneath the front door step
a serpent dwells, all liquid dry
and golden-eyed
and Death to hopping things.
her hefty neighbours both
have cheated her in battle, so
she eats their smaller relatives instead.

Is there, in Paradise, some Universal Toad
and Frog and Snake curled up together in the sun,
in joyful harmony
like old Isaiah's wolf and lamb,
no longer prey nor preying on, but praying?
Fed and satisfied eternally?

There is no sin in any creature but a man --
The mating and the eating habits
of the birds and beasts that shipped with Noah
were not mentioned in the Book of Rules.

This chubby, basking toad and all his fellows
have their place in Eden guaranteed,
and do not need a saviour's sacrifice
to win them immortality -- they simply
act according to their nature,
which was Very Good right from the start.

It's humankind that needs the rules
against the seven deadlies.
You will never find a lustful toad, nor prideful snake.
No frog will fall to greed.
Death happens to us all, but it's the animals
who in their simple hearts
know quite instinctively what happens next.

H. Mel Malton 2002

PHOTOGRAPHY AND DESIGN BY VIANNEY CARRIERE

Rooted in faith and branching out to Anglicans

A special invitation to Anglicans...

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