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H. N. Klotz

Wm Taylor
E. H. Thomas
F. W. Tilley
John Tobb

W. E. Caddick
Wm. Caddick
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John Smith

Lent 2012



the Gathering

The Newsletter of the Church of the Redeemer



.THEREDEEMER.CA



⊕ AGED NINETEEN YEARS · ⊕
'FOR GOD, FOR TRUTH, FOR LIBERTY!'



Dear Friends,

Yikes, that was way too close for comfort!

There I was standing at the corner of Avenue Road and Bloor Street minding my own business, waiting for the light to turn so that I and a whole host of other pedestrians could cross over.

I glanced at the light as it turned red for the north and south bound traffic. Just before the light in our favour turned green, I stepped off the curb to get a head start.

I managed three more steps and then I noticed the car speeding toward me. There was no time to think, just to react. I did one of those little jigs of fright. You know the one, where your body is jet fuelled by fear and you kind of dance, jump, and gallop all at once. It was enough to get out of way.

The driver never slowed down...he ran right through the red light!!! I couldn't believe it! What was he thinking?!!!

Then again...I have a confession to make. Then again, I was all the while texting on my cell phone. This little detail kind of changes everything doesn't it?

When we enter the season of Lent, we step off the curb into a new time. It is a time for confession. We turn away from those things that distract us and keep us from a fuller and deeper relationship with ourselves and with God. For some of us our



distractions can be life threatening. Rather than blaming the other we take ownership for our own actions. When we repent and turn back to God, we begin to notice the fragility

of life, the suffering that others endure, the systems of injustice that prevail. We begin to embrace a life that is not about getting ahead and minding our own business.

We turn our faces toward Jerusalem by donning ashes, alms giving, fasting and prayer. We stoop to wash the feet of our neighbour and we embody the ways of compassion and sacrifice. We dare to walk in the footsteps of our saviour through the cross of shame to the garden of new life.

So, I for one will be putting my phone down... for a while...

Yours in Christ

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be a stylized name or initials. The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Be Born in Me

Lilian Junkin

AT THE time of writing this, we have reached the middle of January. It is a time for me to reflect back over the year that passed and the Christmas season that just ended on Epiphany Sunday, and to share my thoughts with all you wonderful people in my Redeemer family.

In the summer of 2011, my husband and I finally moved back to Toronto after spending more than a decade “in exile” in Sweden, my country of origin. This meant we were reunited with our two sons, which was a very special thing to us, as our family had been split up in different ways ever since the summer of 2000. For me it also meant being back worshipping full-time at my beloved Church of the Redeemer, with a hope to also be able to contribute in some ways to the ministry of our church, as I had done during the 1990’s. For a number of summer vacations, Redeemer was my holiday church, an oasis where my faith could find nourishment and my soul quench its thirst, for—as others have also written in earlier issues of *The Gathering*—it is all but impossible to find a church like it anywhere else in Canada or abroad, and Sweden proved to be no exception to this rule. It is good indeed to be home!

Looking back over the Christmas celebrations, I think this was my best Christmas ever. We did a rather low-key family celebration that focused on good food and togetherness, and for me (I am the only church-goer in my family) this was beautifully made complete by the joy and splendour of the services at Redeemer late Christmas Eve and again on Christmas Day, which also happens to be my birthday. That is the kind of birthday you hate as a child but become comfortable with as an adult, and as an adult I have actually been

able to celebrate a two-fold birthday on Christmas Day. My birth into this world happened in the early morning hours of December 25, 1949, and during midnight mass Christmas 1971, Christ was born into my life. So my physical body may be 62 years old now, but my Christian soul is only 40—and I feel a lot more like 40 than 62! In most people’s minds, the Anglican Church is not really populated by born-again Christians, and yet in one of our traditional Christmas hymns we sing about Christ being not only born in Bethlehem but also “born to give us second birth.” And so He does, alleluia!

When this issue of *The Gathering* is published, we are into Lent, moving away from Bethlehem and setting off for Jerusalem. We shall gather by the cross at Golgotha where Jesus suffers in our stead, we shall find the empty tomb and, like Mary and the disciples, meet the risen Christ on Easter Sunday. Life triumphs over death in the miracle of the resurrection, and we can raise our glance above the altar and, in our hearts embrace the meaning of the words written there on the wall: “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” Does He ever—thanks be to God!

Lilian Junkin is a member of the 11.15 community and was deeply involved in the life of the parish in the 1990s. After just a few years away, we are delighted to have her back in our midst and look forward to the ways that God calls her to share her gifts in our communal life. ❏

*Redeemer was my
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Visions of Ministry Update

“From the stillness at the heart of the community has emerged a vision for the next stage in the journey of the Church of the Redeemer.”

Those are the words we chose to begin our report, recording the imaginings that emerged from the Visions of Ministry retreat in May 2011 and the many conversations that have been held over the months since the retreat itself, and making recommendations based on these imaginings.

This issue of *The Gathering* will be published after pre-vestry meetings have started and before the annual meeting itself. Our report is 47 pages in length, plus 26 appendices. After it has been received by vestry, it will be made available online and in paper format (upon request) for perusal. We hope that you will take the time to read the report carefully and prayerfully, and that you will give some thought to how you see yourself fitting into the Redeemer family over the next few years. In the meantime, we are providing a high level overview.

From this report and from the entire visioning session, it is clear that this parish is great at coming up with bold thoughts and ideas for the future. It is equally important to remember that we are one church with only so many people and resources. Though the visioning process showed that there are many among us who are looking to contribute more time and talent, we must prioritize all the generated ideas to come up with realistic suggestions that can help to grow and strengthen our church, its mission and the feeling of “home” people long for and find at the Redeemer.

Reaching out to the people of the Redeemer family was an important theme throughout the visioning session. We want to continue the Pastoral Care Team’s mission to reach out to those in need and improve upon it, by exploring how all members can learn to recognize when members of this family are in need, to help people who have difficulty getting to church by providing clear guidelines on how to arrange rides, and

to make sure those that can no longer get to church at all, but who still feel it is their spiritual home, are not forgotten. We need to reach out and help the wonderful staff at our parish by making sure there are realistic expectations set of them and by creating a Human Resource Committee that can make sure they have what they need to accomplish these expectations, including necessary technology, while still having time for themselves and for professional growth. Our young people need to feel part of the family too, by making sure we have intentional areas for children and youth to be involved. We want to make sure that we continue to reach out to all members of our existing family and any visitors by exploring new ways of offering hospitality in all aspects of our church.

We also have several important ideas for ways of reaching out to those looking for a spiritual home. Through our Making More Room phase two plans, we intend to restore and liven up the outside of our church so that passing people know that there is a lively and inviting place inside. Once inside, having a liturgical glossary on the website and/or in our bulletins will help those new to the church understand what is going on. Continuing to bring people through our doors by community programming like Nuit Blanche and Doors Open Toronto and adding to these opportunities the new public forum learning curriculum will continue to invite in seekers. Reaching out to young seekers from the university group can be done by enhancing Redeemer’s presence on the web and in social networking. Finally we want to make sure we reach out to our less fortunate neighbours by continuing the great work being done through the lunch program.

“In my Father’s house there are many rooms” (John 14:2). This supports the idea that there are many different views on what “home” is, and they can all be right. Already we have many diverse services where different people find their home. The new Worship and Spirituality Committee will make sure the existing diversity of our services and music stays alive while


exploring new options to ensure there is a home here for all. These options may include a Pop Eucharist more aimed at the youth of our parish and more technological options to reach a cyberspace community outside our walls. We also want to celebrate the diversity of our parish by encouraging individuals to try some of the other “homes” (or services) that exist here. Not only does Redeemer have great diversity, but the neighbourhood in which Redeemer finds itself does as well. An effort to discover exactly who our neighbours are will be important to help discover where our diversities overlap, and where are the needs of the community, places we could possibly expand in the future.

As our spiritual home here at Redeemer continues to grow and diversify, we want to ensure that it stays strong by building deep connections with other individuals, between the different diverse communities, and most importantly with God. The new initiative to allow the creation of “small groups” to form will help those who wish to connect more intimately with members of their Redeemer family. Also the “Getting Connected” ministry will be designed to assist people to find where at Redeemer they can best serve, allowing them to build connections with others like them. “Getting Connected” can also help to build connections between services by having ambassadors that are well informed in a particular service. Other ways of keeping strong ties between the different communities at Redeemer is to have an updated parish directory that people have easy access to and of having occasional parish retreats.

Connecting with each other is important, but for this to be a truly spiritual home, we must continue and improve upon ways to deepen our connection with Christ. Continuing to have strong liturgy and music is important to the spiritual formation of many. Adding new small groups that can focus on spiritual development for those interested will also help some people’s connection with God. These small groups will be incorporated into new plans for a redesigned learning program that responds to the community’s desire for a more structured approach to learning about the Christian faith both from an intellectual perspective and also from the perspective of the “knowledge of the

heart.” The new learning program will build on current successful learning events but will provide more access points for people who cannot make it out to evening programs.

Finally, a good home is made better by the presence of good neighbours. There are a couple of places in our ministries where the most beneficial next steps were determined to be to reach out to partners in our area for help. First, our outreach with the lunch program will soon reach the capacity of Redeemer alone. Finding both financial and practical partners, like sharing a social worker, finding nearby churches who might start a program of their own, or finding internships where members of our lunch program can find a new start, are important next steps. As a strong centre for urban ministry, we also would like to partner with Trinity College and the Salvation Army to come up with a new method for teaching theological students how to effectively minister in an urban environment.

After endorsement by the Board of Management and the Advisory Board on January 17, 2012, the report will be received by vestry at the annual meeting on February 27, 2012. The Board of Management and the Advisory Board will then develop a strategic plan for the next three to five years based on the report. We encourage everyone to look for developments in areas of interest and for ways to become involved in the implementation of these dreams to make Redeemer a new home for those seeking, and a stronger, deeper home for those already here. 

*Karen Clarke
Joan Robinson*

*Louise Greig
Marjorie Wrightson*

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Walking the Camino: *the pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostello*

Charles McMulkin

How does walking become pilgrimage?

On January 19, roughly forty people gathered at the Redeemer to explore this and other questions about *el camino de Sant Iago*—The Way of St. James. We were there because, in some way, each of us is attracted to the ancient pilgrim practice of walking some distance to the Spanish city of Santiago de Compostello—by legend the burial place of the apostle James. An estimated 100,000 people walk the path every year.

It was a very animated crowd!

Quite a few people attended from our Redeemer community, which was awesome. Other guests came from the Canadian Company of Pilgrims, or as a result of word-of-mouth.

The evening was informative and thought provoking. Three experienced pilgrims spoke briefly about how they walked, (and a lively Q & A followed). Details differed, of course, but common themes emerged. Each spoke to the balance between the *inner* and *outer* journey; each emphasized the value of a practical preparation for *both* aspects of the pilgrim way. Each celebrated the kinship of the way, the pilgrim community.

First up: Patrick Sayer. With a great laugh, he said that by the third day of his first *camino* he was asking himself, “Just what have I got myself into?” Soon enough, however, he’d found a steady pace and a daily rhythm that sustained him on his journey. “Travel light,” he said. “Have adventures.” “Meet others.” What a wonderful attitude to take for a walk.

What’s a reasonable goal for me each day? What’s a comfortable, relaxed pace? Do I walk too fast to sustain my daily distance? How do I care for my feet?

A walking day, explained Pat, begins in the coolness of first light and ends in the mid afternoon heat. Then it’s time to make community, gathering for companionship with strangers and others already well met along the way.

Next, Robert Fink quickly highlighted several of the books about *el camino* he’d brought with him. The most insightful book about spiritual walking, he suggested,

is “The Way Is Made by Walking,” by Arthur Boers, veteran walker and professor at Toronto’s Tyndale College.

Boers emphasizes simplicity as the key to spiritual walking, summarized Fink. Get rid of as much stuff as you can—lighten the load physically. (Pat Sayer had already told us the total weight of a backpack ought to be just one tenth of body weight.) This will enable you to ‘gain things spiritual’—to find a deeper reliance on God and divine providence.

Could I actually lose my watch and walk by nature’s rhythm? Can I rely less on being scheduled, let go of my plan for walking, and trust more?

Carol Finlay, one of our Honourary Assistant Priests, spoke of the walk she made together with Bryan, her husband. Her first task in preparing to walk was to ask herself, “What is my reason for being on the trail?” She came to understand that walking would be her way of listening for what God was calling her to do next. “Walking,” she said, “puts me in a meditative place.”

Each day for Carol and Bryan began with prayer. At times, while walking together each walked in a quiet, personal solitude. And, as they walked, they looked to meet Christ in others, and to be Christ to others. At day’s end they talked about blessings, and where God had met them and where divine Spirit.

What is my purpose for walking? As I walk, what rhythm of reflective solitude and community life serves me best?

Finally, a context for walking:

“...pilgrimage starts the moment we become conscious that life itself is a sacred journey, carrying with it the responsibility to act accordingly. ... Let us remind each other that every step is a prayer—for good or ill—so let us manifest goodwill in our thoughts, words and actions.”

A Pilgrim’s Guide to the Camino de Santiago,
by John Brierly

Next Step: A number of us from the Redeemer community are either planning to walk the camino, or want to learn and think more about it. As a group

we can support each other, especially in discerning a spiritual way of walking. For those who wish, let's meet at the Church on Wednesday, March 7, from 6-8 pm, to share a light meal, identify needs and resources, and plan next steps. Please RSVP if attending, to Joan Robinson: jerobin@sympatico.ca, and please spread the word.

The next meeting of the Company of Canadian Pilgrims is Saturday, March 31, from 1:30-4:00 pm, at

St. Matthew's United Church (south side of St. Clair West, just west of Christie—no parking at the Church). Speakers are Paul Moylan, (copies of his highly recommended Preparation Guide will be for sale), and Arthur Ward, author of "All the Good Pilgrims." ❏

Charles McMulkin is a member of the 9.30 community and has helped to nurture our sense of welcome and hospitality here at Redeemer for the pilgrims who find their way through our doors.

White Gifts

The Pastoral Care committee with the help of 16 amazing drivers and delivery people brought Christmas greetings and gifts to 75 households this past Christmas. These gifts were made possible by the donations to the White Gift fund by parishioners. In addition the Youth Group gathered to bake up a storm and the 9.30 children decorated special Christmas cards for each gift. Some of the gifts were delivered as close to the church as the warm socks brought to Leisureworld care facility just down the street from the church to the gifts delivered to parishioners from Mississauga in the west to Scarborough in the east; from the lakeshore to the south and Thornhill to the north. Thank you to all who made White Gifts 2011 so meaningful. ❏



A Personal Reflection on Prayer

Louise Greig

AT CHRISTMAS I went to North Carolina to visit my son and his family. One night, at the prompting of his other grandmother, my six-year-old grandson Trevor rattled off that familiar prayer—“Now I lay me down to sleep/I pray the Lord my soul to keep/Bless Papa, Nana, Mommy, Daddy, Austin, G-Louise (that’s me), Aunt Kelly and Uncle Dave.” I am glad to know that Trevor is praying for me (at least when Nana is around to remind him!). My prayer for Trevor is that this is just the beginning of a journey into prayer that will take him right into the heart of God.

We are planning a series on prayer during Lent (more about that later) so I’ve been thinking about prayer a lot lately. I was brought up in an evangelical Christian home and, although I don’t remember, I suspect that I used to say prayers by rote, without really thinking about them, like Trevor is doing now. As I grew older, I know that I prayed often and passionately. But my prayer life consisted mainly of talking to/at God about my problems. The conversations were pretty one-sided since it didn’t occur to me to shut up and listen.

This state of affairs lasted for many years. When I look back at the time, my memory is of periods of intense chaos and confusion punctuated by moments of despair in which I would cry out to God for help (but not stop to listen for a reply). I remember that from time to time there were also moments of insight—glimpses of another reality—but I was focussed on what I thought I had to do to survive. After getting divorced, I went to law school and got a job on Bay Street. I concentrated on my son, my career and my “glamorous” new social life.

But the Hound of Heaven was at my heels. I had studied theology many years earlier. In my spare time, I started to read books about the intersection of science, philosophy and religion. I mentioned my longing for “something more” to one of the lawyers at my firm and he suggested I try St. James Cathedral. After a few months I did. The beauty of the services moved me deeply and I was later confirmed there by Terry Finlay.

A few years later I decided to look for a church “home” nearer to where I lived. After a short search, I found Redeemer. Also at some point during that period, I “stumbled” onto the Church of England daily prayer feed (<http://www.churchofengland.org/>

[prayer-worship/join-us-in-daily-prayer.aspx](http://www.churchofengland.org/prayer-worship/join-us-in-daily-prayer.aspx)) and, for some reason, decided to start doing morning prayer every day. I would get into my office on the sixty-sixth floor of First Canadian Place at 6.30 or so, and the first half hour of most days was spent reading through the service. It took me quite a while to become familiar with the rhythm of the service and to feel comfortable saying it, and many days I didn’t feel like I was getting much out of it, but something made me keep doing it (maybe just stubbornness!).

After a couple of years of saying Morning Prayer on a regular basis, I “stumbled” on a book about centering prayer by Father Thomas Keating. After reading a number of Father Keating’s books (and some by/about Father John Main), I decided to add centring prayer to my daily routine. So, after the scripture readings in the Morning Prayer service, I started to stop and sit in the silence for a few minutes. Sometimes it’s 20 minutes; more often it’s just 10.

I’ve recently moved to a new house and have transferred my prayer practice to my house. I love being able to put the gas fire on or light candles and begin my days (which are still hectic) in stillness, resting in the presence of God. Sometimes I’m all wound up about something (i.e., usually my job) and I don’t manage to get out of that “wound up” mode. But it’s gradually getting easier to acknowledge my thoughts and feelings and then let them go, at least for a few minutes. I continue my “practice” on the streetcar and the subway, praying through the “Cycle of Prayer” in that week’s Sunday Bulletin.

I don’t believe it was an accident that I “stumbled” on my practice of praying Morning Prayer on a daily basis. In the 1980s I was married to an Anglican priest and we lived in Fort Erie, Ontario. We had a very good friend who was the priest in the next parish. Don helped my ex-husband and me with many personal problems over a period of about a year and a half. Then, out of the blue, at age 43, he was diagnosed with inoperable brain cancer. I spent a lot of time with him toward the end of his life. I would read to him from the books of Luke and Acts and from the Little Flowers of St. Francis until my mouth was so dry I couldn’t read anymore. Then we would just sit together. Don was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis and his wife used to say she had to chain down

the living room furniture or Don would have given it away. In those last days of his life Don could hardly talk, but somehow he communicated to me my need for a “rule of life.” He had his wife type out a short rule for me which he gave me the day before he died.

I had good intentions, but I didn’t follow the rule of life Don gave to me and at some point during one of my many moves, I lost the scrap of paper on which it was typed. But I believe that my decision to start the regular practice of prayer so many years—and a law career—later was the direct result of Don’s prayers for me. It took me a long time to get to the point where I was ready to adopt a rule of life (even a very basic one) but I finally did and Don was right—the discipline of a daily practice creates the space for something I can only describe as an experience of the presence of God. The amazing thing is that that I had to journey so long to discover what I know now was always so close.

I’ve told the story of my journey into prayer (so far) in the hope that it will prompt you to think about your own journeys into prayer. Learning @ Redeemer is planning a series on prayer Journeys in Prayer: Seeking

the Stillpoint on Thursday evenings during Lent beginning on March 1. We will meet in the Boardroom at the Church and will start with a light meal at 6.00 and end by 8.15. There will be an opportunity to share your own experience in prayer (but only to the extent you are comfortable) and to learn about various forms of prayer that have been part of Christian practice throughout the ages, from the desert fathers and mothers to the mediaeval mystics to the modern-day Taizé movement. The idea is to introduce a number of different types of prayer and to experiment with them in a non-threatening, joyous, music-filled environment. The leaders will be Liska Stefko, our associate priest, and Grant Jahnke, a member of the 11.15 congregation who has extensive experience in helping Christians deepen their prayer practice. We hope that you will consider joining us on Thursday evenings as part of your Lenten journey in 2012. ☒

Louise attends the 11.15 service and has been a member of the Board of Management. She is sharing her gifts of leadership as chair of the Learning @ Redeemer committee.

2011: Thanks be to God!

Amy Buskirk and John Whincup

If you regularly attend, or have visited, the 9.30 service at Church of the Redeemer, you’ll know that it is a joyful—but not necessarily quiet—worship experience, especially when the children come upstairs from Church School to take part in the Eucharist. In the winter, boots thwart any attempts at silent entrances, and at all times of the year, there are usually one or two children who enthusiastically repeat words spoken by the congregation. One of the first words that Amy’s son, Nate, said in church was “Amen”: not a quiet “Amen,” but a very loud “Amen!” shouted a few seconds after everyone else had said it in unison. Other favourites for repeating are “Alleluia!” and “Thanks be to God!” delivered at a volume that only toddlers and preschoolers can achieve. It all makes for a wonderful, if cacophonous, celebration.

Well, just like Redeemer’s youngest members, we can’t help repeating “Amen!” “Alleluia!” and “Thanks be to God!” because of the incredible year that 2011 was for Church of the Redeemer.

In 2011, Redeemer’s ministries at the corner of Avenue Road and Bloor Street continued to touch thousands of people. Our many and varied worship services provided time and space to connect with God through prayer, song, and contemplation. Our education programs for children, youth, and adults provided opportunities for people to deepen their faith. Our Hospitality team created meals that satisfied our need for food and fellowship. Our Pastoral Care group shared prayers and created events that have helped community members through life’s challenges. And our Lunch Program continued to provide meals, clothes, counselling, nursing services, and so much more to over 100 marginalized people each weekday.

And in 2011, the congregation’s energy wasn’t just focused on today, but on the future, with a visioning process that began at a parish retreat in May. This discernment of where God is calling Redeemer in the next three to five years continued throughout the rest of the year with energetic conversations about our existing ministries and possible new work.

All of this activity was sustained by countless hours of parishioners’ valuable time, prodigious talent, and donated treasure. With the astounding financial generosity of this congregation, particularly in the final

two months of the year, we ended 2011 with a balanced budget. Thanks be to God! We are grateful to the congregation and to the Stewardship Committee for helping all of us understand the impact of giving and encouraging everyone to do as much as possible.

On the evening of Monday, February 27, we'll gather for Vestry to celebrate what this community has accomplished in 2011 and to plan for 2012. We'll hear a report on the ongoing visioning process and

next steps. We'll discuss and vote on the proposed budget for 2012, and we'll choose new Synod and Board Members to replace those finishing their terms. We hope you can be there to take part in this annual meeting and to join us in repeating "Amen!" "Alleluia!" and "Thanks be to God!"

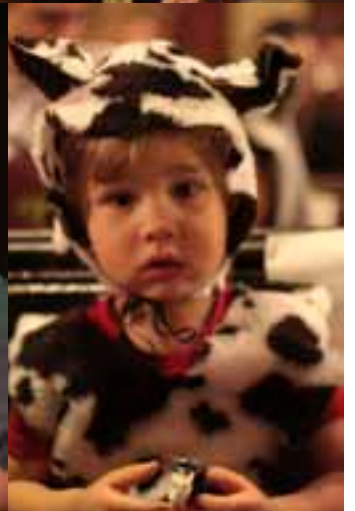
Amy is Chair of the Advisory Board and John is Chair of the Board of Management. We are grateful for the leadership they share with us.

Indaba in Hong Kong

We didn't have the chance to include any pictures with Peter Tovell's wonderful Indaba article in the Advent 2011 issue of the Gathering. There he told us about his experience in Hong Kong as one of the representatives from the Diocese of Toronto in the Indaba process. Members of the Toronto group welcomed their partner groups from Jamaica and Hong Kong to Toronto last June. In October the three groups met in Hong Kong. As we prepare this issue of the Gathering, Peter is in Jamaica for the third part of the conversation. To remind us of this important series of meetings in the life of the Anglican Communion we have some pictures from the Hong Kong experience. Please continue to hold the lay and clergy members of the three dioceses in your prayers as they learn more about each others experience of church.



Christmas 2011





Epiphany

They came from afar with gifts for the new baby—gold, frankincense and myrrh. They wore fine robes and came by camel. The Magi.

Chocolate versus Random Acts of Kindness

Barb Rice

MY SISTER has given up chocolate during Lent for years. As a chocoholic, you would think that this is the supreme sacrifice, and that she deserves all the recognition she can get, but I have always had mixed feelings about it. To give up chocolate during Lent, only to be followed by the usual chocolate overload on Easter Day, with the spoils from the Easter Bunny, seems rather ludicrous to me. She would suffer through Lent without one of the things that she loved the most, only to have the possibility of way too much chocolate at the end. I am sure my sister never had more than what she deserved, but the possibility was there. When I asked her about it she said in regards to her chocolate abstinence that “each time I feel tempted to cheat, I try to focus on what Jesus gave up for me, and on all the many people in this world who do without the basics of life every day. It makes my small sacrifice very small!” I am glad I asked her about it. My sister never ceases to amaze me, and I am very proud of her.

A few years ago I remember my Mom telling me that she was doing something different. Instead of giving up something for Lent, she was giving out something. She wanted to do at least one nice thing for someone else each day, such as saying a kind word to someone, encouraging a stranger, and so on. When she told me this, it made me think of that expression: *random acts of kindness*. Another expression that I learned not too long ago

from a movie is *paying it forward*. No matter what words you use, it has the same basic idea: show someone else in the world that you care and respect them. My mother has always been such an incredible influence on all of our lives, and her attitude has coloured the way we think about the world and the people we love. She is pretty amazing too!

For me, Lent is a time to stop, or at least try to stop a bit of the craziness in our modern world, and do something different for 40 days. I try to listen to God’s voice to get some direction. If I don’t hear anything, it feels like I am not trying hard enough, but I believe having some peace and quiet helps. Recently I experienced the

exercise of walking a labyrinth (at the Advent Retreat), and it was very moving. Perhaps something along those lines (no pun intended), will allow me to hear God’s voice this year. I am trying to be open to any possibility. Will you join me in waiting for the sound of His voice? ☒



Barbara Rice attends the 9.30 service with her son Phillip. As a member of the choir she shares her love of music with the community and as a baker-extraordinaire has provided the community with many sweet treats along the way.

“The Spirit is Willing, but...”: *Keeping an Artful Lent*

Paul Gooch

WITH ITS emphasis upon prayer, fasting and almsgiving, Lent challenges us to be more deliberate in our awareness of the temptations that confront us, sometimes brazenly, more often seductively. Coming only a few weeks after we’ve mislaid and forgotten our January 1 list against indulgence, sloth and bad TV, Lenten discipline may appear to be old New Year’s resolutions dressed up in holy garb. If so, we may fear that, however willing the spirit, the flesh will yet once again be weak. Somewhere W.H. Auden writes of the post-Christmas acknowledgment of being God’s “promising child who cannot keep His word for long,” and the prospect of more unfulfilled Lenten promises begins to weigh upon us.

The spirit/flesh phrase, of course, is a piece of Gospel: Matthew and Mark report Jesus as saying these words in the Garden of Gethsemane to Peter, James and John who, being asked to pray by their deeply distressed master, were unable to fight off the temptation to sleep. The Gospel saying attributes the weakness to ‘the flesh’—in the disciples’ case, sheer bodily fatigue perhaps abetted by that Passover meal. But our embodiment can wear down our resolutions in many ways: through the niggings of appetite, the whimperings of weariness, the small guilty pleasures of indulgence.

It begins to look as though the flesh is too strong, overpowering the will. When we think that way, it’s easier to understand those ancients in the faith who believed in the ‘mortification of the flesh,’ inflicting punishment to subdue through pain the insistent demands of the body. But lice-ridden hair shirts are not only out of fashion; they are woven out of bad theology.

There has to be a better way, then, to support the willingness of spirit during Lent. Wise advisors sometimes encourage us to be positive, to take on activities rather than denying ourselves for forty days. What if we were to open ourselves to various forms of art over these six weeks?

The arts engage us on levels that are deeper and wider than the mental space in which we form our

resolutions and think our thoughts about our spiritual condition. In their different forms, they speak to and from imagination and emotion in language, sound and image, creating connections between our spirit and, it may be, the Spirit who knows and probes the inarticulate desires of the heart.

If I now give some examples of the kinds of art which nourish the spirit over Lent, I will reveal my tastes which in their idiosyncrasies may not speak to yours. So what follows is not a prescription, but rather a sort of template into which you might place your preferences.

I’ll start with a poem and some music for Ash Wednesday. The poem is set for us as Psalm 51, with its remarkable interiority of self-examination and confession. For Anglicans, verse 15 has special resonance: “O Lord, open my lips / and my mouth will show forth your praise.” The petition recognizes that praise needs to be unlocked by grace; we are too weak to give voice as we would wish. It is appropriate, then, that music should speak for us. Often the music is Allegri’s *Miserere Mei*, the 17th century setting of Psalm 51 written for the Sistine Chapel. (You can find it, and the other music I’ll mention, on YouTube.) I never hear the Allegri without thinking of the contrast between the sense of guilt in the poetry, and the innocence and purity of the boys’ voices in the music.

If we haven’t quite given up bad TV, we can replace it with some films especially suited to Lent. *Babette’s Feast* remains a favourite, challenging a narrow and pinched religiosity. For integrity in the face of temptation, it is hard to better Paul Scofield’s portrayal of Sir Thomas More in the film version of Robert Bolt’s play *A Man for All Seasons*. But you will have your own choices. Watching a half dozen films over Lent (good ones, mind you) is possible even when the flesh finds it hard to get off the couch!

It might take a little more activity, but another exercise with music would be to find and listen to what composers have done with the Kyrie section of their requiem masses. This calling out for the Lord’s mercy is a strong Lenten impulse in prayer, and some of the

most powerful emotions are conveyed by Maurice Duruflé and Frank Martin, both of whose Requiems are available on YouTube.

While there is much devotional literature for this season of the year, a few good novels might not be amiss. For easy reading, I'm rather fond of Mme Ramotswe in Alexander McCall Smith's No.1 Ladies Detective Agency series. The theme of forgiveness comes up throughout the novels, but is especially memorable in the sixth book, *In the Company of Cheerful Ladies*. Graham Greene's late novella, *Monsignor Quixote*, gives us a fascinating conversation between faith and doubt, with love winning. For Canadian content, consider the poetry of Margaret Avison, and Rudy Wiebe's novels. His *The Blue Mountains of China* will repay the time spent with it.

Holy Week, and particularly Good Friday, is best observed, I think, when immersed in music. There are too many choices, but Antonio Lotti's 18th century *Crucifixus est* is a beautifully fashioned gem. You might have heard the Redeemer choir sing John Sanders' 1993 *Reproaches* at a Good Friday service. Among the masterworks the greatest must be J.S. Bach's *St Matthew Passion*, which ends in that poignant chorus laying the body of Jesus tenderly to rest.

Holy Week can't end without having spent as much time as possible with Bach. As it ends, though, I anticipate being able to study again Piero della Francesca's 15th century *Resurrection*, widely considered the most compelling painting of the resurrected Christ, fully awake, spirited and ready for action while worldly power dozes on—an ironic reversal of the disciples' sleeping in the Garden. One last comment on willing spirit and weak flesh. When the possibilities of translation by computer were first explored decades ago, there was a memorable but probably apocryphal story about the outcome of an attempt to turn the saying from English to Russian. It came out (translated back into English) as “the vodka is good but the meat is rotten.” Likewise, our attempts to translate our resolves into the practice of a holy Lent will sometimes be bumbling, misguided and maybe ridiculous. But where else will grace be found, except in human weakness? And just maybe the intoxication of the Spirit will come in the cup of beauty and longing that art mixes for us. ☒

Paul Gooch attends the 11.15 service with his wife Pauline Thompson. You'll hear Paul's voice from time to time on Sunday morning's calling us to prayer in the prayers of the people.

A Tribute to Edith Urcella Irwin

Crichton Buchanan

EDITH URCELLA IRWIN was born October 11, 1915 in Cheapside, St. Elizabeth, Jamaica. Her birth records indicate that she was born December 11 but that was the date in which her birth was registered; a full two months after she was born and the records were never changed.

In the 1950's her sister Thelma was already in Canada working as a nanny for a friend of Preston and Eileen Gilbride. The Gilbrides were so impressed with Thelma that they asked her if she could recommend someone to take care of their own children, Cynthia and Slater. Thelma recommended her sister Edith. In 1956 the Gilbrides sponsored Edith and she immigrated to Canada or so it would seem.

Edith arrived from Jamaica and was welcomed by the Gilbrides but something was amiss. It was either something she said or Mr. Gilbride's keen intuition which told him something was not quite

right so he called Thelma and asked Edith to speak with her. After their conversation Mr. Gilbride asked Thelma to identify who she had just spoken to. Thelma replied, “I don't know but that's not Edith.” Like a Hollywood movie, the impostor was exposed. It was quickly discovered that officials with the Jamaican government had substituted their own family member to pose as Edith Irwin so that she could begin a better life in Canada. With that, the impostor was sent packing. With the shenanigans out of the way the road was paved for Edith's arrival into Canada.

The real Edith Irwin began work when the Gilbrides lived at 22 Douglas Avenue in Forest Hill. In 1960 they moved to 16 Glen Edyth Drive located near Casa Loma. Edith had often spoken to me about this house and its size and the ballroom, comparing it to Casa Loma itself. The domestic staff had their own living quarters

upstairs where on occasion a gentleman caller would find himself after nightfall.

In May 1965 my mother gave birth to my twin sister Charlene and me. They were so proud of their newborns that they immediately made plans to ship us off to our grandparents in Jamaica. But they had to wait a mandatory three months before they could legally do so. In August of 1965 Charlene and I were taken to the Toronto International airport. My mother knew that she could not handle the two of us so she approached a lady who appeared to be alone. It was Edith. She asked Edith if she was travelling to Jamaica and she said yes. My mom told her that she had twins and asked her if she would be willing to help by carrying one of us. Edith was happy to help and carried me all the way to Jamaica. Apparently I was a good boy and didn't make a sound and this forged an indelible bond between Edith and my parents. She now had an adopted family and we had a new aunt.

In the early 1970's the Gilbrides moved to 22 Nightswood Road in Hogg's Hollow. Once a year the Gilbrides would disappear and Nanny would have the place all to herself and she would invite us over for a summer dinner. My siblings and I had the run of this magnificent house. At Christmas, Mr. Gilbride allowed Nanny to host her own Christmas party attended by her own special guests. Mr. Gilbride would personally present some of the guests with a bottle of his home-made wine proudly displaying the Gilbride name on the label.

Life with the Gilbrides was good. When Nanny vacationed a limousine was there to pick her up and drive her to the airport and a limo was waiting when she returned. She always had the confidence of Preston Gilbride. Once when they were preparing to go out she had picked out what she thought was the appropriate clothing for Cynthia to wear. Cynthia had other ideas and went to her parents and told them that she did not want to wear what Nanny had selected. Her father told her to go back and wear whatever Nanny told her to wear. "Nanny is in charge."

On a number of occasions Mr. Gilbride stepped forward and fiercely defended Edith's honour in the face of bullying, bigotry, racism and intolerance. In her early days as a nanny she had received harsh treatment from other staff who had their own

agenda. One woman in particular was rude to her and would prepare Edith's food last. Her serving would be cold and barely fit for human consumption. Edith had put up with this for some time and had finally had enough. She called Mr. Gilbride at his work and told him that there was a problem that needed to be addressed immediately. Mr. Gilbride raced home and Edith enlightened him as to what was going on. The woman realizing this did not bode well for her quickly informed Mr. Gilbride that Edith had pulled a knife on her. What? Edith pulled a knife! The woman who he had entrusted to care for his children pulled a knife in his home—unimaginable! Mr. Gilbride immediately employed his Perry Mason-like skills. He investigated the accusation from all angles and concluded that the woman's account was recently contrived and if Edith had pulled a knife she would not have been the one to have called him. The woman was terminated forthwith.

*Once a year the
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On another occasion, the Gilbrides had received a delivery of groceries from a store where they had a long-standing account. Edith examined the parcel and realized that they had received an incorrect item. She walked back to the store to have the item changed and was met with rudeness and dismissed by the owner. She told Mr. Gilbride about her encounter and he immediately took her back to the

store where he laid into the owner and cancelled his account with them.

Another time Edith and the children were sent ahead to an elegant restaurant. They sat at the table for an hour without being approached. When Mr. Gilbride arrived he was outraged and asked Edith if she had at least been offered water. When she replied "no," Mr. Gilbride, a retired Brigadier General, let them have it with both barrels.

Edith also had a mischievous side to her. One evening the Gilbrides were throwing a lavish Christmas party. They hired uniformed police officers to protect the guests and guard the gifts. Edith found herself in the gift room which was being guarded by a female officer. Edith perused the gifts for some time and when she had had enough of that she began to handle the gifts. The officer jumped into action and told Edith that she was not allowed to touch the gifts. The officer left the room and got Mr. Gilbride and told him what had

happened. Mr. Gilbride informed the officer in Edith's presence that Nanny was free to touch anything she wished and go anywhere she wanted, much to the chagrin of the officer.

The years passed and although my mom and Edith kept in touch, time had reduced our contact with her. Nevertheless, we would always see her at family gatherings, weddings, and solemn occasions. There was always a gift to be delivered to her at Christmas. After Mr. Gilbride passed away she moved to Rosehill Avenue where she lived with Mrs. Gilbride until her passing.

I remember one day in the late 1990s, I was on patrol in my police car at the intersection of Bay and College. I glanced at the corner and who did I see? Aunt Edith. I quickly made a U-turn and went over to her. She was on her way to "The Market" (Kensington Market). I placed her in the front seat of my car—and for the record she did not resist or give me any G20 protestor-like attitude. She directed me to her regular shop and the customers and staff were more than curious as to why she was being given a police escort. She explained proudly that I was her "police son." I left her and went straight back to the station, booked off for lunch and went right back to the market. I drove her home to Davisville Avenue but not before stopping off at 16 Glen Edyth Drive so she could show me the big house with the ballroom. Once at her Davisville apartment I was treated to tea and cookies.

On August 19, 2004 I was in Kensington Market at one of my favourite shops selecting some fruit. I only had a few moments to spare so as not to be late for a doctor's appointment. I usually just grabbed enough that I could manage without a basket, but on this occasion I had a basket. My back was to the sidewalk when I accidentally bumped into a pedestrian. I immediately apologized and turned to the person I bumped and she apologized, too. The pedestrian was none other than Aunt Edith. I said with exultation, "Aunt Edith!" She paused and looked at me for a moment and said, "Crichton." I gave her a big hug and drove her home. My doctor could wait.

The word *avuncular* means of or like a kindly uncle but there is no feminine equivalent. If there were, Edith Irwin would be the embodiment of that word for she was a lady who was kind, caring, selfless, gentle, happy and humble. Edith was classy and didn't swear. She was attractive and dressed stylishly. She was passionate about Jamaica, her culture and her Jamaican food. She loved her faith and this church.

She loved Canada and she loved the Gilbrides. She loved to cook and watch people's reaction to her culinary creations. As Nanny she was always trying to keep Mr. Gilbride out of the kitchen as he always wanted second and third helpings of her Christmas sorrel and plantain.

She loved the Young and the Restless, General Hospital, the Guiding Light and the Bold and the Beautiful—although not so much in the latter years as there was too much "kissy kissy" and she would punctuate her disgust with a kiss of her teeth. She watched CNN and followed the O.J. Simpson trial closely. She loved Engelbert, Nat King Cole, Dean Martin and Perry Como. She loved laughter and people and she loved her brandy. In March 2008 she suffered a fall in her apartment and broke her femur. Doctors at Sunnybrook and St John's Rehabilitation hospital were so impressed with her that they asked her for the secret to her longevity and she told them that she liked to have a little brandy every day with her milk and cookies so they marked it on her chart. When I visited her at the rehab hospital she would announce to everyone, this is my police son. My cover was blown.

Preston Gilbride loved Nanny so much that he ensured that she would be financially secure for the rest of her life. Until recently, she lived independently in her apartment with the assistance of her care giving team composed of friends, neighbours, municipal case workers and parishioners from the Church of the Redeemer.

When I received word of her passing I made sure I had a brandy before I went to sleep that night and I'll have another one tonight. In a year's time I will have another brandy to remember her life and how much she meant to all of us.

Today is most fitting for me as I will assist five others to carry my Aunt Edith to her final place of rest. Ninety-six years and two months she spent on this earth. Who knew a little lady from Cheapside, St. Elizabeth, Jamaica could touch our hearts so deeply. ❏

Crichton Buchanan is the son of Astor and Joyce Buchanan and considered Edith to be his aunt. He delivered this remembrance of Edith at her funeral service on December 19, 2011.

Back to Nepal again!

Carol Scovil

THIS PAST November, I had the opportunity to lead a team of rehabilitation professionals to Nepal for three weeks with NepalAbility. Jamie (physiotherapist), Sylvia (occupational therapist) and Pauline (rehabilitation nurse) and I (rehabilitation engineer) went to train and mentor local rehabilitation staff at three hospitals in Nepal. We all work at Toronto Rehabilitation's Lyndhurst Hospital for Spinal Cord Injury (SCI)—and it was great to have a team of colleagues with so much experience to travel and teach with in Nepal!



Nepal is a small developing country, sandwiched between India on the south and the People's Republic of China to the north. Its land size is just larger than that of Southern Ontario, with a

population the size of Canada. In Nepal, there are relatively few rehabilitation centres that serve the entire population, and there are many areas that need further development. NepalAbility is a Toronto-based organization dedicated to enhancing rehabilitation services within Nepal through education and training for Nepali staff, patients and families. NepalAbility has sent nine volunteer rehab teams since 2006 to provide education and training in many areas of rehab.

Enroute to Nepal, we had a 12-hour layover in Hong Kong, and we went into town to visit the city, as none of us had been before. Hong Kong is a beautiful city—of course there are the spectacular skyscrapers, but also lush gardens, and historical areas. We started by wandering along the Avenue of Stars, the equivalent of Hollywood's Walk of Fame; then took the Star Ferry over to Hong Kong Island. We wandered through the city, passing Occupy Hong Kong, stopping in at St. John's (Anglican) Cathedral, to a tram that took us

up the Shan Teng peak behind the city and got a spectacular view! We ended up in Soho, the busy, narrow, older part of downtown for yummy lunch in a busy local 'diner' type restaurant, and finished at a temple, where we relaxed in a park for a while before heading back to the airport, and on to Nepal.

We arrived in Kathmandu, and planned to fly out the next day. However unseasonably rainy November weather cancelled our flight (as internal flights are in small planes that require good visibility to land and take off). We had to make our way to the town of Tansen the day after by flying into another city, and driving up by jeep. Tansen Mission Hospital is an acute care general hospital that serves a large rural area around. NepalAbility has been working at this hospital over the years to develop more rehab options before discharge, as many will not get any other rehabilitation. We were able to use practical hands-on workshops to share information and skills with Nepali colleagues, and provided coaching and mentoring during direct care with patients. There were patients with spinal cord injuries, stroke, and a paediatric case with paralysis due to infection that we were able to work with, and demonstrate techniques to the local therapists and nurses. We also went on community home visit for a patient with quadriplegia, with local nursing, occupational and physiotherapy staff, and provided assessment and recommendations. It was evident at this hospital that we were able to build on the work of the previous NepalAbility team visits.





The second week we returned to Green Pastures Hospital and Rehabilitation Centre (where I lived and worked in 2008/09). It is a general rehab centre, with a specific focus on rehabilitation for leprosy, spinal cord injury, and amputees.

Here we were able to demonstrate inter-professional collaboration with direct client care and spent many hours on team building in both the nursing and occupational therapy departments. The highlight of this second week was our intervention with a patient who had paraplegia. From learning how to prevent a bladder infection to discussions about home accessibility, we were able to teach and share best practices for spinal cord injury rehabilitation in a Nepalese context. This patient also presented his story as a case study at our workshop to staff on accessible home modifications. I particularly enjoyed the chance to work again with the colleagues I know so well, and see how treatment options have continued to progress since I was there.



We finished up our teaching in Nepal with a two day National Rehabilitation conference at the Spinal Injury Rehab Centre in Kathmandu. This was attended by over 80 participants from across

the country, from many different organizations, and across the spectrum of rehabilitation professions, from doctors to therapists to nurses to community workers. We did a day of formal teaching sessions, and one day of hands-on workshops. We were honoured to present alongside our Nepali colleagues and found this to be an excellent opportunity to network and share information across many professions.



After the conference, we had a few days of holiday. We started with the Everest view flight, which was spectacular, and something I had not done when I lived there. Then the rest of the team went on to explore a bit more of Nepal, and I went back to Pokhara for a few days to have more time with friends. While we had been there with the team, the unseasonable weather had continued, and we had not seen any of Pokhara's beautiful mountains. (More seriously, the weather had also ruined much of the rice crop that was ready for harvest, a major setback for those who live off what they can grow). The weather cleared for my return, and I got the spectacular views that it is famous for. I had some great visits with friends, including Sita my good friend from when I lived there. I ended my time in Nepal with a day at the annual conference for International Nepal Fellowship, the organization I worked for in Nepal. It was a nice time to catch up with expat friends working all over the country.



I continue to be inspired by the enthusiasm and vision of my Christian friends in Nepal, and sobered by the challenges they face. Chanman, who grew up in a poor rural village, a member of the untouchable caste, now runs a huge ministry for poor, outcast and street children in Pokhara, and has a vision to share the hope of Christ to his home village, and surrounding areas. They are bringing in Christian teachers for the local school they helped build (rural areas have a hard time getting schools and teachers), who also serve as leaders in the church. They have a problem though—they keep running out of space in the home churches they start! He and his brothers who are doctors, hope to start a medical clinic there in a few years.



Shankar, who became a Christian when he was treated for leprosy as a boy at Green Pastures Hospital, is now an educator at the hospital and runs hostels for disadvantaged children from rural areas, giving them a chance for education, and sharing God's love with them. We had a fun visit to one of the hostels this trip, where the kids entertained us with singing and proudly showing us their schoolwork.

Jamuna and Hari were married shortly after our visit, but neither of their parents came because they

were married in a church. Hari was baptized in the lake a few weeks before the wedding, and was moved by the power of the experience, but faced lots of questions about his new faith, and the fact he is married to a woman with disabilities (Jamuna had polio as a child). The extremest Hindu factions in the country continue to try to pass laws to prevent proselytizing, and while we were there a bomb went off at the headquarters of the United Mission to Nepal in Kathmandu—thankfully no one was hurt. Please pray for the Christian Church in Nepal.

The political situation in Nepal has stabilized somewhat since I was last there. The current prime minister (fourth to run the constitutional assembly since the elections in 2008) is a moderate Maoist, and seems to be able to get the


different sides to actually talk together, a huge step in Nepali politics. He studied at a rural school run by a Christian mission in the 1960's, and it's encouraging to see what a good educational background can do to create leaders in this country that so desperately needs them! Just before we





went, the government has reached an agreement about how to re-integrate the Maoist fighters, who have been living in camps ever since the peace treaty signed in 2006 after the decade long insurgency. This has been a problematic issue to resolve, and there's been lots of disagreement, and not much progress, so to hear an agreement is made is very promising. Practically, it meant we didn't encounter strikes this time, but instead our travel plans were complicated by the unseasonable weather—one never knows in Nepal how plans will work out!

For me, being in Nepal is wonderful, intense, and provides a renewed sense of perspective on life. It is a great privilege to be able to continue to return and contribute to a country that I love. I have been blessed by picking up my Nepali language fairly easily each time I return, which has helped with connecting with people there. I hope I will continue to have opportunities to serve in Nepal! Thank you to Redeemer for your ongoing interest and support.

For more stories and pictures, check out my blog: www.carolnepal.blogspot.com. 

Carol is a member of the Advisory Board and attends the 11.15 service. We are grateful for the opportunity to learn more about how she continues to share her gifts with the people of Nepal.



Parish Notes

BAPTISM

Harry Ho-Wing Kan

May the power of the Holy Spirit work within them, that being born of water, and the Spirit they may be a faithful witness of Jesus Christ.

MARRIAGE

Lindsay Brooke Mens and Michael Charles Craig

Kathleen Anne Clarke and Mark Quinn Daley

May their lives together be a sacrament of your love in this broken world.

IN MEMORIAM

Shelagh Brenda Wilkinson

Bradley Wood Richardson

Edith Urcella Irwin

Give rest, O Christ, to your servants with all your saints, where there is neither pain nor sorrow nor sighing, but life everlasting.

News to Note

On **Ash Wednesday**, February 22, the children of the parish are invited to come together for a day of learning. Through story-telling, crafts, music, drama and liturgy we discover what Ash Wednesday and Lent is about and begin the journey toward Holy Week together. Registration is available online at www.TheRedeemer.ca and further details will be in the bulletin and e-news.

Please hold the candidates and their sponsors who are part of the **Catechesis** group in your prayers throughout this season of Lent. They will be studying and discussing and praying and worshipping together as they journey toward Easter.

You Need to have the Conversation... on Sunday April 29 after the 9.30 service the Pastoral Care group is sponsoring a session called "You Need to have the Conversation..." This will be a session on adult children talking to their parents or parents talking to their adult children about preferences for housing, health care and end of life decisions. More information will

be available in the church bulletin, on the website and through e-news in the coming weeks.

An Evening to Remember is a quiet and reflective service that allows us to acknowledge, anticipate, celebrate, or more significant endings and transitions in our lives. The Pastoral Care committee invites you to join them for this service on Monday, June 4 at 6 p.m.

Each year we as a parish pause for just a while in the midst of Advent to offer space and time for the **Blue Christmas service**. On December 12 about 40 people gathered for the service and a time of hospitality afterward. For those who anticipate Christmas with some anxiety for a variety of reasons tis time and space for healing and marking the season is important.

Gathering Notes

The daylight is starting to grow longer. It is subtle at first—the realization that there is a hint of the sky growing lighter on a morning run that was once done in the dark of night; noting that the sun still shines, just a little bit, when leaving work. The daylight is starting to grow longer. There is something in that shift that brings hope.

In this issue of *The Gathering* you will find articles that invite you to stand in the Light of Christ and see hope. There are reflections on what this community means to some amongst us; there are reflections on Lent and the journey that is before us. You'll find updates from events past. You'll discover news about events and directions yet to come. And of course, there are pictures to help tell the story of this community. Our thanks to Thomas Evers, Ann Cope, Peter Tovell and Carol Scovil for providing the images that appear in this issue and particularly to Thomas for the series of textural photos on the cover which reflect the people over the generations that have gathered in our building.

It is with the Christ-light guiding us that we move from season to season—from the birth in the stable and the dark of night to stories of faith shared; from palm branches waved in the daylight to the sky going dark; from sorrow at dawn to the dawning of a new brighter day with the empty tomb. For it is in the Christ-light that we find hope.

In that hope we will be back with the Easter/Pentecost issue of *The Gathering* in late May. If you have an article to share with us the deadline is 6 p.m. on Friday, April 20.

Services to Note Lent 2012

Lent means “spring.” Spring is the season of hope, change and new beginnings. During the season of Lent we turn our faces toward Jerusalem and make our way with Jesus to embrace hope, change and new beginnings.

We Prepare for Lent

The Last Sunday after Epiphany and the Burning of the Palms, February 19: The palms from last year’s celebration of Palm Sunday are burned after the 9.30 and 11.15 a.m. services in preparation for Ash Wednesday.

Mardi Gras, February 21: Come and join us for a Mardi Gras celebration. Mardi Gras or “Shrove Tuesday” marks the eve of our entry into Lent. Pancakes will be served in the narthex between 5.30 and 7.30 p.m. along with build your own sundaes. *Mysterion*, back by popular demand, will bend spoons and minds. Yasgur’s Farm and the Earth Tones will provide musical entertainment.

Ash Wednesday, February 22: The Lenten journey begins with Holy Eucharist and imposition of ashes at 12.15 p.m. and 6.00 p.m.

Ash Wednesday Release Day, February 22: An Ash Wednesday program for children ages 4 to 12 will be offered from 9.00 a.m. to 4.00 p.m. The children will learn about Ash Wednesday and the journey from Ashes to Easter.

Lent

We pray. We repent. We give alms.

Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent: Some of us live near the church or work nearby. Why not consider coming to one of the mid-week services as a way of marking the Lenten journey.

Sundays in Lent: A well with running water, close to the font, helps remind us of our God who brings refreshment, and life. The penitential rite calls us to confess and accept responsibility.

Welcome Bishop Yu and we enrol

Catechumens, March 4: Our area Bishop Patrick Yu will be the presider and preacher at both the 9.30 and 11.15 a.m. services. Those wishing to begin the Catechesis program are enrolled along with their sponsors.

Welcome *Wine Before Breakfast*, Sunday, March 11 at 7.00 p.m.: For many years Church of the Redeemer has been a keen supporter of the Wine Before Breakfast community on the campus at the University of Toronto. The WBB band will provide the music and Brian Walsh will be the preacher.

Palm Sunday, April 1: We enter the city of Jerusalem with Jesus. We cross the threshold of Holy Week. The exhortation on Palm Sunday reminds us of our obligation to enter Holy Week with the fullness of our being. In the evening we complete the day with Holy Week Vespers. Cantata 131 *Aus der Tiefen* will be the featured music.

Monday in Holy Week, Tuesday in Holy Week and Wednesday in Holy Week: Two celebrations of the Eucharist will be held each day at 12.15 p.m. and 6.00 p.m. The ministry of Reconciliation of the Penitent (Private Confession) will be offered on each of the three days; 10.30 to 11.30 a.m. and 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. in the private space off the east transept.

Maundy Thursday, April 5 – 7.30 p.m.: We wash the disciples’ feet, we remember the Last Supper, we strip the altar, and we watch and pray in the garden.

Good Friday, April 6: Two Good Friday celebrations will call us to be still, to descend and to let go. A service for all ages will take place at 9.30 a.m. and a reflective celebration at 12 noon.

The Great Vigil, April 7 – 9 p.m.: The darkness is pierced by light. The silence is broken by the telling of an old Story of redemption. We will renew our baptismal vows and prepare to engage the world as people of Spirit and Transformation. We will gather around the table and the feast will continue with our famous Redeemer Easter Vigil party.

Easter Day, April 8: Join us at 6.00 a.m. for the sunrise service. The community continues our celebration of the resurrection at services at 8.00, 9.30 and 11.15 a.m. (the latter service will be Solemn Eucharist with incense)

Sunday, April 15 – Our catechumens will reaffirm their baptismal faith or be received into the Anglican Communion. The Rt. Rev. Walter Asbil will be the presider for the day.