



Anglican Church of Canada

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The VOX POP... Voice of the People

The Reign of Christ the King, 2024

Keeping alive their memory



A large congregation was present at Church of the Ascension to welcome guests from the crew of HMCS Hunter and the Royal Canadian Naval Association who joined us for the annual Remembrance Service.

Father Lance gave a moving sermon that hammered home the continuing importance of those immortal words “Lest we Forget,” reminding us all to forever keep alive the memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice for the benefit of all who cherish our hard-won freedoms.



Maddie is very proud to display the Sunday School Artwork from the Remembrance Day Lesson



Slaughter among **the poppies**

Before I begin this sad sojourn through the poppies and crosses of Flanders, I must first thank Peter Mudrack who supplied the inspiration for this painful trip back in time. Peter, with a short note dropped in the Vox Pop box at the back of our church, drew my attention to the somewhat anonymous plaque that honours a courageous Canadian soldier, a native of Windsor, who laid down his young life among the muddy, blood-drenched trenches of Flan-

ders in the “War To End All Wars.”

Millions of young men on both sides, enthused by the plaintiff, militaristic appeals from their governments, offered themselves up to the deadly but indifferent whim of the machine gun and the artillery barrage no doubt seeking adventure and elusive glory. Millions never saw the light of day again.

For William Turner, Quartermaster Sergeant, 241st Battalion Canadian Scottish Borderers, who had reached the tender age of 25 yrs, this sacrifice was all the more poignant. For the Grim Reaper held back with his sweeping scythe until just a few short weeks before the guns fell silent. Young William fell on August 10th, 1918, in the Battle of Amiens, an engagement that lasted four days and cost Germany 75,000 casualties. Three short months later, the Armistice called a halt to the slaughter.

Peter, who many will know from his faultless readings at the 10.30 Sunday Services, suggested this subject to me in the hope that there are members of William's family still living among us in Windsor, unaware of the plaque that commemorates the sacrifice of their distant ancestor.

Who knows? Perhaps this small tribute will jog a memory or two and lead to this young man's selfless action being resurrected

among those of us who enjoy the often unappreciated freedoms that were purchased for us by those who, like William Turner, gave their "today for our tomorrow." D.H.



Rector's Reflection

For we are God's servants, working together."

1st Corinthians 3: 9a

"Dear Ascensioners,

What an event! Our annual Christmas Bazaar is always one of the focal points of our parish outreach each year. In the weeks leading up to this much anticipated event, nearly every other phone call to the office is an inquiry as to the date of our ba-

zaar. On the morning of, before we even open the doors, eager bargain hunters are lined up out to the sidewalk in order to be the first to their favourite table. It truly is a highly anticipated event. However, when we open our doors to the wider community for this annual gathering, we are

doing far more than simply raising much needed funds for our parish operations and maintenance. We are engaged in building up our family of faith by rolling up our sleeves and working alongside those who we usually find ourselves praying beside. It is a chance to get to know one another better as we work together at building the reputation of Church of the Ascension as a place for Christians to exercise their ministry in tangible ways. That was exactly what St. Paul was talking about in the above passage when he wrote to the church in Corinth.

Indeed, we are all God's servants working together to build up His Kingdom in the midst of the world.

I want to thank every one of you who contributed to making the day such a resounding success. Special thanks goes out to our convenor Gillian Matthewman to be sure, but she would be the first one to say that she couldn't have done it alone. So, to each of you who chipped in, volunteered, donated or simply came out to support this important event in the life of our parish... thank you very much!

Peace & blessings, Lance+

FROM THE CHURCH OFFICE

MEMORIAL POINSETTIAS - If you wish to place a memorial poinsettia in the church for the Christmas season, please contact the office or see Gillian after church on Sunday.



A CHRISTMAS CONCERT will be held here on the afternoon of December 15th at 1:30pm, featuring the Emmanuel United Church Choir and Friends, and the Windsor Essex Youth Choir. The BAC will be hosting a perogy lunch after our 10:30am service that day. Come for lunch and stay for the concert. See flyer in the parish hall for more details.

Tasty treats from the pie makers

A group of eager parishioners gathered to make meat pies for the luncheon at the Bazaar.

.... and they made extra. There are a few left in the freezer for sale.

\$15.00 for a large meat pie

\$ 8.00 for a small meat pie

\$12.00 for a large apple pie





BAZAAR DAY PHOTOS





Oh, to put back its crowning glory

“Lottery winner scoops fifty million dollars.” We’ve all read that headline at one time or another. And then sat back in a comfortable, cozy armchair to ruminate on what we would do with such an enormous windfall. It’s a fairly pointless exercise for most of us because we don’t even buy a ticket.

But we dream anyway, mostly about world cruises, houses in warmer climes and giving family and friends the opportunity to



change their lifestyles.

For me, though, the answer is singularly different and it came on a beautiful sunny day in Somerset, England, a county admired for its incomparable cider-apples and bent-spire cathedral, when my wife Bonnie and I scaled the dizzying heights of a grassy, mountain-like hill in Weston-super-Mare.

We were continuing our “pilgrimage” around some of the most ancient and captivating churches that have long adorned the spectacular English countryside. And there, at the top of a hill

that sapped every last breath from our aching, octogenerian bodies, was the Church of St. Nicholas-on-the-Hill, upon which work was begun by the Anglo-Saxons before the conquest and completed by the Norman victors in 1092 A.D.

It is a remarkable testament to the ingenuity of mankind and faith in God that such a structure could be completed on this gigantic monumental mound and it has stood for more than a thousand years defying wind and rain, hail and sleet and two World Wars. But these travails have not come without a cost. For poor old Saint Nick's has lost its roof and it's there that my un-Godly gains would be spent, should I be so lucky, giving back to this wonderful old link with the past its crowning glory. Yes, I would love to be its benefactor whatever the cost and be able to return it to weekly worship.

It's the Nave of this old church that has suffered most. The roof fell in more than 200 years ago and because of the daunting slope, more than 45 degrees, that worshippers had to overcome every Sunday, the long-suffering congregation decided to abandon this "gem" and pool their resources to build a "new" St. Nicholas Church down in the town of Uphill, and the old building was left in a pitiable, ever-worsening condition.

But those Normans were canny builders. No limestone or sandstone for them. St. Nicholas-on-the-Hill boasts walls of solid granite, hewn from a nearby quarry. Walls that are, in some parts, several feet thick. And Mother Nature, joining forces with Father Time and Old Man Winter have failed in their tripartite efforts at erosion and left this stately edifice looking almost as good today as it did when William

of Normandy got one over his recalcitrant rival, Harold Godwinson, at Hastings in 1066.

On the day we made it, struggling and gasping, to the entrance of this medieval marvel, the sun was doing its utmost to deter us in our quest, gaining unfair assistance from The Ship Inn, one of the oldest pubs in that part of England and situated right at the foot of the daunting hill. That mirage-like sanctuary beckoned us to forget the long climb and tarry a while whilst savouring the delights of Somerset cider.

But, like Odysseus resisting the temptations of the mystical music of the Sirens, we persisted and finally came to rest sitting on the remains of a weather-beaten stone monument the words of whose long-forgotten dedication had been erased by time.

We were sad to discover that very little if any of the original decor and artifacts remains inside the

church. But the Chancel and Tower still have their rooves firmly in place. And I was delighted to discover that services are still held here on many summer Sundays when the weather is agreeable. On some Saints' Days and other special Church Festivals, the old building regains some of its long-lost grandeur when it is beautifully decorated inside and resounds to the joyful singing of a happy and uplifted congregation.

Flags are always fluttering gaily from the pole that points proudly skywards from the tower and the ancient bells can still ring out over the largely-indifferent populace that goes daily about its business whilst ignoring this treasure of antiquity.

Suffice it to say that due to physics and the attentions of one Isaac Newton, the journey down was far more perilous than the climb up and Bonnie and I were continually spooked by the rows of malevolent

-looking stinging nettles that stood by to give a nasty, lingering reminder of this place to any unsteady “pilgrim” who happens to put a foot wrong.

Happily, we made our way down unmolested, but unlike that famous Greek Hero, we ignored the “better angels of our nature” and “fell among thieves” in the comfortable, shady bar of The Ship Inn where a drink or two restored our spirits.

Incidentally, as a friend of St. Nicholas-on-the-Hill on Facebook, I just received a photograph of the old church decorated for Remembrance Day and there, fluttering in the bracing November breeze from its lofty flagpole was a poppy-adorned banner that included the compelling words:

“Lest we forget.” D.H.

