



Anglican Church of Canada

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The VOX POP... Voice of the People

March 2024

How Easter provoked an everlasting “train of thought”.

Because I am well aware that you are all committed Christians, it would appear more than obvious that for me, a simple layman, to start telling you all about the meaning of Easter would be like carrying coals to Newcastle as we like to say in England. In other words, ineffectual. So I will leave that particular function to the much more qualified powers that be and ask you all if you have any recollections of Easter that have stayed in your minds as the years have fled away and we find ourselves once again looking forward to Christ’s resurrection and promise of hope.

As my family and friends will be quick to testify, I love to tell my stories; tales of yesteryear that I hope they never get tired of hearing. At least that’s what they tell me. I’ve no idea what they say when I’m not around but that little encouragement means that I go on trotting them out year after year and I hope that over the next few weeks, at least half-a-dozen of you might want to do the same thing and share a few of your own tales of the past with all of us so that I don’t have to be constantly worrying about how I’m going to fill all those spaces in our newsletter, Anyway, to get back to my stories, my own recollections of Easter are dominated by one rather sad tale that began back in 1952. My birthday

has often been associated with the Easter holiday period and that year it fell on Easter Saturday, midway between the solemnity of Good Friday and the joyous celebration of Easter Sunday.

I was just nine years old on that Saturday and my mother sent me off to the Underground station to meet my aunt and uncle and two cousins who were coming to stay with us for that brief holiday period. You see, back then a child could be sent to fulfil such a task without his or her parents worrying about their safety. I was ecstatic. Off on my own with a wonderful task to fulfil in being able to show my relatives where we lived among the bomb-damaged remnants of war-torn London.

We had no motor-car in those days and the telephone was something that rich people bragged about. So the letter from my uncle that suggested a time of arrival was the only proof my mother had of his family's intention to visit. And so there I was, on the station at East Ham, in the far East End of London, watching eagerly as train after train arrived to discharge its passengers onto the platform and up the many stairs to the street. On they went, past the uncomfortable pew-like bench that I sat on from ten-thirty in the morning until just after two-thirty in the afternoon when my mother arrived to find out what "in all of heaven?" I was doing.

Perhaps you can imagine how I felt. It's hard to explain in this day and age of cell phones and instant contact. But back then we had none of these modern conveniences. Back then, the biggest diversion from the monotony of radio, school and homework was the occasional visit by a friend or family member or perhaps a favourite aunt and uncle who would lift the spirits with revealing stories of how your mother and father had spent the years before your arrival.

And so I had endured. But four hours is a long time for a nine-year-old to sit and wait, especially on his birthday and I must confess to wiping away a little moisture from my eyes as I walked slowly home from that station with my mother to a house where my birthday celebration was somewhat muted.

As I remember, it was little more than a week later that the letter arrived. Signed by my uncle: "So sorry to have missed you," it ran.

"We waited on the station platform for over an hour but no one came by to show us where you lived and I had misplaced the note I'd made

of the address. I must say that West Ham Underground Station is not the most comfortable of places to sit and wait but maybe we can try it again in a few weeks. All, the best, John and Alice and family.”

WEST Ham? Now where had that come from? To this day, no one knows. So there you have it. “Nobody’s Fault,” as Charles Dickens titled the first part of his celebrated story of “Little Dorrit.” Just a misunderstanding. But they never came back and it was never put right. So Easter rarely comes and goes without my recollecting the thoughts of that miserable birthday spent watching the happy faces of all the lucky people joining up with family and friends on that otherwise lonely, unwelcoming, dark and dismal underground station. The moral? Never disappoint children. They never forget.....

Got a story to tell? Let me hear before the next Newsletter. We have lots of room for a tale from the past.

-Derek



Rector's Reflection

Each year during the 40 days of Lent, it has been my privilege to lead a study group on a topic related to deepening our relationship with God and focusing on what it means to be a disciple of Christ. This year, we have been engaged in a study of "All the Saints." Here is one small snippet from this year's study...

"Whenever we say the Apostles' Creed, we confess our belief in "the communion of saints." This term is rich in meaning and kaleidoscopic in its references. It can mean "the holy people of God," the community of all who have been baptized into Christ Jesus. It can refer to the activity which sustains the unity of God's people, sharing in the body and blood of Christ. And it can refer to the activity which this book is designed to help, the commemoration of those extraordinary Christians whom we call 'saints.'

The habit of remembering "the friends of God" been one of the great delights of Christian people since the dawn of the Church. The reason for this is neither fancy theology nor sub-Christian superstition. It is simply that the history of God's mighty acts of salvation is always a personal history. The Church believes that the divine purpose of justice, mercy, and love is revealed in the stories of particular persons. Indeed, it is through the stories of individual saints that the Almighty renews and strengthens the witness of the whole community of 'the holy people of God.' Thus, the Calendar of Saints is meant to jog our memories, to remind us that today or tomorrow is the heavenly birthday of someone whose faith, holy life, and witness to Christ were so great in their own time that they continue to be a cause for celebration by us in our time."

(taken from the Introduction of the BAS companion volume "For All the Saints.")



A Big
**THANK
YOU!**



Thank you, Linda for a lifetime of service

A well-attended Vestry Meeting in February heard Canon Lance pay a glowing tribute to a familiar figure at Ascension who has served for many years on the Board of Management. Linda Brightmore has finally decided to retire and surely steps down to the unanimous acclaim of all her friends and colleagues. And sadly, as was probably noticed by many in November, the book stall at the annual bazaar will no longer benefit from her dedicated attention.

We are told that she is settling in very nicely at a local retirement home where she is eagerly awaiting visits from all the folks she has come to know over so many years. Anyone wishing to drop by or send her a card should contact Dawn who will be happy to share her address.



SCRIBBLES FROM THE HEART...

The Master Planner By Chitra Paul

*Father I said, bless me in my career growth
And You asked me to step down for You
But Lord I said, I need the funds and the materials
I am Jehovah Jireh, You said
I will supply all your needs.*

*Father I said, teach me to love like You
And you gave me the faces and the names
No Lord I said, with them it's impossible
Trust me completely, You said
I'll enable and show You how.*

*Father I said, give me good health to serve
And You gave me deafness and arthritis
What Lord I said, I am disabled and weak now
It's not in your strength you serve, You said
Go forth in mine and I will cover for you.*

*Father I said, protect me from problems
And You showered me with challenges
Lord I cried, it's unbearable and beyond my frame
Remember I am in the boat too, You said
Adversities strengthen you, learn from them.*

*Many a time I beg and many a time He withholds
"For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
Neither are your ways my ways", He says
Many are the plans in my heart
But it is my Father's purpose that prevails.*

Help me to help you.....

This little box marked Vox Box (voice of the people) has recently appeared at the back of the church. It's going to help us all get to know a little more about each other as time moves along. Got an anniversary coming up? A significant birthday, perhaps? Or maybe just a story to tell that you think might be interesting to others. Drop some sketchy details in this little box and I'll do my best to get it in the Newsletter in a timely manner (you can always email a digital copy to the church-ascension@bellnet.ca) Don't be shy. I need all the help I can get to make our Newsletter informative and interesting to everyone. Who's going to be first?



Pancakes and sausages before days of fasting

What a grand party we had with Father Lance flitting from table to table keeping everyone smiling through his caring attention.

BAC & St, Katherine's teamed up to provide us with our annual Pancake Supper on Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 13/24



Dave Moore-
mixing the
batter

Bob Hart & Bryan Giles-
helpers in the kitchen



Pancakes and sausages

Everyone enjoying the feast

Lots of Help and Lots of Smiles.



Sponsored by
St. Katherine's ACW



&
Brotherhood of Anglican
Churchmen BAC



Superbowl Trophy shared for first time in 19 years!



**And the Winners for Souper Bowl XIX are:
Rev. Mark Wilton with Minestrone Soup
Deacon Fred & Jud Nael with Squash Almighty Soup**

The list of contestants were:



Chicken Something— Phil Labbe
Spring Carrot & Sweet Potato-St. Katherine's-Vicky Danby
Loaves & Fishes-Gillian Matthewman
Squash Almighty!-Deacon Fred & Jud Nael
Tortellini - Bible Study Ladies - Joan Ziriada
& Cheryl Parent
Roots to Nuts - Randy Cyr
Onion Soup - Jean Stuhlmuller
Minestrone - Rev. Mark Wilton
Special Chicken Soup-Brian & Cherie Laughton



“Thank-you” to The St. Katherine’s ACW for
sponsoring this wonderful event.



Rev. Mark Wilton
Gillian Matthewman
Vickie Danby



Cherie Laughton
Deacon Fred



Phil Labbe

Please, Sir, I want some more!





Maundy Thursday March 28th

Come & experience the Seder.

It's based on the **Passover Haggadah** together with the institution of the **Lord's Supper**.

Your choice of **Lamb stew** or **Vegetable stew**. (**5:30 for dinner at 6pm**). Bring your own candles and wine. Reservations call the Parish Office, **519-256-4341**

Adults \$ 15.00

Children (10 & under) \$7.00



The Seder Dinner on Maundy Thursday

Since 1999, Church of the Ascension has held a Seder Dinner before its Maundy Thursday liturgical observance. Once again this year, on March 28th, we will gather in the parish hall to commemorate this sacred Jewish meal which recalls the Passover, the most important religious festival in Judaism which recounts God's deliverance of the Hebrews from slavery in Egypt. As we prepare to participate in this tradition during Holy Week, here is a refresher on some of the terms and symbols that are a part of the Seder.



Charoset: A mixture of apples, nuts, cinnamon, honey and wine to sweeten the bitter herbs. Its sweetness symbolizes that the bitterness of slavery is tempered with the hope for a better future.

Karpas: A leafy green vegetable that is dipped in a small bowl of salt water, recalling the hyssop dipped for sprinkling on the door-posts of Hebrew dwellings in preparation for the Exodus

Maror: A bitter herb, which is traditionally a piece of horseradish root or romaine lettuce. A reminder of the bitterness of life in bondage, not only in Egypt, but everywhere

Matzah: Unleavened bread generally represented by flat cracker-like wafers, representing the two loaves of bread that were placed in the Jerusalem Temple.

Zeroah: The roasted shank bone of a lamb that is symbolic of the Passover lamb, both the lambs that were killed in Egypt for the first Passover, but also for the sacrificial lambs offered in the Temple to commemorate Passover. Some Jews understand the bone also to symbolize the arm of God outstretched to help his people in times of trouble. Since there are no longer Temple sacrifices, no lamb or any other roasted meat is eaten at Passover, except for Christian Seders as a symbol of the body of Christ.

Good Friday Fish Fry-March 29th

4 - 6 pm



**Dine in or Pre-order. Take out is available
call the office to place your order,**

519-256-4341

Sponsored by the BAC

- Brotherhood of Anglican Churchmen



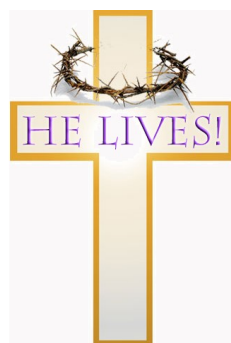
Holy Saturday, March 30th, 2024

The Great Easter Vigil

7:30 pm



Come and Experience one of the most beautiful services of the year. See the church at night, lit only by candles and feel the presence of God.





HOLY WEEK

Continue your Journey

Monday March 25th - 10:00am Holy Eucharist

Tuesday March 26th - 10:00am Holy Eucharist

*Wednesday March 27th - 10:00am Holy Eucharist with
Healing Service following*

Thursday March 28th - Seder Dinner-

5:30pm - Arrival 6:00pm - Service & Meal

*7:30 pm - Maundy Thursday Liturgy
Eucharist & Stripping of the Altar*



Friday March 29th - 11:00 am - Good Friday



*Saturday March 30th - 7:30pm - Holy Eucharist,
Candle Light Easter Vigil*



Sunday March 31st - Easter Day

