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The Church of  
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## EDITORIAL

By TONY WHITEHEAD

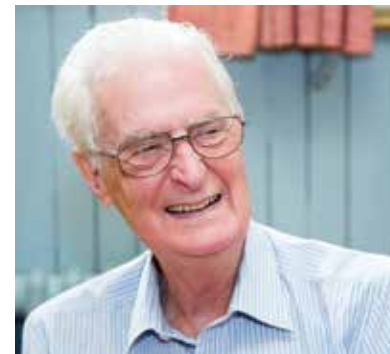
I have always found Easter a very peculiar Church celebration.

On Easter Sunday, we sing celebratory hymns, but all we have is an empty tomb, and a sad and puzzled Mary and two Disciples!

We do not know what has happened to Christ. Only a week later do we know that He has resurrected!

Also, I find Christ's teaching of His Disciples to be enigmatic and totally unclear. Is the translation inaccurate? Or is His style of speaking characteristic of speech in that era?

It is still a great celebration - but with an underlying puzzle.



*Tony*



## TALES OF ECCLESIASTICAL ADVENTURES

BY FR. KEITH SCHMIDT



Recently, I was invited to St. George's in Schenectady, New York, for their Feast of Title. However, because of Easter being relatively late this year, they kept their celebration on the Second Sunday after Easter (May 5). Usually, commitments after Easter keep me close to St. John's, but with Mother Wendy being with us, I was able to accept the invitation. Some of you might remember Kevin Decker, who

for some time, was one of our American parishioners who lived in Plattsburgh, but now has moved back to Schenectady, which is about 3.5 hours from Montreal, not too far from Saratoga Springs, if you are familiar with that part of the world. St. George's itself can trace its beginnings and its building back to Colonial times, and it really is a beautiful church, far different in style to St. John's with our High Victorian 'slum Gothic' architecture.

Here at St John's, for the last number of years we have - weather permitting - gone out in procession around the church for Rogation Sunday (Easter V), often lead by a piper. Well, St. George's does an outdoor procession too for their feast, but it is lead by an entire pipe band with police escort as well, with *The St. Andrew's Society*, *The St. George's Masonic Lodge*, and the congregation following through the Stockades area of Schenectady, which is the formerly walled section of the old Colonial settlement. It was a great deal of fun and nothing gets the attention of the neighbours like a pipe band!

But one of the great benefits of visits like this, at least from my point of view, is getting to speak to other Anglican/Episcopal people all being challenged

with many of the same things as we are. We can sometimes too easily fall into the ditch of thinking if only we were somewhere else, Church life would be so much easier or better. And I would be the first to argue that Church life here in Montreal has its own special challenges. But we all share in the aftershocks of the dramatic changes which have reshaped life in North America, especially Church life in the last 50 years.

Congregations were once many times larger. They had greater resources and had influence that was used to lead in civic, business, and Church affairs. As such, there was a degree of confidence and affluence which went along with that. But in more recent times, both Montreal and Schenectady have suffered economically, as their traditional economic base have changed and moved to other areas of their respective Countries. Schenectady's economic backbone for many years was *General Electric*, which is now a shadow of its former self, and the city's population has declined significantly, but like Montreal it has in recent times been undergoing a renaissance of sorts.

There are signs of hope and rebirth. Here at St. John's we are endeavouring to move ahead with plans to re-develop the Parish

Hall portion of our church property, working together with the Diocese. In the past 20 years, this part of Montreal has changed almost beyond recognition. After sitting in a parking lot for the better part of half a century, we now find ourselves at the heart of the *Quartier des Spectacles*, the vibrant center of Montreal's rich and diverse cultural life. There could be no better location for a liturgical church like ours than across from *Place des Arts*, *La Maison Symphonique*, and the new head quarters of *The National Film Board*. There are also countless new condos being built at our door step. Indeed, it is only now that the residential population of downtown Montreal is returning to its 1950s' numbers.

We have a beautiful church in which to worship God, built by previous generations. Many churches are only used on Sundays. But that has never been true of us. St. John's was built, not only with the expectation of daily prayers but of daily Mass. This was undoubtedly the first Anglican church built in Canada with this particular sacramental practice in mind. Daily Mass began in the Parish in 1868. It is also equally true that we were never a church-bound parish, having been instrumental in the founding of *St. John's School* (now *Lower Canada*

College), St. Margaret's Home, and St. Michael's Mission.

Our operating budget is about \$300,000 per year. Of that, half can come from both Investment and rental income, but that still leaves \$150,000 to be raised by donations from you and me. In 2017 - not an unusual year - we raised \$99,000. You can do the math. This also leaves nothing for the long term capital support



of the church, which turned 140 years old in 2018.

St. John's attracts a varied congregation of many age groups who are seeking the 'beauty of holiness'. Is our future certain? No, but neither is anyone else's. There have never been any guarantees, but we trust in the faithfulness of God. Even though we are far from perfect, He will bless this particular part of His kingdom as He has so often in previous generations.

On Rogation Sunday, we heard from the Rev'd Dr. Neil Mancor, who is the Congregational Development Officer of the Diocese. He gave a very hopeful sermon on our future. He reminded us that 'Christ is with us, Christ is with you, and Christ wants to support his Church'. Jesus told his disciples in St. Luke, "Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye will find; knock and it will be opened unto you. For everyone who asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened". So let us not be afraid to ask, or seek, or knock on new doors.

In Christ,

Keith +

## FROM CRUCIFIXION TO RESURRECTION: OUR SHARED JOURNEY THROUGH HOLY WEEK

BY MTR. WENDY TELFER

One of my coping mechanisms for our harsh Montreal winters is a visit to *Papillons en Liberté at Le Jardin botanique*. On entering the first greenhouse, the warm, humid air lifted my spirits, and I looked up through my foggy glasses at the tall palm trees. In the next room, begonias of subtle shades and massive size were surrounded by rich earth prepared for spring planting. Then the serene display of minimalist bonsai, followed by an astonishing variety of cactus which thrive in a dry and difficult climate.



After passing through two thick black plastic draperies, I came into a spacious greenhouse suffused with light, where butterflies of every size, shape, and colour flew about freely, to the delight of visitors of all ages, who smiled and laughed as they studied the delicate markings. On close inspection, we discovered larvae and caterpillars, reminders that the life cycle of these creatures is a symbol of the Resurrection. My joy was complete when I saw a pom-pom bush, whose pink blossoms could trim our birettas on Gaudete and Laetare Sunday.

My life-affirming journey through the series of greenhouses bore a remarkable resemblance to our experience of Holy Week, during which we accompanied our Lord during the last sombre days of His earthly ministry, through to the colourful explosion of joy that is Easter. On Palm Sunday, we celebrated His triumphant entry into Jerusalem. As we processed around the church with our palm fronds, the hymns marked the rapid change of tone, from glory, laud, and honour to riding on to die. The sacred ministers changed from red to purple vestments, and the Passion was read.

The week continued quietly, with Low Masses and Station of the Cross. On Maundy Thursday, the sounds of bells and of the organ were heard for the last

time. We recalled the Last Supper by washing feet, and celebrating the Eucharist in the context of its institution. The Blessed Sacrament was taken to the Altar of Repose, the church was stripped of its ornaments, and the overnight watch began.

We gathered at noon on Good Friday for Matins, Stations, and a solemn liturgy comprised of a second reading of the Passion, the singing of the Catholic Collects, the Veneration of the Cross, and then Communion. In the evening, we said Tenebrae, the anticipated Matins of Holy Saturday. After each reading, a candle on the hearse was extinguished. The Office ended in total darkness, accompanied by a cacophony of harsh noises.

The following evening, still plunged in darkness, the Easter Vigil began. The new fire was kindled and used to light the Paschal Candle, and from it, the tapers of the congregation. In these fragile yet steady beams, the Exsultet, the great Easter Proclamation, was sung and the prophecies were read. Water was blessed for the baptism of little Lea Michelle, and to fill the stoups and the aspersorium so that we could be sprinkled in memory of our own baptism. After the Litany of the Saints, the organ thundered, the lights blazed, and the splendid display of flowers were revealed in their glory. The First Mass



of Easter began, as the thurifer did 'round the worlds' with his censor.

Our great joy continued on Easter Day, when 115 people crowded our church for the most magnificent High Mass of the year. Fasting was put aside for a great feast, and to celebrate Father Keith's sixtieth birthday.

Once again, I give thanks to God for the Resurrection of His Son, for the astonishing effort and dedication which all the St. John's People devote to its celebration, and for the great privilege of ministering amongst you. Alleluia! Christ is risen!

Wendy +



## WHY I GIVE

By MICHAEL HERRINGTON

André was a young offender, maybe 18 or 19 years old. He was a Native Canadian of the Ojibway people. He was equally at home surviving in the woods, hunting or fishing, or driving taxi in Toronto. One day, his drinking got out of control and in an alcoholic rage, he killed someone and was sentenced to the maximum penalty of three years.

He was detained at a young offenders' facility which offered a secondary school program. I was André's English teacher. One of his numerous talents was painting. Every day, he had art class before English. He would show me a painting he was working on. It was a colourful work, featuring Ojibway tribal symbols. He would ask me to comment on his progress. The problem was that I was not just a mediocre English teacher (my specialty is German), but that I also know next to nothing about the Fine Arts. These encounters continued for a few weeks, with André wanting to know at the beginning of every English class what I thought of the painting. Once again, I reminded him that although I thought the painting was beautiful, I was really not qualified to judge it. He

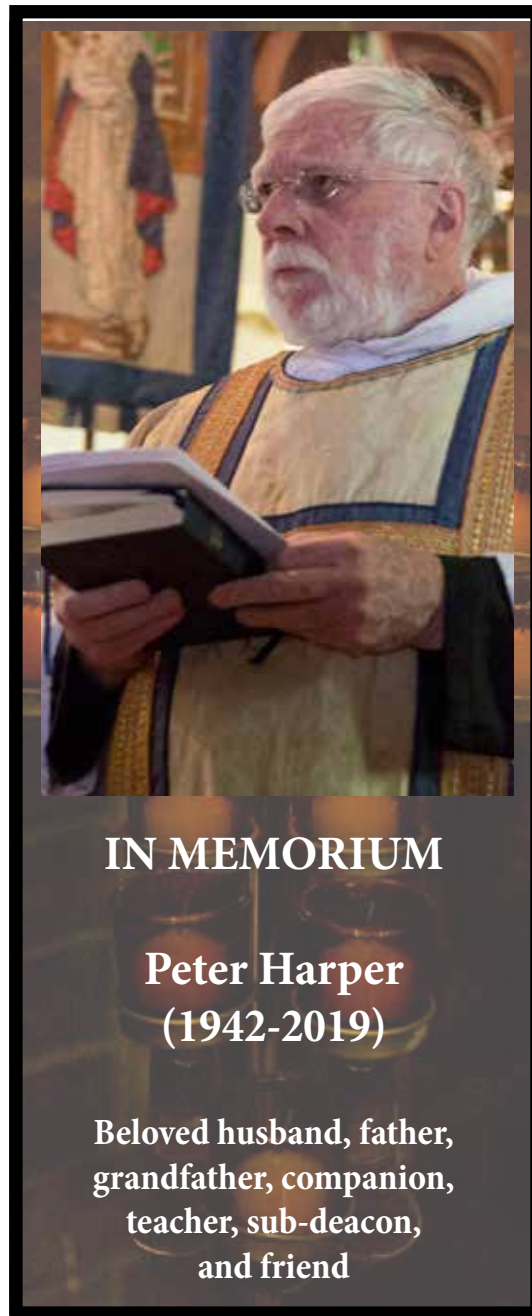
replied, "But I did this for you!" I was stunned. Even the best English teacher in the world could not expect to receive such a precious gift. Yes, André had given me more than I could ever give him. Giving and receiving I thought, must be intimately interconnected, if not the same thing.



Recently, at the Church of St John the Evangelist in Montreal, the Rector, Father Keith, gave a sermon on the subject of stewardship, a topic that few Anglicans are wildly enthusiastic about discussing. Father Keith however eloquently defended the notion that each member of the Church should be expected to give of his or her time and treasure. We are all responsible for preserving our priceless Anglo-Catholic heritage and for maintaining our commitment to social justice. 'Responsibility' is the key word here. Erich Fromm and the Dalai Lama have both analyzed the meaning of LOVE

to include four elements: responsibility, respect, concern, and affection. All of these require some form of giving or self-donation. Of course, there is a catch. We do-gooders must be aware of the temptation to be overly proud of what we do: an 'I-give-more-than-thou' attitude can undo all the good work. Yes, there's more to giving than pride in one's own accomplishments. The more one gives, the more one receives. This should make us humble, not overbearing. Personally, I give for three reasons:

- 1. Stewardship** - Maybe Father Keith's sermon has rehabilitated the word. We want to support the Church.
- 2. Responsibility** - For social justice. We want to help reduce, if not eliminate, the gross inequality that unbridled capitalism creates.
- 3. Gratitude** - Living in this Country has given me probably more than I deserve. I want to give some of it back. Some people even take that a step further and give 'forward.' Recently, I pulled up to the window of a Tim Horton's drive-in. As I was about to pay for my coffee, I was told that it had already been paid for by the driver ahead of me, whom I did not even know. How's that for generosity?



## WHERE THERE IS FAITH, THERE IS HOPE

By SUSAN BUTTON



Palm Sunday is the time that we remember and celebrate the day of Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem as Savior and King. As Jesus rode a donkey into the town of Jerusalem, a large crowd gathered and laid palm branches and their cloaks across the road, showing Him great honour and respect. I always like to hear, "They took palm branches and went out to meet him, shouting, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord! Blessed is the King of Israel!'" (John 12:13).

As the distribution of the palms takes place on Palm Sunday at St. John's, and as we hear this story of Jesus' welcome into the city, I often think that it sounds

like a number of the political rallies I have attended – people passing out flags and pins and clapping and shouting when the new leader appears. Is there much difference between the people looking for a Messiah who would overthrow the Romans and restore their rightful place, and Barack Obama being applauded every time he said "Hope and Change?" Or Justin Trudeau being cheered for his promise of "Sunny Ways" to come?

I think we can feel the happiness and joy of those people two thousand years ago when they saw Jesus riding into the city on a donkey. They had faith, and thus they had hope that better times were coming. Of course, they couldn't know that just five days later, Jesus would go from being hailed as a great leader to being crucified.

But today, we know the rest of the story and still, if we have faith, then we also have hope for the future.

*Susan*



# CONGRATULATIONS TO ROSEMARY!

PHOTOS BY MYER RANDOLPH

On April 28 of this year, our former Rector's Warden, RoseMary Brinkema was awarded a *Sovereign's Medal for Volunteers/Médaille du souverain pour les bénévoles* for her years of dedication and contribution to St. John's and to St. Michael's Mission.

To present RoseMary the medal were a representative from the Federal Government, George Green (the Director of St. Michael's Mission), and parishioner Rod Scott.

Bravo and thank-you RoseMary!



# EASTER 2019 AT ST. JOHN'S







# JAZZ MASS 2019

Save the date for the  
fourth annual Jazz Mass  
on June 30 at 10:30 AM!

We will be welcoming  
soloist Jean-Pierre  
Zanella, and Susie  
Arioli who will give  
the homily.

The Church of Saint John  
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