



Photo by Myer Randolph

The Evangelist
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The Church of Saint John the Evangelist Montreal

EDITORIAL

By TONY WHITEHEAD

I continue to see Christianity in so many kind people.

Two weeks ago, I was given a ride down to Sherbrooke Street by a neighbor in my apartment block. Therefore I had only to walk on the level to McGill, a relief because my legs really hurt walking down hills!

Later, as I walked home up Stanley Street, it was 90F with 100% humidity. I had to sit on a wall to recover. Up strode a man in a blue suit and ginger shoes, very modern and smart. "Do you need help he asked?" I replied that I was finding the hill difficult. He insisted in helping me up the slope and right to home! He also gave me his telephone number in case I needed help another day.

The next day, I had an eye doctor appointment and called a taxi; usually the fare is \$6.00. With the construction mess this city is in, it cost \$18 instead! I therefore decided to walk home up Drummond Street which the doctor is on. Half way up, I was giddy and had to hold onto a pole. A stranger asked if I needed assistance, and accompanied me up to the parking lot at the apartment at

the top of Drummond. I walked across to Mountain Street and a small rise to home!

Meanwhile, the University has closed the University Centre, thus preventing me using their elevator to reach ground level and walk across campus. Then McGill dug up the road in front of Redpath Hall and prevented my access! The city also ruined my way down Peel Street by covering pipes with black tar and no hand rails! I did manage to navigate the hill of tar, but I could not get down the other side. A nice lady saw me and gave me her hand to help me down.

So while the city ruins our movements by stupidly digging up every road in one area, and hypocritical politicians promise us the world, it is the individual kindnesses which make life worth living! Each of these events left me happy and relaxed.

Tony



REFLECTIONS

BY FR. KEITH SCHMIDT

Summer is often a time of travel and of weddings. This summer, I was invited to participate in a marriage in Victoria, B.C. Kieran Wilson and Haley Kruse both attended St. John's when they were at University here. It was a very happy occasion. It was my first time to the West Coast. The farthest I had been before was Edmonton many years ago for a liturgy conference.

The marriage took place at St. Barnabas, a church in the Anglo-Catholic tradition like St John's. I was actually not aware of it until Kieran began attending here. While the parish dates back to the 1880's, the church itself was built in the 1950's. Its rather austere exterior opens up into a warm and contemporary interior with a beautiful High Altar and Rood. It is a suburban church, if one were to try to compare it to something here in Montreal. It is rather like St. Columbia's in N.D.G., or like The Church of the Advent in Westmount.

It was a pleasure to meet the Rector, Fr. Travis O'Brian who celebrated the marriage and Nuptial Mass, and Fr. Rylan Montgomery who was Sub-Deacon. I acted as Deacon for the occasion. Living in the relative Anglo-Catholic isolation

of Montreal, it was good to meet fellow 'catholic' clergy. Fr. Montgomery is a naval chaplain and knows Fr. Alain Brosseau, our former Associate Priest. It is a smaller world after all than we sometimes think. St. John's was also represented by birettas which Kieran was quite insistent that the clergy should wear. There is I think a special skill to packing a biretta. Unfortunately, I have yet to learn it!



Parishioner Ted Hall often commented on how beautiful Victoria was and what a great place to retire to it would be. Certainly, clergy like to withdraw to Victoria and Vancouver Island. St. Barnabas has no less than nine honorary assistants, including two retired Bishops, one of whom, the Rt. Rev'd John Hannen, retired bishop of Caledonia, is a relation of Archdeacon Peter Hannen. The Sunday after the wedding, I went to the Cathedral, which was in walking distance to where I was staying in central Victoria. It is quite a grand building although only a small part of it was actually completed; Anglican

ambitions having out ran financial realities. I was greeted at the door with a 'don't I know you?' and indeed she was the wife of Eric Dryden, formerly of our synod office, who were both greeters that morning at the Cathedral and who now live in Victoria. Just a bit later, I saw Archbishop Andrew Hutchison and his wife Lois. They send their greetings. The Cathedral for its primary Sunday Eucharist uses the traditional language rite from the BAS and the Prayer Book for its early Mass. The Lady Chapel has an eastward facing altar with six candles, and perhaps more surprisingly, has the same Introits and Gradual booklet that we do.

After a week in Victoria, I spent a weekend in Vancouver. It is a city in a truly awesome setting, with the Rockies behind it and water surrounding it. Vancouver must be one of the few places in North America where the original Anglican parish is Anglo-Catholic. St. James Vancouver was the first Anglican parish in what became Vancouver, and it has always been an Anglo-Catholic standard bearer since its foundation. The church is located in central Vancouver but in the downtown east side; a gritty urban environment. The area, one of the city's oldest, has been described as being notable for its 'levels of drug use, poverty, mental illness, sex work, homelessness, and crime', while at the same also known

for its 'strong community resilience and history of social activism'.

The present church - the third built between 1935 and 1937 - was designed by Adrian Gilbert Scott in what has been described as a 'Art Deco, Romanesque, Byzantine, and Gothic revival'. It all holds together rather well. The walls are of concrete and it is certainly unique. I suppose I would describe the outside as looking almost like a wedding cake, something between a Parish Hall and Parish House which would not look out of place in Oxfordshire. Once inside, the art deco elements seem to be somewhat lessened by the darker woodwork of the pews and ceiling made of British Columbian edge grain cedar. The High Altar is of stone from the Liverpool Cathedral quarries, and the sanctuary is very striking with a hanging Rood. The Cross was designed by Adrian Scott, and the figures from Oberammergau. A dossal and tester (a type of canopy) complete the sanctuary. The Crucifix and six candles were originally made by Watts and are of hand carved wood treated with silver and gold leaf. It was a pleasure to worship at St. James.

Then on Sunday afternoon it was back to Victoria and the flight back to Montreal.

Keith +

FACE TO FACE

A LATE SUMMER REFLECTION BY
MTR. WENDY TELFER

This summer, I studied debating and presentation skills at l'Université de Montréal. Before we viewed a documentary on the ongoing influence of First Nations culture on French settlers in Quebec, our professor asked us what words came to mind to describe members of our Indigenous population. The picture was not pretty: poverty, homelessness, substance abuse, and other problems.

The precarious state of organizations which help those without shelter in Montreal, of whom members of First Nations constitute a significant number, is front-page news this summer. St Michael's Mission is struggling to secure sufficient funding to continue its ministry, while The Open Door was confronted with resistance when it announced its relocation to the Plateau area. Interestingly, a woman who welcomes its arrival said that what some opponents fear is not the clientele, but those who abuse them by selling drugs and making usurious loans. Is there no end to the sufferings that vulnerable people endure?

In this sombre context, I invited a friend from the parish to *l'ecomusée du fier monde*, to an exhibit entitled *Nomads or Itinerants: People in Danger*. It features portraits created by André Michel of homeless Natives in Montreal. The works are large, and are hung so that the viewer can make eye contact with their subjects. There are at least two depictions of each person, of which one is a drawing and the other is often a painting in colour. The drawings are done in ochre pastel on a white canvas. Only the individual is shown, without any background details, sometimes holding a cigarette, a bottle of beer or an empty coffee cup. Their bodies are rendered in broad strokes to reveal their posture. By contrast, their facial features are finely rendered. The artist has captured the emotions and the personality of his subjects, which can be interpreted in numerous ways. These are real people, who demand our attention and our respect.

As we stride along the sidewalks and through the Metro stations, it is easy to lose sight of the Amerindians sitting in the midst of the bustle and noise. The work of M. Michel challenges us to regard differently these fellow children of our Creator God, who gather with us under the Red Roof to share food, companionship and loving care.

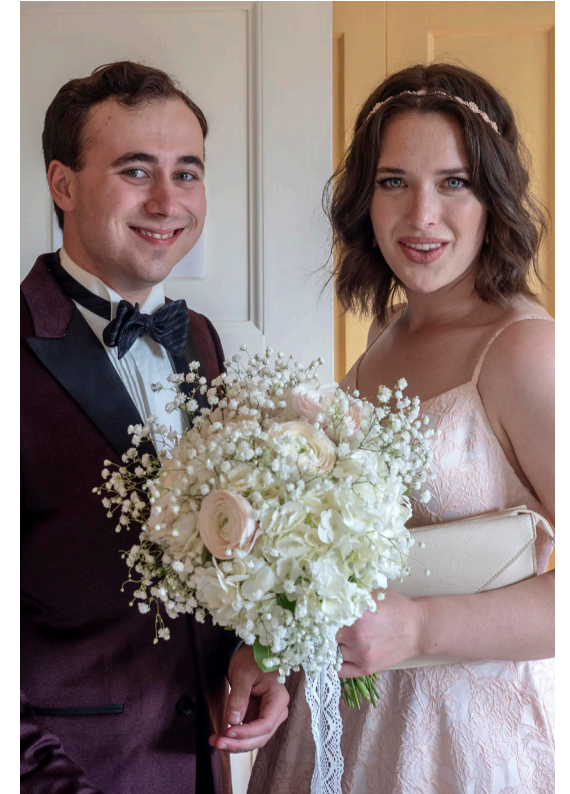
Wendy +

A WEDDING IN VICTORIA

By DOUGLASS DALTON

Michel Pilon and I were fortunate enough to be able to attend the marriage of Haley Kruse to Kieran Wilson in Victoria on July 7. Those of you who remember Kieran will recall that he has a deep interest in matters liturgical, and this came through at the wedding.

I do believe that it is the first nuptial High Mass I have ever witnessed. Our own Fr. Schmidt was the Deacon of the Mass, which took place in St. Barnabas' Church. This parish has a Mass that is very much like our own, and the ceremonial was perfectly orchestrated. I took personal pleasure in seeing the sacred ministers appear in birettas – two of which were on loan from St. John's!



The young couple looked very happy both at the wedding and at the reception afterwards, which was held in a marquee on the grounds of a very fine home in the Victoria suburbs. We enjoyed the occasion, and were glad to be able to pass on the well-wishes of the people of St. John's to the newlyweds. They will be re-locating to Toronto where they will be continuing their studies. Toronto is not that far from Montreal, and I expect that we will have a chance to see Mr. and Mrs. Wilson on future visits to our parish.

JAZZ MASS 2018

By GEOFF McLARNEY



Our third annual Jazz Mass fell right on July 1 - the Octave Day of St. John the Baptist in the prayer book, but was somewhat overshadowed by Moving Day in Quebec. Combine that with the record breaking humidex values of nearly 50, the more modest attendance we had compared to last year was hardly surprising.

The service was a mix of old and new, reprising the familiar Chilcott Mass setting and welcoming back last year's soloist, Rane Lee, as preacher. We were all moved by her tribute to her late husband and performing partner, Richard Ring. He was in the final stages of his battle with Alzheimer's and died days later. After Mme Lee's solo vocals last year, trumpeter Ron Do Lauro made for a fresh change of pace.

As is becoming our custom, the Mass was celebrated in conjunction with an exhibit showcasing the bond between jazz and the visual arts. This year it was the paintings of Sonia Indelicato Roseval under the title *The Enigma of Jazz*. We are indebted once again to our curator Prof. Norman Cornett, and to all who helped to make lunch happen.

Your Jazz Mass Committee is already planning next year's celebrations. Watch these pages for updates over the coming months!





**The Church of Saint John
the Evangelist**

137 President Kennedy Ave.
Montreal, Quebec, H2X 3P6
(514) 288-4428

www.redroof.ca
www.facebook.com/redroof.ca

The Evangelist

Tony Whitehead: Editor
Roland Hui: Assistant Editor &
Art Director
Janet Best and Myer Randolph:
Photographers