

Jubilee



St. Luke's Anglican Church
760 Somerset Street West, Ottawa, Ontario

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MESSAGE ESPECIALLY FOR SHUT-INS

If you would like a home visit – with or without communion –
please call the Church Office and let us know.



UPCOMING EVENTS:

- Saturday, September 29th – Fall Rummage Sale
- Sunday, October 14th – last day to order berries
- Saturday, October 27th – date to pick up berries
- Saturday, November 24th – Annual Luncheon and Bake Sale

(Please see Chi Rho Report for more information.)



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**Deadline for next *Jubilee*: Sunday, January 27, 2008
(Easter is March 23, 2008!)**

Please: leave your contributions in my box in the Church Office or send to me via e-mail at hmatchett1@sympatico.ca – thanks. No disks please.

Tablecloths

Remember the light green and green/white tablecloths? We are missing several. Members have probably just taken them home to wash and iron and have forgotten to bring them back. Please check your linen cupboard. Thanks a bunch.



Have a great Thanksgiving and a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

FROM THE RECTOR'S DESK.....

A homily shared on Welcome Back Sunday, September 9, 2007

Two questions:

Do you consider yourself a disciple of Christ?

Have you considered the cost of discipleship?

Jesus says, **Whoever comes to me and does not hate father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, even life itself, cannot be my disciple.**

He also says, **None of you can become my disciple if you do not give up all your possessions.**

These are strong words.

After the beautiful language and images of the first two readings, the gospel this morning feels like cold water on the face. Jesus is speaking to the large crowds that have started to follow him. Why are they following?

Perhaps to bask in the glow of his presence, to be amazed by the healings, the exorcisms, the raising of the widow's son.

Jesus turns to face the crowd and he tells them to be sure they understand what they are getting themselves into.

He is saying, "Take a moment to weigh the costs of discipleship.

There is no point in jumping in and then discovering you can't shoulder the burden. To do that would be like starting to build a tower and then discovering you couldn't finish the project."

When you arrived this morning Colleen or Terry handed you a bulletin and welcomed you to St. Luke's.

For a moment imagine Jesus acting as sidesperson.

Instead of words of welcome he says, **"Stop right there. Think carefully before you cross that threshold. Do you know what you are getting yourself into? Discipleship costs. Are you prepared to take up your cross? Because you will have to take up a cross if you intend to follow me."**

The early Christians knew the cost of discipleship. Until Constantine in the third century being a Christian was not popular. Groups had to meet secretly. It could be dangerous for the members of one's family if the authorities found out a family member was Christian. Once a decision was

made to follow Christ, to follow 'The Way', it was better to sever ties with family members so as not to put them in danger. Back then being a Christian often meant choosing Christ over family ties. And back then being a disciple of Christ was a call to travel light. **"None of you can become my disciple if you do not give up all your possessions."**

Jesus is making it clear that relationship with God should be the priority. In order to make that relationship the primary focus a person needs to consider the things that distract from that goal.

Networking, the newsletter for the Episcopal Network for Stewardship contrasts Christ's values with the values in the culture of today.

Culture says, "Value things."
Christ says, "Value people."

Culture says, "Put yourself first."
Christ says, "Serve others."

Culture says, "Never be satisfied with what you have; yearn for newer, bigger, brighter."
Christ says, "The abundant life that I bring is peace, joy, and contentment."

Culture says, "Hurry up, be busy, do, do, do."
Christ says, Slow down, remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

Culture says, "Money and power and status are our gods; worship them."
Christ says, "God is God; worship God only."

Culture says, "Now."
Christ says, "Focus on the things that are eternal and I am with you always."

Culture can be toxic for living things with its emphasis on acquisition, materialism, and self-centred living.

Christ calls us into community – "to love one another as we have been loved."

We are indeed loved by our gracious and generous God. Our psalm this morning speaks of how God knows us intimately and loves us as we are.

You trace my journeys and my resting places and are acquainted with all my ways.

God knows us intimately and loves as we are.

May each one of us respond to this knowledge in the words of the psalmist.

I will thank you because I am marvelously made, your works are wonderful, and I know it well.

Nurtured by God's love we can grow as disciples.

Nurtured by God's love we desire to follow Christ.

Nurtured by God's love we listen for God's guidance, God's direction for us.

We come here this morning to hear God speak to us in word and sacrament. During the week we meditate on scripture to hear God speak to us. Where else might we go to hear God speak to us? How about the Byward Market? Or what if we all got up now and went out to the middle of Somerset Street? Would we hear God speak to us there?

The prophet Jeremiah hears God speak to him.

He hears, "**Come, go down to the potter's house, and there I will let you hear my words.**"

The Lord doesn't say: Go to the temple. Go to a spiritual leader. Go off on a three day retreat.

The Lord says, "**Go down to the potter's house.**"

Let's think for a moment of where the potter's house would be located. Very likely the potter would be in the midst of the marketplace - a busy commercial thoroughfare.

Sometimes God speaks to us not in the still small voice but in the marketplace of our lives.

Last month this community heard God speak to us two blocks from here at the corner of Somerset St. and Booth.

Thirty-two people were left homeless.

Thirty-two people lost everything.

This community responded generously in an act of discipleship. When I delivered the letter John Price wrote on behalf of this community along with a cheque from both St. Luke's and the Drop-In, I was proud to be part of this community.

This Sunday marks the beginning of my fourth year of sharing ministry with the community of St. Luke's. Throughout the past three years a major common concern has been: How can we grow? How can we attract new members? On Sept. 28 and 29 five representatives from the parish will have an opportunity to wrestle in depth with these concerns when they attend a Symposium with Brian MacLaren. MacLaren has authored several books and the one now circulating amongst us is called "The Church on the Other Side."

MacLaren says we have to radically re-think what it means to be church in the twenty-first century. We have to understand post-modernism if we want to relate the gospel message to people under forty. We have to get ourselves out in the market place and ask questions about how we can serve?

It will be the responsibility of those attending to share our learning from the symposium with this community. It will be important for all of us share a common focus as we try new ways to attract disciples of Christ. I want to close with a story that maybe has a message about evangelization and discipleship.

Over a period of thirty years scientists observed a particular Japanese monkey. In 1952 on the island of Koshima, they began to provide sweet potatoes dropped in the sand for the monkeys. The monkeys appeared to like the taste of the raw sweet potatoes but they found the dirty sand unpleasant. An eighteen-month-old female monkey name Imo found she could solve the problem by washing the potatoes in a nearby stream. She taught this trick to her mother. Her playmates also learned to wash their potatoes, and they taught their mothers, too. This cultural innovation was gradually picked up by various monkeys before the eyes of the scientists. Between 1952 and 1958, all the young monkeys learned to wash sandy sweet potatoes to make them more palatable. Only the adults who imitated their children learned this social improvement.

Other adults kept eating the dirty sweet potatoes. Then something startling took place. By the autumn of 1958, ninety-nine monkeys on Koshima Island had learned to wash their sweet potatoes. But later that morning - and here is the breakthrough - the one-hundredth monkey learned to wash potatoes. Then it happened, by that evening almost every monkey in the tribe was washing sweet potatoes before eating them.

The added energy of this hundredth monkey somehow created an ideological breakthrough.

In other words, the one hundredth monkey phenomenon means that when

only a limited number of people know a new way, it may remain the conscious property of only those people. But there is a point at which, if only one more person tunes into a new awareness, a field is strengthened so that this awareness reaches almost everyone. Let's think about the significance of this metaphor for evangelization and discipleship.



Two Prawns

Far away in the tropical waters of the Caribbean, two prawns were swimming around in the sea - one called Justin and the other called Christian.

The prawns were constantly being harassed and threatened by sharks that inhabited the area. Finally one day Justin said to Christian, "I'm fed up with being a prawn, I wish I was a shark, then I wouldn't have any worries about being eaten."

A large mysterious cod appeared and said, "Your wish is granted" and lo and behold, Justin turned into a shark.

Horrified, Christian immediately swam away, afraid of being eaten by his old friend.

Time passed (as it invariably does) and Justin found life as a shark boring and lonely. All his old friends simply swam away whenever he came close to them. Justin didn't realize that his new menacing appearance was the cause of his sad plight.

While swimming alone one day he saw the mysterious cod again and he thought perhaps the mysterious fish could change him back into a prawn.

He approached the cod and begged to be changed back, and lo and behold, he found himself turned back into a prawn.

With tears of joy in his tiny little eyes Justin swam back to his friends and bought them all a cocktail. Looking around the gathering at the reef he realized he couldn't see his old pal. "Where's Christian?" he asked.

"He's at home, still distraught that his best friend changed sides to the enemy and became a shark," came the reply.

Eager to put things right again and end the mutual pain and torture, he set off to Christian's abode.

As he opened the coral gate memories came flooding back. He banged on the door and shouted, "It's me, Justin, your old friend, come out and see me again."

Christian replied, "No way man, you'll eat me. You're now a shark, the enemy, and I'll not be tricked into being your dinner."

Justin cried back "No, I'm not. That was the old me. I've changed... I've found Cod. I'm a Prawn again Christian."



Some Thoughts on Aging

[by Bill Gervin]

Maturity means being emotionally and mentally healthy. It is that time when you know when to say yes and when to say no and when to say "WHOOPEE!"

One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young. One must wait until evening to see how splendid the day has been.

The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.

I don't know how I got over the hell without getting to the top.

Yeah, being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.



KNEE CLASS GRADUATION

Our Very Own Rosa Goodridge graduated from the Montfort Physio session.

At the Montfort you had your surgery
A new metal and plastic knee
The Doctor sent you here to physio
To rehabilitate you see.

You started with a walker
Swelling and lots of pain
Wondering if your new knee
Would be normal once again.

Heat, ice and exercise, those 30 repetitions
The workouts were a fight
Always wondering if the bad pain
Would ever let you sleep at night.

But you worked hard with cans and weights,
The treadmill and you found
You could finally get that damn bike
Turn all the way around.

Congratulations today you graduate
Will seldom need your cane
But since your new knee lasts but 20 years
We'll see you all again.

CHI RHO FELLOWSHIP

[by Gwen MacLean]

Summertime is over once again and it is time to get back to the regular routine of things both at home and at church.

Chi Rho will be meeting for the first time, after the holidays, in the church hall, on Wednesday, September 19th at 7:30. We would certainly welcome anyone who would like to join us. We urgently need more people to be able to carry on our activities.

We will be planning for our two main events that will be coming up in the next couple of months, which is the Fall Rummage Sale to be held on Saturday, September 29th and also the annual Bazaar, Luncheon and Bake Sale, which will be held on Saturday, November 24th.

As well, we will be starting to take orders immediately for our delicious berries that we have been selling for several years. Please see us after service on Sunday or give Gwen or Vern MacLean a call during the week to place your orders (613-225-0663). We hope you will also tell your friends about our sale. The pick-up day this year will be Saturday, October 27th at 1:30 p.m., at the Westgate Shopping Centre and the last day to be able to place an order will be Sunday, October 14th.

You can also start your Christmas shopping by picking up a Regal Catalogue after service.

We will also be planning for our annual outing, which we call our "Epiphany Dinner". Each year, sometime early in January, we get together and have a special meal at one of Ottawa's popular restaurants. This is one of the many fellowship events that take place each year. As it has been said many times, "yes, Chi Rho members do work hard but that does not mean that they do not know how to have a good time". Please consider joining us!



FROM THE PARISH REGISTER

FUNERALS

“REST ETERNAL GRANT UNTO THEM, O LORD AND LET LIGHT
PERPETUAL SHINE UPON THEM”

FUNERALS

"Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord.
And let light perpetual shine upon them."

Claire Teske
Beloved daughter of Lois Brigden
Died at 91 years of age

Robert A. Penwarden
Beloved husband of Connie
Died at 76 years of age

Thursday mornings:

10:30 a.m. Meditation

11:00 a.m. Said Eucharist



Coffee Hour Report

[by Joan Scott]

It's hard to believe the summer is over. I trust everyone had a relaxing one and is looking forward to the demands of the fall and winter months. Sharing the joys, sorrows and the everyday stuff is an important part of our parish community. Please come down after the service and discuss your week over a cup of coffee.

I am always looking for coffee hour hostess/hosts. All that is required is bringing in milk, juice and a few treats. Everything else is provided. I hope you will consider this as a valuable way to connect with your friends from church.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who donated coffee, tea, sugar, napkins, saran wrap, disposable forks and spoons. And to the team that sets up the tables and helps with the clean up.

If you are interested in hosting coffee hour or have any questions, give me a call evenings at 613-748-7683.



WHOLE NOTES

[by Robert Jones]

It seems hard to believe that summer is over now: the relaxed pace of summer is now a thing of the past and all the activities for the fall have resumed. For the choir, we will begin rehearsing music for Advent and Christmas very soon. Where does time fly? I would like to thank the various choir members (and visitors) who cantored the psalms throughout the summer. Many churches seem to abandon sung psalms during the summer: we are privileged to be able to carry on.

In our choir, Julia Fogg has taken a break this semester due to work commitments, but plans to return to us after Christmas. You may recall that when I introduced Julia I mentioned that she was from Sault Ste. Marie. Well, another Saultite (they don't want to be referred to as Saulters) has joined our ranks: Emily Noble is living in Ottawa for this school year. Her father, Rev. Charles Noble, was rector at Christ Church, SSM for many years and baptized Julia! (He was also in my mother's graduating class from Trinity College, University of Toronto!) Anyway, we are delighted to have Emily in our midst. Last April the choir had its portrait taken. The proofs have been examined. We hope to raise the new picture in the Green Room before Christmas. The last portrait was taken in 1996.

From now until Advent we will all be singing a Taize chant each Sunday before the liturgy begins. They will help prepare our hearts for the liturgy. These are short, little gems of music and several are included in our hymn book.

St. Luke's is in the process of creating a web-site. This can be very beneficial to the various programs our parish offers. We look forward to being able to further promote all that we do here.

Our recital series has just begun and the 2007-08 series looks to be very exciting. As usual, the series runs on alternative Sunday evenings (start time is 7:30 p.m.) and admission to each recital is by donation.

Sunday, Sept. 16	Janet Roy (violin), Mary Pat Grimes (violin/viola) Robert Jones (organ)	<i>Mostly Mozart</i> <i>Some duos for violin and</i> <i>viola book-ended by a couple</i> <i>of Church Sonatas to kick off</i> <i>our 2007-08 Recital Series.</i>
Sunday, Sept. 30	Donna Ager (soprano) Topp Tolson (alto) Jennifer Loveless (piano, organ)	<i>Come enjoy an eclectic,</i> <i>intimate program featuring</i> <i>music from the 17th to the 21st</i> <i>century for soprano, alto and</i> <i>piano.</i>
Sunday, Oct. 14	Opus Four (flute quartet): (Kirsten Carlson, Natasha Chapman, Loyda Lastra, Cathy Rollins Baerg)	<i>A colourful variety of our</i> <i>favourite pieces for flute</i> <i>quartet written within the last</i> <i>100 years. The program will</i> <i>include piccolo and alto flute</i> <i>as well as a new work by</i> <i>Mark Fromm.</i>
Sunday, Oct. 21	Cara Gilbertson (soprano) Jennifer Loveless (piano)	<i>Music of Mozart,</i> <i>Rachmaninov, Schumann</i> <i>and Fauré will be featured.</i>
Sunday, Nov. 11	Robert Jones (organ)	<i>Lest We Forget</i> <i>The organist of St. Luke's</i> <i>presents organ music for</i> <i>Remembrance Day, including</i> <i>works by Franck, Elgar,</i> <i>Willan, Alain and Bédard.</i>
Sunday, Nov. 25	Christine Muggeridge (soprano) Guy Charbonneau (tenor) Amélie Langlois (piano)	<i>Solos and duets for soprano</i> <i>and tenor, including arias</i> <i>from Handel's Messiah,</i> <i>Bach's Christmas Oratorio</i> <i>plus some Christmas carols.</i>

Sunday, Dec. 9		<i>Sweet was the Song the Virgin Sang—a Baroque Christmas.</i>
Sunday, Jan. 6	Men's Voyces & Singers' Storybook James Macdonnell (counter-tenor), Meredith Macdonnell (counter-tenor), Robert Mann (counter-tenor), Charles Donnelly (tenor), David Brearley (baritone), John van der Leeden (bass)	<i>A program of madrigals and canzonettas by two of the most important figures of early English music: William Byrd and Thomas Morley including Byrd's "Songs of Sundrie Natures" as well as the stunningly beautiful seven-part madrigal "Phillis, I Fain would Die Now" by Thomas Morley.</i>



A LITTLE BIBLICAL HUMOUR

Q. What kind of man was Boaz before he married Ruth?

A. Ruthless.

Q. What do they call pastors in Germany?

A. German Shepherds.

Q. Who was the greatest financier in the Bible?

A. Noah. He was floating his stock while everyone else was in liquidation.

Q. Who was the greatest female financier in the Bible?

A. Pharaoh's daughter. She went down to the bank of the Nile and drew out a little prophet.

Q. What kind of motor vehicles are in the Bible?

A. Jehovah drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden in a Fury. David's Triumph was heard throughout the land. Also, probably a Honda because the apostles were all in one Accord.

Q. Who was the greatest comedian in the Bible?

A. Samson. He brought the house down.

Q. Which servant of God was the most flagrant lawbreaker in the Bible?

A. Moses. He broke all 10 commandments at once.

Q. Which area of Palestine was especially wealthy?

A. The area around Jordan. The banks were always overflowing.

Q. Who is the greatest babysitter mentioned in the Bible?

A. David. He rocked Goliath to a very deep sleep.

Q. Why didn't they play cards on the Ark?

A. Because Noah was standing on the deck.

PS. Did you know it's a sin for a woman to make coffee?

Yes, it's in the Bible. It says . . . "He-brews"

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Who Packs Your Parachute?

Charles Plumb was a US Navy jet pilot in Vietnam. After 75 combat missions, his plane was destroyed by a surface-to-air missile. Plumb ejected and parachuted into enemy hands. He was captured and spent six years in a communist Vietnamese prison. He survived the ordeal and now lectures on lessons learned from that experience!

One day, when Plumb and his wife were sitting in a restaurant, a man at another table came up and said, "You're Plumb! You flew jet fighters in Vietnam from the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk. You were shot down!"

"How in the world did you know that?" asked Plumb.

"I packed your parachute," the man replied. Plumb gasped in surprise and gratitude. The man pumped his hand and said, "I guess it worked!" Plumb assured him, "It sure did. If your chute hadn't worked, I wouldn't be here today."

Plumb couldn't sleep that night, thinking about that man. Plumb says, "I kept wondering what he had looked like in a Navy uniform: a white hat; a bib in the back; and bell-bottom trousers. I wonder how many times I might have seen him and not even said 'Good morning, how are you?' or anything because, you see, I was a fighter pilot and he was just a sailor." Plumb thought of the many hours the sailor had spent at a long wooden table in the bowels of the ship, carefully weaving the shrouds and folding the silks of each chute, holding in his hands each time the fate of someone he didn't know.

Now, Plumb asks his audience, "Who's packing your parachute?" Everyone has someone who provides what they need to make it through the day. He also points out that he needed many kinds of parachutes when his plane was shot down over enemy territory -- he needed his physical parachute, his mental parachute, his emotional parachute and his spiritual parachute. He called on all these supports before reaching safety.

Sometimes in the daily challenges that life gives us, we miss what is really important. We may fail to say hello, please, or thank you, congratulate someone on something wonderful that has happened to them, give a compliment, or just do something nice for no reason. As you go through this week, this month, this year, recognize people who pack your parachutes.

I am sending you this as my way of thanking you for your part in packing my parachute. And I hope you will send it on to those who have helped pack yours!



Apache Seasons

There was an Indian Chief who had four sons. He wanted his sons to learn not to judge things too quickly. So he sent them each on a quest, in turn, to go and look at a pear tree that was a great distance away. The first son went in the winter, the second in the spring, the third in summer and the youngest son in the fall.

When they had all gone and come back, he called them together to describe what they had seen.

The first son said that the tree was ugly, bent and twisted.

The second son said no it was covered with green buds and full of promise. The third son disagreed; he said it was laden with blossoms that smelled so sweet and looked so beautiful, it was the most graceful thing he had ever seen.

The last son disagreed with all of them; he said it was ripe and drooping with fruit, full of life and fulfillment.

The man then explained to his sons that they were all right, because they had each seen but only one season in the tree's life.

He told them that you cannot judge a tree, or a person, by only one season, and that the essence of who they are and the pleasure, joy, and love that come from that life can only be measured at the end, when all the seasons are up.

If you give up when it's winter, you will miss the promise of your spring, the beauty of your summer and fulfillment of your fall.

Moral:

Don't let the pain of one season destroy the joy of all the rest. Don't judge life by one difficult season. Persevere through the difficult patches and better times are sure to come some time.

Live Simply.
Love Generously.
Care Deeply.
Speak Kindly.
Leave the Rest to God.
Happiness keeps You Sweet,
Trials keep You Strong,
Sorrows keep You Human,
Failures keep You Humble,
Success keeps You Glowing,
But Only God keeps You Going!

♪ ♪ ♪

GENETIC SCIENCE: CURSE OR BLESSING? **[by John Price]**

I had to laugh when I read Michel Paradis' article in the last Jubilee entitled "Olympic Champions and Intelligent Design" with its poignant reminders of those far-off days when, as in Michel's case, virtually every other boy in my school had outgrown, outrun and outfought me and I was finally forced to admit that I would never play rugby for Wales or score a century in a cricket test match against the West Indies. I seem to remember that my complaints to my parents that this was not fair merely produced the response (which I have also used in turn) that "Life isn't fair". And it certainly ain't; if it were, it would be dreadfully boring.

In a more pessimistic vein, Michel conjures up "the possibility that [augmented humans] would form and perpetuate in their own offspring a new top layer of humanity commanding power, wealth and social standing over an underclass of un-enhanced humans". This is the stuff of nightmares though the scientific knowledge and skill required to create such a society are probably a lot further away than tweaking a person's genes to make him or her a super-athlete. Indeed, ensuring that such genetic engineering assigned all the individuals in society to their proper places would require an absolutely massive marshalling of the resources of that society, not to mention the complicity of immense numbers of people. Therefore, it is not likely to happen any time soon. (A cynic might argue that in any case, this is how human societies have been organized almost since civilization began, although the means of control in the past have been social class and, if Marx was right, religion rather than genetic engineering.)

Michel concludes by asking where the Anglican Church stands on these issues. Its apparent silence may mean that most members of the Church expect to be in the "new top layer of humanity" in the brave new world Michel conjures up. Or is Michel here indirectly asking the Church to come up with some "dos" and "don'ts" to guide people (it seems to be the nature of churches to come up with far more "don'ts" than "dos")? In any event, the federal government has already done this to some extent in the *Assisted Human Reproduction Act* and will no doubt add new provisions and rules to it as science becomes capable of ever-more heroic efforts to change our human make-up.

Michel's article refers to the Massey Lectures of McGill University ethicist Margaret Somerville, now published in book form under the title *The Ethical Imagination*. Professor Somerville certainly does not come up with a set of rules to cover any situation we might be facing. Rather, she attempts to lay the groundwork for a future system of ethics that will provide a framework for our ethical imagination and engage us in the journey of the human spirit. The overriding concept that she feels should guide us in our attempts to understand what it means to be human is "the natural". On the surface, at least, there should not be much argument about such a simple concept. The problem arises, however, when we have to decide what it means. Someone with a fundamentalist frame of mind could well maintain (and possibly convince others) that the use of titanium hip joints and plastic kneecaps in people whose joints have degenerated seems "unnatural" and should therefore not be allowed. I imagine that the many people who have benefited from technological advances in the form of these medical wonder materials would beg to differ. In a trickier area of the debate and to the extent that Somerville seems willing to nail her colours to the mast on the subject of certain particular treatments (she is after all attempting to create a framework for ethical thinking and debate and not, by and large, laying down her own set of rules), she appears to conclude that the use of genetic engineering to cure people with such medical problems as schizophrenia, bipolar disorder and other similar illnesses would be to act in a way that was contrary to "the natural". However, is it any more "natural" to condemn those who suffer from these particularly nasty forms of disease, often genetic in nature, to a lifetime on medication, of being doped up in order not to be a problem to their own families or to society? If the life scientists are to be believed, there is nothing more natural than that our genes should attempt to reproduce and perpetuate themselves. What is more natural, for example, than that, with some exceptions, people should want to have children? Are we merely to perpetuate the situation where the children of people with a genetic predisposition to these diseases are born simply to suffer from them or, at best, to have no alternative but to take medication for a large portion of their lives in order to moderate (not cure) the symptoms. Is it not cruel or even unethical to deny these people the benefits of genetic treatments when and if they become available (they are apparently still a long way in the future) simply to ensure that someone's hallowed idea of "the natural" should not be sullied? Life may not be fair but we **do** have it in our power to make it more humane.

Just as I finished reading Somerville's book, I came across an article in the *Globe and Mail* about a Bishop in South Africa who had placed himself in very bad odour with his church by telling his flock not to obey the rule prohibiting the use of condoms. He expected to lose his job for doing this. Why had he done so? Because he viewed the use of condoms as one way to slow down and reduce the spread of AIDS in Africa and he viewed the Church's prohibition on their use as akin to criminal negligence that was helping cause the deaths of many, many people.

This is why, when Michel suggests asking where the Anglican Church stands on these issues, I wonder what exactly he is looking for. I assume he is not looking for the kind of certainty in the form of biblical writ that the "anti-Darwin, anti-evolution crowd", as he calls them, are seeking. Is he looking for rules imposed from on high saying that we may not do this or that? I sincerely hope not. Why? Because imposing rules that are not obeyed merely exposes the institution imposing them to ridicule or, if they are obeyed, can produce even worse consequences than those they were designed to prevent. If, on the other hand, Michel is advocating an open no-holds-barred discussion of the possibilities with a view to equipping people to make up their own minds, then please, count me in. That would be very welcome since it would move us beyond the current situation where, instead of providing factual information, our media far too often treat advances in gene therapy, however beneficial, like a sequel to a Frankenstein film.

If we are to impose rules (and I would argue that we probably have enough for now), I hope they will be applied in the spirit advocated by the Archbishop of York, John Sentamu at this year's meeting of General Synod in Winnipeg when he said: "To be 'graciously magnanimous', a church must have a responsibility to both affirm moral standards and to ensure that its rules don't seem rigorous to the point of inhumanity". Governments are, after all, ephemeral and laws can be repealed; churches think of themselves as quasi-eternal institutions and sometimes are very loath to back down on rules they once issued, even when those rules no longer make much sense.



The Concert

When the house lights dimmed and the concert was about to begin, the mother returned to her seat and discovered that the child was missing. Suddenly, the curtains parted and spotlights focused on the impressive Steinway on stage. In horror, the mother saw her little boy sitting at the keyboard, innocently picking out "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star." At that moment, the great piano master made his entrance, quickly moved to the piano, and whispered in the boy's ear, "Don't quit, "Keep playing." Then, leaning over, Paderewski reached down with his left hand and began filling in a bass part. Soon his right arm reached around to the other side of the child, and he added a running obbligato.

Together, the old master and the young novice transformed what could have been a frightening situation into a wonderfully creative experience.

The audience was so mesmerized that they couldn't recall what else the great master played. Only the classic, "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star."

Perhaps that's the way it is with God. What we can accomplish on our own is hardly noteworthy. We try our best, but the results aren't always graceful flowing music. However, with the hand of the Master, our life's work can truly be beautiful.

The next time you set out to accomplish great feats, listen carefully. You may hear the voice of the Master, whispering in your ear, "Don't quit." "Keep playing."

May you feel His arms around you and know that His hands are there, helping you turn your feeble attempts into true masterpieces.

Remember, God doesn't seem to call the equipped, rather, He equips the 'called'.

Life is more accurately measured by the lives you touch than by the things you acquire. So touch someone by passing this little message along. May God bless you and be with you always and remember,

"Don't quit."

"Keep playing."



CENTRE OF THE BIBLE

Q: What is the shortest chapter in the Bible?

A: Psalms 117

Q: What is the longest chapter in the Bible?

A: Psalms 119

Q: Which chapter is in the centre of the Bible?

A: Psalms 118

Fact: There are 594 chapters before Psalms 118

Fact: There are 594 chapters after Psalms 118

Add these numbers up and you get 1188.

Q: What is the centre verse in the Bible?

A: Psalms 118:8

The next time someone says they would like to find God's perfect will for their lives and that they want to be in the center of His will, just send them to the centre of His Word!

Psalms 118:8

"It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man."

Now isn't that odd how this worked out (or was God in the centre of it)?



Headed Homeward

by Max Lucado

Aging is God's idea. It's one of the ways he keeps us headed homeward. We can't change the process, but we can change our attitude. Here is a thought. What if we looked at the aging body as we look at the growth of a tulip?

Do you ever see anyone mourning over the passing of the tulip bulb? Do gardeners weep as the bulb begins to weaken? Of course not. We don't purchase tulip girdles or petal wrinkle cream or consult plastic-leaf surgeons. We don't mourn the passing of the bulb; we celebrate it. Tulip lovers rejoice the minute the bulb weakens. "Watch that one," they say. "It's about to blossom."

Could it be heaven does the same? The angels point to our bodies. The more frail we become, the more excited they become. "Watch that lady in the hospital," they say. "She's about to blossom." "Keep an eye on the fellow with the bad heart. He'll be coming home soon."

"We are waiting for God to finish making us his own children, which means our bodies will be made free" (Rom. 8:23).

Are our bodies now free? No. Paul describes them as our "earthy bodies" (Phil. 3:21 MSG).

You could add your own adjective, couldn't you? Which word describes your body? My *cancerous* body? My *arthritic* body? My *deformed* body? My *crippled* body? My *addicted* body? My *ever-expanding* body? The word may be different, but the message is the same: These bodies are weak. They began decaying the minute we began breathing.

And, according to God, that's a part of the plan. Every wrinkle and every needle take us one step closer to the last step when Jesus will change our simple bodies into forever bodies. No pain. No depression. No sickness. No end.

This is not our forever house. It will serve for the time being. But there is nothing like the moment we enter his door.

From [Traveling Light](#)

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John Trinnell

[by Joyce Harford]

Not all St. Luke's parishioners may know John Trinnell by name, but they will know him as that very tall chap; quiet, but friendly. Most will probably assume he's a retired Ottawa civil servant. Technically John was a civil servant, but as Forest Ranger and a Conservation Officer for forty years with the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests (now Natural Resources) - Timber Section.

John and his sisters Jean and Peg were born in Toronto to Rose and Lionel, a locomotive engineer. The family lived in Scarborough which in those days had plenty of open fields and forested areas. This meant that he could spend hours riding his bike and 'exploring' - he remembers an old church and cemeteries with old headstones etc. The open country meant wild flowers, birds, trees, insects etc.

Although he was a voracious reader, he didn't enjoy grade school. Scarborough Collegiate was not much better, but he did like science classes. Math was not an easy subject. He had failed algebra. The next term was geometry, so John got a notebook and did the homework and more every night. When the final test was given he scored 100 as did the brightest boy in the class! He graduated in 1945 with a Commercial Diploma and went to work at the Ontario Provincial Police office. He would have liked to have to have joined the army. But as his father, who died when John was 14, had suffered for the remainder of his life from wounds he received at Vimy Ridge, and his joining the army was not a popular idea with his mother.

After three years with the Provincial Police, John changed jobs and on January 5, 1948 he reported for duty at the Department of Lands and Forest at Cache Lake in Algonquin Park. The first Sunday there he went walking along the rail tracks in the snow. The next week there were wolf prints on top of his. He learned later that the rail tracks were a legacy from J.R. Booth's lumber enterprises. Over the years John became very interested in J.R. Booth.

In 1952 he was sent to the Forest Rangers' School at Dorset, Ontario 30 miles from Huntsville. There were three sessions of 11 weeks on all aspects of forestry management.

During the next forty years John was stationed in eastern Ontario from Algonquin Park to Parry Sound, North Bay to Lake Erie and in the last few years near Ottawa. The normal duties of managing the trees, animals and people - this was done by truck and canoe. Airplanes were also very

helpful - it's much easier to check on large areas of trees for wind/storm damage and insect infestation from the air. In fire season airplanes are essential for fire fighting.

The more unpleasant duties were chasing poachers, jack lighters and illegal hunters. John's first boss, Gord Hamilton, had been an expert poacher himself in a previous life which meant they could surprise the culprits, but it also could mean tense confrontations. While he worked outdoors most of the time, John one day was asked to try write a column for the magazine *Your Forests*. He wasn't sure if he could do it, but he found that he enjoyed the challenge. Over the years he met a lot of interesting people and visited interesting places. He was a forest ranger, tree planter, fire warden, game warden, law enforcer and expert on beetles which are the trees' enemies. The beetles had interested him so much that he took some courses in addition to his own research.

November 1, 1985 John Trinnell officially retired from Forestry and became a world traveller and an author.

Upon retirement he moved back to civilization after forty years of living on Crown Land and often in postings where there were few co-workers. In 1963 he did have a holiday in Europe, but it was not until the official retirement that the serious travelling began. The major trips have been in 1994 an around-the-world cruise. Then in 1966 Australia and New Zealand and then Hawaii and Fiji. John has set foot on five continents. His last, long trip was to Machu Pichu on December 31, 1997.

In 1978 John began very serious research on the life of J.R. Booth, The Lumber King. The first time he walked on J.R.'s rail road tracks January 5, 1948 John didn't really know much about him. But in the years of forestry in eastern Ontario he began to realize what a powerful influence that man had been in the days of lumber. John consulted every source he could think of. He visited all the museums and archives that would have information. He visited all the remaining sites and structures which were part of the Booth enterprises visible today. He even drove down to Boston where Booth had originated. These visits would be done during John's vacations. The result of all this work was the 'The Life and Times of an Ottawa Lumber King'. c. 1998. The book is very readable and the layout is very attractive.



A SPECIAL PLACE [by Jancis Stead]

One Sunday in July 2000 I found myself at a Sunday service at St. Luke's. I had just moved from Montreal and was looking for an Anglican Church to join. Following the service someone stood up and asked for volunteers for St. Luke's Lunch Club and Drop-In Centre. I made inquiries and soon found myself volunteering in a very special place.

There is a welcoming atmosphere at the Lunch Club. People come to meet and talk with their friends while some prefer to sit quietly and read the paper. It is possible to work at the computers, to play scrabble or card games and on Wednesday, the day I volunteer, a movie is shown. Bingo and crafts are offered on other days.

Breakfast is served at 8:00 a.m. and lunch is served at noon.

There is a family atmosphere among the staff and those working in the kitchen work well together and have fun.

Those who drop in may come with needs that can be addressed by members of the staff. In addition there are scheduled visits by professional workers from social service agencies.

I have met a variety of people of all ages over the years. Each has his or her own life story; some choose to talk about their lives and others not to. I am always impressed with the instinct for survival found in people living in very difficult circumstances. Many times the conversations reveal a belief and trust in God – it always amazes me and I wonder where they find it, I also wonder how they could live without it.

The Lunch Club runs consistently well and in large part due to the intuitive skills of Maxine, the Director. She is strict and fair. She makes it clear to everyone what the boundaries are; what behaviours are acceptable and what behaviours are not. Maxine is comfortable and secure with her sense of authority and she is

often able to have fun, to be playful and she is very funny. Her sense of humour lightens up many moments and is a true gift.

I am impressed with the structure and the atmosphere at the Lunch Club, it is a special place. I look forward to the few hours that I spend there on Wednesdays.





FOR KIDS OF ALL AGES

Circular Symbol: During the four weeks of Advent, some families light an Advent wreath each evening. The wreath is a symbol of this holy season.

Holy Time: Lighting the candles of the Advent wreath helps families to keep in mind the holy and religious meaning of Christmas. Can you find the one and only time in the wreath that the word **HOLY** is spelled correctly? Look from the left of right, top to bottom and even diagonally!

Decorating for Thanksgiving

One item which needs volunteers to support and someone to take leadership of the project is the creative decorating of the church and sanctuary on Saturday, Oct. 6th from approximately 10:00 a.m.-noon. If you would like to take this on or help with the project please notify the church office on Tuesdays or Thursdays. St. Luke's parish has always been 'over the top' for the abundance of produce and the creative manner in which it is displayed.

Christmas Flowers

Yes, it's hard to believe Christmas is just three months away!

If you would like to donate towards the Christmas flowers, please leave your donation (and names for the bulletin) in with your collection or call Olive Dawson at 613-233-1375.