



St. Paul's Journal

Easter Season 2010



Spiritual Dynamics

‘Spiritual dynamics’ – it’s an odd phrase to at least some of us. The word ‘dynamics’ is usually used within scientific language to describe the impact of forces on material bodies. But the word is also used of other forces and other bodies. And for a few decades now there has been talk in some quarters of ‘spiritual dynamics’. It seems to have all begun with a book by the evangelical scholar, Richard Lovelace who published *The Dynamic of Spiritual Life* in 1979—a book I remember making a big splash when I was beginning my theological studies.

Much more recently (the first weekend of Lent this year), ‘spiritual dynamics’ was the subject of several talks by our parish guest, Paul Bramer (of Tyndale Theological Seminary) right here at St. Paul’s during a Saturday ‘Lenten Event’.

Whatever might be said about the topic, our guest described ‘spiritual dynamics’ as the spiritual process by which all Christians are invited to move from ‘what I am now’ (our present spiritual character) toward having a ‘mature character’. He invited us to enter into both understanding ‘spiritual dynamics’ and into a season of spiritual growth, whatever our age or circumstances.

The dynamics, as he pointed out, aren’t something we need to go looking for. What lies between us and a more mature spiritual character is, first of all, the

‘stuff’ that happens to all of us; physical illness, vocational frustrations, family problems—trials of various kinds. The second kind of thing that lies between our current state and a state of mature Christian character is our response or reaction to our trials. The particular combination of ‘trials’ and ‘responses’ in any Christian’s life is the critical point, the heart of ‘spiritual dynamics’ in his or her life.

Our speaker didn’t dwell on what happens to us when we let ourselves be swept along by un-spiritual responses to trials (such as anger or bitterness). He emphasized instead the wonderful mercy of God which we find throughout our Scriptures—a gift of mercy freely given to all who open their hearts to it, regardless of their circumstances.

It is as we receive God’s mercies, freely given, that negative circumstances stop overwhelming us and instead become a ‘stimulus’ or ‘catalyst’ to spiritual growth, to changed character. These mercies might be received through worship or private meditation on Scripture or through music, or through many other means. In turn, our changed character enables us to see and experience even more of God’s mercies to us—and so our characters mature again, developing in humility, discernment, forgiveness, persistence and in other spiritual traits.

Wouldn’t it be wonderful if St. Paul’s Church became (more and more) a community in which the healthy spiritual dynamics of each life contributed to the healthy spiritual dynamics of the whole? The season of Holy Week, and the whole Easter season offer us many opportunities to experience the mercies of God meeting our problems. Let’s pray that our hearts may be opened to these mercies and that spiritual dynamics may carry us along throughout the year.

Paul Friesen

From my Haiti Blog...

As an Operating Room nurse in the Canadian Forces, I deployed to Haiti following the earthquake of January 12th as part of 1 Canadian Field Hospital, and we set up a Role 2 Hospital in Leogane. Upon my return, I have been given a warm welcome home by this parish and have had many questions about what it was like. So I have created a blog online which contains a narrative description as well as photos of my experience there. The web address is: <http://iventtohaiti.blogspot.com>. Here are some excerpts.

"I arrived on January 26th, and what I remember most, getting off the plane, was wondering what I was going to see. The news had given me a sensational view of what was happening in Haiti, and I hoped that the smell of burning garbage in my nose was indeed garbage and not something more sinister."

"Today (January 29th) the hospital opened for business at 10 a.m. The day we arrived in Leogane (Jan 26th), there were only two sections of tentage up, and today we opened! We did a lot of work in the past three days - the hospital is about 6 sections long, with many sections off the sides. It takes about 12 people to set up one section of tentage. We worked about a half-day at a time at first, then all day yesterday to get the OR set up. Crazy heat and humidity - sweating bullets at 0830!"

"Many of the surgeries we did initially were earthquake related - we had a man whose lower leg had been injured and had been amputated through his knee by another organization. Somewhere along the way he got tetanus, so he was very sick when he came to us. We revised his amputation and treated the tetanus, and by the time we left, he was doing really well and ready to go home. Another patient was an older lady who had been cooking when the earthquake struck, and her hand was pinned to the stove, which stayed on until the fuel ran out...she also had her hand amputated and contracted tetanus, but unfortunately things didn't work out so well for her and she died in the ICU."

"One day, we removed a coin (5 Haitian gourdes, about the size of a loonie) from the throat of an 8-year-old boy in the OR. His father was watching, and had such an amazing reaction when that coin came out! He lifted his joyful face and hands and sat that way for 30 seconds - and his smiles and thanks were enough to sustain me through all the other hardships of this experience."

I will always be grateful for having had the chance to go to Haiti. Since returning home, I have felt a profound appreciation for all that we are lucky enough to have in our little city of Halifax and indeed, the rest of North America. We have a duty to share our wealth, and to do all we can to help those living not only in countries like Haiti where there is existence, but little hope for a productive future, but also here in Canada where so many people live in poverty. Our lives are so easy in comparison...thank you for your interest in my experience, and also for all the good work you do in Jesus' name. Amen.

Lindsay Elford



Liturgy and Outreach: "Do you want one of my treasures, Ma'am?"

In the mid-nineteen nineties, when I was a student in theological studies, I was placed at an inner city church to serve the poor and homeless who would come to the rectory for food

and other help. Each day brought different challenges and encounters. Often I would help an intoxicated homeless person up out of the pew and help him/her find a cool place to sleep. I would listen and observe to assess a situation and then speak gently with the troubled person. My first day on the job, I recall Allan's wistful sleep as he slouched on the pew, his open arms draped over the back of the pew, his head dropped back, facing the ceiling, his mouth gaping open. At first his pose arrests me, since his body seems to mirror the body of the risen Christ on the cross above the altar. I watch him intently, and decide to help him out of the church just before people arrive for the Sunday Eucharist. I recall he can have breakfast at a nearby church, so I help him out of the pew and over to the other church.

I recall Nathan's tooth-gaped smile at me, as he offers me some of the treasures he has found near the sewer in the harbour. (Yes, I did accept one small twig!) I can still see him throwing holy water on top of his head and washing his hair with it as he enters the church.

I can hear Greg's voice as he asks at the door of the rectory for twenty-five cents, no more, please, Ma'am for coffee. (He usually says the same thing each time he visits the rectory.)

I can still smell the Listerine that Charlie has been drinking all morning, as I steady him and help him out of the church and to the rectory for a cup of water. He asks me for a hug, and I respond spontaneously with a special hug for him, his perspiration dripping on my hair and my face. With arms open wide, he asks for a second hug. "No, Charlie, you're drunk, and I won't hug you again, but I will take care of you," I reply. "I love you. Can you get married?" Charlie announces. Have I made a mistake? I ask myself. Have I made a poor judgment call? Charlie returns the next day, and I give him food and drink, and no more hugs.

Karl approaches me while I speak with a parishioner, and I turn to him. He is sober, but he tells me he is "no good." "You are created in God's image," I reply. "And God doesn't make junk." I can still hear the loud voice of Roy as he sings and whistles toothless, "Rock of Ages." "You have a

great voice," I say. "Ya know, ya have nice teeth," he responds.

I can recall Maria's drunken cries for help as she lies on the pew. She persists in calling me "Father". Her stale odour of urine and alcohol overcomes my senses. (By the end of the summer, I learn that Maria died from a fall down a flight of stairs.)

Daily for weeks, Eddie follows me silently as I speak to those who enter the church and offer support for the poor and homeless. I am aware that Eddie can become violent, and I behave in a consistent, gentle but firm manner with him. I do not approach him, nor do I ever display fear in his presence, since I feel that he would despise me if I did. I treat him well and give him food when he is hungry, and he seems to tolerate me or at least find me neutral.

I have listened to the stories of all types of people who enter the walls of the church. (These are not their real names.) I have responded to questions from some as to why we allow the "street people" to sit in the church, with a declaration that these folks have as much a right to sit in the church as anyone else as long as they behave appropriately. Most of the homeless people I served over the two years in the inner city church had fallen between the cracks of the social services system. No one was ensuring that they took their medications, ate regularly, and slept out of the heat of summer and cold of winter.

When I reflect upon my ministry to the poor those two years, I often hear within my mind, Jesus words, "...for I was hungry and you gave me food; I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink; I was a stranger and you welcomed me; I was naked and you gave me clothing; I was sick and you took care of me; I was in prison and you visited me" (Mt.25:35-36). It is in listening to these people, welcoming them with a smile, that I have felt the presence of the Holy Spirit and touched the face of Christ. It is in affirming these special people that they are "good enough" that I experience the movement of the Holy Spirit. It is in sensing their acceptance of my presence that I feel blessed and privileged to have been placed at this particular inner city church to serve God's special people.

Throughout the Old and New Testaments, prophets, psalmists, and the Gospel writers exhort us to take care of those in need. The early Church developed a practice of taking the Eucharist after the liturgy to the poor, the sick, and the widows. In the book of Acts we read that the community of faith sent famine relief through Paul and Barnabas to Jerusalem (Acts 11:27-30). In St. Paul's letter to the Galatians, he claims that the ethics of the Gospel demand that we live out our faith by our good deeds for those in need. In other words, the only way to live out our faith is through acts of love (Galatians 5:6). The letter of James reminds us that we believe in vain if we have faith without good works (1 James 2:14-26). "I by my works will show you my faith" (1 James 7:18b). (See also Mt25:31-46; Gal.5:6). The letter of James exhorts us to treat the rich and poor alike, for one is not better than the other in the eyes of God (1 James 2:1-13). (1 John 2:7-11 love one another; 1 John 3:1-10)

Our liturgy reflects the same declarations to care for the poor, the widow, the sick, and the prisoner, in other words, those in need. Psalm 72 is a good example, "He shall keep the simple folk by their right, save the children of the poor, and punish the wrong doer...In his time shall righteousness flourish; ...and abundance of peace...For he shall deliver the poor when he crieth; the needy also, and shall preserve the souls of the poor..." When our Gospel reading proclaims *The Sermon on the Mount* in Matthew and Luke, we hear the Gospel writer name the poor as "blessed," and affirm and console those who mourn, who suffer, who carry their cross for Jesus' sake. Even our Eucharistic prayers name the miracles and ministry of Jesus who healed the sick and associated with outcasts and sinners. These prayers express the hope that God's household or kingdom on earth will be a place of peace and justice where all peoples share the abundance God has promised us. Eucharistic prayer 5 declares that Christ "... cares for the poor and the hungry....He suffers with the sick and the rejected." *Book of Alternative Services*, p.205)

Even the Dismissal tells us to "Go in peace to love and serve the Lord;" in other words, to love God by serving those in need. Now that we have been immersed in liturgical proofs of our Christian duty

to social justice and outreach, how can we live out what we do in worship?

We can live our call to outreach in compassionate ways to respond to cries of the poor or those in need. We can give what time we can set aside to do volunteer work to support our outreach programmes at St. Paul's, or we can give monetary support. We can vote and support public officials who advocate social justice. We can refuse to support industries that abuse workers with low wages, no benefits, and long hours. We can refuse to support public officials, businesses, and corporations that abuse our environment.

During Lent the church urges us to fast, pray, and give alms to the poor. I would advocate that instead of giving up something, we take on some particular task that would benefit our church, school or community. If we decide to give up something, then the money we would save from our abstinence, we could offer for social justice supports.

In *The Cost of Discipleship*, Dietrich Bonhoeffer comments powerfully on prayer and righteous action.

"Righteous action among the people saves prayer from becoming an escape into self-satisfied piety. Prayer saves righteous action among the people from self-righteousness. Righteous action saves prayer from the hypocrisy among the pious which the children of the world will never fail to spot. Prayer saves righteous action from the fanatical ideologizing through which those who are committed to change become bad representatives of their own commitment. Righteous action saves prayer from pessimism. Prayer saves righteous action from resignation. Action keeps prayer in the realm of reality; prayer keeps action within the realm of truth."

Over the holidays, I was blessed to spend Christmas with my daughter and her husband and their three young children. They are Jewish and had just finished celebrating Hanukkah. The first day I was there my nine year old grandson asked his father if he could take some cookies to the elderly couple next door, since as he put it, "It's a mitzvah, Dad." What he was trying to say, was that his teacher at

Hebrew school had talked of the mitzvahs or religious and moral commands given by God to the people of Israel that focused on helping out others. Last year, when he celebrated his eighth birthday, he asked family and friends in lieu of gifts to donate money to an organization that plants citrus trees in Africa. He understands mitzvah to extend to all of creation as a command of God to care for those in need and that includes our environment. We have inherited the same commands of God through Moses, the prophets, Jesus, St. Paul, and others that exhort us to take care of the widow, the sick, the poor, and the imprisoned, in other words, those in need.

When I was a student at the Atlantic School of Theology in the mid-nineties, I was placed at an inner city church, where I minded the door of the parish rectory and church to respond to requests by the people who lived on the streets. I would give them coffee and sandwiches and listen to their stories. Gradually, I knew each one by name and a little about each one. I believe it was this curiosity and wonder at the stories they told that sustained them as much as the food and drink. Our conversations built the relationships I treasured with these special individuals over a couple of years. They were the collectors and gatherers of our city, who collected what coins the public would offer and gathered bottles and items they could recycle for cash. No one was perfectly honest. I recall the young couple whose story elicited my last twenty dollar bill. I doubt that I actually paid for diapers. It was in really listening to their stories that I believe they felt valued and respected. When one man I had just met referred to himself as a "piece of junk," I responded with, "You were created in God's image, and God doesn't create 'junk!'"

*Sue Walters,
Divinity Student*



Impressions of St. Paul's Church in the 1860's

The following sketch was written by Mrs. W.B. Slayter in 1891.

'On my way to Halifax [about] twenty-five years ago, I met in St. John, Dr. Bernard Gilpin. This clever and interesting man was kind enough to tell me about the city to which I was going. Not only the more trifling bits of information about hotels and shops, but much of historical and scientific interest. Confederation had brought Nova Scotia into a prominence which excited a new interest in her during that rather painful struggle.

Coming down to more personal matters I asked Dr. Gilpin which church I would be most at home in. "You will be nearest to St. Paul's and I go there when I go anywhere", he said, "but you will find St. Luke's most like what you have been used to".

The fates decided otherwise and our first Sunday in Halifax found us wending our way to St. Paul's in obedience to the bells which called out in the most matter of fact way. "Come to church, come to church, come to church".

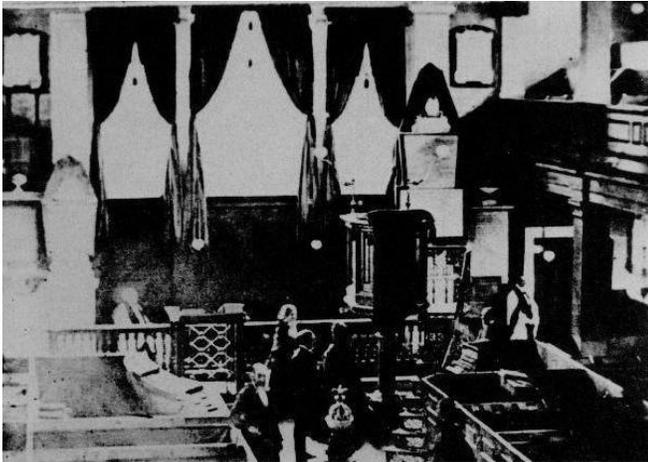
Shall I ever forget the sensation?

Opening a door I found myself facing a congregation which filled every apparent space. I felt as a man does who, retiring from a ladies' drawing room opens the wrong door and finds himself in a cupboard, or plunging down into the cellar. A dumpy motherly pew opener with spectacles on nose and a wonderful bonnet on her head took pity on me and whisked me into a pew near the front of the church, where after half an hour's blushing and misery, I 'came to' and looked around.

A big square church, no chancel, three broad aisles, a gallery around three sides, at the north end of this gallery the organ loft, with a delightful looking old organ with plaster and gold cherubs smiling from its front. There was no "dim religious light", no painted glass, no delicate tracery of carving. "The Lion and the Unicorn fighting for the Crown" decorated the North gallery. A crimson curtain draped the big

window behind the communion table. Square-doored pews with solid fastenings, let each respective family into its proper well-defined space.

The Ten Commandments, in gold letters on a black ground, and some mural tablets were at the South end of the church. The pulpit cushions were of red velvet, the big books on the communion table rested on red cushions. The font was very small and had a chirpy gilt dove perched above it.



The front of the church – taken before 1872. From left to Right: The Ven. Robert Willis, Andrew M. Uniacke, Mrs. Uniacke, the Hon. Philip C. Hill, Joseph Keefer, and the Rev. George Hill.

The clergyman – Rev. Dr. George W. Hill, Rector of the parish from 1868 to 1885 – spoke in a ringing decisive way, with a constant rising inflection at the end of each sentence. He did the whole service and preached a capital sermon, and the choir of girls and men supplied the musical part of the service, the organist being a lady. The responses were whispered reverentially by the people, only in the reading of the Psalter did they speak up. No one sang, that I saw, but the choir. The hymn tunes were pretty, the girls' voices were as fresh as their faces, the tenors and basses did wonderfully, but the harmony betrayed a diversity of opinion, which led one to believe that some of the men and maidens sang "by ear".

In the congregation was a marked absence of genuflection – even in the creed many stood with unbowed heads. Some devout women knelt on the floor in their pews with their faces hidden in the cushions in a way that I had never seen before. Some old gentlemen turned and looked at the choir

while they were singing and they were well worth looking at. There were some very pretty girls in the choir twenty-five years ago. Not that I mean to insinuate that the old gentlemen looked at the girls; they were beyond suspicion. Grave and venerable old men, whom to look upon was a joy for a woman who had come from a young western city where a white head was rarely seen.



1865 Choir

I went many and many a Sunday after that first one, to dear old St. Paul's, and I remember with the vividness of first impressions so many faces and figures – now passed on from the church militant to the church triumphant. How well I remember the eagle-like face of Judge Ritchie, so clear cut and distinguished. The aristocratic bearing of Mr. Mather Almon and Mr. Wm. Pryor, typical English gentlemen erect, substantial in breadth, and a certain imperiousness of mien. Judge Wilkins slender, commanding figure and striking head, and the bent figure of a constant church goer, Mr. Edward Pryor. Mr. John Haliburton came stepping quietly up the aisle every Sunday, always late, and sometimes in his efforts to be noiseless, dropping his umbrella. He had been known to leave his galoshes on one particular unfortunate Sunday. How the women who used to collect for St. Paul's charities used to bless this same Mr. Haliburton, who paid so generously, and as if it was the greatest complement to be asked to give. Ah! The courtliness that some of our rich men of now-a-days might imitate.

There was, as there is in every church, a company of unmarried women in St. Paul's Church, who did devote themselves to good works. Among these "uncalendared saints" whose meek goodness, prevailing prayers and patient labour keep this world sweet, one face rises I am sure to the mind of every member of the St. Paul's of that day - "Dear Miss Cogswell" whom to have known was the best argument for the reality of Christianity.

St. Paul's Church gathered into its pews such large families as could not but be noticeable to an American, accustomed to the small families of "the States". Many families filled two long pews, Judge Ritchie's, Dr. Almon's, Colonel Francklyn's. The Rector's pew was filled to overflowing with pretty dark-eyed, brown-haired children. How the faces rush back to my memory, and how few are left of the older people, who were bearing the burden of the church in the world.

St. Paul's Church was, and is, unlike any Episcopal church I had seen. It represented a phase of churchliness that we had not developed in the United States.

The sexton of the church was an old soldier, a total abstainer, but being human, he occasionally lapsed from strict sobriety. Girls wore in those days (no one knew why) yards of narrow ribbon tied around their necks, hanging in long loops behind. One of these ladies came down the aisle blissfully unconscious that in the throng, the sexton was driving her by these convenient reins. It was one of those days when he had "had a glass", poor old man.'

This is halfway through the book by Mrs. Slayter, but I hope to continue it at another time. My mother found it in her old home, which was the church rectory in my grandfather's time. It was at 5770 Spring Garden Road and called "The Hermitage". She kept book for some years and then gave it to me to keep, a few years before her death in 1970. I have finally given it to the St. Paul's Archives. My mother was Helen (Armitage) Arnell.

Jill Field Alexander

Friends of St. Paul's

At this quiet time of our church's year we take time to remember our Friends who have been part of St. Paul's Worship over the years. We think of you as you observe the Season of Lent through Prayer and Meditation.

On Ash Wednesday we celebrate at 11 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. Holy Communion Services including imposition of ashes. We will hold our Palm Service with the meaningful waving of palms Hosanna!!

We take time for Lenten study and Scripture reading – both privately and in group reading.

Included in our Lenten season will be a Confirmation Service and our Annual General Meeting both opportunities for prayer and meditation.

During Holy Week we take time to celebrate Maundy Thursday. Good Friday we remember the Seven Last Words.

Our congregation deeply appreciates Services and opportunities made available to them throughout the Holy Season of Lent.

I was very pleased to receive a call from a long-standing Friend from Calgary. Mrs. Jean Gould, formerly of the Halifax area and supporter of St. Paul's, sends her Greetings and Blessings to all. We do appreciate her support and interest and extend our very Best Wishes to her and her family.

We were saddened by the death of Mrs. Lillian Milne and the death of Mrs. Marge Hannon. Both were members of St. Paul's congregation for many years and will be greatly missed.

May we extend to all our Friends a Joyous and Happy Easter.

Dot Kelly



Update from Kate and David Turner:

After nearly three years in Toronto, David is finishing up his Master of Divinity degree at Wycliffe College. His ordination in the Diocese of Toronto is coming quickly - May 2 - and he is currently interviewing for curacy placements in this Diocese. I (Kate) am writing this update on his behalf since he is swamped with thesis writing and school work as the term comes to an end. Silas (our 9 month old) and I have had a great year together, but it is coming to an end as I prepare to go back to work in June. Luckily Dave will be able to spend the summer with Silas before starting his placement. Please keep us in your prayers as this new chapter in our lives begins. We think of our St. Paul's family fondly and hope to see you again soon!

*Kate Turner**Christmas Eve Nativity Service at St. Paul's*

A child cried, 'YAY!'
when the first carol ended;
we--who have been so deeply befriended---
smiled, laughed, enjoyed,
and some wished--prayed!--for such freedom
from our long-time ways,
and inhibitions,
and formalities,
that we too might offer
our Lord, our Friend
our spontaneous,
heartfelt praise!

Gretchen Gillis
24 December 2009

Passover Supper

H. Mel Malton

The night before the Day of Unleavened Bread
I dreamed.

(I'm a busy woman. I don't dream, as a rule.)
My husband tells me I wept in the dark.

We observe the Holy Days, my husband and I.
We might be called careful.

Scrub the upper room, the Dream said.
You will be having guests.
We are quiet people
We're not ones for entertaining.

The room upstairs was full of goods
held against need.
Cluttered. Dust in the corners like dunes.
One big table piled high.
(This will be fine, the Dream said.)

We had words before we slept.
Jether and I,
Back to back like beetles bristling.
but he held me in the morning.
The room, I said. The room.

We are busy people.

We are not poor people.
 We have servants to scrub rooms.
 This room we scrubbed ourselves.
 (For my sake, the Dream said.)

Why are we doing this? Jether said.
 I dreamed it, I said.
 Why are you doing this? Our servant Shomer said.
 Fetch water, Jether said.

They had hot eyes.
 the Israelites bearing Shomer's jar home.
 The Teacher asks, where is my guest room
 where I may eat the Passover
 with my disciples? they said.
 Here, we said.

It was a dream itself, that day.
 A bustle. A harry, tarry-not sweep of things.
 A building up and a taking down.
 Have a Passover party? Michah my brother asked.
 Can I come? Barachel our neighbour said.
 Help us prepare, we said.

The Teacher came at twilight
 with a company.
 Jahlaa my cook said later that
 She found thirty fishes in the larder and
 Her flour jar poured forth
 And figs came from nowhere.
 Shomer said the wine came from the well.

We served them, all of us.
 Jether in his best temple robe, I in mine,
 Michah clean-shaven and Barachel
 with his beard oiled,
 spilling plates.
 Shomer and Jahlaa teaching us.

We listened.
 You know, one of you will betray me,
 the Teacher said.
 Hands froze in the bowl.

Not me. Not me, Lord. We moved back.
 A brawl? A rift?
 His words were harsh and one man
 slipped away.
 (Stepped on Shomer's foot in the door.)

This Teacher

spoke of love, filled the room with words spilling
 like water from a rushing stream.
 A lot to say in so short a time.
 Wild hair. A smile that would melt stone.

Jahlaa brought a hot loaf up.
 The Teacher took it in his hands like a baby.
 He blessed it and pulled pieces from it
 enough for the company and for us.
 This is my body, he said.
 Eat it.
 We did.

He filled the cup of wine.
 This is my blood, he said.
 Drink this in remembrance of me.
 We did.
 A toast?

Who is this man? Jether said.
 Our guest, I said. Fetch more wine.
 But He would not drink after that.

They could have stayed with us
 a long time.
 Come again, we said.
 I will come again, the Teacher said.
 Watch for me.

Where are you going?
 To the mountain.
 He likes to pray there, they said.

When the rabble came
 we did not betray him.
 I know where they are, one said.
 That is the one who trod on me, Shomer said,
 and followed them.

Our servant returned naked, afraid.
 They took him like a thief, he said.
 And later like a thief they crucified him.

There are six of us who heard him say
 he would return.
 We do not forget.

*Submitted by Maggie Duinker;
 Reprinted with permission of the author*

The following hymn is from *Hymns I Have Loved* (Reflections by Nell Chillingford). It is submitted as a tribute in memory of Margaret Blandford, a cousin to Nell.

New Every Morning is the Love

New every morning is the love
our wakening and uprising prove;
through sleep and darkness safely brought,
restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
hover around us while we pray;
new perils past, new sins forgiven,
new thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
be set to hallow all we find,
new treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
as more of heaven in each we see;
some softening gleam of love and prayer
shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
will furnish all we ought to ask:
room to deny ourselves; a road
to bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
fit us for perfect rest above;
and help us, this and every day,
to live more nearly as we pray.

Words, John Keble, 1822



Alleluia!



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Anglican Church of Canada
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Neale Bennet

Gordon Redden

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Jan Skinner

Sexton:

Mitchell Nimeck

Submissions to *St. Paul's Journal* are always welcome.
Why not submit a spiritual reflection, a poem, or a book review? The deadline for the Pentecost issue is
May 16, 2010.

*All Hail to the King of Glory!
Praise His Holy Name!*



Saviour we are grateful upon this Easter day,
To worship and to thank You for showing us the way,
How we can reach Our Father God through You, when we pray,
You are a bridge between us, and you help us to say.

Thank you, Lord.

Christ Jesus we are grateful for all your love and care,
For what You suffered on that cross for sinners everywhere,
Granting us a fresh new start to overcome despair,
If we would seek forgiveness, from sin we've suffered here.

Praise you, Lord.

Holy Jesus we are grateful that You rose up from the grave,
Completing God's own Master Plan how people might be saved,
Proving to all people, God sends the love we crave,
If we would just accept His Son, in our life, not misbehave!

We love you, Lord.

*Written and composed with God's help for Easter 2006
by Denise G. McKay*

*"Jesus Christ is Risen today, alleluia!
Our triumphant Holy day, alleluia!"
(from the hymn)*



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