



St. Paul's Journal

Pentecost 2019

*From the
Associate Priest*



Dear friends,

This is the Pentecost issue of the St. Paul's Journal and yet the reflections making up its largest part returns us more than 50 days into the service of Lenten reflections, when seven parishioners described Christ's final words.

This wide flow of time in a single issue remains appropriate, as each Christian moment – like music -- is enlivened by what surrounds it. To borrow from Mark Flowerdew's reflection theme, a holy song can only "take on a powerful meaning within a certain chord or melody."

The moment of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit came to the Apostles, is held in place by the events that came before, including Jesus's suffering, death, resurrection and his ascension. Similarly, experiences of suffering, revival and waiting come into our lives throughout the Christian calendar. During the reflections the parish heard how Christ's life spilled into their lives in unexpected ways. Sometimes, suffering quietly slipped

in. As Matthew Townsend put it, "Coming to understand that suffering is a part of life, even for God, was a crucial part of my accepting the mercies of God into my life."

Pursued throughout life, the act of living out Christ's story creates the fiery connection the Holy Spirit sustains. It isn't easy. As Kate Crane explained, "Trust, perhaps easy to define, is difficult to manifest in everyday relationship with God."

Indeed, such trust in God may feel like an act of resistance to much that secular time throws at your daily life in the months to come. Allowing all phases of God's self-giving to act on you may entail slowing down into God's grace and returning to the Lenten moments outlined here. This leads us into Pentecost, and to further growing into what Christ would have us become.

Michael Tutton ✠

Resurrection Smile

*Being a meditation on the empty parking lot of the Halifax Shopping Centre
Easter Day, 2019*

A smile, but not Voltaire's
My own
As I passed by
Plumped my cheeks
At the soundless sight
The temple of retail deserted
Its courts dead silent

Oh, I know the old, ignoble reasons
Easter would foreclose on its public doors
But in my eyes and ears
The other Nave
The noisy mass of Easter just done
Summoned me again, so soon
To hear the brass Alleluias
Sniff the lilies
Say Indeed
Right there

So I smiled again
Such a late-modern
Post-Christendom
Well-chastened
Embarrassed smile
But a smile nonetheless

Paul Henry Friesen

Parish Worship at St. Paul's

Good Friday Meditations: 19 April 2019

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(Original Artwork for Good Friday Meditations by
Artist-in-Residence Nathan Little)

The First Word 'Father, forgive them...'
Meditation by Rose-Marie Dennis
Luke 23:26-34

Jesus' first words, "Father, Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Father, Forgive them ..."

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

'And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us!' -- and dwelt among us (that's awesome to remember, for 33 years, Jesus lived on this earth with us.)

We read in Scriptures that, even as a child, Jesus knew who He was. Upon being 'found' in the Temple, conversing with the elders, asking them questions, saying to His parents, "Don't you know that I must be about my Father's Business?"

As a young Jewish man, through the Scriptures, we get to know a good man, concerned for others, a Teacher – speaking of His mission, His message of love and forgiveness, of salvation through Him -- of the need to confess sins, to believe in Him, to trust God's promise of eternal life if we come to Him through Jesus.

He has a following – some of them believing – some curious, some doubting; they're living under Old Testament times (Moses' Law). We learn of His moving around His part of the world, living simply with His disciples, teaching His followers, performing miracles making the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the lame to walk, drawing people to Him, of His compassion and concern when we read of His encounter with the woman caught in adultery, and His words to her, "You are forgiven, go, and sin no more" repeating His message of the need for repentance of sin, of life eternal, of entry into heaven if they trusted God's promises

and believed that He was the Son of God and had been sent into this world to save sinners.

He was becoming popular -- a worrisome thing for the rulers/leaders in the Sanhedrin, who saw His popularity as a threat. They're confused, anxious, fearing His message, His mission -- that He had come, that He had been sent into the world to save sinners (to show them how they could obtain eternal life).

1. Obedience and law -- they're mostly all Jewish like Jesus -- they're awaiting a Messiah -- not quite believing it's Jesus.
2. They feared that this trouble-maker could shake things up enough that their own circumstances (in losing their power over the people) could change. They allowed all this to harden their hearts toward Him; they grew to hate Him and to wanted to destroy Him.

So -- we come to the Cross.

It must be the most horrible -- and cruel way to suffer and die? Pain that is unimaginable, chaos, frenzy all around, three tortured bodies there. One (who in that awful time, with the daylight changing to almost darkness, witnessing the attitude of Jesus and remembering stories he'd heard about this man) now believing Him to indeed be the Son of God -- and asking -- was told by Jesus "today you will be with Me in Paradise."

Forgiveness, following repentance, and belief in Jesus as Son of God. Total forgiveness and acceptance -- PURE

GRACE! Who needs that kind of forgiveness? How is it obtained?

In the 1st Epistle of John, chapter 1 verse 9, we read "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins ..."

We read in Luke chapter 23, how the people (and rulers among them) looking on, mocked Him, saying that if He really was the Son of God, he should save Himself. We read that they divided His garments amongst themselves. The other criminal beside Him, was cursing and saying "if You are the Christ, save Yourself and us", this repentant criminal reminding him that their punishment was deserved, but that Jesus, this Man, had done no wrong. Indeed, it was His tremendous love for us that made Him suffer so terribly the pain and shame.

Jesus was beaten, mocked, spit upon, and suffering in agony. Then, words from Jesus, (not condemning, accusing, awful words directed at those who want to destroy Him but instead) "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," referring to His enemies, those who are taking His Life: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

We who love Him know that instead of their taking His life, He was giving His life so that all who believe in Him would have life everlasting. He was sent for just that purpose -- for that purpose He came. What a wonderful thing forgiveness is!

Jesus, suffering, asks His Father to forgive these mocking, cruel, unbelieving onlookers, rulers and leaders. All of them deliberately/intentionally wanting to destroy

Him and His message. Not because He had committed any social crime, but because (although they didn't believe Him or His message) they were afraid that too many of their people might believe, might accept His message of love, joy, forgiveness, trust in Him, trust in God, of Eternal Life in Heaven, after earthly life.

Afraid of change: of what commitment to that kind of change could/would make in their personal lives (Jesus' Law)? We/I can place Jesus in the New Testament – while the time then was of the Old Testament (Moses' Law). The old was based on obedience and law -- The New was out of pure grace – undeserved – a gift. It's a gift to be received by accepting Jesus Christ as Saviour.

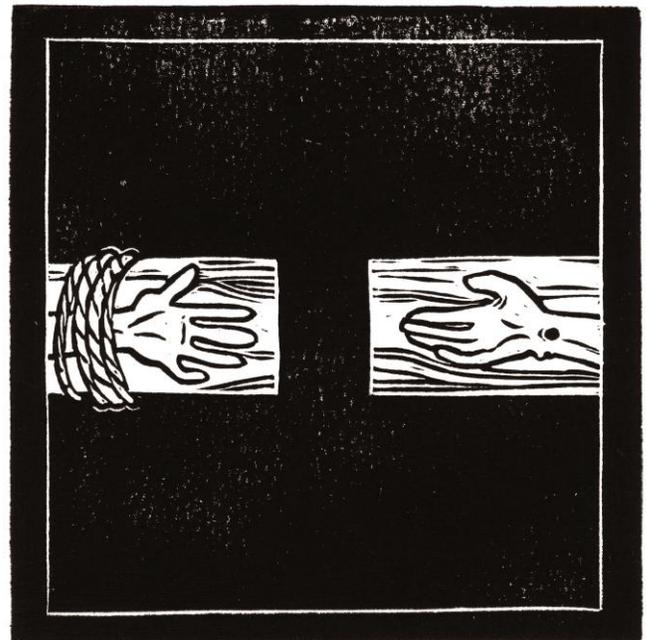
In Ephesians 2:8-9 we read, "For by grace you have been saved through faith -- and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God -- not of WORKS, lest anyone should boast --" It is "the gift of God. It's all because of Jesus' Death and Resurrection. So, "Father, forgive them" -- no, not just those three words -- "for they know not what they do". For 'they' (intention – 'they' didn't believe in Him – 'they' wanted Him dead.) having heard of His miracles, His healings, etc., knowing of His innocence, 'they' still did not believe His "story." They didn't know they were trying to destroy the Son of God. They knew they wanted to destroy this man, this upstart, and His message. But according to Jesus, "They know not what they do." They were unbelieving/unbelievers, so they didn't know they were killing the "Son of God," thus ... forgiveness!

Is this message for us, that as He forgave His killers, "since they were unbelievers" that we too must recognize that all unbelievers are in this state and need to be forgiven in like manner?

Was He asking that even this deed be forgiven, and that 'should they in time turn to believing in the Divinity of Jesus' they might still receive Life Eternal with God? (Don't hold that "they crucified me" against them). "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I believe that Jesus was again using His own actions as an example to us, telling "us" to also forgive in this manner.

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(Original Artwork for Good Friday Meditations by Artist-in-Residence Nathan Little)

The Second Word 'Today you will be with me...'
Meditation by Johnathan MacDonald
Luke 23:35-43

"Today, you will be with me." And the people stood by watching. But the leader scoffed at him saying he saved others. Let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one. The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine and saying, 'if you are the king of the Jews, save yourself'. There was also an inscription over him: 'This is the king of the Jews'. One of the criminals who were hanged there kept riding him and saying, are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us. But the other rebuked him saying, do you not fear God? Since you are under the same sentence of condemnation, and we indeed have been condemned justly for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds. But this man has done nothing wrong? Then he said, 'Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom'.

Jesus replied, 'Truly, I tell you today you will be with me in paradise.' Two individuals, one on either side of Jesus and in just a brief passage of time, two diametrically opposed attitudes and two diametrically opposed results. We have one man who has the audacity to not only mock Jesus, but at the same time turn around and wish to avail of his power, mock him and scold and say, condescendingly, well, aren't you the king? Aren't you Jesus? Aren't you going to be able to save us? Do something.

Giving him this kind of attitude, you'd still expect him to be saved? It's rather remarkable. Yet on the other hand, we have

this individual on the other side of Jesus and with the other side of the mentality, who rebukes this first man and says, don't you know who you're talking about here? And even though this man, just like the first, has been justly condemned for his bad deeds, speaks to Jesus fairly and meaningfully and openly and honestly says to Jesus, 'I accept you as my savior. Can I join you in the Kingdom of Heaven?' And even though this is just about a brief few seconds, Jesus accepts the honesty and reads the transparency of this man and grants him the permission to come into the Kingdom of Heaven with him.

So when I look at the first man, what I see is what so many of us can be guilty of: sometimes not really living a good Christian life. Yet when we panic, when we worry, what's the first thing out of our mouth? It's usually, 'Oh God, please help me' like this second man here. What I see when I read about this example is even in the literally last minute, we see Jesus still accepting him with his literal last few seconds of time.

This man turns his back on his lifestyle of criminality and opens his heart to Jesus. And even despite how brief a period of time that is, Jesus, seeing his honesty accepts him. I think that's a remarkably powerful trait about Jesus, that he's able to take someone in at the 11th hour.

And what I also think is remarkable about Jesus is, despite hanging there for hours and hours in the most terrible of pain imaginable, he is still speaking to people who want to speak to him. He is still helping those that want to be saved.



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(Original Artwork for Good Friday Meditations by
Artist-in-Residence Nathan Little)

The Third Word 'Woman, here is your son'
Meditation by Madge & Brian Burnell
John 19:25b-27

John is the only evangelist to refer to this event. It happened during a relatively calm period following Jesus being nailed to the cross and his garments being divided between the Roman soldiers. At this time, only four people who were close to him stood at the foot of the cross: Mary's sister, (the wife of Clopas); Mary Magdalene; Mary, (his mother); and John (the disciple whom Jesus loved, and the only one who had not fled at the time of Jesus' trial before Herod).

Reading this brings to mind the very graphic representation of this in *The Passion Play* which is staged at Oberammergau in

Germany. This play, which follows the life of Christ, has been performed (with 2 exceptions) every tenth year since the spread of *The Black Death* plague ended at Oberammergau in 1633. We have been fortunate to witness this on two occasions over the past twenty years. In more recent time, the stage presentation of *Jesus Christ Superstar* in Charlottetown provides a surprisingly close parallel in some respects to Oberammergau.

Although Jesus was suffering, his thoughts reflected his concern for the well-being of his mother. He knew the depth of heartbreak she was suffering after seeing her son carrying the cross and then being nailed to it. Possibly, by this time, Joseph had passed away? There was no reference at that time to any birth-brothers or sisters in his family being there, and probably they were not followers of Jesus.

This action on the part of Jesus established a new relationship between his mother, Mary and his disciple John who wanted to support Mary in her time of grief. Clearly from this time forward, John would have taken her into his home, and ensured that she was well cared for.

I'm not sure to what extent this is a valid comparison, but in recently re-reading some of Charles Dicken's early works, I was appalled by the terrible conditions under which some of the poorer people referred to in those books were living. Many of them would be classified as *street people* in this day and age. Is this what the future would have held for Mary had she not been placed in the care of John?

Quite apart for the concerns he had ~~Back in my~~ my well-being of his mother, we believe Jesus is also asking us to be concerned about others, and in particular to help those who are in need.

✠4



(Original Artwork for Good Friday Meditations by Artist-in-Residence Nathan Little)

The Fourth Word 'My God, My God ...'
Meditation by Matthew Townsend
Matthew 27:45-49

From noon on, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, and about three o'clock Jesus cried with a loud voice *Allie, Allie*. That is *My God, my God. Why have you forsaken me?* When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, this man is calling for Alijah at once. One of them ran and got a sponge, filled it with sour wine, put it on a stick and gave it to him to drink, but the others said, wait, let us see whether Alijah will come to save him.

Back in my most cynical days when I was in high school and before I found God, which I think those are all the same thing really, I used to joke that if I ever wrote an autobiography, I'd title it, "God hates me because I'm an atheist." I was an atheist at the time, or at least I thought I was. I had everything in the universe figured out: the origin of life, the movements of the heavens, where we come from, when we're born and where we go when we die. The only thing I couldn't figure out was my titular problem.

Why? Given that there was no God ... did God hate me so much? Really, this was a way of saying that I was suffering. I disliked nearly every aspect of my life and my person. I was lonely, I was unhealthy. I was lost. What friends I had were weird. My schooling weirder and my home life weird still for me. It wasn't enough to ascribe these circumstances to randomness. The existence and purpose of the universe sure, that was random, but my suffering, my pain. How could that be random? It felt so orchestrated.

I think I first acknowledge the presence of God in my life through this conceit. My first acceptance of God was resentful and rueful, but it was there and when I came to know God through Christ as an adult, it was perhaps his fourth word that spoke to me most. *My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?* Christ, as he suffers and dies upon the cross cries out to God in his mother tongue. This suffering is so real, so intense that this word is the only one that appears in more than one Gospel as God incarnate.

Jesus knows God's plan and he knows the role his crucifixion plays at atoning for our sins, yet the pain is real and overwhelming and he laments it. This is one of those moments in the Bible where we see Christ's humanity most clearly. Those times when he has joy, when he's irritated, when he weeps, and when he suffers.

Here is a god that we can know and who knows us, a god who loves us so much that he would climb the cross for our sins, a god who loves us. Even when at the height of our own suffering, we question him. We wonder why we are forgotten. We know a god who loves and who forgives us. Even if we deny him, coming to understand that suffering is a part of life, even for God, was a crucial part of my accepting the mercies of God into my life.

It has taken time and I still struggle ... and should I know more pain, more suffering than I ever have before then perhaps I will again ask briefly if God has forsaken me? But knowing what lies on the other side of the cross, the words and miracles that are to come ... is a source of great comfort. If even Christ can lament at the peak of his suffering, than perhaps my own human frailties, or with forgiving too, and maybe what lies ahead for me will be as surprising and as miraculous as what comes for Christ. That is after all a promise made to us.



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(Original Artwork for Good Friday Meditations by
Artist-in-Residence Nathan Little)

The Fifth Word 'I am thirsty...'
Meditation by Chantelle Flynn
John 19:28-29

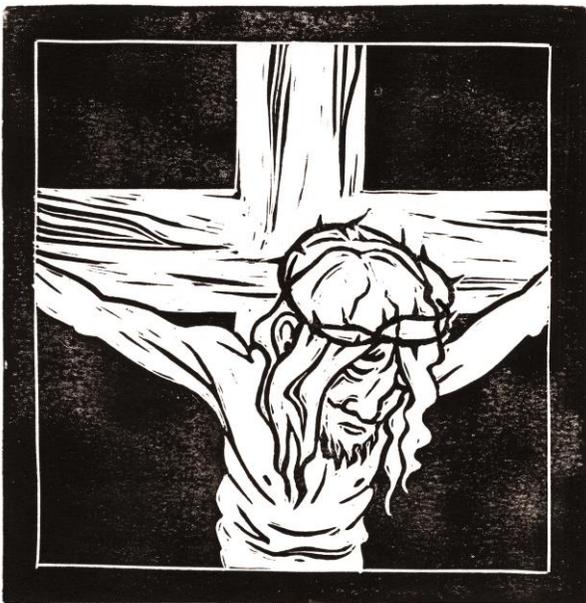
When Jesus knew that his life was now over, he said, in order to fulfill the scripture, *I am thirsty*. Jesus is experiencing perhaps the most 'thirsty' imaginable ... likely a thirst that none of us has ever experienced?

Think of a time when you quenched a powerful thirst. Maybe, you've finished a race, a half marathon or a triathlon. Maybe you were at the end of a sporting competition. For me, it was a time when I was out for a walk and didn't realize the intensity of the heat. It was almost 30 degrees, and I was thirsty.

I started to feel faint. I didn't know if I was going to make it home, and when I did I rushed towards the sink for a glass of water. That was only one half hour of my day. Jesus was experiencing his thirst for hours.

Regardless of what causes our thirst, once it is satisfied, it is a feeling of joy ... a physically satisfying feeling. Imagining these types of situations allows us to gain a true appreciation for just how badly Jesus suffered. And knowing what he went through is beyond our comprehension.

But learning this, helps us realize that he loves us an incredible amount. Jesus could also have been thirsting for renewed fellowship with his Father? Maybe when we thirst, we are also thirsty for God? Sometimes we get so caught up in life, we don't see what is right in front of us. We don't realize that our thirst, not just for water, may also be for God and to have more of Him in our life. We are thirsty too.



(Original Artwork for Good Friday Meditations by Artist-in-Residence Nathan Little)

†6

The Sixth Word “It is finished...’
Meditation by Mark Flowerdew
John 19:28-30b

Powder. Just... powder. But I'll come back to that in a bit.

Here's Jesus, hanging from a wooden cross by the tissues of his body. Basically naked. Totally humiliated. Hated and mocked by everyone around him. And he announces, “*It is finished,*” declaring the end of his mission. At this point, he must have been looking back at his life's journey. Now Jesus was surely a man of great intention. He had his whole life to prepare for his grand finale, and this is the ending he chose? This was the triumphant target he was working towards for the past 30-something years?

One morning, I was home alone with nothing important to do. And I was daydreaming about music, supposing how a single note of music was pretty meaningless on its own --- but through the context created by the notes around it, it could take on a powerful meaning within a certain chord or melody. I then figured the same was true for a single word --- unimpressive on its own, but potentially ground-breaking with the right words around it. So I put this to the test: I picked the most mundane word I could think of and tried to make it meaningful by prefacing it with the right words.

The word I chose “powder”: a super lame word. For whatever reason, the word “powder” just seems to be the weakest, flimsiest word in the English language to me.

So I must have been feeling extra creative that day, or extra bored, but I just started muttering lines of poetry to myself. And I stumbled upon this profound notion: I pictured my body symbolized as a piece of chalk, which gets worn down with time as I go through life. By the end of that day, I had written out a poem. I'll read it for you now:

My body is but powder that God
compressed and animated
A piece of chalk which, dragged along,
leaves a sidewalk decorated
With each new word he scrawls,
This nub of chalk grows small
And as the final word is writ,
I'll look into eternity
But if I choose to look behind,
what triumphs will I see?

Just powder ... spread so thin throughout the land
Arranged with wisdom by the author's hand

Let me elaborate: You might recall how God formed Adam in the garden of Eden by gathering up some mud from the ground and breathing life into it. Ecclesiastes says that all come from dust, and to dust we all return. On a more down-to-earth level, I've heard that most of the dust you find around the house is actually your own dead skin cells. And no one is more down-to-earth than a dead man lying under a tombstone.

So every human, like you & I, spends their life getting used up and worn down. Some days I feel more worn down than others, but I know that with everything I do, everywhere I go, I leave a trail of dust behind me ---

footprints and fingerprints, maybe giving clues to what my actions were, but ultimately blowing away with the wind. So I'm left with a choice, a daily choice of how to spend the finite resource that is my life.

One option is to spend it on myself: I could focus on being happy and having fun. You only live once, so you may as well have a good time while you're here. Or I could be more productive by developing my skills, advancing my career, accumulating money & possessions, being liked and respected, making a name for myself ... but the payoff will only be for maybe 50 to 100 years. Even if my name enters history books and people tell legends of my deeds for generations to come, this fame only lasts until those generations return to dust themselves. There is a much longer story arc at play.

The other option is to spend my life for God and for the sake of others. Now we're talking. Now we're getting into something that lasts longer than I do. God is in the midst of building a kingdom that lasts forever, one that is worth letting go of everything else and holding on to with all I've got. On that day when this little bit of chalk named “Mark” finally announces “It is finished,” the only thing that will matter is whether or not I allowed God to expend my life for the sake of his eternal kingdom, leaving behind a work of art greater than I could ever design on my own.

Let's take another look at Jesus on his bloody cross. This is a man who's had eternity on his brain since day one. All of his actions leading to this point were carefully

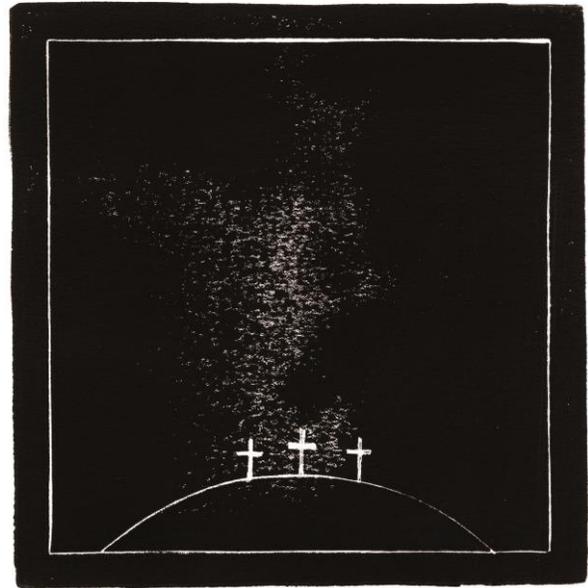
chosen for the sake of the end game. So which kind of life did this man choose?

A life of submission. Willful submission. Powerful, meaningful submission. Submission so profound and backwards that it made people mad. He totally rejected the respect of the religious leaders and the admiration of his crowds of fans, and he instead spent his days reaching out to the lowest in his society: women, foreigners, tax collectors, criminals, the disabled, the sick, even the dead --- the outsiders who made Jesus look bad by simply being nearby. He washed his disciple's dirty feet. And he gave up his perfect life to save broken, rebellious people --- because he knew that his death was, in fact, not the grand finale, only the end of the first act.

Jesus revealed this secret paradox that underlies the world we live in: that if we lie down with the last, we are seated with the first. When we join Jesus at the bottom, we end up at the top. When we lift others above ourselves, we are sharing the kind of love that is the building blocks of God's everlasting kingdom.

For thine is the kingdom, the glory, and the powder. Amen.

Amen!



✝7

(Original Artwork for Good Friday Meditations by Artist-in-Residence Nathan Little)

The Seventh Word "Father, into your hands I
commit my spirit"

Meditation by Kate Crane
Luke 23:46-49

Ever since I can remember the beginning of Lent signified one thing to me - the inevitable fast from all things chocolate. I can remember coming home from school one day upset because my older sister snitched that I had "broken Lent". Who knew a Fudgsicle was made of chocolate? I was adamant that I didn't and my negligence was an honest mistake. If the Lenten fasts of years gone by taught me one major lesson it was that my chocolate Easter bunny never tasted so good on Easter morning! Although I never understood the power and transformative discipline of fasting as a young person I certainly learned a lesson in willpower and delayed gratification.

Fast forward 30 plus years and many chocolate fasts later, and I have experienced further rewards from participating in Lenten fasts. Although the article being abstained varied from wine to coffee, sweets to Netflix and beyond, the intention behind it remained the same. Fasting during Lent reminded me of my need for God and helped me to draw nearer to him through prayer and sacrifice. Over the years I have added Lenten studies or devotionals and extended prayer times which have enriched my Lenten experience. This past Lent, I decided with encouragement from Rev. Paul to combine the two practices of fasting and prayer. I abstained from eating all food, drinking only water from approximately sunrise to sunset on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday and every Friday during Lent and then combined this with different forms of prayer.

My first experience participating in a full fast on Ash Wednesday left me assured that this ancient spiritual discipline did indeed have much to offer me. The moment I received the Eucharist that evening, feelings of immense joy and pleasure overwhelmed me. I had never before yearned for its' physical nourishment in this way. Receiving it in a state of hunger and weakness, being filled with its' promise and provision was a memorable experience and a beautiful way to enter into the Lenten season. As the weeks went on I continued to experience much consolation, but I did find it difficult

some days. For instance, I was surprised with how distracting hunger pains could be and sometimes felt slightly dizzy and weak. In these moments I was reminded of Jesus's suffering on the cross. Knowing he understood my suffering and was walking with me drawing me into a closer friendship with him brought me much comfort. I also found myself offering up spontaneous prayer for the hungry during these times. Especially children all over the world who experience the physical fatigue and strain of hunger far too often.

Not only did I find myself drawn into spontaneous prayer, both for myself and others, I also devoted some of my lunch hour to intentional prayer. One Friday I prayed for forgiveness, mindful of the ways I've sinned against God and others. Another Friday I did a gratitude walk offering up praise and thanksgiving for my many blessings. Another day I prayed for others in need. Sometimes when I was feeling tired in body and weak in spirit, I simply offered up the Jesus prayer or my go-to mantra from Philippians chapter 4 "I can do all things through Him who strengthens me". I realize I could have prayed this way without being in a state of fasting, but I believe being in a state of physical weakness made me turn to the Lord more often and in a deeper, more heartfelt way. I needed him in my weakness and in that, experienced more fully my hope in Jesus and his Easter promise to me. Our Lord is a merciful and loving Lord and I give thanks for that this Pentecost season.



Parish Life & Mission at St. Paul's

Beyond the Chancel Steps:

The Common Cup

Recently a newcomer to the Anglican Way expressed to me her extreme concern about drinking from the same cup as others at communion. Each time I serve as chalice bearer there are communicants who take only the bread. Are they fearful of the communion cup as well? Do they have a “bug” they are trying not to share? Or, are they highly susceptible to infection? Using a common cup is a practice that was instituted by Jesus himself and brings one into communion with other Christians. For many Anglicans the significance of the tradition outweighs any risk.

John Baycroft, retired Anglican Bishop of Ottawa in his booklet, *The Eucharistic Way*, has this to say about the symbolism of the Common Cup: Jesus took one cup and gave it to all of his disciples to drink. Perhaps it was the cup of Elijah from the Passover ritual as some people say, but it was certainly a single cup. He did not merely pour wine into the disciples' individual cups and tell them to take a drink. We are reminded of the agonizing decision that faced Jesus when he was praying before the crucifixion: ‘My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as

thou wilt. (Matthew 26:39....) We are also reminded by the one cup that we cannot drink it alone. We drink from a common cup as a strong symbol of unity and our willingness to accept each other. We share our love and lives as we share the cup.

The implications for this for fellowship and support in the local church, for relationships between rich and poor in communities and nations, and for justice between North and South and first world and third world countries are enormous. The cup of love and unity is unavoidably a cup of sacrifice.

According to David H. Gould, an Anglican layperson and cardiologist who prepared a paper for the House of Bishops of the Anglican Church of Canada in 1987, the present use of the common cup is normative for Anglican churches, and poses no real hazard to health in normative circumstances. Dr. Gould stated that for each disease, generally millions of the agent must be transmitted among individuals before infection will occur. The infective agents and the specific virulence of host factors determine the risk of infection in individuals. He also maintained there has never been an episode of disease attributed to the common

cup reported. And furthermore, he said: Were there any significant risk to the Eucharistic practices of the Anglican church for so many centuries it would seem likely that insurance actuarial tables would reflect an increased risk for Anglican priests, who have been performing the ablutions for centuries. In fact the opposite is true.



Plus, caring for the wellbeing of St. Paul's parishioners is taken seriously:

- Hands are washed and/or gloves are worn handling vessels and wafers;
- Hands are sanitized before administering wafers and chalices;
- Chalices are washed in soap and hot water;
- Inside and outside of chalice rims are wiped with clean linen and the chalice is rotated;
- Those at special risk should defer sharing the cup.

Understanding drinking from the common cup poses no real hazard to health and in normative circumstances fosters entering fully into communion.

*By Margaret Bateman Ellison
Chancel Guild Co-Director*

The Season of Eastertide

We are in the season of Eastertide. This period begins with the Resurrection and runs 'till Pentecost. As Anglicans and Christians, we are celebrating and thinking of Christ's victory over death and sin. We celebrate the fulfillment of God's plan for our salvation – through the birth, life and death of Christ.

These past weeks I have had the good fortune to be able to consider NT Wright's book *Simply Christian* during Lent, Easter and through Eastertide. And his words (as an Anglican Priest and as a biblical scholar)

focus upon God's promise for each of us on our way to Pentecost.

For the early Christians – and for us now – it is a matter only of allowing the Spirit to transform us so that our life and the life of Christ do finally merge, do really melt into one another, do truly become one, are united both here and hereafter.

from *The Liturgical Year*
by Joan Chittister

When we pray the Lord's Prayer we say "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." As we move from Christ's resurrection to Pentecost we have a unique opportunity to consider our purpose in God's plan. NT Wright explains we are not only meant to celebrate Christ's gift to us at Easter on the Cross. We are meant during Eastertide to think through our response to the Cross, and to Christ. We are, in fact, summoned to work at bringing forward a world of justice, of spirituality, of relationships and of beauty through our actions as individuals, and as a church community.

The two themes Wright considers in his book are 1) the overlap between heaven and earth and 2) the overlap of God's future with our present time. These themes come together via the launching of a new creation in the present time. In other words, we are not to merely hear about God's plan through the past but to become the place where the world learns about and responds to Christ and God's plan.

About resurrection, Wright reminds us that we are called to join Christ as he rules a new world order on earth. This is of course the point of the second coming. When we pray, when we read scripture, when we practice the sacraments, when we serve those in need, we work toward Christ and this new world order.

God intends for us now as people seeking his new world to speak out for justice, for fair and reasonable dealings and relationships between people. This is not justice or relationships delivered by power and violence. Personal vengeance has no place in this new world order. All of this is to happen through the church, and through our relationships inside the church with each other. And also, we are to model new ways and patterns of human behaviour; new standards of behaviour to one another inside and outside of our church family.

In the words of NT Wright in *Simply Christian*:

It is within the church, even when the church isn't getting everything quite right, that the Christian faith is nourished and grows to maturity. As with members of any family, we discover who we are in relationship with one another.

This means that by membership and our effort towards each other, and by the grace and presence of the Holy Spirit we become more than a spectator of God's plan, we become part of his plan. May we each find ourselves as part of that plan this season of Eastertide and through the power of the Holy Spirit.

*Patrick Hartling
Senior Warden*



Church on the Road

After reflecting on our travels since last summer several things stand out: events, services, functions, people, and church buildings.

In August 2018 we travelled to Grand Manan Island to pick up our nearly 14 year-old granddaughter Sophie, from Grand Cayman, who had come north by herself to attend whale watching camp. As we travelled through southern New Brunswick that day we tuned into several CBC stations, all featured an ongoing event in north Fredericton. Four people were shot dead, including two police officers.

The following Sunday we worshipped in Margaret's maternal home church, St. Paul's, Grand Manan. It was built with logs originally in 1822 and rebuilt with stone in 1840. Margaret was confirmed in this church in 1953. When Peter Secord was a "wee boy" his father Joe was the priest at St. Paul's.

That morning last August the visiting priest, at the start of his sermon, acknowledged he was having a difficult time as he had been a police officer and had resisted his call to the priesthood for many years. Now he was police chaplain for the Quispamsis detachment in New Brunswick. It struck me that we always expect a priest to be "on top of his/her game" for the sermon and we should realize that events and personal circumstance may overtake our priests.

In October we started our drive to Scottsdale, Arizona on a very rainy stormy Saturday afternoon. We had tickets for the Goose Dinner, a major fund-raiser for over 100 years, at Margaret's paternal home church, St. Martins in the Woods at Shediac Cape, N.B. At one time they served over 1000 guests, but were now down to about 600.

The church had been built by her ancestors and opened in 1823. In 1970 Joe Secord was priest in that parish. Margaret was the first of the sixth generation to be baptized at St. Martins, 1943; our elder son Scott was the first of the seventh, 1970; and Sabine, the daughter of our younger son Richard, was the eighth generation, 2003. The priest held her aloft, Kunte Kinte style, and paraded her around the church. Many memories came flooding back that rainy afternoon.

We usually time our drive west to stay with graduate school friends in Lexington KY on a weekend and go to their Methodist church. A feature there is going to an adult Sunday School class before service. It is usually led by faculty from the Lexington Theology Seminary and very enlightening.

Our home church in greater Phoenix is St. Barnabas on the Desert. Like St. Paul's Halifax, it too has a Casavant Freres pipe organ but no stained-glass windows. Instead the sound system and pipes are installed behind a mosaic titled Wondrous Love which spans across the back wall of the sanctuary, designed by Canadian glass artist,

Sarah Hall. Since the early 1960s until 2018 the St. Barnabas campus has stood alone in a super block on desert land. Now, a two billion dollar (Cdn.) Ritz Carlton resort development is surrounding it, leaving the church campus as the middle of a horseshoe and often referred to as "St. Barnabas at the Ritz". We attended Sunday services here in November, plus a three- part workshop on "Listening" started as the clergy realized congregants in Trumpland were divided on political grounds. The focus was to listen to the other person's point of view and be accepting of others even if not in your tribe. The sessions were well done and well attended. We two Canadians even found it beneficial.

We were home for three weeks in December and then flew to Grand Cayman to be with Richard and family. We attended two different churches, one at Christmas and another the following Sunday, at the United Church of Jamaica and the Cayman Islands (Presbyterian, Congregational, and Disciples of Christ). At both services the ministry and congregation were very welcoming. The music was uplifting. We did miss not having Christmas Eucharist celebrated and wondered why the Lord's Prayer was not recited at the services.

On January 3rd we flew to Charlotte, NC on a plane with a strange configuration. Upon reading the safety card I realized the plane was a 737 Super Max 8, now grounded! In the Charlotte airport we saw one gentleman wearing a red golf shirt with Robin William's 10 reasons to be an Episcopalian (Anglican?).

Among these were:

7. You don't have to check your brains at the door.
6. Pew aerobics
4. Free wine on Sunday and my favourite,
1. No matter what you believe, there is bound to be at least one other Episcopalian who agrees with you.

We arrived back in Scottsdale for St. Barnabas annual 12th Night Service. Always a special date for me as January 5th was my late mother's birthday as well.

In February we attended *Broadway Bash*, a major fund-raiser for St. Barnabas. The youth serve a five-course dinner prepared by parish cooks and the choir and other musical parishioners perform Broadway hits. The funds support the youth each summer when they go to Los Angeles for two weeks to serve the homeless and prepare and serve sandwiches one Sunday a month in downtown Phoenix.

Our friends from Kentucky visited us in March, arriving on a late Saturday afternoon. They had purchased tickets to a Billy Joel concert that night so we drove straight downtown for supper and the concert. Allison thought she had purchased good tickets. Well, we climbed slowly the 100 plus steps to the last row at the back of the upper deck in centerfield! We were there with over 40,000 other fans so exiting took a while. On the way home, after midnight and the extreme climb, Margaret made the decision that we would go to the evening service in the chapel on Sunday. Bad call. Sunday morning the presiding bishop of the

Episcopal Church, Michael Curry, (of Harry and Meghan fame) preached at St. Barnabas, unannounced. We missed it! However, we did watch his sermon video. We recommend his book, *Crazy Christians*, for your reading pleasure and encouragement along your faith journey.

Each year St. Barnabas holds funerals for between 30 and 40 parishioners. This year a five-part workshop on *Faithful Living – Faithful Ending* was offered. We were only able to attend the fourth session on what facilities were available for special care/end of life care. Regretfully we missed the last

session on preparing your obituary and planning your funeral. Things we should think about before dying.

On the way home at the beginning of April we did not attend any church services, just enjoyed 10 days of sunshine and no tornadoes. We arrived home for Palm Sunday happy to return to the friendly atmosphere of St. Paul's Halifax, our home church since 1983.

Robert A. Ellison



Tales of Parish Fundraisers

Five years ago, when memories of the St. Paul's July 1st *Fair and Strawberry Tea* were dimming; and memories of the Friday Chowder Lunches during Lent had faded completely, a few women in the Chancel Guild suggested we needed to launch a parish event to foster community and support outreach activities. Thus the challenge and fun started and many tales can be told.

In 2015, with no hall and not feeling up to launching a Grand Parade event we were faced with finding a facility and a theme to rally around. In June we held a Titanic Tea at the Local Council of Women of Halifax House at 989 Young Avenue. George Henry Wright, a St. Paul's parishioner, had given the Victorian mansion to the LCWH before leaving Halifax to sail the Titanic's maiden voyage. That gave us a theme and a cream tea like the one served on the Titanic was organized. Sandwiches and sweets were

solicited. Parishioners loaned teapots and tiered cake plates. Many of the violet plant centerpieces, I am told, were planted later and are still flowering.

There was much “to-ing” and “fro-ing” from the church to Young Street on Saturday morning as we moved equipment, card tables and linens to the Council House in the rain and sat up. We had found in the gallery hand embroidered tea cloths with St. Paul's logo handed down from Lenten Friday Chowder days.

The sandwiches, scones and sweets prepared at home floated in during the morning. However, by noon the sun came out and it was an upbeat atmosphere as, now Musician in Residence, Ian Bent, in tux, created an Edwardian atmosphere on the piano to entertain the guests. Several youth served and the young men were a big hit with the senior ladies. There was a Hat Competition and Siew Kim organized a Silent Auction. The event was well received but serving a cream tea to 100 plus guests from a butler's pantry with limited holding facilities was a challenge. In fact, it was a minor miracle no food spoiled!

Riding on the success of the Titanic Tea, but thinking a larger kitchen and a fully equipped facility would be better, the hall at St. Margaret of Scotland was rented in 2016. A Chowder and Strawberry Shortcake Supper was organized to be held the third Saturday of June.

The first challenge was finding fresh strawberries locally. They were late that year. A trip down the South shore finally

produced berries. A corps of young and old, both men and women assembled the day before to hull berries. Our Parish Baker Ruth Hubbard made the tea biscuits. We made the fish and corn chowders at the hall. (Shelly Hounsell- Gray and Nora Gene Goodwin probably didn't realize they were preparing to take on St. George's Hot Meals.) Men, in aprons made for the event, served. Ian Bent was back to provide entertainment and we had some interesting door prizes donated by parishioners and neighbouring restaurants, thanks to Sandra MacLennan's and Julia Atkin's soliciting efforts. After supper there was chowder left over. No problem. Kathleen Flowerdew, predictably because it was soup, volunteered to take it for the Rector's Lunch. OOPS! I understand it spilled on the way and the Flowerdew's vehicle smelled a little fishy for a bit.



By 2017 Julia, Siew Kim and Margaret had bonded. Fundraising planning over lunch at the Auction House helped. The

Great Hall at the Diocesan Centre was booked and the first Tulip Tea was held in conjunction with Canada's 150th. Unfortunately Tulip Season was past so we used silk tulips for the tables. A few people 'pinched' to see if they were real.

Once again teapots and tiered cake plates were borrowed from parishioners. We had a sandwich making session at the hall but sweets were made at home. A Silent Auction with theme baskets was coordinated by Siew Kim and once again Julia solicited gift certificates from our church neighbors. A Bake Sale table was added. The Driver girls did a great job circulating and selling *tulip cookies*. The Rector encouraged male parishioners to put on aprons and be servers and regulars from the Rector's lunch also volunteered to help serve and setup. One of them helped celebrate Marion Conrad's birthday by dancing with her to the upbeat music provided by the Flowerdews and company. Cleanup especially was enjoyable as we benefitted from the quick-wash dishwasher. So much so we agitated to replace the dishwasher at St. Paul's. It happened within the year!

June 2018 we were back at the Great Hall and repeated the format for another Tulip Tea. The silk tulips and tiered tulip plates were reused. However, it fell on the same weekend as Open Doors Halifax so we were a bit stretched for volunteers. Chris Bryant added 'toting tables from the basement of the Cathedral' to his warden duties. Rector's Lunch regulars volunteered again which was appreciated. Sandwiches and sweets were prepared at home. Gluten free food was requested and we were able to provide it for those who needed it.

After 2018 the general feeling was we needed to change venue and think about having an event that would attract all ages and not be seen as a women's event. So in 2019 we went back to St. Margaret of

Scotland for a supper and sale. The theme was *Green Planet* and we organized the menu and activities around reduce, reuse, and recycle. The menu featured ham, salads, baked beans and carrot cake, bread pudding and *worms in mud*. In addition to moving furniture, Chris Bryan also makes excellent caramel sauce! Both vegetarian and gluten-free needs were accommodated.



Julia, Siew Kim, Margaret, Shelly, Kathleen, and Ruth were the steering committee. Rosemarie Dennis once again was the *Beverage Lady* and Jackie Foot faithfully kept ticket sales on track. Shelly volunteered her whole family to work at the event. Her husband Mike took on carving the ham which Julia had gotten on sale at Costco after Easter. Shelly's son Alex and nephew Peter returned for another turn. They had first volunteered to serve at the Titanic Tea in 2015.



We only borrowed slow cookers and linens this year. Much easier to transport! The multi-coloured cloths and napkins created a rainbow when the tables were set. Luckily we were able to hide the various posters around the hall when Siew Kim just happened to have brought yards of material. One piece actually had a *heavenly dove* motif.

The six slow cookers were started at the hall early Saturday morning, once electric outlets were located so we didn't overload the circuits. We used a recipe tested over the years by Rosemarie Dennis. Most people had some beans and agreed they were very good, even without salt pork. There was a bit of excitement while the beans were cooking, however, when Julia and Kathleen discovered one pot wasn't heating. So six pots became five!



Peter Secord took on the Book Sale and suggested to many of us what we could/should read, for a small donation. The idea of donations instead of fixed prices worked well for baked goods and jewelry. Wondering now if anyone will see the gems they donated worn by someone else at church in the future? There were great pieces donated.

The entertainment included the *Flowerden Ensemble* for the third year and although Gordon broke his thumb the day before he carried on bowing with the help of a prosthesis he created. We all sang, with the help of Gordon's double-faced cue card, the grace, *Johnny Appleseed*. After we ate, we sang *Happy Birthday* to Bill Lord who is now 85 years young.



At 6 o'clock the youth of St. Paul's sang the familiar *All Things Bight and Beautiful* and *It Is Our Father's World* under the direction of Karis Tees. Karis also sang a solo and Cora and Lidya Driver performed. It is truly a blessing to have all this musical talent in our midst; wonderful to have the opportunity to enjoy it firsthand.

The atmosphere all in all was joyful from planning to cleanup. A sincere thank you to all who helped, especially on June 1st, as well as over the past five years. Although, as usual, ticket sales and people volunteering were slow until near the day of the event, the fundraiser happened again this year and I sense we are stronger as a church family. Would we be if we had not restarted parish events in 2015?

By Margaret Bateman Ellison
Chancel Guild Co-Director

The Fruit of The Spirit The Energy Fueling The SafeR Church

St Paul's Church like many others in our Diocese has embarked on an important and fundamental journey, the development of our SafeR Church policy. SafeR Church is all about developing a parish where every member, visitor, adherent, guest, worker, is secure: emotionally, intellectually, physically, and spiritually. In the future we hope to have an educational seminar on the topic of SafeR Church for all to attend.

At this point we will soon examine our intangibles. These are: the realities that can't be touched or measured, but that are nevertheless real; our traditions, values, and culture. In addressing our intangibles we will be examining our parish mission, its goals, the unwritten rules, how things really get done here at St Paul's, including how we make decisions. An audit will take place. The Diocese maintains that "unless an organization, including a parish, deals with its tangible realities – unless it is integral in efforts to create, restore, build, nourish, and sustain SafeR Church – those efforts will be compromised, undermined, and could be rendered ineffective. Some might even be counter-productive."

It could be argued that at the end of the day, whatever policy is developed and agreed upon, it will be the *Fruit of The Spirit*, within those of us in the parish that enables, fuels, and brings about safety in a Parish. Nothing on paper, no legislation, no rules and regulations, no locked doors, will create a

SafeR Church. Let us not forget that we are a spiritual community.

We can however identify what a SafeR Church looks like, how we are to act, and use that model for St Paul's as our guide.

A SafeR Church whatever its identity, must be fueled from something within each of us in our Parish. This powerful fuel is "The Fruit of The Holy Spirit." St Paul identifies this fruit in Galatians 5. This fruit is; "love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, gentleness, faithfulness, self-control." Imagine a parish where these fruit are in full evidence? According to Paul every believer has this fruit within. It is who we are in our essence at our core. It is a gift, from God, our new identity. The combination of these gifts, or better still an integration of them, makes any parish a powerful spiritual organic entity. It is this integration of fruit that will enable us to move forward in making, and keeping us safe, emotionally, spiritually, intellectually, physically.

Please pray for us as we move forward in the development of our SafeR Church policy. Please pray that the Holy Spirit will lead us. We will keep you informed of our progress with regular reporting. Would you like to be a part of our SafeR Church team? Please let us know.

*Bryan Hagerman
St Paul's Outreach Counsellor,
and SafeR church Coordinator*

St. Paul's Church, Halifax
Sunday Liturgies & Readings
Trinity Sunday—Thanksgiving Sunday (2019)

16 June	Trinity Sunday <i>White</i>	10 am	Eucharist BCP SS Celebration & Parish Lunch
	<i>Proverbs 8.1-5; 22-31</i>		<i>Psalm 8</i>
			<i>Romans 5.1-5</i>
			<i>John 16.12-15</i>
23 June	Pentecost 2 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BAS
	<i>I Kings 19.1-18</i>		<i>Psalm 42-43</i>
			<i>Galatians 3.1-5; 21-29</i>
			<i>Luke 8.26-39</i>
30 June	Pentecost 3 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BCP
	<i>II Kings 2.1-14</i>		<i>Psalm 77</i>
			<i>Galatians 5.1-25</i>
			<i>Canada Day Weekend</i> <i>Luke 9.51-62</i>
7 July	Pentecost 4 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BAS
	<i>II Kings 5.1-14</i>		<i>Psalm 30</i>
			<i>Galatians 6.1-18</i>
			<i>Luke 10.1-11;16-20</i>
14 July	Pentecost 5 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BCP
	<i>Amos 7.1-17</i>		<i>Psalm 82</i>
			<i>Colossians 1.1-14</i>
			<i>Luke 10.25-37</i>
21 July	Pentecost 6 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BAS
	<i>Amos 8.1-12</i>		<i>Psalm 52</i>
			<i>Colossians 1.15-28</i>
			<i>Luke 10.38-42</i>
28 July	Pentecost 7 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BCP
	<i>Hosea 1.1-11</i>		<i>Psalm 85</i>
			<i>Colossians 2.6-23</i>
			<i>Luke 11.1-13</i>
4 August	Pentecost 8 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BAS
	<i>Hosea 11.1-11</i>		<i>Psalm 107.1-16</i>
			<i>Colossians 3.1-11</i>
			<i>Natal Day Weekend</i> <i>Luke 12.13-21</i>
11 August	Transfig. Sunday <i>White</i>	10 am	Eucharist BCP
	<i>Daniel 7.1-18</i>		<i>Psalm 99</i>
			<i>II Peter 1.16-20</i>
			<i>Luke 9.28-36</i>
18 August	Pentecost 10 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BAS
	<i>Isaiah 5.1-7</i>		<i>Psalm 80</i>
			<i>Hebrews 11.29-12.2</i>
			<i>Luke 12.49-56</i>
25 August	Pentecost 11 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BCP
	<i>Jeremiah 1.1-10</i>		<i>Psalm 71</i>
			<i>Hebrews 12.18-29</i>
			<i>Luke 13.10-17</i>
1 September	Pentecost 12 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BAS
	<i>Jeremiah 2.4-13</i>		<i>Psalm 81</i>
			<i>Hebrews 13.1-16</i>
			<i>Labour Day Weekend</i> <i>Luke 14.1,7-14</i>
8 September	Pentecost 13 <i>Green</i>	10 am	All-Ages Eucharist BCP Welcome Back! Parish Lunch
	<i>Jeremiah 18.1-11</i>		<i>Psalm 139.1-18</i>
			<i>Philemon 1.1-21</i>
			<i>Luke 14.25-33</i>
15 September	Pentecost 14 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BAS
	<i>Jeremiah 4.11-28</i>		<i>Psalm 14</i>
			<i>I Timothy 1.12-17</i>
			<i>Luke 15.1-10</i>
22 September	Pentecost 15 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BCP
	<i>Jeremiah 8.18-9.1</i>		<i>Psalm 79</i>
			<i>I Timothy 2.1-7</i>
			<i>Luke 16.1-13</i>
29 September	St. Michael A.A. <i>White</i>	10 am	Eucharist BAS
	<i>Genesis 28.10-22</i>		<i>Psalm 103</i>
			<i>Revelation 12.7-12</i>
			<i>John 1.47-51</i>
6 October	Pentecost 17 <i>Green</i>	10 am	Eucharist BCP
	<i>Lamentations 1.1-7</i>		<i>Psalm 137</i>
			<i>II Timothy 1.1-14</i>
			<i>Luke 17.5-10</i>
13 October	Harvest Thanksgiving <i>White</i>	10 am	All-Ages Eucharist BAS Thanksgiving Day Weekend
	<i>Deuteronomy 26.1-15</i>		<i>Psalm 100</i>
			<i>Philippians 4.4-9</i>
			<i>John 6.25-35</i>



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Submissions to *St. Paul's Journal* are always welcome.

Why not submit a spiritual reflection, prayer, poem, or a book review?

The next issue of St. Paul's Journal will appear in the Advent 2019 Season. *Deadline for submissions: Wednesday, November 20th*