

CONTACT

Christ's Church Cathedral | Christmas 2014



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IN THIS ISSUE

- 4 [PETER'S PERSPECTIVE](#)
All poor folk
- 6 [ANGELS AMONG US](#)
Are they real?
- 8 [MISSION TO SEAFARERS](#)
Who cares for those who sail the ships?
- 14 [HIV/AIDS](#)
Today's HIV
- 15 [AIDS VIGIL](#)
- 18 [THE DOLL'S HIGHCHAIR](#)
A child's Christmas
- 21 [WARDEN'S WORLD](#)
Architectural heritage
- 22 [3...2...1...CONTACT](#)
Susan Joro Monoja & Cheyanne Thompson
- 24 [FROM THE ARCHIVES](#)
Lest we forget
- 25 [DAVID LOW](#)
Who am I?
- 26 [CHRISTMAS CATHEDRALS](#)
Simple beauty
- 28 [EPIPHANY STUDY](#)
First light
- 31 [FINANCIAL UPDATE](#)

ANGELS ON HIGH



p. 7

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES



p. 10

ADVENT 4 REFLECTION



p.29

A TOAST TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS



Our saving grace

by Paula Esteves



Welcome to the Christmas 2014 edition of *Contact*!

This issue marks the beginning of the 9th year that Anne and I have worked together on *Contact*. It's been fun! I don't recall ever having the "who does what" discussion with Anne but somehow a division of labour evolved – Anne is the creative one; she is the ideas person, the style and layout editor, and heaven knows the colour director! I am the A-type detail person, focussing on grammar, punctuation, spacing, and doing my utmost to avoid American spelling! And with all that fussing, we have yet to produce the error-free edition. Something to continue to strive for, I guess.

Over the years, both Anne and I have received many accolades for *Contact*. It's always a 'feel good' to have work recognized so thank you for that! But, as I reflect on the last eight years, it occurs to me that the accolades truly belong to all of our contributors. I cannot possibly begin to name them all; some are regulars with whom you are intimately familiar; others submit without being asked (always welcome), and some we recruit. We are rarely refused a request for a submission; we are never disappointed; and I cannot tell you how often "surprise" submissions have been our saving grace! So to all who have contributed to *Contact*, thank you. We look forward to your future participation with anticipation, and we welcome contributions from yet undiscovered sources!

As befits the season, this edition has a remarkable array of reflections on Christmas – from the Advent 4 devotion by Fred Hiltz, Primate of the Anglican Church of Canada, to Sandy Darling's reflection on Christmases spent abroad; from stories that tell of the delight of the child who gets their gift of choice to the crushing disappointment of the child who does not; and stories that remind us of both the challenge and grace of spending Christmas with loved ones.

Moving away from the season, (or are we?), we have an incredibly moving account of the ministry of the Mission to Seafarers, and a soul-searching account of the current state of affairs for people with HIV. And there's more...

I encourage you to take your time reading this issue. There is a lot to ponder.

To all of *Contact's* contributors, past and present, to our readers, and our Cathedral friends, may you find God's peace at Christmas. ■

ALL POOR FOLK...



by Peter Wall †



One of my favorite carols is 'All Poor Folk and Humble' (*Common Praise* #151). The second stanza, written by William Thomas Davies, says this:

*The Christ child will lead us, the good
Shepherd feed us,
and with us abide till his day.
Then hatred he'll banish, then sorrow
will vanish,
and death and despair flee away.
And he shall reign ever, and nothing
shall sever
from us the great love of our King.
His peace and his pity shall bless
his fair city;
his praises we ever shall sing.*

As we walk together through our Advent days, we look forward to the coming of the Christ child; Davies reminds us that Jesus will lead us and will, through us, transform the world and, indeed, bless this fair city.

We hope that we in the Cathedral are indeed a blessing to those who enter our doors and become part of our community. I am constantly amazed by the length and breadth of the many things we do; simply to stand and watch the parade which passes by is enormously moving.

I think back just to the recent events of this fall – from the important funeral we hosted for Cpl. Cirillo to the tender beauty of Jazz Vespers,

which took place just hours before I sat down to write this; from a fantastic concert by choristers from McMaster University late in November, to the Saturday evening Out of the Cold dinners, this year being reserved at our site for women and children.

A new cooking outreach activity, called 'Earth to Table' has begun in Myler Hall twice monthly, designed to teach newcomers to Canada how to recognize, cook with, and enjoy the abundant produce which is part of the bounty of our harvest.

The peace and pity (we might call that last one 'graciousness') of Jesus is palpable on Tuesday mornings in the Nave as David Savage and his indefatigable volunteers (many are reading this with you!) welcome, speak with, help, and become *community* for those who reach our doors in search of Salvation Army meal tickets.

On Fridays during the more temperate part of the year, Jeni Darling and her incredible Lay Weeders sing their deep praises by hoeing, weeding, planting, pruning, and giving tender loving care to God's garden. And on those special Friday evenings, the whole place shakes, rocks, and resounds in the delightful welcome which our magnificent building and our equally magnificent hosts give on Art Crawl Fridays.

Add to the above the beautiful and moving noon

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

-hour eucharists, the deep joy of marriage services, the special gift of gathering at funerals and requiem eucharists, the regular Wednesday morning worship by the staff of Cathedral Place, and the many times when someone simply goes into the Cathedral for a quiet moment or to light a candle – we too participate with Our King as he offers his blessing to this fair city.

It may be fashionable for us as church goers to poo-poo the over-the-top commercialism of Christmas and the distance which seems to have developed between the birth of a baby in Jerusalem and the irreligious nature of most of the world's celebration. And yet, Jesus came for everyone, and He came, indeed, so that hatred may be banished, that sorrow will vanish, and that the Light of the world might chase away sadness and despair.

As we celebrate the many blessings that are ours in this place, may we wish that warmth and joy on all whom we know and meet. May Christmas live in our hearts and in our minds.

We will keep Christmas as is our wont at the Cathedral – with beautiful music, candles flickering, and joyous hearts. A very happy Christmas to all!

Passages

Deaths

Marj Laidler
November 25, 2014

Weddings

Theresa Rosana Mader & Thomas John Ayre –
November 22, 2014

CHRISTMAS SERVICES

December 21, 700 p.m.

Music for Christmas and Lessons & Carols
Featuring the Cathedral Choir,
Michael Bloss, & David Low .

CHRISTMAS EVE

December 24

**4:30 p.m. Family Eucharist
& Crèche Blessing**

Storyteller: The Reverend Canon J. Lefebvre

9:30 p.m. Congregational Carols with Organ

Animator: Michael Bloss

10:00 p.m. Procession & Choral Eucharist

Presider: The Very Reverend Peter Wall
Preacher: The Right Reverend Michael Bird

CHRISTMAS DAY

December 25, 10:00 a.m.

Holy Eucharist with Hymns

Presider: The Right Rev. D. Ralph Spence
Preacher: The Very Reverend Peter Wall

CHRISTMAS ONE

December 28, 10:30 a.m.

Holy Eucharist with Hymns

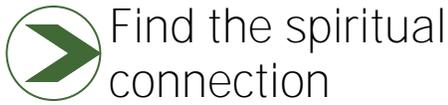
THE NAMING OF JESUS

January 1, 2015, 12:15 p.m.

Said Eucharist



ARE THEY REAL?



by Sharyn Hall†



Angel images are popular in our culture today. We find angels depicted on a variety of products from calendars to coffee mugs. We might wonder if angel images are simply ‘good luck’ charms against the hazards of life, or indications of a deep, unspoken searching for the spiritual dimension of life. In our world of global communication and high-speed information, there is increasing evidence that people are aware that something is missing in their lives. The popularity of angel images suggests that people seek a benign connection to the spiritual world, but are unwilling to look for that connection in organized religion.

Are angels real? Can we see angels? Angels are very real in many Bible stories. Belief in angels became official doctrine of the Christian Church at the council of Nicaea in the year 325. Angels also are revered in Judaism and Islam.

However, the physical appearance of angels is rarely described in the Bible or other holy books. Our visual images of angels have been created mostly by artists through the centuries. Artists from the Middle Ages to the present have given us the general characteristics of angels that we expect to see: wings of various sizes attached to their backs and long, flowing robes of various colours, often white or gold, but sometimes jewel-like colours of red, blue or green.

Angels frequently are depicted as musical, hold-

ing a musical instrument or songbook. Cherubs are very young children with wings, usually without robes. Adult angels generally have no clear indication of gender unless the angel is a named archangel, such as Michael, Raphael or Gabriel.

The Greek word, ‘angelos’, means ‘messenger’ and this is the frequent function of angels both in Biblical and popular stories; for example, three angels visit Abraham to tell him he will be the father of a nation; an angel explains to Zechariah that his son will be called John; the angel Gabriel announces to young Mary that she will give birth to the Son of God.

However, not all angels in the Bible are benevolent or gentle creatures. In the Book of Revelation, apocalyptic angels appear on the Day of Judgment creating destruction, fighting the forces of evil, and shepherding the saved into paradise and the damned into hell. Satan is described as a powerful angel who rebelled against God and fell into earth to tempt and torment humanity.

Most people wish to set aside negative images and think of angels as guardians of their wellbeing. Many people in recent years claim to have encountered an angel who appeared as a stranger to save them from harm. There are books of stories in which people are convinced that angels have helped them and most often

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

they describe the angel figure as appearing to be an ordinary human being.

At this Christmas time, we often see again movies in which an angel comes to earth to help a person who is troubled or ill or in harm's way. One of my favourite movies is 'It's a Wonderful Life', starring James (Jimmy) Stewart and Donna Reed. In that story, Jimmy Stewart's character, George Bailey, becomes so despondent that he decides to commit suicide. God sends an angel to stop him, but this angel has no wings and is not dressed in a flowing robe. He is a sweet, elderly man named Clarence who is trying to earn his wings by saving a soul. Naturally neither George nor anyone else believes Clarence is an angel until unusual things begin to happen.

Clarence is unlike any angel we might read about in the Bible or picture in our minds, but Clarence reminds us that angels can be among us in unexpected ways. Whether our image of an angel is a supernatural being of shining light or the brave stranger who saves us from harm or the compassionate friend always ready to help anyone in need, angels among us, seen or unseen, help us to find that missing spiritual connection in our lives, that spiritual connection to God. ■

ANGELS ON HIGH



A few months ago, I saw a photograph of a huge bird sculpture suspended over the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. That cathedral is many times the size of ours, but the idea of hanging art stayed with me. We have very limited wall space to hang paintings or other flat works of art.

Also we are restricted in what we can add or alter in the Cathedral because of our historical designation.

Fortunately over 30 years ago, before the designation, the 150th anniversary committee had large metal rings inserted unobtrusively in the pillars and walls for a display of vestments. We were able to use those rings to string wires from which we could suspend the angels.

When the Dean and I first discussed the idea of angels for Christmas, we consulted Bryce Kanbara, a local artist and owner



of *You Me Gallery*. Later I also consulted Philip Grant, another local artist and parishioner. They both suggested that we send out an open call to artists for angels to suspend in the side aisle. With their help, we were able to reach artists in the whole region. We have been delighted as angels of various sizes, shapes, material and concepts started to arrive. We also contacted the local schools to invite young people to create an angel, and although our request was too late for the projects to begin, there was interest for another opportunity to create art works for the Cathedral. We hope that this will be the beginning of ways in which the Cathedral can become a centre for art, as it is for worship, music and outreach.

The angels will hang in the Cathedral from December 10 to January 6, 2015. The Cathedral will be open to view the angels Monday to Friday from 10:00 am to 2:00 pm (Closed December 26 and January 1). Come and meet the artists on Sunday, December 21, from 4:00-6:00 pm. ■



WHO CARES

 for those who
sail the ships?

by Rev. Judith Alltree
Executive Director

Mission to Seafarers Southern Ontario



Last month, a disabled Russian cargo ship, the Simushir, was finally towed to the Port of Prince Rupert, BC, to begin repairs. She had foundered in heavy seas, and was in danger of not just being adrift, but grounding on the shores of Haida Gwaii, the islands formerly known as the Queen Charlottes.

The media had every angle you can imagine on this front page story: the lack of Canadian rescue tugs on the north BC coast; the danger posed to the environment if/when oil tankers transporting oil from the proposed Northern Gateway pipeline run into similar difficulties, and so on. Only one brief mention of the crew was made: that the captain had been injured, but not the nature of his injury; and the fact that ten crewmembers “remained” aboard – but where were the others, as ships of this size usually carry up to 20 crew members.

Who is it who cares for these crewmembers, their health, and safety; that they spent over 20 hours adrift in waves up to 4 metres high on a ship with no power; that the tow lines between them and a US tug broke three times? Who cares about their families at home who may be watching this on the news? We care: the chaplains, staff and volunteers of the Missions to Seafarers. Wherever we are located throughout the world, every one of these stories affect us. Our concern is not for the government officials spinning the story for their own benefits – for and against the pipelines – but for the people on

board the distressed vessel, who seem, somehow, to have been forgotten, or are even being dismissed or ignored by the world.

But they are not forgotten by those of us at the Mission to Seafarers: chaplains, staff and volunteers. We know and understand what happens when a ship is abandoned, when the crew is ignored, and when life on board begins to resemble a ghetto because of lack of proper food, water and hygiene – for the crew and the ship – and we know what desperation looks like when we are face to face with it.

This past summer our arriving seafarers faced numerous challenges. This particular story began in early June when I arrived at the port of Oshawa, one of the three ports that the Mission to Seafarers Southern Ontario serves (in addition to Toronto and Hamilton). There was no ship. When I contacted the shipping agent, he informed me that the ship, unfortunately named the “Fritz”, was having engine trouble and was somewhere between Montreal and Bowmanville with arrival in Oshawa to be “any day”. It was July 7, one month later, before the Fritz actually came alongside the dock in Oshawa.

Donna Taylor, the Oshawa Harbourmaster, called a team of people together with the task of assessing all that was needed by the ship and by the crew, and to do it immediately. An ITF (International Transportation Federation) in-

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

spector and I were the first on board, and we discovered a crew who were near the end of their emotional ropes. They had been ignored by the shipping company for months, had not been paid since the end of March, were at the end of their food and water supplies, and yes, they had indeed been fishing in the St. Lawrence, off Cornwall, with the help of passing pleasure boats who supplied them with bait, to supplement their food stores.

By the time they came ashore, they were hungry, suspicious, and numb. Their attitude was “whatever you have to sell, lady, we are not buying”.

It took many hours that day to gain their trust, helped enormously by a wonderful pastor at a nearby Romanian Orthodox church (the crew was Romanian, the Master a Russian). Within days the crew had received most of their back pay – a little matter of going on strike and refusing to allow the cargo to be discharged, aided and abetted by the ILA (International Longshoremen’s Association) in Oshawa. Within weeks, the ship was on its way to Hamilton where repairs were finally made. Eventually, in the middle of August, the Fritz was en route to Toledo, where yet another maritime hazard awaited them: following the discharge of the last of their cargo, the US Coast Guard put the ship and the crew “under arrest” for non-payment of a very large fuel bill.

Picture yourself going to your office in the morning, and after your arrival, the sheriff comes along and locks you inside. “Until your boss pays the rent, you can’t come out”, he tells you. Interesting conundrum: the boss is in the Caymans on holiday and you can’t leave until he returns and the bills are paid. So there you stay, held hostage by your own company as well as the law.

After tense negotiations between a new buyer and the bank, who acted as Receiver for the former owners, the ship was finally released on October 10, and sailed toward Montreal for further instructions. This episode of the Fritz

demonstrates some of the human, financial and mechanical hazards that await those who serve us in the Merchant Marines not only internationally, but even on our own Great Lakes.

It is those of us who work for and with the Mission to Seafarers who care for these people; bringing portable WiFi equipment on board to enable them to contact their families, to bring whatever reassurance and assistance we can in their fight for justice, and even, at times, to bring them personal care supplies, like toothpaste, body wash and shampoo. A warm smile, hot coffee, comfort foods from home, or finding a pastor who could speak with them in their own language, these are some of the things we do at the Mission.

How often have we waved a cheery “hello!” to a Ukrainian wife being skyped by her husband who is at the Mission? How often have we ignored the “we’re not hungry, thanks” of a group of seafarers who we know have just completed a 36 hour journey to get to Toronto to board their ship? Instead we set the table with food and watch with great humour as they literally inhale dinner! And we’ve seen the looks of relief on their faces as the ship arrives, realizing that although they have undertaken their own part of the journey, anything can happen to the ship along the way, and the job isn’t real until they are onboard. We think about the young man, proudly showing us his Facebook page announcing the arrival of his newborn child, born 14,000 kms away in Manila, knowing he won’t see her until she’s at least three months old. And the young newly promoted Chief Mate from east Ukraine who left his even younger, pregnant wife back in May, heading to Canada to work, hoping he would be home for his first child’s birth at the end of October.

Your support of the Mission to Seafarers enables us to engage with the Seafarers of the world who sail into our ports, bringing us 90% of everything we have from the sugar in our morning coffee – and the coffee – and the cup - to the clothes on our backs and the cars in our driveways. On behalf of “sailors everywhere”, we thank you for your continued support. ■

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES



The Editors of Contact asked some of the staff of Christ's Church Cathedral to write about a memorable Christmas. Here are their responses:



Peter Wall†, Rector and Dean

Superlatives are always dangerous things – it is challenging to think of *the* single most memorable Christmas, just as it is usually impossible to pick out one *most* favorite birthdays, or one's *absolute* favorite child, or the *one* day which has meant everything above all others. Life, after all, is a cumulative sport, and one which always benefits from reflection.

So I have had many memorable Christmases – some funny; some sad; some memorable because of who was around; some memorable because of who was *not* around.

So, one of my *most* memorable Christmases took place in 1990 – some 25 years ago. I was the Rector of a delightful suburban parish in a suburb of Windsor, called St. Clair Beach. Anne and I had been there a year and a half; Emily was in Grade 1 and Patrick was 2!! That fall had been a hard one on my family – my younger brother Michael, had died of complications from AIDS on November 15 and the very next day, November 16, was my parent's 50th wedding anniversary. Michael died here in Hamilton, at the General Hospital, because he had been living at the end with my sister who lived in Dundas. His death had rocked us right to our socks – he (and his twin sister) were the youngest of the six Wall children; my mother, in particular, took his death very hard.

Since the 50th wedding anniversary had occurred so close to his death and since Christmas was going to be particularly difficult, my siblings and I decided that we should try to be together, if at all possible, for Christmas and that we should 'celebrate' the golden Wedding Anniversary at that time. Given that parish clergy are not the most mobile of people at Christmas time, and that we had a reasonably sized rectory, located right next to the church, Anne and I decided that the best thing to do was for us to host the remainder of the family – all 20 of us – at our home !

It was, indeed, memorable. Memorable because we were trying to 'keep' Christmas in a family stricken with grief; memorable because my family was never the easiest group to live with (wonderful individuals, but as a group – oh, boy!!), memorable because we were trying to honour 50 years of marriage for our parents.

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

We all know that Christmas ‘traditions’ are important – my youngest sister always has had one that involves everyone being up at about 5 a.m. and ripping through gifts as if they might disappear.....Anne and I had developed one which involved the four of us opening only our ‘stockings’ before church; all of us going to church, then having breakfast at home, *then* opening our gifts. Needless to say, that all took some careful negotiating with my siblings.

21 people for Christmas dinner (in the church hall – thankfully just next door); my mother, always given to dramatics, close to tears the whole time, an attempt at marking 50 years of marriage, and all I had to do was be the Rector of the parish – two services Christmas eve, Christmas morning, and all that.....

When it was all said and done, it was a memorable Christmas. It was the last time we were all together (with the exception of our brother Michael); my mom was to die just three years later. A nephew died tragically in 1997; so the Christmas of 1990 really was a memorable one – everyone together, marking and celebrating important things together.

Christmases have been pretty quiet since... ■



Sharyn Hall† Assistant Priest

In November 2011, our son, Elliott, married a lovely girl, Alice, in London, England. Because most of our family in Canada could not attend the wedding, my husband, Fred, and I decided to hold a celebration for the newlyweds here and invite family and friends near and far.

We invited Alice’s mother to come from England. Our older son, Matthew, his wife Robin and our granddaughter Stella came from Brooklyn, New York. Robin is Jewish and we have become close to her parents, so we invited them to come from Connecticut. Fred’s family came from various cities in Ontario.

A few days after the wedding celebration, the family gathered at our home for Christmas dinner. We were 25 for dinner, including children, and by using two adjacent tables we all managed to sit down together.

Christmas that year was very close to the Jewish holiday of Hanukkah, the festival of lights. I have a small menorah decorated with the animals of Noah’s ark, which I often light at Christmas. At the beginning of our Christmas dinner, we lit the 8 candles of the menorah and Robin’s mother, Audrey, said the blessing for Hanukkah in Hebrew. Then I said a Christmas blessing in English.

It was a very special Christmas when we all could be together to give thanks for the light of God coming into our world with the language and ancient festival of lights of the time of Jesus. ■



J. Lefebvre†, Honorary Assistant

When I was 4 or 5, my Nana took us kids to see the Eaton's and Simpson's window displays in downtown Toronto. After looking at the Eaton's windows we went inside to the toy department and as we were browsing the isles, my eye caught a display of red plastic dishes, complete with cups and saucers, spoons, forks, mixing bowls, measuring spoons, casserole dishes and a couple of pots. I was enamoured with this find.

On arriving back at my Nana's house, she asked each of us what we wanted for Christmas and I told her about the red plastic dish service that I had just seen at Eaton's. As I went about doing something else, I overheard my father tell my Nana that she was not to get me the dishes for Christmas as it wasn't a suitable gift for a boy. I recall being puzzled as to why he would say this and yes, I was disheartened.

Imagine my delight when, on Christmas Day, my Nana gave me a large gift wrapped box—it was my set of red plastic dishes! I was a very happy kid and to this day I give thanks to my Nana for allowing me to be me, by getting me what I wanted, despite my father's order not to! ■



Michael Bloss, Director of Music Ministries

Writing about the most memorable Christmas suggests relating nostalgic memories and images not that different from the painted wintry landscapes found on greeting cards. For a musician Christmas is one of the busiest times of the year—a time when one is focused more on creating those nostalgias for others rather than enjoying them. Nevertheless a moment does stand out from the many spent making music. Many would say that I, at times, am a musical snob. So it was in my days at Timothy Eaton Memorial Church in Toronto (1988-1999) that I would steadfastly refuse to use the Chimes on the organ. In my opinion, that stop was just too precious and trite. However, one Christmas Eve at the late night Bethlehem communion (at which we traditionally ended with Silent Night), I relented and played the tune to O Little Town of Bethlehem on the Chimes after the benediction was pronounced. Not a creature stirred in that large congregation for a number of moments as the last resonance faded away. It became a moment in a special night when I became aware again of the incarnate ministry of music. ■



Alison Meredith, Parish Administrator

When you are asked to write about a memorable Christmas most would think of all the “warm and fuzzy” aspects of the season. When I started to recall past Christmases, I found it was the people that came to mind most. The people that I spent Christmas with and those that are no longer here; the wonderful aunts in England who sent marvelous parcels and now a very good friend; finding that perfect gift for that hard to buy for person, the new additions to families, the many choristers I sang with over the years. I guess what I am saying is that I don't have one memorable Christmas but rather memories of all those who are part of my Christmas memory. My mom always said that there was always room for one more at our table (and with two brothers in the military, they often brought another soldier home with them), and that no one should ever eat their Christmas dinner alone. Words to live by and my fondest Christmas memory. ■



Eric Griffin, † Honorary Assistant

SPOILER ALERT! If your favorite kind of Christmas is a white one of rather artificial “Victorian” customs, familiar popular Christmas music, Santa Claus at the mall, candles, trees, stockings, reindeer, snowflakes, Jingle Bell Rock, and romantic Dickensian carolers, then stop reading now. You may not like what follows.

I dislike Christmastime. I would prefer to say “detest” but have been sternly advised not to. Not simply because of the common complaint of excessive commercialism; the annual spasm of consumerism that began this year on September 30 (full Christmas display at Canadian Tire) and the “pre- Boxing Week Blowout Sales” are realities we just have to live with. My favorite English word is “ineluctable” which means “that against which it is vain to struggle.”

What infuriates me, and what I think damages people, is the obligatory sentimentality, and an almost tyrannical nostalgia for the non-existent “golden age of the family.” Enthusiasm is demanded, and people will literally laugh and call us names if we lack it. It is assumed that we love listening to the same 24 execrable songs; the “secret Santa” office parties that oblige us to purchase things nobody needs with money we don’t have for people we often don’t like; the often awkward and strained Christmas parties we feel we can’t decline.

These sentimental expectations can place an enormous burden on people who may not have a Christmas-card perfect family; on children trying to make sense of a difficult world from endless television “Christmas Specials”; on those who do not feel “comfort and joy”; on those for whom every song, elf, and jingle bell only serves to revive the grief of a past Christmastime tragedy. I now publically confess that since childhood I have loathed the endless beards-and-bathrobes Christmas Pageants at school, at Cubs, at Church. They have always made me cringe in acute embarrassment even when I was not involved. I don’t know why. Apparently having such feelings is unacceptable, especially for clergy.

Like many clergy, by Christmas day I am tired, “peopled-out” and want to avoid groups. At one particularly crowded and noisy Christmas day family gathering, no one could understand why I spent most of the day alone in the basement on a ratty old couch with a newspaper. Much misunderstanding ensued.

But I am not a cynic, a Grinch, or an unrepentant Scrooge. I may detest 95% of what Christmas has become, but there is no “Bah, humbug” from me. I believe in the true spirit of Christmas and I love it vigorously. And there are a few things I do like. “A Charlie Brown Christmas” makes me feel I am not alone. I prefer “Bell Book and Candle” to “It’s a Wonderful Life”; and Alistair Sim’s Scrooge is the only one worth watching. I like a quiet Christmas day, a modest gift between friends, a glass of cheer. A nap.

My most memorable Christmases are those from when I was a country pastor. Walking from the Rectory to the church for the Christmas day service, a special and profound quiet and stillness seemed to have settled over the whole town. Like most Anglican congregations, only a few people came out Christmas mornings, so I always gave the organist the day off. Holy Communion, as often as not from the Book of Common Prayer. No hymns, a very brief and friendly homily. It was the one service a year that fed my own spirit as no other could. ■

TODAY'S HIV

 Just another
chronic disease?

by Dale Guenter



The following appeared in the Hamilton Spectator on November 21, 2014. Reprinted with permission.

HIV and AIDS in Canada has changed. Since it emerged 30 years ago, things are different. Science has made progress. Treatment has improved. Life for people with HIV looks very different. In some ways it still looks just the same.

Highly effective medication known as antiretroviral therapy, or ART, has improved. Many people can take one pill a day, with very few side effects. It subdues the virus for many years. It keeps the virus in check so that any damage it may do is very slow. This turns HIV into a persistent but controlled disease. In some ways, it's like high blood pressure or diabetes—conditions that can do a lot of damage if they are not controlled. People who are treated can have long, healthy, full lives. In fact, if a person with HIV starts and stays on treatment, they are expected to live almost as long as the average person.

Unfortunately the virus is still lurking in the background. There is no cure yet. And, there are people who cannot take ART because of side effects, or ART does not work well against their virus. Their disease may get worse more quickly.

If the virus is kept in check, something else hap-

pens. It is almost impossible to pass it on to someone else. If medication is taken correctly and the virus is subdued, the risk of infecting others through sex is almost zero. Pregnant women with HIV who take ART are almost guaranteed their newborn will not be infected. And, if a person who doesn't have HIV takes ART themselves, their risk of getting HIV is greatly reduced. Taking ART is an option for people who expect they will be exposed to HIV, but it comes at a high cost in terms of both money and possible side effects.

So, those are the facts—proven by science. People can live longer and healthier lives, and they can be confident of not spreading their HIV to others if their treatment is working. It sounds like a pretty “normal” life.

But is it really?

For most people with HIV, fear is always just around the corner. Will my friends accept me? Will my workplace allow me to stay on the job if they hear? How will people treat my children if they find out about me? How careful do I have to be with this information? Science has changed, but much of society is stuck in the old days.

Then there's sex and relationships. This has been a fearful shadow since the earliest days of HIV. Just how “safe” can sex be?

(Continued on page 15)

(Continued from page 14)



The old message to “use a condom” still holds true. It prevents HIV, most other sexually transmitted infections (or STD’s), and pregnancy. But now there’s the new message, that if you have HIV, take ART, and have a subdued virus, you are just fine not using a condom since you won’t give HIV to anyone else. These seem like mixed messages. Public health officials, HIV advocates, health care professionals, the courts, and most of all, people with HIV are struggling to find a comfortable compromise. While they do this, we seem to keep hearing in our media about a few situations where criminal law has been used. This is how we deal with people who intentionally harm others, whether that is with HIV or with a gun. It is very rare. But if you are a person with HIV living in this storm of unclear messages, unclear legal repercussions, and uncertainty about how to use the science, you will live in fear. Science has given you the chance to have trusting, fulfilling sexual relationships but the storm takes all of that away.

With good care, people with HIV *should* be able to lead more normal lives than ever before, with sexual relationships, families and jobs. Our Canadian health system is doing pretty well at making medication and care available for people who need it. There is no reason for the storm of fear to dominate any longer, we can do better.

Dale Guenter has been a family physician for people living with HIV for almost 30 years. He works in Hamilton. ■

AIDS VIGIL

On December 1, the Cathedral hosted a large crowd at the annual Aids Vigil to mark World Aids Day. As part of a moving service, the names of 180 men and women who have died of Aids in the Hamilton area were read and candles lit in their memory. The service is a collaboration between The Hamilton Aids Network, Hemophilia Ontario, and Christ’s Church Cathedral.



This year’s speaker was Aidan Johnson, newly elected councilor for Ward 1 and the first openly gay person to be elected to Hamilton city council. Mr. Johnson, who came out when he was a student at Westdale Secondary School spoke about the solace he found at the public library. "Somewhere along the way, I figured out I was gay." He discovered books that that let him know “that being gay was something good. They were amazing books. The books that did it for me were books that told me about the movement."

Although there are many issues still to face, Mr. Johnson concluded "these can be overcome, and I look around tonight and I know they can."

Music for the evening was provided by the Hamilton Gay Men’s Chorus. ■



December/January

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
<p>14 Holy Eucharist 8:30</p> <p>Choral Eucharist 10:30</p>	<p>15 Bible Study 10:30</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>16 Holy Eucharist 7:30 am</p> <p>Meal Tickets 9:30 -11:00</p>	<p>17 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p> <p>Prayer Shawl Knitting 1-3</p>	<p>18 Brass Monkeys 9-4</p> <p>Javesville Day-care Santa Visit 9:30</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	19	<p>20 Out of the Cold 4 pm</p>
<p>21 Holy Eucharist 8:30</p> <p>Choral Eucharist 10:30</p> <p>Christmas Angels Meet the Artists 4:00</p> <p>Lessons & Carols 7:00</p>	<p>22 Bible Study 10:30</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>23 Holy Eucharist 7:30 am</p> <p>Meal Tickets 9 :30-11:00</p>	<p>24 Family Eucharist & Crèche Blessing 4:30</p> <p>Music for Christmas – Congregational Car- ols with Organ 9:30</p> <p>Procession & Choral Eucharist 10:00 pm</p>	<p>23 Holy Eucharist with Hymns 10:00 am</p>	26	<p>27 Out of the Cold 4 pm</p>
Cathedral Place closed Dec 24 to Jan 2						
<p>28 Christmas One Holy Eucharist 10:30 (one ser- vice)</p>	29	<p>30 Meal Tickets 10 :30-11:30</p>	<p>31 REMINDER! All charitable donations for 2014 must be received in the Cathedral Office by December 31st.</p>	<p>January 1 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	2	<p>3 Out of the Cold 4 pm</p>
<p>4 Holy Eucharist 8:30</p> <p>Choral Eucharist 10:30</p>	<p>5 Bible Study 10:30</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>6 Holy Eucharist 7:30 am</p> <p>Meal Tickets 9 :30-11:00</p> <p>Earth To Table 3 pm</p>	<p>7 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p> <p>Prayer Shawl Knitting 1-3</p>	<p>8 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>9 Art Crawl 7pm</p>	<p>10 Out of the Cold 4 pm</p>
<p>11 Holy Eucharist 8:30</p> <p>Choral Eucharist 10:30</p> <p>LTO—First Light 12:45-1:45</p>	<p>12 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>13 Holy Eucharist 7:30 am & 12:15</p> <p>Meal Tickets 9 :30-11:30</p>	<p>14 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p> <p>Prayer Shawl Knitting 1-3</p>	<p>13 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	16	<p>17 Out of the Cold 4 pm</p>

January/February

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
<p>18 Holy Eucharist 8:30</p> <p>Choral Eucharist 10:30</p> <p>LTO—First Light 12:45-1:45</p>	<p>19 Bible Study 10:30</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>20 Holy Eucharist 7:30 am</p> <p>Meal Tickets 9:30-11:00</p>	<p>21 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p> <p>Prayer Shawl Knitting 1-3</p>	<p>22 Brass Monkeys 9-11</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>23</p>	<p>24 Choir Retreat 9am</p> <p>Out of the Cold 4 pm</p>
<p>25 Holy Eucharist 8:30</p> <p>Choral Eucharist 10:30</p> <p>LTO—First Light 12:45-1:45</p>	<p>26 Bible Study 10:30</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>27 Holy Eucharist 7:30 am</p> <p>Meal Tickets 9:30-11:00</p> <p>Earth To Table 3 pm</p>	<p>28 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p> <p>Prayer Shawl Knitting 1-3</p>	<p>29 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>30</p>	<p>31 Out of the Cold 4 pm</p>
<p>February 1 Holy Eucharist 8:30</p> <p>Choral Eucharist 10:30</p> <p>LTO—First Light 12:45-1:45</p>	<p>2 Bible Study 10:30</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>3 Holy Eucharist 7:30 am</p> <p>Meal Tickets 9:30-11:00</p>	<p>4 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p> <p>Prayer Shawl Knitting 1-3</p>	<p>5 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>6</p>	<p>7 Out of the Cold 4 pm</p>
<p>8 Holy Eucharist 8:30</p> <p>Choral Eucharist 10:30</p> <p>LTO—First Light 12:45-1:45</p>	<p>9 Bible Study 10:30</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>10 Holy Eucharist 7:30 am & 12:15</p> <p>Meal Tickets 9:30-11:00</p> <p>Earth To Table 3 pm</p>	<p>11 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p> <p>Prayer Shawl Knitting 1-3</p>	<p>12 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>13 Art Crawl 7pm</p>	<p>14 Out of the Cold 4 pm</p>
<p>15 Holy Eucharist 8:30</p> <p>Choral Eucharist 10:30</p> <p>LTO—First Light 12:45-1:45</p>	<p>16 Bible Study 10:30</p> <p>Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>17 Holy Eucharist 7:30 am</p> <p>Meal Tickets 9:30-11:00</p>	<p>18 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p> <p>Prayer Shawl Knitting 1-3</p>	<p>19 Holy Eucharist 12:15</p>	<p>20</p>	<p>21 Out of the Cold 4 pm</p> <p>Hamilton Gay Men's Chorus Concert 7:30 pm</p>

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS

 Memories from 1926

by Francean Campbell-Rich



I wonder if we really understand about Christmas and a child's feelings. I remember a Christmas in Toronto when I was six years old. I wanted a doll's highchair.

I had seen one in the toy department at Eaton's. It was wooden, and you could lift up the little tray and put it over back, like a real highchair. I wanted it more than anything else in the world.

The visit to Eaton's was an annual ritual; then there was the Santa Claus parade, when you were never dressed warmly enough but you didn't say anything about it. If you were lucky, you watched it from on top of a car radiator hood, but mostly you peered through legs or jumped up and down if you wanted to see the clowns or the dancing girls. The floats were easier to see because they were high, with the girls your own age dressed in cuddly woolly things and waving at us, by the time they got to us, at College Street.

After a while I got dizzy with all the movement going in the same direction, and looked away until the big moment came. I knew, for a certainty, that Santa Claus up there, at the end of the parade, was going to bring me the doll's highchair. I told my cousin Margann about it.

I did all the right things. I ate what was on my plate. I said my prayers. I didn't bother Sarah, the cook. I played nicely with Margann and tried not to quarrel with my sister, Macia. I didn't race up and down the halls yelling, if my father was home, or slide down the stairs head first if my grandmother was looking. I drew pictures and wrote poems and made up new pieces to please my parents, and went to bed when I was sent. I drew up a list, with 'Doll's Highchair' at the top, and wrote a letter to Santa Claus by myself. I even tried to give up sucking my fingers. All this and three whole weeks being good until Christmas.

We lived in my grandparents' house, somewhere in the many rooms at 239 College Street. Great Aunt Martha came out from one of the rooms from time to time, and Mother had her Coming Out party in the drawing room downstairs, Nannie said. Granddad and Uncle Herbert had their medical offices on the ground floor; the patients entered by the side door and waited in a dark room with varnished chairs and the National Geographic. Granddad's office had a great chair upholstered with horsehair-filled black leather; if you pushed in a certain way, the whole thing heaved and clanked and rolled back and threw your legs up over your head. There was a

(Continued on page 19)

rolltop desk where Granddad kept peppermints for us, and there was a cabinet with surgical tools in it. One of them was used to take out tonsils. Everybody had their tonsils out, but I didn't.

The other side of the hallway was where we had Christmas. Aunt Martha and all the other aunts and uncles and cousins gathered in the morning, but Margann and I had to stay in the upstairs sitting room with the gas fireplace until the proper time. Aunt Annie had delivered me in that room, mother said. And that was very special, because all the deliveries - the bread, the milk, the ice, and Eaton's - came in wagons with baskets and went to Sarah, at the back door, who gave them tickets.

At last we were allowed out. You could smell the tree, but the first glimpse of it was from the stairs, through a crack in the sliding doors, and there it was, lights, tinsel, greenery, and oh joy, under the branches, sticking up from the red and white and green presents around it, like a little throne, the doll's highchair.

Santa Claus had come in through a skylight on the third floor and was thumping down the stairs, ho-ho-ing in a voice like my father's. He had a nose like my father's too - but this was all you could see of him, and I wondered why he needed to come back if he had brought all the presents during the night. Aunt Frances played Jingle Bells, and he made his entrance. Too slowly, he began to give out the presents, one by one, starting with a little one at the edge of the pile, reading the tag aloud, with great care, pretending not to know how to read, and finally making a fancy presentation to Sarah, who opened it then and there, daintily untying the knot and winding up the ribbon and smoothing out the paper. I was fit to be tied up myself and didn't dare show it.

There were presents for me, of course. A box of plasticine (I only liked the gold lumps), crayons (I always used up the pink ones first), watercolour paints, colouring books that you 'filled in'; cut-out dolls that you dressed with cut-out clothes with tabs on them; picture books with big lettering, showing ships that I thought reached across the ocean to England; a glass ball with a snowman in it, in a snowstorm if you shook it; celluloid cupie-dolls; sets of doll house furniture that you traded with Margann. Usually there was something nondescript from a distant aunt that you didn't even know. You had to write a thank-you letter (Dear Aunt Nellie, Thank you for the shoe bag. I've always wanted a shoe bag, but not very much ...)

Sometimes there was an Eatonia doll; the head usually got broken, or the eyes pushed in, before the day was out, and it had to be taken to the Dolls' Hospital. There was very rarely anything like a doll's bed or doll's carriage, because Margann or I usually broke them, trying to get into them ourselves. And never a doll's highchair - until this Christmas.

The ceremony dragged on. I contained my excitement as best I could - politely, on the surface, at least. For a minute I thought he wasn't going to get to it at all. The presents had all been given out. Maybe he thought that if it wasn't wrapped, it wasn't a present. Oh little Lord Jesus.

Then he saw the tag. "What's this?" he said, picking up the highchair and holding it high over his head. "Not for Mother, certainly, ho ho ho, not for Nannie, ho ho ho, not for Towser, ruff ruff, he barked, making a great show of it all. At last he read the name on the tag, and...It was not for me.

It was not for me. It was for Margann.

(Continued on page 20)

(Continued from page 19)

He handed the highchair to Margann, and with one more whoop and ho-ho-ho, he took his leave. The clearing up began. There was milling around, gathering up paper and boxes; it was hot and noisy. Margann brought the highchair back to where we had been sitting together on the carpet. She waited for me to say something. Neither of us spoke.

I'm not going to cry, I said to myself. Nobody must see. I'm not going to ask. Mother would say, "Another time, dear ..." Macia would say "I can make you one". Aunt Frances would say "Margann will let you play with it." And indeed, after a moment Margann said "You can play with it, Francean". But it's not the same thing. It's just not the same thing.

The time in my story is many years later. JR and I had been married six months. We had told each other lots of stories. He told me about Christmas in England when he was six and the precious chocolate that got thrown in the fire with the wrappings by mistake. I told him about Christmas in Toronto when I was six and about the doll's highchair.

On our first Christmas morning, there was a big bag of Laura Secord chocolate, all for JR and under the tree, a little wooden highchair, with a tray that you lift up and put over back. The tag, with my name on it, read, "You see, it was for you all along." ■

CONGRATULATIONS!

To our Order of Niagara recipients

November 23, 2014



Hazel Naylor



Geoff Read

ARCHITECTURAL HERITAGE

 The majesty of a
beautiful building

by Janina Vanderpost



On October 28 Christ's Church Cathedral was the site of an event of national importance – the regimental funeral service for Corporal Nathan Cirillo. As Susan Clairmont in the next day's Hamilton Spectator wrote "the nation watches while here, in the stunning Christ's Church Cathedral, those who knew the ... young man ... gather."

It is at times like this when the majesty of a beautiful building, one steeped in both local and wider Canadian history, can add poignancy and depth to events, both joyful and immeasurably solemn that affect the larger society.

As churchwardens, one of our concerns is the upkeep and preservation of the fabric of the cathedral. Although we don't play as direct a role as other parish wardens in carrying out this duty - we have a property management committee - nevertheless we monitor and remain vigilant in this regard. We are so proud of and grateful to our parish members who volunteer their time and share their treasure to keep the cathedral "stunning."

The preservation of historical buildings is a passion of mine. Buildings can provide an anchor, a context, a foundation. They show us something of who we are and where we have been. Names and events from history take on new life and meaning when one can visit the actual sites where events took place, or the people from our history lived. Architecturally significant buildings can be works of art in and of themselves, as well as

repositories of the art and culture of our society.

Since I have been retired, I have had the privilege of being able to travel more frequently. I am continually amazed at what European and other countries have been able to preserve and restore through centuries, indeed millennia, of change, war, and just the passage of time. There appears to be a great will and commitment to do this.

In Canada, on the other hand, it seems those who strive to preserve our architectural heritage have a much harder time of it. In far too many instances, pressure from developers and the lack of will of decision-makers has meant the wrecking ball for magnificent and/or significant buildings, and their replacement by some variation of a concrete box.

The City of Hamilton, through circumstance and, I imagine, some luck, has managed to retain a good deal more of its architectural history than many other Canadian cities (nevertheless, Margaret Houghton has published four volumes of *Vanished Hamilton*). This is one of the things that makes Hamilton so interesting and, perhaps, gives citizens a deeper sense of identity.

Our Cathedral is part of that architectural history. This heritage building is important not just to Anglicans, or just Hamiltonians, but to Canada as a whole. As a churchwarden, I am so proud that our congregation recognizes, through its efforts and generous support, this larger significance. ■

SUSAN JORO MONOJA

 Music, friends and Hawaii



1. ***What is your idea of a perfect day?***

My idea of a perfect day would be spending time with friends on a nice, breezy sunny day.

2. ***Why did you choose the Cathedral as your spiritual home?***

My family attends the services every Sunday.

3. ***What is the one thing that you most look forward to at the Cathedral?***

I look forward to the choir singing every Sunday morning because I like listening to them sing in their beautiful voices.

4. ***If you could change one thing at the Cathedral, what would it be?***

I am very proud of what the Cathedral does because it welcomes everyone, and I hope that it continues doing what it's doing.

5. ***Which living person do you most admire?***

My mother because she is truly a great role model and someday I hope to be like her.

6. ***What would be your desert island pick for a book, a piece of music and food?***

I would pick the book *Hunger Games* because it has lots of action and a good plot, and for music I would pick *Waka Waka* by Shakira because it's a song that anyone can dance to. Food: Pizza because it is good and flavourful.

7. ***Where would your dream vacation spot be?***

Hawaii – I want to see all of the beautiful islands that they have and learn about some of the different cultures and traditions in Hawaii. ■

CHEYANNE THOMPSON



Music, friends and Paris



1. ***What is your idea of a perfect day?***

My perfect day would consist of music, friends, and swimming. We would take many pictures together, eat food, and swim, all while listening to music.

2. ***Why did you choose the Cathedral as your spiritual home?***

Although I did not choose the Cathedral as my church, I was baptized in the church and have been going to the Cathedral ever since.

3. ***What is the one thing that you most look forward to at the Cathedral?***

I enjoy the music played regularly and the Christmas services. The music is by far my favorite part of the services.

4. ***If you could change one thing at the Cathedral, what would it be?***

The one thing I would like to change about the Cathedral is to have more children and teenagers. To have more youth

programs and more children my age as well.

5. ***Which living person do you most admire?***

I admire both my parents the most in the world. They help me and my siblings so much and I love them.

6. ***What would be your desert island pick for a book, a piece of music and food?***

If I were deserted on an island I would pick the book *Alphas*, about teens in a boarding school. For music I would choose to listen to mainstream music, and for food I would bring fruit, because I love fruit the most of all foods.

7. ***Where would your dream vacation spot be?***

I would love to travel to either Paris, because I speak fluent French, or Barbados because I would love to learn more about where a part of my family is from, and to meet my relatives. ■

LEST WE FORGET



Memorial to Men Who Served in Great War From Parish – For 48 Years Organ Has Been Important Factor in Church History – Music One of the Chief Charms of Cathedral Service.

The following is a reprint of an article which appeared in the Hamilton Spectator on June 14, 1924.

For nearly half a century the organ at Christ's Church Cathedral has been inseparably allied with the lives of the people of that parish, of the diocese and of the city of Hamilton. Its music has been the accompaniment to which the masses sang their praises and offered their prayers to Him to whom the sacred edifice is dedicated. Its joyous notes have heralded the approach of hundreds of happy bridal parties; its solemn tunes have peeled forth the impressive music of the Marche Funebre for thousands of honoured and respected citizens. On national and civic occasions it has, like the sanctuary of which it is a part, lent dignity and beauty to the scene. In the truest and best sense of the word, it rejoiced with those who rejoiced and wept with those who were in sorrow.

Sunday will probably be the last occasion upon which this organ, endeared to the people through long association, will be heard. It is to be replaced when the new chancel is built by a more modern and larger organ. But it will not pass entirely; its pipes are to be incorporated in the new instrument, and they will resound, with as many new pipes, in memory of the men who served in the Great War, and will lead the services of prayer and praise of future generations as they have done in the past.



Important Occasions

Since the organ was installed in 1867, when the new nave of the cathedral was dedicated, it has been heard on many notable occasions. It was to the music of this instrument that Earl Grey, the Duke of Connaught and Lord Byng of Vimy, when guests of the city of Hamilton, performed their religious duties. And it was from this same organ that joyous music rang at the services of consecration of their lordships Bishop Fuller, Bishop Hamilton, Bishop DuMoulin, and Right Rev. W. R. Clark, the present bishop of the diocese. Many young priests and deacons remember with joy the important place the music of organ and choir took on that day when they were ordained to their sacred work, and thousands of communicants have heard through its sweet notes the uplifting and encouraging promises of the communion office.

The Master Hand

With the organ is indelibly written the name of Miss M. S. Ambrose, whose master hand has, for many years, presided at the keyboard and is largely responsible for the perfection of technique and beauty with which the services have been rendered. Miss Ambrose, one of the outstandingly brilliant women organists of Canada, has, like the organ, won a place in the love and affections of the people of the cathedral that

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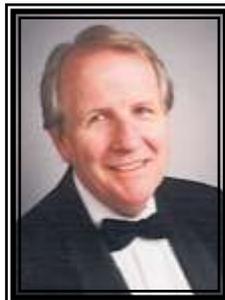
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none other could take, and it will be a matter of much satisfaction to all who have enjoyed Miss Ambrose's playing to know that when the greater organ is installed, she will continue to preside and will, in conjunction with Lieut. Harry Stares, be responsible for the music at the cathedral. Only one other organist has been employed by the cathedral; he was W. E. Fairclough, who later won fame at All Saints' Church, Toronto, and in England. Choirmasters who have been in charge during the life of the old organ include Messrs. Christian Robinson, George Robinson, the famous leader of the 13th Royal Regiment band, Halle, R. Thomas Steele, W. F. Robinson, and Lieut. H. A. Stares, leader of the 91st Highlanders' band.

The alterations to the cathedral, which will include the building of a new chancel and will add about 36 feet to the present dimensions of the church, are expected to be completed about Thanksgiving. The extensions will necessitate building into the old graveyard, and the tomb of the late Bishop DuMoulin will be immediately under the new altar. The extensions will afford increased accommodation for the congregation and for the choir and clergy. The new organ will be a three manual instrument with 51 stops. The alterations and additions will be made under the direction of Very Rev. Dean D. T. Owen, D.D., and will be given by the congregation in loving memory of the men of the parish who served in the Great War. ■



DAVID LOW



Who am I? Good question. Allow me to pen a few words to elaborate. I graduated from The University of Toronto in 1966 where I studied organ with Dr. Charles Peaker at St. Paul's Bloor Street. This was followed by a graduate year in London (U.K.) studying at King's College and doing organ with Lady Susi Jeans. My wife, Gaynor Jones was also in London that season on scholarship to Covent Garden. We married in 1968 and I embarked on a two career path.

The teaching career started and ended at Jarvis Collegiate in Toronto – a 30 year sojourn which saw the early development of Canada's finest musicians (Noel Edison and Kimberley Barber come to mind) and a wonderful number of choirs that undertook numerous tours to many of the fine cathedrals in England, Scotland, and Wales.

My path as an organist and choir master actually started in 1958 at Cataraqui United in Kingston, and as you can see, still continues.

The two most prominent positions were as an Associate with John Tuttle at St. Paul's, Bloor Street, 1978-1990 and a similar position at St. James Cathedral, Toronto – for a time with Michael Bloss – from 2004 until 2010.

Gaynor and I live in Hamilton (since 1995) and have three daughters, Sarah, Rebecca, and Bronwen, and nine grandchildren!

I first laid eyes and ears on Michael Bloss in 1968 and have enjoyed a connection as both friend and musician to this day. I am delighted to be working with him again this season here at Christ's Church Cathedral. And my sincere thanks to the Dean and Corporation of the Cathedral for allowing me to help keep the music flowing during this year. ■

SIMPLE BEAUTY

Christmases abroad

by Sandy Darling



During the time that Jeni and I lived abroad, we visited two cathedrals at Christmas and two of nature's cathedrals. At Christmas in 2000 we were in Cape Town, and the dean of the cathedral, Rohan Smith, and I had worked together in the student union of King's College London almost forty years earlier. Rohan was one of a number of non-white, theological students who studied at King's, as was Desmond Tutu, who was my contemporary, although he is older. The Anglican Church was a major force in the freedom movement in South Africa, and this was testified by the congregation at the midnight service. Cape Town Cathedral was built on the scale of an English cathedral and yet there was not enough room. Those of us in pews were passing kneelers so that others could sit in the aisles. Any horizontal surface was used – chairs could seat three with one in the seat and one on each arm. The congregation was of all hues, all of whom joined vigorously in hymns and prayer. This was an experience of a lifetime, and testifies to the result of a church that was central to resolving a nation's biggest issue.

One year later we were at 8,000 feet in India in the foothills of the Himalayas, the mountain chain that is the cathedral among mountain chains. From the road we could see the "real" mountains towering and snow-covered in the distance. The place we stayed was almost 2,000

feet above Nainital, one of the mountain stations to which the British used to retreat during the hot Indian summer, when the whole colonial administration moved and the governing took place in cooler climes. We had to walk down a path towards a long, low-slung building where the family that ran the place lived. At the peak at one end of the roof was a decorated Christmas tree about only two feet tall, a beacon in the forest. Our accommodation was a cabin on stilts above the ground and we were given an electric air-heater to take the chill off. Taking a shower in the unheated bathroom was an exercise in strategic planning. On Christmas Day we went down to one of the valleys where people were rowing on the lake, but returned at the end of the afternoon to see the grand peaks once more.

On Christmas Eve in 2002 we were on an island in Lake Victoria, the largest lake in Africa. We and our driver were the only guests, and so Jeni and I were given the honeymoon suite, which was at the end of a promontory, so we had water in most directions. When we went for dinner, there was a table for two at the end of the boat jetty, and so we dined there with the lake around us under the large sky. The African night is somehow unique – it is normally warm, there is little light pollution and there are sounds of insects and perhaps animals. Before we went to

(Continued on page 27)

(Continued from page 26)

bed, we were told to try to look out over the lake if we were awake in the middle of the night, and so we did. The people of the area catch small fish before feasts and they do this at night by attracting flies to attract fish. They use small boats and tow behind Styrofoam platforms on which they put hurricane lamps. When we looked out around 3:00 a.m., the lake was lit up with many small lights and shimmering reflections in the water. All that was missing was the singing of “Silent Night”!

Our last Christmas abroad was spent in Perth, Australia, a very young city that expanded rapidly at the end of the century, because of the mineral wealth in Western Australia. The cathedral in Perth is fairly modest, smaller than ours and is red brick. We were staying with friends and so they came with us to the midnight service. We had no idea what the cathedral would be like and so arrived about ten minutes before the service to find that the only seats left were in the back row. The service was much like most of us would expect, but phrases like “winter cruel” and “earth stood hard as iron” do not really resonate. Since that time our friends have gone back each Christmas Eve for the midnight service. Australians love Christmas and they love the outdoors, so Christmas brunch was taken on the beach by the Indian Ocean with champagne to start. So prepared are they for outdoor celebration, that they have special holders for plastic champagne glasses with a spike to go in the ground or sand so that no drink is lost.

Our four experiences were so different and reminded us of the role of an active church in the world, the grandeur of the world, the bounty the earth provides, and the simple beauty of many twinkling lights on a lake under a dark sky. ■



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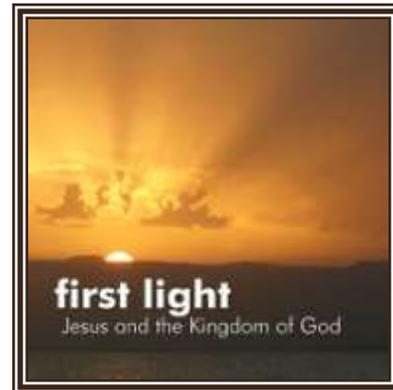
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FIRST LIGHT



with **Bill Thomas †**



First Light is a 12-session DVD and web-based study of the historical Jesus and the Kingdom of God with two of the world's leading Jesus scholars (John Dominic Crossan and Marcus Borg) on location throughout the Galilee and Jerusalem.

In a series of 12 sessions, beginning and ending with prayer, and running from 12:15 to 1:45 p.m. on Sundays (light refreshments are provided), Canon Thomas will introduce a video, facilitate discussion, and provide materials for further study.

The themes will address the following and similar questions:

Why did Jesus happen when he happened? Why the confluence of the Baptism movement of John and the Kingdom movement of Jesus? Why the tiny villages around the Lake? Why the confrontations in Jerusalem? Why then? Why there?

Why were the titles of Caesar Augustus — Divine, Son of God, God from God, Lord, Redeemer, Liberator, and Savior of the World — taken from a Roman emperor on the Palatine hill and given to a Jewish peasant on the Palestine plain? Was it low lampoon or high treason? Either way, the Romans were not laughing.

What were the priorities of Jesus' proclamation of the Kingdom? How was the status quo of Roman imperial theology subverted by this obscure Galilean whose message continues to indict empire today?

THEMES:

FIRST LIGHT Part Two

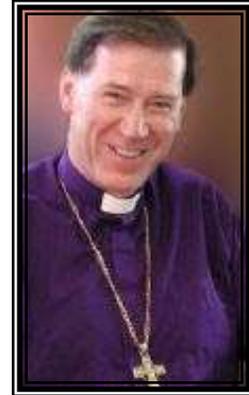
Jan 11	Jesus as Lord
Jan 18	Substitutionary Atonement?
Jan 25	Demonstrations in Jerusalem
Feb 1	The Crowd & the Crucifixion
Feb 8	Resurrection as Resistance
Feb 15	America as the New Rome

All sessions will be held in the Niagara Room

ADVENT 4

 Mary's song

by **Fred Hiltz †**
Primate of the Anglican
Church of Canada



Editors notes: This is the last in a series of Advent devotions prepared by the leaders of Anglican and Lutheran churches in full communion. To read them all go to The Anglican Church of Canada website www.anglican.ca

God of courage and fulfilment, help us to make Mary's Song our song — the song of our lives and of our work; the song of the Church and its life and work in the world.

Amen.

Like you, I am always glad to come to this fourth Sunday of Advent and its focus on Mary's role in God's plan for the redemption of the world. Mary is chosen by God to carry the holy child in her womb. Mary is both favoured and troubled by the angel's message.

Gabriel assures Mary that what is to be conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit. Called to be the very vessel through whom the word of God becomes flesh of our flesh, Mary will be known through every age as Theotokos — the one who bears God. Through Mary, God will inhabit the world in the likeness of our human form, walk

this earth and announce the reign of divine reconciliation, justice, and peace for all people.

Of this moment of annunciation, much has been offered by way of commentary through the centuries.

I am personally intrigued by how Marie Az-zarello, a sister of the Congrégation de Notre-Dame religious community in Montreal, speaks of the moment in her book, *Mary: The First Disciple*. She writes: "... in many analyses it is a moment of consent. She did consent but it is important to note that she freely gave her consent. Otherwise we see her only as a passive, docile, obedient woman rather than a strong and courageous woman, prepared to live with the Holy Spirit working in and through her life, one in whom the purposes of God are fulfilled not only for her own moment in time but indeed for all time".

Mary's moment of annunciation is followed quickly by her visit to Elizabeth. As they greet one another, one's word becomes known in time as the Hail Mary and the other as Mary's Song or the Magnificat.

(Continued on page 30)

(Continued from page 29)

Of Mary's Song "it would be taken," writes Herbert O'Driscoll in *Portrait of a Woman*, "from her lips and be augmented into a mighty anthem echoing in basilica and cathedral. In the centuries long monastic round of daily offices, it would be the song that welcomes the approach of evening, the center point around which a jewel called English evensong would revolve. Yet it would also be a dark and terrible song of revolution quoted in societies moving through political turmoil, or continents seething with a desire for change."

Truly it is the song of so many in our day.

Of Mary's Song, Azzarello writes, "to pray the Magnificat each day as a disciple of Jesus is to pray in union with Mary in joy, faith, and thanksgiving to God as the source of our being; it is to sing of God's everlasting love and mercy which extends from age to age and to proclaim Mary's hope in the fulfillment of the divine promises in favour of the whole of humanity. To pray the Magnificat is an expression of our desire to be honest about the state of our world and shows our conviction that the kingdom of God that Jesus preached is not a vision for an end time but a vision that begins now, in this world..."

This is strong commentary and it is a challenge to live the gospel of which we sing.

It leaves me pondering to what extent Mary's Song is truly my song; the song of my life and my work; the song of the Church and its life and work in the world. ■

SIGNS OF THE SEASON

Holiday Maker's Market in the Cathedral



©Sandy Darling



Dennis Hurst in disguise!

FINANCIAL UPDATE

DECEMBER

 The month of miracles

by Corporation



In the world of high finance, no news and no surprises are good things. So here we are, almost at year's end, and there's nothing that particularly stands out in terms of our financial results to date. Yes, we are slightly below budget in Parishioner Givings, but December is truly the month of miracles. Year after year, you amaze us in the month of December and so we're confident that we will once again be amazed!

Special thanks to each and every one of you for all that you do in this place; for your gifts of time, treasure, and talent; for your presence that enriches the life and liturgy that we share; for the care that you show to this building and to those whose path you cross in this place and in our community.

Sincerest wishes for a happy Christmas. ■

	Nov-14	Budget to Nov 2014	Variance to Budget	Nov-13	% Variance over 2013
Income					
Parishioner Givings	\$255,885	\$261,453	-\$5,568	\$247,822	3.25%
Special Offerings	\$16,500	\$12,833	\$3,667	\$9,965	65.58%
Endowments	\$88,060	\$88,060	-\$0	\$76,917	14.49%
Other	\$32,267	\$34,382	-\$2,115	\$30,634	5.33%
Total Income	\$392,711	\$396,729	-\$4,017	\$365,338	7.49%
Expenses					
Salaries	\$244,316	\$243,016	\$1,300	\$212,973	14.72%
Property	\$89,994	\$90,074	-\$80	\$87,029	3.41%
Administration	\$78,127	\$89,214	-\$11,087	\$70,232	11.24%
Total Expense	\$412,437	\$422,305	-\$9,868	\$370,234	11.40%
Net Income	-\$19,725	-\$25,576	\$5,851	-\$4,896	-\$302.89%

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