



The Voice

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An Easter Message from the Rector's Study

By: Rev. Bryce Sangster

At the time of writing, we were still in lockdown with the omicron variant of COVID 19, and who knows what we can and cannot do for Easter. What church will look like or how and when we can meet family and loved ones.

I came across Isaiah 65:17-25 as one of the Easter readings

For I am about to create new heavens and a new earth; the former things shall not be remembered or come to mind. But be glad and rejoice forever in what I am creating; for I am about to create Jerusalem as a joy, and its people as a delight. I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and delight in my people; no more shall the sound of weeping be heard in it, or the cry of distress.

No more shall there be in it an infant that lives but a few days, or an old person who does not live out a lifetime; for one who dies at a hundred years will be considered a youth, and one who falls short of a hundred will be considered accursed.

They shall build houses and inhabit them; they shall plant vineyards and eat their fruit. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat; for like the days of a tree shall the days of my people be, and my chosen shall long enjoy the work of their hands.

They shall not labor in vain, or bear children for calamity; for they shall be offspring blessed by the LORD-- and their descendants as well.

Before they call, I will answer, while they are yet speaking, I will hear. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, the lion shall eat straw like the ox; but the serpent--its food shall be dust! They shall not hurt or destroy on all my holy mountain, says the LORD.

I realize that this passage is filled with hope, which we don't necessarily feel at this time.



I have written before about what Sister Constance Joanna of the Sisters of St. John the Divine and The Rev. Deacon Sandy Cotton have said about Good Friday and Easter. Sandy Cotton said that we don't move to the Good Fridays in our lives by letting go and letting die the parts of our lives we need to. Sister Constance Joanna has said we rush too quickly to Easter, to the first thing which feels like it might be resurrection. However, it seems appropriate to view these again given this time of COVID and isolation.

It seems to me that all of us, including myself, are not moving towards the good Fridays in our lives by letting go of the things that we can't let go of, things that we can't do anymore at this time, we focus on lamenting what we have lost instead of focusing on the blessings that we have gained. At this time, perhaps learning how to be alone, learning how to enjoy our own company, learning to value being together in small groups rather than large gatherings. We have trouble letting go of the things that we can't have anymore, so we don't allow for good Fridays in our lives.

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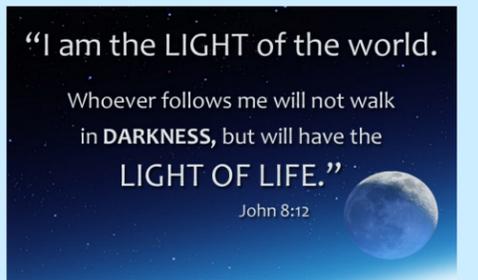
A Sunday Service Sequence: Beginning, Middle and End

by: Nancy Wright-DeKuyper, Layreader Christ Church

The Altar Candles

Before we begin our services, the altar candles are lighted. The two candles on each side of the altar table are the Epistle candle on the right (as you face the altar from the nave) and the Gospel candle on the left. Candles represent light; the light of Jesus and listeners' enlightenment that follows hearing the Gospel.

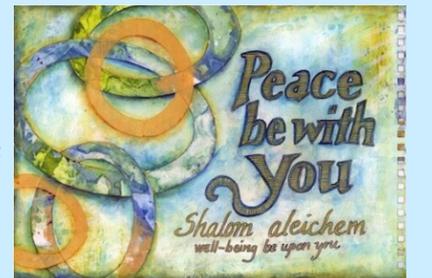
The injunction of Edward VI in 1547 called for there to be two candles on the high altar "for the signification that Christ is the very true light of the world." A few months ago, a fellow parishioner asked me why the candles were lighted in a particular order. As I explained to him, the Gospel candle can never burn alone; thus, the candles are lighted starting from the cross and going out to symbolize that the light of Jesus shines from the cross; they are extinguished in reverse.



The Peace

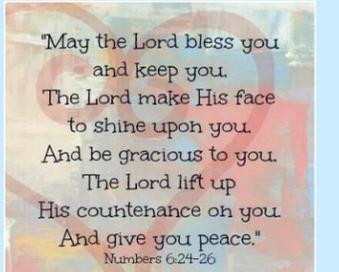
"Peace be with you."

In the middle of our church service, after the Prayers of the People and the Confession and Absolution, everything seems to come to a full stop. Bryce steps forward and says, "The peace of the Lord be always with you." We, the congregants stand and respond, "And also with you." Then, pre-COVID times, we would leave our seats and pass the peace, shaking hands, even sharing hugs. It got quite chaotic-looking, but everyone was eager to share their personal greeting. After a few minutes, Wallie would begin playing the Offertory hymn which brought everyone back to their respective pew and the service would continue. Now, with COVID restrictions, we stand at our seats, and wave to each other. For a while, though, before Bryce reinserted the Offertory hymn into the service, I contributed to sharing the Peace by singing very short theme-appropriate hymns such as "Ubi Caritas et Amor" and "Dona Nobis Pacem." Why do we pass the Peace? Because Jesus told us to in His Sermon on the Mount, that all who would offer gifts at the altar should be at peace with each other. It prepares our hearts for the Communion. As well, at the Last Supper, Jesus said to His Disciples, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you." (John 14:27) and He commanded them to love one another. After His resurrection, Jesus again repeated the greeting to His Disciples three times in John 20 (v19,21,26). The Peace is an affirmation of Christ's peace, a peace that He offers us through His sacrifice and resurrection. Peace be with us all. Shalom



The Benediction

The Benediction is scripture said or sung to bring an official end to the church service and send congregants on their way with God's blessing. The choir has been singing the Aaronic Blessing for some time now, based on Numbers 6:24-26. In these two verses, God tells Moses to pass His words down to Aaron and his sons and have them bless the children of Israel. This prayer is easy to remember and the scripture is filled with grace, mercy, and peace. Did you know that this scripture is the oldest surviving text from the Hebrew Bible in existence? In 1979, a team of archaeologists discovered the Ketef Hinnom Silver Scrolls just outside the old city of Jerusalem. Found inside an ancient burial cave, the two miniature silver scrolls (about the size of a cigarette) written in Old Hebrew were carefully unrolled and analyzed. The scripture (circa 625 BC) is dated from the First Temple period. The scrolls also include verses from Deuteronomy. This blessing from God is just as powerful now as it was for the children of Israel three thousand years ago!



Further detailed reading about the scrolls: <https://ketefhinnomsilverscrolls.github.io/about.html>

A Message from Dave Nicholls Written December 14, 2021

I arrived at The Bridge Hospice in Warkworth on November 1st. I didn't know my name because of pain. Dr. Kelly Parks got me into this facility, and she and the angels here helped save my life.

As I write this, it is over 6 weeks later, and with God's blessing, I am eating now. I'm not better by any means – I never will be. But between God and God's angels, I am feeling so much better than before. I've had two haircuts since coming here, and I don't even have to stand in line! I can eat whatever I want whenever I want. My wife Jan brings it in and the angels serve it up.

Speaking of Jan, I want to say a few things. She would never complain, but I know for sure that taking care of me at home was exhausting for her. She had to manage everything and I couldn't do anything about it. Here at the hospice, I am looked after 24/7, and I feel a lot better knowing my dear wife doesn't have to shoulder the burden of my care. I'm not saying this is an easy time for Jan or my family, because it isn't. But now we can focus on quality time together.



In terms of visitors, I get frequent visits from family and friends. Rev. Sangster visits regularly. Volunteers here come to talk to me.

Today is December 14th, I got out of bed and into a wheelchair for the first time in 2 months. It took 3 people to get me up. They took me on a tour of the facility – it is like nothing I was prepared for.

As you can see by the photo, during my tour I spent some time at the keyboard, playing Christmas carols to the delight of my angels, or so they tell me!

I'm so taken with this place. The funny thing is I had no idea it was here. Maybe I had seen something in the paper, but not until I arrived, did I appreciate what is here for people like me. I want everyone to know that if you or someone you know is ever in my position, this is the best place to be. The staff and volunteers all really care about what they do – it's not just a

job for them. Everyone here is wonderful, and I mean every single one of them. If you want more information, give them a call.

Butter Tart Sale - Drive Thru at St. George Hastings

From Phyllis Donnelly

Thursday May 5th Pick up at the church 11 am-2pm.

Tarts come in boxes of six - \$6 per box.

Regular, Raison, or Pecan.

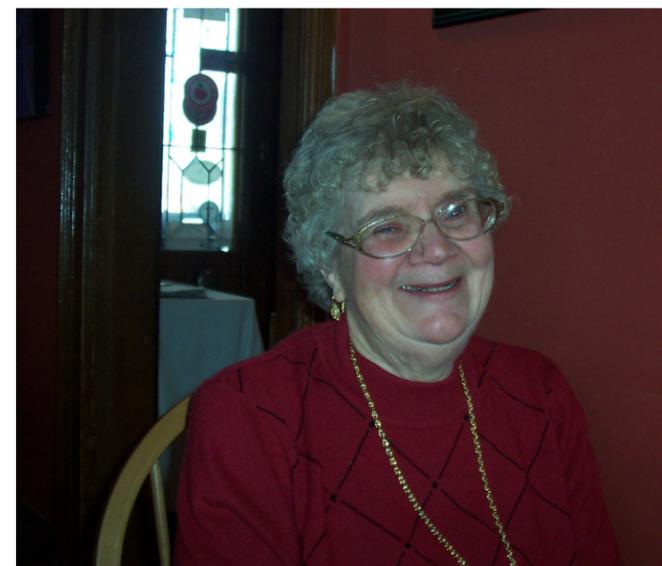
Please order ten days in advance and pick up at the church.

To order please phone Phyllis at 705-696-2451 or Margaret at 705-696-1700



My Friend Joan

By Shirley Warr



Joan Lane, a faithful servant of Christ Church Anglican, Campbellford passed away on New Year's Day, 2022. Joan and I met in the 70's while attending St. Gabriel's Anglican Church in Richmond Hill.

We all moved to Campbellford in the 90's and began attending Christ Church here in Campbellford. Our friendship grew at church. Joan & Dave and George & I convened several Harvest dinners when we first were involved in Church life. Joan and I worked for many years as Outreach Coordinators and organized a number of fund-raising events together.

Joan was a valuable member of Christ Church, as a member of Advisory, editor of the Voice, coordinator of Altar Guild, and for 17 or more years worked tirelessly on the Children's Breakfast Programme. She was our scribe for Advisory and possibly taught Sunday School. She always participated with enthusiasm, directing her alert mind to questions and answers for the betterment of Christ Church.

A highlight of the year for Joan was attending the ACW Silent Auction where she used to bid excitedly to acquire many new treasures.

She loved flowers and plants and looked after the flower boxes and outdoor plants for many years, surrounding the church grounds. Always gratefully contributing baked items for bake tables, and helping to set up our Rummage sales, often finding treasures. Joan was a humble lady with strong faith, wisdom, love and respect for others. Her love for her family, church

and friends was immeasurable. Her cats, too, were so important and gave her much joy.

On a personal note, we celebrated our birthdays together, went antiquing, shopping, (especially jewelry). We all had a few pleasurable overnight trips, and she loved to visit at the Crowe River. I will miss my dear friend Joan. She was a saint on earth, and no doubt a saint in heaven.

One Held Dear

There is comfort in old friendships, that I find hard to beat, A lovely, warm companionship exists when old friends meet.

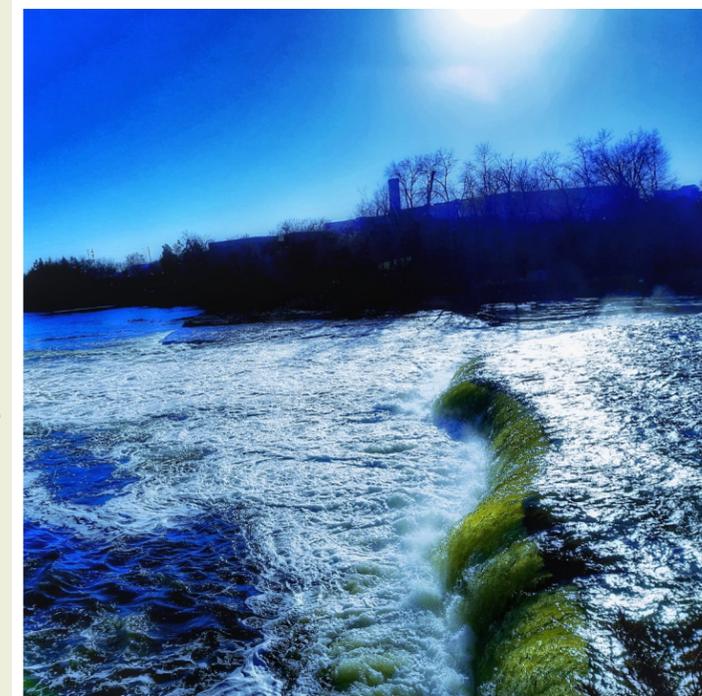
No awkward introductions, no need to break the ice, And no disguising feelings, in an effort to be nice. With a bond of long-shared memories, of laughter, maybe tears, There is a depth of understanding, developed over many years.

A sort of "old shoe" comfort comes. from feelings that you share, Each friend's just glad in knowing that the other one is near.

An interlude of pleasure to remember when apart, Old friends may leave your presence, but they never leave your heart.

Anon.

And So it is With Joan



A Christmas Gift

by: Phyllis Donnelly
St. George

Pat and Carolyn O'Brien, who are part of St. George's Church Family, decided to spend Christmas at home this year instead of driving to be with their son Kevin and family in Mississauga. Their other son Jeffrey and family live in Northern Ireland. So, they got organized. They ordered two Christmas dinners from a restaurant for Christmas Day and collected these on Christmas Eve. Now, they had all they needed for a quiet Christmas break.

During the evening, Kevin phoned to wish them a Merry Christmas and see they were both O.K. He told them that their Christmas gift had just been delivered and was on the doorstep. Carolyn opened the door to see the best Christmas present she ever had.

There stood their son Kevin, his wife Sarah, their three grown up children Emylee, Ethan, Evelyn and their friend Emily Rose. All Carolyn could say was "Come quick Pat and see this." They were told to get their coats on as there were seats booked for them at a church service in Havelock.

The quiet evening for two turned into a wonderful evening and Christmas Day for eight. The family brought with them all the food for Christmas dinner, snacks, gifts and Christmas stockings for everyone. It was a wonderful Christmas for them all and a total surprise for Pat and Carolyn.

What a wonderful idea....

Hospitality Cards

by June Seaborn

In August 2021, my younger granddaughter was able to drive by herself. For me, this meant no more trips to the school, to dance & skating classes or daily trips to a farm to ride horses. Now I have time for a different responsibility - Hospitality person and piano player for the A.C.W.

When Shirley gave me the box of cards and information, I found a book started by my mother, Elsie Eason. She had taken over the card record book from Mrs. John Wilks in January of 1972. In this role, she had sent baby cards to Doris Maki and me when our daughters Debbie & Tina were born in August 1972. Doris & I were in the same room at Campbellford Hospital. Rev. Keith Adams was the minister at the time, followed by Canon Moffatt, who was Inducted on November 20, 1975.

Mom turned over her responsibilities to Doreen Lucy, who was followed by Eileen Linton, Ethel Higginson, Jessie Robertson, Bette Graham, Mary Milne and Catherine Cummings. Just think, in the last fifty years these ladies have sent kindly cards to umpteen people within our Church Family; cards of congratulation, for birthdays, get well, for encouragement when times were difficult, and sympathy on the loss of a loved one. Think again, to know or imagine how it feels to receive such a card – somebody cares!
I enjoy keeping track of things and playing the piano. If you have any card requests, please call June @ 705 653 2244. Thank you.

Note: The A.C.W. wishes to thank Catherine for all she has done in this role, as well as in various aspects of organization and participation over many, many years. Our appreciation and best of good wishes. MEE



Shirley's Culinary Corner

Two delicious appetizers or party fare - from the kitchen of Joan Lane

Remembering Joan, her love of cooking and baking for many dinners and luncheons at Christ Church. Rest in Peace, dear Joan.

Cream Cheese Balls

Ingredients

2 cups Icing sugar
250 g cream cheese
2 tsp vanilla essence
¼ cup butter or margarine
3 cups desiccated coconut

Preparation

using half the coconut, mix all ingredients
Tint mixture if desired.
Refrigerate until firm
Make into small balls
Roll in remaining coconut
Keep in refrigerator.
Freezes well.

Shrimp Dip

Ingredients

250 g cream cheese
1 cup mayonnaise
1 tbsp. lemon juice
½ cup green onion (finely chopped)
½ cup celery (finely chopped)
2 small tins of shrimp

Preparation

Mix mayonnaise & lemon juice – blend well
Add green onion and celery
Add drained, rinsed and dried shrimp
Gently fold into the cream cheese mixture
Serve with Ritz style snack crackers



Joan (bottom left hand corner) with friends at a summertime gathering a few years ago.

Do you have a favourite recipe, or one from a family member, which we might include in a future issue of the Voice? Thank you in advance for your contributions.

Please send to shirleywarr37@gmail.com or call 705-947-2063.
See yourself in print!

The Last Laugh

Submitted by Phyllis Donnelly – St. George

Seamus and Sean were brothers and they were always getting into trouble. When they grew up, they were involved in robberies, they hijacked cars and kept the police busy 24 hours a day. There was no end to how bad they were. Then Seamus was killed in a bank robbery.

Sean went to the Anglican minister to ask if he would say a few kind words about his brother at his funeral. The minister said there was nothing good he could say about Seamus, but after Sean promised a new roof for the church and a donation of £5,000 the minister said "Well maybe, we'll see." Sean then asked him if he could just say that Seamus was a saint.

At the funeral, the minister said "This man Seamus led a terrible life. There is nothing good I can say about him, but I will say that compared to his brother Sean, Seamus was a saint."

Dr. Bob's Notebook (colourful stories from the Congo 1950-60)



We bring you another of Dr. Bob's interesting stories. Please see his website: <https://drbobstephens.com> to read more about his life, reminiscences and stories.

The Pygmy Patient" Dr. Bob Stephens

Deep in the Ituri Forest of the Congo live the Pygmies, a tribe that is sheltered from the outside world. Even so, there was a small medical dispensary at Lolwa, a substation of the Nyankunde Hospital, within their community, that could provide some assistance for the sick.

The pygmies are typically nomadic hunter-gatherers with an average male height not above 150 cm (4 ft 11 in.). Mainly vegetarian, they occasionally did have meat in their diet and used ingenious ways of catching their prey. Women would hold a net, about the size used in a tennis court, strategically in place in the forest. The men would then form a long line some distance from the net and noisily advance toward it. Frightened birds and animals would move ahead of the shouting men and eventually reach the net where the women would catch them, kill them and provide food for the tribe.

They were experts at chasing an elephant for many hours until the animal was too tired to continue. In a crude but effective way, they would kill it and the whole tribe would feast on the meat for

several days until all the meat was consumed.

The tribe was reluctant to leave the safety of the jungle, even for medical emergencies. A father of the tribe, however, developed a serious hernia problem. With a great deal of coaxing, he was finally encouraged to visit the hospital at Nyankunde where Dr. Bob was prepared to see him. It was clear that he needed surgery, and this was immediately done.

After the procedure, the patient was told not to move for a day which he did. He remained motionless on the hospital bed. On the following day, Dr. Bob went to see the man, who stated that he wanted to get out of bed and go outside. He was encouraged to stay quiet for one more day after which he was advised to get up and walk about the garden.

The following day, Dr. Bob went to visit the patient and discovered that indeed the patient had gone outside as ordered. To his astonishment he discovered his patient was high up on a tree. Dr. Bob waved him down and examined his carefully tied sutures. Happily, the sutures were intact, the patient felt well, and a few days later he was discharged and happily returned to the jungle. When Dr. Bob returned to Canada, references to his Congo experience would often surface in his medical practice. After surgeries, he frequently found himself suggesting to his patients that they could get out of bed and wander around a bit," But", he would suggest: "don't climb any trees!

Restored!

Nancy Wright-DeKuyper

For the past few years, I have sadly watched "my" window arch gradually deteriorate due to exterior water seeping down the sides. This window is special to me for personal reasons (another story for another issue), and I joyfully decorated it for our liturgical seasons of Easter and Christmas, as well as Thanksgiving and Remembrance Day.

Last December, I pointed out the state of disrepair, and the issue was quickly addressed and rectified.

Thank you to Doug Harpur and Reg Gordon for their professional masonry skills and restoring our beautiful stained-glass window depicting the Agnus Dei and St. George cross!



Our Virtual Choir

By Joy Goemans, Christ Church

What is a virtual choir? It is where choir members (of which there are currently 5) sit at their computer, i-pad or i-phone and sing his or her part of a hymn, be it soprano, alto or tenor. With earphones, we listen to the pre-recorded organ music from Wallie. Once we are comfortable with our own part of the hymn, we then record our voice as we play Wallie's recording. We can replay the recording to hear how we sound. If we are not happy with its quality, we are able to redo the process until we are satisfied with the finished product. Once we upload our recording to Irene, she then performs her expertise. I don't know how she manages to sync the voices, all recorded at different locations with Wallie's music - but it is truly magical.



We can always use more voices. Do not be concerned if you are not a "techie" because Irene's instructions explaining how to go through the whole process are quite clear.

Personally, I can't thank Irene enough for her hours of dedication in putting this together, as it gives me the wonderful opportunity to participate in the choir once again.

Irene, Nancy, June, Joy & Doug look forward to a few more adventurous songsters joining our combined parish virtual choir.

Continue from page 1

From the Rector's Study

However, we also want to rush towards Easter and resurrection. We want this time to end. We are running out of patience and every time we think it is about to be over, we have another lockdown and another variant of the virus. So, the message for us today with this new creation, New Hope, is that if we're patient, if we keep enjoying the blessings, the small blessings which we can enjoy each day, then we can look forward to the time when we can truly celebrate a sense of Easter. When this is over, when we no longer have to isolate, we can gather and celebrate Easter with the banquet; a gathering to break bread together in ways that we can't now and maybe previously took for granted.

Let us realize we can enjoy our time now and look forward to those things we have lost, bringing them together in a new and creative way that is different and more joyful than it has been in the past; we must not forget, and then we won't take the blessings we receive for granted, both now and in the future. Amen

Bryce



Time Measured by Changes

By Maureen Greenwood – Christ Church

You don't realize how fast the time has gone by, until you look back over the years and wonder where it went. I spent 30 years as a Lab Technologist at Women's College Hospital (WCH) in Toronto and saw many changes over that period.

I started working at WCH in 1974 in Haematology. The lab tests were predominantly done by manual methods and you could hear timers going off intermittently throughout the lab as we proceeded to the next step of the lab test we were doing. (I guess that is why, to this day, I have a multitude of kitchen timers. Old habits are hard to break!). The only other mechanical sounds came from the centrifuges or the telephone. It was busy but there wasn't too much to break down and life was good!

It wasn't long before we got our first automated cell counter and a semi-automated backup. We had finally stepped into the "Modern Age"! Along with this came new sounds... clunks and clangs, beeps and buzzers! It seemed that the addition of automation is directly proportional to the increase in tests being ordered. We hired more staff as the workload continued to grow. As we all know, anything mechanical will eventually break down and it's back to square one—semi-automated backup or manual methods. YIKES! The work backed up whenever that happened! Eventually, more automation arrived including the use of computers. Old methods were being replaced by "new and improved" methods. Life in the lab was ever evolving.

As time went by and hospital funding throughout Ontario was being cut, the Government decided that a "Core Laboratory" would run more efficiently and thus, Haematology and Blood Bank became a combined lab. In my first year as a student, none of the students ever wanted to work in Blood Bank as we thought that it was the only department that you could actually kill someone if you made a mistake! Thankfully, we couldn't be further from the truth, as there were, and still are,

too many safeguards in place before any blood product is transfused.

Automation in methodology wasn't the only change that occurred over that time frame. In the early days, PPE (personal protection equipment) consisted of a lab coat. All that changed in the late 70's when a new disease appeared on the horizon.....HIV/AIDS. The biggest fear was "How is this spread?". In time, an HIV/AIDS clinic opened @ WCH and soon specimens started arriving in the lab labelled "HIV +". We donned masks, gloves and gowns and processed these samples grouped together in the run. It soon became evident that the unknown samples posed a greater risk, as we weren't taking any of these extra precautions. From that point on, glove use became the new norm and all samples were treated as possibly infectious.



Lab life went merrily along until the summer of 2003 when a new disease reared its ugly head...SARS. In Toronto, it seemed to focus mainly in hospitals. For those of us that worked through the HIV/AIDS crisis, we thought "Not Again!!!". For a couple of weeks, we donned the full PPE. Anyone at all entering the hospital, had to have their temperature taken once per

day. After a couple of weeks, we only had to put the full gear on outside of the lab and then eventually by the end of the summer, the worst was over.

As a retiree now, I can't even imagine the changes that have occurred since I left the job force. I am sure it would make my head spin now!

In closing and looking back, it seems like time went by so fast. It was never a dull moment. I count my blessings for the great group of people I worked with over the years, some of whom are still my friends today. They made the good times even better, and the stressful times manageable, because we worked as a team. To the current hospital staff everywhere, I can't imagine wearing PPE for each and every shift for two years and counting. You are truly a blessing to us all!

St. James Applies to Sponsor Second Refugee Family

Allan McCracken, St. James

At the annual vestry meeting on Feb 24, Deputy Warden Ross Stevenson moved a motion that St. James approve the sponsorship of a second refugee family 'when the committee is formed and funds are raised'. The Bakri family (a Syrian refugee family) from Yalova Turkey have been invited to come to Roseneath to stay at the McCracken farm. Ali, Sara and two-year-old Julia are very excited about this opportunity. Ali's brother lives in Ottawa, having been sponsored by an Anglican Church there.

Those wishing to help can email amccracken@northumberlandlaw.com or phone 905 885-2451
Those wishing to contribute can mail a cheque marked refugee fund to St. James Anglican Church, 21 Church Road, Roseneath, Ontario K0K 2X0

"Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me"

Christmas Goodies

By Evelyn Field – Christ Church

There are times when we may not be fully aware of traditions and happenings which take place within our own churches and congregations. Most often, these are to help, or brighten the lives of other people.

Thanks to Outreach, every year just before Christmas, we get together to make up trays of donated goodies and fruit for the 85 and older parishioners of our church. This year we did 24 trays, and assembled two hampers which were taken to Burnbrae Gardens and Warkworth nursing home. Our thanks to everyone who helped.

Watch this space! Next year we will be telling you far more about this kind project, accompanied by mouth watering pictures.

A Word from your Voice team

Written in early March

As the articles for this issue gathered, did a theme emerge? It seems so, one of being at a threshold. On one hand, reflective when thinking of valued members of our combined churches to whom we have had to say that long goodbye. Our caring, thoughts and prayers go with their respective families. Just one special mention as the VOICE reminds us that Joan Lane edited this newsletter for near on seven years.

With overwhelming thanks to our combined Regional Ministry Working group, we are at a threshold as we look forward with energy, vision and determination to make the Rice Lake pilot scheme successful, so taking us into an exciting future.

This varied issue features articles from all three churches, so very different in thought, content, length and style, but representative of our combined congregation. A big thank you for them all. Then Drew takes over, fitting it together in his colourful and appealing way – its super!

Much as we value our regular contributors, it would be great to see new names appearing in print. The VOICE is your magazine. Please make it happen and go on happening. Enjoy the read. Drew, Shirley, Larry, John and Margaret

The Princess in the Park

By Larry Ricciardelli, St. George

In this, the 70th year of the reign of Her Royal Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, I would like to share a memory of our sovereign before she became queen. It was the fall of 1951 when Princess Elizabeth and Philip, Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Canada for the first time—just months before she would ascend the British throne. Since I was just a boy of nine at the time, such a glorious event made a huge impression on me, as one might expect.

The weather in Toronto that day was picture-perfect! The royal couple was scheduled to make three appearances in the “Queen City” on Saturday, October 13. They would visit the CNE grounds and Riverdale Park during the daytime and attend the Toronto Maple Leafs’ hockey game in the evening.

That particular day was also of personal significance for me in another way. You see, I had spent the previous three weeks house-bound due to a severe case of jaundice—already on sick leave when the school year had only just begun, for heaven’s sake! By October 11, however, I was pronounced well enough by our family doctor to finally venture outside the house for more than just a few minutes of fresh air. I was thus able to make an appearance in two days-time at bright and sunny Riverdale Park.

The trip from the Township of Scarborough to the city’s east end took longer than the usual thirty-minute TTC ride downtown. Inside a jam-packed streetcar along with my two sisters, and my British-born mother and grandmother, I began to wonder whether this excursion was such a good idea after all. Too heavily dressed for a lovely warm day, I was sweating like a desert nomad. And then it came back—that sickening sensation I had experienced so often over the past three weeks. “I need the window. Quick!” I climbed over my sister and began taking in huge gulps of air, but the exhaust from the crunch of cars crawling along Danforth Ave. turned the sunshine a shade of goopy green.

From behind me I heard my mother say, “Head down as far as you can. Breathe slowly.” Just hearing those words spoken so reassuringly did the trick. Almost an instant Pepto-Bismal.

I remembered too what Dr. Wilkinson had said to my

mother as he left our house Thursday afternoon: “A little post-illness nausea is to be expected, but an upset stomach is one sign of a good recovery.” That pronouncement from our trusted physician encouraged me to put aside my discomfort, to actually forget my troubled tummy. After all I would soon be in the presence of royalty. Chin up, old boy!

Arriving in the nick of time, we joined the mad scramble out of the streetcar’s centre doors. “Look, here they come!” someone shouted. My sisters and I ran towards the park. In our rush to get close to the motorcade, I tripped on the sidewalk curb and nearly lost my left shoe. Stumbling forward I managed to keep a firm grip on the two small flags I was holding. Union Jack in my right hand, Canadian Red Ensign in my left.



At the bottom of the hill was the reviewing stand. In the distance, leaves of red and gold shimmered on the trees which lined the far side of the Don River. Our little family group now stood together, a part of the largest crowd

I’d ever been in. Amid the cheering and flag waving, the dignitaries assembled on the stand. A few words of welcome from Mayor McCallum and Ontario Premier Frost were followed by a short speech from Her Royal Highness.

“To the good people of this great Canadian city and province, my husband and I bring warmest greetings from his majesty the King who speaks most fondly of his visit to your country a little more than a decade ago. We also wish to thank you for your generous hospitality and may God bless you, and all the people of the Dominion of Canada.”

If that wonderful afternoon had needed any icing, it would have come in the form of tickets to the N.H.L. season opening game at Maple Leaf Gardens.* As it was however, I had to be content with the radio broadcast of the game. It began as always with voice of Foster Hewitt: “Hello Canada and hockey fans in the United States on this very special day for Toronto and for the entire country.” You can say that again!

*Final score:
Chicago Black Hawks 3 Toronto Maple Leafs 1.

On This Day

By: Margaret Eley, Christ Church

Much will be written about this special day, **February 6th 1952**. May I throw in my two-pence worth of fading memories? As a teenager, I lived in the small, seaside town of Minehead in the west country of England and was a student at the local High school. On this chilly, grey, drizzly morning seventy years ago, whilst sitting in class, the call came for all staff and students to go quietly to the school hall, immediately. We were to stand in rows, as we did every morning for Assembly, in absolute silence.

Our Headmaster (Principal) mounted the stage to make an important announcement. He told us that the King had died during the previous night. This was a sobering shock as George VI had been only 56. After a two-minute silence, we were then led in simple prayers for the late King, the Royal Family, and the country. And sent back to lessons.

There was a period of mourning when the BBC played only sorrowful music (no TV in our part of the country then) and life went on in a saddening way. This young mother, Elizabeth II was proclaimed the new monarch. She and Phillip had flown back from Kenya where they were staying on the first leg of a now cancelled royal tour.

George VI had been a much beloved King. He had come to the throne, ill prepared, on the abdication of his elder brother. Very soon, the country was having to prepare for war. During those terrible war years of extreme austerity, with almost nightly bombing causing horrendous

devastation, his concern was always for others. He, together with Churchill, became known as the symbol of determination to win the war.

A state funeral, attended by very many important people, followed just over a week later at St. George’s Chapel Windsor. The now iconic photograph of the Three Queens in Mourning appeared in every newspaper the following day. In those days, every household read a newspaper of some sort every day. The values held dear by George VI were instilled in our present Queen when in her teens. She, too, has always put the country first with the values of responsibility and duty being at the forefront of her life.



From L to R Queen Elizabeth II (daughter), Queen Mary (mother), Queen Elizabeth (wife)

Our Church Heritage

By Sharon Peeling – Christ Church

In November of 2020, a long-time member of Christ Church passed away. Thanks to the late Narine St. Pierre, our Jenkins Hall became the home for her beautiful china cabinet including a lovely flowered Demitasse Tea Set.

time goes by.

Currently the sole Altar Guild member.

About a year later whilst cleaning cupboards in the sacristy, I came across several Stirling silver chalices, a Sunday School trophy for 1922, a silver baptismal shell, and a collection plate together with a few more items which had been stored away for many years.

I urge our congregation and visitors to our church to take the time to look very carefully at these memorabilia on display. The collection is representative of our church heritage, and I feel sure that more items will be added as



Second Annual Pandemic Bake Sale

Christ Church ACW

Sometime last November when they were permitted to hold a meeting, the ladies realized that, despite a recent very successful rummage sale, there were comparatively few dollars in the coffers. And, the ACW has ongoing financial promises and commitments to the church.

What might raise some money quickly and fairly easily? What indeed? All sorts of wonderful ideas came to mind, but as the group has grown a little smaller, it was decided to keep life simple and hold a mid-December Bake Sale. In accordance with regulations, the sale was to be after church and for only those who had come for the service.

The call went out to the congregation, asking for



people to bake, make or compile interesting and inviting edibles, (sealed or covered as applicable). Having done so, please would they bring them when they came for the service on the chosen morning and mark a price on them. Shirley kindly provided a guideline price list.

It all worked wonderfully well, because the ladies will always help in any way they can, and most of them bake such lovely fare. Collectively, there was a super spread of which everything sold, even if someone bought back one of her own questionable attempts. In all, the event raised \$320 which helped meet some costs. A big thank you to

everyone who contributed and bought – a sale is always a two-way function!

Advent and Christmas Christ Church

Too often, in these uncertain times, we find our horizons shrinking as we are no longer able to do or see things as they used to be. During the late autumn, news of the rapid spread of the Omicron variant brought latent and unspoken fears into people's lives.

This trepid feeling was so wonderfully counteracted by the atmosphere within our church. It was Advent, a time of expectancy and hope – a special period which would take us to Christmas. Orchestrated by Sharon, the ladies

decorated their chosen window in beautiful and varied seasonal ways. With these lovely windows as a background, the Advent candles of Hope, Faith, Joy and Peace were lit week by week. Our spirits rose and our thoughts brightened as we witnessed the lighting of the candle of Mary, hearing Jesus' words: **I am the light of the world. Those who follow me will not walk in darkness but will have the light of life.**

Soon we were near Christmas. Sadly, in lieu of a service of Lessons and Carols both churches (St. George and Christ Church) held a short congregational carol sing before the start of the Sunday service. With intent, there is always an uplifting alternative solution.

And so, we reached Christmas Eve to celebrate with a simple evening service. Maybe, we cradled our thoughts of former years, or pondered on future ones as we listened with hope to the opening words: **I bring you good news of great joy which will come to all the people, for to you is born this day a Saviour, Christ the Lord.**

Like 2, 10-11.

Note: At the time of writing Jan 10th - services are through Zoom.



A Vignette from Roseneath

By Myra Beavan - St. James

The picture shows my daughter, Pamela, walking up the path of St. James, the church we knew and loved. Pamela taught Sunday school there for several years while in high school. Earlier, when she was about 10 years old and at Roseneath school, she was so happy to write poetry. This is one of her writings:

The End Prayer.

By Pamela Beavan

Dear God when it is Sunday, And
the choir's songs are done,
When the Church is hushed and
empty, Windows lovely in the sun,
Dear God, when it is Sunday, And
your busy world is still,
I see Christ walk in country lanes,
And on the purple hill,
The sun light clings about him, As
he waits the sick to bless,
(does he know that in his honour,
in my Sunday clothes I dress?)
Dear God when it is Sunday.
Though we cannot see his face
I'm very sure that Earth once
more, Becomes His dwelling place.

Sadly, Pamela passed away on
Jan. 2nd 2012 from a brain tumour
when she was 44 years old.



Photo taken from Damn 9 looking toward the Suspension Bridge

Photo Credits

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CHRIST CHURCH

154 Kent Street
PO Box 667
Campbellford
Ontario K0L 1L0

ST. JAMES

21 Church Road
Roseneath
Ontario K0K 2X0

ST. GEORGE

38 Bridge St. South
PO Box 218
Hastings
Ontario K0L 1Y0



Phone: 705 653-3632 E-mail: christchurch1@bellnet.ca

Contributions to The Voice should be sent to christchurch1@bellnet.ca or left in The Voice Mail box outside the Church Office. All articles are welcome but will be published at the discretion of the editor and as space permits.

ADDRESSED TO: