

St Paul's Circular

June 2020

Volume 15 issue 3 "Family"

From the desk of the Dean

All in the Family

As the last of three children well-spaced I spent a lot of time on my own watching television. So my early images of *family* come from TV. *Leave it to Beaver* meshed with my own experience of family, where dad came home from work to my mother and me; my mother only worked outside the home in later years. We were polite, we voted for the party in power; we heard the twice annual testing of the air raid siren without mentioning the Cold War. Life was comfortable and seemingly stable and safe.

I enjoyed watching *My Three Sons*, where Fred MacMurray was a single dad and Uncle Charlie cooked supper and ran the household. Over time I came to know other families where of necessity parenthood took different forms. These families had experienced illness, death or relationship breakdown which I considered unusual circumstances. The church I attended in the 1970s, however, was one of the first to provide support and services for single mothers. My understanding of *family* grew and matured. Church family nourished families of all sorts and conditions.

A few years later *The Brady Bunch* dramatized the life of blended families through which I came to appreciate the challenges of integrating siblings from multiple families into a new social unit. And then came *All in the Family*, which blasted any understanding of family as a homogenous, conflict-free social unit out of the ballpark. Its inclusion of topics such as racism, antisemitism, infidelity, homosexuality, women's liberation, rape, and religion, all offered through a comedic lens, broke new ground and gave permission for families to take a more truthful look at themselves, and others.

As I acknowledge my own increasingly varied experience of family, what do I hope for Kathie, our two adult children and myself? I hope for honest truthful conversation, support when necessary and a

dining table practice where all are welcome. As for a biblical standard for family living, however we experience this, I can think of nothing better than Paul's exhortation to the Philippians, a family in God for sure: "Beloved, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is pleasing, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence and if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things."

May our conversations, our thoughts and actions and our hospitality embody these things. Stay safe and well to all St. Paul's family in Christ.

Ken+

Lizzy's Bit

One dictionary definition of family is members of a household, usually parents and children. This is the picture that comes first to my mind when talking about family. Family is also defined as a group of relations whether living together or not. That description can of course be as broad or as narrow as one wants it to be from parents and children, through step and half sibling, aunts, uncles, cousins, grandparents, in-laws and ex-spouses and ex-in-laws and all the fur babies in any and all combinations. Families made up of relatives come in all shapes and sizes -- some work well and are close and other, hmmm, not so much.

But family can be more than relatives, those people to whom we are connected by blood or marriage. Friends are the family we choose for ourselves as opposed to those we got by accident of birth. Team members are frequently the same.

People are not the only ones to form family groups. Families are found among birds and animals. Magpies mate for life and the young often stay with their parents for a year. We are all aware that lions, wolves and coyotes form loose family groups.

In addition to the "social" family there is the scientific practise of grouping plants and animals with similar characteristics together into "families".

Even nations get into the act. The United Nations has been described as a family -- does that group ever behave like a dysfunctional family, squabbling over everything. The Commonwealth seems to get along a little better.



Book review

by Mary Dove

The Big Fisherman by Lloyd C. Douglas

During this unusual time of Covid-19, I have been exploring some of my older books which I remember had an impact on me when I read them, the details of which were long forgotten. One of the authors I have rediscovered has been Lloyd C. Douglas. He was born in 1877 and was a Lutheran clergyman in the USA, ending his ministry at St. James United Church in Montreal, Quebec, from which pulpit he retired to write. His first novel, *Magnificent Obsession*, published in 1929 was an immediate and sensational success. He continued to write many novels including *The Robe* and *The Big Fisherman*.

The Big Fisherman is a powerful and dynamic historical novel of Simon Peter whose unswerving faith helped to change the history of the world. It is set on the shores of Galilee, the crossroads of the world – a polyglot world of quarreling, scheming people, warring then as they are today.

Lloyd C. Douglas has taken his characters from this real world; Simon, the big fisherman, two fisted and profane, who lays down his nets in a momentous act of faith; Fara, half Judaeon and half Arabian, bent on an errand of vengeance; and Voldi, the young Arabian prince, who takes up Fara's vendetta when she is purged of her hate.

This story is a good example of blood family ties,

cultural allegiances and the loving loyalty to faith community.

It is a good read and will immediately draw you in to the lives of these biblical families who are normal people living in a real world at the time of Christ



Making Kith our Kin

by Lance Weisser

Every Christmas we'd search the attic crawl space for the boxed-up creche, and then carefully free the figurines from their wood shaving nests, including, of course, our rather dour Joseph. Looking positively ancient in a mousy-coloured robe, white bearded and solemn, he lacked anything indicating a function or purpose. The shepherds all had crooks and sheep hugging their knees. The wise men had their camels, fancy turbans, and hand-held treasures. The angels, it goes without saying, sported their halos and wings, while Joseph just stood there-- arms limp at his sides--serving no purpose whatsoever, having a kind of ceramic identity crisis until we quickly nestled him in beside Mary and the manger in order to end his psychic pain. Even then, he looked like he'd been hit with a frying pan, as though suddenly wondering how on earth he'd ended up inside a barn on Christmas Eve.

In fact, it makes for some rather fascinating forensic-type intrigue to try and figure out where the man disappeared to following that momentous Passover, when twelve-year-old Jesus stayed behind to query the Temple teachers and rabbis. For that's the last we hear of him in the gospels. From then on, Mary seems to be a single parent whose stature becomes all the more enhanced by her devotion and ongoing presence in her son's earthly journey. She is there to the tragic end, while Joseph the parent, is replaced by Joseph of Arimathea--another Joseph, a different Joseph.

All of which is to aid our thinking so we never fall into the trap of buying the Hallmark Card ideal of

what constitutes the perfect family. And I recall doing a Mother's Day presentation during the Children's Story part of our Presbyterian church's worship service where I held up photographs mounted on cards, while asking the question: 'is this a family?' We began with the mother, father, two children photo, then moved to an elderly woman with her cat, two men holding hands, a First Nations Potlatch, a very old man hugging his nurse, and ending with a recent photograph of our congregation taken at the post-worship coffee hour. The children never hesitated in identifying them all as examples of 'family', and it brings to mind how my very own daughter now has four parents, with two step-fathers, one of whom is only seven years older than she is.

It is certainly true that as we progress through our years, we acquire and let go of many versions of family, from the bonding we made during summer camps, feeling our cabin counsellor was as good and kind as our own parent, to cherishing the care given us while undergoing a medical episode, or how we felt under the ministry of a very special priest and/or bishop. And while we may not read much about Joseph, his insistence on marrying Mary, bringing her safely to birth, caring for his family through times of peril and need, testify to his devoted role, carried out in a modest and quietly present way, which is why he is venerated as a Saint in our Anglican tradition. March is the month dedicated to honouring Saint Joseph, and that is why, when freeing him from his wood shavings these Christmases, I pause and smile down at his rather frail and delicate self, knowing how he made sure his family found shelter and comfort on a very special night long ago.

However we come to define family, it nearly always boils down to that kind of knowing feeling deep inside, that those we may play bridge with month after month somehow at some stage transcended being just friends, and became family--that the one pouring our coffee at our favourite diner did, too. And the more we create family, the more we create love, until nearly everyone we come near to in this life is part of that ever-growing circle we feel is ours.

"Leaving Normal"

by Barb Liotskos

I found myself sorting old photos this past week. One of my St Paul's family, and a member of my extended family, Rae Long, planted the seed. We share a granddaughter and grandson, and recently had time to chat en route to granddaughter Ainsley's grad in Kelowna. As those of you with 2020 grads will have experienced yourselves, it was not a "normal" grad as we have come to know them. But as we developed our own ways of making it a special event, and followed the small group of grads around town, taking photos, and sharing a takeout food order outdoors, we discovered that it was, in fact, a very special grad, with moments we otherwise would not have shared together. "Leaving Normal" provides an opportunity to make plenty of discoveries.

Perhaps it was thus for Abraham leaving Ur. Gord says Abraham took with him as much of "Normal" as he could pack into the caravan, and set out for the unknown when God called him. Along the way, Abraham and Sarah were told by three visitors that they would have a son in their old age. Definitely leaving Normal on that one. Later in our story, Moses' entourage left "Normal" - slavery in Egypt - in great excitement. But before too long, they tired of the great adventure of freedom in the wilderness, and whined about all the benefits of being back in Normal.

One of the discoveries for me, having left Normal, is experiencing anew just how much family matters to me. The joy I felt when my son Bill, my daughter in law Andrea and my 8 month old granddaughter, Reese, came to stay last week, is still with me. We were all happy just to be together, and expressed this in various ways. Being in the kitchen with them, holding the baby as they made me a Mothers' Day breakfast, healed my soul and nourished me in totally unexpected ways.

What about our St Paul's family? Some of us may have had opportunity to be with a small group of church friends, outdoors. Today, for example, some of those who were part of a group discussion of Brian McLaren's book "The Great Spiritual Migration" last winter, gathered in a backyard, with chairs placed to leave the appropriate space between



us. We shared what we were discovering 'leaving Normal' – which is where I heard this phrase - and how our experience tied in with our learning from the book. I felt again the nourishing joy of belonging to a family as we shared our hopes and losses, and what mattered to us: our own transformation, and the taste of the transformation of church and world that may lie "beyond Normal".

In "Normal" when families are together, being together is taken for granted, and we expect that we'll be together again soon. We chit chat about the various goings on of Normal. Now, however, being together is like a stepping stone I find as I try to cross a stream without getting a soaking. Relief floods through me, to have something firm, something that matters, beneath my feet. But I know I can't stay mid stream, and must go on, keeping an eye out for the next foothold.

Looking at old family photos, of Gord's and my blended family, and also photos of our St Paul's and Territory family too, is a vivid reminder of change. So many familiar faces are no longer with us here. Little ones are grown with their own little ones. Life goes on, the stream is flowing. We cannot go back. We can revisit significant events, and learn who we are now in comparison to who we were then. What mattered then may matter in a different way now. We may have different passions and convictions, or we may have developed further the ones from earlier days.

I am also growing aware of the gap in the "photo stream", that is ever widening from the year I started using my iphone camera and saving photos to the computer. I realize I have things to learn about organizing digital family photos. If I am to leave photo albums, and even my newly sectioned shoe boxes, I need to learn about making photo cds or dvds, that I can share with different family members, so that we can remember where we have been on our journey together.

"Leaving Normal". What have your discoveries been? What do you glimpse of life "beyond Normal"?



A Family of a different sorting

by Miriam Baskin

Knives, forks, spoons, so many such different sizes, serving spoons, butter knife, berry spoon, cold meat fork, fish fork, cake and pie servers, etc. etc. oh so many different utensils, or is it cutlery, or flat ware, or silver ware?

Yes they are in my mind families, but how did this idea of families of cutlery come to be?

I was little in the family of olders, and as the youngest the task of the table setting and clearing and putting away fell to me by way of "being the youngest"-- this is your contribution to the family meal.

So it became my responsibility to see that the table was properly set and prepared, especially for the evening meal. Then came the putting away of the flatware, into the proper places, in the appropriate families, huh? Families? Yes families.

I do not remember if this family idea was mine or my parents', I just know that the idea of drying and putting away the cutlery was to me a mundane task, but putting the family aspect into the job made it much more interesting.

Knives became dads, forks were mums, spoons were sisters, serving spoons were grandmothers, all the others that happened to be used that meal were guests, an all encompassing category.

I became very productive at my task and my responsibility to always get this right, especially the evening meal. It did always look so good to see the table set just right

On Sundays when we used the "good stuff" it was such a sense of anticipation, go to the silver chest as it was called, a brown box on the buffet, lift the lid and there they all were, the family, each in their own little areas so obedient, just waiting to be set free from their box to take on their assigned tasks, with assistance from me, to be used for the meal. A serious business to get this done.

Day to day Monday to Saturday was more playful, more carefree. I was much more familiar with this family. They came out of a drawer with sections not so intimidating, lighter in weight just more fun.

When it came to drying the cutlery, drying them according to the families, made putting away much easier. Dads, Mums Sisters grandmothers all back where they belonged. To me there was an intimacy about the cutlery, an extension of ourselves used in a private sort of way, not shared but for that meal just yours. Except for the serving spoons, which I could never use for eating although I am sure I probably tried.

Now our evening meal is a little more relaxed, we still set the table every evening for our meal together but the “good stuff” usually comes out for birthdays, high days and holidays and is not quite the “good stuff” that I grew up with, but a well set table is a fine piece of work.

With the dishwasher, washing and drying is just not the same. It still does need to be put away in its proper places. This concept has become very useful with our friend Tony who lives with us. It has become one of his chores to empty the dishwasher and put away the cutlery. Using the familial concept has been easier for him. The idea of big and little sisters has been most confusing for him, but not the different sized forks, so this is a work in progress.

The idea of the family, then, has made a lasting impression on all of us and I shall always look at cutlery, flatware, silverware, etc. in a different way and it will always be in my heart.



Family Windows

by Barry Keith Baskin

At seventy seven I reflect on over fifty five years of happy marriage. I think of three adult children, and five grandchildren. As family beginning at the age of twenty two we welcomed our first daughter. Our family life, not without challenges, blessed us with many joys. Our adult children and our grandchildren have opened windows to exciting journeys of family

life as we all mature in ways of opportunity, challenges and joys.

I now return to my beginnings. Windows of my life, June 1, 1943, my birthday, the first window of my life. My sixteen year old mother was off to nursing school and her parents brought me home to their farm. My grandparents gave me unconditional love. As a teenager a personal tantrum resulted in banging a door out of our summer kitchen, smashing the window in the door. Ironically, my memory fails me regarding details around this occurrence. A mid teenage experience, when perhaps fear allowed for a window of opportunity not to open, a time of escape potential, resulted in sexual abuse by a older stranger. Again, memory failure clouds the details, of this very unpleasant experience.

As a youth, I remember spending lots of time sitting on the window seats looking out the large windows in our dining and living rooms. As a young person, my grandmother's health was failing. In the spring of 1954 my uncle's young bride moved into our farm house and a new window of care opened for me. She was awesome. Later in my life, our family purchased a stained glass window for our parish church. This window was very important to our family. In 1973, while washing dishes in my mother's kitchen, looking out that window across a grassy field I saw my future wife washing dishes in her sister's kitchen. This led to a marriage now beginning it's fifty sixth year. A marriage, not without challenges, but with many windows of opportunity.

Opportunities opened throughout my life, as a bookkeeper and later as an early childhood educator. I trust I have opened learning windows in the lives of my children and my students. I look back on my life with the realization that my many opportunities for personal learning have enriched my life, and that of my children and students. My lifelong spiritual journey in the Anglican Church has been in so many ways, a rich tour of joyful satisfaction. The challenge of being a recent delegate to our electoral assembly for the Territory of the People choosing our new bishop was awesome. Windows of life, constantly offer God's beautiful views of His world. For this, I give grateful thanks to God.

Fur babies*by Elizabeth Kavanagh*

For close to 50 years my family has included a furry member -- three purebred miniature poodle boys and one mixed breed girl. They all had very different personalities. I realized as I wrote this that I could write a short story, if not a whole book about each one of them.

Poodle number one - Tinker was a very elegant little fellow and as snotty as they come. "I am a poodle. Who are you?" He was good looking and knew it! True after a clip he did look as if he should have been strolling down the Champs-Élysées in a diamond studded collar escorted by an equally elegant matron. He would walk until he dropped and my mother carried him home on more that one cold winter Edmonton morning. He had bright red socks for those cold snowy days and correct procedure was up into the kitchen sink to have them removed. One time my mother was away for a few days so the honours fell to me. I didn't put him in the sink fast enough so he jumped from standing, grabbing the edge and pulling himself the rest of the way up. (He did love to jump.)

Next came Blackie. He was as mellow as a poodle could be, but he was a fighter. He defied the odds and lived 7 years with congestive heart failure. He was my mother's devoted slave. She could do anything with him including accidentally knitting his ear fur into a sock she was working on. He was also agoraphobic. He wandered out of the yard when he was quite young and went walkabout, coming home trembling. Thereafter he would not go out the gate. His philosophy became if you want me out the gate you carry me -- there will be no walkies, I will take my daily constitutional doing laps around the living room thank you very kindly. He made one exception. There was a lonely little dog about his size across the street. She could be a bit of a nuisance. One night Mom chased Rollie home. She came back. I chased her home. She came back. A little black streak shot out the open gate and the two of them went racing straight down the middle of Valleyview Drive. I screamed at him fit to be heard in Westsyde. He stopped, looked surprised to find himself on the road and came trotting home. She didn't come back.

He was just over 15 years old when he crossed the rainbow bridge.

He was followed by Rascal who was a troubled little fellow. After much trial and error I more or less figured out how to manage him. He left me suddenly with a seizure that took his hearing and sight almost instantly. Since it was 14 years and one day to the day that Blackie went it always felt as if Blackie's spirit (dog's have spirits don't they?) came to get him so that there would be room in my life for a little girl in need of a forever home.

I was going to wait a few months to get another dog and I was going to get another pure bred male black miniature poodle. God had another plan. Six weeks later I had a mix breed female rescue. She is the sweetest little girl; amazingly gentle and patient. She will put up with anything as long as it doesn't involve having her feet washed. You all know her as Newshound. In the house she is pure Maltese, needs no excuse to cuddle. In the yard she is all terrier, always on patrol for mice and rats and anything else she thinks needs disposing of. She never figured out why Mommy went ballistic when presented with a freshly killed baby robin - after all she is supposed to capture anything that moves isn't she? She also doesn't understand why I would prefer that she not pick her own peas since that entails pulling the vines off the trellis and laying in them to enjoy her harvest.

I loved them all; they were my kids, part of my family.

Family for all*by Grace Williams*

I feel very blessed in that I grew up in a family of five children. We did not have a lot of money, but we never went without food, clothing or shelter and we were encouraged to share what we enjoyed with others. We all have great memories of imaginative games, lots of music and singing, and a home that was constantly filled with people. My parents loved to entertain and they always included the periphery people that others did not focus on. My mom and dad brought us up to speak out against unfairness.

I know this is not everyone's experience of family and during these sad days of violence towards those who do not experience the same rights and privileges that I do, I have been doing a lot of soul searching. We have heard painful stories from our Indigenous brothers and sisters, those of colour, and individuals who come from other parts of the world. As a mother of a trans-daughter, I am also well aware of the difficulties faced by those in the LGBTQ2S+ community!

So what is the solution? What are we called to do? Jim and I, we feel called to be family to both LGBTQ2S+ individuals and their families. We currently facilitate a monthly group called Pflag Kamloops, the local chapter of Pflag Canada, a national non-profit charitable organization. Pflag originally began in the US in 1972 by Jean Manford, the mother of a gay man driven by the love for her child. Canadian chapters began forming in Vancouver and Toronto in the late 70's and there are now chapters in every province! We are not counsellors....just parents of children who are struggling to understand and accept themselves. We also seek to educate both ourselves and our city of Kamloops as allies. We do presentations for employers, schools, and community groups who wish to learn about the LGBTQ2S+ experience.

So what does it mean to be an ally? Being an ally means being willing to act with and for others in pursuit of ending oppression and creating equality.

How can we be an ally to these disenfranchised groups? **Educate ourselves!!!!** Read articles online! Borrow books from the library! Confront issues head-on and **speak out!** Post material to show support! Attend events!

Most importantly, **ANYONE** can be an ally! And so I challenge each one of you: **become an ally!!** It will look different for each of us, but most have never experienced a time of such an immense need for outcry!! As Martin Niemoller, the prominent Lutheran pastor in Germany who was an outspoken public foe of Hitler, stated: "First they came for the but I didn't speak out because I wasn't one..... Then they came for me..... and there was no one left to speak out for me!"

PWRDF family *by Joy Gothard*

After volunteering with World Vision team in 2004 to deliver a public health program in a rural area on NW Costa Rica, I decided to put my \$\$ and volunteer time with the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund. At first, I helped Cheryl Crawford/Perreault selling PWRDF Christmas cards. Along came a visit to Kamloops by Beth Baskin who was the communications officer of PWRDF (and yes, one of the daughters of Miriam and Barry Baskin). She got me involved with being a parish representative for PWRDF. The rest is history of planning events and sharing the news with you. My extended family with partners around the world has grown through the monthly updates that I receive. Since "Covid" restrictions have limited our gatherings at the cathedral where many of these stories would be on the bulletin board or in the pew bulletin, I invite you to sign up to receive the monthly newsletter.

PWRDF regularly publishes stories about the work of our partners and volunteers on their website. You can subscribe to Videos, Under the Sun newsletter, monthly Email Update and bulletin inserts by signing up here: <https://pwrdf.org/subscribe-to-our-newsletter/>

You don't choose your family. They are God's gift to you, as you are to them. *Desmond Tutu*

You must remember, family is often born of blood, but it doesn't depend on blood. Nor is it exclusive of friendship. Family members can be your best friends, you know. And best friends, whether or not they are related to you, can be your family.

Trenton Lee Stewart

There's nothing that makes you more insane than family. Or more happy. Or more exasperated. Or more . . . secure.

Jim Butcher

Looking Back

Due to the COVID-19 pandemic March 15 was the last service at St. Paul's Cathedral. Live Streaming of a morning prayer service began March 22



Bishop Barbara's last day was April 27. It was not the final day any of us has envisioned. After the 10:00 live streaming service she was given a surprise send off in the form of a socially distancing car parade accompanied by DJ on the bagpipes .



Looking Ahead



Stay tuned. This too will pass. We will get back services in the Chapel and the Cathedral and Communion. We will get back to baptisms, wedding, funerals, birthday celebrations, suppers. We will hug again. Our new bishop will be consecrated. Just not yet awhile.



St Paul's Anglican Cathedral

parish founded 1884

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joyful - rooted - responsive - hospitable

Bishop	The Rt. Rev. Lincoln McKeon
Rector & Dean	The Very Rev. Ken Gray
Assisting Clergy Member	The Rt. Rev. Gordon Light
Assisting Clergy Member	The Rev. Barbara Liotskos
Assisting Clergy Member	The Rev. Dan Hines
Assisting Clergy Member	The Rev. Bob Purdy
Rector's Warden	Jon Buckle
People's Warden	Richard Cane
Youth Coordinator	Melissa Green
Acting Music Director	Gail Ovington
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Treasurers	Dr. David Ritenburg/Gordon Dove

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submission deadline for the Next issue:

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theme for the next issue:
The New Normal

Worship at St Paul's Cathedral

Chapel, Sunday, 8:00 a.m. - Holy Communion Cathedral, Sunday, 10:00 - Holy Eucharist
Chapel, Wednesday, 10:00 a.m.

The St. Paul's Circular is the parish newsletter of St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, Kamloops, B.C. Four issues are published annually: Lent/Easter, Pentecost, Fall, Advent/Christmas. Our aim is to glorify God by sharing stories about the ministries of our parish, both within and beyond our physical boundaries. The editorial board currently includes Dean Ken Gray, Mary Dove, Claire Tosoff and Elizabeth Kavanagh email address: stpaulscathedralcircular@gmail.com

Other things may change us, but we start and end with the family. *Anthony Brandt*

When everything goes to hell, the people who stand by you without flinching -- they are your family. *Jim Butcher*

Family is not an important thing, it's everything *Michael J. Fox*

Family means no one gets left behind or forgotten. *David Ogden Stiers*

Family isn't blood. It's the people who love you. The people who have your back.
Cassandra Clare

This is part of what a family is about, not just love. It's knowing that your family will be there watching out for you. Nothing else will give you that. Not money. Not fame. Not work. *Mitch Albom*