

St Paul's Circular

February 2024

Volume 19 Issue 1 Journeys

From the Dean's Desk

When I was in university, I led a mission trip to Tijuana Mexico. I, along with a group of teenagers and a spattering of parents, drove from Vancouver to Mexico to lay down new flooring for a local school. It was hard, but glorious work.

Much of our time was spent in worship and work, except for one evening of shopping and relaxation. This well-deserved evening off was to take place at a resort roughly 45 minutes away. We were given detailed instructions on how to get to our destination; turns were clearly marked, and visual references were noted. Most importantly, we were told what *not* to do. Specifically, our instructions read: "Do not take the toll bridge!" This note was underlined and highlighted.

You probably see where this is going.

Somewhere along the way we zigged when we should have zagged. We ended up all turned around and confused, driving around a city that was not our own, and unable to ask for help. We felt disheartened and discouraged. Then we hit the toll bridge. This was the first indication that we were hopelessly lost.

Or were we?

The fact is, after all these years, our journey through the toll bridge stands out in my memory. Unable to turn around, we paid the toll and found ourselves driving along the coast of Mexico. We could see the waves crash against the beach, barely 30 feet from the road's edge. As we drove, the setting sun painted the evening sky with a bright array of purples, oranges, and pinks. The clouds distributed the colourful rays like paintbrushes across the heavens. It was a glorious sight to behold, more glorious than I can describe here. Each of us in the van were silent as we took in this majestic scene.

The life of faith doesn't always go the way we would like. There are twists and turns along the way, and we

may, at times, feel lost and confused. But what if we aren't as lost as we think? What if the twists and turns are part of a grander plan?

We see this reality in Scripture. As Israel began their trek to the land of promise, the path before them seemed clear. God used the roundabouts, the twists, and the turns as avenues for growth. It was in their perceived lostness that Israel experienced the blessings of God in profound ways. The fact is, our journey of faith isn't always straightforward.

Feeling lost doesn't mean that you are not where you are called to be. It certainly doesn't mean that God is not leading your journey. In fact, like Israel journeying to the Promised Land, the opposite might be the case. You may, in fact, be walking towards glorious blessings. So remember, even if your journey seems to veer this way and that, you may be exactly where God wants you to be.

Lizzy's Bit

Life is often described as a journey. There are many journeys within it -- physical ones, mental ones, spiritual ones, long ones, short ones, easy ones, hard ones, bucket list ones, duty ones, pleasant ones and painful ones. Readers know well the literary journey into the past, the future, far away places.

Of all the journeys I have had, the ones nearest to my heart were the annual trips to my maternal grandmother. It was 27 hours by train from Farnham Quebec to Chapleau Ontario, north of Georgian Bay. It was a time when first class train travel was elegant and gracious. From the time of my earliest snippet of memory to the last trip sometime in my teens it was always exciting. The travel itself felt like a great adventure and the destination was a thin place.

It was sooo exciting and the anticipation started early in the spring when Dad would make the reservations. The earlier the booking the better the selection. Then the

suitcases came out and packing began. Then it was Friday evening and time to go. First the 6:00 o'clock train to Montreal followed by supper, sometimes at Murray's restaurant, sometimes at the station restaurant. Next stop, the Laura Secord store in the station for a box of candies for my grandmother, preferably a mix of creams, jellies and chocolates because if we did not come bearing chocolates we could jolly well get on next the train to Montreal to get that box of candy.

Soon after supper we're on the train and on our way. Sometimes we had a compartment, sometimes a bedroom - one was larger than the other, but to this day I don't know which was which. When it was discovered that the enclosed space was the cause of, or contributed to, my travel sickness, we moved to open sections.

Oh, the fun of getting ready for bed on the train and to sleep, only to be awakened, during the early years of the trips at Chalk River as the cars were iced. In those days before air conditioning passenger cars were cooled with ice. The ice box doors were thrown open and 5 or 6 huge blocks of ice were slung in and the door slammed shut -- all very loud and jarring, especially if your bed happened to be over the ice box. Next was the moonscape of Sudbury-Coppercliff., due to the mining and smelting in the area. The dinning car opened for breakfast in Sudbury after the Toronto section and the Montreal section of the transcontinental train were merged, an operation required a great deal of shunting as both trains were broken apart and remade into one. The dinning car was a high-end dinning room on wheels with linen and silver and a rose bowl on the table. Gentlemen were required to appear in a jacket and tie.

Breakfast was followed by five hours of dreary, endless scrub pine, alder, rolling hills, the occasional tunnel, streams, swamps, lakes and, *then*: Oh! there's the Devon crossing, 7 more miles, Oh! here's the big rock! There's the house! one more mile and we're at the station and there's my uncle! My grandmother always stayed home to prepare a meal because the train normally got in at noon and we had dinner as soon as we had changed out of our travelling clothes. (In those days people always wore their best clothes to travel.)

After two weeks it was the trip in reverse. Departure was at about 4:00 pm and accompanied by hugs and tears among my mother and grandmother me, and a handshake between Dad and Uncle Wesley. This time it was dinner on the train and breakfast in Ottawa. If the train was on time, despite travelling 3000 miles, when

we reached Montreal West we would scramble off one train, run across the platform to catch another. If the train was no more than 10 minutes late our conductor could wire ahead and "the Boston" would be held for us so we would avoid a 6 hour layover in Montreal. It was good to be home, but sad that the adventure was over for another year.



A Long Night's Journey Into Day

by Anonymous

In 1961, C.S. Lewis wrote "A Grief Observed", describing his reactions in the months following his wife's death. It is a moving book, beautifully written, and well worth reading whether grief has touched your life or not.

Late in 2022, my wife died, suddenly and unexpectedly, from a brain aneurysm, just shy of our 46th wedding anniversary. Lewis's experiences and mine have some things in common, but more often diverge radically. The point is not to compare, but to appreciate. Each person's grief is different. People report feelings of great sorrow, joy, guilt, relief, anger, peace: the list goes on and on. One can cycle through intense feelings with such rapidity as to make you doubt your hold on anything normal, even your sanity.

I won't get didactic or moralize; nor will I launch into a list of do's and don'ts. I've found some things helpful, and have been surprised by how much help is "out there" if you can bring yourself to look.

I have attended "Blue Christmas" services; individual grief counselling at the hospice; small-group discussions at the hospice and a local church; taken the GriefShare program; browsed the small but excellent hospice library; pushed myself to go alone to all kinds of groups and activities. This may seem a lot but it by no means exhausts all that my town has to offer. Nor have I explored the many online resources that are available.

Has any of this helped? Yes. And no.

Yes: I've learned lots about grief and the processes involved. Much is predictable. The disagreeable thing is that the experts say almost everything about grief is "normal." It is circular, not linear. At its best, it's a

spiral up and out of a deep hole towards something sunnier. So: yes.

But also, no. Despite all the resources, there seem to be no shortcuts. Worse, if you don't address grief now, it can come back to bite you later. With grief, it seems, you can run but you can't hide.

I have come to loathe the very word “grief.” It is like a mangy dog, all matted hair and fleas, that arrives unbidden, can't be shooed away, and leaves abruptly, only to return whenever or wherever it likes. It is an experience I never sought; a burr under a saddle; a cut that won't heal; a state I want no passport to; a splinter I can't dislodge; a song I can't get out of my head; a blizzard I'm stuck in.

C.S. Lewis said he would never be a biped again. I can see his point. My wife was my life. We lived quietly, with each other and for each other, so insulated or isolated that the COVID lock-downs and distancing hardly touched us at all. Things can now seem awfully hollow. I know I need people in my life. And thank | God for Churches! Even if there is a glass wall between others and me, it is therapeutic to be exposed to lives truly lived; to their joys, pleasures, passions, even sorrows, in all their day-to-day minutiae. It is horrible to think that others can be a distraction. Is this calculating? A way of using others? I sure hope not!

Will it ever end? Can't I euthanize that dog and be done with it? Unanswerable questions, I think. But better to have those than some unquestionable answers proffered by well-intentioned souls. I know absolutely that they want to help; to staunch the wound; to stop the tears. To them I say, “Thank you”: for your concern; your charity; your faith; your hope. I'd be churlish to decline anything offered. I am grateful beyond words that so many have welcomed me, made space for me, graciously accommodated my wound

It has been over a year now. I am different. Not altogether together, if you know what I mean, but certainly less of a shambles. I said I would offer no advice. Well, I relent and will just say this: If life has sandbagged you, even a long time ago, help is available, at low cost or none. If you can bring yourself to reach for it, do

The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.

Lao Tzu

My Journey to Baptism

by Peter Lee

My journey to baptism was a rather unusual one. The confluence of family history, political necessities, and personal spiritual growth moulded my spiritual journey in a peculiar, yet somehow perfectly sensible manner.

Christian faith had long been a part of my family history. On my father's side, American missionaries baptized my great-great-grandparents during China's Qing era. Our family's faith endured the end of China's 5,000-year monarchy, the warlord-era chaos that followed, the brutality of the Japanese invasion, and the bloody civil war that saw the eventual triumph of Mao's communists. My great-grandparents and grandparents eagerly attended many church services - some under candlelight, some under artillery fire through the years of senseless violence and under the repressive hand of communist state atheism. I like to think that only by the light and love of God had my family survived through the strife and persecution of those dark and unforgiving years.

I was born into a secular household, with scarce mentions of religion and our family's Christian history. Overt religiosity carried penalties of social stigma and unwanted government attention. I spent my earliest years not knowing the word or the presence of God. If I had let slip my family's secret faith to my teachers or peers, communist functionaries would have come knocking. Given the casting of religion as dangerous superstition at every mention in school, this was not a risk but an eventuality. Best, my parents thought, to be cautious.

On the first Sunday after my family's arrival in Canada, we found our way into a nearby church. What the communists had impressed upon me was at once proven untrue - rather than the quacks and charlatans the Chinese state apparatus made Christian clergy out to be, the local pastor, Mark, lived by the Christian virtues of humility and generosity. We were welcomed into the church and the local community. My parents shared with me the Christian history of our family after that first service and I wholeheartedly embraced my identity as a Christian.

Matters of faith were left as a matter of personal discretion by my parents. I could choose whether to attend church, to have conversations of faith, and to be

baptized. This approach to my Christian faith has allowed for the organic development of my relationship with God. Though I had not understood the full meaning behind them, I spent my afternoons paging through the stories of the Bible. Being a voracious reader, these early introductions to Biblical passages cemented the place of God's words among my earliest English recollections. Even as my early interests drifted elsewhere, my appreciation for the Bible's words never faded.

Teenage whims and predilections took precedence over spiritual matters as I grew older. Away at university my spiritual life fell further into dereliction. A significant illness, coupled with a pandemic, competed fiercely for my attention on top of academic demands. I became an automaton, mechanically progressing through my life, not cultivating my spiritual life and relationship with God. As a gnawing emptiness grew omnipresent in my mind and sank its barbed appendages in I recalled my Christian faith and sought solace in God once more.

I remember the warm October morning when I stepped into the Church of St. Peter and St. Simon on Bloor Street in Toronto. I have had a miserable week and I had planned to attend church as a measure of respite. Perhaps it was the hymns, or the sermon having some resonance - I felt a profound lightness and became more spritely after the morning service. Just as a bath cleanses the body of its accumulated dirt and grime, so the service that morning cleansed my soul from its weight and weariness. This was my first church service after almost six years, but I found myself at once surrounded by God's grace and love. Though I did not attend church again for some time, this memory kept the embers of my Christian faith glowing.

Moving to Kamloops after my university education and a foray into municipal politics, I decided to make an official confirmation of my faith. Thanks to the guidance of Dean Kyle and the unyielding warmth of the St. Paul's community, I reaffirmed my belief in God and was baptized on the first of October 2022. Not only have I received the gift of baptism, but I also find myself in a welcoming and gracious congregation of fellow Christians. My relationship with God has never been stronger, and I have the wonderful people along the way of my spiritual journey to thank. I am grateful to continue the Christian history of my family and to live in God's grace as one of His own.



Newshound reports that:

St. Paul's has a new caretaker, who began 1 October 2023. is Mogbonjubola Ogunbambo PhD. She prefers to be called Gbonju (bonjou)

We learned at the Vestry Meeting that 14% of the congregation is below the age of 18.

The parish gift to Bishop Clara upon her consecration was her Episcopal Ring.

This year the St. Francis Award went to Carl Pentilchuk for his work at home and abroad in water conservation and management. He embodies the saint's spirit in our fragile times.



In early November, after an absence of a year or more for refurbishment the Heritage Plaque about St. Paul's was returned to the corner of 4th Avenue and Nicola Street.



Small-group ministries

The Parish Revitalization Team has endorsed the idea of small-group ministries. The purpose of these ministries is to facilitate connections which cannot be made at Sunday services or the following coffee hour; a chance to met together and grow together. St. Paul's already has a number of such ministries. Among them are: Soul Friends, the Dean's online Bible study, Altar Guild, Friendship Friday, Bishop (emeritus) Barbara's After lunch Bunch, Thrift shop volunteers, prayer shawl knitters. Contact information for these and other small groups can be found on pages 10 and 11

Opportunities abound. All you need is to ask, seek, or knock. The welcome mat is out, and there is a space waiting just for you.

Looking Back

PWRDF Wild Ride



Over the summer Joy Gothard facilitated four Way-Seekers Scavenger Hunt walks and one hunt by bicycle to St. Peter's Monte Creek. The windup was held 15 October in the parish hall. Participants enjoyed a light luncheon of delicious soups and berry shortcake.



photos by Rae Long

Parish Potluck

The potluck supper enjoyed by a large group of people on 27 October grew out of what to do with 3 hams purchased by Ron Sugiyama for the dinner planned for the Episcopal election. The election was swift, the dinner cancelled, and the hams wound up in the freezer. Said hams were, on 27 October, thawed, roasted, sliced and served by Jim Waldie and Jim Britton accompanied by a plethora sides and deserts provided by St. Paul's many talented chefs.

Friendship Friday



Friendship Friday on 27 November was well attended with 39 people present. Dave and Alison McKinnon gave an excellent power point presentation on their recent trip to Newfoundland. Miriam tried to give them a gift of a large zucchini as a thank you!



photos by Rae Long

P.I.T.Stop



Under the leadership of Wendy McLean twenty-six volunteers from St. Paul's moved to Kamloops United Church Sunday 3 December to prepare a P.I.T.Stop dinner. They had fun chopping vegetables and serving 93 meals of chicken stew, salad, bun, cake and coffee or juice. There were take-out meals as well as eat-in meals.



photos from Kam United Church

Cookie challenge



Alicia Norman reported that 39 types of cookies were tasted, almost 1900 cookies were eaten, the Dean's cookie was identified and \$460 was raised for the Kamloops Food bank Starfish Backpack Program. The Youth Group took first place, with a new recipe that included a box of cake mix as a sugar substitute (such a creative way to cope with the sugar strike!). The Dean surprised almost everyone with his Chocolate Ginger Cookies with Cardamom - but Faith Okhemesimi correctly guessed his cookie! And Trish's Grinchmas cookies earned her a special prize for the most votes for what people thought was the Dean's cookie, but wasn't.



photos from Alicia Norman and Rae Long

Christmas Tea



A large crowd packed the parish hall Saturday 9 December for the annual St. Paul's Christmas Tea. In addition to dozens of plates of dainty sandwiches and sweets 21 pots of tea and 87 cups of coffee were consumed.



photos by Rae Long

Parish Breakfast



Men of the parish prepared a breakfast on 27 January. They served up scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and jam, tea, coffee and juice which were enjoyed by 38 parishioners. Bishop Clara addressed the group, describing her journey to becoming our bishop.



photos by Rae Long

Bishop Clara Plamondon's Ordination and Installation



The snow and intense cold abated in time for the 25 January ordination and installation of the Venerable Clara Plamondon as the second bishop of The Territory of the People. Primate Linda Nicholls and Metropolitan Lynne McNaughton attended as did clergy from across Canada. The ceremony, live-streamed on St. Paul's Facebook page, was watched by people across Canada and around the world.



An array of finger-foods was provided by parishioners for the reception which followed.



Annual Vestry Meeting Highlights



The Annual Vestry Meeting, chaired by Dean Kyle Norman, convened 4 February at 12:20 pm.

Jon Buckle presented the 2023 Financial statement showing a deficit of \$6,207 at the end of the year down from almost \$20,000 at the beginning of the year. He then presented the budget for 2024 which has a deficit of \$5,860. The budget was passed.

The Financial Team consists of Jon Buckle, Margaret Mitchell and Connie Watt, with Trish Waldie as Parish Givings Manager.

Jim Waldie was appointed Rector's Warden. D J Clark was elected People's Warden. Jeff Henderson, Lesley Brooks and Jim Britton were elected to Cathedral Committee. Margaret Mitchell and Idowu Aina were elected as Assembly Delegates, with Solomon Norman elected as Youth Assembly Delegate. Marcel Bourassa, Jon Buckle, Lesley Brooks and Jeff Henderson volunteered to be on the Maintenance Committee.

Friday Family Food and Fun



The first event of the fall was 20 October. Following dinner, the children and youth played musical chairs and another game attempting to get a hanging marshmallow off a string without using their hands. Later the younger children decorated masks and made ghost puppets that flew like badminton birdies. Older children and youth played other games and planned future Youth Group activities.

Following dinner on 17 November the children played animal charades and a new game called Ship and Shore. The older children joined Melissa for some youth activities in the Cathedral, the younger ones stayed in the hall to sing some animal songs, hear a story about owls and make pine cone owls.



Over 40 people gathered 15 December. After dinner and some games, construction began on cookie houses. Graham wafers were glued to a frame of small milk cartons and decorated with candies. Of course, not all the candies ended up on the houses!

A few hardy folks braved the cold on 19 January. After dinner there was a "snowball" relay -- like an egg on spoon race, but with cotton balls instead of eggs. The younger children made cotton ball snowmen while the youth group made bead bracelets.



Looking Ahead

Lenten Learnings

Saturdays, from February 17 to March 16 10:00 am. The format is a panel discussions among Muslim, Jewish, Christian, Buddhist and New Thought. The topics for discussion are; Who is God? What are your Scriptures? What is wrong with the world? What is the solution? and How do you pray? Coffee to follow,



Ongoing at St Paul's

Sunday	8:00 am	Holy Communion: Book of Common Prayer	Chapel
Sunday	10:00 am	Holy Eucharist: Book of Alternative Services	Cathedral
Sunday	10:00 am	Sunday School: September to June	Lower Parish Hall
Sunday	1:00 pm	Prayer Service: during ski season at Sun Peaks	Mid-Mountain Chapel
Monday	8:00 am	Men's Breakfast	Kirsten's Hide-away Cafe
Monday	1:30 pm	Holy Eucharist: third Monday of the month	Ridgepointe Retirement Res.
Tuesday	11:00 am	Frozen soup available	Cathedral Office
Tuesday	1:00 pm	Prayer Shawl Ministry: third Tuesday of the month	at Marian Digeso's house
Tuesday	7:00 pm	Cathedral Committee: fourth Tuesday of the month	Cathedral
Wednesday	10:00 am	Holy Communion: Book of Common Prayer and Bible Study	Chapel
Wednesday	11:00 am	Frozen soup available	Cathedral Office
Wednesday	7:00 pm	Zoom Bible study	Online
Thursday	9:45 am	Soul Friends: second and fourth Thursday of the month	Chapter Room
Thursday	11:00 am	Frozen soup available	Cathedral Office
Thursday	2:00 pm	The After Lunch Bunch (Bible study and Eucharist)	Bishop (emeritus) Barbara's House
Thursday	2:00 pm	Holy Eucharist: third Thursday of the month	The Shores
Friday	9:30 am-1:30 pm	Thrift Shop open: September to June	Lower Parish Hall
Friday	10:00 am	Friendship Friday: third Friday of the month	Parish Hall
Friday	5 :00-7:00 pm	Friday Family Food & Fun: third Friday of the month	Parish Hall

Opportunities for Ministry

Altar Guild - This group tends the sacred vessels of the church and prepares the altars for worship. New members are be welcome. Contact Jim Waldie at waldiejamesc@gmail.com 250-374-1484 or 250-819-0393.

Lay Assistants - Lay Assistants assist with communion during our worship services. They also do the readings during the 8:00 am. service. There is always a need for more participants. If you would be interest contact Grace Lister to assist at 10:00 am. or Elizabeth Kavanagh to assist at 8:00 am.

Greeters and Servers - Greeters welcome parishioners to the 10:00 am service, distribute the pew bulletin and answer questions. Servers carry the cross and assist the clergy to prepare for communion at the 10:00 am service. Training is provided for each ministry. You usually work as part of a team and are not on your own until you are you are comfortable. Please contact the office for more information or to volunteer.

Maintenance - Anyone with plumbing, electrical, or carpentry skills who would like to help out with the maintenance of our lovely cathedral. Contact the office.

Peace and Justice - Add your voice to the discussion and action regarding peace and justice issues and outreach concerns. Meeting schedule to be announce If you are interested contact Joy Gothard at gotjo@telus.net.

P.I.T.Stop - This Kamloops United program provides hot, nutritious meals for those in need. Once a year it is sponsored by St. Paul's, usually the first Sunday in December. If you can help with preparation, set-up, serving or clean-up, please email Wendy McLean at d_wmclean@shaw.ca or Barry Baskin at miriamb3@telus.net.

Soup Ministry - The need for soup has not lessened. Please help us keep the freezer full. *Please no spices or large chunks*. Also please mark the type of soup and the date made. There are empty yogourt containers in the kitchen. Thank you to all our soup makers.

Thrift Shop - The Thrift Shop could always use people to sort, price and display donations. We are also looking for people who have sharp eyes for detail and are flexible. If you are interested contact Elizabeth Kavanagh at pegkava60@gamil.com or Elaine Parkes at elaineparkeskamloops@gmail.com.

Collection Counters - Count the collection and prepare the monies collected for deposit. If you would like to help contact Jim Waldie at waldiejamesc@gmail.com 250-374-1484 or 250-819-0393.

Prayer Shawl - This group of knitters and crocheters gather once a month to create shawls to distribute to those in need of comfort. After the shawls are made they are blessed and given out. If you would like to join contact Marian Digeso at jamdigeso@gmail.com.

Hospital Visitation - Volunteers to provide visits to Anglican patients in the hospital. If you would like to participate in this contact Reverend Kyle.

We're put here on Earth to learn our own lessons. No one can tell you what your lessons are; it is part of your personal journey to discover them. On these journeys we may be given a lot, or just a little bit, of the things we must grapple with, but never more than we can handle. *Elisabeth Kubler-Ross*

The feeling remains that God is on the journey too.

Saint Teresa of Avila

St Paul's Anglican Cathedral

parish founded 1884

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Growing, Connecting, Serving, Praying

Rector & Dean	The Rev. Dr. Kyle Norman
Honorary Assisting Clergy Member	The Rev. Dan Hines
Honorary Assisting Clergy Member	The Rev. Bob Purdy
Honorary Assisting Clergy Member	The Rev. Len Fraser
Rector's Warden	Jim Waldie
People's Warden	D J Clarke
Youth Coordinator	Melissa Green
Music Director	Pat Rustand
Office Coordinator	Anita Bourassa
Financial Team	Connie Watt, Margaret Mitchell, Jon Buckle
Parish Giving Manager	Trish Waldie

St Paul's Cathedral website
www.kamloopsanglicancathedral.com

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Territory of the People website
www.territoryofthepeople.ca

Submission deadline for the Next issue:

7 June

Theme for the next issue:

Growth

Worship at St Paul's Cathedral

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

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 The Rev. Dr. Kyle Norman, Elizabeth Kavanagh and Tricia Steenson

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Financial statement for 2023

Income

Total Income\$ 283,331

Expenses

Total Expenses \$289,538

Net Deficit (-6,207)