

The HighWay

A supplement of the Anglican Journal for the Anglican Diocese of Kootenay



The Most Reverend Lynne McNaughton, The Rev Jacqueline Eaton and congregation celebrating 100th Anniversary of St. George, Westbank, West Kelowna, April 21, 2024

100th Anniversary St. George, Westbank, West Kelowna

By Norene Morrow

April 21/22 marked an important milestone in the life of St. George Anglican Church, Westbank, West Kelowna as they celebrated their 100th anniversary. It began with a high tea on the Saturday where members (past and present) and guests shared memories through conversation, photos and artifacts. Highlights of the day included video greetings from the church of St. George in Camberwell, England and the Bishop of Southwark, as well as speeches from The Most Reverend Lynne McNaughton and Mayor

Gordon Milsom. Celebrations continued the next day with a full church marking the Feast of St. George. Archbishop Lynne preached, special music was sung, and a wonderful, flaming dragon cake was eaten. After the service, the whole congregation gathered to send video greetings back to England where the parish of St. George, Camberwell was celebrating their 200th anniversary. ■

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We acknowledge that the land on which we gather in the Diocese of Kootenay is the traditional unceded territory of the Syilx (Okanagan) Peoples, the Ktunaxa and Kinbasket Peoples, the Secwepemc (Shuswap) Peoples, and the Sinixt (Arrow Lakes) Peoples. We seek a new relationship with the first peoples here; one based on honour and respect, and we thank them for their hospitality. We pray that we may live more deeply into the Calls to Action of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission.



**By The Most Reverend
LYNNE MCNAUGHTON**

Dr Lynne McNaughton is the Bishop of the Diocese of Kootenay and Metropolitan Archbishop for the Ecclesiastical Province of British Columbia and the Yukon

Summer Reflection

I remember my first week of classes at Vancouver School of Theology. I was so full of joy and excitement, awed by the privilege of entering formal theological education. I was enraptured by Lloyd Gaston, my New Testament professor, perhaps intimidated by his fierce, intense critical intelligence. (He had studied with Karl Barth, famous 20th century Reformed Theologian, but I didn't know that then or what it meant). One day in class Professor Gaston announced "Sola Scriptura," the Reformation understanding that Scripture is the only revelation of God. This was news to me! When class was finished at noon, I went out and stood on the steps of the "Castle", the old building on UBC campus, with its breath-taking view over the North Shore Mountains, the Salish Sea, towering Douglas Firs on the cliff, and the blue Pacific Ocean sparkling below me. And I thought "No Way"! I realized I profoundly disagreed with Barth's (and my professor's) theology. Scripture is not "the only revelation of God"!

Yes, scripture is one revelation, a crucial one, the ancient yet ever new stories of God and God's people

over centuries, the teachings of Jesus, the formation of the early Church. This year marks 42 years since I started at VST, and I do not recall one instance in those 42 years when I have tired of reading the Bible, or been bored by the study, preaching, teaching, of Scripture. Hymn 475 in Common Praise states this experience well:

*Not far beyond the sea, nor high above the heavens,
but very nigh, your voice O God is heard.
You have more truth and light to break forth from your holy Word.*

Yes, God is revealed in Scripture.

Yet, confronted by "Sola Scriptura" thinking, as I looked out at the vista of mountains and ocean, full of awe, as I had just moved from the prairies, I knew deep within the core of my being, in some pre-cognitive intuitive childhood knowing, that I first knew of God from Creation itself.

I smile to think of it now, but the last day before I moved out to Vancouver, a little nervous, I had walked out onto the prairie, where I often prayed,

and said to the God I knew in the eternity of flat land and immensity of sky, "Where will I speak to you in Vancouver?" Only, of course, to burst out laughing in joy when I first saw the ocean and "the old eternal rocks", places where it was easy to feel God's presence, where I could talk and listen to the Holy One.

I think it is imperative in our time to nurture this sense of Creation as God's self-revelation, to honour the holiness of Earth and the beauty and abundance around us. Our denigration of Earth has brought us to a crisis point, and part of reclaiming right relationship with Earth is to steep ourselves in the sacredness of the very ground we walk on. I fear the dark side of the Reformation understanding that God is only revealed in Scripture focused the Church too much in our intellectual understanding of God, separating us from the holiness of bodies and creatures and Earth. This separation made it easy for us to harm the Earth, to misuse it. There is still a dangerous theology in some forms of Christianity today that separates God from God's creation, looking at salvation as only salvation of individual souls, making our treatment of the earth irrelevant to our faith. The Biblical vision of God's salvation is Earth healthy and restored.

Where is God revealed to you? I wonder when you feel closest to the holiness of life? How do you nourish conversation with your Creator?

Meister Eckhart, the German Mystic, says that every creature is a book about God.

In our new hymn book *Sing a New Creation*, #92 "In Sacred Manner May We Walk" the last two verses:

*In sacred manner may we live
Among the wise and loving ones,
Sit humbly, as at sages' feet,
By four-legged, finned, and feathered ones.*

The animals will teach.

*In sacred manner may we walk
Upon the fair and loving earth,
In beauty move, in beauty love
The living round that brought us birth.
We stand on holy ground.
(Susan Palo Cherwien, 1997)*

I pray that this summer affords you time to contemplate God in many creatures. May you find ways to nurture your relationship with Creation, to fall in love again with the beauty and wonder of life and thus with the Creator of Life. Love of Creation will break your heart, as we face the woundedness, but it will also draw you closer to God. May this love of Earth pull you out of numbness and energize you to fiercely protect God's good Earth.

Hymn: 414 Common Praise (Jaroslav J. Vajda)

*God of the sparrow, God of the whale,
God of the swirling stars
How does the creature say Awe?
How does the creature say Praise?*

+ Lynne McNaughton

Bread, Beer, and Spiritual Formation



By Kristy Arndt

“Fermenting Cultures of Spiritual Formation” was a conference held this April in Mississauga focused on spiritual formation in local contexts.

You Are Leaven: Fermenting Cultures of Spiritual Formation” was a conference held in Mississauga this April focused on spiritual formation in local contexts. The conference was sponsored by the Council of General Synod and I was fortunate to participate. People from across the Canadian Anglican church gathered to share experiences of spiritual formation together and then were tasked with bringing our experiences back to our own contexts in the hope that we could act as fermenting agents where we live.

Spiritual formation is the life-long journey that we embark on as Christians that moves us to grow in our faith, in depth and in breadth, in ourselves and in our communities, to be ever more Christ-like and Christ-centered. As Anglicans, we engage in spiritual formation in so many ways. We participate in the worship life of our communities, we practice hospitality, feed the hungry, care for the ill, and engage in our concerns for the earth. We do bible studies and book studies, we read scripture and practice the daily offices, we pray in groups and alone in so many different ways.

Leaven is good bacteria, like yeast, that helps with the fermentation process. We tend to use it in baking breads, fermenting beer, or kombucha and other fermented foods. Fermentation takes time and it requires the right conditions (bacteria, a little heat, a little sugar and some patience). We may not be able to see all of the work going on inside a rising bread dough or bubbling beer vat but in time, we enjoy the results. We know that a small amount of yeast can have a large impact as it bubbles away, leading to growth and change within the initial ingredients that were mixed together. The ways in which we nurture and feed our own spiritual lives can

contribute to nurturing and feeding the spiritual lives of others. Together we can act as yeast, each growing and changing, deepening our own spiritual lives, our lives in community and in the wider world.

This conference had no experts or keynote speakers, only faithful people sharing with each other the practices that help to feed their spiritual growth. As participants, we shared in an abundance of worship together and attended 4 sessions around spiritual formation. During each session we were taught about the topic, then given some time to practice what we had been introduced to and finally we reflected on our experiences together. This 3-fold model was very important to the weekend and allowed us to embody new ideas in a profound and active way. Our willingness to reflect upon our experiences helped to deepen our faith and understanding.

The hope of this conference was for everyone present would return to their own contexts bubbling with leaven to feed others. In the busyness of our lives we can forget about tending our spiritual fermentations. We may need to be fed anew to allow our fermentation to revive or to help someone else revive their process. My hope for us in the Diocese of Kootenay is to share our spiritual journeys and gifts with one another and encourage the sharing and building up of the Christ-like disciples that we are all called to be. My intention is to share prayer practices this coming fall through my home parish of Christ Church Cranbrook. What might you do in your part of the diocese to nurture spiritual growth here, throughout the Kootenay region?

Telling Our Stories



Over the last few months I've found myself visiting a variety of parishes across the diocese.

As part of the rollout of the "Thriving Communities" process, I've had the opportunity, through the testing of these tools, to meet with congregations, to hear their stories, and to be shown around their communities. I've heard of joys and

sorrows, hopes and fears. I have also heard stories of resilient faith — faith that God is at work—even though the work we are doing together is hard.

Through listening and through story, I've had the chance to ask about and to hear the stories of God's faithfulness, the desires God is placing on peoples' hearts, the unfolding sense of God's invitation to reach out in ministry for the sake of the world God loves. I have also heard from some that this process takes time. I freely admit that it does.

It takes time to be together. Time to listen. Time to share. Time to celebrate what God has done and what God is doing. Time to consider our strengths and weaknesses. Time to anticipate the new possibilities God is dreaming up in our midst. Time to pray for eyes to see and ears to hear.

The process takes time, because at its heart, the "Thriving Communities" process is centered in stories and storytelling. We all know you can't rush a good story. We're talking the story of God's faithfulness from generation to generation. We're talking the story of God's faithfulness in the here and now. We're talking about God's faithfulness in the life of ever-evolving congregations. We're talking God's faithfulness in the lives of individuals: lives, and people, and relationships, and communities transformed by our encounters with the living God.

Sometimes we want to rush through these processes to get to the other side. Sometimes we want to rush through the stories to get to the next step. All too often, I'm prone to think that the next thing will save me—will save us—from the challenging moment we're stuck in. We focus on the next idea, the next project, the next leader. And yet, there is nothing that can save us but the slow,

patient ferment of God's transforming love.

This is why the "Thriving Communities" process is about story. It's about the story of God. God's faithfulness. God's invitation. Our (sometimes hesitant, sometimes tentative) response.

These past weeks I've been reading a North American study on why clergy are alienated from their calling, congregation, and career. And while this book is focused on the systems that drive clergy from congregational ministry, one particular observation stayed with me while writing this month's column.

In *Stuck*, sociologists Todd W. Ferguson and Josh Packard quote a pastor who remarks, "It seemed like the way we were doing church was providing a structure to keep an organization going, but there was never the time or the inclination to really share life in Christ." This statement highlights the challenge that many clerical leaders face—and with them, us too.

Sometimes it seems we can become so focused on institutional survival that we forget to slow down, to listen, and to share stories of God's faithfulness. Sometimes we can be so focused on the mechanics that we become disconnected from the love that brings us together.

In preparation for marriage, Ericka and I were offered the following piece of advice: no matter what,

make sure that you don't get so distracted by planning for the wedding that you forget to nurture the relationship. Don't throw so much of yourself into the administration that you forget the reason why you're doing any of this in the first place.

The authors of the study frame it this way: tell your stories to undermine bureaucracy. "Stories," the authors write, "undermine bureaucracy because no one's story is about bureaucracy."

When clergy tell the story of their calling, they remind us why they entered ministry in the first place. I have yet to hear a story that centers a call to repair leaky roofs and organize cleaning schedules. In the same way, when we tell the stories of what brought us

to faith, and how God appears in our lives, it is rarely (though not impossibly) related to budget planning cycles.

Sometimes we need to take the time to be reminded (and to remind ourselves) of why we continue to show up; Why we continue to minister one to another; Why we continue to care so deeply and profoundly about prayer and worship, study and learning, life in community, and service in the world. And in this time, the best way to do this is to tell our stories – the stories of Jesus showing up in our lives and the life of our congregation – that transformed us, and that continue to transform us to this very day.





By Andrea Brennan

The Rev Canon Andrea Brennan is the Incumbent, Fernie Shared Ministry, and Regional Dean, East Kootenays

My dad used to say his favourite time of day was the 20 minutes when he first woke up. He'd lay on his pillow, prop his hands behind his head and make a mental list of all the things he was going to do that day. "In my mind I'm still in my 20's," he'd lament, "but when I get out of bed and start moving, I'm reminded that my body is MUCH older."

I appreciate his words now, more than I ever have. In John's gospel, Jesus tells Peter, "Very truly, I tell you, when you were younger, you used to fasten your own belt and to go wherever you wished. But when you grow old, you will stretch out your hands, and someone else will fasten a belt around you and take you where you do not wish to go." (John 21.18, NRSV) This phrase is sandwiched between Peter's reconciliation with Jesus as Jesus is cooking breakfast on the shore.

One of the biggest parts of my ministry, currently, is walking with families in time of grief. Recently I was asked if I would walk with a family whose patriarch had just been diagnosed with cancer: a painful, aggressive sort of cancer. He was applying for Medical Assistance In Death (MAID) and hoping for some kind of control at the end of his life.

Human beings are living longer than we ever have before. We are challenged to remain healthy in body, mind and spirit. The end of both of my parent's lives was not ideal. My Dad lived to 79. He died six weeks shy of his 80th birthday in 2012. He had been diagnosed with a terminal AAA (abdominal aortic aneurysm), and told he had six months to live, yet he

lived 5 ½ years beyond his diagnosis. My Mam died at 82 of COVID in 2022.

I see my parishioners' frustration when deciding whether to remain in their homes or go into senior living. When we have conversations about cleaning the church or renting the rectory, the initial reactions are that we can "do it ourselves." But then reality sets in. Few of my parishioners clean their own homes anymore, why on earth would they volunteer to clean the church? It's heavy, physically demanding work, and thus we find ourselves in the place of needing to pay someone else to do what we could once do easily. It's frustrating.

As an institution, the Church is falling apart. The structures which once served us well no longer do. The reality is the church we were born into no longer exists. Few parishes can afford full-time priests/ministers, regardless of denomination; especially in smaller, rural centres. And while we could lament the loss of the Church's youth, it is not all bad news.

Because you see, we are leaning into Pentecost... the birth of the Church. The Holy Spirit, who was with God from the very beginning, makes a return after Jesus ascends. And She remains with us while we await Jesus' return. From the Hebrew scriptures of Isaiah "I am about to do a new thing; now it springs forth, do you not perceive it? I will make a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert." (Isaiah 43.19, NRSV) To the story in Acts of the Day of Pentecost (Acts 2) we hear of "new things happening."

Before the Holy Spirit, there was no Creation. With the Holy Spirit she brought Creation to

the fore and showed the assembled a new way at Pentecost. Previously unable to understand each other's languages, the fire of the Spirit caused each to understand all the languages that were spoken! Imagine!

We are in a time of voracious change. Looking back to the Church of our childhood, not much looks the same. We use the BAS and other supplementary resources, instead of the BCP. We have Common Praise ©1998, to replace the OG Common Praise ©1938, and also Sing A New Creation ©2022, a fabulous supplement to Common Praise. Many of us

enjoy online worship as well as in person worship.

We are coming to the end of the tenure of our first female Primate in the Anglican Church of Canada. What is before us is a season of change. What the Church will look like a year from now is uncertain. A decade? Spirit we will still be here...maybe not the buildings; maybe not the rituals. Deep in our hearts and souls there is a stirring. The Holy Spirit is at work in our places and in each of us. What she has planned we do not know. Yet, I believe there is a future for which we, the Church, need to be prepared.



A Liturgical Rumble



Sometimes when I write an article I know exactly what I want to say, and then other times I start out with a plan, but it leads me down a different path. This is one of those times. At first, I was going to write about how our participation in the liturgy is almost robotic. To some degree, I think this is true, but as I reflected on it, I began to realize that maybe there is something deeper at work that cannot be seen and I that should not be so quick to judge, so please indulge me as I veer off the path.

There are many kinds of Anglicans. Some are cradle Anglicans and some come to Anglicanism later in life, perhaps from another denomination or from no faith background at all. I think what attracts many people is the liturgy. It is repetitive and familiar. However, when something is so familiar, it is easy to take it for granted and I wonder if it becomes meaningless. Two scenarios come to mind. Scenario 1: The priest delivers an energetic, “The Lord be with you” only to be met with a mumbled “and also with you”; or “Lift up your hearts!” followed by a monotone “We lift them to the Lord”. Scenario 2: We say the Creed and Lord’s Prayer every Sunday yet I see so many life-long Anglicans bury their faces in the printed page to read the words. As someone who has known these words “by heart” since childhood I don’t understand this. I use the term “by heart” because I never consciously set out to memorize the words. One day I just knew them. They are a part of me. There must be others like me so why do they read the words? I have always believed that if we take the risk of looking up from the printed page to say the words by heart they will be more meaningful.

That is how my thought process started... and then, one of my favourite poems came to mind –

By Norene Morrow
The current music director at St. George
Anglican Church in West Kelowna.

“Choose Something like a Star” by Robert Frost. In this poem, the speaker talks to a star trying to comprehend its reason for being, wanting facts and specifics; to which it responds, “I burn.” The speaker is confused (like me), but comes to realize that the star is more than what it appears to be:

*...And steadfast as Keats’
Eremite,*

*Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.*

Liturgy to me is like Frost’s star. It is steadfast and does not ask anything of us, so maybe it isn’t important whether or not we say the words by heart or read them. And, even if there are times when we do take them for granted the liturgy is always there for us.

In conclusion, I leave you with a few quotes regarding liturgy (no identifiable author). They say things much better than I ever could.

- Liturgy assists us when we are weary in the spirit and worship seems difficult.
- Human actions and words can combine with the power of the spirit to create a true encounter with God that re-centres our lives around Christ.

The words of the liturgy, therefore, are something we can “stay our minds on and be staid.” ■

“Where Everybody Knows Your Name”

Holy Week 2002, I invited Ian Dingwall, retired Executive Archdeacon of Niagara to speak to my parish for Holy Week and Easter. Each night he spoke meaningfully to the nature of passion, community, and resurrection. We had 50+ persons present each evening. Both before and after the liturgy, Ian spent time chatting with folks, listening and engaging in the stories and concerns that they shared. When we got to Maundy Thursday I was expecting a homily focused primarily on an understanding of service and discipleship.

That evening, to my surprise, Ian began by singing the theme song to Cheers “Where everybody knows your name.” He went on from there to explore the nature of relationships with regard to suffering, love, and community. While continuing in his homily, he began to identify members of the community by name, as he had taken the time in a short five days, to not only listen to folk, but also to hear deeply their stories, and to know them well enough to identify them in community, and to evoke care, nurture, and deep love.

I thought of this memory this past week when I worshipped with the community of St. Mark Kaslo in the parish of Kokanee, on the occasion of their 129th anniversary patronal festival. St. Mark’s community is a community of love and nurture, a community that takes time to be present with each other, and all newcomers, engaging in fellowship and service much like that of a large extended family. Everyone’s name is known, everyone is valued and honoured.

This doesn’t disregard the reality that I recognize that I am new, and six months in, I may not know of all the different dynamics and challenges that become present over time. Of course, I recognize that not everything at St. Mark’s is completely perfect - there will be disagreements and challenges from time to time. In all this however, I note that the worshipping community of St. Mark is willing to journey together, is open to challenge, struggle and concern. They are willing to adjust how to



By David Burrows
The Rev David Burrows is the Incumbent of Kokanee Parish

be depending on what factors present themselves. They are a community that is present to the Holy One, present to the ups and downs of life, and willing to uncover the presence of the Holy One in their midst, no matter the challenge.

This past Sunday as we gave thanks for benefactors, sang hymns, and shared in the sacrament together, I acknowledged that the community is in the process of discovering, growing, learning, and responding in the world. We are still a small community, 23 persons (and Bert

the beloved dog), trying to sort out our mission and ministry in this place, within the wider community.

It begins with a name. Over these past six months, I have now remembered pretty much all of the names and contexts of those that worship at St. Mark’s. I believe that as we recall names, we show that we value and honour persons, and continue a deeper, more intimate relationship as the community of faith. In my time in ministry I have been in communities both large and small, and the persons with which I have held deep friendships and partnerships in ministry have all stemmed from deep engagement - working, listening, being together.

I have learned over time that we are called to get to know everyone by name, to honour them, showing both dignity and respect, and in this way, we enable a process of growth, of being, of discovering together.

In your context, get to know names. Be present, listening, engaging, learning. Here we will find deeper community, deeper relationship between ourselves and others, and ourselves and the Holy One.

Blessings



Spiritual Development

St Hilda of Whitby



Hilda (Hild) of Whitby, also known as “The Abbess of the English People” is one of the most venerated female saints in England. She was born in 614 in the north of what is now known as England, where her parents lived in exile in the small British kingdom of Elmet. Elmet was an independent Brittonic Celtic-Cumbric speaking kingdom and would have been, in what we now call the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Hilda was brought up in the court of King Edwin and was baptized on April 12th, 627 on the site of what is now York Minister, along with King Edwin, by Paulinus, who was the first Bishop of York. The structure was built for this occasion, the culmination of a mission by Pope Gregory the Great.

She was taken under the care of Saint Aiden after her father died of poison. Saint Aiden was working as a missionary to Northumbria, and had established himself promoting the Celtic/Ionic worship in England. Aiden was a wise, and faithful patron, and soon Hilda committed herself to service to the Lord. Tradition says that Hilda spent a year contemplating and praying, searching for discernment on each of the steps she made in her career. A year to decide to become a servant of the Lord, a year to make a step across the channel, towards a move to Gaul where she planned to work alongside her sister, Hereswith, at Chelles. While waiting, St. Aiden called her back and set her up with a small piece of land near the river Wear in Northumbria.

Her steps to sainthood were slow and small, “No one becomes great overnight” is certainly true for Hilda. And it may be noted that the name of her first monastery is not remembered, only that her director had given her the land.

It was here that the future saint, as well as other devout nuns, taught the traditions of Irish monasticism that had been brought to England by Aidan. She was appointed the second abbess of the monastery of Hartlepool in 649, and in 657, she became the founding Abbess of Whitby, which was a “double abbey” of men and women, living separately, but praying and working together.

Because of its prestige, Whitby was chosen as the venue of a Synod which was held in 664, to settle contentious differences between the Roman and Celtic Churches, including a resolution over when to celebrate Easter. [The Roman church and the Celtic Church had celebrated

this Holy Day on different days] Hilda spoke passionately for a reconciliation, but the Roman rules championed by Saint Wilfred were adopted. Although disappointed, she graciously led her community through the consequent changes.

The Venerable Bede described Hilda as a woman of great energy, devotion and grace, who was a skilled administrator and teacher. She fostered trades and used the arts in worship. She recognized the gifts of Caedmon, an illiterate cowherd at the Abbey, who is now known as the first English poet.

By Helen Hall

Helen Hall is a member of the Spiritual Development Committee



Hilda was also recognized as a great spiritual director. She established a theological school and a library, and set a high standard of holiness and charity. Five of her students became Bishops, two of whom, John of Beverley and Wilfred of York - are honoured as saints.

Bede said of her monastery, "No one there was rich or poor, for everything was held in common and no one possessed any personal property." Bede also celebrates her skills as an abbess, for her order was noted for its observance of peace, charity and justice. Hilda's strength and wisdom were known around the whole country and her opinions were sought out by Kings and power figures.

She has become the patron of many schools and colleges all over the world including the University of Toronto where daily services are held in the Lady Chapel by Trinity's Faculty of Divinity.

Local piety and tradition recall several miracles worked through St. Hilda's intercession; among the most celebrated is the petrification of snakes that infested the vicinity of the abbey when it was founded. One story says that she flung them all over the cliffs where they became stone. The Whitby Coat of Arms proudly displays three of Hilda's snakes.

Hilda died at Whitby Abbey on November 17, 680.

Hilda of Whitby's example of self-sacrificial leadership and courageous acceptance of what the gathered church discerned as God's will, is a challenge to us today. She was willing to accept the Roman mission for the sake of the unity of the Church's witness in that land.

Hilda's memory lives on in the faith, hope and love of today's Christian community in the town of Whitby. The Sisters of the Order of the Holy Paraclete continue the monastic tradition, with the mother house, St. Hilda's Priory, Sneaton Castle, looking across the bay at the ruins where Hilda's Church once stood.

"God of peace, by whose grace the abbess Hilda was endowed with gifts of justice, prudence and strength to rule as a wise mother over the nuns and monks of her household, and to become a trusted and reconciling friend to leaders of the Church. Give us the grace to respect and love our fellow Christians with whom we disagree, that our common life may be enriched and your gracious will be done; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and Forever."

At the base of the cliff at Whitby one can find many spiralled ammonite fossils, named after Hilda, Ammonite Hildoceras.

In Christian belief, a saint is a believer recognized as having exceptional holiness, likeness, or closeness to God. However, for Anglicans and Lutherans, all of our faithful deceased are considered saints.

But there are some who are considered worthy of greater honour or emulation. In the Anglican tradition, the title of Saint refers to a person who has been elevated by popular opinion as a pious and holy person: a person who is not merely a believer, but has a higher level of holiness and sanctity. Hilda of Whitby is one of these.



Levels of Ministry

Servant's Heart

In April, I wrote an article about serving the “working poor” and about some of the characteristics needed to carry out a servant ministry in general. I want to carry on the idea of that previous article with some comments from Richard Rohr, about three levels of social ministry, that I think applies here. In Richard’s writing, he references a quote with which you might be familiar. The quote has many sources, but is most often attributed to Desmond Tutu. Archbishop Tutu, said, “There comes a point where we need to stop just pulling people out of the river. We need to go upstream and find out why they are falling in.”

Rohr says then, “at the first level, we pick drowning people out of the river, and deal with the immediate social problems right in front of us. Perhaps someone comes to our door, saying they are hungry, and we offer a sandwich.” Perhaps we work in soup kitchens, helping out those struggling with food insecurity. These are **hands on ministries**; they will always be necessary, they will always need capable working hands, and they will always need prayer support from those who might not be physically capable of being there in person.

At the second level, “there are ministries that either help people not to fall into the river in the first place; or show them how to build their own canoe and paddle it well.” These tend to be ministries of education and healing. This is where we can help people who are about to fall into the river, by teaching the skills to prevent their falling in, or show them the survival skills needed, if they do. These ministries



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empower people and give new visions and possibilities for their well-being. If we do not have the skills to do this kind of teaching on our own, then our ministry becomes one of **research and educating ourselves** with information so that we can be the sources of knowledge that helps the people on the edge of the river, find the agencies, the social services and perhaps the professionals, who can keep them out of the water.

At the third level, “there are ministries that build and maintain the dam that will stop the river from drowning people in the first place.” This is a ministry of **social advocacy**, which means critiquing systems, and organizations. This will involve speaking out, letter writing, protesting, and resisting all forms of organized injustice and deceit. This kind of ministry will need us to know how systems work, and how to speak the language of those who need to be motivated to change the situations that are unjust. Just a note here, if we are working at this third level, we will not win a lot of friends, and we are likely going to have to deal with criticism. On the other hand, being a voice for the voiceless, is very satisfying work!

Each of us must discern to which level we are called, and to which level we feel we have the gifts. As we do that discernment, we need to look first to the God who empowers us and gives us exactly the gifts that we need to serve in this broken world. God does not expect us to be active in all these levels of ministry. God does expect each of us to do what we can with the individual and unique gifts with which we have been blessed.

Around and About the Diocese

St. Mark's, Kaslo

St. Saviour's, Penticton



*Jesus and Mary Magdalene stained-glass window
St. Saviour's, Penticton. Photograph by Sandra Peterson.*



*Flowers at St. Mark's, Kaslo.
Photograph by Patty Robertshaw.*

Notice Board



Singing Through These Changing Times

Norene Morrow has spent much of her life involved in the music of the church, including over thirty years as a music director in parishes from small congregations to cathedrals.

Be prepared to go on a journey that explores how congregational singing can be exciting and more welcoming, to look into what it means to have a music ministry mindset, to understand why we like some hymns and not others, to learn how music is chosen, led, and taught in order to make worship more inclusive... and so much more. Most importantly, **COME TO SING!**

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