



Gazette

MARCH 2017

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What a week

By Christian Schreiner

The week that turned out to be one of the most intense, most stressful, saddest and, yes, most beautiful weeks of my life started with a phone call from my father in Germany, early Monday morning. He asked me how I felt about the mosque shooting – and I had no idea what he was talking about. He said “Quebec City” – and I had no idea what he was talking about. There was simply no way for my mind to compute these two things. “Quebec City” and “mosque shooting”.

The rest of that day was spent in a social media frenzy, and, very quickly, with the urge to do something. Anything. Around noon, some Québec citizens who obviously had the same feeling, had organized a vigil for the victims, to be held at 6 p.m., right around the corner from the Islamic Cultural Centre. The invitation went viral, the city got on board, public transport got on board; when we, my wife and two boys, got there, there was already a huge crowd. It was incredibly cold, and yet there were thousands of people, gathered in that parking lot, in almost total silence. Old and young, couples, families, co-workers from all walks of life. People who felt that they had to do something. At least stand there and freeze, along

with the mourning, the broken-hearted.

The names of the victims were read: Azzedine Soufiane, Khaled Belkacemi, Abdelkrim Hassane, Mamadou Tanou Barry, Ibrahima Barry, Aboubaker Thabti. Some of these men were my age, all of them had children. That was when it hit me. They were my age, they were fathers, just like me. They had gathered in a place of worship, to pray. Just like we do, every Sunday.

Prime Minister Justin Trudeau was one of the last speakers. His opening remarks took me completely by surprise. He was talking about prayer; about how in prayer we acknowledge that there is something, someone, greater than us. Prayer, he says, makes us humble.

As the week progressed, I was invited to participate, on Tuesday, in the Cardinal's mass for the victims, at a Catholic Church, just around the corner from the mosque. I read the prayers of the people, alternating with a Muslim woman, a family member of Boufeldja Benabdallah, co-founder (in the 1980s) of the Islamic Cultural Centre. Once again, we were united in prayer. After the Service, I was able to exchange a few words with Mr. Benabdallah. I expressed my condolences and those of us

Anglicans in the Diocese of Quebec. And I told him how shocked I had been, when first learning about the shooting, that I did not personally know one Muslim in Québec. That I had nobody I could call. We both agreed that we had to get to know each other, that the communities needed to meet, that relationships needed to be forged.

Bishop Bruce, fortunately, returned in time to attend the funeral services in Montréal and Québec, on Thursday and Friday of that long week. I was glued to my computer screen; didn't want to miss one word that was said.

On Sunday, finally, this week came to a close with a beautiful, moving, Evensong service at the Cathedral. I can't thank choirmaster Sandra Bender enough for the work she put into picking and preparing the music, rehearsing with the choir, and singing a solo part in Hildegard von Bingen's Magnificat.

Bishop Bruce found the right words, words that you probably have already read. Our friend, Cardinal Lacroix, gave a brief and heartfelt message; but the highlight for me were the words by Mr. Benabdallah. Words full of kindness, full of grace.

I think that we as communities of faith are more than ever needed. Muslims, Jews, Christians, we really need to get to know each other, not just as people, but as people of faith. I have a feeling that it could be quite transformational for the Quebec society if the people of faith spoke with one voice. There is something that faith communities have to offer: the insight that there is something greater than us and the belief that our lives are meant to be lived for others.

This week started with a terrible tragedy; it left me full of hope.



“Coming-out” chrétien

By Esperanza Rada

Je vis un sentiment d'urgence depuis la semaine dernière, depuis que six personnes ont péri dans une Mosquée de ma ville. Urgence de comprendre. Peur des commentaires. J'écoute la radio, je lis tout ce qui se dit sur le sujet dans les journaux d'ici et d'ailleurs. Surprise! Beaucoup ont visé juste dans leur propos; plusieurs ont même fait preuve de courage politique en admettant des paroles ou des silences qui ont pu abreuver l'esprit du meurtrier. Urgence d'être sincère.

L'espace d'une semaine, entre l'attentat et les funérailles, régnait un consensus inattendu, inespéré dans l'espace public; une profonde sympathie collective pour la communauté musulmane attaquée violemment dans leur espace sacré. Personne n'a accusé personne, même le meurtrier a été déclaré victime par les victimes elles-mêmes. Le temps d'une semaine nous étions suspendus hors de nos différences, une semaine qui a parue éternelle par son intensité, son universalité; unis devant un constat : nous sommes tous égaux devant la mort.

Face à l'urgence de la mémoire, comment faire en sorte qu'on se souvienne de cet instant comme un moment de réelle fraternité ? Un contexte qui a permis de faire apparaître un “nous” rassembleur par des actions hors du

commun: des vigiles spontanées, des marches, des rencontres; urgence d'agir.

Cette urgence se transforme de jour en jour au fil des réactions et des tentatives d'analyses. Elle se transforme tantôt en crainte, tantôt en espoir. Crainte que l'on passe à côté de l'essentiel, que les préjugés ressurgissent, que l'on banalise. Espoir que l'atrocité soit réellement transformatrice et qu'elle ouvre un espace au dialogue.

En tant que chrétienne pratiquante, je me suis longtemps contentée de vivre ma foi dans la sphère privée. Au sein de ma communauté, protégée en quelque sorte de l'opinion souvent négative des non-croyants. En tant que chrétienne, je prêche par mes actions, c'est une recherche d'humilité que d'œuvrer dans l'invisible. Mais à quel prix? Les présents événements jettent une nouvelle lumière sur les conséquences qu'entraîne l'évacuation du religieux de la sphère publique par une laïcité à outrance. Il y a une forte ignorance concernant le phénomène religieux et les musulmans sont les premières victimes, parce qu'ils sont visibles. Les québécois ne sont pas racistes, entend-on. La quête identitaire écorche pourtant au passage tout ce qui n'entre pas dans le modèle idéalisé du québécois de “souche” s'étant libéré par une

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THOUGHTS FROM THE EDITOR

Words and actions, or the lack of actions, matter!

I sit here at my desk just over a week after the senseless murder of six and wounding of fifteen others while at prayer in Ste. Foy wondering how we move on to a better and more welcoming society in this province.

Like most I was shocked and appalled that such an event happened and grieve for the families of those killed, the worshipping community from which they come and for the province's loss of innocence brought about by the actions of one misguided young man.

Was I surprised? No! Even though Quebec leads all other provinces in Canada in accepting immigrants whose faith is Muslim they are coming to a province with a long history of fear of the other. The reason that Quebec accepts immigrants from North African and Middle Eastern countries is because the majority of them are French-speaking and not because we like Muslims. The low birth rate here coupled with an ongoing fear of a decreasing French-speaking population has favoured immigration from those countries.

For hundreds of years the church, and not just the Roman Catholic Church, was an important part of daily life in this province. Churches were full, laws supported them, schools were segregated by religion – the church was everywhere. The Quiet Revolution changed that, the Roman Catholic Church lost influence and the majority Quebecers no longer attend church. Our church too was affected as many companies, their employees and families moved out of the province and we lost what ever moral sway and influence we had with those in government.

Quebec is a province that is increasingly multi-ethnic and multi-religious but the official governmental response has been to try to guarantee secularism by banning obvious religious symbols. The Parti Québécois introduced in 2013, a proposed Charter of Quebec Values and this week, not ten days after the shooting, the Liberals are bringing to the floor of the National Assembly Bill 62. Both of these are aimed at the wearing of kippahs (skullcaps), turbans, hijabs and “large” crosses by civil servants and those in authority. Of course, neither act suggested that the cross on Mount Royal or in the National Assembly be removed once again pointing out the actions were based on the fear of the “other”.

It is true the American presidential campaign and the resulting election of Donald Trump has unfortunately given new voice to racists and unsubstantiated fear of all Muslims. However we cannot be too smug as right wing organizations and views expressed on shock radio abound in Quebec. The very day of the funerals in Montreal for three of the Quebec City victims a mosque in Montreal was vandalized. We must oppose intolerance both with voice and actions. Yes the government should be neutral regarding religion but we as people of faith must live out our faith with generosity, compassion and justice and visibly support other faiths to do the same.

I like many of you was moved by the outpouring of support this week for the members of the Muslim community and especially the Grande Mosquée de Québec. People of all faiths and those with none across the country held vigils, formed protective rings around mosques, and sent messages of support to all Muslims. Let us not slip back into our old ways but move forward with prayer, understanding and action in support of all our brothers and sisters no matter what their faith.

With God's help may it be so.

Jim



Anglican Deanery Joins Syrians As An Act Of Solidarity

By Giuseppe Gagliano

On Sunday, January 29th, seventy-five Anglicans of the Deanery of St Francis joined the people of St Ephrem's Syrian Orthodox Church in an act of solidarity, discipleship, and Christian love and witness—not to mention a delicious lunch.

This sharing in worship was a visible sign of the hard work between the Syrian Orthodox and Anglican communities in welcoming Syrian refugees to settle in Sherbrooke.

The Syrian Archbishop, Mor Athanasius Elia Bahi,

in an humbling and gracious act of unity, invited the Anglicans to Communion as a sign that they stood united as the Body of Christ in that place.

He thanked the Anglicans for their hospitality and ‘mercy’ to the first refugees who arrived fifty years ago and for their continued commitment to them today.

The people of the Deanery of St Francis have not only assisted financially to enable settlement for thirty refugees in the last year, but have also provided children's summer camps for the newcomers.

These two groups have further shared in one another's church and social lives, actively making friends with one another in the name of their faith. And they are committed to continuing this work together.

“Coming-out” chrétien

révolution tranquille. Au-delà de l'intégration, il y a l'accueil. Lutter contre les amalgames entre immigrants, musulmans et extrémistes islamistes passe peut-être aussi par notre positionnement en tant que chrétiens dans les grands sujets qui occupent la place publique. Devant l'injustice, il y a la parole. Depuis le 29 janvier la construction d'un vivre-ensemble ne pourra plus exclure la dimension religieuse. C'est notre responsabilité d'y prendre place, il y a urgence.



Photo by Yvan Bélanger



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Singing Solidarity

By Sandra Bender, photos by Yvan Bélanger

On the fifth of February, 2017, Cathedral of the Holy Trinity held a service of Evensong. Though the service had already been planned for weeks, we decided to dedicate it to the families of the victims of the shooting that took place one week prior at Québec City's Grand Mosque.

As Choirmaster and Director of Liturgy at the Cathedral, my job is to coordinate the music in the service with the theology and the readings, so that the music supports the themes of the readings or the liturgical season, and ideally helps the congregation to understand and engage as deeply as possible with the Word. In planning, I always start with the readings, looking for common themes, then choosing hymns and choral music that will support those themes. In the Evensong service, the Magnificat and Nunc dimittis are always sung, as well as an anthem and occasionally a choral benediction. I often choose Stanford's various settings of both canticles, accompanied robustly by the Cathedral's Organist and Director of Liturgy, Benjamin Waterhouse. For the anthem, the choir nearly always sings a capella, which suits their relatively small size quite well. For Evensong services, we've developed a tradition of inviting singers from around the city to come and join us, including up to four organists from other churches, a nun affiliated with the Basilique de Notre-Dame de Québec, two local Anglican deacons, our own Dean, and singers from other church choirs. This time there were fifteen voices in total, and – if I may be permitted to say so – they sounded magnificent.

Once per year, we use ancient settings of the Magnificat and Nunc dimittis, and this was that service. The men of the choir, led by Dean (and tenor) Christian Schreiner as the solo cantor, sang a Gregorian chant setting of the Nunc dimittis, with the male chorus repeating the antiphon *Lumen ad revelatione gentium, ad gloriam plebis tuae Israel* (Light revealed to the Gentiles, to the glory of thy people Israel). The Magnificat was a Hildegard von Bingen setting for solo cantor (myself) and female choir, framed by the sequence *O frondens virga*. The full text of the sequence (an additional text) reads as follows:

*O Frondens virga, in tua nobilitate stans
sicut aurora procedit: nunc gaude et letare
et nos debiles dignare a mala consuetudine
liberare atque manum tuam porrige ad
erigendum nos.*

*O leafy branch, standing in your nobility
as the dawn breaks forth: now rejoice and
and glad, and deign to set us frail ones free
from evil habits, and stretch forth your hand
and lift us up.*

The choral anthem was Thomas Tallis' setting of *O Nata Lux*, whose text reads:

*O nata lux de lumine
Jesu redemptor saeculi,
dignare clemens supplicum
laudes precesque sumere.
Qui carne quondam contegi
dignatus es pro perditis,
nos membra confer effici
tui beati corporis.*

*O light born of light,
Jesus, redeemer of the world,
with kindness deign to receive
the praise and prayer of suppliants.
You who once deigned to be clothed in flesh
for the sake of the lost,
grant us to be made members
of your blessed body.*



"This evening Fr Giuseppe Gagliano, Yann Odin and I joined over 500 people for the Vigil at the Rahman Mosque / Centre Culturel Islamique de l'Estrie. We spent some time with the worshipping community, Members of the Board, and their Imam. Their warm welcome, affection, and deep gratitude for our presence reminded me of how simple acts, like just showing up, can be a powerful reminder of the love that God has for all his creatures and the human dignity, we as Christians believe, was bestowed on us all by the Incarnation." The Ven. Dr. Edward Simonton



Interestingly, these pieces were chosen well in advance of the attack. They were chosen to go with the Lectionary readings appointed for the Fifth Sunday After the Epiphany, which speak about our call to reflect Christ's light in the world, to make our lives an acceptable sacrifice to the Lord by doing justice, freeing the oppressed, and cultivating this earth with our saltiness. "Then shall your light break forth like the dawn," declare the words of the prophet Isaiah in chapter 58.

And yet, these texts and this particular music proved to be strangely fitting when it was decided to dedicate this service to the victims of the attack at the Grand Mosque. They speak of we frail ones on earth being set free, of Christ having chosen to be born into humankind for the sake of the lost. The music itself, being simple, yet far from simplistic, was intended to create an atmosphere of introspection, prayer, meditation, a window into grief and hope, of finding shared values and commonality in our joint humanity with our Muslim sisters and brothers in our own community and around the world. It was a profoundly moving experience to be told by our honoured guest, Mr. Boufeldja Ben-

abdallah, co-founder of the Grand Mosque, that although he had not understood the words sung by the choir, that because the intention behind them had been pure, he had understood in his heart. There is little more than we could ask than that!

To worship in this way, in solidarity, grief, and hope for the future, together with people of many faiths and no faith, was incredibly special.



More than seventy persons gathered at the Cathedral of Saint-Jean-Eudes in Baie Comeau on Sunday evening February 5 for a prayer event called "Blessed are the Peacemakers.". Canon Stephen Kohner represented our church at an ecumenical and interfaith event.

Held one week after the tragic events in Quebec City, it brought together Muslims, Roman Catholics, Anglicans and municipal representatives. The church bell rang out at 19h45 the exact hour shots had rung out in the mosque seven days before. Photo: Journal Le Manci, Baie Comeau

The following sermon was preached by Bishop Bruce at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Quebec City on the morning of February 5, 2017, the Sunday following the shooting rampage at the city's Grand Mosque.

Last Sunday I was at another cathedral: Canterbury Cathedral. The mother church of Anglicanism, prayers have been continually offered in that peaceful, out-of-the-way corner of southeast England for fourteen centuries—the prayers of pious monks and powerful monarchs, of poor pilgrims and a succession of prelates, of curious tourists and (in my case) of recently ordained bishops on a course about how to be a bishop.

It's a beautiful and sacred space, but it has also witnessed brutal violence. On the otherwise-ordinary evening of December 28, in the year 1170, Archbishop of Canterbury Thomas Becket passed through the cathedral's north door to join the rest of his community for evening prayers. With little warning, four armed men burst through the same door, struck the archbishop down with swords, killing him in the most gruesome way, spilling his blood on the walls and floor of that prayer space, and then taking flight. The whole thing was over in a just a few minutes.

It was an act of shocking, hate-filled violence made all the more repugnant by the fact that it was committed in a place of worship against a community gathered to pray.

The motives for this infamous medieval murder were bound up in the politics of that time and place, a long-simmering tension about the role of religion in society that finally—and explosively—boiled over because of intemperate words.

In a fit of rage over Archbishop Becket's stubborn defence of religious freedom, King Henry II is said to have bellowed, "Who will rid me of this troublesome priest?" Within earshot were four knights, who took the king's rantings as a command. They armed themselves and set off toward Canterbury, with murder in their hearts.

* * *

There's increasing evidence that the perpetrator of last Sunday's shooting rampage at this city's Grand Mosque also fell under the influence of incendiary rhetoric, like those twelfth-century mercenaries who murdered Thomas Becket. Before he loaded his automatic rifle, got into his car, and drove to Sainte-Foy with murder in his heart, were that young man's ears ringing with something like, "Who will rid us of these troublesome Muslims?"

We've been reminded again and again since last Sunday of the power of words—their capacity to build up or to tear down, to encourage dialogue or to invoke fear, to promote peace or to incite violence. As one of our elected leaders said earlier this week—in a haunting (if unintended) allusion to Thomas Becket's murder—"When I say that words matter, it means that words can hurt, words can be knives slashing at people's consciousness."

We've also been reminded of the power of remaining silent. We are being forced to ask ourselves to what degree we—through our individual and collective silence, indifference, and inaction—have contributed to cultivating the conditions for last Sunday's massacre. It's a question for our church as much as for any other group in Quebec society.

* * *

"You are the salt of the earth," Jesus tells his disciples in today's gospel. Some interpreters suggest that the salt Jesus is comparing us to here isn't the kind used to season or preserve food, but rather the that kind farmers in first-century Palestine used to fertilize soil.

So how, as followers of Jesus, can we help cultivate the soil of our common society so that it can be fertile earth for the kingdom of God to take deep root and grow tall—a realm characterized by peace, justice, and reconciliation? Jesus goes on: "You are the light of the world." Christ calls us to be beacons of the kingdom of heaven on earth. With Christ as our light, as theologian Mary-Jo Leddy has said, we can "Say to the darkness, 'We beg to differ.'"

* * *

As churches in this city and province go, we're pretty small (and always have been). But that cannot be an excuse for silence or inaction. A small bit of fertilizer can stimulate great growth in a struggling patch of soil. The smallest of candles can keep even the deepest darkness at bay.

If we really believe that Jesus Christ calls us to be witnesses to his reconciling love and to be agents of his peacemaking, then we are compelled to go into the world challenging violence of every kind: violent attitudes, violent words, violent acts; striving for justice and peace among all people; and respecting the dignity

of every human being. Those are some of the words of our church's Marks of Mission and of the solemn vows made at our baptism.

We can live that out in every conversation, every exchange on social media, in every word we choose or challenge. We can do so by meeting and getting to know our Muslim neighbours, their faith and customs. We can do so by continually seeking small but meaningful ways to acknowledge and give expression to our common humanity—for the things that bind us together as children of God are far more numerous and far more important than our differences. I was most profoundly reminded of that truth at this week's funerals, standing alongside widows, children, friends and neighbours deeply grieving the tragic and senseless death of people they deeply loved, just as any of us would.



Bishop Bruce at the special Evensong at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, February 5th 2017 Photo by Yvan Bélanger

To ignore his call to be salt and light, Jesus says, is to become salt that's gone bad and "is no longer good for anything." It is to protectively hide our light "under the bushel basket." Which shall we choose?

* * *

Thomas Becket's murder back in 1170 sent shockwaves across England and throughout Europe. The brazen and bloodthirsty nature of the massacre—and its desecration of a sacred place of prayer—deeply offended people's innate sense of what is right and good. The city of Canterbury was never the same again. A shrine was erected; pilgrims prayed, paid respects, and lit candles; the king, filled with remorse, in future chose his words with care. A thousand years later, Thomas' story is still told, the lessons of his cautionary tale still remembered, his sacrifice still honoured.

After last Sunday, Quebec City will never be the same again. A shrine has spontaneously emerged in front of the Grand Mosque; there have been candlelight vigils; and we are offering our prayers and paying our respects. But what then? Will we tell the story of January 29, 2017, so that it's still being told a thousand years from now? And what kind of ending will it have?

We know the importance of remembering so that we are always conscious of not repeating the mistakes of the past. We must always be vigilant. Yet we look forward to the coming of a world in which the tragedy we all experienced last week would not—could not—happen, a world we Christians call the kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven.

The response of our civic leaders, other people of faith, and tens of thousands of citizens of this city, province, and country already shows us that the seeds of this new world are already in our midst. It is our responsibility to nurture and tend these seeds of God's justice, peace, and reconciliation—to be salt fertilizing the soil of hope—so that the sacrifice of Abdelkrim, Azzeddine, Aboubaker, Ibrahima, Khaled, and Mamadou will not just be remembered, but honoured and redeemed.

Christ calls us—now more urgently than ever—us to be the salt of the earth, to be the light of the world, to be a "city built on a hill" that shines as a heavenly beacon on earth. If we are truly Jesus' disciples, it's a call we must answer.

Voici le texte du sermon prononcé par Mgr. Bruce Myers à la cathédrale Holy-Trinity le matin du 5 février 2017, le dimanche suivant la fusillade à la Grande Mosquée de Québec.

Dimanche dernier, je me trouvais dans une autre cathédrale: la cathédrale de Canterbury. Église-mère de la religion anglicane, elle est, encore aujourd'hui et depuis quatorze siècles, un lieu de prière paisible situé dans un coin reculé du sud de l'Angleterre – elle a entendu les prières de moines dévots, de rois puissants, de pauvres pèlerins et d'une succession de prélats, de touristes curieux et (dans mon cas) d'évêques récemment ordonnés qui s'y retrouvent dans le cadre d'une formation sur leur nouveau rôle d'évêque.

C'est un endroit magnifique et sacré, mais qui a aussi été témoin de violence brutale. Le soir de la journée autrement banale du 28 décembre 1170, Thomas Becket, archevêque de Canterbury, traversait la porte nord de la cathédrale pour aller rejoindre les fidèles de la communauté pour la prière du soir. Sans avertissement, quatre hommes armés sont entrés par la même porte et ont assailli l'archevêque avec leurs épées, le tuant sauvagement, maculant de son sang les murs et le plancher de ce lieu de prière et prenant la fuite immédiatement. L'attaque n'avait duré que quelques minutes.

Il s'agissait d'un acte de violence choquant et haineux, d'autant plus répugnant qu'il était commis dans un lieu de culte contre une communauté rassemblée pour prier.

Les motifs de ce célèbre meurtre du Moyen-Âge étaient liés au climat politique régnant en Angleterre à cette époque et aux tensions couvant depuis longtemps quant au rôle de la religion dans la société qui finalement, et violemment, ont dégénéré à cause de remarques inconsidérées.

Dans un accès de colère provoqué par la position intraitable de l'archevêque Becket en faveur de la liberté de foi, le roi Henri II aurait crié: « N'y aura-t-il personne pour me débarrasser de ce prêtre turbulent ? » À portée de voix se trouvaient quatre chevaliers, qui ont compris cet emportement exaspéré comme un ordre émanant du roi. Ils ont fourbi leurs armes et se sont mis en route vers Canterbury, déterminés à tuer.

* * *

Il y a de plus en plus d'indications que l'auteur de la fusillade de dimanche dernier à la Grande Mosquée de notre ville est également tombé sous l'influence de rhétorique subversive, comme ces mercenaires du XII^{ème} siècle qui ont assassiné Thomas Becket. Avant de charger son fusil automatique, de monter dans sa voiture et de se rendre à Sainte-Foy avec l'intention de tuer, est-ce que ce jeune homme entendait quelque chose qui sonnait comme « Qui nous débarrassera de ces musulmans turbulents? »

Depuis dimanche dernier, nous sommes confrontés au pouvoir des mots - leur capacité à construire ou à détruire, à encourager le dialogue ou à invoquer la peur, à promouvoir la paix ou à inciter à la violence. Comme l'a dit plus tôt cette semaine un de nos dirigeants élus - dans une allusion troublante (si involontaire) au meurtre de Thomas Becket : « Quand je dis que les mots importent, cela signifie que les mots peuvent blesser, les mots peuvent être des coups de couteau portés à la conscience des gens. »

Nous sommes aussi confrontés au pouvoir du silence. Nous sommes forcés de nous demander dans quelle mesure - à travers notre silence individuel et collectif, notre indifférence et notre inaction – nous avons contribué à favoriser les conditions menant au massacre de dimanche dernier. C'est là une question pour notre Église autant que pour tout autre groupe de la société québécoise.

* * *

« Vous êtes le sel de la terre », dit Jésus à ses disciples dans l'évangile d'aujourd'hui. Certains interprètes suggèrent que le sel auquel Jésus nous compare ici n'est pas celui utilisé pour assaisonner ou conserver la nourriture, mais plutôt celui que les agriculteurs utilisaient dans la Palestine du premier siècle pour fertiliser le sol.

Alors, en tant que disciples de Jésus, comment pouvons-nous contribuer à cultiver le sol de notre société commune afin d'en faire une terre fertile pour que le royaume de Dieu s'enracine profondément et puisse croître - un royaume caractérisé par la paix, la justice et la réconciliation?

Jésus poursuit: « Vous êtes la lumière du monde. » Le Christ nous appelle à être les sémaphores du royaume des Cieux sur la terre. Comme l'a dit la théologienne Mary-Jo Leddy, avec le Christ comme notre phare, nous pouvons dire aux ténèbres: « Permettez- nous de ne pas être d'accord. »

* * *

Notre église ne tient pas - et n'a jamais tenu - une très grande place parmi les confessions religieuses de cette ville et de la province. Mais cela n'est pas une raison pour ne rien dire ou ne rien faire. Une petite quantité d'engrais peut favoriser la croissance de la végétation dans un lopin de terre ingrat. La plus petite des chandelles permet d'illuminer la plus grande noirceur.

Si nous sommes convaincus que Jésus Christ nous exhorte à être les témoins de son amour conciliant et à être les agents de son empire de paix, nous avons alors l'obligation d'agir dans ce monde en nous opposant à la violence sous toutes ses formes : comportements violents, paroles violentes, gestes violents; en nous efforçant d'obtenir justice et paix pour tous les peuples; et en respectant la dignité de chaque être humain. Plusieurs de ces mots se retrouvent dans les Marques de la Mission de notre Église et dans les vœux solennels de notre baptême.

Nous pouvons pratiquer cela dans chaque conversation, dans chaque échange sur les médias sociaux, dans chaque mot que nous choisissons ou auquel nous nous opposons. Nous pouvons pratiquer cela en rencontrant et en apprenant à connaître nos voisins musulmans, leur foi et leurs coutumes. Nous pouvons pratiquer cela en cherchant continuellement des moyens petits mais éloquentes de reconnaître et d'exprimer notre humanité commune, car les choses qui nous rassemblent en tant qu'enfants de Dieu sont bien plus nombreuses et bien plus importantes que nos différences. J'ai pu constater cette profonde vérité lors des funérailles de cette semaine, aux côtés des veuves, des enfants, des amis et des voisins profondément affligés par la mort tragique et insensée de personnes qu'ils et elles ont profondément aimé, tout comme nous l'aurions été à leur place.

Ignorer l'appel de Jésus à être du sel et de la lumière, c'est devenir un sel qui a mal tourné et « ne vaut plus rien ». C'est l'équivalent de chercher à camoufler notre lumière « sous le boisseau ». Quelle voie choisirons-nous?

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L'assassinat de Thomas Becket en 1170 créa une onde de choc à travers l'Angleterre et l'Europe. La nature scandaleuse et sanglante du massacre - et sa profanation d'un lieu sacré de prière - offensèrent profondément le sens inné du peuple de ce qui est juste et bon. La ville de Canterbury ne fût plus jamais la même. Un sanctuaire fut érigé; les pèlerins y priaient, y rendaient hommage à Dieu et y faisaient brûler des cierges; le roi, rongé par le remords, s'avisait à l'avenir de choisir ses paroles avec soin. Mille ans plus tard, l'histoire de Thomas est encore racontée, les leçons de cette tragédie jamais oubliées, son sacrifice toujours révéralé.

Après les événements de dimanche dernier, Québec ne sera plus jamais la même. Un lieu de recueillement a été spontanément élaboré devant la Grande Mosquée; des veilles ont été organisées et nous avons offert nos prières et nos sympathies. Et puis maintenant? Préserverons-nous l'histoire de ce qui s'est produit le 29 janvier 2017 afin qu'elle soit encore contée dans mille ans? Et quelle sera la fin de l'histoire?

Nous savons que le devoir de mémoire est important afin que les erreurs du passé ne soient pas répétées. Nous devons rester vigilants. Mais nous envisageons avec espérance la venue d'un monde dans lequel la tragédie que nous avons vécue la semaine dernière ne se produirait pas – ne pourrait pas se produire – un monde que nous les chrétiens appelons le Royaume de Dieu, le Royaume des Cieux.

Les réactions de nos leaders, de gens de foi diverses et de dizaines de milliers de citoyens de notre ville, de notre province et de notre pays nous permettent de constater que le germe de ce nouveau monde se manifeste déjà. C'est notre responsabilité de nourrir et de veiller sur ces semences divines de justice, de paix et de réconciliation – d'être le sel fertilisant la terre de l'espérance – afin que le sacrifice d'Abdelkrim, d'Azzeddine, d'Aboubaker, d'Ibrahima, de Khaled et de Mamadou demeure dans nos mémoires, soit honoré et racheté.

Jésus nous appelle – aujourd'hui de façon plus urgente que jamais – à être le sel de la terre, la lumière du monde, à être « une ville située sur une montagne » qui est un phare divin sur la Terre. Si nous sommes vraiment les disciples de Jésus, nous devons répondre à cet appel.

Faithful Reflections

By Louisa Blair

Tamed by the fox

This week, I have been trying to pray for the six Muslim men who died in Quebec last week and for their families. But I have difficulty remembering their names, because they are so unfamiliar. And this makes me wonder if I would have felt more shock or sorrow if their names sounded more like mine. I hope not, but I'm not sure. So I'm making this commitment, and I want you to hold me to it: I will learn their names until I can recite them by heart, and I will pray for them by name and for their families.

Of course, by itself, praying is not enough. We have all been asked this week to reach out to Muslims, to move out of our comfort zones and speak to them and welcome them and make them feel they belong in this community by our concrete efforts.

Reaching out to people who seem very different from us (I mean beyond your family and facebook friends), without expecting gratitude or other rewards, takes sacrifice. And sacrifice means that you leave yourself behind. Once you have met the beautiful and elusive fox of selfless, you cannot go back. You find yourself committed to other people. Except instead of you taming the fox, like in Saint-Exupéry's *The Little Prince*, the fox will try to tame you. The fox will never stop trying. Out of the corner of your eye, you will always see her beckoning.

Usually, I turn away from the forest where I would be able to glimpse the fox looking at me through the snowladen branches. Or I raise a toast to freedom and make loud and clever arguments against allowing myself to be tamed by the fox. Or convince myself that I only thought I saw her, but I was mistaken. Eventually I hit a wall, the claustrophobic limit of self. Then I have a choice: carry on evading the fox's shy invitation, or take a step closer, take one selfless step.

Then as soon as I have taken that step, I remember what all this is about. That one step connects me again to the God of love, who is the wellspring of all, without whom I cannot live or breathe or have my being. Ah yes! It's you! I say. I remember now. I remember that allowing myself to be tamed by this fox is in fact the only way to a much deeper kind of freedom, the kind the old Collect talks about, "O God the Father ... author of peace and lover of concord ... whose service is perfect freedom." But I don't see that until I take the step.

Perhaps other people can turn and step towards the beautiful and elusive fox without praying, I don't know. But I can't. And as you know, I'm pretty bad at praying. Often I go for weeks on end just praying that God will give me the desire to pray, and it ends right there, on the "dry salvages of naked intent," as one anonymous writer has said.

I'm not even sure I believe that God answers prayer. In fact I secretly hope God doesn't, because then ... then, I'll be in trouble. For the fox of selfless may seem a gentle soul, but behind her is the same power that fired the resurrection. As Annie Dillard has said,

"Does anyone have the foggiest idea what sort of power we so blithely invoke? Or, as I suspect, does no one believe a word of it? The churches are children playing on the floor with their chemistry sets, mixing up a batch of TNT... It is madness to wear ladies' straw hats and velvet hats to church; we should all be wearing crash helmets. Ushers should issue life preservers and signal flares; they should lash us to our pews."

If this power that we Christians and Muslims blithely invoke when we pray together for reconciliation, love, healing and unity is real, and not just a spontaneous inner glow or an uncontrollable rush of sentiment, we'd better watch out. We may be asked to sacrifice not just our precious selves but our lives. Lash us to the pews, ushers, we're asking for trouble.



Participants at the vigil - Photo by Eileen Perry, communications, Diocese of Gaspé

Ecumenical vigil in Gaspé supports peace, unity and justice

By Cynthia Patterson

Ninety-seven people and nine clerics representing the Anglican, Catholic, Pentecostal and Baptist congregations of the area gathered for a vigil of prayer and song at Christ the King Cathedral on Tuesday evening 31 January, in response to the fatal shooting in Québec on 29 January of six Muslim men at prayer in the Grand Mosque.

Monsieur Gaetan Proulx, Bishop of the Diocese of Gaspé, readily accepted the invitation of Rev. Cynthia Patterson to work jointly on the event. His Vicar General, two priests and the communica-

tions' officer shared in the preparation and delivery of the liturgy and the distribution of the communiqué. Monsigneur Proulx read to the gathering the message of Pope Francis on this tragic event and Rev. Cynthia Patterson read excerpts from the Pastoral Letter of Bishops Bruce Myers (Québec) and Mary Irwin-Gibson (Montréal).

The Rev. Nicholas Forte, who had held a vigil in New Carlisle the evening before, made the trip down the coast with a parishioner to participate in the vigil where he offered prayers. The Rev. Douglas Johnson read the gospel,

The Beatitudes. Music director, Karen Briand, of the Anglican Parish of Gaspé and her choir lead the gathering in 'We Shall Overcome' and 'Peace is Flowing Like a River'. Monsigneur Proulx led the people in 'Pour Que L'Amour Regne Sur La Terre.' Candles were lit for Peace, Love, Joy and Hope, then the flames of faith were shared with each person who had received a candle on entering.

We did not know if people of the Islamic faith live in Gaspé and were unable to find out before the event. But we rejoiced when joined by one Muslim family with whom follow-up is being made.

Learning from innocence lost

By Carol Edgar

Three of the world's large faith traditions look to Abraham for inspiration. The Yahwist author of Genesis 12 tells us that the LORD said to Abram, "Go from your country and your kindred and your ancestor's house to the land that I will show you," and that Abram went, as the LORD had told him.

In Quebec and throughout Canada, all of us – possibly even the First Peoples, eons ago – have come from elsewhere. Our families may have come here yesterday, or 400 years ago, or 10,000 years ago. They may have come seeking food, adventure, opportunity, or safety. Once

people may have happened to come; today people choose to come, and have chosen to stay. For all of us, then, this country and this place have become a "land that God will show you".

From the Abrahamic tradition we learn that God adds, "I will make of you a great nation."

Being resident in a land that God has shown us is filled with promise, and complexity. We realize that the First Peoples are nations, that Quebec is a nation, that Canada is a nation, and that today few if any of these groups are homogeneous. In great nations, we are rightly proud of our individual and collective

heritage; we have the right to laugh at the foibles of our own ethnic group, thus cultivating appropriate humility; we are right to name and address tensions in relationships among ourselves.

And we are told that God continues, "I will bless you, so that you will be a blessing."

Being blessed to live as great nations, then, carries an obligation to be a blessing to others within those nations. Being overtaken by times of bewilderment and sorrow can carry an opportunity to do just that: to pinpoint pain, to search one's soul, to learn to listen, to align ourselves with Abraham in trusting and trying, in learning anew where is our home and who are our kindred.

TENDING THE GARDEN

By Marie-Sol Gaudreau, Director General

Gaspe amalgamations, coming together as one – on paper!

Earlier in February I attended the vestry meetings of the new amalgamated parishes in the Gaspé area. The first vestry meeting was of The Parish of Gaspé. This groups the five churches around Gaspé; St. Matthew's Peninsula, St. James Wakeham, St. John's & St. Philip's Sandy Beach, St. Andrew's York and St. Paul's Gaspé. The second vestry meeting was for the Anglican Parish of All Saints by the Sea. This groups the churches of St. Peter's Malbay, St. Paul's Percé and St. Paul's Barachois West. Prior to this amalgamation, the eight parishes shared, among other things, their common costs for an incumbent, rectory expenses and other common expenses under the entity referred to as The Greater Parish of Gaspé. When the amalgamation was proposed, you can imagine that it was met with mixed emotions. Change isn't always a welcome factor in our lives.

You see, the eight parishes were already doing something extraordinary, they worshiped together as a community of faith. They had worked out a schedule to determine which church building would host the Sunday Service and the community as a group would meet together each Sunday at different locations. In the winter time to save costs, three churches out of the eight were kept open, while in the summer time the rotation would include all eight building. What was kept separate was the administration of the parishes. Eight parishes meant, sixteen wardens, plus two wardens for the Greater Parish of Gaspé as well as six treasurers. You can imagine the collection plate on Sundays with different coloured envelopes belonging to different churches that had to be separated out so that separate deposits would be made by the six treasurers. At some point, amalgamation was mentioned and the question "could things be simplified?" was asked.

Legitimate concerns were raised over amalgamating the parishes. How would this work? How would the funds be attributed? Who would be making the decisions? How was the maintenance and upkeep of a particular building going to be protected? Would cemetery money still be available for one cemetery or would others in the group have access to those funds. Over a period of one year, these concerns were addressed, meetings were held, a better understanding of the role of the wardens took place, proposals were reviewed and after much communication, consensus was reached. Knowing that the Corporation is responsible for the upkeep of the building and the maintenance of the cemetery and understanding the procedures of implementing that responsibility was the key to this process.

There are still concerns within the community, one of the concerns is whether or not giving's and attendance will continue in the community. After all, there are still eight churches that need to be maintained, heated and insured. There are cemeteries that need the grass to be cut and fences to be fixed. Community supers, fundraisers and other activities will take place within the parish. The fact that there is only one general operating fund from which cheques are written doesn't diminish the financial need of the parish.

I've been accused of being an optimist during this process. You see, I truly believe that in a few years, instead of hearing « My Church building » I will be hearing « Our buildings ». I also believe that the community as a group will be stronger for it, because they will be working together as a group for a common goal to raise funds whether that be for the local seniors meals on wheels program or raising funds to fix a roof.

The ACW Diocesan Board to be dissolved, Executive calls for suggestions

The ACW Executive met at Holy Trinity in Quebec City in October, 2016, the first meeting since the June Biennial in Gaspé. First, let us express our thanks to the Gaspé members for a lovely weekend. Weather, food, and meeting and worship sites were well planned. Those of us in attendance had a good time.

However, at our October meeting we had to admit that as a "Diocesan Board", we are no longer representative of all the women of the diocese, nor are we functioning as we were originally meant to.

Several problems we have encountered: a) Of the many viable, active congrega-

tions, only a few sent a representative to the Biennial. b) a large part of our Diocesan budget is used for Education Bursaries for students from the outer regions of our Diocese. c) There are no longer members who wish to commit to a position on the Board. Example: the President and secretary are both serving for the 3rd term as no new names came forward to replace them.

Possible solutions: The *status quo* is no longer effective and must change. Biennials were meant to be a means of meeting the other women in our congregations, exchanging ideas and problems. Considering the representation in Gaspé in 2016, we believe these meetings have

become a fond memory of the past.

Student Bursaries: Instead of giving bursaries to a particular group of students, we suggest that each viable congregation choose a student (or students) in their own community that needs and merits encouragement. It will be more meaningful to both student and congregation to give to their own.

Outreach: Hopefully, each women's group will continue their missionary projects as that was the reason for the original formation of WA. We all have our favorite local projects, such as school, elderly, food banks, etc. We must also remember to reach out to PWRDF in times of



The boxes of Advent goodies and some of those who collected them. Photo by Tae-Bin Gulliver

Reverse Advent calendars at St Mark's

By Pat Heath

What is a Reverse Advent calendar? The St. Mark's Chapel community of Bishop's University and Champlain Regional College decided to put this concept into action during the month of December. Advent is the season leading up to Christmas, which begins four Sundays before Christmas.

Often this period is marked by the use of a special calendar to count down the days until Christmas. Each day, someone opens a cardboard door to reveal a small chocolate or trinket. While a Reverse Advent Calendar is not a unique idea, it was new to the members of St. Mark's. It reminded us "kids" of all ages that giving can be more rewarding than receiving.

Therefore, starting on December 1st members of the congregation added one item a day (food, toiletries or other non-perishables) to a box, and by December 24, the boxes were full. All 21 of them!

The items collected were given to our local Cornerstone Food Bank following the Sunday service on January 15th. Food bank coordinator Valerie Fortin was thrilled as their supplies are always in need of replenishing after the holidays.

By sharing our initiative, it is our hope that you will also consider making Reverse Advent a tradition in your homes next year.

disaster and missionaries we know who will put our funds to good use. (Example: Allison Blair in Africa)

The next meeting of the present executive will meet in Quebec, (probably in early May), with the Bishop, and important decisions for our future will be decided. We are hoping for input from all interested congregations with women's groups. Do you want a name change of name from ACW to "Women's Auxiliary", "Women of the Church", or something completely different? Would you be happy with a semi-annual newsletter telling of activities in other areas? In the event of a newsletter, we would appoint someone to collect the news and distribute

it by website, e-mail or letter to those without a computer. Face-to-face meeting could possibly happen at Diocesan Synods or in local areas. (East of Quebec City or west of the City, or each Deanery could have an occasional get-together, etc.) Let us hear your ideas and suggestions that will keep us connected. The present Board will be dissolved. Please let us hear from all active groups in our Diocese. Contact: Joan Gibb, 418-688-9847 jgibb@videotron.ca

Greta Patterson
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Gleanings

Gleanings is a monthly column by Meb Reisner Wright, the diocesan historian, who delves in to the back issues of the Quebec Diocesan Gazette to present us with interesting nuggets of our past.

With so many men overseas in 1917 and so many women involved in one form of war work or another, it is not surprising that considerable attention was given at this time by church authorities still at home to the spiritual care of and ministry to the young. The March issue of the Diocesan Gazette carries an extensive report on a day-long Sunday School Conference at the Deanery level which had recently taken place in Richmond and held in the Guild Room of St Anne's Church.

Activities began on Friday morning, February 9th at 11 a.m. with a service in the church at which the Rev. Ernest Raymond Roy of Cookshire, Secretary of the Quebec Diocesan Sunday School institute (and also Rural Dean) gave an opening address. His subject, 'The Spiritual Development of the Child', was based on Luke I, 80 which describes the infancy of John the Baptist: "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel."

In his talk Roy emphasized that "the special work of the Sunday School teacher is the development of the spiritual life of the child. ... To do less is to incur the danger of despising Christ's little ones," moulding character which could only be accomplished by setting before the children the high ideals practised in the teacher's own lives.

There are three avenues, he argued, which determine the effectiveness of Sunday School teaching: the home, the clergyman and the individual teacher:

1. In the home, "parental indifference is the greatest obstacle," Roy maintained. "Home ought to be not only the most enjoyable but the holiest place on earth."
2. At the clergy level, "unless the clergy rise in the power of the Holy Spirit of God and do their duty as priests of the church of God all the difficulties in the Sunday School work, or the church, will remain unremedied."
3. On the part of the teacher, he or she must have a sense of being consecrated to the task, "faithful, serious and ready to give time to the work. Personal love for Christ is the indispensable requisite for feeding His Lambs. Teachers must not only master the truths of Christ, they must allow the truths of Christ to master them. As they do this, the children whom they teach will become strong in spirit."

A second address was then delivered by Rev. Principal Elson Irving Rexford of Montreal, chairman of the Sunday School Commission, who took for his text Mark 10: 45: "For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

His talk, titled, "The Sunday School Teacher and Service" stated that "the highest development of the individual" was to be found "only in service. Our lives are all subject to this law, yet we often fail to take our obligation of service seriously ..."

"Some types of service require careful preparation," Rexford maintained, and those, who can, "should deliberately prepare themselves in advance of the need for these forms of service. Such [kinds of service include] singing in the choir, serving as organists, and above all the work of teaching and helping in the Sunday School. Leaders are required for Bible Classes and Missionary Clubs. Superintendents, secretaries and librarians are needed for our Sunday Schools as well as teachers. Boys and girls should be encouraged to look forward to and prepare themselves for these forms of service. No work can compare in the rewards which it offers to that of an efficient Sunday School teacher."

In the afternoon, discussions continued and Roy gave a second address, this time on 'The Sunday School and its Relation to the Deanery and the Individual Sunday School', "tracing the history of the modern Sunday School and of the organization of the Sunday School work of the [Anglican Church] in Canada." In doing so he emphasized how important both Diocesan and Deanery organization was "to bring the expert guidance and corporate energy of the organized Sunday School work of the Church into the life of every parish and Mission ..."

"After discussion on this paper, it was unanimously resolved that Rev. Frederick Alan Sisco of Richmond be appointed Deanery Superintendent of Teacher Training to assist those teachers who may desire to fit themselves more thoroughly for their work. Mr Sisco accepted on condition that he be authorized to appoint an advisory committee."

It was then Principal Rexford's turn once again and he proceeded to give three more "helpful and instructive addresses" on the practical matters of Lesson Plans, Methods of Teacher Training and Lesson Presentation. The final speaker, Miss Dorothy Harkom, then gave "a most interesting paper, full of practical suggestions on 'Difficulties in Teaching Younger Children' of which, unfortunately, no details were given. The program having been completed, there followed a "hearty vote of thanks" to the three presenters "for their very helpful addresses."

The conference drew participants from among the clergy and laity, both women and men, not only from the Richmond area, but from as far away as Kirkdale, Danville, Sydenham Place and Gallup Hill.

**Invitations to two important events
in the ongoing life of our diocese**

***All are invited to join with
family, friends, and colleagues
in celebrating the episcopal ministry of***

Bishop Dennis Drainville

**on Saturday, March 11
beginning at 5:00 p.m.**

**at the Morrin Centre
44 Chaussée des Écossais, Québec**

Refreshments will be served

***Please RSVP the Synod Office no later than March 4th
synodoffice@quebec.anglican.ca or 418 692 3858***



**All are welcome to the
Welcoming and Seating of**

**The Rt. Rev. Bruce Joseph Andrew
Myers OGS
as the 13th Anglican Bishop of Quebec**

**on Saturday, April 22, 2017 at 10:00 a.m.
at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Que-
bec City**

An informal reception will follow

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**Tous sont bienvenus
à l'intronisation de**

**Mgr Bruce Joseph Andrew Myers
OGS
comme 13e évêque anglican de Québec**

**samedi le 22 avril 2017 à 10h00
à la Cathédrale Holy Trinity, Québec**

Une réception informelle suivra