



Gazette

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New heritage site at St. George's Drummondville

By James Sweeny from information supplied by the St George's Foundation, photos by J. Sweeny

2015 was the 200th anniversary of the founding of Drummondville. Anglicans have been a part of the life of that city for all that time.

Beside the church is the original Anglican cemetery which was purchased for one shilling in 1842 from Major General Frederick George Heriot. The deed excluded a fifteen-foot square which was to be "set apart in perpetuity as a private cemetery to continue as the property of Major General Frederick George Heriot, his heirs and successors forever."

Heriot died the following year and a stone monument was erected and inscribed on it was the following inscription "Beneath are the remains of Major General Frederick George Heriot, Companion of the most honorable Military Order of the Bath, founder of this settlement. Born in the island of Jersey. Died at Drummondville on the 30th December 1843 Aged 57 years" Unfortunately, time and weather had eroded the stone and it was irreparable.

There have not been burials in the cemetery for more than 70 years as there is a "new" protestant cemetery in another part of town. Members of St



Original stone above, new stone to the right

George's Church Foundation and St George's Church have over a number of years been restoring the old cemetery.

With the 200th anniversary in mind a project was developed to replace the monument with a new one in the same style. The project was to create for the citizens of the city a new heritage site which would include not only the renewed



grave stone but also a bronze bust of Heriot, created by Johanne Lafond of St-Cyrille, and tripartite commemorative panel for the cemetery.

The overall design of the heritage site, now called the Espace Frederick-George-Heriot was the work of Robert Pelletier of the architectural firm Demers Pelletiero. The commemorative panels and the



restoration of Heriot's tomb were the responsibility of Leonard Desfosses. Both Pelletier and Desfosses are mem-



bers of the St. George's Church Foundation.

The project cost roughly \$180,00. and would not have happened without the generous support of the City of Drummondville, Heritage Canada, and the St. George's Church Foundation. As many of us know, like all church projects, it also needed and received many hours of volunteer labour from both members of the church and its Foundation.

Espace Frederick-George-Heriot inauguration ceremonies were held on June 29th 2015. The site will provide a tranquil place in the city centre. There are plans to use the space on Sunday afternoons in the summer for small public performances ranging from solo or small musical ensembles to poetry and public lectures.



Executive Archdeacon Appointed

Bishop Dennis Drainville is pleased to announce the appointment of Le Rév. Major Marcel Dumont, CD, (ret) as Interim Executive Archdeacon.

Archdeacon Dumont began his new ministry on March 29, 2016. He will normally be in the office two days a week, Tuesday and Wednesday, but this may vary as his responsibilities call him to travel elsewhere in the diocese. For example in May he and the Executive Director are going to visit some congregations on the Lower North Shore.

In the administrative structure of the diocese the executive archdeacon assists the

bishops with their pastoral duties, working with the clergy and parishes, is a member of a number of committees and an important part of the synod office team.

The Archdeacon recently retired from serving as a Chaplain to the Canadian forces. He will continue to be the priest in charge of St Michael's Sillery while the Rev. Sarah Priebe is on maternity leave.

The Venerable Garth Bulmer, the former Executive Archdeacon, has retired but will remain in Quebec City and Bishop Drainville has appointed him to serve along with Louisa Blair as Chaplains to the Bishop.



Interview

Archdeacon Dumont was one of the candidates in our recent episcopal election and his curriculum vitae was already published in the Quebec Diocesan Gazette and many know him from Synod. Therefore, the Gazette posed the following questions to him in a 3-minute interview to provide readers with a better sense of who he is

Favourite book of the Bible: Philippians

Place of birth: Grand'mère, Quebec

What you love most about God: Her/His compassion

Favourite place on earth: camping

Farthest you've been from home: Cyprus

Favourite meal or dessert: Caramel and chocolate cake

Biggest fear: becoming blind

Hidden talent: making my own bread

Favourite book or movie: Doctor Zhivago

Your hobby: reading

Three things always in your fridge: Seville marmalade, red and white wine and old cheddar cheese

Favourite sport: volley-ball

FROM THE COADJUTOR BISHOP

As of this month we now have both a Diocesan Bishop and a Coadjutor Bishop. Bishops Dennis and Bruce have decided to share the space in the Quebec Diocesan Gazette and take turns writing a letter to the diocese. It begins this month with our new Coadjutor Bishop's letter.

Coming home

A couple of months ago I was invited to preach on the parable of the prodigal son, a story Jesus tells (and found in Luke 15) to illustrate God's extravagant love for us, whatever our failings.

Often one of the ways we're invited into that particular parable is to imagine ourselves as one of the principal characters. When I tried that particular imagination exercise this time around, given my current circumstances, I found it hard not to cast myself in the role of the adventuresome younger son.

Released a couple of years ago by my father in God to pursue an unpredictable new path in a distant city, I now find myself returning to the place and the people whence I came—though not penniless because of “dissolute living” like the prodigal son in the Bible!

The parabolic parallels only run so far, of course, but as I prepare to begin a new ministry among you as coadjutor bishop I do feel like I'm returning home. Quebec is the diocese for which I was ordained deacon and priest, and where I've served almost all of my ordained ministry. It's a place and a people for which I have great affection.

The brief periods I've spent outside the diocese since my priestly ordination—one year for studies abroad and two years serving the General Synod in Toronto—were blessings, and have provided me with new knowledge, experiences, and relationships which I hope I can put to the service of our new ministry together here in Quebec.

That new ministry together begins on May 5 at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Quebec City, where I'll be ordained to the order of bishops. Everyone is welcome, and I'm hoping many of you can participate either in person or, at a distance, in prayer.

We'll be joined on that day by laity, clergy, and bishops from other parts of the Anglican Church of Canada, from our full communion partners of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Canada, and by sisters and brothers in Christ representing other churches. It will be a vivid and encouraging reminder that we're not in this alone, that we are but one part of a large and diverse body of Christ that extends far beyond our borders.

During the ordination liturgy one of the promises I will make is to “encourage and support all baptized people in their gifts and ministries, nourish them from the riches of God's grace, pray for them without ceasing, and celebrate with them the sacraments of our redemption.”

I'm looking so forward to working with all the Anglicans across this vast diocese—wherever we may be—to live as best we can into our baptismal promises, to grow into the full stature of Christ as disciples of Jesus, and to reveal something of God's kingdom in our midst. It's an adventure in faith that's both daunting and exciting, in part because only God knows where it will lead us.

As I keep the people and congregations of the Diocese of Quebec in prayer, I invite you to do the same, and to also keep me in your prayers as I prepare for my ordination as a bishop, and afterward.

And I'll look forward to seeing you back home soon.

+ *Bruce*

De retour

Il y a quelques mois, j'ai été invité à prononcer une homélie à propos de la parabole de l'enfant prodigue, un sermon (que l'on retrouve à Luc 15) utilisé par Jésus pour illustrer l'extraordinaire amour de Dieu pour chacun d'entre nous, quels que soient nos travers.

Lors de l'analyse de cette parabole en particulier, on nous propose souvent de nous imaginer dans la peau de l'un des principaux personnages. Quand j'ai fait ce petit exercice d'imagination en préparant mon homélie, je n'ai pas pu m'empêcher de me donner le rôle du jeune fils aventurier.

Affranchi par Dieu mon père il y a quelques années et parti suivre une nouvelle voie imprévisible dans une ville lointaine, je reviens aujourd'hui à l'endroit et auprès des gens que j'avais quittés – bien que pas ruiné en raison d'une vie de démesure comme celle vécue par le fils prodigue de la Bible!

Mon histoire n'est bien sûr pas similaire à celle de la parabole, mais alors que je me prépare à un nouveau ministère auprès de vous en tant qu'évêque co-adjuteur, j'ai vraiment l'impression de revenir chez moi. C'est dans le diocèse de Québec que j'ai été ordonné diacre, puis prêtre, et c'est là où j'ai exercé presque tout mon ministère depuis mon ordination. J'éprouve beaucoup d'affection pour la région ainsi que pour ses gens.

Les courtes périodes au cours desquelles je me suis trouvé à l'extérieur du diocèse depuis mon ordination – une année d'études outre-mer et deux années au service du Synode général à Toronto – sont de véritables cadeaux, m'ayant permis d'acquérir de nouvelles connaissances, de nouvelles expériences et d'établir des nouvelles relations que j'espère pouvoir mettre au service du nouveau ministère que nous établirons ensemble ici au Québec.

Ce nouveau ministère s'amorcera le 5 mai prochain, à la cathédrale Holy-Trinity, alors que je serai ordonné au sein de l'ordre des évêques. Vous êtes tous invités, et j'espère que plusieurs d'entre vous pourrez y être en personne, sinon, à distance par vos prières.

Au cours de cette journée, nous serons accompagnés de laïcs, de prêtres et d'évêques de partout au sein de l'Église anglicane du Canada, de nos partenaires en communion de l'Église évangélique luthérienne au Canada, ainsi que par nos sœurs et frères dans le Christ représentant plusieurs autres confessions. Nous nous rappellerons ainsi, de manière indéniable et stimulante, que nous ne sommes pas seuls, que nous faisons partie de la famille de Dieu, imposante et diversifiée, s'étendant bien au-delà de nos frontières.

Au cours de la liturgie d'ordination, l'une des promesses que je ferai sera « d'encourager et d'appuyer tous les baptisés dans l'utilisation de leurs talents et dans leurs ministères, de les nourrir des richesses de la grâce de Dieu, de prier pour eux sans relâche et de célébrer avec eux les sacrements de notre rédemption. »

J'ai vraiment très hâte de travailler avec tous les Anglicans de ce grand diocèse - où que nous soyons - afin que nous puissions réaliser le plus possible nos promesses de baptême, que nous puissions nous développer en tant que disciples de Jésus pour réaliser notre plein potentiel dans le Christ et que nous puissions découvrir un peu du Royaume de Dieu autour de nous. C'est une aventure de foi à la fois excitante et impressionnante, en partie en raison du fait que seul Dieu sait ce qui nous attend.

Alors que tous les paroissiens et congrégations du diocèse de Québec sont dans mes prières, je vous invite à faire de même et à me garder aussi dans vos prières, alors que je me prépare à devenir votre évêque et pour ce qui viendra après.

Et j'ai bien hâte de revenir à la maison auprès de vous.

+ *Bruce*



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A ministry of the Anglican Diocese of Quebec founded in 1894 by the Rt. Rev. A.H. Dunn

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The mandate of *The Gazette* shall be to serve as a means of encouragement, communication, and community building among the regions of the diocese, with special emphasis on regional activities and matters of concern for both laity and clergy. It shall provide an opportunity for the bishop to address the people of the diocese directly and seek to cover items from outside the diocese that bear on its corporate life. *The Gazette* shall provide a channel for information and a forum for discussion, shall be encouraged to express a wide range of opinion within the diocese, and shall enjoy editorial independence. (Canon 22 of the Synod of the Diocese of Quebec)

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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.

Why are we not surprised that half the *Quebec Diocesan Gazette* articles in the May issue, 1916, are related in one way or another to the ongoing war overseas? Or surprised that the subject of war itself and of past international conflicts find a place there as well?

There is a two-page item, for example, on the historic, tattered banners which, until some time in the 1980s, used to hang in the Cathedral—Regimental Colours which had been deposited there with due ceremony towards the end of the previous century. In 1916 they had already been flanking the sanctuary for 46 years, long enough for that generation, perhaps, to retain only a hazy recollection of their origins.

“Visitors to the Cathedral and some who are regular attendants there,” the article begins, “often ask about the Flags hanging in the Chancel. They are the old Colours of the 69th Regiment of Foot—a British Regiment [the South Lincolnshire] which was stationed in Quebec in the year 1870. In that year the Regiment received new Colours and the old Colours were deposited in the Cathedral. The present Bishop remembers seeing as a boy the Presentation of the new Colours by Prince Arthur, now H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada [and third son of Queen Victoria].” The ceremony took place on the Parade Ground on 22nd June 1870. The new Colours were blessed by Bishop James William Williams, Bishop Lennox William’s father, just seven years after his election to the episcopate, our first elected, rather than appointed, bishop.

The balance of the article is devoted to a description of “the Ceremonial...observed when depositing the Old Colours” in the Cathedral itself even including the text of the hymn sung, the prayers recited and the benediction concluding the impressive Service. As the Regiment had fought and the Colours had been carried at such a famous victory as the battle of Waterloo in 1815 (among others) this would have been a heartening association to Gazette readers one hundred years later at such a dark time during the Great War.

Also in the May issue is another regimental feature, on the Canadian Grenadier Guards, 87th Overseas Battalion: “a regiment in which many people in this Diocese have a special interest.”

“In command of the Regiment is Col. Rexford, a son of the Principal of the Montreal Diocesan College. The Chaplain is the Rev. J[ohn] W[right] Wayman, Rector of Gaspé. Among the officers are four from the city of Quebec, namely Lieut. James W. Williams, son of the Bishop, Lieut. John R. Wallace, Lieut. Cecil T. Thomson, and Lieut. Henry Scott, son of Canon Scott. Many non-commissioned officers and men are Churchmen [that is, Anglicans], some from Quebec, more from the Eastern Townships and from Gaspé. The Rev. J[ames] F[ranklin] B[eatty] Belford, Rector of Richmond, has three sons in the battalion.” Of the many young men who would never return to their families and loved ones, would be numbered both the Bishop’s and Canon Scott’s sons. “Before leaving,” the description goes on, “300 khaki-covered Prayer Books for the use of the men were given to the Rev. J.W. Wayman ...The Regiment left St John, P.Q, [St-Jean-sur-Richelieu] at noon on Good Friday.”

Further north, in Kenogami, as the regular feature “News From the Parishes” recounts, the ladies had been busy with war work.

“Under Mrs. Fluhmann’s vigorous and wise Presidency” the report recounts, the Kenogami Red Cross Society “has done excellent work since its formation last autumn” and now had a membership of 194. “Three parcels of work, containing in all 161 garments” no doubt for the troops “have been finished and sent to the parent branch in Quebec.” This was an integrated community group, apparently, involving both English and French, and consequently women of various faith backgrounds. “It is only fair to place on record here the diligence with which the French-Canadian ladies have worked in this cause,” the article hastens to make clear. “Mme L.H. Blanchard, who, in spite of heavy housekeeping demands on her time and energy, has done alone no less than 30 garments, deserves special mention.”

Never far in the background was an awareness of the numbers from all parts of the Diocese who were serving abroad. Still in Kenogami, the report mentions that a “very artistic ‘Honour Roll’, executed by Mr Charles M. Turner, and recording the names of the 55 men who have gone from our midst to the Battle Fronts of Europe” had recently been hung in St James’ Church.

There will still be readers of the *Quebec Diocesan Gazette* in 2016 who remember the Regimental Colours of the 69th Regiment of Foot, flanking the Sanctuary in their dark netting and who may wonder what has become of them. They were taken down when the Cathedral was repainted and refreshed, and after some enquiries about restoration, they were quietly retired to storage. Attitudes had changed towards military relics and there was little enthusiasm for reassuming what had been once regarded as “a sacred trust” in housing the old flags. By happy chance the Welch Regiment Museum at The Castle, Cardiff, Wales, requested to take what then remained of the Colours into their charge, as the Welch Regiment was then the successor Regiment to the former 69th. After a lot of complicated negotiations back and forth, a transfer was completed in 2002 and the Colours rest in Cardiff, honour restored, on permanent loan.

Faithful Reflections

By Louisa Blair

What if he’s still dead?

Then Simon Peter came along ... and went straight into the tomb.



You have to admire that Peter, one of those people who just walks straight into dramatic situations. Never mind that he was likely to find a rotting mutilated body, never mind that Jesus’ death was for him much better forgotten: nothing but grief, dashed hopes, and a lot of missed fishing days.

It’s after Easter, but I haven’t gone into the tomb to check if the Resurrection really happened. In fact it’s still got a big stone rolled up against it – defended against anything that might shake my habits, my opinions, my comfort, my safety. I’m not sure I even want to roll away the stone. What if he’s still in there, dead as a doornail?

I can’t say God hasn’t been hinting to me to roll it away. Recently I’ve been having powerful dreams. I say they’re powerful because they leave me shaken and with a sense of deep significance. But I haven’t the faintest idea what they mean. I borrowed a book about Jungian dream interpretation, but it was as complicated as algebra. Does God really require me to perform such contortions to know what he’s saying to me? If he’s really alive and not still killed and dead, I’d like him to just step out from behind that big stone and declare himself.

I want the dreams to keep coming because I hope they might eventually give me a clue as to what to do next. If they stop, the stone will be blocking even my unconscious mind. I’ll be doomed to keep trotting along the way I usually do, tritty trotty tritty trotty, with nothing much happening except that I’m getting older and I’m going to die.

So what does it really mean for me, to roll away the stone? A friend once said to me, if we really believed in the power of the Risen Christ, there is nothing we couldn’t do. The power that raised Jesus from the dead is the very same power that Jesus has bequeathed to us – the power of life over death. It’s quite a thought.

But do I want access to that death-defying power? I’m not totally against death. It makes this life, briefly squashed in between our birth and our death, look infinitely precious. And for people who are suffering exquisite pain or watching others suffer, it can even seem friendly and merciful.

But death also runs through our life, infecting and deforming it. The woman next to me at Macdonalds, as I write this, is sharing a package of fries with her very small son. She is sitting wordlessly in front of him, looking into space, burdened with some unknown misery. He speaks to her occasionally in quiet, halting words. But she doesn’t reply. I suddenly realize that what he wants from her is what we all want – to be heard, to matter, to be loved.

I think that small boy just moved the stone – now I have to follow him inside.