



When does the "8th" wonder of the world symbolize more than just the linking of two sides of the river? See page 4
Photo: historicbridges.org



The moose that knitted us together. See page 3.
Photo: [Wikipedia Commons](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Wikipedia_Moose)



It sure looks like a grand party in Brookbury!
See page 4 for details
Photo: [Linda Hoy](#)



Quebec Diocesan Gazette

OCTOBER 2017

A SECTION OF THE ANGLICAN JOURNAL

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The community of Saint-Simons-les-Mines lovingly supports St Paul's, Cumberland Mills

On July fifth, there was an official unveiling of new historical plaques at St Paul's church and gardens in Cumberland Mills, now part of the municipality of Saint-Simons-les-Mines. The event was attended by mayors and municipal council members from the region, the local member of the National Assembly - who had donated funds to cover most of the cost of the plaques, and many members of the local community. The ceremony was followed by an English tea served in the gardens.

The gothic style church was built in 1847 using local field stones and is the oldest stone church in the region. It served the large number of British immigrants, English, Irish and Scottish, who had settled and created a community in the fief of Cum-

berland.

That region of the Beauce is almost totally French speaking now but the community is keen to preserve the church as a symbol and reflection of the heritage of the area.

Over the past quarter of a century or so the church has been lovingly restored and any broken monuments in the cemetery, which surrounds the church replaced by new wooden markers. The restoration work resulted in the church winning the 2013 Heritage Prize for the National Capital and Chaudière-Appalaches Region.

Beside the church is the Harbottle Garden. The garden was built in 1997-98 to pay tribute to the founders of Cumberland Mills and specifically to celebrate their love

of nature in all its splendour.

It is an English garden which respects and blends together wooded areas, undergrowth, green open areas and flower beds complete with a lake, gazebos, statuary and many walking paths. It covers close to 350,000 square feet.

The diocese has rented the grounds and building to the municipality on a 99-year emphyteutic lease. The property is open to the public during the summer and there are musical recitals held in the church most Sundays.

The property is administered by the Corporation de la conservation du patrimoine de Saint-Simons-les-Mines. Yvan Poulin is the president of the corporation and he and his team have



worked very hard on the restoration and upkeep.

There was this summer, on the sixth of August, a service of the Word, led by the Rev. Barb Wintle and her son-in-law Sylvain Fontaine. As with the event earlier in

the summer this was well supported by the local community. St. Paul's is the church that the Wintle family attended for generations; they were baptized and grew up in that church and many are buried in the cemetery.



The risk of responding

I recently visited Grosse Île, an island a short distance downriver from Quebec City that for more than a century served as a quarantine station and port of entry for hundreds of thousands of immigrants hoping to begin a new life in Canada.

The station operated between 1832 and 1937, during which an estimated 8,000 people died at Grosse Île or en route aboard ship, often from cholera or typhus. Five-thousand people died in the summer of 1847 alone, coinciding with the arrival of approximately 100,000 refugees fleeing a devastating famine in Ireland.

Quebec's churches at the time were unflinching in their response to this unprecedented crisis. Anglican and Roman Catholic clergy volunteered, at great personal risk, to visit Grosse Île and minister to the sick and dying. Of the 18 clergy of the Diocese of Quebec who took turns serving at Grosse Île, most became sick themselves and three died.

Our bishop at the time, George Jehoshaphat Mountain, served at Grosse Île himself and fell ill but recovered. As he later wrote, it was absolutely clear to him where our church needed to be in the midst of that human crisis: "Would it not have been an indelible, an everlasting stain in the pages of our history, ... if, while physicians and magistrates and nurses and policemen and gravediggers were found capable of braving the danger, ... the clergy of the Church of England had turned their backs upon the scene of death and sorrow, and had shut their ears against the cry of the sick for their ministry, and the wail of the widow, needing to hear the words of life and peace?"

I wonder if during that time Bishop Mountain had been reflecting especially on that part of the gospel of Matthew where Jesus explicitly self-identifies with "the least of these," especially when he declares, "I was a stranger and you welcomed me" (Matthew 25:35).

Nearly two centuries later we are still being confronted by strangers in our midst. Bacteria is no longer what puts them in danger, but rather a culture of ignorance, fear, and hatred.

As white supremacists in Quebec seek legitimacy, as Muslims living here are murdered and their places of worship desecrated, as calls to keep out the stranger grow louder, what will be our church's response, and what risks are we willing to take? What can we learn from our church's sacrificial, Christ-like response to the crisis on Grosse Île in 1847?

It's a question for us all to consider—and an urgent one—because as we were shocked into realizing at Quebec City's Grand Mosque on January 29, lives are literally at stake. As Bishop Mountain suggested, history will judge our response. But more importantly, as the gospel of Matthew reminds us, so will Christ.

Courir le risque d'agir

J'ai récemment effectué une visite à Grosse Île, une île située en aval de Québec sur le Saint-Laurent et qui a servi, pendant plus d'un siècle, de poste de quarantaine et de point d'entrée pour des centaines de milliers d'immigrants aspirant à une nouvelle vie au Canada.

La station a été en opération de 1832 à 1937, période pendant laquelle on estime que 8 000 personnes ont péri, à Grosse Île ou pendant la traversée pour y arriver, des suites du choléra ou du typhus. Au cours du seul été 1847, 5 000 personnes sont mortes, ce qui coïncide avec l'arrivée d'environ 100 000 réfugiés de la famine dévastatrice qui sévissait alors en Irlande.

À l'époque, les églises de Québec ont démontré une détermination sans faille dans leur réaction face à cette crise sans précédent. Les membres du clergé des églises anglicane et catholique romaine se sont portés volontaires, à leurs risques et périls, pour se rendre à Grosse Île et y soutenir malades et mourants. Parmi les dix-huit membres du clergé du Diocèse anglican de Québec qui se sont relayés dans l'exercice de leur ministère à Grosse Île, la plupart sont tombés malades et trois y ont laissé leur vie.

Notre évêque de l'époque, George Jehoshaphat Mountain, a lui-même travaillé à Grosse Île; il y est tombé malade mais il a pu recouvrer la santé. Ainsi qu'il l'a plus tard écrit, ce que notre église devait faire au moment de cette crise humanitaire était, pour lui, on ne peut plus clair : « Cela n'aurait-il pas été une faute ineffaçable des pages de notre histoire, ... si, alors que les médecins, magistrats, infirmières, policiers et fossoyeurs se montraient capables d'affronter le danger, ... les membres du clergé de l'Église d'Angleterre avaient tourné le dos à ces scènes de mort et de désespoir et avaient fait la sourde oreille face aux supplications des malades pour leur ministère, et aux pleurs de la veuve, avides de paroles de vie et de paix? »

Je me demande si, à cette époque, Monseigneur Mountain réfléchissait expressément au passage de l'évangile de Matthieu où Jésus s'identifie spécifiquement « à l'un de ces plus petits », en particulier lorsqu'il déclare « J'étais un étranger et vous m'avez accueilli ». (Matthieu 25 :35)

Près de deux siècles plus tard, nous sommes encore confrontés à des étrangers parmi nous. Ce ne sont plus les bactéries qui les mettent en danger, mais plutôt une culture d'ignorance, de peur et de haine.

Alors que les néo-nazis au Québec cherchent la légitimité, alors que des musulmans qui vivent ici sont tués et voient leurs lieux de culte profanés, alors que la clameur visant à ostraciser les étrangers augmente, quelle sera la réaction de notre église et quels risques sommes-nous prêts à prendre? Quelle leçon pouvons-nous tirer des gestes de sacrifice dignes du Christ lui-même posés par notre église pendant la crise à Grosse Île en 1847?

Il s'agit, pour chacun d'entre nous, d'une question à se poser – et il y a urgence en la demeure, parce qu'ainsi que nous avons été estomaqués de le réaliser le 29 janvier dernier après la tuerie à la Grande Mosquée de Québec, des vies humaines sont en jeu. Ainsi que le suggère Monseigneur Mountain, l'histoire portera jugement sur notre réaction. Mais plus important encore, comme nous le rappelle l'évangile de Matthieu, le Christ aussi portera jugement sur nous.

+Bruce



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The Editor

The Gazette

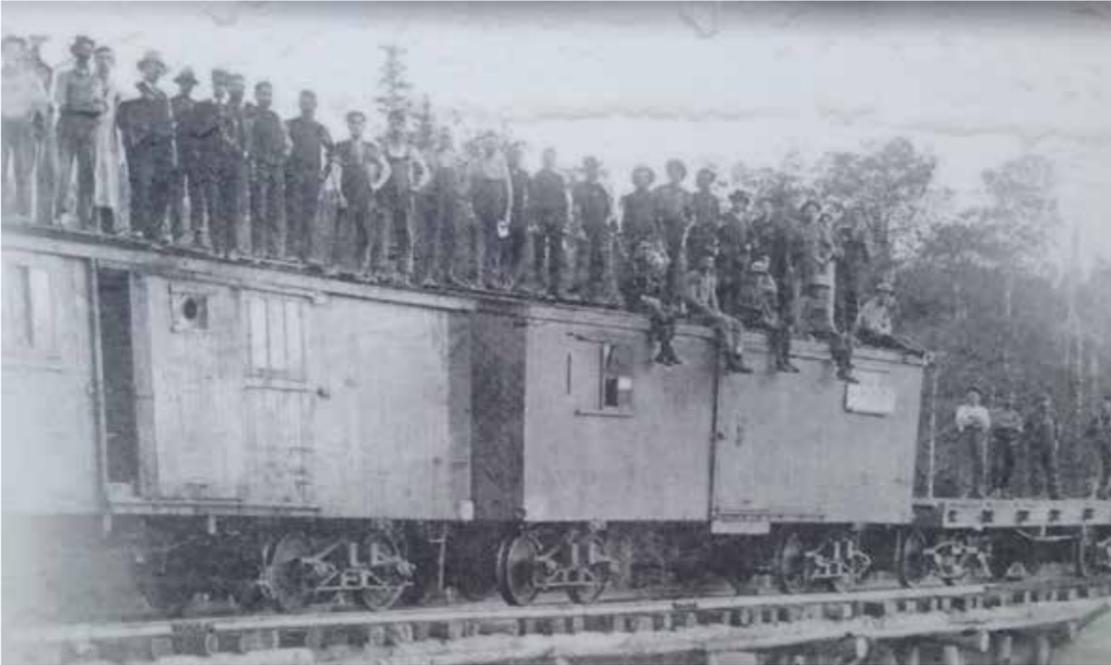
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The next deadline for articles is October 1st for the November paper.



The guys that built my bike path Photo: Collection Marion Smith

Faithful Reflections

Unknitting Canada

By Louisa Blair

Every summer I go and spend a few days on retreat at a monastery in Saint-Damien-de-Buckland, in Bellechasse county. This summer I decided to cycle the 70 km home. To my amazement, I hardly had to touch a road at all. There is a beautiful 80-km bike path from Armagh (guess where the original inhabitants came from) all the way back to Quebec city.

Not only was the path fully-asphalted, but to the great relief of my flabby age-wasted muscles it was also almost dead flat, in spite of the fact that the surrounding hills are monstrously steep. That's because the cycle paths are all made out of old railway lines.

As I biked along, hardly meeting a soul, I looked down from the trackbed into the steep valleys below me and began to think about the men and boys (some as young as 14), long dead, who had made these embankments. Many of them were immigrants from Bulgaria, Italy and Sweden. They worked 10 hours a day, digging up the hills with picks and shovels, blowing up rocks with gunpowder, and shifting the earth and rock around with wheelbarrows. All this so that I could tootle along in perfect comfort on my bike. On Sunday, the Italians walked to confession at Sainte-Claire (on the Etchemin River). The priest there could understand them because he had lived in Rome. What would they all think now, to see the railway they built?

In many ways it is wonderful that these legendary branch lines – the Quebec & Richmond Railway, the Levis & Kennebec, the Quebec Central – of our vast transcontinental railway system have been reborn as bike paths. Yet as I pedalled along in regal first-class solitude, I felt the terrible poignancy of why my bike path was so very comfortable, scenic and direct. All that brutally hard work (and many accidental deaths) towards a public transportation system, one that knitted Canada together, that is now a leisure route for keep-fit city lycra-people like me. For residents of the Bellechasse who need to go to the city, there's one bus a day that wanders through the area at around 6 am and comes back in the evening. Otherwise, if they don't want to or can't drive, they can always bike...

How will we ever stay in one piece if we keep dropping the stitches? Call me a killjoy, but how about spending the half-billion dollars that Ottawa spent on Canada's birthday celebrations on reknitting Canada, or investing in the infrastructure and institutions that knit us together, rural and urban alike? My vote would be hydroelectric railways and CBC/Radio-Canada. And let's give our children and grandchildren a birthday present that is essential to everyone's survival: a country that no longer depends on fossil fuels.

Waterville youth hold fundraiser

Submitted by 12-year-old Mercedes Charleau

On Father's Day, St. John's youth plus other members of St. John's put on a spaghetti dinner to help raise money to repair our stained glass window. It will cost about \$2000.00 dollars and we have so far raised \$1000.00.

I wish to thank Unit 8 Lodge for suppling the dinner, thanks to Ed Copping for all his help and the donation from Unit 8. Many thanks to Bishop Bruce, the Allatt's and Scowen's for their donations towards our window

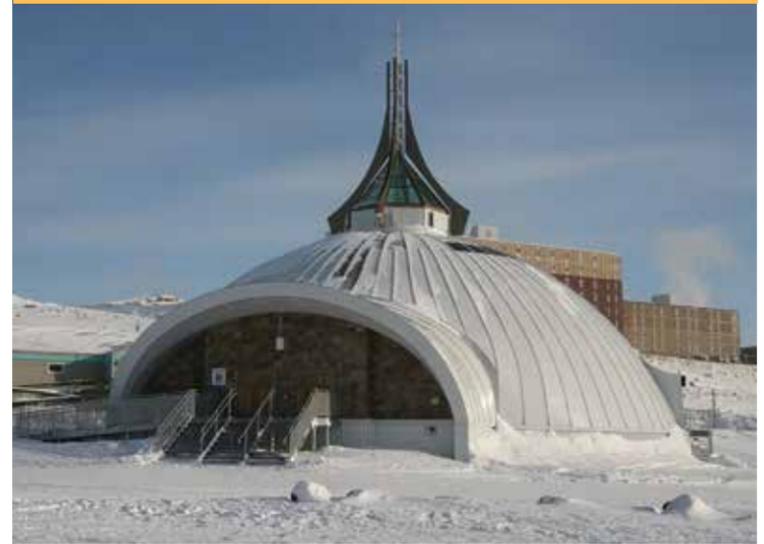
Thanks to Ben, Annie, Jon, Rebecca, Guy, Ruth and Patricia for supplying door prizes, to all who came and enjoyed the wonderful meal, and to those who set up, served and cleaned up.

Maybe we will do it again.



Donna Phaneuf and Vanessa Phaneuf, Vanessa won the children's door prize

Letter to the Editor



Rebuilt St Jude's Cathedral Photo Vincent Desrosiers/CBC

Thank You !

The Diocese of the Arctic wishes to thank all who have and continue to support Christian ministry within the North West Territories, Nunavut and Nunavik. (Northern Quebec) Most recently so many helped rebuild our Cathedral and eliminate the debt. For financial and prayerful support, we are most grateful.

During a recent sabbatical, my wife Rita and I read the history of those who came north in response to God's call to go into the world with the good news of Jesus Christ. History reveals that the Southern Church was of one mind, heart and soul with Arctic missionaries. We held common Christian beliefs; beliefs that have strengthened and encouraged the Inuit and Indigenous people of the Arctic. We are so thankful to have our Cathedral rebuilt so that the message of hope continues to be proclaimed.

A Cathedral is the house of the bishop's chair. The bishop is not to stand on that chair to lord over the community, but reverently sit and ensure that the gospel truths, precepts and principles are faithfully and compassionately proclaimed. Interestingly enough although our Cathedral St. Jude's was destroyed by fire the Cathedra (bishop's chair) was not. Be assured that the Anglican Church of Canada's and the Anglican Communion's most northerly Cathedral, will be faithful to the gospel message that has been entrusted to us by our LORD Jesus Christ.

God willing the new St. Jude's Cathedral will be consecrated on October the 1st. Please remember us in prayer and by God's grace continue to support us.

Faithfully yours in Christ's service,

Rt. Rev. David W Parsons Bishop of the Arctic

SEND US YOUR NEWS

Come on folks, we know that good things are happening in parishes across the diocese.

Please share them with the whole diocesan family by sending in a short article and photo or two. *The Quebec Diocesan Gazette* is always glad to receive your submissions.

Next deadline is October 1st. Sent them to editor@quebec.anglican.ca

Gleanings

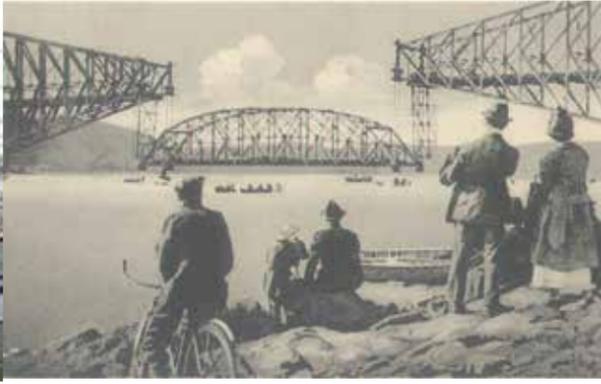
Gleanings is a monthly column by Meb Reisner Wright, the diocesan historian, who delves in to the back issues of the Quebec Diocesan Gazette to present us with interesting nuggets of our past.

Although we now receive a remarkable amount of instant news on social media and, by means of today's technology, can be right up to date with events all over the world, yet even in 2017 the printed media, such as our own Diocesan Gazette, displays some lag-time between its submission and our reading. In 1917 this was even more evident with gaps of months between events and reports of them appearing in the diocesan paper. Yet there were exceptions. An event occurring that year on Sunday, 23rd September, for example, managed to make the October issue only days after the fact!

This was an event in the secular world, long anticipated, fraught with disaster along the way, and, in the end, completed with very little initial fanfare—namely the completion of the Quebec Bridge.

“We know that during the past week one of the greatest wonders of the world has been accomplished in our midst,” remarked the Revd William Henry Cassap, rector of Christ Church, New Liverpool, “the lifting of the [central] span ...”

It is not surprising that Cassap should seize on this opportunity to herald



Two sides joined! Left to right: Christ Church New Liverpool (photo: Ville de Lévis) the raising of the centre span (a postcard: Novelty Manufacturing & Art Co. Ltd collection of James Sweeny and St Michael's Sillery (photo: CPRQ)

this stage in the history of the bridge's construction for its southernmost piers lay in his parish, and his parishioners would have been aware of every stage in its evolution from the earliest days of the century.

“When the Bishop appointed this day for his visit,” Cassap continued, “we had no idea it would be the Sunday following the accomplishment of this great work; the work which connects the North and South shores of the St Lawrence; the work which connects the parish of Sillery with the parish of New Liverpool.”

The entire Quebec City community would certainly have been well aware of progress on this huge enterprise for a large temporary camp had been built at the northern end of the bridge site with separate bunkhouses for foremen and ordinary workmen, a hospital, police station, dining hall and office, paymaster's facilities for distributing wages as well as other utility buildings. Special permits to release sufficient steel, normally restricted for use in the War effort, had been issued so that construction could continue. The whole area had been a hive of activity at a time

when other projects were at a standstill.

Although the components of the bridge itself—massive as they were—were fabricated in special shops near Montreal and shipped to be assembled on site, there was plenty to be seen locally by way of assembly.

And there had been two disasters surrounding the construction: two successive collapses of the central span, first on 29th August 1907 and again—quite recently—on 11th September 1916. Interest and apprehension had run high. Now, it seemed, all had come safely to a satisfactory completion and thanksgiving was in order.

In the parish of New Liverpool a visit from the Bishop had already been planned for the reception into the church of a single new member: Miss Ruth Bowen Leitch, probably “a baptized person of riper years.” Certainly a relative of hers, Mrs E. Leitch, was already active in the parish leading “the juvenile choir” which “fittingly rendered the musical portion of the service.” With the completion of the bridge, “a special Thanks-

giving part of the service” was quickly added on.

To those officiating, the completion of the bridge was more than a feat of engineering, however. It carried with it special symbolic significance:

“And what is happening today; even at this very hour?” Cassap asked dramatically before the second part of the service began. “We find the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec officiating at a special service of Thanksgiving in Sillery in which parish one end of the bridge is built, and the head of the English [Anglican] Church in Quebec officiating in New Liverpool in which parish the other end of the bridge is built.”

“May this remarkable fact be typical of the time when the gulf which now divides the Christian Bodies be successfully bridged over in the bonds of Christian love and fellowship. Last Sunday as we prayed in ... God's House for the successful accomplishment of this great work ... let us this day send forth our hymn of praise and thanksgiving.”

giano, and Scott Potter. A fifth Sunday of the month was chosen to allow others from the Deanery of St. Francis to come and celebrate with us.

Everyone enjoyed a delicious luncheon and time of fellowship at the Brookbury Hall following the service.

The church, built in 1842, was consecrated in the same year during the Incumbency of the Rev. William King who served in the area from 1841 to 1871. Services are now held only in the warmer months of late May to early September on a rotational schedule shared with St. Paul's, Bury and St. Peter's, Cookshire.

In 2016 the painting of the church exterior was completed with special thanks to Mike Goddard and son, Caleb, for painting the upper heights. Richard and Lynda Coates and grandsons along with other volunteers prepared the church for the new paint and painted the lower parts of the building.

In June 2016 a big pine tree was snapped off by a storm and landed in the cemetery knocking down and damaging some gravestones. Pete Sylvester, Mike Goddard, Mario Boutin, Robert Coleman and several more volunteers removed the fallen tree and a dead tree that had been noted as needing to come down. Many finished the job by cleaning up the leaves and

Although the central portion of the bridge had been successfully connected and the first train crossed it as early as 7th October 1917, for an ordinary individual to pass over, a special permit was required. Armed soldiers and later Dominion Police would guard it, checking passes, until the end of the War. It would not be opened officially until 22nd August 1919, when the 23-year old Prince of Wales, the future Edward VIII, performed the ceremony.

The bridge had taken two decades to complete, and the lives of 88 bridge workers. Financially, it had cost 25 million dollars in 1917 currency.

This modest celebration at Christ Church, New Liverpool, was among the earliest of what was, at one time considered, ‘a wonder of the world’: the world's longest cantilever bridge. On this occasion, the theme of Bishop William's address, serving both the ceremony of reception and of thanksgiving, was “Consecrate your heart unto the Lord God.” It is described as “earnest, interesting and impressive” and “was much enjoyed by all present.”

small branches that littered the cemetery.

This year, Brenda Lowe, Pete Sylvester, and Mike Goddard gave again of their time and labour to straighten and fix tipped-over headstones. They also trimmed the area behind the church known as “Cluster of Cedars” marking the grave sites of some of the earliest Martin family residents.

The Church salutes all the generous donors and supporters and the many wonderful volunteers, past and present, who have kept this House of God in good condition for the faithful today to have a sacred place to meet, hear the Word of God, and worship God.



175th Anniversary of the Parish of St. John's, Brookbury

Photo and article by Linda Hoy

On Sunday morning, July 30th, 2017 worshippers gathered at the Anglican Parish of St. John in Brookbury to celebrate the church's 175th Anniversary. The Right Rev-

erend Bruce Myers OGS, officiated and preached at the service of Holy Eucharist. He was assisted by the Venerable Dr. Edward Simonton OGS, the Rev. Canon Giuseppe Ga-