

OUR VISION STATEMENT

The Diocese of Moosonee – called by God to live and proclaim the Gospel

NORTHLAND

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This is a pen and ink sketch of St. Paul's Church, South Porcupine, ON. This is one of a series of church drawings by built heritage specialist and artist, Nicky Alexander. Follow on Facebook or Instagram @na.drawingstudio

GOING, GOING ... GONE!

Article by Dean Valerie Isaac, Diocese of Moosonee.

IT'S NOT EASY TO CLOSE A PARISH. It's a long, painstaking, and painful task, and one that I thought that I would never be part of. That has proven not to be the case as I am in the midst of closing a parish that is so much involved in its community's life.

When I arrived in South Porcupine a year and a half ago, it seemed that the parish was doing well and a big part of the community. Then the cracks began to emerge as it was noted that fewer and fewer people were coming to church and that there was less and less money in the coffers to cover the expenses. What had once been the heart and soul of the Anglican community in South Porcupine was fast becoming a part of history, a history that covers about 110 years.



Ron Isaac held a candle for St. Paul's during its final service.

From what I had heard, St. Paul's had been a big part of the community and when I came it was still an active and thriving member of it

with seniors' games being held every two weeks and a home to the Horticultural Society as well as for TOPS.

It was wonderful to join the seniors for their games afternoons and dangerous to stand on the sidelines and watch just as it was to learn how to play 'chicken foot' dominoes. For those who attended, it didn't matter what church you belonged to or what denomination, all that mattered was getting together and joining in the friendship and fun in a very welcoming place.

Realizing that our parish was struggling was a hard pill to swallow, then along came something that none of us could foresee: COVID-19. The pan-

See "Closing the Parish" on page 2.



St. James/St. Andrew's Combined Church in Geraldton, ON was decorated for a Blue Christmas service.

A Blue, Blue Christmas

Article by Dean Valerie Isaac, Diocese of Moosonee.

FOR MANY OF US, THE Christmas season is filled with joy, and love, and hope. It's a time for shopping for those special gifts for family and friends and it's a time of light and laughter. But for some, the season brings heartbreak and sadness. The season is supposed to bring us joy. Those who have lost loved ones don't feel the same way. In many cases, people feel alone and desperate. No one seems to know what they are going through and there is no one to turn to.

Over the years, I too have had these feelings, especially the year
See "Compassionate Service" on page 2.



“Compassionate Service” continued from page 1.



Dean Valerie Isaac brought a special service of compassion to those who mourn lost loved ones at Christmas.



Parishioners of St. James/St. Andrews Combined Church in Geraldton as well as many community members joined together to take part in the Blue Christmas remembrances which Dean Valerie Isaac brought to them.

that my mother died. She died two days before Christmas and three before her birthday. That year was difficult for me and it took many years before I could bring myself back to that joy.

I have been part of Blue Christmas remembrances for a few years now - the first of them at the funeral home in Kapuskasing. In recent years, I have been privileged to have been part of the Blue Christmas in Geraldton. This year was just that.

On Saturday, December 5th, the Blue Christmas service was held at St. James'/St. Andrew's Anglican/Presbyterian Church in Geraldton. In a newly painted sanctuary sat a tree ablaze with white lights and in the nave a table set with tea lights ready to be lit.

The service, although short, was filled with compassion and hope. Part way through the service, we were all invited to come up and light a candle in memory of a loved one. Social distancing protocols all

in place.

Being able to share the loss of a loved one, no matter the reason, is a way to healing and the service is one of those ways to help us all to heal. In a town isolated from so many, this is the only place that holds a Blue Christmas service and people come from other denominations to take part in it.

With the service healing begins and Christmas might not be so blue for those who have lost loved ones over this year.



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Materials may be sent
electronically to:

georgecribbs@yahoo.ca

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Diocese of Moosonee
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Closing the Parish continued from page 1.

demic shuttered our parish and others throughout the province for months. This was the death knell for our small but welcoming church. After much discussion and lots of heartbreak, the parishioners decided that it was time to close. The decision, oddly enough, was made on Thanksgiving Sunday and the Archbishop was notified. And so began the process of closing.

Rummaging through the cupboards, drawers, and filing cabinets is a herculean effort. The champion parishioners came in, dusted, sorted, placed on tables and any place that wasn't nailed down. The basement was prepared for the garage sale of all sales. Dishes and glasses, tables, and chairs and even stoves found new homes. Some things went to the cathedral where the parishioners will join in worship while other things may remain behind.

All the candles, linens, and communion ware had to be counted. Items were offered to various par-



Warden Catharine Cribbs of St. Paul's and Sue Steel, Organist at St. Matthew's Cathedral, participated in the garage sale held at St. Paul's.

ishes in the diocese and some have already new homes, while other things are waiting to find new homes. The organ is promised to the cathedral as have some of the communion ware and the paschal candle. The carillon also has a new home. It will be going to St. Mark's in Kapuskasing.

While all the bits and bobs are be-

ing tended to and offered to other parishes, the hardest part is the saying of goodbye to an old friend. For those devoted Anglicans of South Porcupine and area, it is a hard thing to leave their home.

It's easy to say that a church is not a building, it's the people but when the people of a parish are closing, it is

very hard. Even though I have only been part of this church for a short time, I know how they feel.

One of the most touching things in all of this is the resilience of the people of the parish. They have gone through all kinds of emotions as the closing of the parish loomed. There was disappointment, resignation, and heartbreak. Through it all, they have shown a dignity that I have been blessed to witness. Stoic to the very end, they will carry their love of God to St. Matthew's Cathedral with them.

This has not been an easy journey by any means. It has taken the determination of the people of this parish to accept what they knew had been coming for years and facing it head on. I admire them all for this and for the dedication they show to their faith as they will be welcomed by the people of St. Matthew's.

To the people of St. Paul's, I have been honoured and humbled to be your servant.



Guide our Thoughts; Guide our Words; Guide our Steps

Article by Archbishop Fred Hiltz, Assisting Bishop of Moosonee.

I AM WRITING THIS ARTICLE on the 26th anniversary of my ordination as a bishop in our beloved Church - January 18, 1995, The Feast of Peter's Confirmation that Jesus is The Christ, The Son of the Living God. Among the bishops who laid hands on me in prayer that evening was Caleb Lawrence, then Bishop of Moosonee. As many of you know, he was born and raised in Nova Scotia. And for many years our two dioceses were Companions in Prayer, remembering a parish in each others diocese every week.

I would never have imagined at that time that someday I would be the Assisting Bishop in Moosonee! But at the gracious invitation of Archbishop Anne Germond, here I am entering a second year in this role. I want you all to know that I am thoroughly enjoying the opportunity of working with Archbishop Anne. Her care of us all is so genuinely kind and wise, so grounded in the love of the Good Shepherd. I have enjoyed getting to know clergy and lay leaders throughout Moosonee. It is always a pleasure to speak with you by phone or by Zoom. I am deeply moved by your devotion in serving God's people. Your steadfastness as ministers of Word and Sacrament and Pastoral Care is exemplary.

It is a joy to share in Gospel-Based Discipleship as often as I can on Saturday mornings. What wonderful insights we hear from one another as we explore the Sunday Gospel reading. I long for the time when I can visit you in your parishes, to preside and preach and meet with Vestry. By the time we can do this - there will likely be hundreds waiting to be confirmed. I look forward to those wonderful moments. I am grateful too for the privilege of working with: our Executive Archdeacon Larry Armstrong, our Chief Financial Officer, Patricia Dorland, our Chancellor, Bryan Finlay, our Dean Valerie Isaac, our Regional Deans, Phelan Scanlon, and George Westgate, and our Mentor for Newly Ordained Clergy, Dianne Hilpert-McIllroy. Moosonee is indeed well served by the range of gifts for ministry across this spectrum of God's faithful servants.

When Archbishop Anne appointed me Assisting Bishop, she indicated that she would be designating 2020 as a 'Year of Holy Discernment' for Moosonee and wondered



Archbishop Fred Hiltz and Archbishop Anne Germond have been guiding the people of the Diocese of Moosonee for quite some time. They are shown here seeking input from the people of the diocese at the combined Great Chapters held at Val d'Or.

if I might provide some leadership in ensuring conversations throughout the diocese. I happily accepted that invitation.

The first task was to gather a few folk who would become a 'Working Group', representative of both deaneries and of indigenous and non-indigenous peoples. We designed a format for conversations at the Great Chapter gatherings, the James Bay Deanery scheduled for late February in Wemindji and the Watershed Deanery for early March in Cochrane.

One conversation was focused on our life as a diocesan family, the ministries for which we feel blessed and grateful, the challenges we are facing and the yearning of our hearts as we look to the future.

The other conversation focused on episcopal ministry, thinking about the nature of a bishop's ministry. The delights and challenges of being Bishop of Moosonee and models for the provision of episcopal ministry the Spirit might be calling us to explore were considered.

Participation in those conversations was lively and fruitful. Table group work produced piles of notes recorded on pages of flip chart paper. All of the feedback was compiled in a "Report to the Spring 2020 Meeting of Executive Council." It was anticipated that the DDWG [Acronym for: Diocesan Discernment Working Group] might be able to prepare some recommendations for

a diocesan gathering in the spring and a synod in November. But with the spread of COVID-19 it was clear these meetings would not be able to take place. It was then that the DDWG thought that it would be wonderful if every parish had an opportunity for a conversation of its own in the spirit of discerning the future into which God is calling us. Several members of our working group prepared an outline for those conversations. It was grounded in Gospel-Based Discipleship exploring texts from John's Gospel where Jesus is teaching about the ministry of the Holy Spirit guiding the community of believers and revealing things not yet known in the magnificence of God's intentions for our life together in Christ and witness

to his gospel. The format for those conversations is posted on our diocesan website.

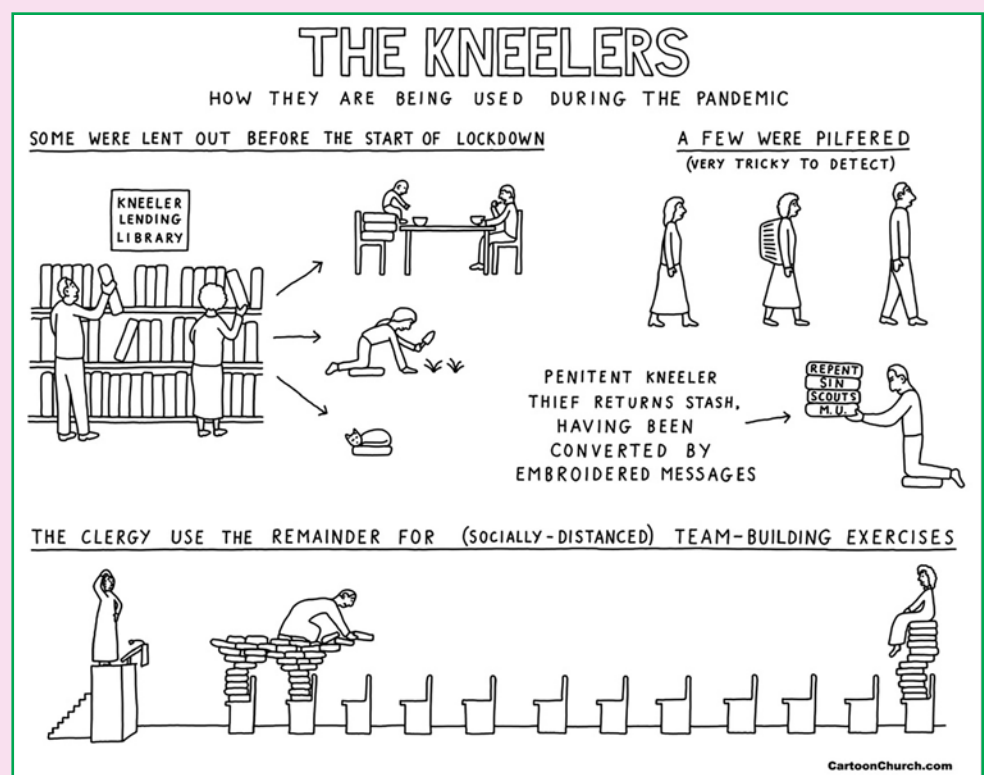
We asked for feedback from parishes by mid-November. Our capacity to meet in person was impeded by public measures to prevent the spread of COVID-19. Not able to meet in person, a few parishes were able to gather folks online. Others could not. The result was that we hears from only about half of the parishes. It is clear that if we are to hear from everyone, we might need to rely on the telephone - on conversations with individuals, couples or families on 'speaker phone.'

On behalf of DDWG, I appeal to every parish to make the effort to engage folks in this conversation and to send a report to Executive Archdeacon Larry by mid-March.

We thank you for taking up this invitation and assure you of our interest and our prayers.

My sense is that our 'Year of Discernment' will in all likelihood take us into 2022. That will be a big year for Moosonee as we celebrate our 150th anniversary! What better way to mark that milestone than to be giving thanks for the story of Moosonee and making decisions with respect to how we are poised for God's mission in our time and configured for ministry in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. As we make our way, let us pray:

"Your love, God of Creation be in our hearts. Your courage, God of Strength be in our spirits. Your guidance, God of Wisdom be in our consideration. Bless our struggling; bless our discernment; bless our paths. Guide our thoughts; guide our words; guide our steps." Amen.





Margaret Hoggett and Billie Rheault were two of the volunteers who prepared the Christmas tree for the annual Advent Eve community event held beside St. Paul's in South Porcupine.



Anne O'Connor held a candle at St. Paul's, South Porcupine, on Christmas Eve during the playing of 'Silent Night.'



Whilst decorating the church at St. Paul's it was noticed that the baby Jesus was missing so Katie Cribbs supplied one of her dolls to complete the nativity scene on Christmas Eve.



Dean Valerie Isaac of St. Paul's and Billie Rheault, President of the Porcupine Horticultural Society both enjoyed the joint venture between the church and the gardeners. They celebrated the coming of Advent by lighting a Christmas tree in the park beside the church building.

Diocese of Moosonee Activities



Tables, chairs, fridges, freezers, and stoves all had to leave the church for new homes both far and wide from St. Paul's in South Porcupine; most things departed during the parish's garage sale.



Contractors managed to dig an 8 ft. trench to connect the rectory at St. Paul's in South Porcupine to the City of Timmins' water line - for the first time since the rectory was built in 1984! Dean Valerie Isaac and her husband Ron can now have all the tea that they want.



Ron Isaac was one of four men who pulled and pushed a heavy, commercial level convection oven up the steep stairs at St. Paul's in South Porcupine. The oven was donated to Hope's Kitchen in North Bay to help them feed the homeless. Hope's Kitchen sometimes feeds two hundred people a day.

Our Bishop Writes:

Article by Archbishop Anne Germond, Bishop of Moosonee

DEAR FRIENDS IN CHRIST,

"Remember, O human that you are dust, and unto dust you shall return." (Ash Wednesday Liturgy, *Book of Alternative Services*, p.285) Many of you will remember these words and as ash cross being smudged onto your forehead at the start of the Lenten journey. This year might be an exception as we do not know whether we will be able to gather for public worship when Lent begins on February 17th.

Even if we do not have the physical sign of ashes marking the start of Lent, we will still be invited to "observe a holy Lent, by self examination, penitence, prayer, fasting and almsgiving, and by reading and meditating on the word of God." (BAS p. 282).

As I now reflect on those words about everything turning to dust, I find them jarring, certainly not words one wants to hear or be reminded of, especially as the COVID death count climbs daily. But they are words of truth that cannot be avoided, ignored or denied - we are all mortal. In the end, not even our death defying culture can get us out alive.

There's more bad news. The sad reality is that everything we own - the 'stuff' we spend years accumulating also ends up as dust and ashes. One of the benefits of last year's lockdown and this year's state of emergency is that I have finally had the time to go through closets and drawers and take stock of what we need and what needs to go.

I have taken trunk loads of our family's earthly treasures to the dump and bags and bags of clothes to Value Village. I ought to have taken heed of Jesus's words not to, "Lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume." (Matt. 6.19)

A former parishioner of mine who was moving from her home of decades into a nursing home ended up doing a similar thing. As loads of 'stuff' were carted out to her curb, she said, "Look at the final return on virtually every investment I have made in my life." Dust and ashes. These are what we see if we look ahead far enough and honestly enough into the future.

There is another word for us to reminded of this Lenten season as we consider our mortality, the



Archbishop Anne Germond, Bishop of Moosonee.

word "Remember." This is a word that is about our beginning and is a word that holds as much conviction for us as how we will end up.

"Remember that you are dust," is a reminder of the dust of our beginnings, the dust from which we came. That dust is not just a matter of chance and it is not without meaning. Our lives are gifts from God and the dust from which we came was moulded by the very hands of God, the potter and the weaver. We were God-breathed into existence; gazed upon by loving eyes at the moment of our creation before there was anything to see.

The Psalmist writes, "For it was you who formed my inward parts; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you for I am fearfully and wonderfully made ... your eyes beheld my unformed

substance. In your book were written all the days that were formed for me, when none of them as yet existed." (Psalm 139. 13, 14, 16)

The dust which we come from is holy dust - God given, God breathed, God cherished. The dust we shall return to is the same holy dust - God given, God breathed, God cherished.

By the time this letter is printed we might be midway through Lent and you might have forgotten about the holy dust on your forehead - especially if you did not receive any this year. As you read these words, remember the ashes of Wednesday and that dust was placed there in the form of the cross. When Jesus died on it, the cross was a symbol of shame, the electric chair or the hangman's rope of execution. But that cross has become the world's most powerful symbol of love. On the cross, Christ showed what God is really like - loving and compassionate. The cross of ashes reminds us that we have a connection with Christ's death on Good Friday and also his resurrection from the dead on Easter Sunday.

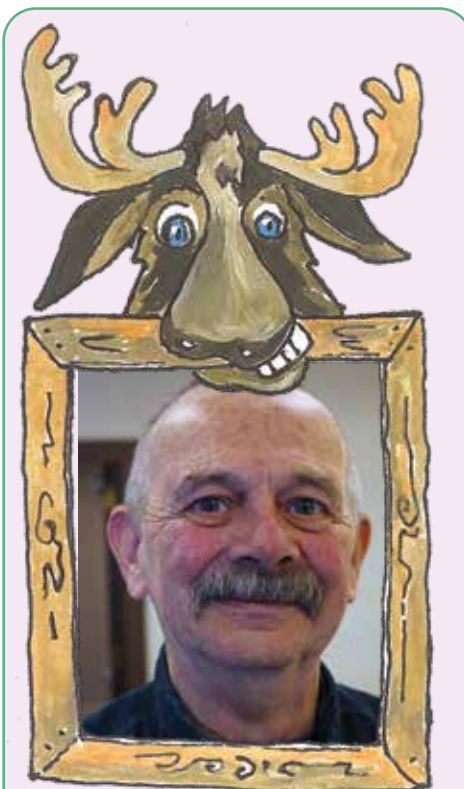
On the day of our baptism, we were signed with a cross on our foreheads and marked by the Holy Spirit as "Christ's own forever." In baptism, God claims us as God's own children and tells us that we are beloved. It's a reminder of the promise that, as we have risen from dust to this mortal life, so with Christ, we will rise from the dust of death to eternal life. Yes, to dust we shall return, but with Christ.

Dust and ashes are Good News: they point us toward the power and love of God - both at the beginning and at the end of our lives. And they remind us that, because of this Good News, we are called - as

we live between dust and dust - to repent and return to our risen Lord.

So, remember that you are dust - and rejoice. For God is with us - in the beginning, at the end, and even now as we live in this in between time.

In the peace of Christ, our life and our hope.



TWO MINUTE TALK: MARSHALL THOMPSON

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER-ON-THE-ROCK, KIRKLAND LAKE, ON

WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE NORTH: The people, and the country - fishing.

WHAT DON'T YOU LIKE ABOUT THE NORTH: Not much as I am an outdoors person.

YOUR BIRTHPLACE: Hamilton, Ontario.

WHAT'S THE FURTHEST YOU HAVE BEEN FROM HOME: Visiting family in England & Wales.

YOUR FAVOURITE HOBBY: My music.

YOUR FAVOURITE CHURCH ROLE: My music ministry.

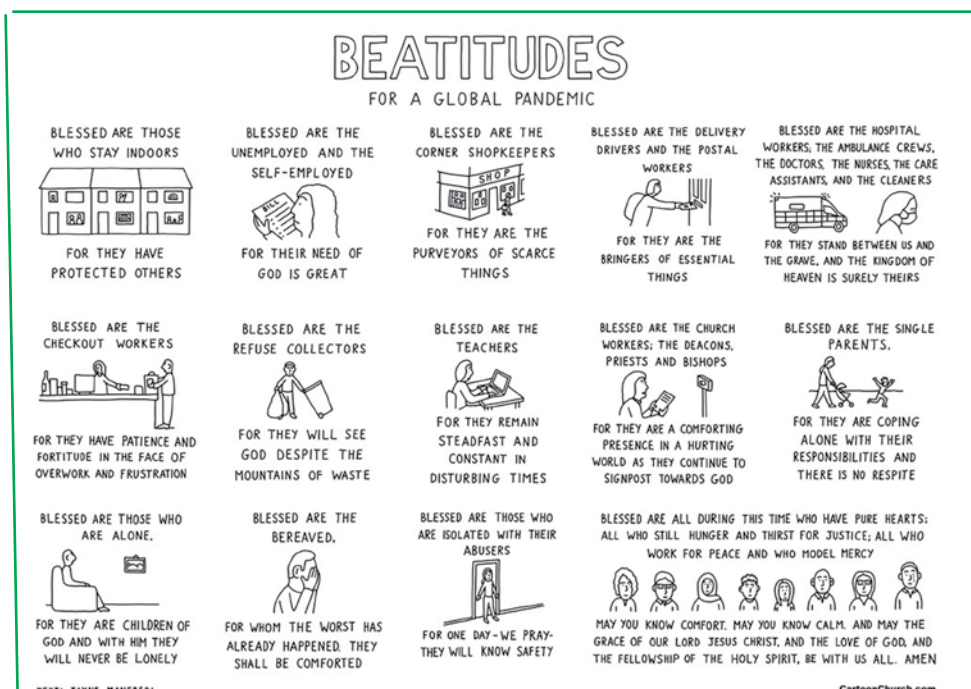
YOUR BIGGEST FEAR: The loss of my wife should she pass before me.

-YOUR FAVOURITE MEAL: Steak dinner.

YOUR FAVOURITE TEAM: Toronto Maple Leafs!

WHICH SECULAR JOB HAS BEEN YOUR FAVOURITE: Working on the snowmobile trails.

YOUR FAVOURITE BOOK OR MOVIE: Reach for the Sky (the Douglas Bader Story)



Wrecking the Rectory

Article by Bishop Tom Corston, Retired

TO MANY OF THE RESIDENTS of the town of Chapleau, even the faithful church-goers, it is just an old and increasingly deteriorating house. As evidence of its age and deterioration, an oil spill recently contaminated the basement and the ground underneath. Whenever there is an environmental episode such as an oil leak on a residential property, it is deemed a disaster that spirals downward causing untold damage and often resulting in the need to either renovate the building extensively or demolish it completely - costing huge amounts of money and sometimes displacing whole families. The old house on Pine Street known since its erection as the 'Anglican Rectory' and in recent years as the church's very popular second-hand store, is now at that sad point.

To be sure, the house is one of Chapleau's oldest and, at least at one point, most revered residences. It was built before the beginning of the last century and became immediately far more than a mere house. For many families it was 'home' and a most comfortable residence for Anglican clergy, their spouses and children. It was complete with a grand layout that contained: an entrance foyer, a living and dining room, a spacious kitchen and an office on the main floor. It contained three large bedrooms upstairs and one bedroom always reserved for the bishop or a special visiting guest. It was unique in that it also contained quarters at the rear of the house for domestic staff, a living room off the kitchen and two upstairs bedrooms and a small bath.

In the days before the installation of oil heat, the house was heated by wood, as was the church and most other homes in the little town in the early days. My father told us stories of he and his brothers hauling firewood for the buildings, a mammoth job they undertook along with, I am sure, boys of other faithful families of the day. Eventually, the gas lamps were replaced with electricity and each time a new parish priest arrived, the house would be updated and painted.

While the old rectory was provided for the local cleric and his family, at one point it became the Episcopal residence of the third Bishop of the Diocese of

Moosonee, George Holmes, who moved his cathedral from Moose Factory to Chapleau to be near the railroad and post and telegraph offices. Bishop Holmes and his family lived in the house from 1904 to 1913.

Each clergy family came to live in the house complete with their own baggage, both physical and emotional. Throughout its history some clergy families were open and welcoming and readily welcomed into the home all who called by. Being a railroad point, many a vagabond travelling the rails found a front door where a lunch would be readily prepared for them. In the day the parish boasted active young people's gatherings and sometimes the rectory would be a social centre for them as the clergy family hosted gatherings. Community ladies groups enjoyed a friendly cup of tea at the rectory. The anxious and troubled as well as business people of the town were encouraged to have a private time in the office for counselling and discussion.

At one point in its history, the church was not able to be used, for whatever reason, and the rector moved his whole congregation into the living and dining room for their Sunday worship. One well loved

priest came to Chapleau as a recent widower. The bishop suggested that the move might do him well, in his grief, to be in a different parish. Being alone, he lived his whole ministry in a corner of the living room with his chair, his books, and his radio next to him. He was no slouch though because it was during his tenure that he rallied the parish men to help dig out under the church and build a new parish hall. Previously, they had used the space in what today is the Legion Hall.

Not all residents of the house were welcoming. Some resident clergy were seriously troubled and some came with a sense of loneliness from their familiar surroundings to the little, northern community of railroaders and loggers that time to adjust to. It was often hard. As a boy, I remember one cleric who seemed to me to always be in a bad temper. To me, he seemed to be the policeman watching over the tennis court that sat beside the rectory. It was on the site of the first Anglican church and was a most popular place for the local tennis stars. But for young boys climbing over the fence, the local priest was a formidable, angry, and even frightening figure.

Actually, it was not always their rectory family who were troubled

but also parishioners could cause undue angst. If the rectory family had too many lights on in the evening, some would complain that they were wasting hydro. In one case the family owned half a dozen cats and a dog and people didn't appreciate the house full of animals. If the rectory children left their toys and bicycles on the front lawn, someone would surely complain about it. The house was a focal point in the area and nothing much was missed by the townspeople.

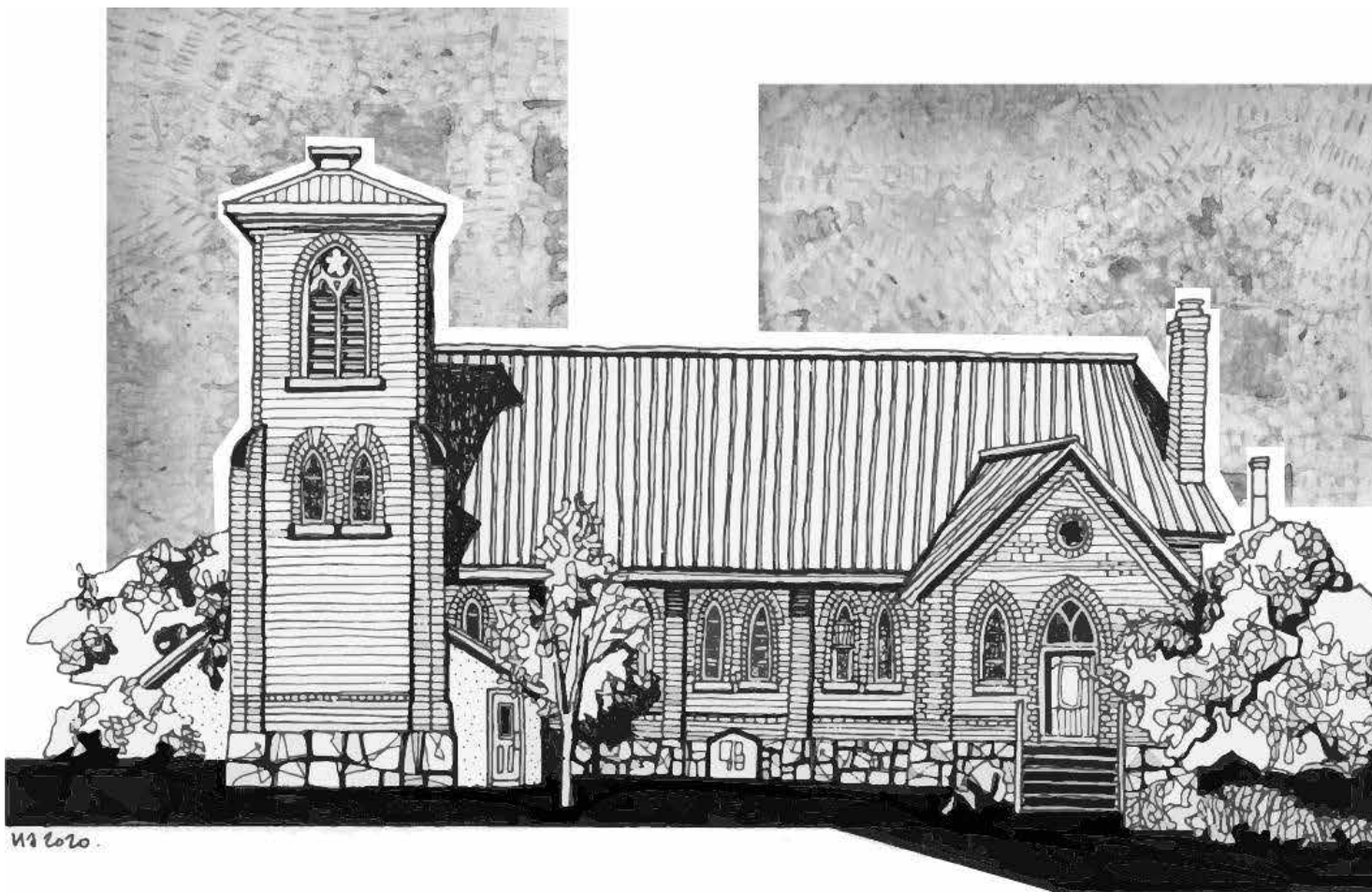
With the downturn of active congregations around the world, Chapleau has not been untouched. Eventually, it was no longer affordable to place a clergy person in the old rectory to minister to Chapleau's Anglicans on a full time basis. As a result, the rectory was left empty. For the last few years it became the home of the second hand store operated by the Anglican Church Women's group of the parish, who still provide the service to the community. So popular has been the store that every room in the house has been literally chucked full of merchandise.

An oil leak now brings it all to an end. It must be remembered that it was once a much loved home to many whom we welcomed into our midst.



The Anglican rectory associated with St. John's Church, Chapleau had to be demolished.





DIOCESAN CHURCHES: St. John's Chapleau was constructed in 1906. The building accommodates multiple uses as a place of worship, community hub, and a licenced restaurant in the basement. Illustration: Nicola Alexander @na.drawingstudio

A New Year: So What's New?

Article by Canon Phelan Scanlon, St. Stephen's Church, Constance Lake First Nation, St. Matthew's/St. Paul's, Hearst, and St. Luke's Church, Hornepayne, ON.

FOR MANY YEARS, I have been the Ebenezer Scrooge of New Year's. "It is humbug!", I would cry aloud whenever someone scoured me with the January greeting. I always had deep and complex reasons for not observing New Year's. In a society that is superficial and prone to falling into line with convention, my thoughts on New Year's were seldom appreciated. But I have stuck with them ... until this year. More on that later.

Why have I given New Year's such short shrift? Simple. It is meaningless. It is simply the turn of a page on a calendar. You change the number every year. So what? It seems that the new year is nothing but the same old year with a new number at the end. And it's kind of predictable: last year was 2020, this year is 2021, next year will be 2022 ... hey! It goes up every twelve months by an integer of one! There's a pattern here. And I bet that the year after will be 2023. For most of my life I have been unable to conceive of a more pedantic, pointless, or puerile event to celebrate. I used to think that New Year's would be more fun to observe if the year were unpredictable. That is, what if we had a draw every year to determine which year we would be in? I can just see some guy in Geneva



A traditional view of New Year or 'Humbug'? Oh, What the Dickens!

pulling a number from a hat and announcing to cheering crowds: "and this year will be Thirteen Hundred and Forty-Seven!" We would have to read up on the styles and economic conditions in order to get through the year. It would cause havoc in the fashion salons of Paris ('where's my outer garment doublet?'). And, just think, if the year 1967 were chosen again .. the Leafs would once again be sure to win the cup!

As a teenager, I noticed that New Year's was a big event in the Soviet Union. I thought about that. Why is New Year's so big in the USSR? Well, in a communist county, one cannot celebrate the incarnation, nor can one observe (without disapproval) Christian Holy Days which actually mean something, such as



Canon Phelan Scanlon

Easter and All Saints. So what's left? The one holiday that no one really minds, the holiday with no controversy, the holiday which stands for nothing other than an arbitrary measurement on a calendar: New Year's. People celebrate New Year's because it has no controversy (with apologies to the adherents of other calendars like the Chinese, Jewish, Balinese, Muslim time maps). You don't need to worry about political correctness nor do you have to ask yourself, "is it okay to say the name of this holiday, or should I just say 'Seasons Greetings' to avoid someone's sensibilities?" Everyone can enjoy the same flimsy excuse for a party without having to give a thought to New Year's since it is fatuous and shallow. Couple this with the fact that New Year's falls

during the Christmas Season and during a time when many important Holy Days are ignored in deference to New Year's and you may have some slight understanding of my reticence to wear a hat and play with a party favour on December 31st. It was humbug. Until this year.

This past year, 2020, was so difficult that I now know what people have been trying to tell me for decades. New Year's is not about the new year. It is about *Revelation* 21:5 in which Christ says, "*Behold I make all things new!*" A calendar can do nothing. Christ can do anything. Christ alone can make all things new. Therefore, when people wish us a Happy New Year, what they are really saying (in a Christian sense) is: "*May you look to God alone for hope. May you focus on Christ who alone has the power to make us new. Newness is possible but only with God.*" When we look at the New Year, we are not considering a space in time or an orbit of the earth. Instead, we are reminding ourselves that God can restore all things in Christ. The new heaven and the new earth are within God's power to provide. Our lives shall be made new in the resurrection, our sins washed clean anew by the revealed Grace of God. In 2021, we will have many of the same issues we had in the awful 2020 ... for a time. But let us consider the New Year to be an object lesson in Christian hope because to wish a Happy New Year is to take a risk of faith. Yes, the New Year can be better ... but only because God provides it and dwells within it and in us.

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THE ANGLICAN
FOUNDATION
OF CANADA
thanks you for your
generosity during the
very challenging
days of 2020,
and we all wish you
a very Happy New Year.

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