

Newsletter of the

## *Church of the Advent*

*Anglican Parish of Colwood and Langford*

AFFIX LABEL HERE

# OUR ADVENTURE

**Easter 2011**

**Issue #44**

## UP FRONT

*Rev. Ken Gray*

What a great adventure we have had these past few weeks. In an effort to reach out to our local community, with a desire to engage some stories of our faith in a dynamic way, to connect with our young people and provide fun and meaningful educational activities, and finally to involve as many parishioners as possible, we have had a wonderful adventure as we now celebrate the resurrection of our Lord.



God's Great Adventure began at the **Garden of Eden** as lush foliage combined with running water, a painted set, a live Adam and Eve (with country music accompaniment) and a sports day. In church we considered our origin stories and many of us presented our passports for validation on this our first destination.



validation on this our first destination.

In week 2 we experienced the sights and sounds of Noah, the Ark and the great flood. Many parishioner contributed to the contents of the ark. The children

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*Our Adventure magazine is shared with all those found on our parish list, with our "affiliate" members who may have moved away or who retain a special interest in our activity and ministry, with newcomers, with guests, and with anyone you suggest would like a copy. Thanks for taking the time to read and enjoy this snapshot of our parish life.*

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acted out a flannel graph and designed a lovely rainbow. Everyone toured the ark and experienced the close quarters, complete with stuffies in cages. In church we reflected on the collision between covenant and calamity and admired the faithfulness of Noah and his family. Oh yes, we blessed the pets, lots of pets.

Our third station took us out into the desert with the wandering Israelite community. Bread in wilderness provided an opportunity to cherish our dependence on God, who promises daily



bread in the Lord's prayer and elsewhere. We were blessed with wonderful baking from bakers of all ages. We departed full of both stomach and Spirit.

On Week 4 we reviewed afresh the Ten Commandments given to Moses on Mount Sinai. In church we reviewed the purpose and limits

of law and heard an amazing story (reprinted elsewhere in this newsletter). And the children attacked the rear wall of the church which was re-designed for the day as a climbing wall. We wanted to give an experience of altitude.



Following the mountain climbing experience we moved on to the city of Jerusalem during the time of King Solomon, the third King of Israel who built in his day a huge temple. We took his lead and built our own version of this ancient temple. The chapel became huge in perspective if not in size. Our young people led tours through the facility which was adorned with gold, angels and tradition.



Finally as I write these words we are transforming the loft above the chapel into the Upper Room where Jesus met with his disciples the night he was betrayed and arrested. In an area where we store 'stuff' we will on Sunday reflect on the stuff of the Eucharist, the central and sacred meal for all Christians.

Our adventure will take us to one final place, on Easter Sunday as we will walk into church and behold the garden tomb with the stone rolled away. The image speaks loudly and for itself. He is risen. Alleluia.

Thanks to all who put so much effort into this very dynamic programme. Special thanks to Ed Robinson whose industry and creativity were stretched even beyond my imagination. Also to Jose, Bob B., Neil, the church school staff and

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to everyone who contributed items and ideas and encouragement. It was truly a group project.

## **Always Up for a Challenge—A Biography of Pat Leonard**

*Written by Monica Gurzinski*

Pat Leonard was born Patricia Anderton in Bournemouth, England in 1935. With her parents (both from Lancashire) and her brother John (7 years older than Pat), they lived in the country. Dad managed the gas company and the family lived in the gasworks house where there was no electricity and everything was run by coal gas. Each day, her dad sat her on the cross bar of his bicycle and rode her to the school which was run by the Church of England. In fact, her dad rode everywhere on his bicycle as they didn't have a car. Pat felt quite isolated living out in the country so far from the village and school and being surrounded by essentially 3 adults since her brother was so much older than her. (It was at this time that Pat decided that she wanted a large family with at least 6 children).

She always enjoyed Fridays as it was pay day and her dad always came home wearing his overalls and Pat had to search all his pockets for the chocolate that he had hidden there. Her father's work was deemed essential service so he didn't have to

go into the armed forces but Pat remembers many days and nights spent in the air raid shelters.

In 1947, the family decided to emigrate to Canada. They decided to go to Vancouver as Pat's mom had 3 aunts who lived there and their letters were filled with all the reasons they should move there. They boarded the troop ship SS Aquitania and spent 4 days crossing to Halifax. Pat remembers that there were 40 women and 20 children in her cabin while all the men were on the deck below.

In Halifax, they caught the train to Vancouver and Pat was stunned to see how big Canada was. The family settled in Steveston with the aunts and uncles (12 in all were sharing the house). Pat had done well in her schooling in England, and in Canada, they put her 2 grades ahead so she was only 12 years old but already in grade 9. She remembers that first year as "the worst year of her life" because she was so much younger than her classmates. Having worn a uniform at her previous schools, she did not have adequate clothes for schooling in Canada and she felt very out of place. Fortunately all was not lost as she met 4 wonderful girls with whom she remained friends for life. Pat graduated at 16 and rather than go straight to university, she decided to find work and make a bit of money. She worked at BC Tel as a long

distance operator and during this time, she also met Stan Leonard at a square dance. They were married in 1954. Stan was a manager for Woolworth's and during their married life, his job took them all over the province and as far as Brantford Ontario.

In 1956, their first daughter Sharon was born and she was followed by Michael (1957), Alan (1960), Linda (1963) and Maureen (1965). Pat had certainly achieved her desire for a large family.

Pat was kept very busy at home with the children but when her marriage dissolved in 1973, she also had to find work outside the home. Once again, she worked for BC Tel and after receiving her Business Management Certificate from night school, she became a fulltime Customer Service Supervisor at BC Tel. Never idle, Pat was also involved with the Girl Guides as a leader and treasurer and she also sang in the choir at St. Stephen's Church in Burnaby.



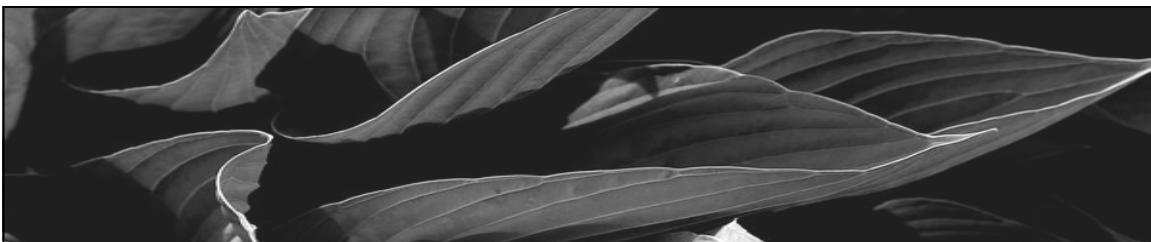
It was there that Pat met Paul Batryn (late parishioner of COTA) and his wife Ann. After Paul's wife succumbed to cancer, Pat and Paul remained good friends and once retired, they shared many wonderful travelling experiences to China , Russia, the Middle East, Morocco, Spain and Portugal, and South America.

Once her children were grown and had lives of their own, Pat decided to make changes to her own life. She sold her townhouse in Burnaby and moved to Victoria (she figures that she's moved at least 20 times in her life). Family has always meant everything to Pat and living on the island means that she's close to her 3 daughters and a short ferry ride from her sons who live in Vancouver. Pat has 13 grandchildren ranging from 7 to 24 years old and she's very close to all of them.

Since moving to Victoria, Pat has become quite involved in church life at Church of the Advent where her daughter Maureen also attends. For the past 5 years, Pat has been invaluable to Ken and the office staff as she looks after all the room rentals at the church. With numerous user groups and 6 potential meeting spaces, Pat is kept busy with this demanding job.

Other parish activities include being a member of Parish Council, singing with Adventus, participating in the monthly communion service at the Priory, vice president for the Ladies Guild and organizer of the garage sale for the past 2 years. In the community, Pat sings with the Melodears who perform at care homes throughout Victoria. She stays active with the local newcomer's chapter which has groups that meet for walks or games of canasta and Mah Jong.

She loves walking, playing cards and games, knitting, crafts, camping, geocaching, as well as house and pet sitting. She hasn't lost the travelling bug and she still looks forward to her trips albeit without her good friend Paul who died last year. Pat continues to live her life to the fullest with her family always as her #1 priority.



## Paraprosdokian Sentences

A 'Paraprosdokian' is a figure of speech in which the latter part of a sentence or phrase is surprising or unexpected; frequently used in a humorous situation.

- ☺ I asked God for a bike, but I know God doesn't work that way. So I stole a bike and asked for forgiveness.
- ☺ Do not argue with an idiot. He will drag you down to his level and beat you with experience.
- ☺ I want to die peacefully in my sleep, like my grandfather. Not screaming and yelling like the passengers in his car.
  - ☺ The last thing I want to do is hurt you. But it's still on the list.
  - ☺ If I agreed with you we'd both be wrong.
  - ☺ We never really grow up, we only learn how to act in public.
- ☺ Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit; Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.
- ☺ The early bird might get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.
- ☺ Evening news is where they begin with 'Good evening', and then proceed to tell you why it isn't.
- ☺ To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research.
- ☺ How is it one careless match can start a forest fire, but it takes a whole box to start a campfire?
  - ☺ Dolphins are so smart that within a few weeks of captivity, they can train people to stand on the very edge of the pool and throw them fish.
  - ☺ I thought I wanted a career, turns out I just wanted pay checks.

☺ Whenever I fill out an application, in the part that says "If an emergency, notify:" I put "DOCTOR".

☺ I didn't say it was your fault, I said I was blaming you.

☺ Women will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street with a bald head and a beer gut, and still think they are sexy.

## **Elizabeth Bennett: When Faith and Law Collide**

*Written by Skip Triplett*

Elizabeth Bennett's life journey began in Venezuela. Her father was in the oil industry and her parents "followed the oil". She grew up in many places and even lived in Libya for a time. However, in the interest of reliable schooling, the family eventually moved back to the United States of America and lived mostly in Florida where they were members of the Episcopalian Church.

Her interests took her to the study and practice of law and it was in that profession that she met and married her husband, Bill Geimer.

It was also the profession of law that brought her to the first real test of her Christian faith. She and her husband were, as attorneys, experts in

American death penalty law and their careers centred on representing people who had been sentenced to death with the aim of sparing their lives. This work was frustrating, soul wrenching and often calamitous.

In 1988, early in their practice of this difficult and stressful work, Elizabeth and Bill visited Victoria and were struck by its natural beauty and, perhaps more importantly, by the cultural freshness of Canada: no death penalty, universal health care, and a host of other humanitarian attributes.



After purchasing a home in 1993, they returned to Victoria in 1997 in anticipation of retiring in Canada.

Meanwhile, back in the USA, a client's life journey was approaching an unnatural end. Elizabeth and Bill were representing Ron, a gentleman incarcerated for a death penalty crime. He really was a gentleman. Elizabeth had watched him transform as his faith grew in his confinement. He had become "like a brother" to her.

Even the most hardened of the prison guards had come to respect Ron because he made their jobs much easier. He had become a man of peace and a conciliator. He often managed to help other prisoners find peaceful solutions to their disputes. The guards did not want his life taken from him and his talents taken from them.

The idea that this man's life was going to be forfeit in her name and in the name of all the State's citizens and taxpayers caused great anguish for Elizabeth. She could not reconcile it with her values - or with her faith.

Jesus had been executed in another time, by another state, in the name of another people, and she could not believe that executions would sit well with him.

She was in Victoria, closing the purchase of the retirement home when she got word that Ron, her friend, was to be executed. He was removed from this life on 25 March 1998. In that moment of anguish she determined not to return to the United States of America and she did not.

She was shaken, fragile, and consumed with questions of faith and morality. During this devastating time a husband and wife team from St. Saviour's in Victoria West stayed with her. They were with her on that worst of nights when she would otherwise have been alone ... her husband was with Ron.

The kindness and caring of that Anglican couple strengthened and reinforced her faith. She began to understand that times of deep trouble and confusion are times when one turns to one's faith, and not times when one turns away from it. This terrible time confirmed for her that she really believes the words she speaks each Sunday morning in the company of friends, neighbors and God.

## **Computer Lingo**

The computer swallowed grandpa.  
Yes, honestly it's true!  
He pressed 'control and 'enter'  
And disappeared from view.  
It devoured him completely,  
The thought just makes me squirm.  
he must have caught a virus  
Or been eaten by a worm.  
I've searched through the recycle bin  
And files of every kind;  
I've even used the Internet,  
But nothing did I find.  
In desperation, I asked Jeeves  
My searches to refine.  
The reply from him was negative,  
Not a thing was found 'online.'  
So, if inside your 'Inbox,'  
My Grandpa you should see,  
Please 'Copy, Scan' and 'Paste' him  
And send him back to me.

## **Chilkoot Traveler: The Story of Mike Piddington**

*Written by Garry Olmstead*

Michael Piddington was born in Esquimalt in 1928, the eighth., of nine children. His early life was pleasant, living in Esquimalt in the winter and in Shawnigan Lake during the summer. However there were clouds on the horizon, the stock market crash of 1929 affected his father's fortunes. This was followed by the Depression which further depleted the family resources. Michael and his

sisters were enrolled in a private school but in grade 3 had to transfer to a public school. He initially had difficulty fitting in because he wasn't used to the rough and tumble boys. Reflecting on this loss later, Michael was glad that he didn't remain rich and conceited.

At this early age with all the events happening around him, he felt that God loved him. This faith stayed with him for life. His confirmation led to a maturing and deepening of his faith. When he was 16 the family moved permanently to their Shawnigan Lake home where he attended Shawnigan Lake School and later graduated. He then undertook a series of jobs to raise money for his college education. He entered Royal Roads military college in 1948 and transferred to Kingston military college where he graduated in 1952.

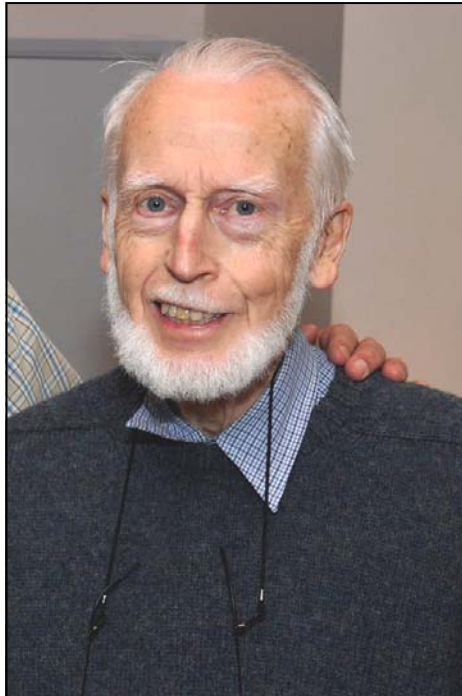
Not wishing to follow a military career he left the military and enrolled in Wycliffe College in the University of Toronto, an evangelical theological seminary, seeking to become an ordained minister. It was during this time that he met his future wife Patricia Douglass. He and Pat dated for some time. In 1955 after ordination he was sent to Split Lake in northern Manitoba, which was centered on an Aboriginal Reserve. This was an enjoyable time for Michael, a simple way of living. He

experienced many novel modes of transportation including dog sled, 18' freight canoes and barges. He and Pat had continued to write and decided in 1955 to marry the next year. They both enjoyed Split Lake, although Michael was quite busy with parish life, the pace allowed them to enjoy their early years of marriage.

Pat became pregnant and when complications arose she was taken to The Pas in northern Manitoba and eventually flown to Toronto where their son Peter was born. In 1960 the Bishop sent Michael to Sioux Lookout in Northern Western Ontario. They were there for two years; subsequently, they were sent to Fort Alexander.

Fort Alexander once again was centered on an Aboriginal Reserve which was located 70 miles north east of Winnipeg. There were four churches, each of which Michael would visit using his 16mm movies and giving religious instruction. Fort Alexander presented new problems possibly because of the relative

closeness to an urban center (Winnipeg). The reserve had a drinking problem which was difficult to deal with. The starting of an AA program helped and had some success. Michael and Pat remained there for 5 years, by this time the family had grown to six with the adoption of a boy Geoff and two girls Sandy and Emily.



In 1967 they made their first BC move to Merritt in the interior. Merritt included a split responsibility with the parish church in Merritt and the surrounding aboriginal churches. Limited attendance at the aboriginal churches was a problem. Despite

Michael's efforts this would remain a problem throughout their eight year stay. Pat became involved in the working of the parish. She had a real ability to work with people. She would become involved if asked and then step back when things went well. Despite its challenges, Merritt had many positive experiences and both Pat and Michael enjoyed their stay.

In 1975 the family moved to Prince

George. Michael took up the position of assistant priest. His duties included many home visits which he liked very much. It was a busy parish with many challenges. Pat attended community college and took courses in fine arts. She continued her involvement in parish life as they finished their four year assignment.

Finally in 1979 Michael returned to Vancouver Island when he was appointed priest of the Sooke parish. Both he and Pat enjoyed their stay in Sooke. Once again Michael was busy with services, bible study and the general health of the parish. Pat became involved in parish life and made a major contribution to its well being. During the time they were in Sooke, Pat attended the University of Victoria and earned her Bachelor of Arts degree. They remained in Sooke for ten years until 1990, when Michael was appointed rector of St. Paul's in Esquimalt. Michael had come full circle.

St. Paul's was like coming home for Michael, it was his final permanent church appointment. Michael and Pat spent four years in the parish, they made a good team. Michael and Pat retired to his beloved Shawnigan Lake in 1994.

Throughout his career Michael pursued his calling with the satisfaction of a job well done. He was

happy when he retired feeling that he had made his contribution to the church, but he needed a rest. At home in Shawnigan Lake, he was able to bike and hike with his group and enjoy his chain saw.

In 1997 Pat became ill with cancer. She accepted her illness with grace and dignity. Towards the end of her illness she was comforted by palliative care nurses who helped the family as well as the patient. Pat was in a coma, the nurse told Michael that she only had a few minutes to live. When Michael finished the prayer of commendation she quietly slipped away. The family was grief stricken. Now alone, Michael enjoyed the solitude of Shawnigan Lake. He liked being out in the wild by himself where he could think and mull over situations. Later in 1997 he completed the Chilkoot Trail.

In 2010 Michael settled his affairs in Shawnigan Lake and moved to Victoria and took up residence at Alexander Mackie Lodge. His health remains good and he has had a wonderful life.

He enjoys the Church of the Advent, meeting new people and the services. He looks forward to a long and productive association. As always helping others and being involved.

## Your New Parish Council

*At the first meeting of the new Parish Council, we asked members the following question. "When do you feel most childlike?" Here are their responses:*



**Skip Triplett**

*When I'm with my grandchildren*



**Pat Leonard**

*When I'm at church camp*



**Donna Brandle**

*When I am dancing with my grandchildren*



**Dianne Langdon**

*When it first snows—I love playing in it! Don't like the shoveling though*



**Elizabeth Bennett**

*When I'm in the kitchen—cooking evokes memories*



**Lydia French**

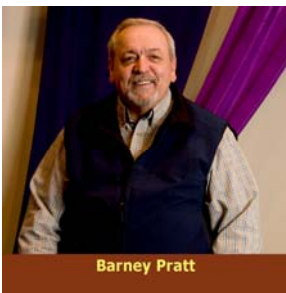
*At the sight of a gentle snowfall on Christmas Eve*



**José Pereña Pratt**  
*Building sandcastles at the beach*



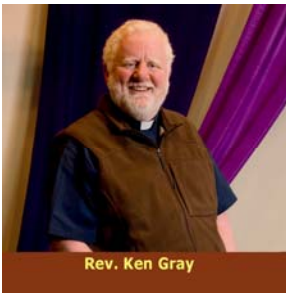
**Tytti Smith**  
*When I am crafting and when I get together with my sisters*



**Barney Pratt**  
*When I am on the beach with my grandson or other children*



**Vincent Eisenhauer**  
*When I play with my two children Grace and McQuin*



**Rev. Ken Gray**  
*When I shut the bathroom door, I pretend that the toilet paper and toothpaste are spaceships*



**Sheila Bull**  
*When I'm playing games with my grandchildren*



**Gowan Armstrong**  
*When doing my job as treasurer (no, actually when running with my dog).*

**Aha! Now we know what happened!! It seems that  
God has a sense of humour!!**

On the sixth day God turned to the Archangel Gabriel and said,  
"Today I am going to create a land called Canada .

It will be a land of outstanding natural beauty.

It shall have tall majestic mountains  
full of mountain goats and eagles,  
beautiful sparkling lakes bountiful with bass and trout,  
forests full of elk and moose,  
high cliffs over-looking sandy beaches  
with an abundance of sea life, and rivers stocked with salmon."

God continued,  
"I shall make the land rich in resources  
so as to make the inhabitants prosper,  
I shall call these inhabitants Canadians,  
and they shall be known as the most friendly people on the earth."

"But Lord," asked Gabriel,  
"don't you think you are being too generous to these Canadians??"

"Not really," replied God.  
"Just wait and see the winters I am going to give them!

## **The Festival of Friends**

*Written by Skip Triplett*

The Festival of Friends was developed in response to comments from some parishioners who wanted to see the Church of the Advent more involved with outreach activities – in particular, outreach activities aimed at alleviating the affects of homelessness and poverty.

Through discussions with diocesan clergy, municipal politicians, social workers

and parishioners experienced in working with the less fortunate, we determined that it would be very difficult to address the needs of the Western Communities' homeless population because of our location. Bus service to our front door, or any stop within walking distance, is too infrequent. Also, the homeless population in the Western Communities is scattered and therefore challenging to inform about any services we might provide.

However, it appeared that we might be able to reach out to the working poor and the lonely by offering them meals and fellowship at no cost to them.

We thought that we would start with dinners once each quarter, with an intention of increasing these to monthly dinners if they became successful, and if we were able to get enough volunteers to set-up, cook, serve, host and clean up after dinner.

Our first "Festival of Friends" took place in late October 2010 and was advertised by giving the Food Bank and other local agencies posters and complimentary tickets to hand out. We attracted only seven guests but they enjoyed the experience and most gave us contact information so that we

could remind them of the next event.

One guest arrived at our door very apologetic because he had lost his ticket and wondered if he could attend without it. This caused us to question how many others might have lost their tickets or thought that they needed a separate ticket for each of their family members or friends. As a result we



changed our approach for the next dinner, which took place in mid-January.

For our January dinner we called the October guests who left contact information and asked them to spread the word. We also dropped posters off at the Food Bank, at the Sooke Road Work-Link office and at two subsidized/low-rental housing complexes. We discarded the complimentary ticket idea. Twenty-one guests attended our dinner and,

again, most left us contact information. For our March dinner, we followed January's successful routine. We contacted all our previous guests, distributed posters – adding the Work-Link location on Goldstream – and anticipated a larger turnout. Eight guests attended.

Perhaps the low turnout was due, in part at least, to the weather. The day of the dinner was the first spring-like day of 2011 and folks may have opted to spend it out-of-doors - too far away to make it to the Church for 5 PM.

Nevertheless, all volunteers and guests enjoyed the food and fellowship and some of our volunteers remarked that the evenings are a welcome opportunity to get together. We were also successful in that one of the guests has become a regular parishioner.

We plan to reassess this event over the spring and summer with a view to attracting more guests. One idea is to hold a free BBQ in the fall with announcements in local media, notices in many of the locations where we distribute Jazz Vespers posters and flyers distributed door-to-door in our closest neighborhood.

One concern with this approach is that this might attract people who don't really need the meal or the fellowship. On the other hand, why would people who were not in need of one or the

other come?

The Church would value your thoughts. If you have ideas please share them with the Rector, a Parish Council member, or the office.



## **Newcomer News**

### *Our Adventure Staff*

*A newcomer to the Church of the Advent, Gabriel first made his appearance last fall, shortly before Christmas. Our original plan was to include him in the recently published parish photo directory, but the publisher did not take our suggestion seriously.*

Sooooo . . . we decided to include both a photograph and an interview with our new “*Sunday Morning 10 a.m. friend*”. Here is the text of the conversation:

**Our Adventure** So Gabriel, tell us how you found your way to the Church of the Advent?

**Gabriel** I looked on the website for directions, and found them easily. That’s a wonderful website you know, lots of information, lots of pictures . . .

**Our Adventure** Ah, sorry, I didn’t mean that literally. I meant why have you suddenly appeared in our congregation?

**Gabriel** Because I was invited. You know that’s how most people end up in church, someone invites them to come. They don’t sit at home and say “I won’t come to church today because the Queen of Sheba is visiting.” I say “come along to church with me.”

**Our Adventure** Ah, yes, you’re right. Well, here’s another



question. You always come with Kathie. How come, like, is she your mother or something?

**Gabriel** That's simple, I don't want to come with Ken. I mean, really he's a wonderful man, very spiritual, VERY spiritual, but he can be a bit of a pessimist. Now Kathie . . . she's the FUN one, and I do mean Fun, Fun, Fun.

**Our Adventure** So Gabriel, are you a family man; do you live with the Grays?

**Gabriel** Yes I do, I live at 409 Tipton Ave. in Colwood, which is near the rock pit, where some say I was born. This isn't true of course. I live with Cleo and Marly, the Gray family dogs, and the cats too, Peanut and Sesame. Never a dull moment at that house. You see, they're all activists, protesting about this and that and everything. They actually like politics, which is why I came out to the federal election forum. Huh, some party!! NOT!

**Our Adventure** One final question then, are you a faithful puppet?

**Gabriel** Well, seriously, that could be interpreted in many ways. But yes, I am a faith-full puppet. I am aware of God beside me at all times. I don't show it the same way that Kathie and Ken might, but I KNOW there's something, and someone out there, who makes things tick, and makes me tick. Someone said, sometime that "I think, therefore I am." I say "I live, therefore I love." Now, what did you want to talk about anyway?

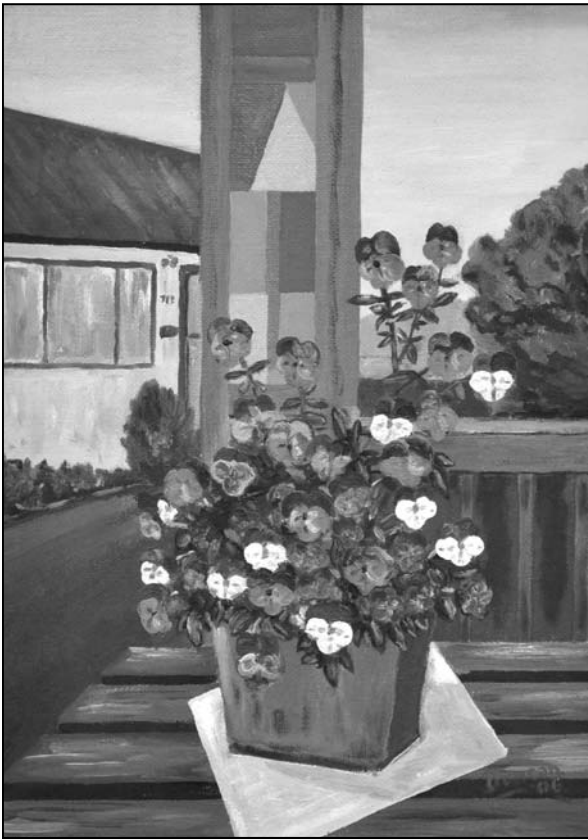


## **Soli Deo Gloria**

*For the Glory of God Alone: Parishioner Art at the Church of the Advent*

These three words summarized for the reformation church of Luther, Zwingli and others the priority God held in all of life. In their view the church had usurped God's rightful presence and place. J. S. Bach used this ascription in writing over two hundred church cantatas. So we are in good stead taking the phrase for our first Parishioner Art Show.

Joining with our prayers, praises and reflections may our art express god's beauty and provoke God's presence in our building and community.



VIOLAS Duncan Forbes



ELEMENTS Margaret Roberts



# JAZZ VESPERS

Anglican Church of the  
Advent in Colwood

*Where Music  
and Spirit Meet*

on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of each  
month @ 7 p.m.

April 17

***Patrick Boyle, Trumpet***

*with Rob Ahad on piano and Brian Anderson on Bass*

May 15

***Dynamic Duo***

***Adrian Dolan with Marc Atkinson***

*Our amazing 6<sup>th</sup> season closer*

*David Enns – Jazz Coordinator*

*Ken Gray – Spiritual Director*

[www.colwoodanglican.ca/JazzVespers](http://www.colwoodanglican.ca/JazzVespers)