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ANGLICAN ORDINARIATE FOR THE CANADIAN FORCES

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Bulletin/Volume 10, No.1 **Holy Week and Easter 2013**

BISHOP ORDINARY TO THE FORCES
The Right Reverend Peter Coffin STB, MA, DD

COMREL ON CRETE

LCdr Andrew Cooke, currently serving with the US Navy in the Mediterranean, was on the frigate *USS Nicholas* when she stopped at Souda Bay at Crete earlier this year. On February 9th, members of the ship's company visited the Chania Boy's Home which cares for boys from the ages of six to seventeen who come from a variety of problematic home and family environments.

Fifteen participants from the *Nicholas* put in a solid morning's interaction with the boys. The sailors presented the boys with new basketballs and soccer balls, which were tested in some vigorous games.

The balls were a gift of the 1st Class Petty Officer's association, and pizza and soda for lunch were provided by the Chief's mess. The sailors' visit was warmly received by the boys.

ARCHDEACONS

Col the Ven J. Fletcher, CD

BGen the Ven Dr K. R. McLean, CD, HCG

CANONS

Col the Rev'd Canon N. Shaw, CD
CANON TREASURER

LCol the Rev'd Canon G. Thorne, MMM, CD
CANON RESERVIST

Cdr the Rev'd Canon J. Wilcox, CD
CANON SECRETARY

LCol the Rev'd Canon M. L. Staples, CD
CANON RECRUITER

LCdr (ret.) the Rev'd Canon D. M.
Greenwood, CD
HONORARY CANON

Cdr (ret.) the Rev'd Canon B. D. Park, CD
HONORARY CANON



**Andrew Cooke with crew members of USS
Nicholas and friends from Chania Boys' Home.**

This Bullenn, for the Anglican Ordinariate of the Canadian Forces, is an informal document for the members of the Clericus. Its purpose is to provide the membership a means of communication and an expression of our fellowship. It is issued under the jurisdiction of the Bishop Ordinary for the Canadian Forces (Anglican). To submit an article please email text to Padre Michael Peterson at: madpadre@gmail.com.

A word from our Archdeacon...

Walking Softly and Purposefully into Springtime

"Our Lord has written the promise of resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in springtime." Martin Luther, 1483-1546

It seems fitting (in the northern hemisphere, at least) that we celebrate Easter in the springtime of the year: the very season when earth itself emerges from winter's death into the dawn of new life. Easter celebrates what the created world around us proclaims each spring: that our God transforms even life's darkest experiences into a new season of fresh hope and renewed life, both here and in the hereafter.

The commemoration and celebration of Jesus' passion and resurrection make the journey through Holy Week into Easter the most important seasons of our church year. It is the time of year when the real meaning and enduring hope of our Christian faith become most evident. And, as we make this journey, we are called to be more than passive observers of the sacred story. We are challenged to become active participants in its retelling: yesterday and forever.



*Colonel the Venerable John Fletcher
Archdeacon of the Canadian Forces*

The journey through Holy Week reminds us of hard, but essential, truths: that suffering and disappointment are a part of the human condition; that new life comes only through struggle and death; that the cross is at the center of our faith; and that -- just like those whom we will hear about in the scripture stories proclaimed this week -- betrayal and violence, complicity and indifference, judgement and fear are all a part of us, as well, whether we like to admit it or not.

However, the journey through Holy Week into Easter also reminds us that Jesus came to announce and establish God's kingdom; a kingdom of justice and truth, of peace and love. And whether we admit it or not -- just like those whom we will hear about in the scripture stories proclaimed this week -- we too are called to make manifest, and increasingly present, the signs and the sway of God's kingdom. We are called to bring its precepts to bear upon our lives and on our longings, within our roles, responsibilities and relationships. For, while God's realm will find its fullness only in God's own future, it begins and grows within and through us, here and now.

The transition from winter into springtime points to both the passion and the promise of Holy Week and of Easter. While the vestiges of winter's darkness and chill can remind us of the sin and suffering of the world, the pain and humiliation of the cross, and of our own frailty and failings; the warmth of spring's sunshine reminds us that God's answer to the crucifixion was resurrection. These seasons remind us of how much God loves us; that true love never dies; and that God calls us to share in the building of God's kingdom of love and justice. So let us embrace this journey, and be embraced by it, so that it might change us, and through us change God's world.

As we walk softly, yet purposefully into springtime, we do so as a people redeemed by the cross, and called to the new life of Resurrection. I wish you a blessed Holy Week and a joyous, life-changing Easter!

Praise gladly in springtime when earth seems to glow
with new life and color in all things that grow;
for all nature's children are happy to say,
"Rejoice, for the Saviour is risen today."

*"Walk Softly in Springtime" (verse 3),
Hymn 209: Common Praise, ABC God Bless,*

John+

Colonel J. M. Fletcher, Archdeacon, Anglican Military Ordinariate

A WORD FROM OUR BISHOP

Where God Happens
Lent and Holy Week 2013

During Lent I like to have some 'spiritual reading' upon which to help me focus my devotions. This year it was: *"Where God Happens – Discovering Christ in One Another"* by Rowan Williams our Archbishop of Canterbury (New Seeds Books, Boston, Mass., 2007). In it he takes us back to the wisdom of the desert Fathers and Mothers, monastics dwelling in Egypt between 350 and 450AD. One might ask what our time and place have in common with them and there is something strange in the way that they lived but they were not as isolated from each other as one might think and from their lives arose the thinking behind later Monasticism and the conduct of community life. They still speak to us and one passage has been a particular focus for me:

"Saint Anthony of the Desert (251-356 AD) says that gaining the brother and sister and winning God are linked. It is not getting them signed up to something or winning them over to your side. It is opening doors for them to healing and wholeness. Insofar as you open doors for another, you gain God, in the sense that you become a place where God happens for somebody else. *You become a place where God happens.* God comes to life for somebody else in a life-giving way, not because you are good and wonderful, but because that is what God has done." (p.24)

Shortly we will be in the Easter Season and traditionally this has been a time when those inquiring of the faith were brought to Baptism by immersion in water symbolic of being immersed in our Lord's death and resurrection. We repeat the ancient creed written for the occasion, The Apostle's Creed, and we make promises to "seek and serve Christ in all persons" and to live lives which witness to Him and make the Gospel credible and allow Jesus to be seen. *We become a place where God happens.* That is the ministry entrusted to us by our baptism which



is a gift to us personally so that we in turn might be a gift of God coming to life for somebody else. What a privilege and a joy! It should therefore be our prayer to be deeply cognizant of what God is calling us to do and be for each other and to have the courage, the strength and the gifts to be a place where God happens. A paraphrased Collect:

"Almighty God, you wonderfully created us in your own image
And wonderfully restored us through your Son Jesus Christ:
Grant that, as he came to share in our humanity,
So we might share the life of His divinity,
And be a place where you, O Lord, happens."

May these Holy times be a blessing for you and may all of us be a blessing for each other that all may have life and have it more abundantly.

+Peter

Anglican Bishop Ordinary

(The Right Reverend Peter Coffin was appointed by the Primate to the position of Bishop Ordinary (Anglican) to the Canadian Forces in November 2004.)

In And About The Ordinariate: Honouring Heroes Of The Murmansk Run

On 1 April, the Royal Canadian Legion in Vancouver was host to a ceremony involving Dr. Artem Cherkasov, Honorary Consul of the Russian Federation, and BC veterans (or their descendents) who had served in World War Two on supply convoys to the then Soviet Union. Two veterans and the descendents of eight others received the Ushakov medal, named after Admiral Fyodor Ushakov, sometimes called the patron saint of the Russian navy, and awarded to soldiers and sailors for gallantry.

In September of 2012, a Russian Federation Presidential Decree expressed the gratitude of the Russian people for Allied personnel who served on the Murmansk Run, as it was commonly known. Allied, and Canadian, navy and merchant sailors faced extreme danger from enemy action and Arctic seas to bring desperately needed war equipment and supplies to the Red Army and the Russian people. These supplies helped keep the Soviet Union in the war, thus diverting German forces from the Second Front when it opened in June 1944.

One of the Canadian sailors honoured was CPO2 Lloyd Bergstrom, a Canadian posted

to the Royal Navy cruiser *HMS Belfast*. Bergstrom served on the Murmansk Run for nine months, and while aboard *Belfast* participated in the sinking of the German battleship *Scharnhorst* on Boxing Day, 1943. His daughter, Cynthia Greenwood, accepted the award in memory of her father. Also present at the ceremony to accept CPO2 Bergstrom's decoration was his grand daughter (Maya Charnell, daughter

of David and Cynthia Greenwood) and his great grand daughter (Hannah Charnell-Pletz, grand daughter of the Greenwoods).

Mrs Cynthia Greenwood provides administrative assistance to our Bishop Ordinary. Cynthia is married to former Anglican military chaplain the Rev Canon David Greenwood, who retired in January 2013.



IN THE LENTEN WILDERNESS (or, as the Archdeacon would have it, Giving up Ottawa for Lent)

By Maj the Rev. Lisa Pacarynuk

I looked out of the cockpit window of the C-17 and saw nothing but blue and brown. It was breathtaking. We were somewhere over Egypt, I was told, and beneath us was a vast expanse of mountains, desert, sea and sky. Blue and brown. I was trying in vain to recall those maps at the end of my Bible, suddenly not an image on paper anymore, but a real place, a real desert, a living and breathing place, far from snow and ice of Canada. Was I seeing where Moses walked? St. Augustine? Saints and followers of God throughout the ages? I couldn't say for certain. All I knew was that I was on an adventure, a Lenten journey like none other I had experienced.

I left Canada at the end of January on a short deployment, a TAV, to replace the two chaplains deployed to OP ATTENTION in Afghanistan as they each took their holiday. I was slated to be there until the end of March, a period of time which would frame the 40 days of Lent nearly perfectly. I had never been to Afghanistan before, just heard the stories of the dust, the heat (and the cold), the danger, the brokenness and the hope. I was excited and afraid, armed with prayer and prayerbooks to minister to the troops in their workplaces and make sense of that wilderness journey given us every year to change our hearts and return to God.

No journey through the wilderness would be complete without obstacles. Moses faced indifference, anger and resentment. Jesus faced hunger, temptation and fear. I faced airplane trouble, snowstorms and uncertainty. I doubted very seriously that I would even arrive as airplane trouble kept me in Nice, France, for 3 nights (ok, so that wasn't really a hardship...), a small Canadian camp in Kuwait for 2, then on 2 separate camps in Afghanistan for 2 nights before finally arriving at my destination, 8 days after my journey began, and a 9.5 hour time difference from Canada. It was another world. Helmet, frag vest, and briefings to remind us that we weren't in Kansas anymore, but in a fragile nation, grasping for wholeness, and moving tentatively towards a new future.



I have spent my days with our dedicated and generous troops, and have been able to do a little work with the Afghan army and see how we are mentoring those of another culture and world-view. I burned last year's palms in a fire pit in a corner of the camp, and celebrated Ash Wednesday with Christians of different denominations, in English and French, in a chapel in a camp surrounded by those who profess another faith. With a few other souls, I began that wilderness journey, accompanied, like Jesus, by the Holy Spirit and the Word of God. I listen to the excitement and struggles of our soldiers passing through their own

wilderness of loneliness and learning. The psalms of this Lent echo in my heart – psalm 91 from the 1st Sunday of Lent: *“Under his wings you will find refuge; his faithfulness is a shield and buckler. You will not fear the terror of the night, nor the arrow that flies by day...Psalm 27 from the 2nd: The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Psalm 63 from the 3rd: O God, you are my God, I seek you, my soul thirsts for you/my flesh faints for you as in a dry and weary land where there is no water.* Suddenly, they are real, the real prayers of real believers walking through the wilderness, seeking courage and strength and walking towards the new life that comes from resurrection, new birth, and homecoming.

As I write this, Lent has reached its half-way point. I have changed camps, met new people and felt the growing heat of the impending Afghan springtime. The Holy Week journey of suffering and death are still ahead, with the promise of resurrection peeking in behind it. When the Easter season begins, I will be back in the Canadian springtime, through the wilderness into the season of new beginnings, grateful for the adventure and forever changed.



In And About The Ordinariate: Jennifer Gosse Is Promoted

Jennifer Gosse was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander on Friday, February 15th, during the Base Commander's morning coffee at the Officers' Mess, CFB Borden. Here she is seen being helped into proper dress by the BComd, Colonel Tammie Harris, and by Jennifer's husband Phil.

Visiting The Community Of St. Mary By Padre Robin Major

I was recently looking to attend a healing retreat at the Christ the King Spiritual Life Center (the Center) in Greenwich, NY. Upon visiting their website, I noticed a link to the Community of St. Mary, an order of Anglican/Episcopalian sisters. As it turned out, they were co-located with the Center in Greenwich, NY on the other side of the same valley. This afforded for a perfect opportunity to go be a student of the healing ministry at the Center and then to cross the valley to the Community of St. Mary for a time of personal retreat.

After the healing retreat training ended, I took a day of leave and remained at the Center as the Sisters were at the end of a week of silence in which they did not receive visitors in their retreat house. At last, with the breaking of the silence, I packed my bags and got a ride across the valley. It was a strange feeling to go from one side of the valley to the other. During the 5 days at the Center, I looked each day across the valley in anticipation of the coming retreat on the other side. Then when I reached the other side of the valley, each day I looked back across this same valley to a recent past of a few days and then beyond to the life I'd left to come to this place, a life to which I would soon return.

Life at the Convent began with Matins at 630 am followed by Holy Eucharist at 700 am. Then there was breakfast shared in silence after which the Great Silence ended. The next prayer, Terce, was at 930 am. At noon we gathered for the next prayer, Sext, which was followed at 1230 pm with lunch in silence. The next event was Tea at 330 pm which was frequented regularly by visitors. Some people simply chatted while others knit, sewed, or in Mother Miriam's case, spun wool. Vespers was the next prayer at 530 pm followed by supper in silence. The last communal prayer after which Great Silence started was Compline at 730 pm leading to sleep and the cycle repeated the next day with minor variation on the weekend. The weekend included the one meal at which talking was permitted, supper on Sunday.



Beyond communal prayer times, I had a good deal of time for personal prayer, reading in the Convent's library and roaming about the grounds beholding the rolling countryside and admiring the free roaming deer. I also took great enjoyment in visiting the cashmere goats the sisters are raising while being cautious of potential trouble from the two dogs who were their faithful guardians. The sisters had three steers this past fall, but my enjoyment of them was now left to the supper table. There were also numerous flowerbeds and a food garden, all of which were in the throes of winter hibernation so there was little there to encounter with excitement beyond what was and what will be again in the spring.

In the Convent itself, there was a lovely little store in which I bought numerous things that included local honey, a hand-made stuffed dragon named Eustace, some beautifully drawn and coloured cards, and my favourite, a goatskin pelt. Mother Miriam tells me she'll likely get the rest of the skins made into hats which would be nice for some, but for me, I am content with the skin. It rests at this time on the chair in my office in which I sit and pray each day. My imagination dreams of it as something like what John the Baptist would have worn.



At the end of the four days, my wish was that I could have stayed longer. I felt like I was on the verge of settling into an even deeper restfulness in the rhythm of the daily life. I took away with me a renewed sense of the beauty of resting in God in monastic community and a renewed confidence in God's calling me into the world to find this restfulness there. At my last prayer service with the sisters, during the open prayer time, prayers were offered for me; and I in kind offered prayers of thankfulness and that more people would respond to the call to vocations to the order. I do hope their order grows and continues to be a witness to the world of the rich faithful life of the Benedictine way of prayer and work. Not all are called to this life of service, and yet who among us is not called to its heart, to resting in God's heart? Like the sisters, we are all called to be in the world, yet not of it. Their unique way of doing this, centered in the richness of communal prayer, work, and silence, has something to offer us all.

If you ever happen to be in Upper State New York (4 hours drive south of Montreal) and are looking for a place to stay and enjoy the quiet prayerful life, the Community of St. Mary is a five-star spiritual destination. More about the Community and contact information for Mother Miriam can be found at www.stmaryseast.org.

Harry, The Little Heffalump Who Could

By Padre Michael Peterson

When I served at 14 Wing, Greenwood, there was a "Celebration Bear" piggy bank that the congregation of St. Mark's Chapel passed around to give thanks for significant celebrations by offering a loonie or toonie. Believing that all good ideas should be stolen, I took this practice with me to CFB Suffield as the CLC of Christ the King Chapel.

"Harry" was a coin bank found at a fair trade craft market, and served first as an illustration of how Christmas gifts could be simple and serve justice rather than corporations. His namesake was an English boy in the congregation at the time, and he was a "Heffalump" because that boy loved A.A. Milne. Now every Sunday at Suffield begins with Harry the Celebration Heffalump, with all invited to give thanks for something God has done in their lives that week while placing a small offering in him. We've filled and emptied Harry six times now, and used the proceeds for a variety of causes. Harry has bought 400 diapers for a local women's shelter, he's helped buy turkeys for Christmas dinner for the base school, and recently contributed \$100 for a British family facing unexpected and unfunded expenses after a difficult childbirth. Along the way, he's taught us all not to be shy when talking about God and about how God works in our daily lives.



Where Poetry's Poppies Bloom

*"April is the cruellest month"
"I will show you fear in a handful of dust."
T.S. Eliot, Wasteland*

darkness, vale of death
bitter pill of suffering
all there

a rose of thorns
grabbed in darkness
no smell to nose
nor lovely petals
of old to see

just thorns, the thorns
of past mistakes
cultural poverty
unfixable unchangeable
in time as time moves

not in me through me
beyond outside me
science's gift
absolute time

terror of absence
of poetry's grace, raped
and disposed
with our heaps of trash

stuck I am, split
separate from body

Home

pain to sharp for touch
to strong to wrestle
perhaps Jacob, he could
wrestle the angel
that was God

but I lowly no prophet
must contend with little

just sadness
place of me
alienated man

20th century's
triumph
technology
progress

take me back
take me way
way back
to where
poetry's
poppies
bloom

By Robin Major

Meet Me in the Mystery

If I am mourning
let me mourn
don't try to fix me
tell me what
tomorrow brings
don't deny me
my true sorrow
it's not yours
to take and fix
with your
motherly love
that suffocates

And if I'm joyful
let me enjoy
don't try to stop me
from giving the world
all the joy I can
don't deny me
my true pleasure
it's not yours
to take and shelter
in your many
jealous boxes of
lonely possessions

By Robin Major

just come join me
in my mourning
and moan
and cry
with me
the pains
deep within
unspoken
the place
where mourning
meets enters
the Mystery

just come join me
in my joy
and rejoice
and laugh
with me
the pleasure
deep within
unspoken
the place
where joy
meets enters
the Mystery

BISHOP PETER'S TRAVELS – EARLY 2013

As well as the day to day round I have attended the Land Force Central Area Chaplain's Conference in Niagara Falls (29-31 January) and the Atlantic Area Conference in Gagetown, NB (25-27 February) and on the way back visited the Formation Chaplains at HMCS Stadacona, Halifax. It has been a busy time for meetings with the Interfaith Committee on Canadian Military Chaplaincy (ICCMC) particularly February 19-20th when we met with the new Chief of the Defence Staff (CDS), General Tom Lawson, and attended the change of command for the new Chief of Military Personnel, Major-General David Millar. It was sad to see Rear Admiral Andy Smith move on as he has been a great support to the chaplaincy as had been the former CDS, General Walt Natynczyk. The new team have indicated great appreciation for the chaplaincy and we look forward to working with them. At the same time the ICCMC chairperson met with the Minister of National Defence and signed a new 'Statement of Understanding' thus ensuring the work of the ICCMC and the relationship of the faith communities with the government. That is important, even crucial, to the identity and mission of the Chaplain Branch and we are particularly grateful to Padre John Fletcher for the work and passion that he put into this document.

In mid-February Padres John Fletcher and Nigel Shaw and I visited the Primate, +Fred Hiltz, for our annual check in. He is so supportive of the Anglican Ordinariate, the whole Chaplain Branch and indeed all CF members and their families. We are blessed by his leadership.

Many thanks to those who have hosted me. It is a great joy to be able to visit you or otherwise be in touch.

+Peter

FROM OUR CANON TREASURER

By Canon Nigel Shaw

Financial Update

The books have now been closed on the Ordinariate Finances for 2012 and it was an excellent year. My thanks to all who have generously given their support to the Ordinariate. The financial support given in 2011 was a spectacular 60% increase from that of 2010 so it would not have been a surprise if the support in 2012 was somewhat less than in 2011. However, this was not the case. Due primarily to your generosity total donations increased from \$36,000 to \$38,500. This has enabled the Ordinariate to support National Synod with a donation of \$7000. We have also become a Companion Diocese of the Diocese of Jerusalem and supported the ministry of Rev. John Organ within that Diocese. We continued our longstanding support of Christ Church Cathedral and were able to begin acquiring the resources needed to provide an electronic office in support of our Bishop Ordinary. This current year will present its own challenges. The National Church's financial situation continues to be very problematic so any reduction in support that the Ordinariate could accommodate would be very beneficial. This year as well there will be additional expenses in support of our participation in General Synod. I am confident that the will exists amongst us to meet these challenges and to continue with balanced budgets as we move forward. On a related financial note it is my pleasure to report that the gift given by Mr Goldring has now been received by the Anglican Foundation and the Bishop Ordinary Trust is now approaching \$700,000. An up-to-date Trust Fund report will be given at Retreat.

Once again, as your Treasurer, my sincere thanks for the support that you have given to the work and ministry of the Ordinariate.