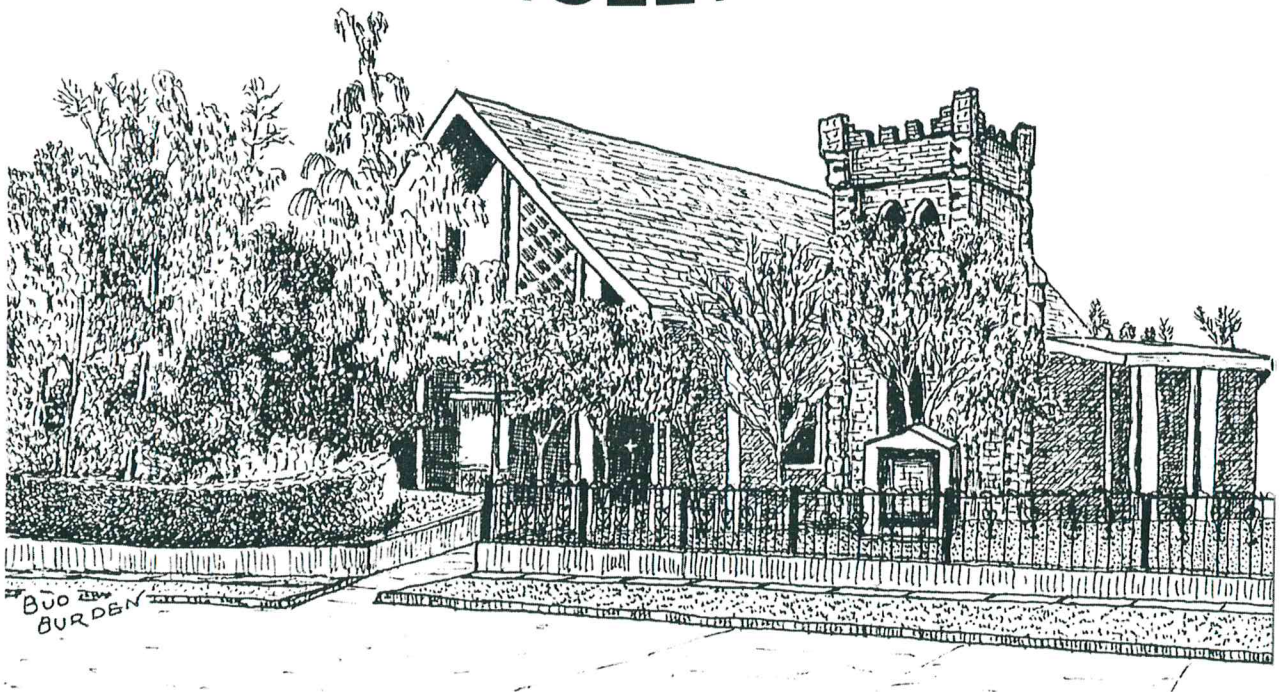


THE
Parish Grier



Saint Barnabas
NEWSLETTER



∞ FIRST EDITION ∞
Spring 2019

It is a great pleasure as editors to bring to you this first edition of our new publication, The Parish Crier. We are sure that there are many stories to be told. We invite you our parishioners to share these special memories, whether they be about your time at St. Barnabas or whether they are simply happy experiences from elsewhere that you would like to share with friends.

We thank all of you who have taken the trouble to provide us with material for this first edition. We encourage everyone to help us to keep this new venture alive with articles, anecdotes and upcoming events present and past, about our parish and you yourselves.

David Parker & David Dickinson

Saint Barnabas Anglican Church 1906 – 2019

Reverend Kersi Bird - Incumbent

Harry Maharaj – Rector's Warden

Angie Martinac – People's Warden

Lisa Mitchell – Assistant People's Warden

Parish Council Members:

Archibald Adams, David Dickinson, Joy Halvorson, Matthew Jones, David Parker, Rick Wards

Rector's Message

There is a photograph in the parish office that sits humbly on a filing cabinet. It is an image of the previous church building of St. Barnabas, taken likely about a hundred years ago, and is a photo of a bunch of boys playing rugby in the park, with the church in the background. What is remarkable about this photograph is that there is really nothing else there. The church stands alone as a singular building for as far as the eye can see.

What a contrast from the neighbourhood today! As I look out the office window, it is a testament to the growth of Calgary and the modern city that it has become. Pedestrians shuffle past and cars seek desperately to find a parking spot, but likely very few passers-by have any idea of the history or the witness that St. Barnabas holds to the land and the spirit of this community.

There will be this kind of contrast too, in these pages of our parish newsletter, as we re-acquaint ourselves with the heritage of this church on one hand, and present the people of today and their stories, on the other. One of the wonderful gifts of this community is the rich history that has formed the parish's foundation and lore, a foundation that we build upon, with many layers of individuals and their own personal narrative of faith. I look forward to hearing these stories, and learning more about the members who make up the Body of Christ at St. Barnabas.

With many thanks to our editors and contributors who bring these pages to life.

Kersi

Easter Services

Easter is the most wonderful time of the church year when Lent is over and we can sing our Gloria and shout Hallelujah again as we go out into the world knowing the Saviour rose and is still with us.

But first we have to witness Maundy Thursday, commemorating the foot washing and Last Supper of Christ with his Apostles, and the service of the Stations of the Cross and Solemn Liturgy of Good Friday.

At 10:00 am, the children are invited to hear the Easter story in the chancel – up to the lying in the tomb – after which they go downstairs to make Good Friday crafts and find out why we have hot cross buns that day. Then they enjoy eating them.

Service times are:

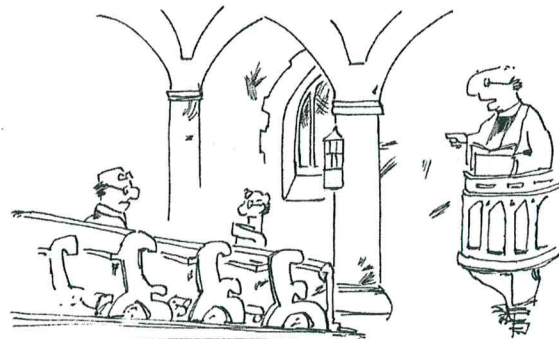
Maundy Thursday – 7:00 pm

Good Friday – Children's time 10:00 am

Stations of the Cross – 11:00 am

Choral Solemn Liturgy – 12:00 noon

Easter Sunday – 8:30 am and 10:15 am



"SATAN IS IN OUR VERY MIDST!"

Humble Beginnings:

The History of Saint Barnabas

By David Dickinson

In the year 1875, The North West Mounted Police, later renamed the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, established themselves at the confluence of the Elbow and Bow rivers with the building of a fort. Their purpose was to stop the illegal trading of whisky with the native tribes. The officer in command was Colonel James McLeod, who after getting several unacceptable suggestions for a name for the fort from officers within his regiment, named it Fort Calgary after his home in the Scottish Highlands.

With the decline of the buffalo herds, the open prairie grasslands now offered attractive opportunities for ranching. By 1883 a ramshackle of tents and primitive wooden buildings began to assemble in the area east of the Elbow River. The railway had already reached Fort Calgary and powered by wood burning locomotives was bringing pioneer ranchers from across Canada and beyond in large numbers. Prospects looked good and in an effort to keep up with the demand for lumber to build new homes, a sawmill ran day and night.

At the same time as the railway came the telegraph and in August of that year the Herald newspaper began publishing articles of local events and news from other parts of the country and abroad. There was a plentiful supply of coal, iron and minerals from the Rocky Mountains. Fresh water was obtained from wells and was delivered daily by horse drawn wagon. Later that same year the Canadian Pacific Railway expanded its operation with the building of a railway station on the west side of the Elbow River. This was met with a great deal of disapproval from residents who had settled on the east side. After much protesting which achieved nothing they were forced to pack up their tents and skid their wooden buildings across the frozen Elbow River to the west side, while the area north of the Bow River remained open prairie and could only be reached by ferry. The population continued to

increase and by early 1884 had reached in excess of a thousand residents, whereupon in November of that year Calgary was incorporated as a town.

Among the early prominent pioneers to Calgary were Thomas E. Riley and his family who arrived in 1887. Thomas, born in Derbyshire, England in 1842, was married to Georgiana Hounsfield who was born in Leeds, England in 1843. Whether they were married in England before coming to Canada is not clear, but they resided for a while in Montreal. The Riley couple raised ten children, their second, a son, Ezra was born in Yorkville, Ontario. On arrival in Calgary the family settled north of the Bow River in the area known today as the districts of Hillhurst, Sunnyside and Hounsfield Heights/Briar Hill. In the first years, Thomas Riley engaged in the mercantile business before taking up ranching. In the following years the Riley's developed a large ranch known as the Cochrane Ranch on which they built a family home which they named Hounsfield Lodge Farm. Eventually the ranch was passed to the sons when Thomas became involved in local government and real estate. In 1887 the eldest son, Ezra married 29-year old Harriet Waterhouse, daughter of pioneer settlers from New Zealand now living in Red Deer, Alberta. The couple raised four children, first Thomas, b 3rd January 1898, Arthur, b 1903, Margaret Louise, b 1904 and Elizabeth, b 1911. A fifth child Georgiana Jane died in infancy. They built a home at what is today 1302-8 Avenue NW. As time went, on Ezra followed his father into politics and subdivided a large part of his land for development of what was to become Calgary's first suburb, which he named Hillhurst. Ezra went on to become a member of Parliament and was later appointed MLA for Gleichen. With the fast-growing community came the need for a church. At the time services of worship were being held at the partially completed home of Mr. Ernest B. Chenery at 1125 - 5 Avenue NW where an average of fifteen people attended regular services there pending the building of a church.

So it was on a beautiful spring day in March 1906 that the Dean of Calgary, Edward Clarence Paget met with Archdeacon W. Fremantle Webb and Mr. Ezra Hounsfield Riley on the gently rising open

grassland north of the Bow River. At this time the whole territory north of the river was considered "out in the country" and with the exception of a small area cornering Louise Bridge, having just been surveyed for building lots and where ten homes had been built housing some fifty people, the land was open prairie. The small committee had met to decide on a suitable location to have a church built. After some time of walking the group stopped and Dean Paget began to pace off a square of a hundred and fifty feet, stopping at each corner where he placed large stones at the corners so that the site would not be lost. Satisfied with their choice, Dean Paget asked that they kneel for a short prayer. Saint Barnabas was to become a reality. Now that a location had been decided upon a building was needed.

The first parish meeting was held at the home of Mr. Chenery. Archdeacon Fremantle Webb presided along with the following committee members; E. H. Riley, C. S. Springer, E. B. Chenery, J. R. Hunter, W. J. Wilson, E. Williams and A. Francis. After each member had signed a preliminary declaration of church membership, the meeting commenced. First on the agenda was the selection of church officers. It was proposed that Mr. E. H. Riley be elected as people's warden. The chairman continued with the reading of the deed for the formation of a parish. The matter of the building of a church was fully discussed and the proposed plans which had been submitted for tender by Benson and Houlton for the whole work and from J.R. Hunter for woodwork only, were read out.

After some discussion, it was decided that the expense of the proposed building was more than the parish could afford at present. This decision prompted a motion from Mr. Riley that the specifications for Saint John's Church in east Calgary be obtained and that Mr. Hunter be asked to submit a tender. This was seconded by Mr. Chenery and the meeting was adjourned.

Details arising from this proposal are not known in detail, only to say that a satisfactory agreement must have been reached as work on the church soon began and on Sunday 10th June 1906 the new

building was dedicated by Bishop Cyprian Pinkham. The new church was not a copy of Saint John's. It was a wood framed building with boarded sides. Installed in each of the sides were three gothic style wood frame windows. The front entrance was built in the form of a porch and on the roof at the front end of the building was installed a single bell. The rear of the building was built in the form of an extension, narrower and shallower than the main part of the building. Into this was incorporated the chancel and sanctuary area. A single gothic style window was placed on each side and a further three similar styled windows were installed in the end wall above the altar.



For a time, Saint Barnabas was operated as a joint parish with Saint Stephen's with Archdeacon Webb being incumbent for

both. With ongoing growth of the community, however, it became necessary to have a priest for each parish, whereupon in 1907 Reverend C.C. Hoyle was appointed to Saint Barnabas. The next few years saw rapid development which put great demands on the parish. Rev. G. C. Child and Canon G. C. D'Easum, who remained until 1909, were among the able bodied clergy assigned and who were assisted by members of the Bishop Pinkham College situated close by. The college would later become the Grace Hospital.

On 4th January 1907, Ezra Riley's mother, Georgians Jane, passed away at the family home at Hounsfield Lodge Farm, at the age of 63. The funeral service was held at Saint Barnabas, after which her body was laid to rest in the churchyard.

Two years after on 13th January 1909, Thomas Riley passed away at the age of 66. The funeral took place from his home to Saint Barnabas where his body was received by Rt. Rev. Cyprian Pinkham, Bishop of Calgary. Following the service his body was laid to rest alongside Georgiana's in the churchyard.

In 1910, and with a growing community, Ezra Riley

donated 22 acres of his land to the City of Calgary for the development of a park for its citizens. At that time, cricket was a national game of Canada and it was understood that the park, named Riley Park, would continue to honour his wish with regular cricket matches being played. The park remains host to Calgary's Cricket League.

Services continued to take place in the wooden church until 1912, when a fast growing congregation put pressure on the parish for more space. Plans were drawn up and submitted to the diocese for a larger more substantial structure of brick and stone. Ezra Riley came forward and made a generous endowment to the parish for the full cost of the new church building with the understanding that it would be dedicated as a memorial to his parents and his baby daughter. This donation would cover the entire cost of the construction of the new building and not one cent of expense would fall on the parish. With the approval of the diocese, plans were quickly set in motion for its construction. Leo Dowler and James Stevenson were appointed architects who would design the building patterned after a typical English style church of brick and stone.



Saint Barnabas Church Nearing Completion 1912

So the church was constructed by Ezra Riley as a memorial to his parents Georgiana and Thomas, and to his baby daughter Georgiana Jane.

Construction moved quickly and on June 12, 1912 the cornerstone was laid by Rt. Rev. Cyprian Pinkham, Bishop of Calgary. Some of the pews and furniture from the old church were incorporated into the new building and on June 6 that same year, the first service was held in the completed church. It is interesting to note that at the service, Bishop Pinkham was presented with the same silver trowel which he had used at the laying of the cornerstone in June. It was now suitably inscribed for this occasion.

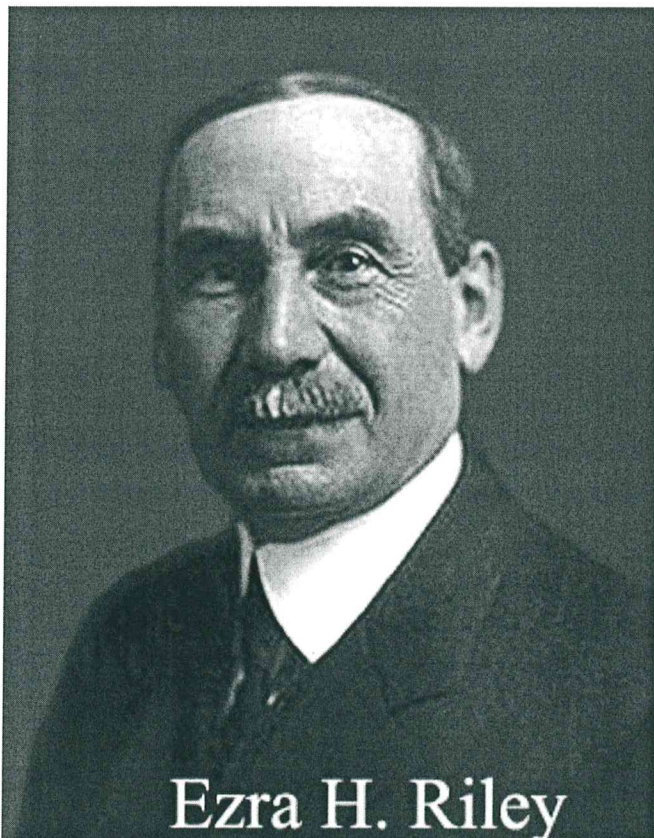
For the first six months, the church operated without an incumbent. The Rev. E.E. Winter was appointed curate in charge until March 1913 when the Rev. H. Montgomery was appointed rector. (To be continued in later issue.)



Commonwealth Day

We celebrate St. David's Day, St. Patrick's Day and St. George's Day; now we are going one step further to acknowledge those of our parishioners who belong to our Commonwealth countries (and any other lands if you wish).

Mark you calendar for Sunday, June 9, for a post-service celebration that Deanne Dare is getting excited about; and for which she might be looking for some volunteers.



Hymns as Poetry

We all realize that a hymn book cannot contain all of the many hundreds that have been written over the centuries, but neither should we forget those that are just pure poetry with a message of hope and thanksgiving. James Montgomery (1771-1854) was imprisoned twice for writing editorials on the abolition of slavery, and he lost both Moravian missionary parents who gave their lives for the people of the West Indies. But he remembered what Jesus had done for him.

According to Thy Gracious Word

According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility.

This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee!

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thy shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

Our Parish Library

Our St. Barnabas parish library is made up of the Sheilagh S. Jameson Memorial Library, located in the bell tower, and the Penelhum Collection, located in the parish hall. They are named in honour of St. Barnabas' long-time parish librarian, Sheilagh Jameson, and Terence and Edith Penelhum, who donated a large portion of Dr. Penelhum's library when he retired from his position as Professor of Philosophy at the University of Calgary.

There are almost 1,400 items in the library on a wide range of topics; theology, Christian fiction, history of the church, philosophy, and much more. Our selection of children's books is by far the most popular part of the library! We also have a number of audio recordings, including the Bible on CD and audiocassette. A seasonal display updated according to the important seasons of the Christian calendar, highlights works which parishioners may find especially meaningful at the present time.

The card catalogue is currently being updated, and we hope to have an online catalogue, accessible through the St Barnabas website, in operation before the end of the year.

To check out a book, please fill in the borrower card located in the front or back cover of the book, and leave it in the small wooden box marked 'Borrower Cards' on the table. When you have finished reading the book, simply place your book in the returns box hanging on the wall behind the door. If the book won't fit, please leave it on the table. Suggested borrowing time is three weeks, but if you need more time, please feel free to keep it a little longer.

If you have any questions or suggestions for the library (including books you would like to see added to the collection) or would like to donate a book, please contact Matthew Jones.

Happy Reading,

Matthew Jones



I began writing for our former diocesan newspaper The Sower back in 1989 and one of the first reports was the visit of the then Bishop of the Arctic Jack Sperry for a three-day workshop. One of the reasons I became a supporter of the largest diocese in the Anglican communion was thanks to the late Archbishop Fred Crabbe who had taught at the Arthur Turner Training College in Pangnirtung, Baffin Island.

I also covered the 50th anniversary celebration of Fred's ordination that year.

But it was in 1990 that I began writing 10 years of Parker's Pen, ramblings of thoughts on life and the church. My first column was at the same time as the introduction of the Loonie which I suggested could be a good thing for the church as nobody likes to put coins on the offertory plate so people would have to drop in a \$2 bill – doubling their giving!

Our new newsletter gives me the opportunity to revive Parker's Pen.

Kathleen Norris is a favourite author of mine. *Amazing Grace* and *The Cloister Walk* have been re-read several times, written by a woman raised as a Presbyterian in South Dakota who says her faith was “non-existent, or at least deeply submerged for so long a time” yet became a Benedictine oblate.

Norris was invited to read from Isaiah during mass at St. John's Abbey in Minnesota. In *The Cloister Walk* she writes, “The Liturgy of the Word is prayer. You pray the scriptures with, and for, the people assembled, and the words go out to them, touching them in ways only God can imagine. The words are all that matter. And you send them out as a prayer, hoping to become invisible behind them.”

A writer who should be handed around – a copy is in our church library.

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“By seeking God, you have already found Him.” – Thomas Merton.

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The cross I wear on Sunday mornings when Lay Assistant is a gift from the Society of St. John the Evangelist to show that I am a Friend of SSJE. It is an Anglican religious order founded in Cowley, Oxford, in 1860 and came to the USA in 1870. Brothers live in a monastery close to Boston.

A quote from Br. Curtis Almquist SSJE – “The point is not for us to make Christians of other people, but to be Christians for other people.”

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If the mountain was smooth you couldn't climb it.

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I relish the loud Hallelujahs we proclaim as we dismiss from our Sunday services to “Go forth into the world to love and serve the Lord”

Hallelujah is a joyful expression of Praise for God yet I believe that although it is used so often in the Psalms you will not find it in the New Testament except for only four times in John's Book of Revelation.

+

God is more interested in what you will be than what you have been.

+

I'm not a great reader of poetry, particularly the modern stuff that doesn't rhyme. But I do enjoy reading through the verses of hymns and have on loan from our church library a treasure titled *The One Year Book of Hymns* – devotional readings for 365 days that lets you meet the writers and lets you discover how God's worked in their lives has left a wonderful legacy for us to enjoy.

Interesting to note that Frances Ridley Havergal wrote six verses for *Take My Life And Let It Be*, but today's hymn book has condensed two of them.

Deleting “Take my silver and my gold, not a mite would I withhold” that doesn’t help church coffers, and the missing lines “Take my voice and let me sing, always, only, for my king” might encourage a few more choir members.

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Many of my favourite authors happen to be Romans – Thomas Merton, Ronald Knox, Malcolm Muggeridge and Cardinal Basil Hume. They are wonderful but thank goodness for our C.S. Lewis.

If you ever visit Oxford, do call in the Eagle and Child and have a pint for me. For many years it was the home of a lunch gathering of the Inklings; a literary group that included Lewis and his good friend J. R. Tolkien. Other literary giants like Thomas Hardy, Graham Greene and Inspector Morse creator Colin Dexter also quaffed many a good ale there.

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End quote: I may not be perfect but Jesus says I’m to die for.



St. Barnabas Choir

Join the St. Barnabas Choir!

Tuition and fashionable gowns are free.

Fellowship the same price.

Contact any member to begin a new and wonderful experience.

The great hymnwriter Isaac Watts wrote, “the singing of God’s praise is the part of worship most related to heaven.”

Holy Holidays

Worshipping at different churches while on vacation can be a real blessing.

We would like to know of your experiences going to church as a visitor. How were you welcomed, what type of service was offered, were you invited to stay for coffee and doughnuts?

Who's sitting in the pew over there?



Pauline Booth was born in Durham, England, but grew up in Chester and undertook her first big adventure by moving to Bermuda. Then it was on to Caanada and Montreal before relocating to Calgary in 1972 to become assistant head nurse in the emergency department of the Foothills Hospital.

This is her story of a three-year break from this city where she is happy to be back living, and worshipping at St. Barnabas:

After 20 years of service at Rockyview Hospital, drastic downsizing in early 1990's eliminated my position of nursing coordinator. With no luck in another job search I made the decision to take the big adventure of my life and accepted a position working in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia – the Magical Kingdom.

After a long flight from Los Angeles with other new staff, we landed at a huge airport into heat, humidity and robed people everywhere. Ushered into a small, windowless room by customs officials we were asked to surrender our passports. No turning back now!

After some thorough searches we boarded a bus and were soon on our way to the compound, but I saw little of Riyadh on that first ride as my eyes were

closed in prayer thanks to speeding cars, trucks, honking horns and screeching brakes.

But I was pleasantly surprised after climbing three flights of marble stairs, thankful to a Sudanese male helper carrying my bags, to find a beautiful, large furnished apartment waiting for me. The fridge was full of goodies and I found a note from my colleagues in nursing administration asking me to call as soon as possible.

And within minutes I was surrounded by my new friends who were to be my co-workers for the next three years.

Next morning, I awoke at an unearthly hour to the call to prayer. Then, no time for jet lag, it was off to be fitted into a white uniform consisting of pants and a long jacket of heavy cotton with sleeves that had to be shortened right there for me!

I quickly learned to say “Inshallah” (God Willing) and four rules I will never forget: No dating. No drinking. No driving. No drugs. I did fail at one, however, learning the art of fine wine-making so that I was an expert by the time I returned home.

My position as nursing supervisor was a huge challenge in spite of the job description being identical to my previous role in Calgary as I had to handle many additional duties. Never in my life did I think I would be releasing bodies with no certificates and just an ID from the family before they went off to bury their loved one in the desert.

One night while performing these duties, people came with a beautiful Persian rug to wrap the body in and much to my surprise, away they went with the rug strapped to the top of a Toyota.

The hospital was a 500-bed military hospital accepting traumas daily in ambulances, cars and trucks with no pre-Emergency Medical Services care. Needless to say, my critical care background was a blessing.

Many times I was summoned to arrange staffing from Paediatrics set up for delivery in the Royal Suite for the birth of a new prince or princess. Flowers, fruits and sweets would flow in abundance amidst much celebration.

Most of the charge nurses were American, Canadian, British or Australian while there were also caregivers from the Philippines and Egypt.

We had Saudi male clerks/interpreters on all wards but my patience was challenged many times by the call to prayer five times each day.

Yet I learned the culture very quickly and outside the hospital wore the Abaya (black coat) and covered my head with a scarf when the Mutawa religious police yelled, "Cover your head woman!" After they left waving their sticks, we would uncover as the regular police never bothered the expatriates.

Markets and souks were my favourite places. I succumbed to "gold fever" in the gold souks where you could also get beautiful silks and cottons for just a few Riyals.

The holy month of Ramadan was a difficult time for the ex-pats, so it was often a time for vacations as the hospital was quiet with no elective surgeries. End of Ramadan came the celebrations of Eid al Fitr with gifts, feasting and gracious hospitality with friends I had made. And of course, we all got together to celebrate Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving behind closed door; usually in my apartment giving thanks around my big dining room table.

Despite shift work with long hours, meetings on days off and celebrating a big birthday despite the many restrictions, I learned much about the culture. I took advantage of trips to meet local people in the mountains, camped in the desert and experienced camel riding and watched horse racing.

Weekend excursions to Jedda, snorkelling in the Red Sea and trips to Bahrain, Medina, Taif, and Khobar, and on two vacation times a year visited Egypt, Cyprus, Greece, London, New York and one paid trip home to Canada.

A wonderful experience that brought me life-long friendships, but as a single woman on my own in Saudi Arabia I was thankful that prayers were answered and the Lord kept me safe and healthy to return home with such great memories.

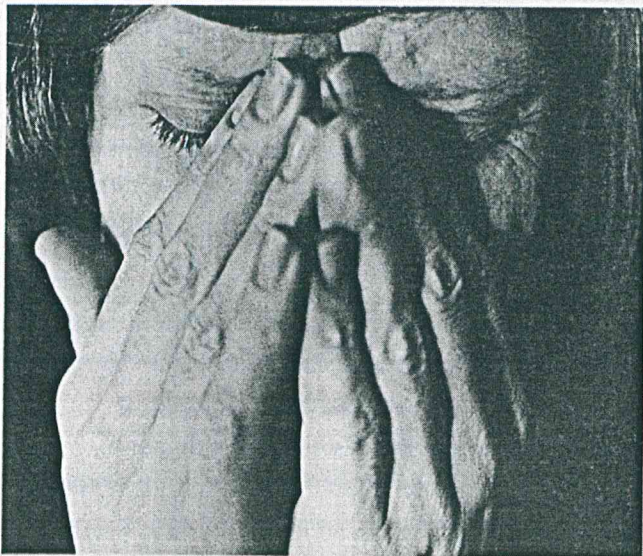
Primate's World Relief and Development Fund

Lent isn't just about fasting from cookies and chocolate, but should also include self-examination, penitence, prayer, almsgiving, and by reading and meditating on the word of God.

One of the ways to donate money to the poor and disadvantaged is through PWRDF, an instrument of faith that connects Anglicans in Canada to communities around the world in dynamic partnerships to advance sustainable development, respond to emergencies, to assist refugees, and to act for positive change.

Individual donations are welcomed, but many churches have organized creative ways to support the work of PWRDF. St. Michael's in Canmore invited parishioners to purchase chicks from PWRDF's World of Gift Guide with a goal of 1,000 chicks at \$10 each. Word spread around town and money to buy 2,563 chicks was raised to help farm families feed themselves.

How about a flock of sheep from St. Barnabas? \$50, combined with matching grants, will buy five for a farmer in Rwanda.



Henri J. M. Nouwen

WITH OPEN HANDS

Photography by RON P. VAN DEN BOSCH and THEO ROBERT

Recent Donation to the Library

Added to the shelves of our well-organized library is a wonderful book of text and photographs called *With Open Hands* by the late Henri Nouwen – internationally renowned priest and author of 39 books, respected professor and beloved pastor.

In it Nouwen speaks on a number of experiences with praying.

From the foreword he writes, “I came to see that praying had something to do with silence, with acceptance, with hope, with compassion, and even with revolution.”

Henri Nouwen was a Roman Catholic priest born in Nijkerk, Holland. He taught at the University of Notre Dame, Yale and Harvard, worked with Trappist monks at the Abbey of Genesee, and then in the early 1990s moved to Peru to live with the poor. In 1985 he felt called to join l’Arche in France and for the last 10 years of his life in Jean Vanier’s L’Arche Daybreak in Toronto.

Nouwen wrote about the life of Jesus and the love of God in ways that have inspired countless people to trust God more fully.

With Open Hands is a good read.

Saint Barnabas Social Luncheons

To enhance fellowship and outreach St. Barnabas has started a lunch group. The idea was devised and organized by Joy Halvorson and based on a quick survey, Tuesdays or Wednesdays every six weeks appeared to be the times most favoured. The purpose of the Luncheons is to get to meet and know better some of our parish family.

Our first two luncheons were on February 27th and April 9th at the Royal Canadian Legion, Kensington branch where our parish members met for a meal and a social couple of hours.

The Legion is located at 1918 Kensington Road NW and offers free underground and outdoor parking.

Contact: Joy Halvorson – halvorsj@telus.net



The Memorial Corner

Our church honours those who gave their lives during WWI, WWII, and the war in Afghanistan, with plaques and memorials. This section of our newsletter is dedicated to providing some insight into those we commemorate so we can know them a little better.

Arthur R. Knott

Arthur R. Knott was born April 16th, 1878 in Manchester, England. He was married to Ellen Knott and they immigrated to Calgary together in 1907. Trained as a clerk by trade, Arthur and Ellen homesteaded land near the church where he and Ellen set about raising their five children: Cyril, Ad, Rudy, and twins Earl and Phy.

Arthur enlisted in Calgary, on April 26, 1915 when he was 37 years old. The children were young; Cyril (10), Ad (7), Rudy (3), and Earl and Phy were 1. Arthur served as a Private attached to the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles (British Columbia Regiment).

On April 28th, 1916, it is reported the weather was clear and warm on the frontline trenches at Sanctuary Wood, east of Ypres in Belgium. The situation was considered "normal." In the late afternoon, a rifle grenade fired by the enemy hit B Company positions, causing four casualties. Private Knott was killed in action April 28th, 1916 and is commemorated at Maple Copse Cemetery, Belgium.

"At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them."



Holy Baptism

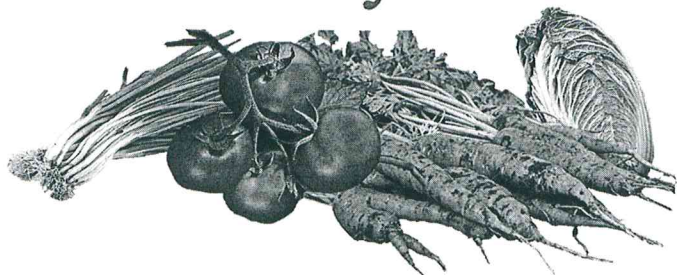
Baptism is the sign of new life in Christ, and we love to welcome new Christians into the Church. Our most recent service of Holy Baptism at St. Barnabas was celebrated with joy to welcome Chialuka Ozoko into the family as we prayed, "We receive you into the household of God. Profess the faith of Christ crucified, proclaim his resurrection, and share with us in his eternal priesthood."



Alongside Rev. Kersi is baby Chialuka with his father Chuck, mother Kechi, and sister Cheluchi.



Saint Barnabas. Community Garden



St. Barnabas Community Garden has 18 raised beds utilized by individual parishioners, Montessori, Sunday school and community members. We also have communal portions of the garden that include fruit trees, raspberries and a variety of herbs and flowers. The garden is part of our outreach program and we are pleased to have a very dedicated group of gardeners to utilize the space.

Gardeners' beds flourished again in 2018, abetted by an ample supply of water from the rain barrels, compost from the green garden waste and good weather. Some beds were repaired with new lumber and this work will continue in 2019.

We received "honourable mention" from the Hillhurst Sunnyside Harvest Fair for the "Pauls" pears from the garden. The two pear trees produced several pounds of sweet tasty fruit this year over 10lb of which were taken to the Fresh Food Basket program at HSCA.

In July and August Francesca and Peter Davenport, who were instrumental in starting the garden and have continued the work, took weekly contributions of vegetables from the garden to donate on behalf of St. Barnabas to Hillhurst Sunnyside Community Association for the Fresh Food Basket program. These vegetables were harvested from several gardener's beds, including one which had been rented by Ben Davenport until 2017 and which the gardeners decided to dedicate to growing produce for the Fresh Food Basket program in his memory. The vegetables included kale, Swiss chard, beets, lettuce, arugula, beans, radishes, onions, tomatoes, rhubarb and herbs. In September they took more than 30lb of Parkland and Ruby apples.

Joy Halvorson Church Garden Liaison

Rumour has it that our Archbishop Greg Kerr-Wilson will be visiting St. Barnabas this coming November. Unless he's elected as our next Primate!



The Joy of Singing

My years as a chorister began when I was eight years of age and my father placed me in the choir at our parish church of St. Paul's in Chester, England. There I was taught Anglican liturgy, including the pointing of psalms and canticles correctly and the importance of pronunciation. I was told that if people can't understand what you are singing, then you are wasting your time and theirs.

The choir master, John Oswald, was a retired grammar school headmaster. He was a very stern man with not an ounce of humour in him. If one rehearsed something at practice and made an error on Sunday in the service, you were for the high jump. I sang at morning and evening services and after some time became head choir boy. My parents arranged for me to have professional training with a music teacher, Henry Lovatt which eventually earned me a diploma from the Trinity College of Music in London for solo voice.

In 1963, Maureen and I were married at St. Paul's Church and in June 1968, we immigrated to Canada. Soon, we became parishioners at St. Gabriel's Anglican Church at 30th Avenue and 4th street NW. At the time Rev. Barry Patrick was rector and Rune Vibegaard was organist and choir director. It didn't take long before I joined the choir, where I remained for a few years. During this period Barry Patrick was made a Canon and soon after retired to a parish in Millarville. The new incumbent was Dennis Frane who instituted certain policies that many disagreed with.

A couple of years later we attended a St. George's Day celebration here at St Barnabas. It was a very impressive event with an evensong in the late afternoon followed by a pub-style lunch and

entertainment. The rector was Rev. Stanley Sinclair and each year on the Sunday closest to 23rd April, St. Georges Day, there would be a St. George's Day celebration, something I would later become very involved with. Stanley Sinclair is a monarchist, so everything was kept traditionally English, with rousing hymns by English composers.

We enjoyed the service on St. George's Day so much that we returned the following Sunday for the morning service and sat towards the front of the church on the lectern side. Immediately after the final hymn the organist left the console, crossed hastily across the chancel over to where we were sitting and said to me, "I need you in my choir" just like that. After a brief chat I accepted his invitation. This was the beginning of my thirty-six years at St. Barnabas. The organist and choir director was John Bolton, originally from South Africa and a staunch Anglican. He later told me at a choir rehearsal that he had always wanted to present Sir John Stainer's, sacred cantata "The Crucifixion" on Good Friday but had never had a tenor in his choir. What was I getting into?

The choir was made up of members, Jim Watts, Ken Attrell, Bob Morris and Roy Bracegirdle, in the bass section. While sopranos were, Emma Stevenson, Brenda Watts, Dorothy Hopkins, Mary Kraemer, (who was choir president) Rene Bracegirdle and Sonja Sinclair, the rector's wife. Other members were Winifred Stone, and later Jean Johnson who came from St. Gabriel's.

Both of our sons became choir members; Stephen until he married and Andrew who sang tenor with me until 2014. John's dream came true, singing the Crucifixion soon came to fruition and became a tradition each Good Friday for many years.

A number of people transferred from St. Gabriel's, and became choir members, among them Jean Johnson and Dennis Norton. At that time St. Barnabas choir boasted close to 25 members. After two years, John Bolton and his wife Dianne left St Barnabas and went to live in England. John was an architect and an organ builder and wished to pursue greater opportunities. During his time at St Barnabas, John had arranged for me to sing in a

Schubert concert at Wesley United Church under the direction of Marvin Dickau. Among items in the concert were, The Song of Miriam, D942 and the Sanctus from Schubert's Mass.

Following John Bolton as Organist and Choir Director, came John Slauson. He was a tremendous organist, but stayed with us only a short time. His ambitions were greater than we could fulfill and he left after just a few months.

Rev. Sinclair then secured the services of Stuart Kennedy. He was a wonderful man and he and I became very good friends. We had similar interests, not only was Stuart an organist but, like me, had a great interest in railways. Under his direction I sang many solos. One instance I remember vividly was on the evening of Friday November 26th, 1993. I was about to leave home to attend a recital by Dame Kiri TeKanawa at the Jack Singer Concert Hall when the phone rang.

Reluctantly I answered it. It was Stuart, "David," he said, "How would you like to sing 'Comfort Ye' and 'Every Valley' on Sunday?" Now this is no parlour piece. Handel's Messiah is to me the greatest piece of choral music ever written. It is also one of the most challenging to sing. This particular recitative I was to sing takes up seven pages of the manuscript. I agreed that I would sing this on Sunday and departed for my concert. You can imagine my apprehension. It turned out fine on Sunday but during Dame Kiri's recital, bits of "Every Valley" kept cropping up. Stuart was always with you as an accompanist. If you made a mistake with an entry, he would always be there to carry on as if nothing had happened. Later, Stuart gave me a book which I treasure, entitled, The Spiral Tunnels in which he wrote, "In commemoration of happy hours spent in the August company of G.F. Handel, January 2004."

We had the pleasure of Mr. Kennedy's direction for several years and under his guidance I sang numerous solos in addition to Stainer's Crucifixion on Good Friday. It was with Stuart that I first began singing "O Holy Night" on Christmas Eve. Stuart would say, "It's not Christmas without 'O Holy Night.'"

In 1991 Stanley Sinclair retired and moved to Victoria B.C. We were sorry to see them leave; the choir was always his pride and joy.

Our new rector was Rev. Grant Rodgers, who arrived with his wife Elizabeth and their four children. Elizabeth, a soprano, became a member of the senior choir and in addition formed a junior choir which was successful and soon grew to ten young singers. Round about the same time the choir gained a wonderful bass, Alan Roddis. Alan had sung with the London Philharmonic Chorus in England and was a great asset to the choir, especially when we sang Stainer's Crucifixion, which is scored for one tenor and one bass soloist with choir.

Due to health reasons, Stuart was forced to retire and on January 1, 1999, we were blessed with our present music director, Margaret Kosa. Margaret had studied organ with Stuart Kennedy who was instrumental in persuading her to take up the position she still holds.

We soon became friends and under her direction the choir improved.

She encouraged greater discipline with pitch and note values. Margaret introduced a new approach to psalms, in which she would compose a melody and text based on a psalm. I would cantor the verse and the congregation would sing the response. This was very successful and much enjoyed by everyone.

In 2006, thanks to a generous donation from a long-time parishioner, Kenneth Attrell, the church organ was improved with the addition of two additional stops. The project was undertaken by a professional organ builder and overseen by Margaret. For a short time during the renovation, our music accompaniment was played on the piano by Margaret.

Each year following the Christmas pageant, the choir and congregation would gather in the lower hall and sing carols. Sadly, following our 2017 carol sing-along our beloved bass, Alan Roddis passed away. He is sorely missed.

In 2009, changes were made to the Good Friday music sung by the choir. "Harvest of Sorrows" replaced "The Crucifixion." Margaret very kindly

presented me with my personal copy which I used each year and still treasure. Margaret is a great person to work with, she is very thorough and comes with a tremendous amount of patience and always willing to help.

Music has always been very much a part of my life and St. Barnabas choir always headed my list of priorities. I never left home for a service without first playing through my part.

There have been many choristers come and go over the past 36 years. I held the position of Choir President for many years and was always respected. As a choir family, they have always been wonderful to sing with and very forgiving when one makes the inevitable mistakes from time to time.

When God gives you a gift, you don't put it into a drawer and forget about it, you use it whenever you can with gratitude.

St. Barnabas is a music church and has always had a robed choir and a wonderful instrument in the Casavant organ. If you have a gift, please share it with this delightful group of singers. Like me, you will enjoy what you do. You don't have to read music. I guarantee you will gain a great deal of satisfaction from praising God through music.

I can live without most things, but not music.

David Dickinson