



St. Paul's Journal

All Saints' 2012



For all the Saints!

If we read the epistles of the Apostle Paul, we find time and again that he says all those baptized into the church are by definition 'saints.' *A Christian is a saint.* We are 'those set apart' (that is what the word church means in Greek), set apart like ancient Israel, by the grace of God through Christ—set apart to be Christ's presence in our world. Saints are made, not born—made, that is, by the grace of God. We may or may not be living as a saint, or may be a half-baked saint, but it is God's grace that makes us saints.

As the early Christian decades and centuries unfolded, *saints were defined in a second sense as those in whom God's grace was especially at work in remarkable ways.* Anglicans can find a large number of these saints remembered by month and day in the Christian calendars found at the front of the *Book of Common Prayer* and *The Book of Alternative Services*, the two sources of our worship services.

But *All Saints' Day* is the king or queen of the saints' days. It would seem that All Saint's Day began as a sort of 'All Martyrs' Day' in the fourth century, a few decades after the last great political persecution of the early church that took the lives of so many, many Christians whose names had already been forgotten. We know this because John Chrysostom

preached a sermon in about the year 380 a.d. in which he urged his congregation in the city of Antioch to remember, in his words, 'all the saints who anywhere on earth have suffered martyrdom.' By about 800 a.d., in Western Europe, All Saint's Day had been fixed on a new date, November 1, where it still is today, and had become an annual recollection of all saints, named or unnamed, whether martyrs or not, a recollection we honour today.

How thankful I am, as Rector of this parish, that I am surrounded by the Saints; by those whose words follow mine in this issue of *St. Paul's Journal*, and by those who surround me in our liturgies, week by week, drawn together by the divine grace working in us to reconcile all of us to each other, and our world to Christ.

Paul Friesen

The Provenance of the Statue of Saint Paul

In the Advent 2000 edition of the *St. Paul's Journal*, our Rector's Assistant, the Rev'd Jonathan Eayrs, wrote an amusing article he titled "The Further Journeys of St. Paul".

We could title this article "The Further Further Journeys of St. Paul", because since 2000 the statue has continued to travel, coming to rest this year in the narthex of St. Paul's.

Where did the statue come from, and why is it here? The story begins with our parishioner, George Wright, remembered not only for his tragic death in April 1912 on board R.M.S. *Titanic*, but also for his

generous acts towards others in need, and his home city Halifax during his life, and after his death. In 1896 a splendid new office building opened on the corner of Prince and Barrington Streets. James Charles Dumaresq was the architect, and, at his client George Wright's request, he incorporated in his design, features which echo the architecture of St. Paul's. Wright wanted to call his new structure the St. Paul Building. To reinforce the connection he decided to place a statue of the saint at a prominent point on the roof as it curved from Barrington into Prince Street. I imagine Wright the international traveler browsing statuary shops in Rome, but it's more likely that he selected his St. Paul statue out of a catalogue, and had it shipped to the building site.

Over Dumaresq's objections, Wright insisted on positioning the statue on the roof. Dumaresq's solution to prevent the statue from toppling down was to lock the figure between two enormous clock faces backed by a turret, which looked like an illustration from a fairytale, or a witch's pointy hat.

The gales and hurricanes that sweep over Halifax took their toll on the turret: "In every gale, St. Paul would wobble", causing leaks, according to J. C. Dumaresq's descendant, Philip Dumaresq. By the autumn of 1938, the owners, the General Trust Company, decided they had repaired the roof for the last time. They removed the statue and the huge clocks from the roof, and prepared to put St. Paul out on the sidewalk with the garbage.

When news of the imminent disposal of the statue got out, Haligonians objected. "You can't do that! He's a Halifax icon!!" remembers Mr. Dumaresq. Perhaps fearing a public relations disaster if they followed their original plan, the General Trust Company came up with a way out of their problem.

The Vestry Minutes of St. Paul's Church, 19 September 1938 explain what happened next:

"The Fabric Committee: Chairman A. I. Lomas being absent, Mr. R. A. Major reported that the General Trust Company, owners of the former Saint Paul Building had offered to the Church the Statue

of Saint Paul which had been taken down from their building during recent alterations. This offer had been accepted by Mr. Lomas subject to confirmation by the Vestry. Moved by Mr. Major, seconded by Mr. W. L. Payzant that this Vestry acknowledges with thanks the donation from the General Trust Company and that the same be transmitted by letter to them by the Vestry Clerk. Motion carried."

The matter of the location of the statue appears in the Vestry Minutes of May, June and September 1941. It was recorded that "it would cost considerably more to put the statue of St. Paul in condition to be placed in the church grounds. After due discussion, it was decided to let the matter stand for the time being and leave the statue in its present position in the Vestibule of the Church."

In December 1945, and again in April 1949, the Vestry discussed the "matter of the disposal of the statue of St. Paul now occupying a corner in the North East Vestibule" but no action was taken.

In his article, Jonathan Eayrs writes that during the post World War II period, St. Paul spent some time outside the Rector's office in the Church Hall on Argyle Street. His glare and his sword were so intimidating that visitors decided not to linger in hope of catching a moment with the Rector. Perhaps it was then that St. Paul was relegated to a cupboard beneath the church, where "special viewings of the sequestered saint were arranged as an initiation rite for new member of the Chancel Guild". It seems those new members retired on the spot, because of the shock. No member of the Chancel Guild, serving or retired, that I have talked with remembers this "rite"!

It is difficult to discover in the surprisingly confused Vestry Minutes of the 1970s any specific motion on the fate of the statue. A complete stocktaking of the contents of the old Parish Hall on Argyle Street is mentioned, February 1973, but the list is missing. In July 1975 "Mr. Bauld advised he had been contacted by an auctioneer from Dartmouth interested in buying or holding an auction on the

site, and later two calls from Clarkes' to hold an auction at a reduced rate."

It appears, but I cannot prove it, that the statue of St. Paul was disposed of, by auction or by other means, about the time of the emptying of the contents of the Church Hall before its demolition.

After 1987, a statue holding a sword and a book came to the attention of the Halifax bookseller Mr. John W. Doull. He brought the new acquisition to his bookstore on Granville Street. In 1997 he moved thousands of books to the ground and second floors of the St. Paul Building. The statue of St. Paul came too, to stand close to the spot, six stories up, where it once surveyed the activity on Halifax's premier street.

Sadly for Haligonian book browsers, in 2011 Mr. Doull decided to move his book business to Dartmouth. Barrington Street had become an impossible location. It was time for the statue, showing its years, to find a new home, or was it destined for the sidewalk on garbage day?

Into this situation stepped a man who understood the history and significance of St. Paul, our parishioner, the dynamic Bob Stapells, whom many of us know as a dedicated volunteer for the Wednesday Rector's Lunch. As a property developer in 1975 he had purchased the St. Paul Building, and he began an extensive and expensive "re-cycling" of a structure which had fallen on bad times. Most of it was "a non-conforming residential use, turned flophouse". Interviewed by the 4th Estate, he explained, "Returning the exterior of the building as nearly as possible to its original condition with the manpower and materials available in 1976", he removed the ugly sign erected by the last ground floor occupant, a drycleaning business. He was appalled to discover that Dumaresq's original columns and gargoyles had been destroyed. "I tried to find someone to cast the gargoyles and ended up building them on the site through the sheer imagination of the foreman and myself."

As a member of the Halifax Foundation, Bob Stapells convinced his fellow directors that restoring the statue of St. Paul, icon of old Halifax, would be a contribution to the community. After spending some weeks in the studio of a Dartmouth sculptor, receiving a new finger, a good cleaning, and other repairs, the statue journeyed once again to St. Paul's where it stands where it stood before, in the vestibule/narthex, a reminder of George Wright and all that he did to improve his city, and assist his parish church in its efforts to help people living in poverty in the mean streets around the church.

With thanks to Dot Kelly for her research,

Tinker McKay

The Saints among Us

Some people brought their babies to Jesus for him to place his hands on them. The disciples saw them and scolded them for doing so, but Jesus called the children to him and said, "Let the children come to me and do not stop them, because the Kingdom of God belongs to such as these. Remember this! Whoever does not receive the Kingdom of God like a child will never enter it." Luke 18:15-17 (Good News Translation)

When I was first asked to write about All Saints Sunday, I realized that in order to do this, some research was necessary. Perhaps it is my teacher-instinct to begin at the very beginning, but in order to proceed we must first understand the word "saint". The idea of saints walking among us sounds a bit foreign at first and maybe even a little unnerving. Can this be true that the person sitting in the pew in front of me is a saint? What does it mean and what does it mean to be one?

The *Merriam-Webster Dictionary* defines a saint as "one of God's chosen and usually Christian people", while the *Wikipedia* recognizes that "in some denominations, "saint" refers to any believer who is "in Christ", and in whom Christ dwells, whether in heaven or in earth". These two definitions best reflect my own understanding of a saint, that by being one of God's people, accepting Christ as our

Saviour and allowing Him to dwell in us and guide our path, each one of us can be a saint while still alive in the world.

By defining the meaning of the word "saint", it was then easy for me to answer the second part of my question through my experiences at St Paul's in general and with my Sunday School teachers in particular. What does it mean to be a saint? For each one of my teachers, (Kathleen, Linda, Joanie, Beth, Tony, Tricia, Maureen, Leslie and Don), I can see that Christ dwells within them through their devotion and enthusiasm to spreading the Word of God to our children and youth. To do a job that no longer holds the reverence that it once might have; to do it because they love the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit and they want to share this with others; to do a job that others may mock them for doing; to be a missionary of sorts in a world where Christianity is no longer the status quo; and to help a child to feel the love that Jesus has for them. That is what these men and women do without expecting anything in return except Christian love and kindness from their fellow Christians, which is to me is being a saint.

Praise God for the Saints among us!

Bonnie Skerritt

The Stamp Corner

For many years St. Paul's Church Women's Auxiliary has supported The Leprosy Mission, Canada, through the collection of postage stamps. They are always most appreciative: "We are very grateful for all your efforts to save the stamps, trim them, and send them to us."

Because they cannot accept 'self-sticking' stamps, we have not had the quantity but we still continue to support the Charity. Please continue to save stamps and deposit them in the box provided at the back of the church, right corner as you enter.

Dot Kelly



The returning of the Time Capsule to the foundation of the SONCO building in 1987. Helen Sanders Eisener is on the far left.

St. Paul's Church Parish Hall: "It Is Only a Building" (continued from previous editions of the Journal)

After reading the article in the Journal published at Pentecost, a friend wrote from Toronto, reminding me that the family of one of the contractors for the Parish Hall, Mr. H. Sanders, was very prominent in the life of St. Paul's Church.

Miss Emmie Sanders taught a Bible Class in the Sunday School for many years; Miss Daisy Sander was a choir member; Mrs. Annie Sanders was a member of the Senior Women's Auxiliary. Her daughter, Mrs. Helen (Sanders) Eisener, taught in the Sunday School, was member of the Jubilee Unit Anglican Church Women, The Cho Rho, and the Anglican Young People's Association. David Bruce Eisener was the son of Helen and Don Eisener; he attended Sunday School at St. Paul's. All were Christened here.

Because of the family connection, Mrs. Helen Eisener was asked to be present when the Time Capsule was opened at the demolition of the Church Hall.

Dot Kelly

***Beyond the Chancel Steps:
Advent: Past, Present, and Future***

Recently, while checking out a new candy store in town, I was informed if I spent a specific amount I would receive a free Advent Calendar. Filled with chocolates, of course. However the chocolates were behind doors in a secular scene comprised of snowmen and reindeer. I was taken aback and somewhat disturbed by this present day commercialization of Advent. Over the next few days I pondered other symbols of Advent, there are many, then decided to do a bit of research on the season from a Christian perspective.

In the season when society is involved in shopping, decorating, and going to parties, Christians have the opportunity to pause to contemplate Christ's threefold coming—***past, present, and future***. We think about the Stable in Bethlehem. We give thanks for his presence through the Word and Sacrament. We look to His second coming on the Last Day. We do this in many tangible ways and over time have embraced many symbols and engaged in activities of preparation, repentance, and joy throughout Advent.

Seasonal hymns and anthems help prepare our hearts. For example, the spirit of joyful anticipation and disciplined preparation is found in the following words:

***Hark the glad sound, The Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne
And ev'ry voice a song!***

Purple, pink, white, and blue colours are used liturgically in Advent and Advent calendars, Advent wreaths, and Jesse Trees are used to mark off the days leading up to Jesus' birth. All these practices symbolize our spiritual journey as individuals and as a congregation by affirming visually that Christ has come, that the Holy Spirit is with us today, and that Christ will come again. Such symbols allow us to teach children and remind adults about the significance of Advent in our homes as well as in our churches. I pray a Christian focus in Advent

will offset the hijacking of Advent symbols by commercial enterprises.

There are many ways we can individually and as a congregation give Advent a Christian focus and provide inspiration for young and old.

Advent Calendar: **The Anglican NetNews** for October 24th in our diocese suggests an online calendar from the Episcopal Church Office of Communications and the Society of Saint John the Evangelist. It includes an Advent word and meditation for each day throughout the Advent season and is found at the following website: <http://printerest.com/jamepiscopalian/advent-calendar/> .

Advent Colours: Purple hangings will adorn the Chancel at St. Paul's over the four Sundays in Advent. You may ask, Why purple? Historically purple is the colour of penitence and fasting as well as the colour of royalty. Hence it is used in Advent to remind us to repent and prepare internally for the coming of Christ the King. Purple is also used in Lent to symbolize suffering. Using purple in both Advent and Lent points to an important connection between Jesus' birth and death.

Advent Wreaths: The colour **purple** will also appear in the candles used in the wreath created as another symbol for Advent used at Saint Paul's. You may well have an Advent Wreath at home as well. What does the Advent Wreath symbolize? My Internet research was not exhaustive but generally I found that the wreath symbolizes a great deal and allows us to move through several stages in preparation for Christmas.

Advent wreaths are a circular shape(***eternity***) made from evergreens(***hope and renewal***) with five candles, three purple, one pink, and one white. The five candles symbolize Jesus' birth as the light of the world. The four outer candles represent the period of waiting between the prophet Malachi and Christ's birth.

The first purple candle (***Prophets***) symbolizes **hope**. The second purple candle (***Bethlehem***)

symbolizes **love** and represents **Christ's manager**. The third candle (*Shepherd's*), lit on the third Sunday in Advent is pink, burns as a symbol of **joy**. At this point in Advent lighting a pink candle marks a shift away from repentance towards preparing to rejoice in Christ's birth. In the fourth week of Advent the third purple candle (*Angel's*) is lit as a symbol of **peace**. Finally on Christmas Eve the final candle (*Christ*) is lit. This white candle in the centre of the wreath represents the **sinlessness of Jesus**. All five candles are relit at services throughout the Christmas season until Epiphany.

Jesse Tree: We don't use this symbol at Saint Paul's but my research suggests it could be a wonderful way to teach young and old about the bible at Christmas. A Jesse Tree sets out the story of God's plan for salvation to the coming of the Messiah. *How to Make a Jesse Tree* and *The Story of the Jesse Tree* are available at: <http://christianity.about.com/od/christmas/qt/jesstreeadvent.htm>. It is worth checking out and possibly instituting as a family activity in your home in addition to an Advent wreath or Advent calendar.

Other symbols at this time of year may be considered secular by many but Christians can remind themselves there is a Christian meaning to reflect upon. What are your thoughts when you see any of the following?

Bells: Symbols of worship, bells remind us of the angel announcing Christ's birth and the joyous song of the heavenly host.

Doves: Whether they are on a tree or a Christmas card, symbolize peace.

Stars - There are two reasons to include stars as a symbol. In Revelations Jesus was called *the bright and morning star*. Secondly, the star symbolizes Epiphany and reminds us that all wise men follow the star, Jesus.

Evergreen Trees – With or without decorations, evergreen trees commonly used for Christmas trees symbolize life, hope, and renewal. Good reasons to

not have an artificial tree? Natural evergreen boughs will adorn St. Paul's after the third Sunday in Advent as we move forward in a joyous sense of expectancy awaiting the coming of the King.

May we all participate in Advent this year from a Christian focus. Even if we do have chocolate filled Advent Calendars, we can reflect on Christ's coming in the **past**, embrace his spirit among us in the **present**, and anticipate his coming in the **future**. Let Advent be a season when everyone of us prepares to put the meaning of **Christ** in Christmas.

Margaret Bateman Ellison

Friends of St. Paul's

A belated HAPPY THANKSGIVING: "Now Thank we all our God"

Because of the many special events taking place in the City this past year, St. Paul's has welcomed a great number of visitors: Events included:

The Parade of Tall Ships; 'Royal' Teas and Receptions in honour of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II; The Royal Tattoo Special Tribute.

It is hard to realize that November is almost here. On November 1st we think of all the Saints who have gone before as we pray, "Grant us Grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee."

We trust that you are well and have enjoyed a restful summer. God Bless.

Dot Kelly

Requiem for a Book Club

We used to have a Book Club at St. Paul's. Not that long ago, really, although sometimes it seems a long time has passed since it ceased to exist. Originally the Book Club was the idea of the Rev'd Jonathan Eayres, when he was the Associate Minister at St. Paul's.

We started off full of vim and vigour. Jonathan was full of enthusiasm, and we read a diversity of books, and watched some very interesting movies. There were about eight to ten of us, and we met once a month in one of the members' houses, or at the church. We had great discussions on each book we read, and tea and cookies rounded off the evenings of fellowship and conversation – it was fun. There were a few faithful members who came to almost every evening, but after Jonathan was called to Toronto, to the parish of St. Mary Magdalene (to fill the position left a few years earlier by our current Rector, Paul, when he accepted the position of Chaplain at King's College, Halifax), the Book Club faltered somewhat, and the numbers dropped off. With no one to lead us, and suggest titles to read, we struggled on, and somehow – by default – Bill and I became the organizers.

We were a small but staunch group, sometimes Bill was supported by David Redman and his son Marcus, or Marcus alone, but the group mainly consisted of Lois Pepper, Marge Hannon, Jill Alexander, Bill and me. We went to each others' houses, and discussed the books we had read. What wonderful ladies Marge, Jill and Lois were! One time we read Brian Sykes' book *The Seven Daughters of Eve*, a very challenging work about Mitochondrial DNA, the first five chapters of which gave a detailed description and examination of the makeup and function of DNA, its decoding, and the Gnome Project at Oxford University. Lois, with her background of science was brilliant describing related work she had done, and keeping us enthralled by the subject. She always had a well thought out critique of whichever book we were reading, and when we met at her condo, we shared the evening and the delicious tea – and goodies –

with her beloved Beau, a big, loving golden retriever.

Marge was always a very open minded reader, with some very illuminating insights on whatever book we were reading each month. She thoroughly enjoyed the evenings' discussions, and was eager to propose new books to read. She would relate stories of the Halifax of her youth, the wonderful life she and her husband Len had had, and tell us of his long history with Queen Elizabeth High School as its first Principal. Len did not come to our meetings, but was very active at St. Paul's; he was Envelope Secretary for the weekly collection for something like 50 years, giving up the job at 95 – he said he thought he had done it for long enough!

Jill to me was a magical person. Anyone who had had seven sons was from a fairy tale; however Jill was no fairy tale person. She had very decided ideas about most things, and an artist's eye for the colour and setting of a book. She was a fount of historical information about Halifax, and St. Paul's, where her grandfather Archdeacon William Armitage was Rector for 32 years. Tea at Jill's was always set out with scones and jam, toasted bread and cheese fingers, cakes and cookies – a veritable feast!

Tea at our house always centered around Daisy. Daisy is a huge old brown pottery teapot, with white daisy like flowers on her sides, and an acorn on the top of her lid. She holds at least 16 cups of tea, and belonged to my Mother. Daisy was made in the 1890s for the families who worked the canal barges in Britain; she also served teas at a 'Wings for Victory' RAF fundraiser during WWII. Tea from Daisy was always a welcome accompaniment to literary discussion.

Times change, however, and for various reasons the St. Paul's Book Club came to the end of its career, much lamented, but no longer viable. Sadly, one by one, this wonderful trio of ladies has left us, and their contributions to the life of St. Paul's are missed.

Requiem for a Book Club (continued)

Perhaps one day St. Paul's will have another Book Club, and perhaps Bill and I will be members, but we cherish the memory of 'our' Book Club, and the happy evenings spent with Lois, Marge, Jill, and other good friends.

Fiona Day

Life Pastoral: A Summer of Ministry in New Ross

"He is going ahead of you to Galilee," the women at the tomb side were told. They were promised; "There you will see him, just as he told you" (Mark 16:7).

With these words from the Easter gospel ringing in my ears, I headed for New Ross. As you may know, we theological students move from parish to parish during our formation for priesthood. This gives us a broad experience of Anglican expressions, and from the people in the parishes, we learn what we *really* need to know about ministry. But those gospel words promise more.

There you will see him, just as he told you.

Is the risen Christ active in New Ross? After spending a summer as 'the student minister' in that community, I answer with a resounding YES! Christ is in the midst of the people who weather seasonal swings and economic blows on that particular mountaintop. Christ is in their midst, continually offering renewal.

Most people, if they know anything about New Ross, know that it's home to the Ross Farm Museum. The Farm really is the hub of the community – and it connects people across generations. I recall a visit there with a neighbor. When we got to the museum displays in the old mill, she shed tears of joy and sadness because lining the wall were pictures of her father, now long deceased, crafting a barrel. Two buildings over, we had a long

conversation with a present-day cooper. Because people have passed on their trades and traditions, what *was* the lifeblood industry of that region is still vital in renewed and surprising forms.

In New Ross, the Forties, and East Dalhousie, the three settlements that make up the Anglican Parish of New Ross, the past continually weaves into the present. At the first funeral of the summer (and the first one I'd ever presided over), the casket was met at the church door by a horse-drawn wagon. Crowds of family and friends, dressed to the nines in high-heels and suits, followed in a procession so beautiful it took my breath away. Drinking tea with people in the homes where they were born, I was shown postcards sent by grandkids, now grown, who live in Korea or Calgary. These were homesteads where, originally, families stayed close because the work wouldn't get done otherwise, but even as most things in the world have changed, *family* is still the tie that binds.

I arrived in New Ross the day after their rector, the Rev'd Val Rhymes, retired. So, I moved into the rectory and stepped up as the on-site minister. I discovered that *presence* is a vital aspect of ministry, especially in rural areas. "Clothes on the line, a car in the driveway, and lights in the windows" were important signs of a ministerial presence in the community! For some, midweek morning prayer gave a rhythm to life, so we gathered – two or three or four of us, plus a big, black dog – for scripture & intercession four days a week. My pastoral visits happened in gardens and kitchens, at funeral receptions and pig roasts, or while bouncing along trails in an open-topped truck.

As a parish, our major summer project was to host the village Vacation Bible School. Volunteers – more than twenty of them! – from the Anglican, Baptist, and Catholic churches came together with their hammers and mixing bowls, their paints and flouncy costumes for five days of holy chaos. Nearly thirty kids filled the churchyard, rectory, and church with their laughter and bright questions. Looking around the community and hearing stories from its people, I thought St. Francis was a proper hero for this place, so I created a curriculum around

Life Pastoral: A Summer of Ministry in New Ross (continued)

the legends of his life. We finished off the week with a trip to the Farm, where, like St. Francis, the kids bowed in reverence to the sheep and learned ways to steward God's creation with simplicity and joy.

In New Ross, I felt how interwoven the community, the land, and the heritage of faith can be. But wherever we are called into Christian community, wherever we are called to travel on our faith journeys, I have a wild guess that Christ will be there to meet us.

Nicole Uzans

Crossings: An exhibition of Ian McKinnon's Recent Works

The people of St. Paul's are a creative bunch! Both Nicole Uzans, our divinity intern, and Margot Metcalfe, our parish secretary, are members of the Arts & Theology Committee of the Atlantic School of Theology. The Committee undertakes various projects to integrate theology and the visual, literary, and performing arts on campus at AST. This autumn, Nicole has been working with our very own Ian McKinnon to mount an exhibition of Ian's latest artworks. The show is open to all and will be on view at the AST Library until December 10th. If you have not heard Ian's reflections on what it means to be both a contemporary artist and a Christian, you are most warmly encouraged to attend the Opening and Artist's Talk on November 8th.

Atlantic School of Theology Library, 624 Francklyn St., Halifax, Opening Reception and Artist Talk Thursday, November 8, 5:30 to 7:00 p.m. Show runs November 9 to December 10, 2012 <http://www.asttheology.ns.ca/astarts/current.html>.

Crossings: An exhibition of Ian McKinnon's Recent Works

About the Artist

Ian McKinnon graduated from the *Nova Scotia College of Art and Design* in 1980. He spent the following decade in Toronto where he exhibited in numerous solo and group exhibitions, and served on the board of the YYZ artist-run centre. In 1997 he earned a Master of Fine Arts degree from *Concordia University*. He returned to Halifax where, in 2000, he was one of the first artists-in-residence at the *Art Gallery of Nova Scotia*. Soon after, he was employed by the *Dalhousie Art Gallery* and took up a post as Part-time Faculty at *NSCAD University*. It was while immersed in these two pivotal institutes of the Halifax art world that McKinnon converted and was baptized at the chapel of *University of King's College*.

He began theological studies at the *Atlantic School of Theology* and in 2007, completed a Master of Theological Studies in the Faculty of Divinity, *Trinity College* at the *University of Toronto*. His thesis, entitled "Mutual Illumination and the Artist: Dispossession, Disinterested Love and Making Other" won the award for best MTS thesis of his Divinity graduating class in 2010.

Shortly after graduating from Trinity, McKinnon returned to Halifax and his teaching position at NSCAD University. In the spring of this year he officially presented himself to Bishop Ron Cutler of the Anglican Diocese of Nova Scotia and PEI as an "inquirer." Now in the Anglican formation program at AST, McKinnon hopes to be a postulant for ordination in the near future.

Curatorial Statement

Ian McKinnon has been making art professionally for more than twenty five years, but after being baptized, his work changed. From the beginning, hints of 'the spiritual' have appeared unbidden in Ian's paintings and drawings. But through years of working in the contemporary art world, he learned to hide his inmost experiences behind layers of

coded imagery. The works communicated—though part of what they communicated was the impossibility of speaking directly about love, grief, longing, and joy.

That impossibility began to dissolve when Ian became a Christian. He knew himself to be inwardly changed and changing by the waters of baptism and he knew that his outward expression through art-making must also change. He began to ask what the profession of faith means for a professional artist. How could he make art as a Christian?

This exhibition gathers together a number of the explorations Ian has made in response to this question. These works are the *direct* records of what passes through him—as thought, as impulse, as prayer—while his hand pushes graphite across the paper.

The works are gathered under the title “Crossings.” In some Christian traditions, to ‘cross’ oneself is to touch head, navel, shoulders, and heart. It is to symbolically locate the mystery of Christ upon—and within—the believer’s body. Christ is not “out there,” but *here*, united with the one who is baptized into his life, death, and resurrection. It is *here* that we know Christ’s ongoing work of redemption.

When Ian inscribes marks on paper, he is doing something analogous to signing himself with the cross. In his process of making and erasing marks, images—flickering, but profoundly *real*—appear. An image appears, not because it was planned before the work began, but because it has been revealed as Ian opens himself to the work before him. An image appears and its significance is confirmed by its association with the distinct memories and experiences that constitute who Ian is. What has been buried, obscured, or hidden is brought to the surface to be redeemed, transformed, and communicated.

As viewers, can share in the artist’s sense of discovery by allowing our own memories and associations to be stirred by these images.

Gillian's Adventures in China

When some people think of China, they think of 'Made In' printed on almost every piece of stationery we buy, or they think of the Great Wall, or the Terra Cotta Warriors, or they just think 'Wow... That's a lot of people!' Apart from these presumptions, I had no idea what to expect when I left for China mid July for a month-long cultural exchange. All I knew was that God had been very clear about His instructions for me at that winter retreat I attended in December: He wanted me in China, despite my fear and nervousness at the mere idea.

I spent five weeks in China, and upon the arrival of my team and I, we realized the country and culture were far more alien to us than we had originally presumed. That was a scary thing, the moment we realized we literally had no idea what we had gotten ourselves into. Sure, we had sat through a week of preparation in Beijing, but in all reality, our week of orientation hadn't prepared us for what God really had in store. In weeks two through four, we were at our host university. On our contract with the school, our purpose was to enrich and improve the English and understanding of Canadian culture for the Chinese students with whom we were partnered. My team's purpose was to build cross-cultural relationships in China, and show these students the kind of love, grace and compassion the Father has to offer.

Going to China, I thought it would be a piece of cake. Loving people? I can do that! I've always been good at that! But oh my, was I in store for a surprise. My Chinese partner, Sigrid, was shy, very indirect and incredibly guarded; a type of personality that is about as foreign to me as China itself. In getting to know her, and trying my best to love her in the only way I was familiar, we didn't get too far. It was in about week two when I realized love itself is far more complicated than I had thought. There isn't just one type of love, it comes in many different forms and shapes. I was really good at one type, but there were so many other ones in which I had no experience. My challenge in China was literally re-

learning how to love, in a way that would touch the heart of Sigrid. Through continuous prayer, my bond with her grew deeper and deeper. By the end of the programme, we were referring to each other as sisters, and vocally expressing our love for one another.

At our university, we created a family, a sense of home and security that many of the Chinese students had never experienced before. In the three weeks we were there, we gave half of the Chinese students Bibles, studied scripture with some of them, had hours upon hours of discussion concerning Jesus and His sacrifices for us. With Sigrid, I was able to teach her about mercy. What it means, what it looks like, and why it's important. One of the Chinese students also committed her life to Christ. When she was asked why she had chosen to follow Christ she said, 'All of you Canadian students love each other so much and are so happy... I want to have that too.' You'd be surprised how lost some people truly are, despite looking like they have everything together.

Along my journey of relearning how to love, I definitely had to humble myself greatly, in the presence of God and in the presence of others. I was a student in something I thought myself a teacher. It started out with adapting myself to Sigrid's way of communication; watching how she loved and cared of me, and then applying that to how I could love her in return. It took being completely mindful of how I interacted with her. With Sigrid, I had to come way out of my comfort

zone to adapt to her, instead of expecting her to adapt to me. There's a reason Jesus is called the incarnate son of God. He didn't watch and wait for people to come to him, he headed into the crowds and the cities, and consciously pursued others. That was the extent of his love and care for us. I learned from this lesson how to pursue Sigrid and actually become, not just another person to be a glimpse, but to be a solid and permanent part of her life.

Sigrid taught me a lot about Chinese culture and Chinese history, but the best lessons she taught me were ones from the heart. That even if you are totally different from someone, you can still find a way to love them with everything you have. That the simple pleasure of watching a TV show together can actually bring you closer together. That friends CAN be made for a lifetime, even if they are on the other sides of the planet. Love has no boundaries. Distance is of no importance. Even as I am here in Canada and she is all the way over in China, she still loves me as fiercely as she did while I was by her side. She still emails me to make sure I'm eating properly, getting enough sleep, dressing warmly for cold Canadian weather... Her love is like that of a mother; warm and unconditional. And for receiving love such as this I owe her the world.

This isn't the last you'll see of me in China. God has put this country on my heart for a reason, and I feel He has bigger plans for me to come in the future.

From two letters to the Rector written by Gillian Sisley

2 December Advent 10 am Combined Traditional 7 pm Concert

9 December 4 pm Lessons and Carols

23 December Advent IV 10 a.m. Eucharist

24 December Christmas Eve 4 pm Family Nativity Eucharist 11 pm Traditional Eucharist

25 December Christmas Day 10 a.m. Contemporary Eucharist



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Submissions to *St. Paul's Journal* are always welcome.

Why not submit a spiritual reflection, prayer, poem, or a book review?

The deadline for the Epiphany 2013 issue is **11 January 2012.**