



St. Paul's Journal

The Conversion of St. Paul 2022



Dear friends:

The chief day of the year for Christians has always been the Day of the Resurrection, known popularly in English as 'Easter' (a name, in fact, with pagan roots). It is not hard to see why early Christians seem to have felt that every Sunday should be a day of gathering that echoed the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the defeat of death.

As I'm sure you know, other events in the life of Jesus Christ were held to be significant as well, and worthy of celebrating annually—Christ's birth, and his circumcision, and his baptism, and his transfiguration, and his crucifixion, and his ascension. Other days associated with Christ—Pentecost, for instance—were also celebrated. And then a number of biblical Apostles were remembered. But the *Conversion of St. Paul* is unique among the days set apart in our calendar. We're accustomed to the celebration of the births and death of saints...but their 'conversion'?

St. Paul is worth our attention, not the least because St. Paul is our 'patron', and his name

on our Church being a constant reminder of the Gospel of divine grace at the heart of the Apostles (and Church's) life and teaching.

'Conversion' can be a loaded word, can't it? Yet it's certainly the right word for Saul, who became St. Paul, and others like him; St. Augustine with his 'garden experience' and Martin Luther with his 'tower experience', for instance. As it was for Luther, so it was for Saul: here was a highly educated, deeply committed believer, set apart for ministry, teaching, and outreach. Saul did not turn from a life of atheism to a life of belief any more than Martin Luther did. But Saul had such a radical change of perspective he became 'Paul'.

Like St. Paul, like St. Augustine, like Luther, we need to offer ourselves in our own ways, regularly, to the converting power of the grace of Jesus Christ who put his body between us and all we've done to others and they've done to us so that divine love may invade and transform...and convert us, again.

Paul Friesen+

Memories of My Brother, Jimmy

Jimmy was my brother. I'll begin with a few sentences about the two very distinct cultures that he was born into. Our Dad's name was Jock. Jock had enlisted in the Royal Engineers and had been posted to Bangalore in India, where he got sick and was diagnosed with TB. The army sent him to recuperate in Switzerland where he met Ella, who was one of the nurses at Clinique Alexandra. Over the next several months, Jock's health did not improve much, and eventually Ella accepted a request from Jock's father to bring him, wheelchair-bound, home to England. It was September of 1939. Since Ella's parents were of German birth, and England was about to declare war on Germany, officials at the port of Dover viewed her as a risk to the war effort. A day or two later, someone showed up at the door of the parental home saying that she could not remain in England. A marriage plan was hastily drawn up, and Jock's bed (on wheels) was pushed down Rickingham's main street into the village church for the wedding. None of Ella's friends, nor anyone from her family, was there. Decades later, she confided to me that she spent much of her wedding day in tears.

Life goes on, and Jock's health improved with the introduction of antibiotics. They had 3 children: Jimmy, born in 1941; Danny, born in 1943, and Gordon (the writer of these notes), born in 1949.

I don't know much about Jimmy's early life as he was already 8 years old when I was

born. I do know that the family lived in London during the blitz, and from age 6 to 13 Jimmy attended Dulwich Prep School in Kent. He would walk from home to the railway station, take a train to Dulwich, and walk from there to the school; it was a long commute for a young boy, by himself.

From age 13 to 18, Jimmy attended Allhallows Boarding School near Lyme Regis in Dorset. Jimmy's interest in science and eventually medicine, was sparked by two things. First, the school was set on beautiful grounds with lots of unexplored woodland wilderness and a steep white cliff with access to a shore line that extended from Lyme Regis to Seaton. There was an excellent biology teacher who took the boys on nature walks. Jimmy thrived in that setting. He often talked in glowing terms about a working trip to Yugoslavia (similar to what Habitat for Humanity does today), that was organized by two of the teachers. He also raved about a trip to Greece. Unlike trips today where you fly to your destination, they travelled in a camper van, possibly one of those old Bedford Dormobiles.

Jimmy possessed an appetite for adventure and for doing things "outside the box". On one occasion he found a swarm of bees at the school and, using an empty bee-hive that belonged to the biology teacher, they coaxed the queen and her retinue into the hive. On the night before being picked up by Mum and Dad at the end of the school year, he blocked off the entrance to the hive. The next day, the hive was tied to the roof of the

car for the long drive home. Somewhere along the way, the entrance to the hive became unblocked and by the time they arrived home, the bees were buzzing around the car and causing quite a spectacle.

On another occasion, Jimmy found a giant crab, alive, in a rockpool on the school beach. Knowing that fresh crab is a prized delicacy, he packaged it and mailed it home as a gift to Mum and Dad, along with a few ice cubes to keep it fresh. Unfortunately, there's a limit as to how fast the postal service can get things from A to B and, when the package arrived home, . . . Well, you can guess the rest of the story.

The second thing that sparked Jimmy's interest in science, and particularly his interest in medicine, was visits to our uncle and aunt in Switzerland. Sadly, our uncle and aunt had not been able to have children of their own, but in all other respects their life was utopian. Our uncle ran a family medical practice out of his home and was always open to responding to the many questions that Jimmy asked about medicine, or about anything. For all we knew, life as a doctor might have been stressful for our uncle, but none of that was apparent to Jimmy or to any of us. Switzerland was a land of opportunity, much as it is today, and our uncle did much to nurture Jimmy's interest in medicine.

Jimmy's many talents and accomplishments were a driver to my own aspirations and optimistic outlook on life. He helped me realize that, whatever grim and bleak future may be in store for the human race, we must look forward, not back. One of his projects

as a teenager was to make a fully functional crossbow out of piano wire and an automobile leaf spring, -- a thin, bowed strip of steel that used to be a standard component of every car's suspension. He would make his own fireworks and set them off to my delight. He made numerous items of furniture, shared his enjoyment of steam engines with me, and successfully constructed various electrical devices such as crystal radio sets. On holiday at my uncle's chalet in Switzerland, he took me on walks to pick mushrooms in the pine forests. Most of the time he knew which mushrooms were edible and which were not. If there was one that he could not identify, he would look it up in a book. Regardless of how they tasted, the mushrooms were always delicious. Jimmy loved his bees, and he loved gardening. Once, when I visited Jimmy and Cecile in Shropshire, he was busy making a cart so that their horse, Charlie, could take the family on rides. He dismantled and reassembled cars, especially a much-treasured Morris Minor. He made all kinds of alcoholic beverages from fruits that he grew at home or that were found in the wild.

That's just a glimpse of his appetite for knowledge, his enquiring mind and his multi-talents. Aside from being adventuresome, resourceful and creative, Jimmy was also very caring and considerate in his attitude towards others. Although I was much younger, he always accepted me and incorporated me into whatever he was doing, even as a teenager when he had a friend over to visit. I was never told to stop being a pest, even though I would certainly have been a pest at times.

I never experienced any vindictiveness on his part. He was always willing and eager to express his opinion, but he never took advantage at another's expense. On one occasion, the boarders at the prep school that I was attending as a day boy organized an end-of-term midnight feast, and invited me to sneak out of my home and join them for the midnight feast. I didn't consider any of the ramifications involved but I said I would join them. That night, I mentioned to Jimmy, with whom I shared a bedroom, that I would be sneaking out to go to a midnight feast at my school. Of course, once I dozed off, I slept soundly through the night. Next day, Jimmy asked me privately if I had gone to the feast, and I replied that I had gone to it. Jimmy knew, of course, that I had not gone, but he played along without further comment and without letting on that he knew that I was lying.

Eventually, Jimmy left us to attend medical school at Edinburgh University, and we saw less of him after that. In the fullness of time, my sister Danny and I too went our separate ways. I was happy that he was happy, but I was sad that it was the end of an era.

That's it from me. I will leave to the members of his own family to share things about his inspiring role subsequent to that point in time: his role as a father, as the husband of a wonderful and very dear wife, and as a much-respected friend, counsellor and medical healer to so many patients who came under his care.

Funeral in Ayr, Scotland, January 11, 2022

Written by Gordon Flowerden



(Shropshire, England)

Eighty Years Ago

(This could now be renamed '105 Years Ago')

The Rev'd Dr. William Armitage's Rector's Letter in St. Paul's Parish Magazine, published in December of 1917, recently 'rediscovered' in the parish archives.

Since the morning of the 6th day of December when in a moment of time we were left a helpless, stricken city, there have been too many claimant calls for ought else to be the thought of save relief.

Today, with the tide of suffering stayed, the emergency in some measure met, there comes a pause in all this sacred haste and we ask ourselves just where we stand as a church and congregation.

Thank God when the tale is all written, the members of this parish need feel no blush of shame for the part which St. Paul's has played. The staff was among the first to reach the devastated area, and there in the work of rescue, and in the hospitals and shelters, they saw with pride the heroic devotion of scores of parishioners and in the subsequent relief, committee and brigade work there have been no more earnest and conscientious workers than the members of this church, and we feel sure that they will do their part in meeting the problems of the future, not only in connection with our stricken churches, but also in the task of upbuilding the city itself.

The story of St. Paul's part in the relief work begins with the church itself. Through the

initiative of a member of the vestry, the church building became at once a haven for the injured, while busy hands were making the hall as habitable as could be. There, blankets, food, supplies and clothing began to arrive, and within a few hours after the explosion, the injured and homeless refugees found beneath its roof shelter and friends.

Thereafter the church was filled with the coffined dead, and along its aisles hour after hour the solemn burial office was read for those who were no more.

The workers will never forget the pathetic scenes of those first few days at the hall, nor will the clergy fail to remember the splendid way in which all joined together to do anything and everything that would bring comfort or relief. The hall parlour became the dining room, the mission hall the first dormitory, and the men's parlour and the gymnasium were converted into a hospital and dressing room, where doctors and nurses were busy daily from the first.

Some idea of the immense amount of work in connection with the establishment of the shelter may be realized from the fact that over 350 individuals have been cared for over night during the first month, and more than 10,000 meals given, for this purpose a large range being installed.

Bath accommodation and laundry facilities next had to be provided. A clothing

department and food relief were also opened and did splendid work during the first trying days. At the bureau of information, hundreds of people were helped and directed, and over a thousand relief orders written for members of many congregations.

The splendid work of the dressing station was widely recognized and it became the centre not only for the St. Paul's work and the district outpatients, but for St. Mary's and the Acadian Shelters as well. It is estimated that more than 2,000 dressings and minor surgical operations were attended to. In all the period not one life was lost, although in more than one instance only immediate aid sufficed to save it. Many indeed are the sufferers who will remember with gratitude St. Paul's Hospital and the time when the welcome Red Cross banner hung upon its portals.

It has been one of the pleasant features of the entire work, the gratefulness of those who have been helped.

Many expressions have been received from families who were taken care of and have since from Milltown, NB and other from Fredericton, a third from Boston, another from Waterville, all deeply appreciative of the treatment they received from the St. Paul's workers and their assistants.

And for these latter, representing many churches, we have only words of unqualified praise. Recognition must be forever general, for in the rush of all things the roll of workers was not taken.

The shelter has now been transferred into the hands of a salaried staff, and while the need remains, acute will remain the hospitable relief depot it has so effectively been.

There have been many little memories which the helpers will treasure all their days.

To see the reunion of parent and child after days of separation. To see the look of pain and anxiety fade from the little faces. To have been present at the wonderful Christmas was in itself a benediction. And then there was the little baby of the family, born the day after the explosion, and which was christened in the church and named after St. Paul, our own patron saint.

But shelter was not confined entirely to material needs. There was religious hospitality as well. St. Mark's, St. George's, and Trinity services were also held at special hours, and as someone said, "St. Paul's, the mother of churches, still stands stretching out loving arms to all."

The injuries to the fabric of our parish buildings were serious and such as to require large expenditures to restore.

The church building, "timbered in times when men built strong," suffered perhaps less than other public buildings, although doors, windows, partitions, tablets, ceilings and chimneys were affected.

In the parish hall the great skylight fell, the art glass was destroyed, doors were blown off their hinges, the gas system deranged, and much other damage done.

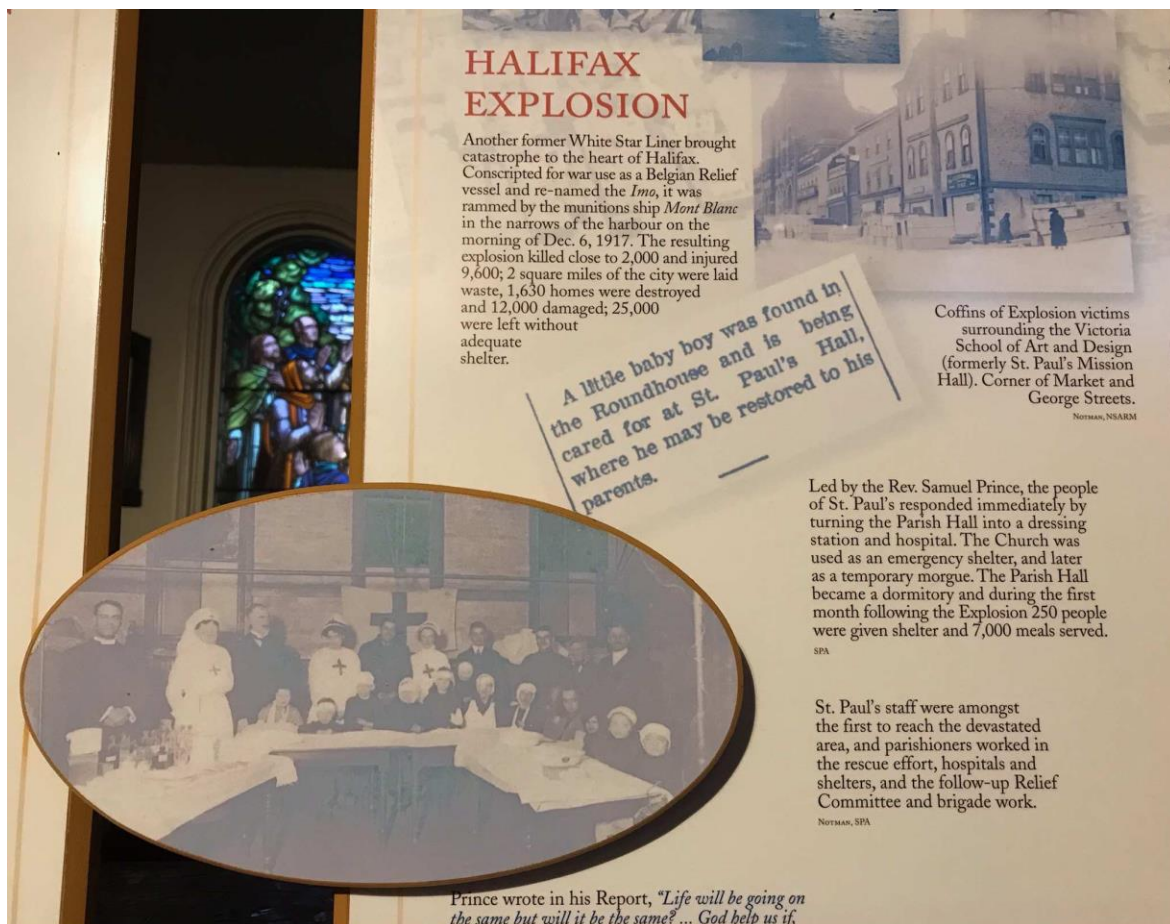
About three hundred families who made this their church home have been in need of relief, while we estimate the number of those who have been injured as in the neighbourhood of 500. The list of dead is not yet complete. In some cases, whole families have been called away. In one small casket we buried all that was mortal of a mother and four children. In another, a father, mother and grown-up daughter were interred. The clergy have officiated at 128 funerals, more in the single month than in any entire year in the history of the parish.

If in their hour of trial, the church fails them not, the ties of affiliation will be

strengthened as never before and they will hear and receive the word of Life, because through it they were visited in their affliction, and through it warmed and clothed.

We believe that St. Paul's faces the greatest opportunity of the long years. If we can only stand together, loyal, liberal, dispensing to those in need, there will result a quickening of parochial life which will react on the parish for years to come.

*Submitted by Fiona Day,
Archives Committee*



(The information above can be seen in the north-east area of the Nave as part of our information board display)

How Many Degrees of Separation?

We moved to Halifax in 1995, and joined St. Paul's either later that year, or in 1996. Bill's new office in the Canada Trust Building (formerly St. Paul's Church Hall) overlooked the church and the Grand Parade, which gave us a feeling of familiarity with the church. I had two reasons to want to join St. Paul's (before we even knew where it was in Halifax) although St. James on the Armdale Rotary was really our parish church.

We are Bill and Fiona Day, and my maiden name was Maitland. As I mentioned, I had two reasons to join St. Paul's, one of whom was the Rev. Edward Wix, created Archdeacon by Bishop John Inglis when Wix was the Bishop's chaplain and this church was the Cathedral of St. Paul's in Halifax. Archdeacon Wix was sent to Newfoundland as the Archdeacon for that Province, and had raised funds and had built the church of St. Thomas in St. John's. This was our parish church when we lived there, and I was asked to write a play for the 150th Anniversary of the church. Wix was the main first character in the play, and I was intrigued to find that he had sailed to St. John's - sent on his own official sloop by the Lt. Governor of Nova Scotia, one Sir Peregrine Maitland!

The Vice Regal family worshipped at St. Paul's, and sadly lost a young son, who is buried under the floor approximately in front of the present-day pulpit! I had even seen Sir Peregrine's signature on the order for the vessel to take Archdeacon Wix to

Newfoundland. I had not previously realized that any ancestors had been in Nova Scotia, so that was my second reason to join St. Paul's. And we are very glad we did join, as we were made very welcome by Rev. John Newton, and everyone we met, and have remained part of the congregation to this day.

So Archdeacon Wix had moved to St. John's, the church of St. Thomas was built, the 150th Anniversary play had been written and performed, and now we were moving to Halifax where this namesake of mine had once lived – interesting!

Having lived in Vancouver and always having to spell my maiden name, also in St. John's and Ottawa, it was quite surprising to find it unnecessary to do so when we moved here! The name cropped up quite frequently in Nova Scotia!

Some time later, our Granddaughters asked me to make up a Family Tree for them, and during that original research I was told an interesting story which you also might find interesting – though not perhaps, directly, connected to St. Paul's!

Sadly, Sir Peregrine and Lady Sarah Maitland left no living sons, only daughters, (one of whom was known by a family member of mine) and who in turn did have a son – who, in turn, became the father of another cousin, Jane Leefe. I only met Jane once, having been taken to meet her by another cousin when I went home to England to see my

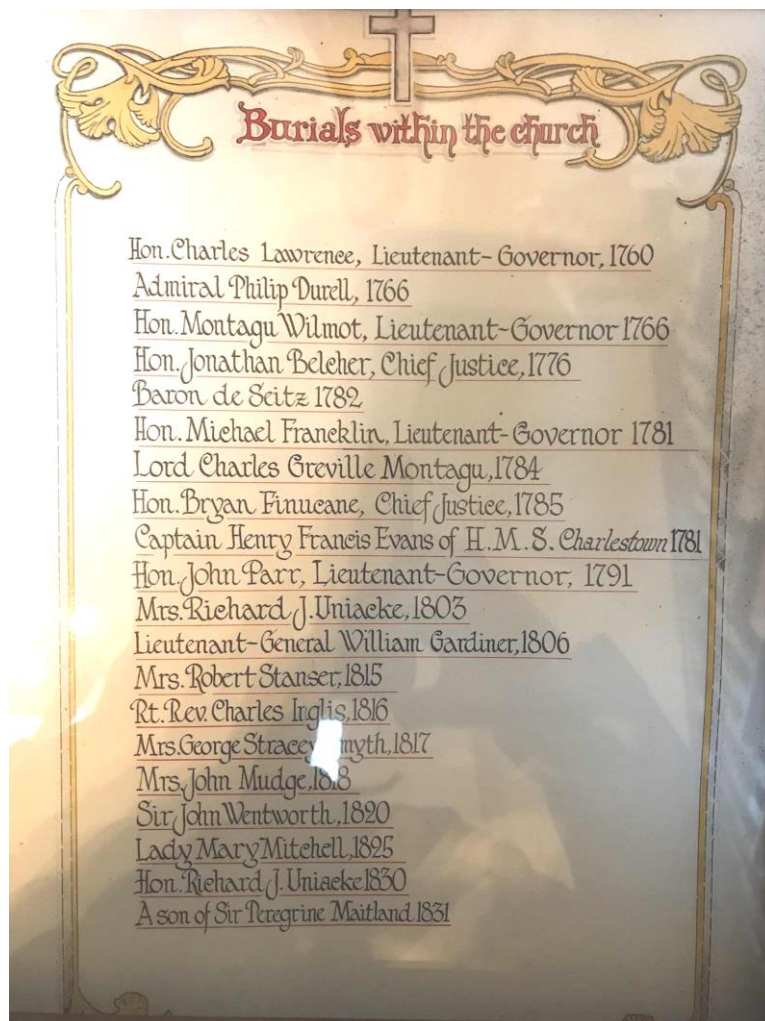
Parents. We talked about the Maitlands, and I was able to tell her about St. Paul's, and the Maitland son buried beneath the church. She, in turn, told me this story from her father:

When he was a young man at Oxford University, he went to visit a very ancient Aunt who lived there. And she in turn told him about the time she, as a very young girl, had peered through the bannisters of the main staircase of her Father's house in Brussels, to watch the arrival of the guests for a Ball given by her Parents in 1815 – the night before the Battle of Waterloo!

Her father was the Duke of Richmond, and her eldest sister was Lady Sarah Lennox, who became the wife of Sir Peregrine Maitland and the mother of the little Maitland boy buried beneath the floor of St. Paul's. History so close you could almost reach out and touch it! And, indirectly it is a minute part of the "back history" of some previous, and now some recent parishioners of St. Paul's Church.

A circle in time and events!

*Written by Fiona Day
Archives Committee*



This list can be found in the
Narthex of St. Paul's
(West side).

The last line reads,
**"A son of Sir Peregrine
Maitland 1831"**

Birth Of Jesus Christ

Infinite Holy Spirit,
Father above
It's such a miracle
The many You meet.
It's the perfect friendship
That You share
So here comes the Son
And here comes the snow
It's that time of year
When Jesus Christ was born
Thanks be to God
For having His Son
Thanks to the Holy Spirit
That carried Jesus to His birth
Body, spirit and soul
To be a perfect personality
To live and learn from Him.
Amen

Written by Paul Fougere



Thank you to Cora Driver for this lovely painting of God's creation called, 'OCEAN'



My Jesus

By Anne Wilson

Are you past the point of weary? Is your burden weighin' heavy?
Is it all too much to carry? Let me tell you 'bout my Jesus.
Do you feel that empty feeling? 'Cause shame's done all its' stealin'
And you're desperate for some healin'? Let me tell you 'bout my Jesus.

*Chorus: He makes a way where there ain't no way; rises up from an empty grave
Ain't no sinner that He can't save, let me tell you 'bout my Jesus.*

*His love is strong and His grace is free, and the good news is I know that He
Can do for you what He's done for me. Let me tell you 'bout my Jesus.*

And let my Jesus change your life.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen, Amen!

Who can wipe away the tears from broken dreams and wasted years?
And tell the past to disappear? Oh, let me tell you 'bout my Jesus.
And all the wrong turns that you would go and undo if you could;
Who can work it all for your good? Let me tell you 'bout my Jesus. (*Chorus*)

Who would take my cross to Calvary? Pay the price for all my guilty?
Who would care that much about me? Let me tell you 'bout my Jesus, oh ... *Chorus*)

Submitted by Gail Fulop

Beyond the Chancel Steps: *The Triple Decker*

In 2004, we took a course on Celtic Christianity based in the city of Durham in the North of England. It was a wonderful journey through British history which enabled us to learn more about the early days of the Church in England in the time of Cuthbert, Aiden, and the Venerable Bede. We stayed in Durham and visited many places, including Lindisfarne (Holy Island) and Whitby.

It was in Whitby Abbey that the English church held a Synod in 627 which led to its joining with the European Church. The Abbey has been in ruins since the time of Henry VIII. Near it is the old church of St Mary's, just below the ruins. There has been a church there since the 11th century but the present building, originally a small Norman church, was expanded and remodeled dates roughly the same time as our own St Paul's was built. And St Mary's is famous in the world of English Literature, a character in one of the great works of Gothic horror:

"For a moment or two I could see nothing, as the shadow of a cloud obscured St. Mary's Church. Then as the cloud passed, I could see the ruins of the Abbey coming into view; and as the edge of a narrow band of light as sharp as a sword-cut moved along, the church and churchyard became gradually visible ... It seemed to me as though something dark stood behind the seat where

the white figure shone, and bent over it. What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell." - *Bram Stoker's "Dracula"*.

But we were fascinated by St Mary's for something else; its Triple-Decker Pulpit. Having never seen one before, we thought it was pretty strange: a prayer desk, lectern and pulpit all in one. Well, it would save space I thought. St Mary's is absolutely full of box pews, like ours at St Paul's, jammed in and facing in all directions while the sanctuary is off in a corner, barely visible. Strange things in strange churches!

Then about 5 years later we were visiting the Church of St Peter in St George's, Bermuda. St Peter's is the oldest Anglican Church outside the British Isles and the oldest Protestant Church in continuous use in the New World - even more impressive than we are, having been established in 1612. And St Peter's is the same as St Mary's in Whitby. It has a triple decker pulpit and a sanctuary far off around a corner.

A triple decker pulpit.

A little research provided the history of these architectural wonders. They are a result of the Reformation. Their purpose was to accommodate a new movement in the English Church, that of holding public services of prayer based on the old monastic

offices of Mattins, Evensong and Compline. Up until this point the Mass or Holy Eucharist or Holy Communion was the service of public worship. Now there was to be equal emphasis on prayer, teaching and Communion. Word and Sacrament. Some churches already had pulpits under the old regime but now each building was to have a pulpit, lectern, prayer desk and Communion table. Medieval churches perhaps did not have room for all these furnishings but like in a modern city if there isn't room to spread out, build up. As time passed this practical action became a tradition and a triple decker pulpit became customary and even built into new buildings.

So, if you ever see a triple decker in a church, you'll now know it was designed as a reaction, built for convenience and maintained as tradition.

The original pulpit here in St Paul's was a Triple Decker, also. According to R.V. Harris's 1949 book "The Church of St Paul in Halifax Nova Scotia: 1749 - 1949" this pulpit is first referenced in our church history in 1761. It was the first pulpit installed in the church and was in use for 100 years.

"It stood in the centre aisle some 15 or 20 feet from the communion table. Winding stairs led to the two upper storeys, or 'decks;' the clerk's place was on the floor level and from it he led the responses; above it was the lectern or reading desk; and above it at

the top was the pulpit, from which the sermon was preached"

According to J. Philip McAleer in his book "A Pictorial History of St Paul's Anglican Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia" (1993), a new pulpit was purchased for the astounding amount of \$182.07; the present pulpit was a gift in 1901.

The original pulpit was given to St Peters, Eastern Passage at some point and appears in the earliest picture of old St Peter's which burned in 1960 - but the pulpit was gone by then.

The middle portion (see photo below) was gifted to St. Peters daughter church, Christ Church Cow Bay (1892) where it still stands acting as both lectern and pulpit. The lowest portion, the clerk's desk found its home in the reconstructed Emmanuel Dartmouth when the church was rebuilt after the original had been destroyed in the Halifax Explosion. When Emmanuel merged with Trinity Church in North Dartmouth this portion was re-homed in St. Andrews, Locks Rd.

St. Peter's replaced the pulpit with one in memory of the Rev Eaton, a former rector who served as a forces chaplain and died in WW2.

The top portion of the triple decker was returned to St. Paul's where it stands in the south east corner of the upper gallery today.

It is in fine shape, as are the other pieces in their respective homes.

Our past lives on in our present as we look towards the future. The same generous spirit

that led people in our past to share our resources encouraging others still lives on in the generosity of St Paul's today.

Written by The Rev'd's C. Tomlin and J. Ferguson



(The original St. Peter's Church in Eastern Passage)

God's Love

God's love, It's all out there
Waiting for something or someone
To make a difference. Pray
And be truthful to yourself.
Help each other to be happy.
Love one another. A little 'magic' power
Makes it easier than it seems.
Let the 'good vibes' carry us through.
May the goodness of God's love
Be with each one of us.
Let us be neighbourly
This cure for all.

Written by Paul Fougere



Thank you to Bea Driver for this lovely painting of God's creation called,
'BUTTERFLY CHURCH'

From the Youth Group

At the St. George's Soup Kitchen

"The people who come to this soup kitchen, they're just like you and me. They have anxieties, relationships, opinions, likes and dislikes, routines. And our Lord says, 'As ye have done unto the least of these my brothers and sisters, ye have done it unto me.' That's why you're going to serve at this soup kitchen: because every human person shows us the face of Christ."

So said Father Nicholas Hatt, rector of St. George's Round Church, as the St. Paul's youth group gathered for prayer before

serving the meal which they had prepared throughout the afternoon of December 11.

We had arrived at half past noon to have food ready for take-out service at 4:00 for 100-140 people. We had our regular youth group students present, as well as some younger siblings, some young parishioners who can't join us for our Tuesday meetings, and two parents, as well as Katherine and I. We set to work quickly in four groups, each working on

one quarter of a massive recipe of Mexican pork-and-bean stew. We got a bit stuck opening approximately 150 cans with five broken manual can openers, one working manual can opener, and one electric can opener which got tired halfway through—but in the end these little bumps contributed to a collective sense of endeavour, the sense that we had accomplished something despite inconveniences. There was still enough time between meal prep and food service to play some basketball and for me, a former St. George's tour guide, to lead the group up into the bell tower of the church and down into the crypt.

When it came time to serve food, it was raining hard and cold. I and a rotation of students handed out the meals with a friendly greeting and a loaf of bread and, if necessary, a toque. With a few exceptions, folks didn't stay around to chat long, wanting to get out of the rain. We had been prepared by a volunteer from St. George's that we would hear some grumbling that we couldn't hand out double portions until it became clear that we would have enough to do so, and we did hear it, but overall, the guests' response was gratitude. Just as Father Hatt had said, they reacted like any other person would: many happy, some surly, and most wanting to get back to a warm place.

(As it happens, I underestimated how much the recipe would make, and with people staying away because of the rain, we had a huge surplus of food. Most of it went to the freezer for the Rector's Lunch outreach at St. Paul's.)

The two parts of the afternoon, fun food prep and activities as a group and then food service

to the street community, come together in the theme of encounter to which Father Hatt spoke. As with all our youth group activities, most of which involve both prayer and socializing, the fun is not the "bait" to get the students interested, nor is the prayer the "excuse" for having a social gathering.

The two reinforce one another because we Christians believe that Christ is present in every human encounter to those willing to see him. Friendship is holy if one loves one's friend not only for the friend's sake, but also for Christ's. And prayer is holy when it is offered in the spirit of friendship, which enacts the pouring-out of self toward another which is the mystery of the Holy Trinity. Our food service was not just an "act of charity," undertaken out of obligation, and divorced from our life as a community of Christian young people. It was an extension of our friendship beyond its usual bounds, as we sought to see the face of Christ in our neighbours who, in God's love, are "just like us."

A post-script, not related to youth ministry: our afternoon at the soup kitchen also unexpectedly gave me a window into how street-involved people have suffered most from the politicization of the pandemic. While food was being served by our youth, I stood and chatted with a man for whom it was more important to get a half hour's conversation than to find somewhere to get out of the rain with his meal. A woman came up to get her food and joined our conversation. The man let her know that there would be a free sit-down supper on Christmas Eve at a church in Dartmouth. She was grateful to be told, and

took down the details on her phone. Then the caveat: “You have to be vaccinated to get in.” She cursed, recited some misinformation about the vaccine, cursed again, said “I guess I’m not getting Christmas dinner then,” and left.

She is the victim of the pandemic’s politicization from both sides at the same time. On the one hand, she had heard and believed misinformation about the vaccine, which she called “Trudeau poison”—she had been led astray by “the right.”

On the other hand, the church hosting the Christmas dinner in Dartmouth was not required by law to request proof of vaccination, but chose to exclude her out of, I’m sure, “an abundance of caution” which was praised by members of that congregation who thought that requiring proof of vaccination was an act of “love of neighbour.”

The poor fall into the gap between the left and the right.

Written by Benjamin vonBredow
Youth Group Coordinator

St. Paul's Church, Halifax: Epiphany Sunday 2022 – Ash Wednesday 2022

Sunday and Holy Day Liturgies & Readings:

2 January	Epiphany Sunday White	10 am	BAS All-Ages Eucharist & Gospel Story
Isaiah 60.1-6	Psalm 72.1-14		Ephesians 3.1-12 Matthew 2.1-12
9 January	Baptism of the Lord White	10 am	BCP Eucharist
Isaiah 43.1-7	Psalm 29		Acts 8.14-17 Luke 3.15-22
16 January	Epiphany 2 Green	10 am	BAS Eucharist
Isaiah 62.1-5	Psalm 36		I Corinthians 12.1-11 John 2.1-11
23 January	Epiphany 3 White	10 am	BCP Eucharist
Nehemiah 8.1-12	Psalm 19		1 Corinthians 12.12-31 Luke 4.14-21
30 January	Conversion of St. Paul Green	10 am	BAS Eucharist
Acts 9.1-16	Psalm 67		Galatians 1.11-24 Matthew 10.16-22
6 February	Epiphany 5 Green	10 am	BCP Eucharist
Isaiah 6:1-13	Psalm 138		I Corinthians 15:1-11 Luke 5:1-11
13 February	Epiphany 6 Green	10 am	BAS Eucharist
Jeremiah 17.5-10	Psalm 1		I Corinthians 15:12-20 Luke 6.17-26
20 February	Epiphany 7 Green	10 am	BCP Eucharist
Genesis 45.1-15	Psalm 137		I Corinthians 15:35-50 Luke 6.27-38
27 February	Epiphany 8 Green	10 am	BAS Eucharist
Exodus 34.29-35	Psalm 99		II Corinthians 3.12-4.2 Luke 9.28-36
2 March	Ash Wednesday Purple	11 am	BCP Eucharist & Ashes 6.30 pm *BAS Eucharist & Ashes
*Joel 2:1-2, 10-17	*Psalm 51.1-18		*II Corinthians 5:20–6:10 *Matthew 6:1-8; 16-21

2021 Special Events: Christmas on the Grand Parade Monday 13 December 7.00 pm

2022 Looking Ahead: Holy Week 10 April (Palm Sunday) to 17 April (Easter)



St. Paul's Church

An Historic Church

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Anglican Church of Canada, Diocese of N.S. & P.E.I.

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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?

Please keep alert for the next issue of the St. Paul's Journal to be announced.