



the
Gathering
The Newsletter of the Church of the Redeemer

Harvest 2016



Dear Friends,

Suddenly the summer is over and the unofficial new year is upon us. The weekdays at Redeemer are buzzing with meetings, guests for the drop-in, and jackhammers making way for the new and long expected entrance to our church. There is a feeling of the launch into change and growth and challenges.

Our leadership teams are looking ahead and planning worship and music, learnings and activities, outreach and ministry. The Church of the Redeemer is an enviable circle of ministry. Here the work of the church is done by the people of the church. Bright and able people who have chosen to become active are those who drive and imagine and plan and put into action so much of what we do.

As your interim priest I get to stand slightly outside the circle and watch it and wonder at how this all works. What I notice is that people here have taken steps forward into ministry in ways that people often do not in other churches. "Why?" I wonder... I think that when you come to Redeemer, if you open your ears and eyes, you notice that this is a church where you can just come to rest and recover. It is a place of nurture in the beauty of holy worship. Sunday-by-Sunday we offer an oasis of sacred space led by choirs and all who bring the worship together each week. But read on in the bulletin and see what else is happening here. Redeemer is a place where you can move in the "ship of the church" from passenger to crew! There is a banquet of activities: places to study and learn, to serve and help, to lead and explore, to reach out and to be nurtured.



In most churches these tasks are set up, and enabled by the priest, but here the job of the clergy, the staff and the musicians is to enable, support and bring to fullness those who step forwards.

This is how a church ought to be. The vibrancy of the church makes it vibrant.

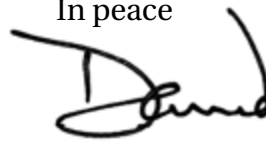
But I haven't answered my "Why" question yet. I cannot tell you for sure, as each person's journey is different, but here is my hunch. People see something worth doing and want to do it. People grasp hold of a vision of hope and follow it. People see something happening that is good and beautiful and healing and they want to contribute to its growth. Church at Redeemer is not a duty or a chore, it is a blessing and a joy. People here know that, and in response they find themselves telling friends about how good this place is that they have found, and they find themselves getting involved in it, and the more they put in the more they receive back.

As we look ahead we are considering how the books are balancing. It's the end of summer and the books are never good right now, and you'll be hearing more about that in the weeks to come. But I just discovered something which absolutely staggered me. There are members of this church who have seen, perhaps as I am seeing, the real value of the ministry we do, and they are offering not just \$500 a month, or \$1000 a month, but double and treble and more. There are staff who are paid part-time who work full-time, and the full-time people work easily 150-percent. There are volunteers who take responsibility as if they were on salary! No one complains!

That the Church of the Redeemer, your church, is “worth so much” is shown to me over and over again. I really hope your summer was a time of rest, reconnecting with people, places and activities that feed you. And I hope that you will find, in the life of this, your church, challenges, healing, affir-

mation, hope and joy. May you find in this church, with delight and thanksgiving, that pathway that leads you into God.

In peace



David

This Year in Youth Ministry

Megan Jull

This October we welcome our own Ali McIntosh into the role of Youth Ministry Apprentice. Ali begins officially in this capacity on October 9, 2016. She will be commissioned at the 9.30AM service at a later date in October.

The Youth Ministry Apprenticeship Program (YMAP) began a number of years ago under the auspices of the Archbishop's Committee on Youth Ministry. It is meant to educate and equip potential youth leaders for ministry in a parish setting. There is the opportunity to “job shadow” a youth ministry professional and to learn on the job, leading ministry and programs for youth.

Ali McIntosh was formed by the youth ministry program at Redeemer and has volunteered in its leadership for a number of years. Ali has facilitated Sunday morning programming and has planned and chaperoned events. This apprenticeship is a way for her to continue that work in a paid capacity. Her work here will be funded by a YMAP grant. As well, she will have the opportunity to follow a course of independent study, network with other youth leaders in the diocese, and complete a project in ministry. Welcome to this new and enhanced role, Ali!

For her project, Ali will help us to re-imagine how we might continue to include youth in leadership in liturgy, particularly at the 9.30AM service. You might be familiar with the existing model, where youth



serve as greeters, readers, intercessors, communion ministers, and host refreshments on the third Sunday each month. This program has done much to shape our young people and shape us as a worshipping community. Our youth are ready for the next level. With

Ali's help, they will experiment and re-imagine their participation, they will learn about the various components of the liturgy, and they will have the opportunity to reflect on their experiences. We hope that this deeper and more reflective participation in the leadership of the liturgy will help to nurture our youth as they grapple with the big questions of faith. Why God? Why Jesus? Why should I pray? Why should I come to church? Why is faith important? Does this matter to me?

Adolescents are looking for a soul shaking, heart waking, world changing God to fall in love with; and if they do not find God in the Christian church, they will most certainly settle for lesser gods elsewhere...So will we.

- Kenda Creasy Dean

For This Gathered Community: *Thanks Be To God*

Peter Bennett

I had the privilege of attending two significant conferences in the last six months and I want to use this article to try and distill my thoughts on the characteristics of community that resonate with me.

The first conference was sponsored by Waterloo Presbytery at Knox Presbyterian Church featuring Dr Kenyon Callahan. The second was 'Inspire, Ask, Thank,' a three-day national gathering of Anglicans with an interest in stewardship.

I find scripture a good place to start, so let's begin with Paul's statement to the Romans chapter 15, verse 13. 'May the God of *hope* fill you with all *joy* and *peace*, as you *trust* in him, until, by the *power of the Holy Spirit*, you *overflow* with hope.'

Hope: People gather in community because we are looking for hope. We are looking for assurance, not despair. We are confident in God's call to us, not depressed by the task at hand. We encourage and are encouraged. We grow in faith and ministry that at this corner, or around the world, we have a vision that moves us forward. We are fortunate to live in an urban area, where we have choice in where we worship. We go to the church that is nearest our heart, our hope, not necessarily nearest our house.

Joy: We gather in community because we are welcomed. We party, we worship, we pray, we make space. There's a spiritual called, "Will the circle be unbroken?" The title is a misnomer. On Sundays at the 9.30AM service, we are supposed to gather around the table in a circle. For those of us who like order, it's a mess. It's a broken circle because there is always someone at the edge, not sure. There's always someone missing. There's always room for one more person at the table. Whether the table is upstairs on a Sunday, or downstairs on a weekday, there's always a way to enter, to join in, or just be present in our brokenness or uncertainty.

Peace: We are a community at peace, because we know that God is with us. We may have differing opinions, a different understanding of what scripture says, where God is calling us for ministry in the future, gay, straight, two-spirited, whatever. We have a certain con-

tentment that the Holy Spirit will reveal God's call to us. We are at peace to offer the best that we can to God, content that God will use our gifts to transform and delight.

Trust: We are a community that trusts in the Holy Spirit. We trust that God will provide us with the gifts we need to provide ministry at the corner. We are a community where we can be trusted to allow our members to express themselves, to offer their gifts, in a way that is pleasing to God.

Power of the Holy Spirit: We are not a service club, and let me assure you, this is not to take anything away from service clubs. When we prepare our budget, organize a meeting or event, arrive in the kitchen to offer hospitality, go to the airport to meet a stranger, enter a conversation that truly means "how are you?," we have no idea what God has in store for us. We engage because we are confident in the power of the Holy Spirit, we're confident we are endowed with the gifts we need to fulfill God's will for us.

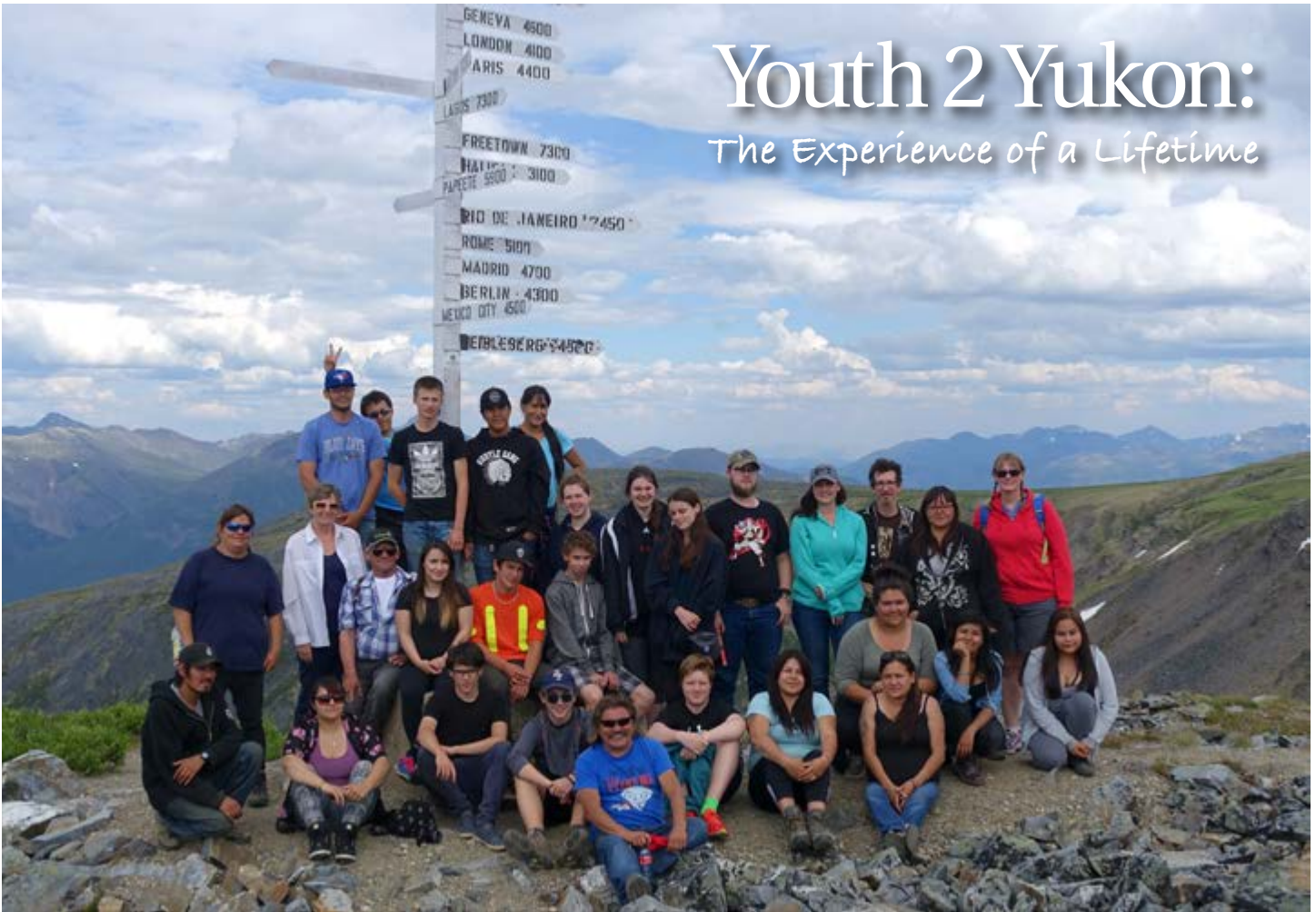
Overflow: As I write this, I am looking at the garden my wife, Heather, planted. It's not a big plot but we have enjoyed more fresh vegetables in the last month than we have eaten in the last six months. The garden is overflowing. We've shared the abundance with our neighbours, and our hostess gift on more than one occasion has been a basket of herbs and vegetables. We are truly blessed. One time, when Jesus preached too long, his disciples realized they would have to feed the crowd. After doing an inventory, all they had to offer was a kid with five loaves and two fish. Did Jesus say, "Is that all? Yikes, that's not enough!" Instead he said, "Thank you. I can work with that." And he did, returning more than was offered!

Fall is a time for thanksgiving, and we have much to be thankful for. In the first verse of the first book of the Bible, Genesis says, 'In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth.' As soon as we understand and believe in the truth of this, our thinking is transformed. Everything we have is a gift from God. This is truly transformative, because it allows us to move from a mindset of scarcity to one of abundance. Instead of, 'What can I afford?' we move to 'How best can I thank you?' we move from giving what's left over, to offering the first fruits, the best that we have been given.

God has given us everything, and has appointed us as stewards of creation! What a gift! What a responsibility! What *hope* God places in us! What a *joy*! What *peace* we have! God, by the *power of the Holy Spirit*, can do more than we (the gathered community) can ask or imagine.

Youth 2 Yukon:

The Experience of a Lifetime



Members of our youth group along with three of their leaders, Ali, Tom, and Megan, went on their annual service trip to Yukon early this summer. They went with expectations about what they would do and who they would meet. As you read through their reflections, discover the ways this trip changed them. These stories are inspiring—and that is the starting point. Read on!

Adrian starts us off by telling us about his experiences.

This trip has had an amazing impact on me and as far as I could see on everyone in our youth group. It changed my views on the Indigenous people drastically and showed me how well they could do when given the chance. It opened my mind to the truth behind the gold rush and what it had done to the people and the land. It showed me just how hospitable and welcoming people were in Yukon and how great and influential communities could be even in small towns. It furthered my spirituality and faith greatly and was and forever will be a trip to remember.

We were lucky enough to stay in the Bishop of Yukon's home in Whitehorse where we began our trip. There we were introduced to the city and explored the town learning its history and heritage. We took a walk with the bishop who showed us the beauty of the land and his faith in God's creation and we ate a hearty meal with him and his wife. The next day we voyaged to Dawson City making many stops along the way to admire the rolling mountains and striking landscapes. The next day, we visited the Dredge No. 4 where we learned of the gold rush and of the struggle of the Indigenous people being pushed off their land. The bishop described it as "a rape of a people and a rape of a land" informing us on the hardships the Indigenous people faced being kicked off their land by wealthy American and Canadian businessmen and the influx of gold-seekers who swarmed into their home. Greed grew Dawson but also destroyed it and the First Nations people who lived there and in the land around. They didn't comprehend the mindset the gold-seekers had of owning land. They were one with the Earth, they didn't own it. So in the fancy businessmen came with their contracts and their

wealth and the Indigenous people didn't know any better than to sign where it said to. They barely even knew English let alone how to read it. And "poof" just like that they were stripped of their homes and tossed aside as foreign men filled with greed scoured it and scraped it clean of its gold. The bishop warned us to keep all that in mind as we progressed through our tour and marvelled at the wondrous machinery as it had made an enormous impact on the land and the people.

On our last evening in Dawson we held a service atop the dome, a massive mountain that swallowed up the town beneath it. We sang and held communion as the tourists flocked below us to look down upon Dawson. It was a little strange but very freeing and open. It started to rain and we continued as the clouds emptied themselves upon us and the sun retreated behind the mountains. It was a magical experience. Afterwards we piled into the cars and headed off towards the town of Mayo. On the way we came across two brown bears wrestling in the road, a fox and a porcupine. When we arrived we were greeted by Charles and Valerie, our new hosts for the remainder of the week. They showed us into the brand new college building we'd be staying at, and gave us our itinerary that they had kindly planned out for us. For the next five days we experienced the lives of the Indigenous people and the friendly community of Mayo.

It was quite a surprise to us when we arrived and met the community as I had gone into the trip thinking that

we were going to be aiding these people to create change for the better. I'd thought that these people were going through hard times like those in Ontario and at Curve Lake. I'd thought that we were going to a remote place where the Aboriginal people were merely surviving. However, I was very wrong. In fact, they were thriving, self-governing their land and establishing farms, gardens, community centres and more. It was wonderful

to see how well they were doing when given the opportunity. It was the very opposite of Curve Lake. We were taken to the Na-cho Nyak Dun government building where we were oriented on their situation and the issues they faced. They fought the Canadian government to preserve watersheds, maintain proper mineral content in mountain waters and to enhance the lives of their young with youth centers and programs to further their interests. It was incredible to see

their success after hearing so much about the terrible things happening to these communities elsewhere and so little about the success of small communities like this in the north. It was a vastly different picture than the one the media had painted for us. We visited their community gardens where we helped plant and weed and paint flower boxes and greenhouses. We ate with their community leaders as we learned of their debates with the government. We climbed to the top of a mountain with their youth and had a snowball fight in the middle of June. We held a service in a church centuries old that





we helped restore with their help. We beaded with their elders and learned patience and peace as we heard their stories. Their kindness and hospitality was unmatched. And as a community, together they were living well.

This trip has really helped me engage myself in Indigenous culture and interact with a community, and more importantly with the Aboriginal youth which really impacted my perspective and views. Seeing everything from the eyes of a young member of an Indigenous community which was doing quite well for itself opened my eyes to the possible future for every First Nations community and what could be achieved. It was heartwarming to see First Nations people and other mixed cultures living together happily in one amazing community. The tensions we experienced and heard of at Curve Lake were not present at all in the close and friendly people of Mayo and we, as a group, learned more than in an entire school year about their situation, culture and influence as a people in Yukon. This trip was truly wonderful, I made friends with Indigenous youth who I still communicate with today. I learned an extraordinary amount about their people, their culture and their history and we did some amazing things that I will never forget and will always cherish.

Hopefully we can do something similar again in the future.

Thank you so much to our leaders, Ali, Tom, and Megan and to all our supporters that got us all the way out there and made this dream of ours a reality.

Aurora offers her perspective on things anticipated and lived experience.

Early this summer I went on a service trip to Yukon. Except, I'm hesitant to call it a service trip because it implies that I was there to help those in need, when I ended up being the one benefiting the most from those around me. When I boarded that plane at the dreadfully early hour, I was stuck thinking that the people I was going to meet were in need of our help, that we were required to help fix something that previous generations had broken and left as our mess to clean up. It was such a terrible mindset that was born from ignorance and manipulated by the small warped picture I'd gathered about Indigenous people from school and the media. I was soon going to realize that.

From the first day our group was welcomed with a hospitality that I have never before encountered. The generosity we experienced over the course of this trip was truly humbling. We enjoyed several different pot-lucks and barbeques prepared for us and were welcomed with open arms by everyone we met. The elders of Na-cho Nyak Dun (NND) even went out of their way to prepare traditional moose stew and spent several evenings teaching us how to do traditional beading. Instead of us being the providers, we were the guests that they lavished upon. They gave us tours, spoke to us about the different elements of their culture, and had even prepared a teen 'day trip' for members of their community to coincide with our visit so that we could meet some

of the First Nations teens. The whole time, however, we were never needed, but instead welcomed and educated. They would have been just as well off without us being there, and contrary to my original thoughts, we were the ones that were able to benefit from their teachings. It was an incredibly humbling realization.

The sense of community across the territory was astounding. Neighbours were so open and welcoming, inviting us and each other to meals constantly. One particular story that really sums that up to me is centered around the Old Pine Church in Whitehorse. The historic site was finished in October 1900 and has welcomed people of all walks of life through its door for over a century. At one point, a Jewish officer died nearby and because it was the only religious house even remotely in the area, a Lutheran minister ended up giving the officer's final service in the Anglican church. The boundaries of categories in religion, race, backgrounds, and so much more that I am constantly surrounded with and experience so often here in Toronto became so much less important on this trip. If love has no boundaries, then why should we let boundaries prevent us from loving?

The communities we visited were the complete opposite of what I find myself experiencing in Toronto. Here in the city, I find everyone is very focused on what they need to be doing and people are far more isolated from each other. The whole trip helped me begin to move away from this self-centred thinking. Even the landscape with its towering mountains and vast forests drive home the idea that so much exists outside of own

lives. In Dawson City, there is a small mountain that overlooks the town, referred to as the Midnight Dome. On this picturesque plateau we had a short service, surrounded by the beauty of nature and creation. There is so much that exists in this world beyond my own life, so much diversity in cultures, beauty in nature, and this trip helped me to realize that.

I'm so glad that I was fortunate enough to have had the support that allowed me to experience this trip. I want to say thank you to each and every person who was a part of getting me and the other youth there, and especially to Megan, Tom, and Ali for leading us. It was an eye-opening and mind-changing experience.

With some amazing stories about Canada Day in Mayo, we hear from Declan.

After stepping off the plane in Whitehorse, the first "local" we met was Bishop Larry Robertson. After some meeting and greeting, we climbed into his Chevy SUV and sped onto the Alaska Highway towards Larry's home in Porter Creek. One of the first things he said to us while in the car caught me off guard. He (I'm paraphrasing) said: "Here in Yukon, we don't really see colour. Black, white, First Nations, it doesn't matter to us." This statement became a theme for me along our path through Yukon, and its reality became clear.

One experience that really demonstrates this theme happened on Canada Day. We celebrated July 1 with the residents of Mayo, a town 400km north of Whitehorse. Mayo is a tiny town with just under 400 year-round inhabitants, but its patriotic spirit seemed far larger.



Bishop Larry Robertson's homily on top of the Midnight Dome



The residents of Mayo, white, black, First Nations or otherwise gathered together to celebrate Canada in a way that I have never experienced. At 11AM, it seemed like the whole town was gathered in the central square for the raising of the Canadian flag outside the post office. The organizer of the day called this country “the best in the world,” something I’ve never heard said out loud before. It was clear that Mayo loved Canada. Following the flag raising, the children raced off and collected their bicycles, decked out in full Canadian swag. The kids, as well as other members of the community paraded through the streets, cheering and throwing candy at onlookers. The joy was palpable, especially when we moved to the field behind the school, and saw the rest of the day’s festivities.

Tents were set up with all kinds of crafts for sale, from yarn being spun to traditional Native woodworking. Food was cooking on the barbecues, and a stage was being set up for local music. It seemed as though everybody in the town could play an instrument, and the whole day was filled with live music from whoever wanted to play. The music ranged from a child’s piano recital to Johnny Cash and other country-western hits, sung by a local First Nations elder.

What I thought was truly special about Mayo’s Canada Day celebration was that all members of the community joined in: reading back through my journal account I’ve noticed how I reflected deeply on how people of all racial groups in Mayo celebrated July 1 in the same way: *together*. I never got a sense of patriotism from the First

Nations that we visited last year in Ontario; and I cannot imagine them celebrating July 1 so patriotically.

What I believe to be a large contributing factor to this difference is how the land claims were settled. In Ontario, land was unfairly divided up, and the methods through which the First Nations were “given their lands back” were not only racist but unjust and discriminatory. Mayo has a much healthier, positive example of Government-First Nations relations. In 1993, elders from the Na-cho Nyak Dun (NND) (the local First Nation) and several other Nations from the same Northern Tutchone language group went to Ottawa and settled a historic land claim and self-governance agreement. The agreement gave them partial rights and governance over all of their Traditional Territory, and full ownership and complete governance over more than 4700 square kilometres of land, selected by the elders. While in Mayo we were given the privilege of having lunch at the NND Government House, a beautiful, modern and environmentally friendly building. During this lunch they taught us about several major aspects of NND government: from their land claims act to problems facing the traditional territory today. I was inspired to see how well integrated the Na-cho Nyak Dun are with Yukon and federal governments, and I think this healthy relationship is a large contributor to why the First Nations people in Yukon can be so patriotic.

A great example of this patriotism was the First Nations fashion show. This was an event on Canada Day that truly left me thinking for days afterwards. It was

a nonchalant affair where members of the community dressed in their traditional First Nations animal hide clothing — often made by grandparents — and put on a fashion show. It was a beautiful event, which, outside of this community would have been viewed as something rare, and very special. In Mayo, it is a celebrated event, but it also is one that is just part of the regular ceremonies. In Mayo, there is little sense of pity towards the First Nations, because it truly seems as though the past has been put behind. The NND have positive relationships with the government, and both “white” and First Nation cultures are viewed as equal as the two intertwine into the future.

This beautiful situation is one from which we can learn a lot. In Ontario, we do not have the luxury of such an integrated existence with the majority of First Nations people—but I really believe we should, and I hope that we can. Yukon was one of deep personal growth for me, and it will allow me to carry forward into my life a more open world view, and a stronger knowledge of the diverse cultures in Canada. The resounding lesson I was left with at the end of the day was that more interaction between all the cultures that make up this nation should be cherished. If the bridge between First Nations and non-First Nations in Canada is to be built, as I strongly think it should, this interaction is absolutely necessary. I am thankful that an initiative of the TRC, the AIWG, and our Church is to listen and explore other cultures—I plan to join the conversation more fully.

Lydia shares thoughts about the people she met while on the trip.

I am so thankful for the opportunities that were given to the youth group through the hard work of Megan, Ali, Tom and the generous sponsors. The 10 days spent in Yukon were the most educative, different and life-changing days I’ve ever experienced in my 15 years of life. Going into this trip I was nervous about meeting the Aboriginal community, I feared they would look at me as just an ignorant girl from the city. The greeting we received was the exact opposite. Instead we were welcomed without judgement or resentment. We listened intently to stories about the land we were visiting and many of the people we met shared their own personal stories. It was deeply touching to feel so trusted. Looking back, I feel silly about how nervous I was. The people we met were very giving, we were always well-fed (I would highly recommend moose soup and fried bannock) and many people took time out of their lives to show us around. For example, Bishop Larry, an “elder-in-training” named Frank, Charles and Val, just to name a few. The elders were also giving; they sacrificed their time to patiently persevere through teaching us to bead which was no doubt extremely challenging, seeing as we all struggled to figure it out but were all ultimately rewarded. Every night the youth group would stay up way too late discussing what we had learned or seen that day and how it had affected us mentally and spiritually, those





discussions and all these experiences made possible by all the donations and effort brought us closer together. Going to Yukon was amazing. I tell all my friends about it and I feel frustrated about how I can't possibly get across how beautiful the scenery is, how humbling it is to look at miles and miles of untouched land, and how genuine the people are. It's crazy to think how much effort went into this trip and how many people came together to work on logistics, put together lessons, and offer us their homes to give us such a life-changing 10 days.

From learning traditional beadwork to the future through reconciliation, Molly offers these insights.

I learned so many valuable lessons on this trip to Yukon, and I am so grateful for all the hard work and support from this church community to get us there. One thing that stood out to me when I was deciding what I wanted to write about was the change of perspective I experienced over those 10 days. When we set out for this trip, I thought I would see a broken community, with minimal youth programming. I thought when we arrived in Mayo there would be a lot of physical and mental work to be done by us. I pictured our group hammering and nailing night and day to try and get a community garden together. Was I ever wrong.

Upon arriving in Mayo I could instantly see that this small town was absolutely thriving. The Na-Cho Nyak Dun First Nations are a self-governing people that live in Mayo. They had beautiful buildings (that were very eco-friendly), wonderful children and youth program-

ming (such as summer apprenticeships) and they were living peacefully, completely integrated with the non-First Nations people in Mayo. I was completely awed by their determination and strength. I know that not all First Nations communities are thriving like this one is. I wondered, why does this community work so well here and not at home? What can we do to make our communities more integrated in Ontario?

Meeting some of the elders, Bella and Christine, and learning to bead with them was a very humbling experience. We walked into the youth centre and they were so welcoming and kind to us, giving us food and walking us step by step through traditional beading. It was quite ironic how they pitied us when we had no idea where to start, and laughed and joked about my mess of a beadwork, when I had thought that I would be pitying them. That experience taught us something that we will never forget. First Nations people are not helpless victims. They are strong survivors that have persevered through tough times and are striving to make their communities a better place for their next generation. I think a big part of why everyone gets along in Mayo and in much of Yukon is because they are not treated as victims and they are not pitied. The non-First Nations people in Mayo understand and respect that it was their land first, that these people had been wronged in the past, and they are trying to fix it. But they don't treat these people as a group of small children who need to be looked after. They see that the First Nations are their colleagues, their peers, their friends and their family.

In the Anglican Church's journey to reconciliation, I believe that this change in perspective could do wonders. In the case of the community of Attawapiskat and its troubles, it seems as though government leaders are apologizing from afar, and the rest of us are saying "I feel so bad for that poor community." This is something that was caused by our church, and it is not our job to pity them, it is our job to roll up our sleeves and do anything we can to help. We still have a lot of work to do, and I hope that as I grow up I am able to be a leader in this reconciliation. I know now that my perspective on First Nations people has changed after this trip, and I hope people in Ontario can have that same change in perspective. Thank you so much Redeemer for sending me on this trip. It has impacted me deeply, and I hope that our youth group can bring that impact to you as well.

Phil's reflection offers us an idea of how special the time together was for him.

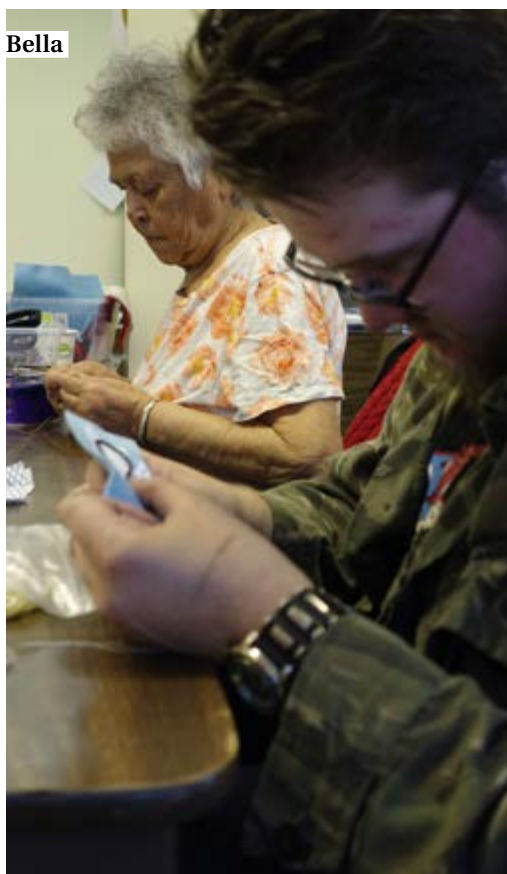
I remember so many amazing things from being up in Yukon, but there were a few little things that stood out on the trip. The first thing that I have actually been missing is the almost 24 hours of daylight. It really messed a lot

of people up for the first few days, but I really started to enjoy it. Dawson City was amazing at 12AM. It looked like it was three in the afternoon.

The second thing that I really enjoyed was talking to one of the elders named Frank. At that time, my uncle, who was like a dad or a grandfather to me, was sick with cancer. Frank is this really amazing guy who knows everything there is to know about the woods. He also plays in his own country rock band that played "Boot Skootin' Boogie" for me on Canada Day. I can easily see him as a father figure to someone.

Thirdly, so many people have mentioned to me that there is some sort of magic that makes you want to come back and live in Yukon—and there is. I couldn't stop thinking of Yukon after we came back. Adrian and I saw a movie when after we got home, and although we were back in the city of Toronto, it still felt like we were walking the streets of Dawson City. I am so grateful to the people who made sure we could do this trip, because it was an experience I will never forget.

I met a teenager in Mayo who had an effect on me. He was a little shy, but warmed up to Adrian and me. I learned that if you practice enough, you could climb



Bella



Frank



Charles & Valerie



Tom attempting to do anime running



a very tall tree with a skateboard! He is a normal kid who can survive without a lot of the things that we take for granted. I really enjoyed all the places we stayed in. It was great to be out in the country, away from the big city. The people we met were so open and generous to us. We appreciated learning about their way of life.

The last thing I wanted to reflect on is the bonding experience with the other kids in the Redeemer youth group that I only see on Sundays. It was different to basically live with a group of people for 10 days. I had a lot of great talks with the other kids, including Adrian and Lydia, as well Ali, one of our leaders. They helped me come to terms with my uncle's sickness. In closing, I wanted to say thank you to all the people who donated money to make it possible that we could go up and experience what the rest of Canada could be like with First Nations issues.

Just before this issue of the Gathering was finalized, an email was sent to Megan with an update on how the garden that the group had a hand in preparing had fared. Valerie said:

We just ran into some of the gardeners you met in Mayo. They will be sharing their harvest from the Na-cho Nyak Dun gardens with people in town. They had great success this year and were giving out bags of potatoes and produce to people who needed them. They harvested over 1500 pounds of potatoes! I have included with this note photos of the potatoes and the gardens as they were in August. The efforts of the youth group were greatly appreciated.

The photograph on the cover this issue of the Gathering was taken by Tommy Plouffe at the Signpost on the top of Keno Hill.

On Sunday, October 16, members of the group will share more stories of their experiences following the 9.30AM service. Please join them.



Redeemer Outreach Education Takes a Vacation... To PEI!

Presenting at the CLAY Youth Gathering 2016

Angie Hocking

'I can't make dinner for five nights with these things! What am I supposed to do, starve?'

'If I have to wash up in that gross bathroom without a working shower than I am just not going to wash up at all!'

'I got a pop with my \$2. Because... well... I wanted it after walking around so much, and it was almost all I could afford anyway.'

'But officer... I was just sitting down to rest. What do you mean I have to move along?'

'When I started this, I thought it would be fun to see what its like to be homeless. By the end, I just wanted to be done. I just wanted to sit down and pull out my phone and talk to my friends and go lay in my bed.'

These were a few of the quotes in our debriefing that I scribbled down on my scrap paper. They were just a few of the dozens I heard when I was doing my rounds during the immersion experience. And with each new complaint, I thought to myself, 'Hmm...I think we are starting to get it.'

Not that I am an expert in first-hand poverty myself, I am the first to make that clear. But during my time with the participants in our drop-in meal program at Church of the Redeemer, I have learned some things. I am lucky to say that through many wonderful friendships I have made in our basement, I am a little smarter, a little wiser. And I am trying to figure out ways to share this information with the world-because we need to hear it.

I was invited to facilitate workshops at CLAY this year, and what a wonderful experience it was! CLAY is the Canadian Lutheran and Anglican Youth gathering, and it happens every two years. It's a large youth conference that invites Christian youth from across Canada to come together and learn about social justice issues and

what kind of role they could play in their hometowns. This year, over 1,000 high school-aged youth came together in Charlottetown, PEI, from Anglican and Lutheran churches, for fellowship and learning. The conference was held on the UPEI campus (all of the dorms completely booked, with overflow into many neighbouring hotels).

There were large plenary sessions given by the keynote speaker, Mark Ehlebracht of St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Kitchener who was a dynamic speaker. The theme of the conference this year was 'Not For Sale' and the three main focuses of this conversation were Human Beings, Creation, and Salvation. There were breakout sessions, various workshops, service trips, communal meals and singing. And what trip to PEI wouldn't be complete without a visit to a red sands beach?

Immersion Street Walk Experience: Change Begins with a Single Step

My role at the conference was to facilitate three two-hour workshops within the topic of "Homelessness and

Housing." When contemplating this, I kept coming back to the importance of experiencing something for oneself, and how this usually is the thing that sticks with us the most. So over the past few months, I worked on developing an immersion experience that would be a small taste of reality to its participants. Because we had to stay mostly within the confines of the university property, there were many stations and different simulations across campus that focused on different realistic activities or circumstances that someone experiencing extreme poverty might come in regular contact with. I was lucky to have about 25 amazing volunteers, who took to their



Reading together our calling to action as our blessing and closing



Some youth getting busted for loitering during the streetwalk that found themselves at the police station



The sock drive station... participants receiving their 'too small' socks



A couple of our police officers... they meant business!



Youth attempting the Food Bank activity (meal planning for one week)

roles beautifully (and some might be up for a Golden Globe sometime soon. Impeccable acting skills!)

At the beginning of the experience, youth were given a packet and were sent out to complete their 10 'assignments' articulated in the packet. They had to advocate for themselves in a welfare office (the scenario was that their cheque didn't come in time and they have no money for the month, but the worker has had an especially hard day so does not have much compassion for them). They had to go to Subway with a toonie and figure out how they were going to eat for the evening. Would they pool their money? Would they try to get something healthy? Or would they just get something that made them feel happy, since they were broke anyway?



They had to go to the Food Bank and meal plan an entire week with the food they would have been given. But did their rooming house have a sauce pan? A hot plate? Did they need other ingredients? They had to figure out the *real* cost to the meals they were presented with.

They went to the Sock Drive—free socks, hooray! But wait. They don't fit? Sorry, one size should fit all. And you better be grateful.

They had to wash up in a bathroom for three minutes, however, the shower and sinks were under repair so they were given baby wipes to get the job done. They had to go to the library and—on a timed computer—

find resources for that evening in Charlottetown. Where would they sleep? Where would they eat? How would they get there? How would they find it?

Many were presented with additional inequities throughout their walk by inequity officers. Were you moving through the activities pretty quickly? Sorry.

You just got bed bugs. You now have to go to the bedbug office and hear what people have to go through when they find out their new rooming house is infested with them. (I'll give you a hint—it's not pretty or easy)

Or maybe you were presented with the Inequity Card that takes your map, because you cannot read maps due to a brain injury and now have to ask people for directions everywhere. Or, the card that says

'You can't read. With every new question, find a person to read the information aloud.' There were 10 different inequity scenarios, and often your friend did not have the same hurdle as you. How would that affect your relationship? Were you able to stay with that friend, or did they leave you in the dust because you are now too slow?

And arguably the most fun for everyone. The police officers. There are good ones out there but these weren't them. They had a chip on their shoulder and were sick of the same ole' riff raff hanging around their neighbourhood. Did you sit down to do a reflection? You'll probably get a loitering ticket. What's under your coat? Do you mind removing it? Is there anything in your pockets?

Constructing our House together, as we debrief our street walk and discuss the importance of housing for all and inclusion of others in our church communities.



Angie, Jeff, and Addie, along the south shore of PEI



And you better not give an officer any lip because that will send you straight to the jail. You could spend your \$2 on your bail, or you could eat for the night—your choice.

As you can see, the learning experience was meant to be engaging, fun, and most of all, eye-opening. It was awesome to hear the youth offering some very insightful feedback in our debrief session. We talked about our experience; how it made us feel, how we might have acted at each of these stations if we had to do this time and time again. We discussed the extreme need for adequate housing in our country, and learned about housing being a right for all regardless of their walk in life, not a privilege for some.

We closed with discussing what our calling is as Christians and churches to ensure we are doing our very best at meeting the needs of the people that are experiencing poverty and marginalization in our communities. In the process of this discussion, we wrote our answers to these questions on pieces of cardboard, that came together to build one sweet house! (I cannot take any credit for this masterpiece—the house was designed by the Cardboard King, aka Rev. Dr. Phil Holck of Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Cross in Calgary). And Rev Dr. Laura Holck, co-pastor of Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Cross, assisted me with researching and facilitating this engaging conversation. Both Laura and Phil made the learning experi-

ence even better with their skills and heart for educating youth; it was great to work alongside them.

Where we landed is here: the most important aspect of learning about homelessness, housing, and poverty, is to first and foremost, build empathy and understanding. With this, we can start to really care about all those statistics we might hear spouted out. We might begin to realize the hurdles someone in our own community must be facing, and how systems of oppression often do not allow for people to live a different type of life than the one they were raised in. With understanding, there will be love and respect. And with love, we can change the world regardless whether we find ourselves in a big city or a small farm town.

The CLAY experience was such an honour to be a part of. I was impressed with the progressive language and the engaging atmosphere. I loved seeing bus loads of high school youth learning and engaging and figuring out what their personal passion for justice might look like. And more than anything I am grateful for Church of the Redeemer and an environment that fosters care for the marginalized in our little corner of the world. It is because of this place, the people in it, and the people who support it, that we can offer such engaging learning activities. Thank you, my wonderful Redeemer community! Let's keep learning and educating... the world is hungry for it.

Episcopal Election

Three Suffragan Bishops for the Diocese of Toronto were elected at an electoral synod on Saturday, September 17, 2016. This election was needed because Bishop Philip Poole, area bishop for York-Credit Valley, and the bishop for our area, York-Scarborough, The Rt Rev'd Patrick Yu announced their retirements earlier this year. In addition, Bishop Linda Nicholls, formerly area bishop for Trent-Durham, was elected coadjutor bishop in the Diocese of Huron and will become their bishop on November 1.

The Rev'd Riscylla Walsh Shaw was elected in the first election. She is currently incumbent at Christ Church, Bolton and as bishop will serve the Trent-Durham area.

The Rev'd Kevin Robertson was elected in the second election. Since 2011, Kevin has been incumbent at Christ Church Deer Park and will be our area bishop.

The Rev'd Jenny Andison was elected in the final election at this synod and has been appointed to York-Credit Valley area. She is the incumbent at St Clement, Eglinton.

Please pray for each of the bishops-elect, for their families, and for the parishes they have served as each community now begins the process of saying goodbye to their incumbent. ☒

Prayers Workshop

On Saturday, October 1 we welcomed The Rev'd Canon John Hill and Diane Marshall who led us in a workshop on *Strengthening the Intercessions*. We were delighted to welcome others from nearby parishes as well. ☒



For the Fruits of All Creation

Ann Cope

It is a place I love so much. My roots
are deep there—generations back.
My memories are rich—people,
places, events. It is the place that
shaped and formed me. It is the
community that nurtured me. It is
the land that gave me roots. It is a
place I love so much.
There is a pattern to life in a small
town. You feel the changing seasons
in a different way. Perhaps it was
growing up in a hardware store that
makes it seem that way.

Snow shovels and snow blowers

gave way to garden hoes and garden seeds
gave way to lawn mowers and lawn sprinklers
gave way to leaf rakes and
the cycle started over again.

Perhaps it was that connection to the way the fields and gardens,
farms and homes changed with the passage of days and weeks.
From fields blanketed in snow, silent and still
to muddy landscapes emerging as soil is turned over
to crops emerging as tender shoots,
stretching for the sunlight, dancing in the breeze
to abundance of harvest in field and garden
to bare land waiting again for rest beneath
a blanket of snow.

It is a place I love so much. The roots. The memories.

Of measuring garden seeds into bags
tiny seeds that will become radish, lettuce, carrots
bigger seeds that grow into peas, beans, corn
Of our Amish neighbours coming into town
late on a Saturday afternoon
with the fruit of their labour
Of tomatoes and beans still warm from the sun
carrots and radish still cool from the earth
and peas as sweet as candy.

It has been a long time since I last lived there. This place that I
love so much. This place of roots and of memories. But it is
deep in my soul. It is deep in my heart. And this time of year it
is a place so close even if not where I am.

This, too, is a place I love. My roots are deep here—not
generations but years. My memories are rich here—people,
places and events. It is a place that has shaped and formed me.
It is a community that has nurtured me. There is a pattern to
life in a city. You feel the changing seasons in a different way.
Perhaps it is the concrete and steel that makes it seem that way.
And yet...

The snow blankets the earth in a different way
but there is stillness if you look
The muddy spring makes way for new life
as flowers and leaves emerge from their winter rest
The cool breezes from the lake
as the sun dances on the waves
The riot of colour that emerges
from the great canopy that covers our city.

It has been a long time since I last lived there. This place that I
love so much. This place of roots and of memories. But it is
deep in my soul. It is deep in my heart. And this time of year it
is a place so close even if not where I am.

At this time of year, when we are reminded of harvest, my heart
is somewhere else. The place that was and always will be
home. Even as this place is and always will be home. For it is in
speaking of fields and harvest; of abundance and thanksgiving
that I am reminded that the food on my table does not come
from concrete and steel but from farms. For it is in recalling
the ploughing, sowing, and reaping; of labour and gratitude
that is part of the cycle of the year that I am reminded during
the times I am gathered with friends and family for a meal it
started with the hands and tools of others.

My life may be in the city but at this time of year I miss the open
fields and the connection to the soil. I miss the rolling hills and
the flat lands. And then I remember.

I remember to give thanks to God
for the roots that are generations old
and newly stretching beneath me.
I remember to give thanks to God
for the memories of the people and places and events
that have shaped and formed me
and the new memories are that being created.
I remember to give thanks to God
for the cold of winter that gives the earth rest.
I remember to give thanks to God
for the gentle spring rains that feed the newly planted seeds.
I remember to give thanks to God
for the long stretches of daylight that bring growth.
I remember to give thanks to God
for all who ploughed and sowed and who now reap.
I am reminded to give thanks
today
and
everyday
for the abundance that is ours.

For the fruits of all creation, thanks be to God.




Church School Autumn 2016

The children of the parish helped to tell the story of the lost coin and the lost sheep during the 9.30AM service on Sunday, September 11. With lamps to help them find their way, they searched through the chancel until the coin was found; with much scurrying (and a helpful baaaaaaa or two) the sheep that was lost was returned to the fold. This helped to mark the beginning of the church school year and of learning together.

All Saints Day Release Day

Plans are underway for an All Saints release day for the children of the parish on Tuesday, November 1. This is one of the days in the year when children can be absent from school for an alternate education experience. Together they will learn about the meaning of the day and about the Saints who surround us.

Santa Claus Parade

As is our tradition, the children of the community and their families and friends (and the adults of the community who have children in their circle of care) gather following the 9.30AM service for activities and lunch while they wait for the beginning of the Santa Claus parade that goes past our corner. This year the parade is on Sunday, November 20. All are welcome. 





Romero House

A group from Redeemer and the wider community met at Romero House on Saturday, October 1 to learn more about walking with refugees as they find their way into life in Canada and Toronto. Romero House was founded almost 25 years ago. Over the years they have welcomed many through the doors, treating them with care and dignity. Thank you to Jeffrey Metcalfe and Gloria Nafziger for their work in putting this opportunity together. Look for future events at Redeemer as we continue the conversation about walking with and welcoming refugees. 📖



Youth Group to work with Amnesty Action Circle

Duncan Garrow brought to life the formative event of Amnesty International by having members of the youth group act out the scene when two Portuguese students raised their glasses in a toast to freedom at a Lisbon bar, and were subsequently sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

Susanna Jacob introduced Amnesty's campaign to end the practice of child labour to mine the cobalt used in cell phones. The youth will be meeting with members of the Action Circle through the year, to learn more about human rights abuses in the world, and how they can take action. 📖

Drop-in program book sale

The fourth annual drop-in program book sale happens on Thursday, October 13 and Friday, October 14 from 11AM to 6PM each day. There are many ways you can help make the sale a huge success:

Donate books – do you have a stack of books from your summer reading that need to find a home? How about those overflowing bookshelves that need to be sorted out? The program will happily help you with that by accepting your books.

Volunteer – help to spread the word by putting up posters and tell your friends and neighbours about the sale. You can give a hand with sorting the books in the days before the sale, set-up the day before, assist on Thursday and Friday, or help to pack up any of the leftover books.

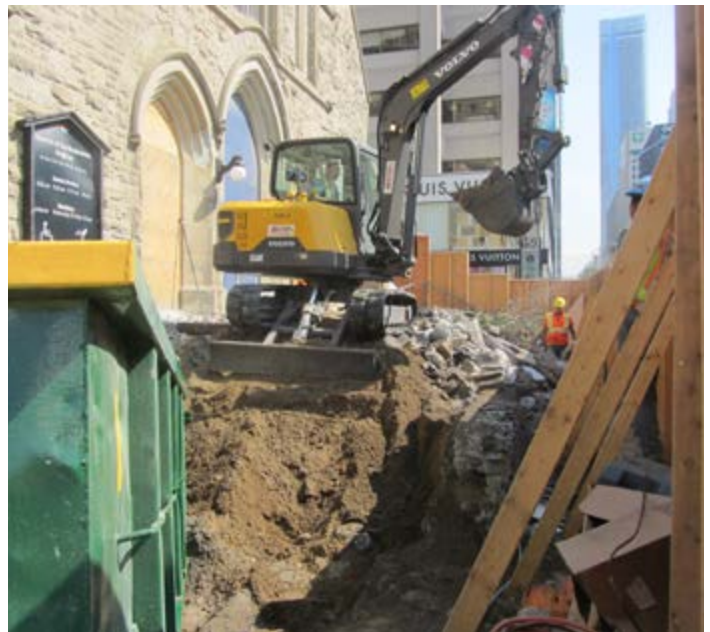
Buy – drop by the sale and get your winter reading collection and fill in the gaps on those now cleaned up bookshelves.

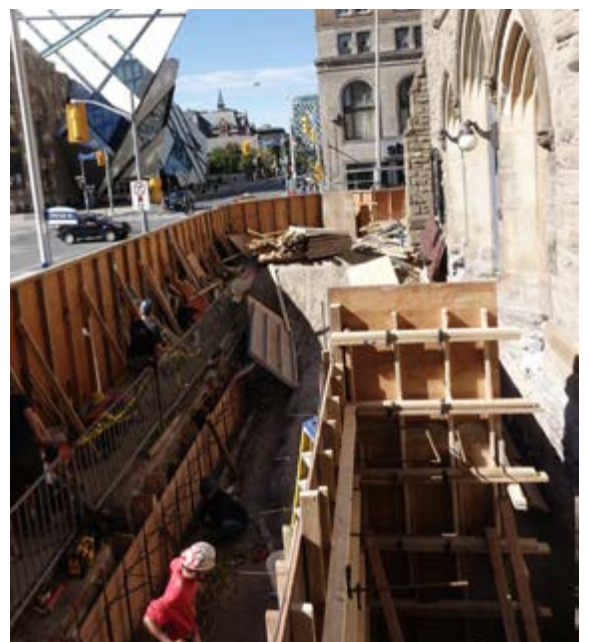
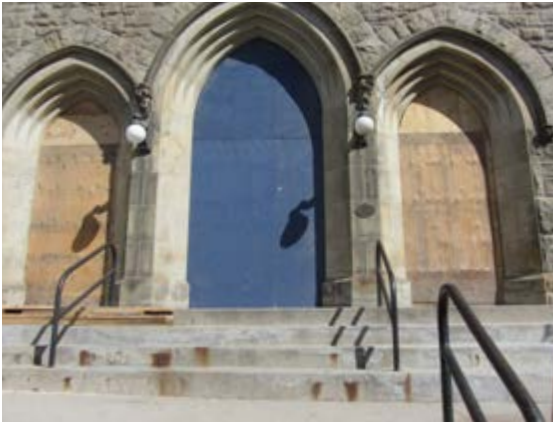
If you have more books than you can drop off at the church or would like to volunteer with the sale, contact Sanda at redemerdropin@gmail.com. 📖

Construction Update



From the hoarding going up to the forming of new steps, there has been a lot of work done at the front of the church. The “Big Blue Wall” means that we can’t always see what is happening back there, but we’ve been trying to get the camera behind the scenes as much as possible to capture the changes.





Worship Services to Note Autumn 2016

Sunday, October 9 – *Thanksgiving*

We celebrate the gifts of Creation. In an urban setting we give thanks for a bountiful harvest and the joy of creation.

There will be no evening service so that clergy, staff and parishioners can be with their family on this holiday.

Sunday, October 16 – 7PM

Evensong and Drum Blessing

Sunday, October 23 – 7PM

Doo Wop Eucharist

Sunday, October 30 – *All Saints*

We commemorate the Saints of the Church during our morning worship services.

Sunday, October 30 – *All Souls*

We commemorate the souls of the departed at a Requiem Eucharist at 7PM. This service allows us to remember with thanksgiving family members and friends who have shaped us and loved us and who rest in eternity. Incense will be used at this service.

Sunday, November 13 – 7PM

The Wine Before Breakfast band provide the musical leadership for a Rock Eucharist.

Sunday, November 20 – *Reign of Christ*

We celebrate our patronal festival by marking the close of one liturgical year and we anticipate the beginning of another year.

Parish Notes

MARRIAGE

Sean David Stansfield and
Kayla Audrey Wilson

William Robert Reid and
Jennifer Megan Danahy

*May their lives together be a sacrament
of your love in this broken world.*

IN MEMORIAM

Kenneth Robert Thompson

*Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with
all your saints, where there is neither
pain nor sorrow nor sighing, but life
everlasting.*



David Krol, a member of our 9.30AM community graduated from high school this year and has headed off to begin his post-secondary education. Many in the community know David. He has grown up in the parish and from church school pageants to youth group service trips to altar server he has shown his leadership skills. Not to mention his wonderful sermon on Youth Ministry Sunday. David applied to a bursary that is an initiative of Bishop Patrick Yu and the Area Council of York-Scarborough and was selected to be a recipient because he has demonstrated outstanding participation and leadership in the church community. Megan presented David with his bursary during the service on Sunday, August 14.



Update from the Refugee Settlement Committee

We are happy to report that Ibrahim, our sponsored refugee from Gambia, is doing well and is excited to be starting up school again. We are very excited to announce that Redeemer will be sponsoring a second refugee profile! We have agreed to sponsor a family of seven Karen people from Myanmar (Burma). The Karen are an ethnic minority that is brutally persecuted by the military of Myanmar. We are gearing up for their arrival sometime this November and we need your help. As a church, Redeemer been extremely generous with pledges of financial support; now's the time to make good on those pledges. Please stay tuned for other ways to pitch in as the arrival day approaches. Thanks again for your support.

