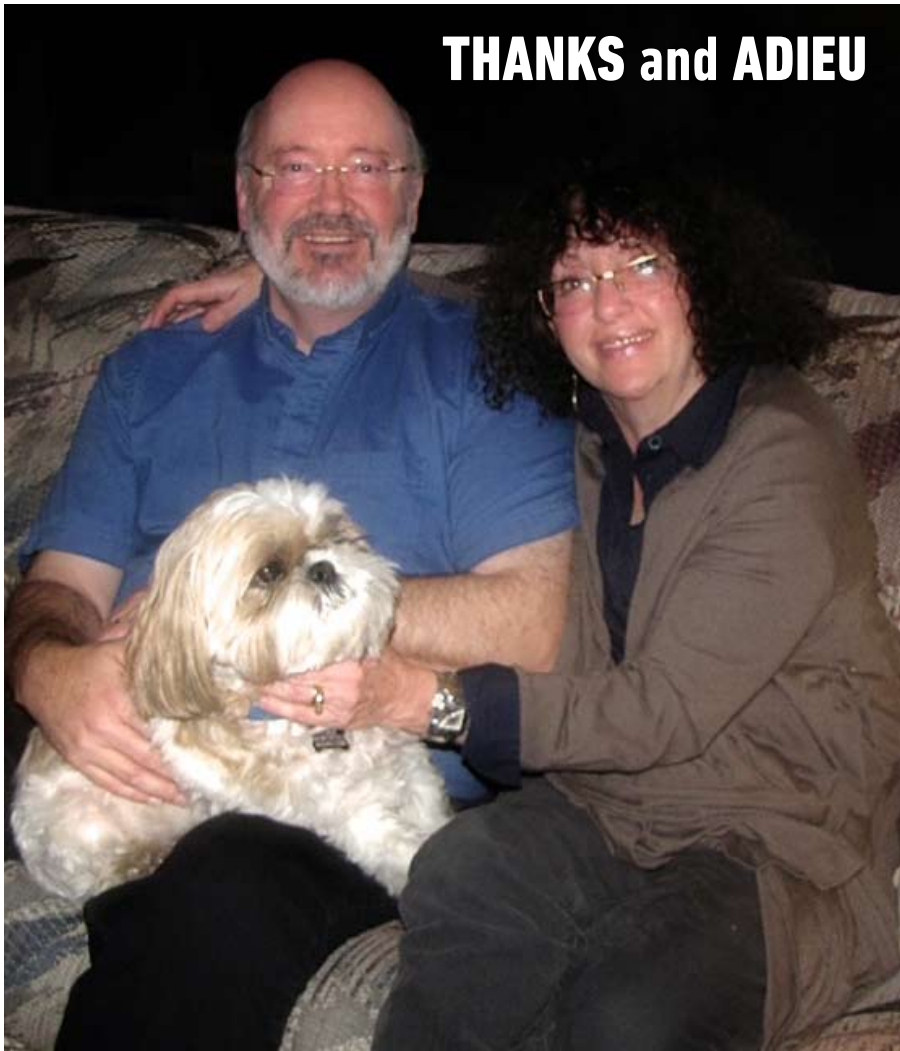


THE CHURCH OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST MESSENGER



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July 2014



THANKS and ADIEU

**I bind unto myself today
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same
The Three in One and One in Three.**

I bind this today to me forever
By power of faith, Christ's incarnation;
His baptism in Jordan river,
His death on Cross for my salvation;
His bursting from the spicèd tomb,
His riding up the heavenly way,
His coming at the day of doom
I bind unto myself today.

I bind unto myself the Name,
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One and One in Three.
By Whom all nature hath creation,
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word:
Praise to the Lord of my salvation,
Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me.
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.





Joy and Tears

Between eighty and ninety parishioners attended a celebratory luncheon to honor the Glencross family as they prepare for retirement in Claireville, New Brunswick (see elsewhere in this MESSENGER). Catered in their usual im-



peccable fashion by ladies of the parish, the wonderful buffet lunch was thoroughly enjoyed by all. As a token of the parish's appreciation for their many years among us, a sculpture (created by another parish member, Lucy Hunt) was presented. Speeches – of course – preceded and followed the presentation. Between courses, a 'pastoral hymn' was sung lustily, ably led by the church choir.

We wish Bruce and Carol many years of fruitful toil in the fertile acres of the Maritimes and look forward to an occasional 'Homily on Country Life' from the depths of rural New Brunswick. Bon voyage!

DLP



Thoughts on the Trinity

In the beginning when God created the heavens and the earth, the earth was a formless void and darkness covered the face of the deep, while a wind from God swept over the waters. Then God said, "Let there be light."

"God said." He sent out his Word, and something was made. And God said, "Let there be a separation of the waters above from the waters beneath." And so heaven and earth came into being. God sent forth his Word, and something was created. And so it goes on, through the creation of dry land, through animals and plants, to the creation of human beings. God's Word creates.

This Word isn't like our words. Our words fall out of our mouths and pass away. Our words die as soon as they are separated from us. And sometimes they cause death; they hurt and destroy. But God is love, and his Word is life. Once spoken, his Word does not pass away. And although sent forth, it is not separated from God. And because the Word does not pass away, because the Word is not separated from God, it lives with him as an eternal expression of his love. That is why St. John at the beginning of his Gospel says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Just as a child is the expression of human love, and is different from the parents but not separated from them, and lives with them and shares their life, so the divine Word lives with God. He is the Son of God. He is the Son of the Father.

The Father speaks, the Word goes forth, and the world is made. And it was good. It was good because he is good, because it is given existence and life by him. In this way a third person is revealed – beside the Father, who speaks, and his Word, through whom all things are made, there is a third, the "wind of God" that "swept over the waters, or as another translation puts it, "the spirit of God" who "hovered over the face of the deep," the Spirit who gives life and breath.

So there are three persons, the Father and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. This is important, and in fact we insist on this doctrine, and we celebrate it today on Trinity Sunday, because the fact that God is three persons tells us something very important about God. St. John says, "God is love," – that's what the Trinity tells us. God is three persons because God is love. Love needs a lover, the beloved, and the love between them.

Think of a family. A family is a little picture of God. The husband and the wife love each other, and the love between



them issues in a third person. It's like that in God. The Father is the Source of love; he is the beginning. He has to love someone; the Father begets the Son. The Son loves the Father back, and the love between them is a third, the Holy Spirit.

Lover, beloved, and love: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

God is a Trinity, because God is love, and love needs a community. So God is this eternal, perfect, community of love, that's revealed right from the beginning, in the act of creation. And the act of creation shows us that God doesn't want to keep this love to himself. He wants us to love as well. God wants us to join him, to take part in his love, to participate in the Trinity. That is why he made the world, and made us in his image, so that we could share this love. That is why his love, the Holy Spirit, sweeps like a wind over the waters of creation, his Spirit hovers over the face of the deep, and his breath enters into the clay to bring man to life. That is why the world was good, because it shared in the life and the love of God.

But it is no longer good, because we refuse this love. Rather than receiving as a gift our existence and the world we live in, we want to snatch them, and run our own lives in our own way, and use the good things of the world to serve our own wills. Instead of giving thanks, we want to take without thanks. We want to take it all for ourselves, and re-make it in our image. We want to live without God, and even against God.

But God is not against us. He does not accept that we want to live apart from him; so he became one of us. "The Word became flesh, and dwelt among us." The Father's eternal Son became his Son in time. Just as God created the world by sending out his Word, he sent his Word again *into* the world, *to make the world again*. We know that the world is not right. But we cannot put it right. We cannot even put ourselves right. We cannot re-create the world. Only God, who made it, can make it again. And he has. God has sent out his Word again, to make all things new. He has given us a new start, a new birth, in the birth of his Son. That is why the Word became flesh. That is why God became a man.

That God became man means that every part of human nature and every part of human experience has been touched by him.

When the Son of God took on our nature, our nature was changed. When the Word became flesh, our flesh was changed. Because of the perfect bond of love between the Father and the Son, the humanity of Jesus shares perfectly

in the goodness of God. Human nature belongs no longer to the power of death, because the God of life took on our human nature, and that union of God and man was not broken, even when his body was broken and buried. Human nature belongs no longer to the world of sin, because God himself endured the wages of sin. Our souls and bodies belong to God, because body and soul Jesus was raised from the dead. He is the new Adam raised up from the dust of the earth. He is the new creation shaped out of the formless void and the darkness of the tomb. He is a new beginning. He is our new life. And he gives us this new life. He says, "All authority is given to me in heaven and in earth." What he has, he gives to us. Whatever belongs to him, belongs to us. The same love that unites him with the Father he shares with us without measure. The same love that burned in his heart he sends into our hearts. The same Spirit that strengthened, purified, and perfected his humanity he sends into our lives. The same Spirit that showed him the Father's will he sends to us. The same Spirit that illuminated him with knowledge and wisdom he sends to us.

That means that God has expanded his family to include you and me. The Trinity is open to include you and me. In the humanity of Jesus, who sits at the right hand of the Father, we have our place. The same love that God has for his Son, Jesus Christ, raised from the dead and living eternally in glory, is the same love he has for you. The Holy Spirit has been poured into our hearts, so that we are not only commanded but enabled to return that love to God. We have been born again. We have a new life. We are now God's children.

And that's why we go to church. Not to hear a sermon about the Trinity, but to give thanks for his love, to share in his Sabbath, and with the angels cry "Holy, holy, holy," joining our hymn with theirs, to his everlasting glory.

Rev. Charles Irish, June 2014

Impressions

I first met Bruce twenty-five years ago when he joined my old regiment, the Black Watch, as its chaplain.

Our lives have been connected ever since. As Black Watch chaplain, he officiated when Jenny and I were married. Later, when we moved to Pointe-Claire, we joined our neighbourhood church, the Church of St John the Baptist, Reverend Glencross, Rector. He quickly prevailed upon my accountant wife to serve as Treasurer, which she did until our children were born. When our children came into the world at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Bruce journeyed downtown and blessed them. Later he baptized them and thirteen years ago he baptized me. I have been Rector's Warden now for five years. So we go back a while.

In that time I have come to know him quite well, I think. And if I were to characterize him with one word, I would describe him as sincere. He is sincere in his faith and he is sincere in his service to God and to us, his parishioners. He is human, of course, and subject to human weaknesses which have gotten him into trouble with people, including me, from time to time. But the circumstances of those occasions must all fade into the shadows. What tells more than all else is his very sincere love of God and of us.

Some in the parish have doubted the sincerity of his love due to his position on the church blessing of same sex marriage. Some feel that he would deny that love to those in same sex relationships. I know that this untruth has hurt him very much for Bruce is not a hellfire and damnation-style preacher. And we all know that, for we have all heard him preach. I think he sees our relationship with God or perhaps more to the point, God's relationship with us, as more complex. But if faith is to be meaningful, more than just sincere, it must be profound. And if it is profound it will be attached to principles that are the rocks in the river which withstand the current. We can step from rock to rock to safely navigate the river, or we can throw ourselves in and let the current sweep us away. Bruce stands on a rock. Perhaps he could have risked advancing a step or two (perhaps he did), but he ought not be faulted for not plunging with abandon into the wild water.

Bruce will leave behind him a parish that is well-organized and is well-administered. Our numbers include very warm and thoughtful people and people dedicated to serving and loving their friends and neighbours. True, we need to reach out a bit more and we need to improve our finances. But our base is very sound indeed. And Bruce has carefully tended to that base for over two decades. His efforts over the years and the soundness of our parish are very much intertwined.

Brent Cowan, Rector's Warden

***And there's a hand, my trusty fiere! and gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught, for auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my jo, for auld lang syne,
we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.***



'Fancy Pink' and other Colours

It was a pink purported to be in the sky above some pines in the far North of James Bay. Captured by an artist, a painting hung in our living room for years.

Arthur Lismer: Pines, Georgian Bay



I never saw a sky with that colour in it in my youth, so I called it 'fancy pink', as if it was part of the artist's imagination and not a real scene.

I was wrong. The pink in the sky at sunset in Clairville, (where we shall retire shortly), is that 'fancy pink'. The artist of that painting was true to the sky. The colour appears across the sky beside the sun as it sets, touching the clouds all along the horizon.

Sometimes it is a brilliant hue. At other times it is shy and muted and in a different part of the sky as in the time just before and during a sunrise I saw one day on the opposite horizon. I had awoken very early when the sun was trying to lift itself, but hadn't quite appeared. It is a bright pink, that captures the eyes and makes them slowly blink in wonder at the sight. And other colours

The earth grudgingly rolls over. The sunrise begins to send fingers of light across the field below our house on the hill. It, playfully, has sent its rays between the pines into the field whispering, "Wake up, wake up." As the rays

kiss the mature August field the light changes and becomes a muted golden straw. But soon the sun is just fully in to the sky above the dawn's horizon when the full splendour of the greens

begin to take over. Muted, the gentle green of shadowed Pines capture the eye first. Then, as Sol continues to awake, the Birch and Alder greens tucked in beside them twinkle, as the deciduous leaves move in an unfelt breeze. Then comes the light smile of the green in the pasture land and

cultivated fields. Next to capture our focus is the sunlight bleached wood of the telephone poles tooth-picked into the ground at regular measures beside the dark gray paved road mostly bordered by Alders green.

As the Sun grows in strength, finally, the white siding pops out from the sides of the houses sitting astride the curve in the road a kilometer away. They are just before the little bridge over the brook where 'El Stupido', the trout, lives.

In the woods of middle distance, and hard to discern, are some wooden Hydro poles carrying that cousin of the Sun, electricity, to the village of St Paul's. They cross 'our land' somewhere. I hope to visit that 'somewhere' one day.

Last and least, as I look through our living room window down upon the once-a-year bushwhacked field, I see some pink flowered plants on its eastern boundary. **Not 'Fancy Pink' but pink none the less.**

Rev. Bruce Glencross
Originally published in the MESSENGER,
September/October 2013

A personal acknowledgement

I can remember the first time I saw Bruce in action.

I had decided to accompany my father Heinz Romberg during a Christmas service at a new church he had discovered. He had finally found a house of worship that appealed to him since our move from Ontario. To my surprise, during this Christmas service which was held at the old Edgewater Hotel, Bruce started removing many layers of clothing he had intentionally worn to bring across a message. That was my "wow!" moment. I was hooked.

Bruce later politely answered my thirst for answers during a session held in our home in preparation for the baptism of our first born son Christian. This became the pivotal moment for me. Looking back I can't believe what I didn't know, but that is all about growing in faith. Bruce subsequently baptized our other son Andreas and, subsequently, confirmed Christian and myself in 2008 as well as Andreas in 2010.

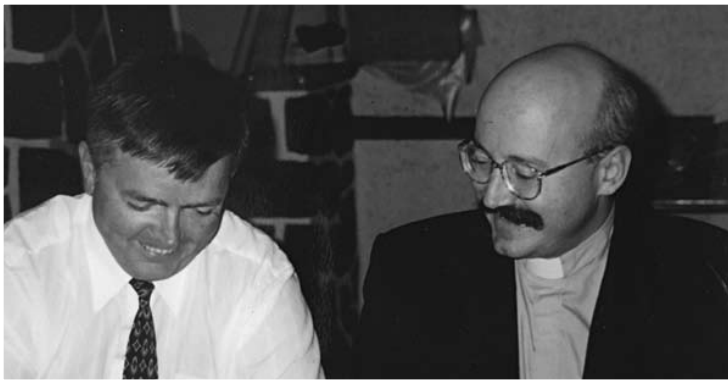
Most recently, Bruce blessed our marriage by reaffirming the marriage vows Danny and I made 25 years ago.

God has his hand in what we do. We have the liberty to choose our path but, thanks to Bruce's ministry, I am convinced he helped us along the way. For this I am truly thankful.

Angela Romberg-Deslauriers, Layreader



June 15th, 2014 (Photograph: Fran Holt)



God gave us memory so that we might have roses in December.

James M. Barrie





A Recipe Moving Forward

Ingredients

1 gal. Good Memories 6 c. Future Plans
 1 Fresh Hammock 2 cups Joy 3 tsp Relief
 Dash of Faith 3 cups Fun
 5 cups Enthusiasm 1 Barrel Laughter
 An Assortment of Friends & Family No Regrets



Directions

Take good memories and joy, mix thoroughly with relief. Blend in future plans and fun, add one fresh hammock. Leave out regrets but add laughter and faith. Sprinkle with enthusiasm. Garnish with friends and family. Bake with love.

Number Of Servings

Enough for a lifetime



On the other hand . . .

Before putting together a recipe, you should consider the components of costs, potential returns, risk, management, rebalancing procedures, taxes, structure of investments (i.e., mutual funds versus individual stocks/bonds) and time. Often, it is better to get help early on in developing your retirement recipe and assign as many hours to preparation as possible. If retirement is like a recipe challenge, doing it right will mean you get something that tastes good. Individual ingredients matter, but the recipe is the key.

Disclaimer

The opinion of the author is subject to change without notice and must be considered in conjunction with relevant regulation, as well as subsequent changes in the local marketplace. Any information from outside resources in the preparation of a recipe should be deemed to be reliable but may not have been verified. Each individual has unique circumstances to which this information may or may not be relevant.



**When I give food to the poor, they call me a saint.
 When I ask why the poor have no food, they call me a communist.**

Hélder Câmara



Always remember to slow down in life; live, breathe, and learn; take a look around you whenever you have time and never forget everything and every person that has the least place within your heart.

Happy Farmers

The Glencross family had a farm
 E - I - E - I - O
 It sat near Moncton all forlorn,
 E - I - E - I - O
 It needed work, it needed love
 And inspiration from above,
 To make a home with lots of charm,
 E - I - E - I - O

We're gathered here today to sing
 E - I - E - I - O
 A song for you, so please join in!
 E - I - E - I - O
 We wish you well, and you can tell,
 We're singing here to say farewell.
 So thank you both for everything,
 E - I - E - I - O

For many years you both have been
 E - I - E - I - O
 Busy, caring, on the scene
 E - I - E - I - O
 A prayer chain here, a seed cake there
 Busy, busy everywhere;
 Your time with us should make you
 preen.
 E - I - E - I - O

Your job is done, we shed some tears,
 E - I - E - I - O
 We wish you well and give you cheers,
 E - I - E - I - O
 So have some fun, enjoy the sun,
 Retirement's like a hole in one,
 So plough that farm for many years!
 E - I - E - I - O

N'Gaio Patlo, lyrics

Plough that farm for years to come . . .



After Grant Wood: American Gothic

June 2007

