

THE LYCHGATE June 2010

Parish Newsletter of The Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

In late May, while on retreat with my brother Oratorians in the peaceful setting of the Convent of St. John Baptist in the wooded hills of western New Jersey, I listened to the addresses presented by our retreat leader, Bishop Andrew St. John. He chose as his theme “the garden” with all its many scriptural associations – the garden of Eden, the garden of Gethsemane, the garden of the Tomb, the garden of Paradise. In each case, the garden becomes the locus of an encounter with the living God, an encounter which reveals much about God, and about ourselves.

In reflecting on this theme, I kept coming back to the garden with which we are blessed at St. Martin’s. Our garden is an oasis in the heart of a busy city. As a parish community, we regularly enjoy its beauty at Coffee Hours throughout the warmer months, and as a place for more solitary reflection in the time before the beginning of services. It is a special place also for the children of the parish, letting off steam in informal play, or sharing in Vacation Bible School and other organized programmes. In play, in fellowship, in prayer and

reflection, the garden provides a space in which we can be drawn closer to God.

Our garden is also a tremendous resource for the neighbourhood that surrounds the church. During the week, I see so many neighbours who come by to sit and read for a time, or who come to play with their children in this protected setting. I have wondered of late how we can make even better use of this resource in our efforts to reach out to the surrounding community.

As I have mentioned to several of you, I have begun to think of the garden as the exo-narthex of the church. We know about the narthex, the entrance area of the church, outside the nave, but in traditional Orthodox churches there is often an exo-narthex as well. This is a second entrance area beyond the narthex, that is often of a more open design, providing a space that links the outside world to the inner world of the sacred. In many ways, our garden with its stone walls and high banks seems to act in the same way. As we walk down the steps, we begin to enter into another realm, or at least into a different perspective on the world in which we live.

While many of our neighbours might find entering the church building a daunting prospect, the garden is for many a far more relaxed and welcoming space. It was wonderful to see how many neighbours came out at Christmas time to stand around the fire and sing Christmas carols while enjoying a cup of hot chocolate. Our upcoming Strawberry Tea is also intended as a way to connect with the surrounding community. How else can we use the garden in creative ways to share the faith? - by providing resources for prayer? by using the

garden as a venue for music or drama? by providing occasions for creative art and play for children and adults? by holding



outdoor services? The possibilities are many.

While enjoying the beauty of the church garden this summer, I invite you to reflect on the garden’s place in your experience of God at St. Martin’s, and on how we can best use the garden to share with others that amazing experience of God’s love for us.

Fr. Philip



Fr
om the Rector’s Desk

Parking Lot There are only five angled spaces available for parking on parish property. The purpose of these spaces is to allow people with mobility issues to attend St. Martin's. Please be considerate of those who otherwise could not manage the stairs.

Management Board

Frank Danby, five rows from the front

By Tim Stephenson, Joy Fulford

Most of us remember the time when we joined St. Martin's but for a small number they cannot remember a time when they were not a member. Frank Danby's family moved to Toronto in 1916 when he was a year old to a house on Perth Avenue. St. Martin's had burned down completely and so the congregation met in the basement for the 11:00 service. In the afternoon the children attended Sunday school at Perth Avenue School. St. Martin's had an active scouting group which Frank joined when he was 15. In the next few years he would also be a server, a lay reader and a scout leader; only high school homework prevented him from participating in more church activities. In the early years there was a boys' and men's choir who occupied the present choir stalls while the women in the choir sat in the front pews.

When he was 18 he became re-acquainted with Yvonne Grundy, a petite blonde who sang with the women. They had played as children but then lost touch because they went to different high schools. St Martin's brought them together and after a three-year engagement they were married.

These were difficult years; during the Depression Frank's father lost his job and Frank could

not find any full time jobs after school. He wanted to go to university but could not afford it. In fact he could not even afford to get married.

In 1938 he got a job as a draughtsman at Massey Harris on King St, a short bike ride from his home on Perth Ave. In 1940 he married Yvonne and bought a house on Ellis Avenue where she could walk to her job as a secretary at Annette Public School. The Massey Harris factory was building Mosquito aircraft used to fight the Germans. Frank's brother had enlisted with the RCAF so Frank proudly hoped his brother would be flying something he had built. At the end of the war Frank's aircraft building job ended, but he quickly found work as a draughtsman for the famed Avro Arrow. At its height Avro Arrow employed 14,000 people with another 20,000 as subcontractors.

After the Gardiner Expressway was opened, the traffic on Ellis Avenue grew too busy and so Frank and his family, which now included three boys, moved to Etobicoke. In 1959 came the fateful day the Avro Arrow was cancelled—a huge shock to everyone working at the plant.

Frank was pragmatic. A job was available with Lockheed in Sunnyvale California so the family (including three teenage boys) took five days to drive across the country. He was working on the Polaris missile and this work required "secret clearance." At the end of five years he had the choice of becoming an American or leaving the job; it was a heartbreaking decision because Yvonne had a job she enjoyed and the boys were settling down. Frank could not become an American because "their customs and ways were foreign" so he returned to Toronto to work for McDonnell-Douglas. One son stayed and had a very rewarding career with the American Air Force. Frank finished his career with a five-year stint at Atomic Energy Canada. Yvonne worked as a secretary in the Christie Street Public School until her retirement. Yvonne loved the job

except when a teacher would send a misbehaving child to the office. She would send the child back saying "I am the secretary not the babysitter."

When Frank returned to Etobicoke from the United States, he attended and volunteered at Christ the King, Islington, which was his parish church. But he remained involved in St. Martins and served as Rector's Warden in the late 1960s. During this time he taught drafting at night school at Central Tech. The move to the Grenadier retirement home in 2000 was a full homecoming. St Martin's was where he was confirmed, he was married and his children baptized. Frank volunteered again and it is in his role as sidesman that most of us know him. His work with the church, with scouts and working with stained glass have kept him busy and provided him many good friendships and memories. Frank's advice comes from many sources: the scouts told him to "Be Prepared," a pediatrician told him to "Love your children: they are only visitors," and all of the experiences in life taught him: "Take a job with a pension if you can".

(Editor's note: Frank will celebrate his 95th birthday on July 1, 2010.)



Visit our Website
www.stmartininthefields.ca

**Find past bulletins,
future readings, and
events at St. Martin's**

Eric Siblin. The Cello Suites: J.S. Bach, Pablo Casals, and the Search for a Baroque Masterpiece.

*House of Anansi Press, 2009.
(Available in the parish library.)*

By Elisa Mangina

St. Martin's parishioners have been privileged to hear violist Alex McLeod playing selections from the six Cello Suites of J.S. Bach on a number of occasions, most recently at the Easter Vigil. This new book by the Montreal journalist and filmmaker Eric Siblin will change the way you listen to those pieces!

The author first heard the Cello Suites when he went to a concert of classical music on a whim in the year 2000. Starting that evening, he developed a full-fledged obsession with learning everything there is to know about them. The result is this entertaining book, which moves back and forth among a number of subjects: the life of Bach; the suites themselves; the life of Pablo Casals, and Siblin's own encounter with the suites and the people who study and perform them.

The form of these suites is easy to recognize: each has six movements all in one key. The first movement is always a *Prelude*, which is followed by five more movements based on courtly French dances such as *allemandes*, *sarabandes*, *minuets*, and *giges*. Before the year 1900, the suites were regarded as virtuosic technical études but not suitable for the concert hall. This changed largely thanks to one man: the Catalan cellist Pablo Casals, who began performing the suites in concert around 1902. Because of the rapturous

worldwide response, the suites now hold a permanent place in the repertoire of every serious cellist. Siblin leads the reader through Casals's later career as well, and although this material is less directly relevant to the story of the Bach suites, it is compelling in itself, especially because of Casals's passionate lifelong commitment to humanitarian causes.

Some of the strongest portions of the book are those where Siblin can make use of his impressive journalistic talents. Through a chance encounter in a Montreal coffee shop, he makes the acquaintance of Walter Joachim, the former first cellist of the Montreal Symphony. Joachim has first-hand reminiscences of Casals to offer, as well as a fascinating personal story of playing the cello across Europe and Asia as a young man and then escaping Nazi Germany in 1934. The bittersweet ending of Siblin's acquaintance with him will remain in the reader's memory.

Another striking episode involves Siblin's experience of attending a Bach Weekend at which singers come together to learn and perform a Bach cantata. This is a tall order for someone who didn't even know previously if he was a tenor or a bass, and Siblin reports, "It finally dawned on me...that singing Bach would be no walk in the park." But he rises to the challenge, with the help of a few last-minute voice lessons, and at the performance he reports that he "experienced [his] voice as a single wave in a blissful polyphonic ocean of Bach."

Siblin, the former pop music critic for the Montreal *Gazette*, manages to avoid most of the clichés of the "how I learned to love classical music" genre, and he has done an extremely good job of mastering the often arcane terminology of his new subject, with only a few slips. In the end, I felt that Siblin's journey through the world of Bach scholarship and performance would have made an excellent magazine article on its own, while the biographical portions on Bach and

Casals that stretch it to the length of a book add less to the central narrative. On the whole, however, this is a fascinating book that will hold the interest of musicians and non-musicians alike.

Highly recommended.

A Letter from Australia

Dear Friends.

Every two or three years I return to Toronto for a few weeks. I come not so much as a tourist but on a pilgrimage back to the people and the places that have significantly formed my ministry and nurtured my spirituality. I enjoy walking the streets of your city, your wonderful coffee shops, visiting friends and the winter snow. I deliberately travel alone because I want space to think, to pray and reflect. It could be a lonely experience, but it's not because you have always provided me with a home community. Each week I looked forward to connecting with my friends at choir practice, and more so, to the Sunday Eucharist with its lovely liturgy, wonderful music, and your warm acceptance of an Aussie on walk about.

To Fr. Philip, Susan, Jack and you all I am ever grateful. You and never far from my thoughts.

With my love and prayers,

*The Rev'd Joan Claring-Bould
(Adelaide, South Australia)*

Stewardship — Not Simply an Annual Campaign

Whenever someone mentions stewardship at St. Martin's, we tend to immediately think *Annual Pledge and Time & Talent Campaign* and many of us might cringe at the thought of the inevitable phone call or visit. That campaign which takes place each year leading up to the Patronal festival is, however, just the tip of the stewardship iceberg and just a minor outward sign of our roles as stewards of St. Martin's.

Stewardship is a way of life. It is the acknowledging of God as the Creator and Owner of all. We, as Christian Stewards must see ourselves as the caretakers of all Gods' gifts, which include the parish community at St Martin's, the clergy, the parish families and the community around us. Mindful of the needs of others, stewardship is based on our need to give out of gratitude to our most generous God, not on the church's need to receive.

What does this mean to us as parishioners of St. Martins? Stewardship encourages everyone to participate in the task of building the Kingdom of God by using the talents, strengths, aptitudes, abilities that have been given. Stewardship challenges us to use our strengths in support of our parish.

Stewardship might start with a helping hand or a kind word to a new face on Sunday. It could include sticking around to help clean up after coffee hour or a parish event. Stewardship is getting involved with one or more of the committees and groups in the parish that help on so many fronts. It means getting involved in Outreach, Fellowship, and Teaching.

And there will always be fund raising. Financial support is also part of stewardship and while we recognize that donor fatigue can affect all of us, we have plans underway to change our annual Stewardship campaign, making it more exciting, engaging and relevant to all parishioners. Stay tuned over the summer for more information!

Each of the committee members, John Cash (chair), Sandy Brown, Kathy Mansfield, Peter Chauvin, Ron McCuaig, and Father Philip would welcome hearing from you. In the coming months we will be launching the campaign and look forward to your participation in the stewardship of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.



Circle This Date on Your Calendar

Saturday, June 26, 2010

A Strawberry Tea

**In our Garden
From 3 pm to 5 pm**

To be enjoyable for all, we need your help...

Set up, clean up, serving, preparing freshly picked strawberries...

Please email Kathy Mansfield

Kathy.mansfield@rogers.com

if you can help to make this a special event.

From the Archives

By Joy Fulford

For our Feast of Dedication Sunday the first *Music Tradition at St. Martin's* display drew great interest. For the first time, parishioners could see pictures of our organ loft and organ console. The Cassavant Company states that only authorized personnel may enter the loft. The space is very tight and anyone unfamiliar with the area could cause considerable damage.

Certain pipes are sensitive to weather conditions. Unfortunately, the hot weather experienced before Easter affected these pipes requiring tuning before the Easter services. The only time available was Maundy Thursday afternoon. Jack Hattey knew the Archives Committee wished pictures of the loft so he alerted me to the day. I took my camera and though they were pressed for time the men kindly took the pictures requested, the ones displayed.

The contract calls for tuning 2-4 times a year though not always is the whole organ in need of tuning. So before the men come, Jack checks the organ to determine its needs. When work at the church may affect the organ, the company seals the organ and the loft for the required time.

The music display also featured pictures of the workshop Jack and Eliza presented in Advent 2009, instruments used at different services, Geoffrey Chick organist, and the choir and guest musicians.

We still need your help as we continue to explore our music tradition. Do you have material such as photos, leaflets, newspaper clippings, church newsletters, or little vignettes?

Having had several conversations with Jack, I am once more impressed with the care he takes of our organ and on behalf of all I offer a most sincere "Thank You."

Onions in Russia



By Sandy Brown

There are onions everywhere in Russia. In salads, meat dishes, the ever available borscht, and of course, on top of churches. My recent trip took me first to the lovely St. Petersburg, so very European, northern, and full of romanticized memories of the Czars, and then by train to Moscow, the power house of modern Russia. Along the railroad, glimpses of old bleak soviet-style villages and farms provided all the contrast necessary to put the two cities into modern perspectives.

Of all the memories, those of the Russian Orthodox Churches and the orthodox artifacts in the Kremlin Museum will stay with me long after the taste of onions from the delicious Georgian and Russian meals has disappeared. It is overpowering to walk into an orthodox church. You are stopped in your tracks, blocked by the magnificent *iconostasis*, or screen which hides the altar from the congregation and which tells the stories of Christ and identifies the church.

There are at least five churches in the Kremlin alone. These white cathedrals are all topped with gilded domes and are historically important. The Cathedral of the Assumption is where all the Czars were crowned even after the royal seat was moved to St. Petersburg. The Cathedral of the Archangel

was where (before St. Petersburg) most of the Czars were buried, including Ivan the Terrible. It was closed after the October revolution but opened in 1955 as a museum. The Church of the Deposition of the Robe was the private chapel of the Moscow Patriarchate. The mosaics, the gold, the icons, the marble, are images impossible to capture on film but impress upon one the place of the church in the life of the people of ancient Russia.



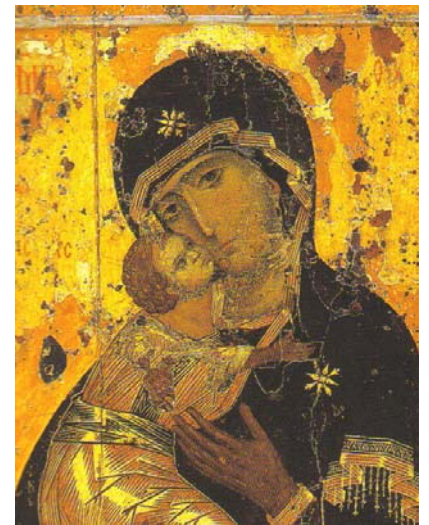
We were told that there are about 400 active churches in Moscow, a city of 10 million or more. Among these, and beyond the Kremlin stands The Cathedral of Christ the Saviour, built between 1839 and 1881 on order of the Czars to commemorate the victory of Russia over Napoleon. Demolished by Stalin in 1933, the site was to be the location of *The House of Soviets*, a huge government edifice which would be taller than the Empire State building. The war stopped this project, and the site was later used as a swimming pool. After the collapse of Soviet Russia, the Cathedral was lovingly rebuilt in the 1990s and opened in 2002. Seventy years of communism did not entirely wipe out Christianity.

Nowhere is the history, power, and art of the Church more evident than in the Kremlin Museum. Icons surrounded by silver and jewels exude both a great art and a great wealth. The vestments are lavish in the extreme, bejeweled and entwined with gold thread, incredible work by embroiderers through the ages.

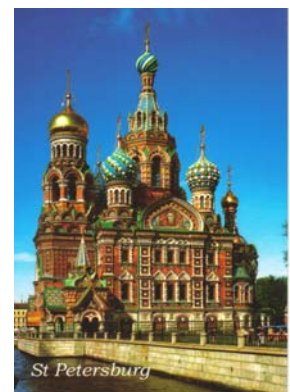
Is the church alive in Russia? I could not have real conversations with people so I do not know how relevant the church is in their daily lives.

Historically and culturally, they seem to want to keep it, but after so many decades of a secular life, it may be difficult for deep beliefs to gain hold and to blossom.

A great rumbling was heard late one night: tanks and missiles of the Russian military were on the move, rehearsing for the great Victory celebrations on May 9, rolling down the broad streets. Russian power is the great competitor of the church for the hearts and minds of its people. Awesome and without guilt.



The Vladimir Icon of the Mother of God, (1100-1130) one of the most highly venerated icons of Russia. It is preserved in the Museum Church of St. Nicholas in Tolmachi, the historic section of Moscow.



The Church on the Spilled Blood in St. Petersburg. This was modeled after St. Basil's Mosco.

The Spring Fling was a great success again this year



PARC musicians played the night away



Three kitchen workers that night: Aaron Trondson, Vicky Cooper Haddad, and Andrew Kaye.



Getting up to dance the night away.

Welcoming a new family in Canada

Philip Savage, Chair, Outreach Committee

Thanks to some urgings from the Primate's Fund last year and co-operation recently with the Outreach groups at St. James Cathedral and Holy Trinity Church, St. Martin's has become the co-sponsor of a refugee family.

The family of Iraqi-Palestinians has been camped out for a few years on the Syrian border—father and mother in their 30s with three young children under seven years of age, along with the father's brother. They suffered the fate of a number of a community of Muslim Palestinians urged to take up residence by Saddam Hussein in the 1960s, and were treated quite well by the Bathist regime (no doubt as a bit of an eye-wiper to Israel). When Saddam was deposed in 2003, these families were turned on by Anti-Saddam factions who associated them (unfairly) with the previous power structure. They fled to the camp just inside the Syrian border but conditions there have been very basic.

We learned that our young family had Canadian VISA clearance a few weeks ago and set out to furnish two apartments we had arranged at the geared-to-income Mary Lambert Swales building in the Church and Dundas area.

Thanks in large part to the kindness of parishioners at St-Martin's (and their willingness to clear out a few basements!) we have now pretty much filled up the apartments with beds, desks, chests of drawers, a TV set, bedding, linen and other house wares. Glen Storey and I put together a bit of a convoy to pick up and deliver the materials in late May where we added your givings to those from the Holy Trinity and St. James groups.

We are still waiting for the exact date of their arrival (apparently one never knows until the plane is almost ready to take off from Damascus!). But now we are ready to welcome the family as new members of our St. Martin's and Canadian community. Please watch the bulletin for the date of arrival. I'll let you know as soon as I know!

STOP PRESS: THE FAMILY IS SCHEDULED TO ARRIVE JUNE 14TH, 2010.

Barry and Dianne

By Tim Stephenson

Barry and Dianne Doughty arrived in St. Martin's less than two years ago but are already known for participating in parish events.

Barry's father immigrated to Canada at the age of 24 with a degree in animal husbandry from Rye College in England. He initially worked in Toronto in the lab of Acme Farmer's Dairy. There he helped develop and market cottage cheese. At St. Michael and All Angels, he joined the Anglican Young People's Association (AYPA) which in 1930 was the hub of social activity. It was there he met Barry's mother (also an active member) and they eventually married in 1933. With her love of music and with his love of drama, the young newlyweds settled in the Atlas/St. Clair area. Barry was the younger brother of two sisters. The Rector of St. Michael and All Angels was George Snell (later a well-known bishop) who later married Barry's parents and christened all the children. Sunday school before church, the morning service and Evensong were the norm every Sunday.

Barry's Father enlisted for the war and rose to the level of Captain; he returned in 1945; to Barry this absence was punctuated with many childhood memories. In 1947 the family moved to Brown's Line (in those days a dirt road and largely farmland). Barry loved athletics and played at every sport. He narrowly missed the Canadian Olympic Team for the 1960 games in Rome (decathlon). These athletics provided Barry with acceptance to the Etobicoke Recreation Committee and he would attend intensive courses in London at Western University to obtain his degree in Business/Commerce and Recreation Administration. He then purchased a one way boat ticket and sailed to Europe, hoping to work his way to Australia. Over the next three years he followed his parents' advice: "you have a tongue in your head and don't be afraid to use it." Barry worked and visited many countries that most people dream about, creating a lifetime of memories.

Through common business contact Dianne and Barry got together. She had recently moved to Toronto working with Burroughs Business Machines. Dianne Had grown up in Sudbury as the eldest of two girls. Her parents were born and raised in Saskatchewan. As a young man in his 20s, her father followed his older brother to the nickel mines in Ontario from the family farm in Saskatchewan. Within a few years two sisters and a younger brother joined them. Around that time many young men and women were leaving the farms for work in Ontario; her mother was among them. The mines provided stable employment and a large and vibrant Ukrainian community was born. Surrounded with music at every occasion Dianne especially liked dancing and studied tap, ballet and acrobatics for ten years in Sudbury. She also played the accordion. Her mother played the violin and was known

for her embroidery and needlepoint. Dianne remembers many outfits embellished with her mother's beautiful handiwork. During the summers she would return to the farms in Saskatchewan surrounded by 19 aunts and uncles and a large extended family; she has family in every province west of Quebec. Her father tended his ten-acre garden and there was always friendly competition in the family group as to who could produce the best vegetables. Her father made the best dill pickles!

Dianne attended Sheridan Technical School where young ladies were presented with three choices: nursing, teaching or secretarial work. Dianne is a no-nonsense, born organizer drawn to working in business so she chose the secretarial route. At 23 she was left a widow with two young children and working with Burroughs she made the decision to move to Toronto. During this time she met Barry; they were married at the old Mill and they recently returned there to celebrate their 35th wedding anniversary. They settled in Mississauga and Etobicoke, with a couple of relocations to Calgary (ten years in total). Dianne sees herself as "living her life backward" and now she has the time for good food, ballet, fine arts, opera and travel.

Barry's career spanned 31 years in the field of equipment financing and commercial loans, retiring from CIBC in 1999.

Dianne and Barry bring much diversity to their lives; Dianne's mother was an accomplished violinist who played at all dances and family gatherings. She declined an offer as back up to King Ganam to raise her daughters. She was well known for her needlepoint. Her last piece was 38,400 stitches, took over two years to complete and she gave it to Dianne.

Dianne's most memorable moment was attending a performance of Swan Lake in Sudbury and meeting Celia Franca and members of the National Ballet at the age of ten.

Barry has a keen sense of humour, loves wood working (he designed and made their furniture). One of their greatest enjoyments is spending time with their 4 grandchildren. They both share a love of opera, theatre, fine wines, musicals and travel (Africa, Spain, France, Tahiti, USA). They love to cook for family and friends (Barry the chef and Dianne the baker). They travel to France (Burgundy) almost every year to re-connect with the friends that Barry met in 1962 when he worked on the wine harvest.

They both agree that one should always take on any task, make it successful and enjoyable for everyone participating, keeping your eye on your goals and working at them one day at a time.

Often, people can't remember what you said but they can remember how you made them feel. Everyone has made Dianne and Barry feel very welcome and they are proud and thankful to be part of the St. Martin's family.

An Old Gaelic Blessing

*Deep Peace of the running wave to you
Deep Peace of the flowing air to you
Deep Peace of the quiet earth to you
Deep Peace of the shining stars to you
Deep Peace of the gentle night to you
Moon and stars pour their healing light on
you
Deep Peace.*

An Old Gaelic Welcoming Prayer:

*May you always find three welcomes.....
In a garden in the summer,
At a fireside during winter,
And whatever the day or season,
In the kind eyes of a friend.*

*The above reflects my involvement with the
Quiet Garden and the Newcomers
Committee.*

Marion Rhodes

Upcoming Events

*September 12 Picnic in the Garden
September 26 Back to Church Sunday
after the 11 o'clock service
Please remember to bring home your
summer bulletins from other churches*

The *Lychgate* is published four times a year by St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Toronto. For information contact Sandy Brown through the church office at 416-767-7064 or sbrown4@sympatico.ca