



# Cathedral Script

1440 Union Avenue, Montréal H3A 2B8  
cathoff@attglobal.net  
www.montreal.anglican.org/cathedral/

*Editorial Board* William Converse, Krishanu Dasgupta,  
Ann Elbourne, Janet King, Joyce Sanchez, Duncan Shaddick  
*Editor* Beth Adams  
*Design* Beth Adams and Jonathan Sa'adah

Christ Church Cathedral, Montréal

Vol. 266 Advent 2008

## REMEMBERING DAISY WOO

By Norma Chu

*Daisy Woo, who had been a quiet member of the Cathedral for longer than anyone can remember died in August at the age of 93. At a time of memorial during our Eucharist on Sunday 6th October, her niece, Norma Chu, spoke about her aunt.*

Michael Pitts

Daisy is my aunt and when Reverend Pitts asked me to speak at Daisy's Memorial Service I was deeply honoured. She has been associated with this church since Reverend Charles Evans in the 1940's and she spanned the eight following Reverends.

Living life to its fullest was what Daisy strove for everyday, she was at peace with herself and only wanted to laugh loud and long, and become a better and better Christian.

Daisy had a motto: "Don't Sweat The Small Stuff. Have your shoes pointed at the door everyday. Walk and let the sun shine on you. When you get tired, grab the nearest bench and count the number of fat people walking by."

Daisy was grateful and thankful that her father migrated to America. Daisy's father first went to Australia, but his savings were stolen. His elders told him, according to Chinese phonetics, Montreal (pronounced MON-DI-HAW) is a City with mountains of promise and opportunities. As an orphan, he learned to read and write Chinese sitting outside the Village school house by an open window so he could hear the teacher. He did not speak English or French when he came to America, but sold tea and trinkets on the streets of Montreal. He had to be an oddity because he wore a long braided pony tail down his back. As he became successful, he sent for his wife and Daisy was number 4 to be born in Montreal. He opened a store selling tea, silks and imports from China on St. Catherine Street and lived in the Golden Mile. As he became prosperous he sent for relatives, paying the required Head Tax.

Daisy made history when she became the first Chinese girl to graduate from McGill. She chose to teach at St. Paul's College in Hong Kong where her brother Bill, lived, as well as her father who had become blinded with cataracts. This had to be a culture shock. When she

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### ADVENT 2008



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Above: "Annunciation" © Ade Bethune, used by permission of the College of St. Catherine, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Ade Bethune was an early associate of Dorothy Day; her woodcuts frequently appeared in *The Catholic Worker*.



met her first class, she picked up the spittoon and put it outside, and directed the students to leave the room if they had to spit.

When the World War broke out, Daisy was caught up in Hong Kong and could not leave. Her family was evicted and forced out of

their home by the military because it was being used as a military base. The family took refuge in a friend's house, Ella Chan, and stayed for the duration of the war. All books were burned, food was scarce, looting was rampant, lawlessness prevailed. Daisy disguised herself as a servant and char women. She peddled second hand clothes, cut grass to make soup. It was difficult for her to speak of the horrors and the atrocities of war. She spoke little of the Japanese Occupation, but when she did refer to an incident, it brought tears to her eyes. She did talk about one of the womenfolk in her household that was suddenly whisked away by the military and returned 3 days later thankfully unharmed. She was held captive in a so-called "Torture Chamber" which held a solitary chair and a water hose. She never did tell me about the little piece of gold she hid in her shoe so she could use it as a bribe.

Daisy contracted malaria and was given precious quinine by Arthur Lee, a friend, which saved her. His house was completely ransacked but the quinine was hidden and overlooked. Daisy said, "When you are stripped of everything, even of your own identity you hold fast to your Faith and value your friends." She vowed that if she lived through this ordeal she would serve God. Yet in spite of all the horrors of war, Daisy's spirit may have been dampened but never broken. She always maintained a positive attitude, forgiving, generous and compassionate. Above all she kept her great sense of humor. She was a tower of strength, of tempered steel, damage-proof, ageless and timeless.

After the war ended in 1945, Daisy returned to Montreal as a refugee and lived in her home on Burnside Place off Guy Street. She worked for the Canadian Government in the Immigration Department as an Adjudicator for 30 years, retiring in 1980. She continued to have Christmas Parties for students who could not get home for the holidays. She would have parties for the children from the orphanage also.

Daisy's number one passion was traveling. She circled the globe and touched all continents.

She visited me every summer in New York City. Her interests were boundless and varied. My treasure chest of memories overflows with Daisy and I will cherish all the moments of the past, the blessings, the celebrations, the laughter and the joys including the sorrows and the tears. We cannot control the movement of time, we cannot control our own destiny, we cannot control the destiny of our loved ones. We live under the framework of God and it is predetermined when we will go to eternal rest.

IF YOU HAVE MEMORIES. YOU HAVE YESTERDAYS Daisy had a vast amount of wonderful and fond memories.

IF YOU HAVE HOPE IN YOUR HEART, TOMORROW WILL COME Daisy told me she just came back from a Woo wedding and had a blast – she sang, dance and toasted. She was looking forward to another one coming up shortly.

IF YOU HAVE FRIENDS, THE TODAYS ARE BEAUTIFUL Daisy had a wealth of friends. I met with a few and we chatted for 6 hours. They planned on feasting on lobster and pigs feet right after the Olympics.

I can hear Daisy saying, "Life was such a joy ride, it was a wonderful and great journey "

But she left an even greater legacy and that was her "motto": "Don't sweat the small stuff, Have your shoes pointed to the door every day. Let the sun shine on you. And when you get tired, grab the nearest bench and count the number of fat people walking by!"

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## MUSIC MATTERS

by Veronica McDermott

The brain is a curious instrument. On the one hand it seeks comfort from the predictable; at the same time it craves stimulation from the novel. Novelty nudges us to pay attention, to wake up, to see the ordinary



Patrick Wedd directs the Cathedral Choirs at the 2008 fundraising concert.

with new eyes. Novelty elevates the predictable to the transcendent.

Nowhere is this juxtaposition seen more than in our Sunday worship. I warm up immediately to the familiar opening prayers, the well-known rubrics of the mass, the repetition of the ritual movements and incantations, the regular reenactment of the central event of the mass. It is the music, however, with its ever-changing cadences and tones interpreted by composers old and young, near and far, ancient and contemporary that sheds new light on the recognizable rite.

The brain IS a curious instrument. Although I have been a regular member of the Cathedral congregation for the four years I have lived in Montreal, this is the first time I have raised to a conscious level one of the many aspects of Cathedral worship that attracts and sustains me. (I guess the brain also needs time and space and a writing assignment to process life's experiences!)

These reflections also reveal one of the reasons I became a member of the music committee. Any attendee at a Cathedral service has observed the immediate, visceral and obvious reaction of newcomers to our church the minute the music starts. Even musical neophytes respond to the sounds of the organ as interpreted by the our Director of Music, Patrick Wedd. It is the choral music, however, which causes heads to turn, eyes to open and smiles to appear. I have often heard people whisper words of praise and wonder to each other as the music engulfs them and carries them into the celebration of the mass at a new and different level.

We regulars may have come to expect extraordinary musicianship and vocal perfection as part of our regular service experience, but what transforms us is the power of the music to gives voice to different shadings and subtleties that explore new territory in a ceremony whose words many of us know by heart.

We have an extraordinary gift in the music program at the Cathedral. Your pledges and offerings, plus the annual fundraising event, provide the revenue that sustains the choirs, pays the director and organists, provides

bursaries for the young choristers and professional singers, maintains the music library, and keeps the music program alive. I believe I speak for the other members of the music committee when I say that music matters. It matters that the tradition of liturgical choral singing be kept alive through the Cathedral's music education program. It matters that adult amateurs sing alongside seasoned professionals. It matters that all of the stops can be pulled out on the cathedral's organ, enriching the spiritual and cultural life of the city of Montreal.

Over the past four years the music committee has sponsored an annual event in November to ensure that

## SCRIPTURE CAKE

By Dorothy Lindsay

*This recipe originally appeared in More Brief, March/April 1977, no. 86. Janet King writes: "Mrs. Lindsay spent a whole evening rewriting this recipe so that it fitted the Revised Standard Version as well as the King James Bible. Mrs. Lindsay says Matthew 5: 42, but she deserves 11 Timothy 4: 8."*

A	1 cup 2 cups	Psalms 55:21 Jeremiah 6: 20	work these together
B	6	Isaiah 10: 14	mix well
C	2 ½ cups 2 tsp. a little of	1 Kings 4: 22 1 Kings 10: 2 Leviticus 2: 13	shake together
D	1 cup 1 tbsp.	Genesis 24: 20 Judges 14: 9	combine together
E	2 cups 2 cups ½ cup 1 cup	1 Samuel 30: 12 1 Samuel 30: 12 Numbers 17: 8 1 Kings 4: 22	chopped and shaken together

*Method:* To A add B. Add C alternately with D. Add E. For the whole, follow Solomon's advice for making good boys – Proverbs 23: 14.

To all of this may be added some of Psalm 104: 15, and again seek Solomon's advice.

Then make 2 of the first line of Exodus 29: 23 and follow the last part of 11 Samuel 13: 8 according to the way Moses spoke in Exodus 4: 10.

Most modern cooks divide B, adding the productive half to A, and that which is the color of angels' robes use mightily as in Solomon in Proverbs 23: 14 to add after E.

And what is in Psalm 104: 15 may be omitted or added at the very end of the process as in Joel 2: 23.



photo by Jonathan Sa'adah

## ΠΡΟΣ ΤΙΤΟΝ: FOR TITUS

Reflections on a Recent Visit to Crete

By Bill Converse

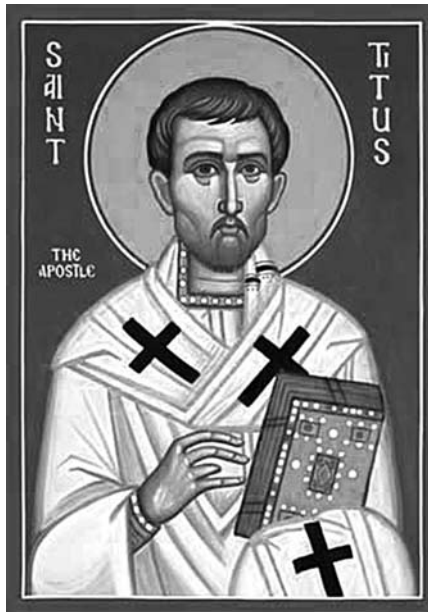
The Greek island of Crete, located in the eastern Mediterranean, was the seat of Minoan civilization. Early Minoan culture began to emerge after 2500 BCE. During the Middle Minoan period, 2000 BCE, it gave rise to the palaces and superb works of art that visitors today come to see at Knossos and Phaestos. By 1200 BCE this Minoan-Mycenaean civilization had disappeared.

In the 1st millennium Crete lay outside the mainstream of Greek history. The Romans conquered the island in 67 BCE. Crete later became part of the Byzantine world. Following the Fourth Crusade (1204), the Venetians took over the island and made it an important colonial outpost. The massive fortifications at Chania, Rethymnon and Heraklion (formerly known as Candia) date from this period. Beginning in the late 1500s, the Ottoman Turks gradually overcame the Venetians and finally captured Candia in 1669 after a twenty-one year siege.

Greece managed to free itself from the Turks in the late 1820s but Crete had to wait until 1913 formally to rejoin Greece. Throughout the 19th century there was a series of revolts against the Turks which led to the establishment of a semi-independent state under Ottoman suzerainty, though the Governor was now required to be an Orthodox Christian. Crete thus abounds in history and archaeological sites. Some historical background is required to understand the island and its inhabitants.

This was my second trip to Crete. I first visited the island in 2002. This time I discovered that my hotel in Heraklion was located at 15, odos Epimenidou, a name that was vaguely familiar but did not fully register until I passed by the church of Άγιος Τίτος (St. Titus). Only then did I make the NT connection.

Epimenides is quoted in the first chapter of the Letter to Titus. This sometimes is taken as evidence that the Apostle Paul was familiar with the sayings of the Cretan philosopher from Knossos who flourished



about 600 BCE. However, since the authorship of the Letter to Titus is disputed, we probably should be cautious about drawing any conclusions.

Epimenides is remembered today for the paradox, “All Cretans are liars.” This is known as the Liar paradox, the oldest and most widely known of the semantic paradoxes. Was Epimenides speaking the truth or was he lying?

Epimenides held a very low opinion of his fellow Cretans: “Cretans are always liars, vicious brutes, lazy gluttons,” a judgment with which the author of the Letter to Titus evidently concurred: “That testimony is true”(Titus 1:

12-13) Cretans had a bad reputation in antiquity for not telling the truth. There is even a Greek verb “to lie like a Cretan” (kpētizō). The beginning of the Letter to Titus rather pointedly refers to “God, who never lies”(Titus 1:2). Yet, I have found the inhabitants of Crete to be polite and generally very helpful. Gluttony is no doubt still a temptation because Crete produces excellent citrus fruit, figs, honey, olive oil and wine. Cretan cuisine is now recognized and there are restaurants that specialize in local Cretan dishes. Rethymnon is especially well known for its fine food. I had an excellent meal there.

The origins of Christianity in Crete are usually traced back to Paul and Titus. Traditionally Titus is held to have been the first bishop of Crete (Titus 1: 5-9). This is the basis for the claim of the Orthodox Church of Crete to be autocephalous or self-governing. Christianity probably arrived in Crete very early because Acts 2:11 lists “Cretans and Arabs” among those present in Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost. Crete is rarely mentioned elsewhere in the NT, except for Acts 27. In the OT it is called “Caphtor” and its inhabitants “Caphtorim,” “the Caphtorim, who came from Caphtor”(Deut. 2:23). The Philistines were thought to have come from Crete (Amos 9:7b).

The cathedral of Heraklion claims to possess the skull of Titus. When Heraklion fell to the Turks in 1648, the Grand Vizier allowed the Venetian General Francisco Morosini to remove the saint’s relics to Venice, along with the city’s archives. There they remained until 1966 when the skull was returned to Crete. The present cathedral, built in 1895, is named, not for Titus but for the patron saint of Heraklion, the Holy Martyr Menas the Egyptian (285-309?). However, the church

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Above: An icon of the Apostle Titus, © copyright Holy Transfiguration Monastery, Brookline, MA. Used with permission.

of Áyios Tito in Herklion (already referred to) is named for him. The original church was a byzantine structure that the Venetians rebuilt. The Ottomans turned it into a mosque. It was eventually returned to the Orthodox Church and re-consecrated in 1925.

Crete was famous in antiquity for its cities. Homer speaks of “Crete of the hundred cities.” Of these Knossos and Phaestos are the best known today. Titus, however, is associated with Gortyna where there are impressive remains of a 6th century basilica named in his honour.

Gortyn or Gortys, as it is now known, is located 45 km south of Heraklion. It was the Roman capital of Crete and was the administrative centre for both Crete and Cyrenaica (modern day Libya and parts of North Africa). The city reached its zenith in the 3rd century CE and retained its prestige until 828 CE when the Saracens destroyed it. Thereafter the site was abandoned.

Some very fine Hellenistic sculptures have been unearthed in Gortyn, attesting to the cultural as well as the political importance of the city. The extensive Roman ruins are scattered over a wide area and include temples, a stadium and a small Hellenistic Odeon

The Odeon houses the Law Code of Gortyna, one of the longest inscriptions ever recovered from the ancient world, measuring 10 m by 3 m and dating from 500 BCE. It was discovered by Federico Halbherr in 1884. It is an important source for early Greek law and may reflect earlier Minoan laws.

It is inscribed in columns on large blocks of stone, written in a form of archaic Greek-Cretan dialect, in a continuous script known as “ox-ploughed” (boustrophēdón) The lines alternate in opposite directions, from left to right, then right to left, like the furrows of a ploughed field.

Remaining a Christian in Crete has never been easy. The Venetians were Roman Catholics; the Ottoman Turks were Muslims. Under the Turks the Christians were heavily taxed, so many Cretans converted to Islam. There was also a lot of intermarriage. Christians soon became a minority on the island. In the 19th century, with the Greek War of Independence, there was a revival of Greek Orthodoxy. Many Cretans reverted to Christianity.

The monasteries of Crete supported the Cretan rebels in their struggle for independence. During the 1866 uprising, Turkish forces besieged the Arkadhi Monastery, located 23 km SE of Rethymnon. In desperation, the abbot ignited the magazine. The ensuing explosion caused the deaths of hundreds of Turks as well as Cretans who had taken refuge inside the monastery walls. In the words of Nikos Kazantzakis, it “blew Arkadhi Monastery—Saints, crucifixes, monks and all, Chris-

tians and Turks—sky-high.” An ossuary contains the skulls of some of those who died. This was a defining event in modern Greek history.

Nikos Kazantzakis (1883-1957), the author of *Zorba the Greek*, was born in Candia. He is considered modern Greece’s greatest writer. He was very controversial because of the audacious way he treated religious themes in his novels. He had a strong aversion to monks. His descriptions of monastic life are sometimes ribald. The publication of *Freedom and Death*, *Christ Recrucified* and *The Last Temptation of Christ* polarized Greek public opinion. The matter was brought before the Greek parliament. The Holy Synod attempted, unsuccessfully, to have his books banned in Greece.

Kazantzakis always considered himself a Christian. The Christ portrayed in the Gospels served as the model and inspiration for his best works. Yet, when he died in November 1957, Spitha published a satirical sketch of his funeral procession, showing students from the Teacher Training College carrying his books. At their head is Satan, holding a copy of *The Last Temptation of Christ*.<sup>1</sup>

I visited Kazantzakis’ grave on the Martinengo Bastion at the SW corner of the Venetian fortifications of Heraklion. It is constructed of stone blocks. Beside it stands a simple wooden cross. His epitaph reads: “I fear nothing. I hope for nothing. I am free.”

<sup>1</sup> George I. Panagiotakis, *The Life and Works of Nikos Kazantzakis* (Crete 2007).

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## A THANK-YOU FROM AL



*Greetings! It has given me much pleasure to receive such a generous farewell send-off package. My life as Verger was full of good experiences, although there were moments that were hard to digest. Then there comes a time to let go. There are so many memories. They are hard to recall all at once, but as soon as someone brings them up in a conversation a bell is ringing. My thanks to everyone who played a part in my role as Verger of Christ Church Cathedral. Thank you for all your e-mails, letters, notes, phone calls from in and out of town and for all the gifts. Thank you for making my time as Verger a joyful one.* - Al Backman

photo by Rene Sanchez

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# The Homeless Are Always With Us

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*Next to the Blessed Sacrament itself, your neighbor is the holiest object presented to your senses.*

C.S. Lewis, *The Weight of Glory*

## HAPPY CHRISTMAS

by Beth Adams

It's a rare sunlit morning in late December, 1999. Standing on the steps of London's National Gallery, where I've been visiting the Rembrandts, I look out over Trafalgar Square. In the unseasonably warm weather, fountains still dance beside Admiral Nelson's towering column, while clouds of pigeons rise, circle, and settle, mirroring the flow of red buses, black cabs, and traffic swirling around the square. Near the Gallery, a tall spruce shines with bright white lights, given every year by the people of Norway in gratitude and remembrance to the people of Britain who helped keep their country free in WWII.

Slowly I walk down the steps and along the sidewalk, thronged with tourists, toward the spire of St. Martin's-of-the-Fields on the eastern edge of this plaza. Suddenly, there he is again: the old man who looked out at me moments ago from a Rembrandt self-portrait. Wrapped in a tattered blanket, with disheveled hair and rheumy eyes, he sits huddled against the wrought-iron railing, his face filled with the same mixture of desperation and resignation, brokenness and nobility. The old man isn't begging, merely sitting: watching the flight of the pigeons and the river of humanity streaming before him. I walk past, and then stop, turn around. I dig in my pockets and find some coins and a gold-wrapped chocolate from the previous night's dinner. "Happy Christmas," I say, and look into his eyes. He nods, startled, as if astonished to find he is not invisible.

I'm a country girl, and the street people of this city affect and distress me. There were the two sleeping men cradling dogs, in Piccadilly Station. That time it was a dog, shivering uncontrollably, who stared into my face. Sometimes I only see feet sticking out from a pile of blankets and cardboard in a doorway or pedestrian underpass. In these days celebrating Christ's birth, an Indian woman stood near the doorway of a shop that glowed with star-shaped lampshades of brightly colored, pierced paper. Dressed only in a sweater and thin sari whipped by the wind, she held her baby in her arms and met my blue eyes with her dark ones. "Some food for the child?" she asked softly, and then, "Thank you so much. God bless you."

London's street people receive some food, free medical care, and veterinary attention for their animals.

On a television program I watched a police officer and dog shelter worker going about the city distributing dog coats to the homeless dog-owners, engaging in one pleasant, polite conversation after another, as if both parties considered plaid Christmas dog-coats to be the most normal thing in the world. What seems most striking here is the sense, both in public and from every pulpit, that this is a shared problem and a shared responsibility. The quick pass-by, a coin dropped into a cup, is not as acceptable here as a look in the eyes and a polite, respectful exchange of words.

Yet I struggle in these encounters. My hearts beats faster, I feel the heat rise to my cheeks as I fumble for change and stretch my hand forward to give it. I realize that part of what I feel is shame at our glaring discrepancy -- what can this person possibly think of me? I, too, am afraid of rejection. But I also feel drawn toward the encounter, as if toward the Beloved: I am responding to a call so strong I cannot ignore it. In his book, *Christian Households: The Sanctification of Nearness*, Thomas Breidenthal writes, "The remarkable thing about conscience is that it is like a voice that is both my own and the voice of someone else. The

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## GUILLAUME DEPARDIEU'S "VERSAILLES"

A review by Bill Converse

Guillaume Depardieu's "Versailles" premiered at the Cannes film festival in 2008. It had its North American premiere at the Cinemania Film Festival in Montréal, November 6-16.

"Versailles" is a film about les sans-abri living in the woods in the vicinity of the château de Versailles. Guillaume Depardieu plays the role of Damien, a homeless man who has built a shelter in the woods where he encounters Nina (Judith Chemla) and her five-year-old son Enzo (Max Baissette de Malglaive) who have been living on the streets of Paris. Nina leaves Enzo with Damien in order to get her own life back on track. Damien attempts unsuccessfully to abandon Enzo at a bus stop. Nina and Enzo become separated. They will be reunited when Enzo is a teenager. In the meantime Damien and Enzo bond.

"Versailles" is about dignity and solidarity among the excluded and marginalized. It is about sharing and caring, about taking responsibility for others. The plight of *les sans-abri* is not romanticized. There is humor, but it tends to be black. Violence and death lurk in the shadows. The forest is a dangerous place to live in. The château de Versailles provides an ironic backdrop to the film.

“Versailles” is also about marginalization and exclusion in contemporary French society. The homeless portrayed in the film are all French citizens, though undocumented ones, known as SDF (*personnes sans domicile fixe*). Les fonctionnaires are shown to be human, if not always humane. They are bound by the rules. *C’est la loi* is a frequent refrain in the film. *Les marginaux* are alienated. They have come to distrust the authorities because they destroy their lean-tos in the woods.

Guillaume Depardieu has succeeded in bringing their plight to the big screen. He joins the ranks of other French film stars, Emmanuelle Béart, Carole Bouquet and his father Gérard Depardieu, in promoting the cause of *les sans-abri*.

The film was completed just before Guillaume Depardieu succumbed to a virus that he contracted while shooting a film in Romania. He was only thirty-seven years old when he died on October 13, 2008. Guillaume Depardieu, the son of Gérard Depardieu and French actress Elisabeth Guignot, was a very talented actor, and a musician who had just completed an album.

Guillaume was estranged from his father. He had serious problems with alcohol and drugs that led to criminal behavior. He served time in prison. He was seriously injured in a motorcycle accident in 1993. His right leg had to be amputated in 2003. His prolonged stays in hospital led him to establish the Fondation Guillaume Depardieu to help the victims of hospital infections.

This is a beautiful film artistically and thematically. “Versailles” is an example of *cinéma vérité*. It is fiction based on fact, set in the actual location where such happenings occur daily. The film shows anger and frustration; suffering and despair; love and hope. It also suggests the possibility of redemption. While not explicitly religious, it is implicitly so. The scene in the municipal cemetery of Versailles of the *enterrement civil* of one of *les sans-abri* who has died in the woods is remarkable for its simplicity and dignity. This film is yet another example of theological reflection being done by means of images and sound. I recommend it especially to those who wish to understand the situation of the homeless in our midst. Having seen the film, I have gained a new perspective on the plight of the homeless living on the streets of Montréal, including those who sleep in the porch of Christ Church Cathedral

*Director:* Pierre Schoeller, who also wrote the screen play. *Producer:* Les Films Pelléas. *Length:* 1:53. In French, with English subtitles. “Versailles” was released in Montréal on November 21, 2008.

## SOME WORDS ABOUT OUR OWN HOMELESS

by Marjorie Sharp

Homelessness is defined as having no fixed address, no assurance of stable, secure and healthy housing for the next 60 days, little or no revenue, facing discrimination in getting services, with problems of mental health, alcoholism, and/or drug use and/or social disruption (RAPSIM).\*\* This includes those who frequent the shelters as well as those who sleep every night in the street or in doorways, or stay temporarily with friends, or squat in empty buildings. In 2005 there were estimated to be some 150,000 homeless in Canada, 30,000 of them in Montreal.

There are many roads to homelessness, but two things they have in common are poverty and a lack of affordable housing. Among the causes are mental health problems, addictions, release from hospital, prison, treatment centres, and Youth Protection. For women, they may be escaping from an abusive relationship.

These are statistics, but there are human beings behind these numbers. We see them on our doorstep at the Cathedral. They are there because they have lost their homes for whatever reason, have no money or not enough to pay the rents demanded. Our new Verger, Norman, has found affordable housing for two of them, and a third will be re-housed shortly.

The street is an unpleasant and dangerous place to live and the more help we can give the better.

What can we do? First of all, stop seeing the people in the forecourt as a PROBLEM. They are human beings who have a problem and since they are there they are our people. Buy a copy of their magazine *L’itinéraire*, which is sold for \$2 by a homeless person, usually in Metro stations or the street. \$1 goes to the magazine, and \$1 to the seller. You can read what they have to say for themselves. Support the shelters: Old Brewery Mission, Welcome Hall etc. financially and/or by volunteering. Help with our end-of-the-month Sunday lunch for street people and those on welfare - we are usually short of help. Read Jack Layton’s book *Homelessness*, updated as of 2008.



Center: “Giving Shelter” © Ade Bethune, used by permission of the College of St. Catherine, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

## MEET EMILY CARR, OUR STUDENT MINISTER

photo by Jonathan Saadah



My name is Emily Carr- yes like the painter! I love art very much and attended the University of Windsor Ontario to study Fine Art. I moved to Montreal to participate in the Montreal Ministry Challenge offered by the Montreal Diocesan Theological College where I was placed at St. Georges Place du Canada. Through

this process I discovered that I wanted to pursue a calling to the ordained ministry and began the discernment process in my home diocese of Ottawa. I began the Bth program at McGill in the winter of 2007 and attended ACPO in Toronto in the fall of 2007. I have had placements at both St. John the Evangelist, and All Saints Verdun. I am pleased to be the new student at the Cathedral and look forward to learning about the unique ministry of such a central community.

I was the president of the Student Christian Movement at McGill for over a year, and continue to be involved in the SCM as the Canadian representative to the North American Region of the World Student Christian Federation. This grassroots student movement is committed to ecumenism, social justice and grassroots activism. This November I will be attending a conference in Switzerland, "Feminist Perspectives in Mission: Towards Edinburgh 2010". As the representative from the World Student Christian Federation, I will have the opportunity to participate in this WCC women's conference in preparation for the upcoming WCC conference in 2010.

With approximately two years left of study, I have so much to learn! I look forward to my time at the Cathedral and I thank you all for being my teachers over this next year.

A BLESSED ADVENT  
AND  
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

## Music Matters

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music program thrives, working very hard to meet our goal of raising \$12,000 yearly to help with the annual \$84,000 music budget. This year's committee met regularly, printed flyers, wrote press releases, delivered posters, and asked for community and business support, while the choirs prepared the music. In the end, all these efforts were rewarded. Patrick Wedd, the choirs, and our guest pianists delivered an extraordinary concert, "Symphony of Psalms," in which listeners revisited familiar texts interpreted through the miracle of music by composers from Salamone Rossi to Igor Stravinsky. The audience was most appreciative, swept up in the beauty of the music and words.

I would like to thank everyone who supported this event through planning, performing or participating. The brain, as I said before, is a curious instrument. In addition to craving patterns and responding to novelty, the brain has the capacity to imagine. One of the things I find unimaginable is Cathedral worship without music. Your support is greatly appreciated, and helps not only to maintain the present, but to provide for the future of liturgical music and musicians in our cathedral and beyond.

## Happy Christmas

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sleeping figure on the platform calls to me, but it is as if the call is already coming from inside me...It is that great paradox of the heightened awareness of love: knowing and feeling ourselves as separate and completely alive, and yet feeling ourselves merge with the other, so that our normal feelings of separation cease."

My thoughts return to the old man. Who is he? Why does he choose this spot? Perhaps it's the proximity to tourists with their coins, or to St. Martin's, where he knows he can go in and get warm, and have a bowl of soup. Or does he sits here and remember driving a cab through London, telling an American visitor about the glories of his native city? Was he one of the soldiers who helped Norway stay free? Perhaps he once held a child's hand beneath the statue and told the story of Nelson's great victory over the Spanish. Or bought a tuppence bag of food for the pigeons, and watched the girl he loved feed them, with that beautiful smile on her face.

Rembrandt died poor and broken, unaware that his work would command millions and be viewed reverentially throughout the world. This man, staring out at the square, may die poor and anonymous, and lie forgotten forever. But in the eyes of God, is either more worthy? "Happy Christmas," I say to the Beloved. "Happy Christmas," he says, and blesses me.