



# The Church of St. John the Evangelist, Kitchener

# ON EAGLE'S WINGS

September 25, 2022

Available online at [StJohn316.com/OEW](http://StJohn316.com/OEW)

## Pudding Factory 2022

*Charles Stuart*

Pudding Factory is a venerable annual event at St. John's. Every year since 1949, members of the Anglican Church Women (ACW) at the church have organized this effort to prepare Christmas puddings. Every year, that is, except for 2020, when the Covid-19 pandemic made it impossible to proceed as usual. Last year Pudding Factory was able to return on a smaller scale. This year, however, in the absence of a lockdown, the plan is to ramp up production to two thousand pounds of puddings.



Made from a cherished recipe, these traditional desserts are sold to raise money for charity and for church activities; in fact, Pudding Factory is St. John's primary fundraiser. The puddings make wonderful Christmas gifts and have been delivered to customers across Canada

and as far afield as California, Scotland, Australia, and even Afghanistan. They are also available at a number of local restaurants during the holiday season.

The making of puddings is a time-consuming and labour-intensive activity. Each November the Upper Parish Hall accommodates a veritable pudding-making assembly line. For several days the UPH is busy with dozens of volunteers from both the church and the larger community who measure ingredients, mix batter, and steam puddings. Other volunteers package the finished puddings and manage pudding pickup.

Pudding Factory is a wonderful way to participate in parish life at St. John's. It's also an opportunity to hang out with church friends old and new while making a significant contribution to the church. Many hands will be needed this year, so please consider volunteering. Sign-up sheets will be available at the church in October. You may also contact Carol Thurnell at [cathurnell@hotmail.com](mailto:cathurnell@hotmail.com) to learn more about volunteering for this important fundraising activity.

Please also check the weekly bulletin for more information on volunteering as well as updates on pudding orders and pickup.

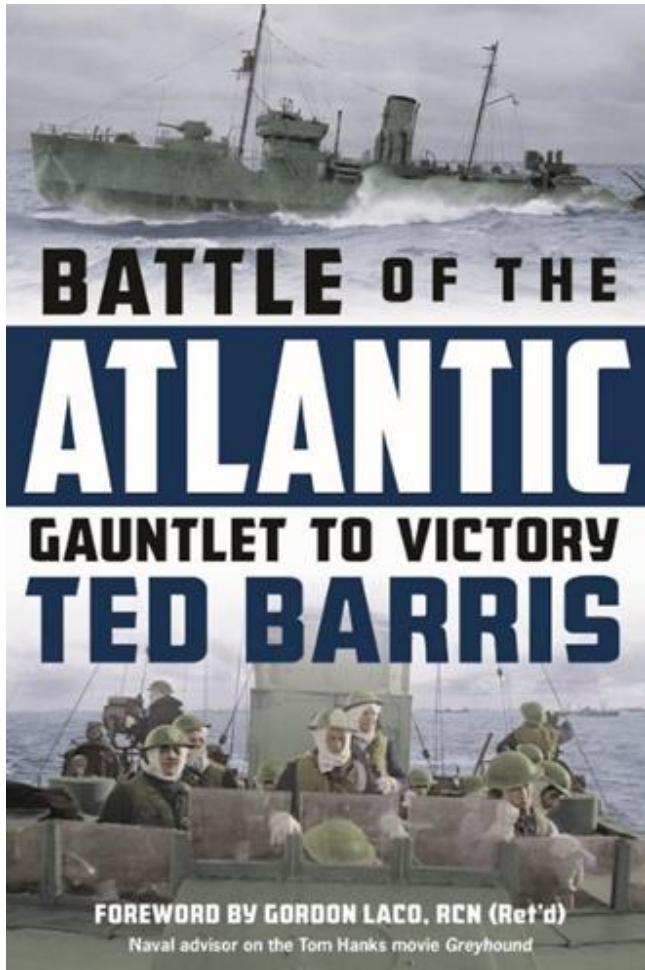
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The next issue of On Eagle's  
Wings will be available on  
October 30th, 2022.

## Ted Barris Event at St John's

Viv Snead

Award-winning author Ted Barris visits St. John's to speak about his new book *Battle of the Atlantic: Gauntlet to Victory* on Saturday, October 22 from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. in the Upper Parish Hall.



“The academic authors - Marc Milner, Roger Sarty, David Bercuson - have all tackled the story,” Mr. Barris said in a recent interview. “But none, to my knowledge, has told the stories through the eyes, ears and hearts of the people who served in it. That’s what I’ve tried to do in my telling of the story.”

It was an epic battle, the longest of the Second World War, from Sept. 3, 1939, to V-E Day 1945. Eighty years ago, this fall, the Allies faced their “darkest hour,” he said.

The fate of the war against Nazi Germany hinged on Allied forces' ability to maintain the lifeline of supplies (war munitions and provisions for Britons) to the U.K., Mr. Barris explained.

“On the North Atlantic that year Hitler’s U-boats had sunk 1,160 merchant vessels (a Christmas convoy escorted by inexperienced Royal Canadian Navy crews had lost 14 of 46 ships, costing 486 lives); 80 per cent of transatlantic shipping losses that fall had occurred with Canadian warships escorting. Things got so bad, Winston Churchill called Mackenzie King (coincidentally on his birthday) telling the PM the Canadians were being pulled off North Atlantic escort duty. The following weeks, with the Canadians out of action, losses proved even worse.

*Battle of the Atlantic* explores what happened next, “what is perhaps the greatest resurgence of Canadian spirit and drive of the war,” he added.

“So poorly equipped were RCN, RCAF and Canadian Merchant Navy crews (all the best anti-submarine detection equipment and weaponry had been reserved for U.K. and U.S. crews), so under-trained were Canadian naval and aircrews (we only had 13 warships at the beginning of the war), so ready were Canadians to step up and take back the Battle of the North Atlantic ... that in just five months they turned the tide into the Germans' "Black May" sending the U-boat wolf packs retreating to their sub pens in occupied Europe,” he continued.

“The story of Canada’s naval awakening in this bloody battle to get convoys to Britain, is a Canadian wartime saga for the ages.”

Mr. Barris has published 19 non-fiction books, half of them wartime histories. *Battle of the Atlantic: Gauntlet to Victory* is his 20<sup>th</sup> published non-fiction book. His book *The Great Escape: A Canadian Story* won the 2014 Libris Award as Best Non-Fiction Book in Canada. His book *Dam Busters: Canadian Airmen and the Secret Raid Against Nazi*

Germany received the 2019 NORAD Trophy from the RCAF Association. And his book *Rush to Danger: Medics in the Line of Fire* was listed for the 2020 Charles Taylor Prize for Non-Fiction in Canada.

Tickets are \$20 and can be purchased online at [www.stjohn316.com/tedbarris](http://www.stjohn316.com/tedbarris) or at coffee hour starting October 25 and following Sundays until October 16. Following the talk there will be refreshments, time to meet Mr. Barris, and an opportunity to purchase his book.

Please come to the Duke St. entrance. Doors open at 1:45 p.m.

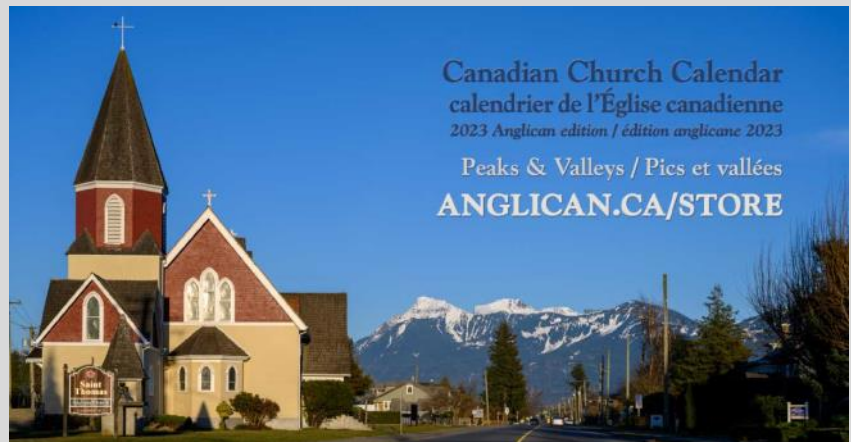
*(A note for attendees; The Diocese of Huron has lifted all COVID protocols. However, the use of masks is still encouraged and those who choose to wear masks should feel comfortable doing so).*



## 2023 Church Calendars

Enid Emery

The ACW will be ordering 2023 Church Calendars again this year. If you would like to order one please contact me, this can be done during Coffee hour , by e-mail: [dauidemery@rogers.com](mailto:dauidemery@rogers.com) or by telephone 519-896-0637. I will be placing our order at Thanksgiving--Oct. 10th.



## Fall OEW Publication Schedule

	Submission Deadline	Publication Date
October	Tuesday, October 25rd	Sunday, October 30th
November	Tuesday, November 22nd	Sunday, November 27th
December	Tuesday, December 13th	Sunday, December 18th

# This Could be my Brother

*Laura Doric*

As a Memorial Garden Trustee, I am very aware of the challenges of being a downtown parish. Over the past few years, we have been concerned about several unwanted behaviors in the garden. Messes to clean up, damage to the benches, overnight guests, drug paraphernalia left behind, and difficult behaviours when confronted with our discontent were once a daily occurrence. The most heart-breaking incident for me was a message on one of the benches that read "Do not revive me." Working with the police and various social services as well as the arrival of the Safe Consumption Site across the street have proven to improve our situation. The staff from the CTS site regularly check the garden to remove discarded needles and are close by to assist with any unfortunate emergencies. I am happy to report that this summer has demonstrated a tremendous improvement to the unwanted activity in the garden despite the proximity to two large encampments (Victoria Street and Victoria Park). The activity appears to have moved from the garden to the front lawn. Many of you may feel that this is not a good thing and see them as an unwanted nuisance, but allow me to present another point of view.

The picnic table on the front lawn provides a place to gather and seek shade on a hot summer day for many that do not live with air-conditioning, if they even have a place to call home. During covid restrictions when food support systems moved to a take-out format, this community found a place to sit and eat. Preston and some of us who visit the church during the week have built a trusting relationship with them, with clear expectations of what is and what is not tolerated. They feel welcome in our space and with that most of them have taken a sense of ownership to protect that relationship. This means cleaning up after themselves and engaging in friendly a greeting with the church members. I personally feel safer coming to water the garden knowing that they are watching out for me. On one occasion I had an incident with a difficult individual and one of the picnic table friends flagged down an officer for assistance. This act demonstrated not only care for my safety and comfort but also appropriate problem-solving skills that included trust in the police. The officer very professionally de-escalated the situation and moved him along. My picnic table friend could have chosen to holler and pick a fight by trying to forcefully move the person out of the garden but took a different approach. They truly value and appreciate the space and make a sincere effort to preserve the privilege of its use. The situation is not problem free but few things in life are.

With every visit I know that any one of these men could be my brother. Bruce has lived a challenging difficult life knowing he does not think and behave as society expects. He has struggled to find how he fits in a world that does not accept his natural way of being. Maintaining employment and being responsible for his own well-being have been to say the least difficult. These struggles over the years have led to periods of homelessness, and trouble trusting people. The shelter system is not for the faint of heart. He would find great comfort in the comradery of our picnic table community. A safe place to gather with others living in a similar situation. A place with a voice where others understand without judgment. A place to share a friendly greeting with those that come and go from a building you may never enter but always feel welcome and a place to rescue a damsel in distress and know you did a good thing. I grew up in a household with two members with mental health issues. I learned many very important lessons from observing how my father supported my mother and my brother. Two of those lessons are, to listen to the message and not the delivery and to remember that we are all fragile and flawed.

# Psalm 139

*Margaret Hendley*

When I was a child of eight I decided it was essential that I hide from God. It wasn't that I had done something naughty and feared punishment, eternal or otherwise. It was due to a tragedy that befell our family. My three month old baby brother Stephen died one morning three days after Christmas while taking a nap out in his carriage which was parked outside protected by a wall from the wind. I was home with my mother at the time; my older sister Judy was visiting a friend and my father, of course, at work. I saw dear Stephen's blue face and stiff body when carried in my mother's arms and I responded to her anguished command to run next store to a neighbour for some help.

The rest of that day was a blur. I remember starting to cry and my mother telling me not to cry but to pray. But I could see my brother's body spread out in the room next to where we waited as first the doctor and then the priest bent over him. I knew with a child's certainty that prayers would do no good.

But that wouldn't have made me want to steer clear of God. That decision came upon returning home one evening after a week's away with my sister at a family friends' house as my parents tried to shelter us from the rituals of death. I had tried to question first my mother and then my father about why Stephen had to die, but only managed to reduce them both to tears. My Irish mother then took me by the arm and led me to the back yard, pointing up to the stars and told me that God needed Stephen to help polish them for Him. I knew enough not to argue with her, but after the stark reality that I had witnessed I just couldn't accept my mother's fey attempt at explaining our family's tragedy.

The very next day I overheard two neighbours talking in our kitchen as they brought over yet another casserole for our grieving family. "It is so sad," she said. "And Wilfred", (my father), waited so long for a son." I had never thought of it that way. I knew that I loved being a Big Sister and that I felt empty inside when I realized that I would never again be able to make Stephen smile or be able to sing to him some nonsense song. But my poor father. He was just shy of fifty and now would never have a son to take to his beloved football games.

I decided then and there that God had made a dreadful error. I wasn't at all sure about polishing stars, but I knew that if any child in our family had to die, it should have been me. Judy was beloved by all. Dad called her "Star Eyes," a fitting nickname for her with her deep blue eyes, blond hair and black eyelashes. I was a logical child and determined that God had meant to take me, only the second daughter. And sad and confused as I was by all that had happened, I knew that I did not want to die. Even if my mother was right in her fanciful explanation, God would just have to manage the heavens without me.

And so I decided that I did not want to alert God to my being. I would no longer pray to Him and just hoped I might be over looked. I wasn't a rebellious sort of child, so of course I still attended church with my mother, (dad only joined us at Easter and Christmas), but I would just mutter a nursery rhyme under my breathe when it became time to respond to the priest during the service. And I stopped saying any prayers before going to bed.

This attitude went on for a long time. As I grew older I found myself occasionally wondering about God. And then one day, many years after I was a sorrowful eight year old, I came across Psalm 139. It grabbed me and I felt as if I was punched in the stomach. As it states:

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?  
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?  
If I ascend to heaven, thou art there!



If I make my bed in Sheol, thou art there!  
 If I take the wings of the morning  
 and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,  
 Even there thy hand shall lead me,  
 And thy right hand shall hold me.  
 If I say, let only darkness cover me  
 And the light about me be night,  
 Even the darkness is not dark to thee,  
 The night is bright as the day;  
 For darkness is as light with thee.

I began to feel differently and realized that although I had tried to hide from God, that He never hid from me. Although I had difficulty accepting some of the concepts of formalized Christian religion, with “sitting on the right hand” of this and “trinitarian doctrine” of that, I also recognized that, however one tries, (and many gray beards over the centuries have certainly tried to spell things out! ), one cannot fully understand or penetrate the mystery of godliness. Prior to COVID 19 I was a faithful attender of church almost every Sunday and, while being extra cautious due to family health reasons still do not participate in person, I do miss the sense of community in joining in the traditional rituals and worship with others of faith.

However, perhaps because of my Celtic heritage, I think I feel closest to God when I see the glory of a sunset, gaze at the beauty of a single flower, feel the whisper of a breeze on a summer’s day, benefit from the kindness of a stranger when in need, hear the caring words of a dear friend in times of trouble, or feel the touch of a loved one’s hand. In all of this is a glimpse of the wonder and the mystery that is God. And as life happens, all things do come round. Our dear daughter Alicia, a woman of strong values with great intelligence and integrity, declared to me one day that she was agnostic and couldn’t believe in God. And my words never rang truer when I said to her: “Don’t worry dear. He believes in you.”



## The Story of a Harpsichord Come to Stay

*Dr. Bruce Wheatcroft*

July, 2021. The voice of a friend has fallen silent and so too has a collection of thousands upon thousands of CD's and a collection of vinyl recordings to rival or surpass that. His collection, with dozens of still uncatalogued recordings were strewn across the entire front of his music/living space, must certainly rival that of any private collection in the country. His home was a reclaimed country chapel; the music and open concept sitting room are one. The entire unencumbered interior space of this chapel that might easily have accommodated upwards of 100

Sunday worshippers, had always been by coveted invitation. My friend hosted his sonic disciples with a rarely heard consort of viols, or the best in jazz or Schubert. Even Maureen Forrester, the great

Canadian contralto, had nearly a full shelf to herself. Every year, until he was nearly 90 years old, he rode on his motorcycle to Parry Sound's Festival of the Sound—quite a "bike ride" from Cornwall, Ontario!

On sunny days, streams of rich, stained-glass coloured light, splashed over every interior surface of the chapel. Particles of dust were the only intruders as they danced through the multi-coloured light in this otherwise undisturbed *espace spectaculaire*. This nearly forgotten oasis, a private place of the arts and culture, boasting a non-existent prestigious address in the middle of nowhere, hosted several live concerts over the years. These concerts were given as gift to a community of dedicated followers.

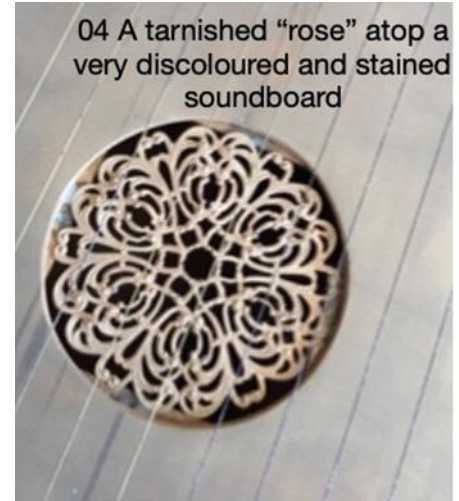
Apart from the elaborate stereo system with speakers that seemed to tower over everything, the platform held just one small instrument to the left of centre stage. That instrument was a harpsichord kit, the brainchild of Walter Zuckermann of New York City who was responsible for the design of this model of kit known in harpsichord circles as the Z Box. The exact circumstances of how the instrument came to be in the chapel are not entirely known, however a Mr. Chubb of Kingston assembled the kit and finished it with great care. I remember it being in the room but always closed and I never heard it played in the many years I knew my elderly friend. After his death, the instrument came to me, at his request. The gesture was very much





03 Every part is checked, repaired or replaced

appreciated, but having moved to Cambridge and disposing of all of our instruments due to a very large and at times, painful downsizing event, it was clear that we could not keep the instrument in our now, very small home. After inquiring if St John’s might re-home it, and, receiving generally positive responses after presenting the project to Parish Council for approval, the little Zuckermann harpsichord will soon come to stay!



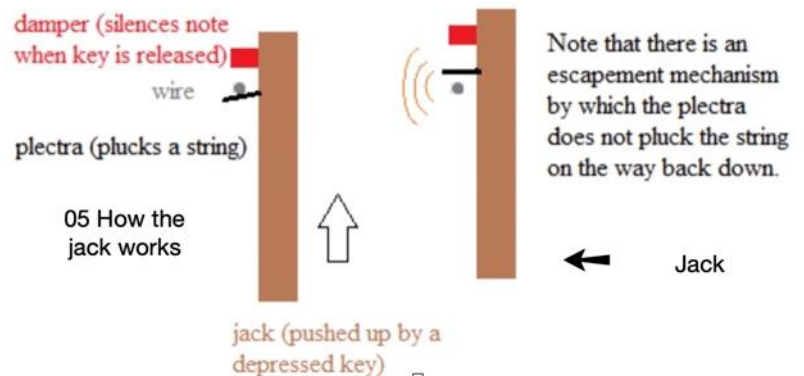
04 A tarnished “rose” atop a very discoloured and stained soundboard

In order to offer the instrument to the church’s collection of two fine organs, a grand piano and handbells, I wanted the

harpsichord to be completely restored. The 50+ years of use (or perhaps more significantly of non-use) had caused the harpsichord to suffer greatly. The restoration was to repair all damaged pieces and to replace missing parts, clean the soundboard and do something with the rose decoration found in the middle of the soundboard.

The harpsichord produces its sound by plucking the strings (see diagram), much like a guitar. What makes the harpsichord unique is the immense variety of “kinds of strings”, brass, steel or in some cases gut, again much like a guitar. There was only one person who came to mind when I began to ponder which direction should be taken in the restoration; my life-long colleague and friend, Fergus organ builder D. Leslie Smith. When I

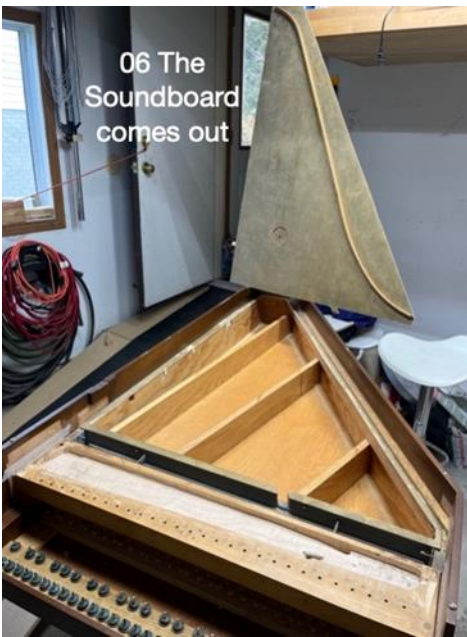
### Harpsichord mechanism (view along string axis)



05 How the jack works

approached Les about the possibility of his participation in this project it was in terms of putting his superb skills to good use for exceptional results. Simply said, for the love of. Leslie’s reply was quick and decisive; “I’d love to work on such a project. It would be fun—like old times.” Our two years as friends has grown into a life-long friendship and in our senior years, it is a great joy to rekindle the ethos and memories of that period of time in our formative years. In those two years, we built, worked on, refurbished, and played on a dozen or more harpsichords, clavichords and even a one-stop organ.





06 The Soundboard comes out

The full story began in November of 2021 when friends volunteered to drive to Kitchener and deliver the instrument to Leslie Smith. My thanks to Biju Kurian and Ian Bristow for volunteering to drive the 500 km to deliver the harpsichord; clearly we could not have started without you! And Bill Hutton's assistance by way of scheduling and driving to Fergus to restore the little Zukerman harpsichord relieved much stress as the restoration work began.



07 The bridge comes off the soundboard

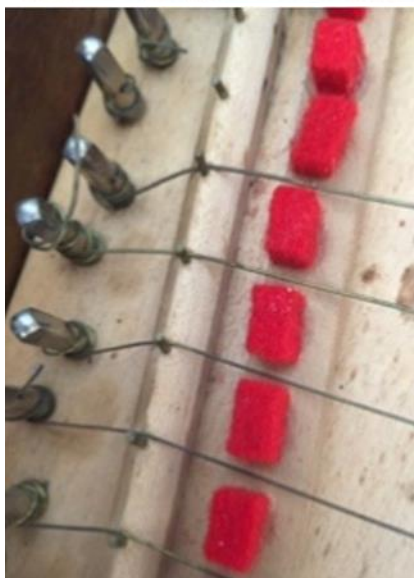


08 Bruce and Leslie routing out the old to receive the new

Through some careful and thoughtful research, the restoration of this little gem has been both innovative and set apart as a unique instrument. Knowing that moving the bridge and fussing with the plucking point of the jacks—farther away from the nut (right before the string meets the tuning pin) than one would expect—more like plucking a guitar string, should result in a deeper and richer “bloom” to the bass end of the harpsichord.



09 The Wrest-plank or pin-block being prepared for new tuning pins. Note the circular keyboard felts to the right.



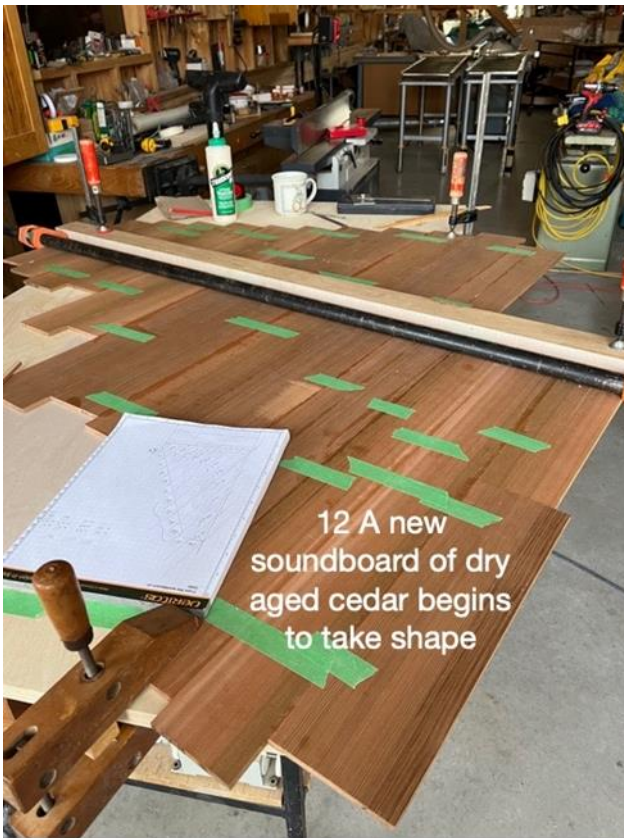
10 The Nut with the strings against a nut pin, then onto the tuning pin



11 Leslie drills tiny holes to receive the “nut pin” against which the string passes. The nut pin and bridge pin determines the vibrating length of the string.

“I have a beautiful piece of seasoned cedar that I can saw into thin sheets and glue together, then we can shave the thickness down.”

“Whoa, Les, I’m trying to work with a materials budget. “Cannot do!



Knowing that there was a budget with a cap, Leslie has been gracious—giving his time and materials to do things like make a new soundboard and seeing to all of the improvements that are far and above a basic restoration! True to his word Leslie did have a piece of beautiful cedar—clear cedar that he sliced into ¼” pieces, glued together, then hand planed down to a thickness of 1/8” (a full day’s work) and installed it in the restored frame. The decorative rose, once gilded with gold, was once again gilded and now sparkles so beautifully as it catches the light.

All this in the name of creating something very special. At the moment the harpsichord is scheduled to “speak” for the first time this week as the new gut strings of the bass of the harpsichord are installed. We are expected to deliver the instrument to the church before the end of October.

There is something beautifully simple about growing into retirement and into later years. Leslie and I have known one another for 50+ years, throughout our entire professional lives and have joined forces — perhaps I should more readily say, joined passions—to enter into a project together at this time in our lives to remember, [to put back together] the passion of our youth, with which we embraced our love of music, and of the instruments on which we were so privileged to study and learn.

Excellence, in the context of this harpsichord, has to do with “settling for nothing less than” a reworking of every aspect of the instrument. The only happy difficulties I have had with the process are Leslie’s “eagle eye” and more so his “discriminating ear” that almost always resulted in a deeper search for that excellence and a way to achieve it. For weeks the nightly mantra wove through the early stages of REM sleep, repeating over and over again—perhaps it was a litany rather than a mantra:







14 Here it is! A work of art which will soon resonate with music

“All we need to do is make a new bridge, drill and install new tuning pins, replace all of the hitch pins, and why not think about using gut strings. If we do that, we simply have to replace the soundboard.

... have to replace the soundboard.

... have to replace the soundboard.

... have to replace the soundboard.

We currently have raised, by word of mouth, \$375 of a very modest restoration budget of \$600. We are in need of \$225 to cover the cost of very basic materials for the restoration. If you are interested in this project and wish to be a part of the team that makes it possible to bring this harpsichord to St. John’s where it becomes the property of the church, please call Dr. Bruce Wheatcroft at (519) 242-6037.

Where there is excellence (love of project), my theological reckoning would suggest that hope and faith have led the way. For me, hope is a theological force that drives us forward to embrace faith which has been the essence of our work in the restoration of this beautiful harpsichord, believing that the resultant aim of this project will have been achieved within the next few weeks, and the little, fully- restored instrument, will have come to St. John’s to stay!

... and with our love!

1 Corinthians 13:13



15 Just a few strings, a jack or two and a keyboard. I can just about hear it!