



**St. Philip's
Church
Milford**

100 Years Celebration

**1920
2020**



MEMORY BOOK

2020 ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH

Front Cover

Designed and Donated by Mary Brett

Editors

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PREFACE

The onset of COVID-19 put an end to the ACW's 2020 Schedule of Events but not to the desire to have a project which all members of St. Philip's church, past and present, could take a part in. We asked you to send in your stories – memories that are special to you. We wanted stories which could be about your connection with St. Philip's or just some story you'd like to share. The project grew and grew and we are now pleased to offer the 2020 Memory Book for your enjoyment!

Listed on the following pages, alphabetically, are the names of those who shared their memories and stories. We loved our task of reading and editing them and we are sure our readers will also. THANK YOU each and every one of you!! We asked Eleanor Johnston to share some of her wonderful poetry with us and we are sure you will enjoy them. We have also included some great memories from the pages of St. Philip's Sunday School Gazette, 1987 and 1988.

In our role as editors, we have endeavoured to ensure that structure, style, and presentation are a suitable fit with our purpose and our readers. As a result, you may notice that minor changes have been made in your submissions.

*The business of life is the acquisition of memories. In the end, that's all there is.
(Mr. Carson, Downton Abbey)*

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My Memories

Maryjane Armstrong

I like spending time with St Philip's people, especially at the Pot Luck Supper and movie nights at the church hall. I find it enjoyable to spend time together and socialize with my friends at the church, and to share different recipes we have tried.

Memories

Pat Back

I have thought much on what St. Philip's means to me. I could write pages about the friendships I have made there. And when I was absent for quite a length of time, and I returned, I was welcomed back like the prodigal son. There was great joy, on both my part, and the part of Church members, who welcomed me back as if I had never been away, but they were glad to see me again. As I think back to all that transpired over the many years, I think of how everyone pitched in, and did what they could to help - with strawberry shortcake days, or rummage sales, or Christmas parties and concerts, and our famous suppers. And I even got to be the Queen for an evening! I guess to sum it all up, what it basically means to me is the Love, the Friendship, and the Caring for each other on our Spiritual Journey.

A Few Memories of St. Philip's

Mary and John Brett

We were invited to join the Parish by some old friends. We enjoyed the church and services and we were very fond of the activities – films and potluck suppers, St. Patrick's party and fun games. We remember very well dressing up in newspaper costumes, putting together and answering quiz questions – good team fun. We enjoyed making AV (audio visual) material for the summer Bible Camp with Maria, helping at community suppers, Rummage Sales, and the Christmas Bazaar. We really enjoyed the Easter story, very well done!!

We left and kept in great contact with several parishioners, all really positive and enjoyable!!

A moment lasts for seconds, but the memories last forever

My Story of Coming to Canada

Jean Burrows

We came to Canada from England in 1961. Les was 31, Jean 28, son Maxwell was 3 years old and our baby daughter Fiona was 9 months old. Looking back at age 87, I wonder how many of our relatives thought we were crazy, making that trip with two young children, to a land we did not know, to an employer we had never met!!

We had a small farm in England, but it was too small to give us a living and Les had to go out to work part-time. I worked on the farm also, along with looking after two youngsters. I had worked on a farm for six years. I had wanted to join the Women's Land Army, but you had to be 17-1/2 and I was not much more than 16, having got Matriculation from Grammar School the prior year and my parents wanted me to work in "a nice office". I worked in a lawyer's office in Derby and after a few weeks I was bored to tears, so Mom said "well, go and get yourself a job on a farm". I did, and it was a wonderful experience. I learned how to hand-milk cows, help deliver baby lambs, and best of all, worked with the beautiful Shire horses. The only relationship with horses I had previously known was when a friend and I went to a local riding school once a week. Working with draught horses was much different, driving them in carts or wagons, or walking behind them (and the harrows or roller they were towing) for acres and acres. I was very tired at the end of the day but it was a wonderful feeling to look at the rough plowed field that they and I had turned into a level field of finer soil that was ready to plant with grain.

In May 1961, we sailed from Tilbury Docks, London, on the Greek ship Arcadia. We were almost a week at sea which was very enjoyable except for the storm while crossing the Irish sea; we were all seasick except for baby Fiona.

Sailing up the St. Lawrence, we pulled into Quebec about midnight to go through Customs & Immigration. All passengers had to disembark; there were old people and babies whom we had never seen in the dining room. A little further up the St. Lawrence, we came to Montreal. We were an hour or so later than we should have been, and what with identifying our luggage – six trunks and five suitcases – it took extra time; our train was on its way to Alberta without us.

We had to spend the night in a hotel. The nearest one to us was the Queen Elizabeth, a Canadian National Railway hotel in Montreal. It was quite ritzy and we were on the tenth floor.

We got a train next day for a two-day trip to Edmonton, where a job had been arranged for Les with a Mr. Jespersen in Spruce Grove, about twenty-five miles or so west of Edmonton. Mr. Jespersen had come the day before to meet the train we had missed, but here he was again, as all had been explained.

Les worked for Mr. Jespersen whose farm was a square mile, known as a “section” which was 640 acres, and had a big dairy herd of Holsteins. One other man worked there also. We met Peter Perejma and his wife Betty and their three children. Peter was Ukrainian and had served in the Polish army. Betty was Scottish, but was working in England where they met and were married. They had come out to Canada the year before.

The first Anglican church we attended in Canada was in Onoway, about eleven miles north of Spruce Grove. Les bought a car, as we could not get anywhere without one. Every two weeks, the Jespersens had taken Betty and me grocery shopping in Westmount, west of Edmonton. This was when Mr. Jespersen received the milk cheque and the two men received their wages. My children had to come with me, as they were too young to leave at home. Betty’s younger daughter came too. I don’t know how we all got into that car! It was a great

relief to the Jespersens when our men had cars and were able to drive us for groceries etc. every two weeks. Also, we were able to get to church.

Our rector was a retired R.C.A.F. officer named Mr. Noble. As well as a Sunday morning service in Onoway, Mr. Noble would take an evening service in a home – usually a farmhouse – just north, and the area around Spruce Grove. He got Les interested in becoming a Lay Reader. Les went before the Bishop of Edmonton and was able to take an occasional Sunday service in one of the outlying farms.

We really enjoyed going out to these remote farms. One I remember especially was the sheep farm of Miles and Daphne Kerr. Miles' brother Alex was also part of the family. They had no children. Miles and Alex had come from Scotland many years before. There were a great many sheep. I remember the Border Collie, Meg, lying under Miles' chair when we had a little lunch. She looked warily around, then put her head between her paws and still watched us. Daphne, smilingly said "she's a one-man dog" and we knew that little Max must not go and try to pet her; she just might nip.

After about two years working in Spruce Grove, we learned that Mr. Jespersen, who was ready to retire, had sold the farm to a younger family who had a grown son. They would only need one man. Les and I decided that it should be we, the Burrows family, that would leave. Peter and Betty were here first, and their children were in school. I was quite pleased to be leaving for Ontario, having become disenchanted by the two Alberta winters we had battled through, living in a house that was little more than a shack. I had cousins in Ontario.

I was 8 months pregnant when we set out. We hired a U-Haul trailer that we hitched behind our big old Pontiac. It contained a washing machine, a television, and a sewing machine; also, six trunks and five suitcases, as well as a miscellany of garden produce from our vegetable garden.

It was a very interesting trip, crossing the country by road instead of railroad. It was early September and for most days the weather was fine. The children and I slept in the car; Les slept outside under a tarp. One night, rain drove Les to sleep in the car, along the front seat. Jean and the two littlest were in the back seat which had been blocked in with wood to make a wide bench. Yes, we managed to sleep and that way we continued to Ontario! From a train station, for easy location, we phoned my cousins, Barb and Ken Juffs. They lived in Oakville at that time and met us at the station. We followed them home; it was lovely to see relatives and lovely to have better sleeping arrangements.

Les looked at ads in the paper, but there were no dairy farms needing help, so he decided he would have to get a job on the listed beef farm in Orton. This was a farm that raised purebred Herefords. A big old house went with the job. There was a bed there and a few pieces of furniture we could use. We were able to buy a bed for the children locally.

The first week Les trimmed all the overgrown bushes and small trees from around the house – in his spare time. The second weekend we painted a couple of rooms. The third weekend Les drove me into Orangeville hospital. Barb and Ken came from Oakville to take the children back with them for a week or two or as long as needed.

I was in bed in the corridor. I had just been told I had a 10 lb. 4 oz. baby girl and all was well. There was a carillon playing in a nearby Anglican church. The tune was “Praise my soul, the King of Heaven”. Well, that was just the way I was feeling, and I found myself singing along with it – all the way through. I didn’t know what the passing nurses thought about that, but they didn’t tell me to be quiet!

Everything went well for me. We had the physician’s services insurance transferred from Alberta, but I believe in those days Albertans got their hospital

stay free – not so in Ontario. I think it was \$80 a day! At day three, I would go home. I was told “Lie around a lot for a few days”, so I did. There were no problems and I was told to see my doctor in about a week.

The pay on a beef farm was quite poor in those days. We could not blame anyone for that. There’s nothing like the regular “Milk Cheque”! Much as we liked the farmer, we knew we would have to leave. After a few months at a dairy farm in Markham which did not work out for us, we checked out a dairy farm in Newcastle. It looked very good to us, and it was.

We moved into a smallish house next to the farmhouse. It was a good, solid house, and a garden went with it. As well as a show-herd of Holsteins, there was about 32 acres of orchard.

Max went to school in Newcastle, and Fiona two years later. Baby Alexandra was nine months old, and the Joses – Erla and Francis, had a little daughter just a month or two older.

We had located St. George’s Anglican Church in Newcastle. It is a beautiful church, sometimes known as “the little cathedral”. So, we went to church at St. George’s. Life was quite busy in many ways. Son Max was in Scouts, Fiona in Brownies, Alex in school. Les became a Scoutmaster. I was in ACW, but I think it was called WA (Women’s Auxiliary) at that time. Les was in the choir and later he became Peoples’ Warden.

At some time, there was a small farm up for rent at the east side of Newcastle. We took a look at it, and decided that it would be a good start for us. Les continued to work for the Jose family of Newcastle. At this time, they had hired a second man, as Mr. Jose senior needed to slow down somewhat.

In just a few years, we had bought a cow or two, then some more, and we stopped shipping cream and got some milk quota and a milk tank etc. and shipped milk. The herd was growing. We had to rent some more land, and bought various more pieces of machinery. At this time, Les was unable to work on two farms, and, unfortunately had to leave working for the Joses. We have remained friends all the years since.

In a few more years, we were bursting at the seams with cattle and the barn was no longer big enough. We checked out a few farms for sale locally but nothing suited. Finally, we came to look at a farm in the County; it would suit us. We bought the dairy farm of Clarence and Kay Brummell on Brummell Road in 1975. We moved in; there was enough land, 132 acres, enough stalls for our cows, pens for the heifers (although we had to build a heifer barn in just a few years).

We needed to find an Anglican Church. We were told "in Milford". We went around the village twice before we found St. Philip's (now fortunately, it is sign-posted). This lovely church delighted us! We were made very welcome. Before too long both Les and I were in the choir. I was a member of ACW and loving all the activities and money-making events. Some of the money went to the church and we supported many charities as well. I have been ACW Secretary for a good number of years.

The years came and went. Les' health took a bad turn, with leg ulcers and swollen legs. We sold our Holstein herd. Les came along fairly well with medication and a thigh-high elastic stocking. The doctor told him that he did not have to give up farming. I suggested that we buy some Jersey cows, since they were smaller animals and that I would be able to handle them if Les took a bad spell; he had deep-vein thrombosis. The Jerseys did well for us. The quantity of milk was somewhat less than we had been used to with Holsteins, but butterfat and protein content was much higher.

I did Bed-and-Breakfast for about ten years. We took some of our Jerseys to the Picton Fair on a couple of occasions, and one of the cows took top prize in her class.

Les' health took a turn for the worse in haying time. A number of St. Philip's men, farmers themselves, cut, baled and brought into the barn our hay crop. We sold our beautiful Jerseys at a sale on the farm, where they looked their very best – clean, coats shining, and quiet, not having had to endure being shipped out to some sale barn miles away.

Les pulled through again. Farming was not about to let him retire yet. We had a few beef cows, for about four years. Then in 2003, we realised that Les could no longer farm. We sold cattle and machinery, as well as the farm. Les was 73.

We bought a bungalow in Cherry Valley. Through all this, we managed to get to church, the one unchanging aspect of our lives. After a while, Les was no longer able to drive. His health was getting worse with lots of tests and times in hospital. Les died in hospital in June of 2010.

Now, my dear friends from St. Philip's pick me up for church, for ACW meetings and events, and for any shopping I need to do. Foolishly I never took my driving test for Les was usually there and we went to most places together.

Editors' Note: As our Memory Book is going to press, Jean is embarking on the next adventure of her life. She is moving to the Renfrew, Ontario area to live with daughter Alexandra and son-in-law Kirk. We send our love and best wishes with her!

St. Philip's and I

Josef Cihlar

My first encounter with St Philip's was a visit at the Rectory late in 1970. The occasion was a meeting with Rev. Gardiner about Rosemary's and my desire to spend our lives together, and the reason for choosing St Philip's to get married was the long association of the McCaw family with this church. Rosemary was baptized and confirmed here, and as an involved member participated in many activities before leaving for the university, including playing the 'old' organ. Rev. Gardiner consented to marry us in May of 1971, despite that fact that I was not a member of the Anglican Church (having been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith and a 'lapsed believer' by that time). It was an auspicious occasion and the beginning of what became a life- long association with this small country church.

While living in Ottawa for nearly 30 years I and our family attended St Philip's services on the occasions we visited here, infrequently initially but fairly often once we built the house and spent many weekends and all holidays in the County. The congregation was much larger then, and it included many local farmers and their wives who organized social events. I remember especially summer strawberry socials that included a long entertainment program by numerous talented members that were MC'd by Bill Cowan.

We relocated here permanently in 2004, and from that time we have been involved in St Philip's affairs. With my interest and previous experience in the construction and maintenance of buildings I naturally leaned to the care and upkeep of the facilities. Over time this intensified as the maintenance and upgrade needs grew. The first larger project was a remake of the Hall in 2008, with Murray Guy and Kevin Cole as well as the support by others at St Philip's. This was followed by a remake of the kitchen and the bathroom in 2012 with

Murray, Bruce Walker and Leigh Scott; and an addition of a small office on the west side of the church for the incumbent in 2013 with these people under the leadership of Joe Surman, a local contractor. I also wrote an operating manual with the help of Bruce and few others who understood the details of the setup and operations. My life-long interest in photography naturally led to assembling the scattered photographs and other historical records into a 'St. Philip's Church Story in Pictures' in 2013 as an attempt to preserve the history of the church; the book is now in the archive of the Diocese of Ontario and in the Library and Archives of Canada, in addition to copies owned by people in the church. I also wrote an illustrated church operating manual with the help of Bruce and few others who understood the details of the setup and operations.

I had been elected Deputy Warden for several years but did little work until 2019 when I was asked to share the leadership of the congregation with Sally Cowan. It has turned out to be a remarkable period for two main reasons. First, Paula Walker proposed that we prepare for celebrating the 100th anniversary of rebuilding the church, following a destructive fire in 1920. And second, the advent of COVID-19 pandemic. The reaction of the Diocese was surprisingly conservative and aggressive at the same time, curtailing activities much longer than other church organizations. This was especially challenging for the St Philip's congregation where personal relationships are so important. In that sense, the two events combined to give people a constructive, forward- looking focus on the church and its future. With three planning/ doing groups led by Bill Cowan ('Past'), Arnold Robb ('Present') and Paula ('Future') and a number of small projects, the months of the first wave of infections passed relatively quickly; and lots of work was done in changing, 'beautifying' the church and on preparing for the celebration in November. Thankfully, none of the members of the congregation were infected during the epidemic, so that work could continue, even though personal contacts were substantially reduced and the reliance on emails and other electronic means deepened.

Is there something special about St Philip's? I have attended other churches over the years and in my experience, there is. While all churches are a place to worship and feel God's presence, the added dimension here are relations among members of the congregation: they are not only worshippers but also personal friends. Joining this church means gaining the friendship of people who are interested in one's life, wanting to spend time together, looking after one another, concerned about personal problems, wanting to help. I have been among the beneficiaries of this atmosphere ever since we moved to Milford. I felt the friendships and support most keenly during a hospital stay in 2015, where I received a prayer quilt (by Eleanor Johnston) and a video recording (by Miriam Smith) of people tying the knots and praying for me while I was sequestered in Kingston; and again when I walked the Camino de Santiago in 2019, having been sent with the same quilt (repaired by Eleanor as it was rather worn after four years of use) for the adventure. In a way, the Camino was also a gift from the congregation: I followed Bruce and Paula Walker who by then walked the Camino twice, and without their example and witness I would have missed one of the greatest adventures and spiritual experiences of my life.

My hypothesis regarding the friendships and family feeling in the St. Philip's congregation is that we inherited it from our predecessors. In a farming community, relying on each other used to be a necessity, even a means of survival. We are the beneficiaries of that history and a part of that tradition. I think this also explains our ability to take on initiatives and tasks that may appear too big or too difficult, thus having earned a Bishop's label 'The Little Church That Could'. And I wish for this tradition to continue at St. Philip's, with us serving as the bridge with the past.

Re Sermon of June 23, 2013 Canon David Smith

by Eleanor Johnston

With joy you took us to the baseball game,
You danced before the Lord.
Following Him was a challenge-
One never could be bored!

We were with the shortstop stealing the bases
With Kowasaki making the home run.
Oh that sermons could always be
SO MUCH FUN!

Memories

Rosemary (McCaw) Cihlar

My earliest memory of a St. Philip's event is of a "Guild" (now ACW) meeting at the home of my grandmother, Leila McCaw. It seems I was very small and playing out in the yard while the meeting took place inside. I remember another little person who could have been Glendon Walker.

Skip forward and our senior Sunday School class meets regularly in the hall's kitchen (then a very small space). Marge Drury tried to inspire the likes of Glendon, David and Bryn Mitchell, Dave McCaw, Carmen Brown, Geraldine Fudge (Rorabeck) and others whom I cannot now recall. Every week all of the Sunday Schoolers and teachers trudged out to the hall during the second hymn (usually some kind of children's hymn) and went to our respective corners (ergo the kitchen for us). Once a month there was a communion service and on those days the confirmed young people and teachers were called into the church to take communion.

We had a fairly active Young People's group of which I was a part until I went away to school.

When I was a child there were many members of my family in attendance over the years. My grandmother and grandfather (Leila and Clayton McCaw in whose memory was placed the stained glass window at the end of the pew in which we sit); my uncle Jim and his children Don, Roger, Debra, Larry and Shelly; my parents John and Shirley McCaw and my siblings David, Neil, Mel and Dan. Also my aunt Jean and uncle Art Simmons came when they visited from Niagara Falls.

My grandmother always had a lace handkerchief in her prayer book and she always smelled of Lifebuoy soap. Often, while sitting in that pew on a Sunday morning I can almost sense her presence.

I was, like many others, baptized, confirmed and married in this church. The roots are deep for me.

Memory is a way of holding on to the things you love, the things you are, the things you never want to lose

Memory of Bringing in the Hay

Bill Cowan

One of my fond memories of St. Philip's was the time that our friend Les Burrows needed a hand to cut, bale and bring in a field of alfalfa adjacent to the farm house.

I believe that this was organized by Murray Guy, a good friend to Les and Jean. Murray, if my memory is correct, was helping Les with chores in the dairy barn. Les was having issues with his health at the time and needed help with milking the cows and feeding the animals. Les was very skilled with raising dairy cattle and producing quality milk products.

The tricky part of this task was the fact that it was early September and curing hay was difficult. The good Lord looked down on this motley crew of amateurs from St. Philips and delivered a few days of warm windy weather that allowed the hay to dry well enough to bale and store in the barn. Every dairy farmer was keen to have a barn load of hay stored for the winter.

It was with great satisfaction that we got the job done and were rewarded with that wonderful smile that Les could not conceal. Also, we were rewarded with food and drink prepared by Jean.

No one was more proud of our efforts than Murray our leader. Many years later he continues to lead us in doing good deeds. It is truly better to give than to receive.

St. Philip's Memories

Emily Cowan

During a week at Camp Hyanto in the 1980s, all campers were asked to create a placemat for that evening's meal at the dining hall. It was a special occasion because Bishop Read was visiting and would be dining with us.

As we settled down for dinner, all 150 of us, Bishop Read stood up and announced that the person who created his placemat was going to receive a prize. As luck would have it, the placemat placed in front of the Bishop was made by my own fair hand; he held it up, turned it over and read my name out loud. Nothing this exciting had ever happened to me before, and as I made my way up to the top table the whole dining room hall clapped and cheered.

Bishop Read shook my hand, thanked me for making the placemat, told a funny story and gave me my prize - which was a poster of a baby polar bear and the following message:

"Dear Lord, Nothing's going to happen today that you and I can't handle together."

Later that summer, Bishop Read came to visit St. Philip's church and we had a good laugh about my winning placemat. He was so jovial, fun and always chose the most raucous hymns for someone who, to my young mind, was quite elderly.

I don't know where the poster is now although it was on my bedroom wall for many years, but I have never forgotten the words it contained or Bishop Read who made that summer camp week so special.

I have fond memories of Rev Thora Wade Rowe, who was our minister during my adolescent years. Not only was she the first female minister I had ever met, she was our very own minister, in the little Parish of Marysburgh. Only in hindsight do I understand the effect she had on me, and only now do I see the little ways that she empowered me. Thora was our minister when I was a server, she had high expectations and little time for excuses. I was a server for a few years and as soon as it became second nature Rev Thora would add a new element such as leading the choir in or reading a passage at the beginning of the service, just to keep me on my toes!

Thora would also give me jobs to do when she and her husband John went away. I would check on the house, water her very thirsty garden and do any other odd jobs as she requested. She always valued my work and paid me accordingly and often gave me more responsibility than I thought I could handle - in the end I always came through and that's because I couldn't let her down. Her voice was soft but firm, and while she might have been serious in tone, her eyes were always encouraging.

My St Philip's Memories

Sally Cowan

The Anglican Church has been a part of my life since I was born. St John's Anglican Church, Antrim, in the Ottawa Valley, was where my parents were baptized, confirmed and married and I followed suit. St John's, Antrim was similar in many ways to St Philip's, Milford – a plain little country church in a small village with an enthusiastic congregation. I guess that that is why I felt at home at St Philip's from the very beginning.

Prior to our move to the Milford area, we attended St Peter's Church in Amherstview, then St Mary Magdalene Church in Picton. After moving to Milford, we began attending St Philip's on the advice of Rev John Flindall, a Priest friend from St Peters. He was correct in suggesting that our three children would benefit from attending Sunday School with their classmates at the local primary school. And they did.

It wasn't too many years after we joined St Philip's that the organist was less available and I volunteered to fill in until someone could be found. Although we had a piano in our home, I was very 'rusty' but I managed to produce some music for the wonderful singers we had. I was working full time and had three small children so time to practice was limited.....and it was obvious. I recall overhearing a conversation after a service where I had struggled with a couple of the hymns – John MacLean was suggesting to someone that my fingers must have been cold! Because I couldn't sit with my family when at the organ, I expected Bill, Ben, Ginny and Emily to sit near the front on the side that gave me the best view of them and to promote some sense of "family togetherness". One vivid memory is of Emily with a quarter in each eye, arms waving in the air,

pretending she was blind. To this day, there are times when I have to send messages by facial expression in that direction.

One of the first services we ever attended at St Philip's presented a rather uncomfortable situation. The elderly gentleman who was at the organ objected to a hymn selected by the Priest, so he took his books and walked home, leaving a stunned congregation and no music. The priest carried on without losing a beat! Later that day, Glendon Walker came to our home to assure us that this was not a usual occurrence and that he hoped we would continue to attend. We did!

There are many happy memories of fun times at St Philip's: Strawberry Socials with musical entertainment, beautiful weddings, St Patrick's Day Parties, Milford Fair floats, Church picnics on the Rectory lawn, canoe trips on Black River, etc etc. We have worked hard as a team at Teas and Bazaars, church suppers, making building improvements, looking after the grounds. There have been wonderful learning opportunities at Bible Study sessions, Confirmation Classes, visits by Bishops and seminary students, banner construction, Saturday workshops and Bible Camps.

There have been sad times when we share the sorrow at the loss of a loved one and the congregation surrounds the bereaved with love, prayer, moral support and casseroles, food for the body and the soul. We felt the great depth of that love and support when our Ginny passed away in 2001. I have a special memory of our friend Natalie MacPherson. When she was terminally ill and living alone, several of us took short shifts sitting with her in her apartment. The last time I sat with "Nat", she gave me a hat that she had just knitted for our daughter Emily who I was leaving to visit in England the next day. Nat passed away while I was there. In all situations, we were, and continue to be, a caring and loving church family.

The 2020 pandemic has certainly left our little congregation in a different place. There are no in-person services or fundraising activities to put us together to worship, work, play or keep up to date with each other's lives. But we have shown our sincere caring for one another as we have met in small groups to do necessary planning and anniversary preparations at the church, talked to one another on the phone on a regular basis, and made sure that everyone was kept up to date with our upcoming 100th Anniversary by email or hand-delivered information. We had a wonderful drive-by birthday party for Art's 90th – it was so nice to get out and see each other (even if it was through the car window) that we felt like circling through Cole's yard a second time! The Anniversary Planning Committees continued to meet following the safety guidelines of the time as beautification and retrofitting was done on our building. The only cloud on the horizon is concern about what the service structure will be for the Anniversary service.

Working on the Memory Book has been an excellent opportunity to reach out to former St Philip's priests and congregants and rekindle old friendships. It reminds us of the many special people who have contributed so much to St Philips and have moved on to new places in this world or the next. I think about former Choir Directors who led as we sang from hay wagons or on various community stages; an author who wrote and illustrated children's books, one called "Philip Bear Sings"; a priest who got married while serving at Marysburgh; several interim priests who became part of our little flock and are our friends to this day; a Bishop who delighted in telling us the root meaning of our names and was never stumped; a wonderful female priest who was the first ordained female priest in our Diocese; a humble little couple retired to The County from Pembroke and a retired Major General who was Lay Reader. Each served in their own special and meaningful way.

It is my sincere hope that St Philip's will continue to serve the community for years to come and that there will be many more anniversaries to celebrate.

Memories

Arthur Cole

After my wife Nancy met Rev. Thora Rowe and liked her, we decided to try St. Philip's church out and then we became members of the congregation. When Nancy died after 11 years of cancer, Thora did the funeral service. I felt it was fine because we were very comfortable with her.

Pat Patterson was our new priest and he married Judy and I. All of my grandchildren took part in our wedding which I think made their parents more comfortable with Judy.

I enjoyed working with Bruce Walker as a warden for many years at St. Philip's and also working with Murray Guy doing the counting each Sunday.

Our friends did a drive-by to celebrate my 90th birthday during the Covid-19 pandemic. Ha! Ha! Ha! I must admit I enjoyed it very much as we had seen so little of people for so long. It was great to see each other again, having them go by and wishing me a happy birthday.

I enjoyed the people coming to our yard for morning prayer services during the pandemic; I consider them to be real friends.

Memory is the diary that we all carry about with us.

(Oscar Wilde)

The Revelation

by Eleanor Johnston, July, 2017

The orange day lily
Outside my window
Kissed by the early morning sun
Welcomes the summer day.

This gift of a new day
With all its possibilities
Is mine to embrace too.
What will it bring?

Perhaps time for working in the garden
Or doing homely chores
Or walking down the street, listening,
Seeking, feeling, waiting for the Divine nudge.

Hearing the Creator in
The little girl's laughter,
In the birdsong in the garden
Or in the happy music of the street busker.

Seeing the Spirit in the old man's rheumy eyes,
In the antics of the teenager
And in the eyes of the street person
Pleading for understanding.

Grateful for Your Presence
As I feel You in the evening breeze
The revelation comes that through the day
You were always near.

Memories

Judy Cole

Arthur and I were married at St. Philip's church on April 19, 1997. At first we planned to be married in Colorado or Nebraska, but we felt uncomfortable in the churches there. So, Canada it was! Arthur did the planning and did it nicely. My sister, Glee, was my matron of honour and Arthur's son was the best man. It was a great family reunion for me as my daughter and my sons and their wives were there as well as my niece Barbie Johnson and her sister Mary. The surprise for me was that my brother-in-law, Bob Johnson, came to walk me down the aisle. He had never been out of the United States or Nebraska except for training for the National Guard.

One of my friends from Denver came and sang and played the guitar. Sally Cowan helped us choose the music; one of my favourites "How Great Thou Art" was my first choice as I always loved singing it. I learned later that during the service everyone but me understood the double fun in singing the hymn – Pat Patterson and Sally understood and must have smiled as the title could refer to my dear Arthur!! Only after the wedding did I understand; now when we sing the hymn in church, I remember our wedding. I think in a literal manner and puns just don't penetrate my understanding.

I have loved this church and its members who welcomed me and always made me feel at home. I especially remember the history tour that Eleanor Johnston took me on. Paula and Bruce had us over for dinner many times. Everyone helped me feel at home; I was a foreigner and this church community welcomed me.

I remember the years of Victoria Day paddles down Black Creek. One year about the halfway mark, two young girls provided us with lemonade. We all would have liked to reward them for their thoughtfulness, but unfortunately, we didn't bring purses or billfolds in the canoes.

The Bible Study that Nancy Cole (Arthur's first wife) organized welcomed me. Before I arrived, Thora who lead the study retired. When I came, the members took turns leading the group. About this time our beloved Dorothy Lancaster arrived in the County and gladly led the group until she retired. Dorothy put a great deal of time into preparation. It was a serious study, however one that generated lots of laughs. I will never forget Dorothy's story concerning her best "bite". After Dorothy left, we were blessed with Peggy Hallward who had joined the church and volunteered to be our leader. She worked hard preparing our every two-week study and we again learned. Usually we met in the members' homes except when Ailsa Robinson became too ill to travel and we then met at her comfortable home.

I loved it when the church members turned out in a drive-through for Arthur's 90th birthday in 2020. We had planned to celebrate with a lunch and party at church, but Covid-19 cancelled all those plans.

I remember the Christmas Boutiques where Rita Taylor Hall and I often worked together in the decorative section. One year as we were pricing items, we noticed a four-inch snowman candle that had a Neiman Marcus price tag of \$79. It was advertised as having a surprise inside. We thought it must be something great. The Bazaar rules were that the workers cannot purchase anything till 3 p.m. on the day of the sale. As we both wanted to know the secret of the candle, we priced the snowman at \$20, knowing it was unlikely that anyone would buy it at that price. We promised to buy it if no one did – and no one did. We shared the price and the candle was ours! After the lunch, we butchered the snow man. We could have burned the candle down, but that would take too

long, so we butchered the candle – not an easy task. Alas, all we found was a dime-sized teapot and a small shovel. I have them still!!

I remember when Pat Back became the Queen for one of our potluck parties. She was beautiful!!

I remember young Max Cowan, before he could walk, escaping his parents one Thanksgiving Sunday during church. Max had his eye on the fall decorations, specifically one apple on the floor near some corn stalks. He almost reached the apple before he was captured.

One Sunday Dorothy Lancaster had the service. My daughter Cindy and her baby, Sebastian, were visiting. Sebastian also escaped and crawled up the steps. I was concerned, but Dorothy just said “Carry on”. Cindy finally retrieved him.

I taught, well convened, a rather unconventional Sunday School for a while. Occasionally, on a sunny day if only one child was in attendance, we went to Jennifer’s and had an ice cream cone.

I remember Pat Patterson and his wonderful sermons full of Biblical history. His sermons were never the ten-minute kind, or even twenty; often they were forty minutes. We never, that I know of, asked him to shorten them, but we did tease him a bit. Finally, he got a kitchen timer and set it before his sermon for, I think, twenty minutes. During his sermon when the timer would signal twenty minutes, Pat would turn it off and say, “Just one more point”. We in the congregation would just smile and knew Pat would finish his point in at least ten more minutes. We were fortunate to have this talented teacher in our midst.

Remembering

Alfie and Gord Deyo

I remember –

Our very first trip to St. Philip's church and what a welcome Gord and I received. There were under 10 of us there, counting the two men in the choir and the rector. Rev. Pat Patterson (the second one) welcomed us and told us there was something special going on at the big church in Picton that morning so numbers would be low. All persons there were very friendly, but mostly we remember Natalie MacPherson reaching out to us in welcome! Now, twenty years later, we feel part of a loving family.

I have fond memories of Evelyn Miller, a "fair weather resident" who spent the summers in the County in a quite elderly house on Welbanks Road. She loved St. Philip's church and its congregation and donated one of the benches at the memorial garden. Evelyn was quite crippled with very bad rheumatoid arthritis and she drove to St. Philip's in a very old Toyota; she eagerly took part in any project our church and specifically the ACW threw her way. I learned that when she was in Toronto during the winter months, she drove Clare Lamont (one of our bible study ladies, who didn't drive) to and from all her appointments and to the nursing facility Clare's husband was in. She was truly an amazing lady!!

Evelyn was also a member of the Women's Institute and hosted a picnic for them on her lawn each year. A couple of summers she generously invited St. Philip's ACW to also attend which, of course, we did. Our first time attending was a fun time and very memorable. At the end of the luncheon, our then ACW President stood to extend our thanks to the W.I. and to Evelyn and gave an upcoming August date and invited them all to come to our annual "Cork and Porn Roast"!!

I remember –

My first involvement with the ACW was helping at the Christmas Tea & Bazaar being held at the Milford Town Hall. The day prior was spent setting up tables and pricing articles for sale with Eleanor Johnston. It was the last year that we used the Town Hall which meant some downsizing to our church hall but a lot less carrying and moving boxes and furniture. I was then asked to take over the position of Card Secretary from Shirley McCaw and from there I have done a little bit of everything. Mainly I have just served where needed. St. Philip's ACW are a really wonderful group and are on the most part eager and willing to take part in any event we are "having". Over the years of my involvement, sixteen of our ladies have received the ACW "Award for Faithful and Dedicated Service". Some of my favourite memories are made when I attend the Annual General Meetings for the Region and for the Diocese each year, a time to visit with both past congregation members and clergy and with other groups in attendance; the ladies who have passed away during the past year are remembered and honoured during the service. Sadly, our numbers are dwindling across Canada and I suspect the Covid19 pandemic can only add to it.

I remember --

Rev. David Smith coming to St. Philip's church, visiting Gord and I in our home and giving us a fresh and new outlook in our faith. I loved to see his family taking an active part not only at church but in the greater community of South Marysburgh. Esther his wife, and daughter Miriam took leading parts in Mt. Tabor's production of "The Lion, the Witch & the Wardrobe", along with our own Maeve Sanderson -- what a wonderful show it was! Always taking part in the Milford Fair, we saw Father David "dunked" in the water tank! Elisha's baptism in the church hall (in a wading pool) will always be part of my memories. His African family attended and sang and it was a true celebration. Esther directed the congregation in a passion play, "Eyes on the Cross" enacted on Good Friday--I

was an attendee only but shivers went up my back and it made me understand what it was probably like at the crucifixion of Jesus. The Smith family took part in the annual canoe trip and I remember Esther and Elisha falling into the water! All of us were truly sorry to see the Smith family move on and out of our parish.

I have many wonderful memories of our ladies' Bible Study group. We usually met every second week during the autumn, winter and spring months. We would meet for lunch twice during the summer but we always ended the spring season with a "retreat" at Ailsa Robinson's cottage on the shore near Waupoos. Our leader, Rev. Dorothy Lancaster led us in an outdoor service of Holy Eucharist and we enjoyed a potluck lunch usually eaten outdoors and, of course, the camaraderie which flourished among us. The gathering I remember the most was in late June, 2010. There were about a dozen of us and we had just finished our lunch on the veranda when we all felt a really good jolt of movement. Ailsa quite quickly calmed us by saying her dog was probably underneath the deck. Before she could take another breath, the dog came running out of the cottage, as if to say "what was that?" We learned on the evening news that we had actually experienced an earthquake!!

I remember –

Rev. Pat Patterson asking his daughter Elsa what she and daddy did before going to sleep at night and her unexpected reply "we kill ladybugs!"

Rev. Canon Bob Hales arranged on a couple of occasions for St. Philip's parishioners to go to Waupoos Island for a service of praise. The island was used for grazing sheep belonging to Bob and Erin Fleguel; Erin had come to Canada from New Zealand and she sang camp songs from her homeland for us on one of our trips there.

The gathering in June 2005 when the Parish of Marysburgh celebrated 175 years at the Waupoos Community Centre and the June 2012 Diocesan 150th Anniversary at KRock in Kingston with special guest, Desmond Tutu's daughter. What fun we had at the April 2012 Queen's Jubilee potluck supper with Pat Back beautifully coiffed and dressed as Elizabeth II. Probably closest to my heart were Confirmation classes led by our interim priest, Rev. Canon Bob Hales, followed by Bishop George Bruce confirming Eleanor Johnston and re-confirming Bill Cowan, Bobby and Joan Jones, and me.

A Memory Of 2019

Alfie and Gord Deyo

As I write this it is July 30, 2020 and the world is in the throes of the Covid-19 pandemic. It seems to be an ideal time to do those things around the home that I have put off, time after time, but I really just don't feel like it. Today I am remembering what I was doing one year ago, at the end of July. Gord and I were happily at Prince George, BC, with our niece Kathy and her husband Bruce. The next day the four of us traveled to Prince Rupert on the coast, embarking on an 8-hour ferry trip to Haida Gwaii, formerly known as the Queen Charlotte Islands. This is an archipelago of natural rain forest islands off BC's west coast. The islands are rich in wildlife with some species not found in the rest of Canada. While the roads we travelled on were right up to date, we were travelling through rain forests, bygone villages and very old totem poles. We were astounded to see full-grown deer that were only knee high! Apparently most of these islands escaped the last ice age which accounts for the differences to the rest of British Columbia. We only spent a few days at Haida Gwaii but we filled them with as much adventure as we had time for; we have promised ourselves to return for a longer visit. Gord and I have loved our travels, coast to coast, seeing all parts of this beautiful country that is our home but we agree that we are truly blessed to be living here in the County.

Memories

Rev Al and Gerry Fralick*

When the congregation of St. Philip's Anglican Church welcomed Allan and Geraldine Fralick as new members in the autumn of 1980, they were probably surprised to learn that Al was an Anglican priest, who recently retired from the Canadian Armed Forces after serving 22 years as a chaplain. His background certainly came in handy less than four years later, when he served as temporary rector of the Anglican Parish of Marysburgh, from January through July 1984, when the parish was without its own rector.

Al was born and raised in Halifax, Nova Scotia and served in the Royal Canadian Air Force during the Second World War. After the war, he attended Dalhousie University and the University of King's College in Halifax. He was ordained a Deacon in 1951 and a Priest in the Anglican Church of Canada in 1952. Al and Gerry were married in 1951 and their two children, Richard and Pamela, were both born in Halifax.

Reverend Allan Fralick served as Rector of the Parish of Seaforth, NS, from 1951 to 1957 and Rector of the Parish of Jollimore and Purcell's Cove cum Terrance Bay, NS, from 1957 to 1958. In 1958, he joined the Canadian Army and was commissioned an officer and a member of the Royal Canadian Army Chaplain Corp. Over the years, he was posted to Camp Petawawa, Ontario; Camp Picton, Ontario; Hemer, West Germany; CFB Petawawa, Ontario; CFB Ottawa South (Uplands), Ontario; CFB St. Hubert, Quebec; and Lahr, West Germany. During his career as an Army Chaplain, he also served on United Nations peacekeeping forces in the Congo in 1962 and in Cyprus in 1964-65. Al retired from the Canadian Armed Forces in 1980, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and in

September of that year settled in Milford, Ontario.

Gerry, who was born in Lethbridge, Alberta, and spent her early years in Edmonton and Rochester, Alberta, as well as a short time in England, grew up in Halifax, and graduated in 1951 from Trinity College of Music London (in Halifax) with a diploma in the theory and practice of speech. Along with a teaching role at the College, she was a prolific and highly-regarded actress, appearing in numerous theatre productions in Halifax, as well as with CBC radio. Years later, she translated this love of the theatre to becoming one of the founding members of the Marysburgh Mummers theatre group, along with Al and others. She directed their first two plays in 1985 and 1986 as well as a subsequent production in 1990. A lifelong fan of history and languages, she especially valued the time spent on military postings in Germany, where she ensured the entire family traveled extensively, absorbing as much of European culture as possible.

On retirement, Al and Gerry settled in the County, where they had spent 5 years in the early '60s at 'Picton Heights', and so enjoyed the lifestyle and people that they chose PEC rather than a return to Nova Scotia. They passed away in 1993 and 1999, respectively."

**Written by their daughter Pamela*

Memories

Marilyn Burnett Walker Gibson

Keith and Marion Walker raised a family of four children – Margaret, Catharine, Marilyn and Paul. I am Marilyn. I am a retired teacher and live in Cobourg.

We were a family on a dairy farm with very close ties to the church – St Philip's Anglican Church. This had been the Walker family church for 'ever'.

My memories of my young church life started in the '50's. As a child we attended church every Sunday. At that time there were many classes in the Sunday School, each one taught by devoted church members. My great aunt who everyone fondly called 'Aunt Edith' was the director of the program.

I remember wonderful Christmas concerts with lots of music and skits. The church hall would be brimming with parents excited to watch. The one thing that I remember well from that event was the Christmas goodie bags Aunt Edith provided for each child. There was always an orange in one plus lots of candy!

My dad was the treasurer of the church. I think he retired from that position after 40 years. Each Sunday we would wait patiently after church for Dad and Will Armstrong as they sat in the front pew and opened the offering envelopes. Dad would bring home those offerings to deposit in the bank.

My mother was a very active leader of the ACW. She participated in various activities, making herself available to one and all.

There were lots of church functions to attend. Pot luck suppers were popular, or work bees around the church and rectory. Every summer there would be a

church picnic on the rectory lawn.....lots of good food followed by visiting under the wonderful shade trees of the rectory.

The Rummage Sale was the big event of the year. If my memory is right there was only one sale in the fall in earlier years. It was an event many families in the area and beyond waited for each year. On the Friday night the items for sale would be sorted and neatly piled on tables – the 5 and 10 cent tables were the most popular. The baking was a big drawing card. Lots of homemade goodies, especially doughnuts, fudge and butter tarts. You had to get there early! On the sale day Will Armstrong accompanied by some of the younger church members would take a kettle of home made doughnuts, a pitcher of steaming hot coffee and wander down through Milford to sell to the local merchants. We were before our time with take out service.

I played the organ for church services during my high school years following in the footsteps of my older sister, Margaret. I shared the job with Sharlene Drury and Anna Lynn Walker. As a teenager the young people's group was an exciting social time for us. We met in the church hall weekly for devotion and lots of chat. That's where I drank my first coffee!

An activity I remember participating in with the young people's group was a 'walk-a-thon'. We walked from St Philip's church to St John's church to raise money for 'something'. My, that was a long walk!

Although our memory fades of details of those younger days, St Philip's Church will always be part of my home in the County.

Memories

Shirley and Murray Guy

Our first introduction to St. Philip's church was by a very dear friend and devoted member of St. Philip's, Natalie McPherson.

I had grown up in Picton, went to Teacher's College in Peterborough, and returned to Picton where I taught school at St. Barbara's School at Camp Picton. During that time, I met Murray, who was a Lieutenant in the Canadian Artillery stationed at Camp Picton.

We had some interesting postings during Murray's military career – Schrienerham and Camberley, England; Lahr, Germany; Brussum, the Netherlands; Shilo, Manitoba; Gagetown, New Brunswick; Borden and Ottawa, Ontario. Our children, Susan and Stephen, were both born in Brandon, Manitoba, and were with us throughout our postings and travels.

Upon retiring, we bought a small farm near Picton where Murray learned to be a "farmer". While Murray milking his special Jersey cow, Buttercup, Shirley was busy with her Angora goats and later learned to spin Mohair, and weave!!

On April 27, 1991, our daughter, Susan Elizabeth, married Edward Geisler at St. Philip's church with Reverend Thora Rowe officiating.

I discovered in later years that my maternal grandparents Frederick Dodge and Pearl Burley were married in St. Philip's church on November 6, 1906. It appears that my connection to St. Philip's started long before I was born!

We have been blessed to have had such a wonderful friend as Natalie and, following her guidance, to come to her “little church” in Milford to become part of such a loving and caring church family.

Don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened!

(Dr. Seuss)

On the Bread of Life

The Rev. Canon Dr. Bob Hales

To share my one favorite memory of my time at St. Philips church is an almost impossible task. For example, I will not be able or have the time to describe the great sense of community that I saw and felt over the 25 months of my interim as priest in charge and which continued through the number of times that I have been present since then. Not only did I see that community in our worship but also in the way that people talked and listened to those who had very different opinions. Of course, I could also talk about the many social things that I was privileged to share. I still cannot believe with my fear of water that I actually got into a canoe more than once and stayed in it until we landed sometime later for a typical St. Philips “light” meal.

I know I often said at the beginning of many services that I feared stopping the animated conversations that were going on but, in truth, I felt that that caught the sense of love that existed within the St. Philip’s Community. The sharing of the love that God has shown and given us is the way the church community should be. I was taught so much about how that was done well in your midst. That also is a reason that I honestly tell those who will listen that, if Faye and I lived closer, St. Philips is the church we would attend. I even have a pew picked out.

Now, to get to a place where I need to share my absolute favorite personal is memory of St. Philip’s. I remember and blush every time it comes up. To tell you about it again, I will start by saying I had this wonderful idea (or at least I thought it was wonderful) that, to make the point of Jesus being the bread of life, I would physically make bread as a part of the sermon. I read how to do it, I bought all the ingredients and, as I was leaving home, I said in answer to Faye’s question if I

knew just how to do it that certainly I did. Obviously, I failed at St. John's and obviously I was failing greatly at St. Philips when I started to get all sorts of coaching from the congregation. That I did not mind but it took some adjusting of my ego to accept the laughter either at me or with me. Among all the memorable things that I carry with me, this bread making sermon will always rank very high. I suspect it does with some of you as well. I was reminded of that when, at my farewell, Fran Larkin made mention of my "unique" sermons. I knew exactly what she was talking about.

In closing, before this becomes a sermon, congratulations to and a wish for God's blessing to continue with St. Philip's, the little church that does. If this strange time does end and you are able to celebrate properly, Faye and I intend to be there to celebrate with you in whatever ways you do it.

Ring the bell

On November 11, 2018, the 100th Anniversary of the end of the Great War, St. Philip's participated in the Royal Canadian Legion's Canada wide commemoration of this historical centenary. An informal group of eighteen people from our community gathered at St. Philip's. Once Leigh Scott gave instructions on how to properly ring the bell, young Max Cowan and Sawyer Sheil, along with older folk, took turns and rang the bell one hundred times at sunset, beginning at 4:30. After a welcome and introductions people shared memories of their loved ones who had served our country. Elizabeth Robb read a letter written by her father to her mother from a field hospital in France during World War 1. Then Murray Guy spoke of the purpose and meaning of our celebration. Paula Walker led the prayer for the tomb of the unknown soldier. Sally shared the "Last Post" from her cell phone to bring our very moving commemoration to a close.

November 11, 2018

By Eleanor Johnston

Matthew 5: 9. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God.

One hundred times the bells toll
In hamlets, cities and towns
Remembering men, women and boys who never came back,
Their bodies, their body parts, their horses
Strewn on battlefields, some lost in mud in the stench of battle.

One hundred times the bells toll
For those who came home
Maimed and gassed, dispirited,
Destined to live life battered, shell shocked,
Withdrawn from families, silent about their memories.

One hundred times the bells toll
Remembering families torn apart,
Children without Dads, wives bereft of mates.
Lover's hopes dashed on battlefields,
Children unborn, but a dream.

One hundred times the bells toll
We remember the sacrifices
The hoped for peace between nations,
The poppies in "Flanders Fields" and at the supermarket
And cenotaphs in every town visited on Remembrance Day.

One hundred times the bells toll
One hundred years and still we fight.
Veterans of more recent wars march or limp by.
Two minutes of silence is what we give
And a buck or two for a poppy.

One hundred times the bells toll
What do the heroes of so long ago say to you?
Welcome new neighbours from countries afar?
Work for a greener environment?
Find living for the homeless?

One hundred times the bells toll
Inspire us our Creator, help us to hear
Their voices across the years to live in peace.
To accept the challenge to be peacemakers,
To be children of God.

St. Philip's Recollections

David Hall

I had retired and was living permanently in my house in Prince Edward County. My neighbours, Alice and Joe Webb were faithful attendees of St. Philip's until Joe was diagnosed as legally blind. He stopped attending church. Alice was unable to drive. We walked our dogs together quite often and she suggested I accompany her to church. I became her driver and we became regular attendants, ending, for me, a break from the church of forty eight years.

During my initial year I was drafted to help five or six others with church repairs and renovations, painting the interior of the church hall, constructing the new bathroom and adjacent storage room. I think my role was to stay out of the way of others more capable.

The priest in charge was Reverend Susan De Gruchy, a good and kind person. She left to be replaced by Reverend David Smith who commuted from Napanee. Susan was the last resident of the Rectory hence our decision to sell it.

During my four or five year attendance I was once elected Warden, much to my surprise. I was asked to put my name forward but thought there would be others as well. There were not and I was elected. During my tenure I suggested we try to increase the size of the congregation. When I broached this subject at a meeting there was no support for it.

I was approached by the organist Sally Cowan who explained the plight of an elderly woman recovering from a heart attack who needed transportation to and from twice-weekly rehabilitation sessions. I put out an email request to all parishioners describing the "Driving Doris" program and had five drivers within

half an hour. We drove her to her appointments, both to and from, twice a week over six weeks. I felt this a significant event as we worked together to aid someone truly in need.

During my tenure we sold the Rectory and donated surplus land to the town of Milford to become part of the Milford Fairgrounds. I became aware of the Anglican Business model as taught by Archdeacon Varley. The congregation, wrongly, thought it could simultaneously rent and sell the property. He said, "No!" He was correct as it was a questionable assumption at best but he said so with legal authority, to my surprise. Even though we as a congregation had acquired the land and building, paid its maintenance and associated costs for decades, it belonged to the Diocese. The Diocese would sell the house and property and invest the proceeds on our behalf, paying us a yearly percentage. In the immortal words of Wilbur Miller, "Well, there you are."

We carried out other community projects, a lunch for 150 kids and instructors at a summer camp in Picton, we all made casseroles of macaroni and cheese; one of the weekly community dinners at St. Andrew's Anglican Church in Wellington, a tradition there for many years. We made 125 meals, shepherd's pie both meat and vegetarian varieties, (I remember, fondly, the mashed potato topping liberally laced with butter and garlic), desserts as well. Every year Rita Taylor and the church hosted the annual Victoria Day canoe trip down the Black River from Guernsey's in Milford to her place, over 100 canoes taking part, culminating in a church-sponsored barbecue, members of the congregation cooking and serving.

I felt it was important to work in the community, to exercise one's concept of Christianity by helping others.

Movie nights were infrequent, but appreciated all the same, the movies always "church suitable", a brief glimpse of the past with projector and screen. Annual bazaars and Christmas sales were interesting fundraisers, I was always checking

out the book collections. One year we held an art sale curated by Fran Larkin, a very successful and fascinating fundraiser. Pancake Suppers were fun, lots of neighbours dropping in, pancakes and bacon and sausages with yeoman effort by Tom Sheil, a restaurateur in Cherry Valley. He donated most of the food and spent the night cooking. He never attended church but his mother and young son came every Sunday. We all pitched in to wash dishes in the pre-dishwasher days.

We hosted a blanket ceremony in the hall, Greg Loft, a fire keeper from the Mohawk Territory enacting it as a means of explaining and illustrating indigenous loss of land since treaty days.

Throughout the years of attendance, of turmoil and good times, a constant highlight was Paula Walker's prayers of the people, always topical, well researched, well delivered and a pleasure to listen to.

In 2014, Good Friday in fact, I asked Rita Taylor out for lunch after church that morning. We went to a restaurant in Bloomfield then to a walk on Wellington Beach, a short walk as it is a short beach and somehow ended up living and working together at her bed and breakfast for the next two years. I thought we would do that for three years but when I suggested we continue into our third year she replied, "I would rather stick pins in my eyes!" We ended the business, sold both our properties in The County and moved to a stone church, (it's okay, it was Methodist), in Lonsdale, north of the 401 on the Salmon River. We were married shortly thereafter in 2016 making honest people of each other.

My Welcome

Elizabeth Hill

What attracted me to the County and to leave my life-long commitment to living in Toronto is the same thing that attracted me to St. Philips. I haven't been a member of St. Philip's for very long, but my first impression was What a Welcoming Place! And the welcome I received was genuine, from a place of comfort and relaxation. It has been a pleasure to get to know some of the members over these past months on a deeper level – even in this time of COVID-19! I look forward to getting to know more of the people at St. Philips, and join in more events.

Camping!

Illa Hunt

As our three children grew up, we started camping. We started off using a large “tourist” tent so we all would be together in the one tent. Our family all loved it!

All three children had their chores to do. Jamie would pump up all the air mattresses, Tom got the water, and Cynthia, well she just stayed close. As she got older, she helped her Mom with her duties.

Living in Carleton Place, we were close to Algonquin Park so that was usually our destination. It wasn’t necessary to book ahead as it is today.

Bears were familiar in the park. One evening, we went to bed forgetting that our cooler was still outside the tent. We got up to see a large black bear going away with our cooler. I took the broom and chased after it until it dropped the cooler. I said “I wasn’t going to let it have our ham and a large slab of butter”. The family had just stood and watched me! Another time Tom came into the tent having a terrible time. Lifting up his tee shirt, his back was covered with bees. He’d got a lot of stings! However, these were all great memories!

As time went on, our weekend trips became our summer holidays. Sam always got three weeks vacation which was good in the 50’s. One summer we went all the way to ‘YoHo National Park’ in British Columbia. We would stay at campsites all along the way, sometimes as long as 3 or 4 days. I would always pack our lunch before leaving in the morning. The outdoors gave everyone good appetites. Cynthia came back and wrote a composition for her school class about “The Hoodoos” in the National Park. We found Lake Superior always too cold for swimming but enjoyed the campsites.

Another summer we travelled east, going right to Prince Edward Island. In New Brunswick one night it rained so hard the boys' transistor radios were floating in the water in their tents. (By now the boys were using their own tents.) I had to boil eggs for breakfast under the trunk lid of the car! In Prince Edward Island, we encountered more rain! Cynthia and I used umbrellas to go into "Anne of Green Gables" in Cavendish. We never knew what the next day would bring!

So long as the memory of certain beloved friends lives in my heart, I shall say that life is good (Helen Keller)

An Adventure With Sam

It was in the early 80's and Sam had retired from his job in Ottawa and we had moved to our summer residence in Milford. We had lived twenty-three years in Carleton Place where Sam commuted to work in Ottawa each day.

However, it wasn't to be retirement just then! A company that Sam had worked for wanted him, along with three other instructors, to teach the Airmen in Cold Lake, Alberta, a course in Electronic Technology. Sam had his teaching diploma from Queens University along with Electronic Technology RCAF. They were going to be instructors for Canadian forces Technical Personnel at CFB, Cold Lake, Alberta, teaching maintenance of the Avionics Systems for the CF18 aircraft.

We were to report there early in the New Year! We would take everything we needed for 8 months with us in our old Datsun car. As it happened, we left New Year's Day. We of course took only the bare essentials; however, they soon piled up both inside and out and up on top. Our iron frying pan served as a frying pan and also a roaster, our lawn chairs were living room chairs as well, and so it went. We were almost ready to pull out when John McCaw came by on his way to St. Philip's and he stopped to say that we looked like the "Beverly Hillbillies"!

It was a very trying trip. At North Bay we stopped to bid a goodbye to my sister. She very kindly gave us a good-sized piece of Christmas cake. We did appreciate that along the way as everything seemed to be closed for New Years. At Soult Ste. Marie, we ran into a bad snow storm. We were thankful Sam's company let us stay in hotels at night. As it happened, we had taken a 50 lb. bag of potatoes we'd grown in our garden in Milford and it was necessary to take the bag inside each night so that they wouldn't freeze in the car!

At Wawa on the north shore of Lake Superior, we had to have a police officer get a service station opened for us. Out of Nipigon, the roads were all so "rutty". However, the old Datsun with its load continued on!

CFB Cold Lake is 200 miles north of Edmonton – it was a long, cold trip! The company had arranged for all of the teachers to stay in a new apartment building at Grand Centre, near the base. However, the little Anglican church welcomed us the very evening we arrived; they were having a celebration so invited us in. It was close to where we'd be living and we soon were parishioners there. I started doing the altar work as I was used to for many years in the other parishes we had belonged to.

We realized very soon how very much these churches could use extra funds -- the purificators were just paper towels! The minister had three other charges, leaving his wife and young baby behind just as soon as the service ended.

In June, Sam had time off that allowed us to take a trip to the Yukon – simply beautiful country!! While in the Yukon, we took a side trip to Carcross to visit with the daughter of a minister (from where we had lived).

It was early fall before leaving for home in Milford so we really enjoyed the "best of two worlds"!

Our Memories

Valerie and John Jackson

John and I retired to Milford in 1994 and I noticed that there was a church in the side street. So we decided to go and have a look. It was open of course, in those days. The church was lovely and the stained glass windows were beautiful. Our first visit to St. Philip's was on Christmas Day. Thora Rowe was the priest and there was no organ just a tape recorder for the hymns. It was very interesting watching Thora getting the tape recorder to match the carols!

We had to go back just to see a service with the organ and a few more people. Anyway we stayed for 22 years which says something about the people in St. Philips and South Marysburgh. What memories! As a woman I didn't have to join the ACW ... I was automatically in the ACW and involved in all the events- the pies, the sandwiches, the Turkey supper (where we served up to 180 in a hall which seated 60 at best), the Christmas Tea and Bazaar which we used to hold in the town hall and transform it into a Christmas delight. People used to line up outside until we opened, peering in the windows.

John and I visited the church last month. We remembered when the landscaping committee worked on giving the church grounds more curb appeal. John and I donated the Japanese Maple and it has really liked where it was planted and has really grown. I could go on and on....we miss you all at St, Philips. It was the people who made it so special.....

The Ramp

Eleanor Johnston

In the fall of 1989 Howard and I bought the Pounder house on the main St. of Milford next to Karl and Jessie Moore.

As Howard had yet to retire we could only be there on weekends. In the city our church home was Bloor St. United in bustling downtown Toronto. When we were able to be in Milford we found we could worship at St. Philip's Anglican Church just around the corner and up the little hill. With our tight time frame this worked well for us. Led by the Rev Thora Rowe everyone was very welcoming.

There was only one problem. Howard had to use his crutches to get up and down the steps to the main door. Three steps into St. Philip's were not insurmountable but took some effort to manoeuvre. Howard said nothing however. By the third Sunday we were there, we were pleased to see that a sturdy ramp with good railings had been erected making accessibility so much easier. When Howard graduated to using his wheelchair fulltime it was a Godsend

We never did hear whose idea it was to build the ramp but to us it was a symbol of the caring of the people of St. Philip's. God surely worked through them and they listened.

P.S. The ramp is still there. Thank you.

Memories from Winnipeg

Noel and Maria Laine

When Maria and I first came to the pretty village of Milford, we were very impressed with the friendliness of the local people. We explored the village and were very pleased to find a little Anglican Church. We attended a Sunday service and were quite impressed. We therefore abandoned our thoughts of doing some church hunting and decided that St. Philip's was the church for us.

My highlight as a member of St Philip's congregation was during one Easter when I was asked to play Joseph of Aramathea in the Passion Play, "Eye on the Cross" directed by Esther Smith. My main scene was with David Smith discussing taking Christ's body off the cross for burial. During this scene I was struck by the deep emotions evoked by David Smith. The whole experience was very spiritual.

Maria's highlight was a one week long summer camp for children. The camp crew consisted of David Smith, Judy Cole, Paula Walker, Sally Cowan, Fran Larkin, Leigh Scott and others in the church. We all felt the children enjoyed the week, but I felt the adults enjoyed it as much and more. It brought out talents and sharing that we didn't know we had. Maria also fondly remembers St Patrick's Day celebrations organized by the ACW. It displayed some unexpected talents from members of the congregation and everyone enjoyed those evenings.

We both remember the entire congregation as a very loving and caring group of people and it was privilege to have been a member of such a group.

St. Philip's Memory Book

Rev. Fran and Mike Langlois

St. Philip's Anglican Church in Milford is a small church with a big heart. Those who worship there live by the first two commandments by loving and helping others. We live in the faith and joy of the Holy Spirit and exemplify God's love in the life of the church. Everyone is welcomed and accepted there. Come and see.

Fond Memories

Fran Larkin

My husband, David, and I heard about St. Philip's church shortly after we moved to Prince Edward County just over twenty years ago. An Anglican friend of ours used to come to the County for an annual cycling weekend with her Ottawa based group. She enthusiastically encouraged us to attend St. Philip's, an amazing little village church in Milford. Knowing how discerning she was, we were intrigued. Our son and his wife had just purchased a small restaurant in Milford so we became familiar with the village, and, eventually, found our way to St. Philips.

A warm welcome awaited us & we felt right at home. As we got to know the people of the congregation, it became obvious that a great faith was the basis of all their efforts. It was expressed through their kindness, respect of one another, support for each other, and general generosity of spirit captured within the

church as well as outwards towards the community. As I began to get more involved in the life of the church, I was constantly amazed by the scope of the charitable & community outreach projects taken on by this tiny rural church - events that would have been impressive in any large urban church. The eagerness to step up and help was remarkable, and extended to non - members who enjoyed being involved.

I think the warm welcoming ambiance had a lot to do with this. Besides striving to do a good job, we had fun together. I never felt the shadow of power struggles or need to control as happens in some churches. We all worked together, heard each other out, accepted the majority decision, and got on with it. There was never much disruptive "stuff" to diminish the good will involved in our efforts.

With the passing of time, age and infirmity has taken a toll on all of us. Our numbers have decreased, and so has the energy and stamina of those who are left. Those big events are no longer possible, and we have had to cut back on some of our popular annual events like our turkey supper. It is difficult to accept the changes to what was, but the faith based goodness within the remaining congregation, the warmth of welcome, the generosity of spirit which touched so many in the general community is still there, bringing a message of hope in these troubling times. Those friendships created, and values learned will continue to be a blessing for years to come.

With much gratitude for many wonderful years, Fran Larkin

Some things are meant to be remembered - that is the reason why God gave us memories.

Celebrating St. Philip's, Milford

Bishop Peter Mason

In 1989 my wife Carmen and I established a County home at Prinyer's Cove. Because I was principal of Wycliffe College I had occasional Sundays 'off', and attended St. John's Waupoos. However before long with the encouragement of Canon Thora Wade Rowe, we visited the lively sister congregation of St. Philip's in Milford. A few years later when I became bishop of the Diocese of Ontario, regular visits to the Parish of Marysburg became part and parcel of our routine.

Both congregations possessed their own particular charm, each with a mixture of local veteran residents and more recent arrivals from away. And both prided themselves on the beauty and upkeep of their buildings. At the same time each congregation expressed their sense of the gospel and ministry in individual ways.

I have always loved the energy and creativity of St. Philip's. You have been blessed by a remarkable Christian family whose spirit of faith and worship has been inspiring. You have welcomed newcomers without forgetting folks whose family connections reach back many generations. You have tended to local needs as well as embracing causes far beyond parish borders...a passion for the environment, Indigenous issues, and service on diocesan committees. You have embraced the use of technology while preserving elements of our longstanding traditions.

Above all St. Philip's has been a congregation in which lay people have seized their place as initiators and leaders. Clergy come and go, but you have remained positive, energetic and enthusiastic through thick and thin. At the end of the day St. Philip's has been a faithful Anglican congregation focused on knowing, serving and obeying the Good News of Jesus Christ. May His Spirit united with your spirit continue to bring joy, peace and hope to all who enter its doors and experience its fellowship.

Pickled Beets and Marmalade (The ACW Tea and Bazaar)

By Eleanor Johnston, November 5, 2014

Pickle beets and marmalade,
Walnut puffs and jam,
Fudge and pies and Christmas cakes
And tea and sandwiches of ham.

But what does it have to do with you Lord
In this aching world of Thine?

Decorating the hall so beautifully
With swags that look so fine.
Christmas wreaths and baubles
And maybe the smell of pine.

But what does it have to do with you Lord
In this aching world of Thine?

Working in the kitchen
Setting up the plates sublime
For the County “girls” to enjoy,
Such fun, we’re in our prime.

But what does it have to do with you Lord
In this aching world of Thine?

Jewellery and knitting and handicrafts,
Gifts suitable for all,
Gloves for Great Aunt Suzy
Even a tie for Uncle Paul.

But what does it have to do with you Lord
In this aching world of Thine?

We know it has much to do with you Lord
Such moneys we gladly made
For Outreach to Your children in the world,
Now our ACW givings can be paid.

Memories

The Rev. Canon Dr. Thora Wade Rowe

I could not have been more pleased to learn that the bishop had assigned me to the Parish of Marysburgh in beautiful Prince Edward County. In the second year, the parish chose to ask me to move from half time to full time to further expand the ministry. Some time later I was approached by the retiring rector of a city parish to consider letting my name stand for consideration to be their new rector but I had no trouble refusing because I was happy to be at Milford. In time I hosted an annual Valentine Tea at the Rectory to express my affection and appreciation for parishioners.

To avoid overlooking anyone, I will refrain from naming living parishioners, but I believe readers will recognize themselves when I mention, with appreciation, events in which they played a major part. I think of the faithfulness of the organist and the choir members, the Sunday School teachers, those who donated time and talents for the annual tea and sales, the two parishioners whose offices were always open to me when I needed business assistance, those who worked on the upkeep of the building and grounds and rectory, those giving leadership to young people in sports events and the one who rescued my car from snow banks on several occasions! I cannot forget the personal and practical support of my late husband, John, in the church and rectory grounds. Many, like him, have gone on to their reward in the intervening years.

Personal highlights for me were appointing the supportive and beloved Dean Downey as honorary assistant with the support of his gracious wife Isabel, the dedication of a McCaw memorial window, the banner workshop under the gifted leadership of Nancy, preparing young people for confirmation, and the loving concern of so many for the little girl next door to the church dying of cancer, as

well as being named a canon by the bishop. Subsequently I was awarded an honorary doctorate from Wycliffe College and the University of Toronto as one of the pioneer women in ordained ministry of our denomination.

Just before I left I began a parish women's Bible study which, by all reports, was a positive experience in bringing women from both churches in the parish together for many years. All this, and so much more....

Congratulations to St Philip's for 100 years of Christian presence in the County. I will continue to pray for the life and witness of St. Philip's.

St. Philip's Memories

Maeve Sanderson

I remember Susan De Gruchy's dog, which my cousin Kate and I loved to play with. I always enjoy the canoe trips; no matter what the weather is like we always have fun.

I have great memories of Rev David Smith and his family. His wife Esther and daughter Miriam and I were in a Marysburgh Mummers play together, Narnia, and we spent a lot of time together rehearsing and performing. It was so great to get to know them better. Esther gave me a crown necklace which is very special to me. I also remember Elisha and Jonathan doing backflips in the church yard.

One of my favourite memories of church is the Blessing of the Animals. My cousin, Kate, and I loved meeting the dogs, cats and horses. It was also cool to have a church service outside. We always wondered if Josef's horse was going to somehow get into the church and sit in a pew!

*"The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched
– they must be felt with the heart."*

(Helen Keller)

Returning to Church after 43 years away

G. Leigh Scott

On July 31st 2008, my mother passed away peacefully at home; I had been Mom's caregiver for two years. I called the St. Philip's telephone number in the Picton Gazette and left a message. Rev. Canon Bob Hales, who was the interim priest at the time, returned my call and I explained my brother and I would like to have a memorial service at the house. Mom had arranged for cremation. Bob offered to come from Kingston that afternoon but we arranged for him to drop by after the Sunday Service at St. Philip's.

We held the memorial service at the house for friends and neighbours. We had over 30 people in the living room and Bob did a wonderful job. The young neighbour across the road piped "Amazing Grace" for us. I tried to give Bob a gratuity for his service but he declined, saying to give it to St. Philip's. The following week we had a service in St. Thomas with all the relatives and interred Mom's ashes at my Dad's gravesite.

I knew Bruce Walker from years before when I worked at the Cement Plant. I then started to attend St. Philip's on a regular basis. It has helped me personally with my grieving.

St. Philip's provides me with a community of very pleasant and kind people. I really do enjoy participating in the events and the maintenance projects.

Memories

Canon David Smith

Congratulations to the followers of Christ, who's spiritual home St. Philip's Milford, has been the location of worship, service, love, fun and grace for 100 years. I count it an honour to have served the Lord alongside the wonderful people at St. Philip's for a small part of the buildings storied history. It was only a short time but it was filled with lovely memories that my family and I will cherish.

I know it might be a strange place for my mind to go but one of the representative, symbolic memories for me were formed at the Fair Ground. I remember a gorgeous spring morning with many little children preparing themselves for the Easter Egg Hunt. It was a wonderful hunt because there may have been 40 children and there were thousands of eggs lovingly spread all over the field. Every child was gifted with lots of chocolate. It seemed to me to be a grace filled moment, a luxurious free gift for all of the children. My first Milford Fair, the only sunny one I experienced in that lovely spot, seemed like grace for the adults, talking and smiling and eating and enjoying old fashion games, and music. For a moment it felt that there was no care in the world.

It was the same kind of grace I felt when I drove from St. John's to St. Philip's each Sunday morning and I passed through the gorgeous overlay of trees that made you feel like royalty. For me it was a thin place where Heaven and Earth seemed to intersect. The beauty of this place and all through the County spoke to me of a God who showers blessings.

But these and other grace filled moments in the County were signposts to the real expression of grace that changes you and me and all of creation, the grace of Jesus Christ. After I left that grove of trees I was speeding down the roads to get

to worship on time. I was often late and just dashing in. But it was a destination worth the drive. To be able to praise God for His amazing grace with followers of Jesus in St. Philip's adorned with windows capturing the grace of Christ as the Good Shepherd and of early followers of Jesus who had shared the Good News of the Gospel, was always a joy and privilege.

One of my cherished memories was when we had a Living Crèche service and Danny brought up his young son as baby Jesus. I thought he would place the baby in Mary's arms but instead he placed him on a bale of hay in front of Mary. At that moment the baby immediately moved his arms to form the shape of a cross. If we had planned this, it would have been so corny but it just happened and I just had shivers down my spine because right before my eyes the wonder of the Christian faith that God was born in a manger to die on the cross for us and all of creation was displayed before me.

For me the best memories of what happened inside of St. Philip's were when we gave thanks to God for His grace in the ways that we worshipped, served, rejoiced, laughed, and loved.

I will never forget the prize winning floats we entered for the Milford Fair Parade. Who cares if some years we were the only float in the parade, we still won. I deserved first prize the year I dressed up as an enormous tea pot and Elisha was a tea cup. When I saw our reflection in the windows of the passing homes I was mortified but laughed so hard. All of the meals we enjoyed together and lovely visits in people's homes and movie nights, even The Princess Bride outside one night. And of course the canoe rides down the river.

I will always cherish the grace filled efforts to care deeply for the needs of other people and for the creation. They are too many to number but that such a small group of people could make such a tremendous difference in people's lives locally and around the world was fantastic. Grace at work.

I remember when we had helped raise money for a Habitat for Humanity build. We had an auction of art work and we invited the family moving into the home to pick out a painting for free for their rooms. The children were so excited to be able to pick a beautiful picture for their rooms. Grace at work.

I remember the poignancy of Eyes Upon the Cross and the privilege to play the part of Nicodemus. I was so proud of our actors and the worship we offered. Children's stories and Vacation Bible Camp worship and skits, Friday Morning Prayer and the choir singing beautifully at Easter were some of the many times of praise between the walls of St. Philip's.

Like my sermons I have probably gone on too long so may I close by saying that my fondest memories of the followers of Jesus who worshipped The God of grace between the walls of St. Philip's are the memories when we like the planners of the Easter Egg Hunt spread generously around the gift of love, the gift of grace both right in Milford and around the world. Good memories indeed.

Congratulations and much love to St. Philip's.

God bless

Fr. David, Esther and Family

Memories

Ruth Stephenson

Congratulations to all at St. Philips on your 100th Anniversary! As a former parishioner I would like to express my admiration for the many folk who display such devotion and dedication in keeping the church going thru' various times of change particularly right now.

George and I always felt welcome and loved even when we were only summer attendees at the beginning and then when we moved to our cottage to live there year round. (Except for the winter vacations we took where some of you joined us on excursions that George was forever organising). During our time with you we enjoyed many activities. The canoe trip was one of George's favourites. However, he wasn't able to convince Grandson Matthew that it was not a race the year that he joined in. I don't believe Grandpa enjoyed arriving at Rita's after Matt and Lacy.

I personally enjoyed the Bible studies (Thanks for all those rides, Alfie) which culminated in a retreat at Ailsa Robinson's lakefront cottage each June. The Parish retreat at Wesley Acres was very inspirational also. And remember the outdoor service on Waupoos Island where George set up a temporary washroom for any of us who might need it and the only one who used it was a passerby.

St.Philip's is of course famous for its community suppers. George liked the camaraderie shared with the guys as they shucked the corn for the Pork Supper and I remember the year I volunteered to cook one of the big turkeys for that event. I expressed some trepidation to my kids who laughed uproariously at me and said "Mom you cooked four huge turkeys for Thanksgiving every year at the resort for 16 years." I guess that made me feel a little better. Anyway if I hadn't

stepped up to the plate George probably would have said Ruth'll do it.

We felt quite sad when we decided to return to Niagara to be nearer our children as George coped with his diagnosis of Multiple Myeloma. Our time with you had been precious.

I pray that your celebration will be bountifully blessed and that St Philips will continue to enrich the community for many more years.

We might as well seize the opportunity to make the BEST memories – both for others and ourselves.

Memory Note

Rita Taylor

I was a member of St. Philips for 19 years and have many happy memories. I moved to a Black River and Colleen Cottage Bed and Breakfast in October 1995 with my late husband Al Taylor and we joined the St. Philips congregation the following January.

I remember all the wonderful church suppers and the wonderful home made pies - Al always enjoyed more than one slice as did a few other men! My favourite was the Cork and Porn roast which was held in the summer and attracted many visitors. Fresh tomatoes, corn and potatoes and one could always go round the back for some of Harley's pork crackling!

Of course the annual canoe trip on the Black River was special as the canoes were launched from Guernsey's dock and ended at Colleen Cottage for hot dogs and other goodies provided by the church and some participants. Rain or shine it was on the Monday of Queen Victoria weekend. Organized by Bruce and Paula Walker who also rounded up extra canoes.

The annual Christmas Tea and Bazaar was a highlight as was the Rummage Sale a.k.a. The Milford Boutique.

Ministers came and went but there was only one Lay Reader, Paula Walker. She puts much effort into delivering thoughtful and insightful prayers and I miss hearing them and her.

When David Hall joined the congregation he sat two rows behind me for about two years and finally asked me to sit next to him at a meeting. We are now

married and live in the hamlet of Lonsdale. We attend All Saints church on the reserve in Tyendinaga, a similar small congregation with many events which always include food!

Christmas Eve

by Eleanor Johnston

An air of expectancy pervades the house
Festooned and decorated, deliciously scented
With baking smells and a whiff of spruce boughs
As can happen only at Christmas.
Outside the pristine snow blankets
The trees and the sleeping garden.
Waiting hangs in the air there too.
On this Christmas Eve I too wait
To celebrate the birth of a king.
Closing my eyes I see His coming to us through the ages.
The babe born in a manger
In a smelly stable warmed only
By the bodies of the ox and ass
As their steaming breaths filled the air.
I hear the assurances of Joseph, quelling his own anxieties,
As he wiped Mary's brow telling her all was well.

Then as his rough carpenter's hands aided in
The delivery of our Lord
Did he sense wonder as
Suddenly an infant's cry filled the air?
Jesus is born, Hallelujah!
Wrapped and warmed by swaddling bands
And much love in the arms of His mother, Mary,
He lay content. The cattle lowed, the donkeys brayed,
Angel choirs sang to the shepherds
"Watching their flocks by night".
The star overhead shone oh so bright.
Wise men searched for it.
I look for it too in the clear cold night
As I wait to worship
Emmanuel, God with us.

Memory

Mark Trumpour

My memory goes back to what I think was late spring 2015. I had purchased a house in Milford, and was gradually moving things in, while at the same time taking in bits and pieces of information about the community.

One day, I decided to go and look for the church I had heard was in Milford. Of course, it was easy to find, and there happened to be cars in the parking lot. I decided to see if it was open, despite it being a weekday.

Sure enough, it was, so I went. The church was empty, but I heard sounds which I followed towards the Hall. There I found a small group of women and a smiling, round-faced man in a clerical collar, just finishing up what I recall was a light lunch. He introduced himself as Father David, and explaining that they had just finished up a meeting (ACW? I don't recall...), proceeded to offer me a cup of tea and tell me all about St. Philip's.

I left with good feelings and the latest Parish newsletter. Who could refuse a warm welcome like that?

At St. Philip's

Bruce Walker

My parents brought me to St. Philip's – I was baptized here when I was two months old, confirmed when I was 14 years old, and I got married here in 1975!! James Walker came to South Marysburgh in 1825 from the County Fermanagh, Ireland, and he was already a member of the English Church. I believe the Walkers have been going to St. Philip's since it first opened.

The people are on of the things, the sense of community we have, that keep me here. I have a lot of good memories. These include: Aunt Edith was my Sunday School teacher; the revival meeting at the United Church when Thora was our priest was good because our children saw other children they knew were going to church too; coaching the baseball team; and being a warden with Arthur Cole.

I shout CAMINO at the top of my lungs, but it puts people to sleep! The Camino has to be experienced in order to be appreciated. We have spent four months so far backpacking in Spain and France, mostly Spain, and we are hoping to try the Portuguese Camino next. One thing about backpacking is that you learn how little you really need!

Behind us our memories, beside us are friends, before us are dreams

Remembering St. Philip's

Diane and Glendon Walker

Glendon Walker attended St. Philip's church since 1944 and I started to attend after we were married in 1964. The congregation was very welcoming to me. Reverend Bev Lindsay came to St. Philip's at about the same time; he and his wife Marg were friendly and very active in the community as well as at St. Philip's.

I will list some incidents that happened – these are not in any order:

Confirmation classes with Rev. Kent Gardener

Rev. John Littley and Rev. John Osbourne working with the young people.

Bishop Read's presence at church; he pushed the organist off the bench and, with great joy, played "When the Saints Come Marching In"!!

Bishop Read and his wife invited Kim's confirmation class to dinner with Father Lou in Kingston.

Bishop Read telling each child the origin of their name and a reminder that "God Loves You, Too".

Mary Greig working with the children to make Corn Husk Dolls, and also making Teddy Bears for the St. Philip's Tea.

Nancy Freeman writing a book about St. Philip's Bear.

Isabel Downey and her help with the Choir.

There are too many memories to tell – it's a wonderful place to worship with a great congregation!!

Ode To The Bazaar

by Eleanor Johnston, November 2018

Up went the wreaths
Up went the swags
And "Oh my goodness
Do we have enough bags."

We unpacked the stuff
There were treasures galore,
Jewellery, cups, toys. &
Decorations
All for St. P's boutique store

The hall seemed crowded
But what's an extra table
When ladies are strong
And the men most able

When we were finished
We did feel pride
It all looked incredible
Feelings we couldn't hide

Saturday's clime was perfect
The music inspired
We welcomed our guests
We forgot we were tired

The baking was scrumptious
The candy unbeatable
The only trouble was
It was all so eatable

The tea tables were so pretty
And the food was divine
One had to eat is all
One could not hold the line

We all worked hard
But the spirit was there
Again, thank you Lord
For your loving care

Thank you one and all
For giving it your best
For a day or two now
I hope you can rest

The Home of My Faith

Paula Walker

I love St. Philip's. This little church on the back street of a little village is a real family. After high school I came to Kingston after growing up in Sept Iles, Quebec. Debra McCaw was my roommate at Queens University. She introduced me to Bruce and she brought me to St. Philip's for the first time back in 1970. Bruce and I were married here in 1975. Our children David, Adam and Mary Beth were baptized and went to Sunday School and were confirmed at St. Philip's. Adam and Mary Beth were servers. Our six grandchildren have been baptized here and in 2018 so was I! This little church has been part of my life for over forty five years.

There have been so many special memories. A standout one for me happened on Sunday, August 30, 2015. It was our final Sunday service before heading off to walk the Camino de Santiago de Compostela. Eleanor brought two prayer squares for us. She laid them on a small table in front of the pulpit. After receiving communion each member of the congregation stopped on the way back to their seat. Each one tied a thread on each square and said a prayer for Bruce and a prayer for me. This five hundred mile walk in France and Spain was a big undertaking for us, so much was unknown. What a comfort it was to have the squares full of prayers to carry with us! I am so grateful to Eleanor for this beautiful ministry.

Another amazing moment for me occurred when we returned from our pilgrimage and Father David used my Camino shell to baptize our granddaughter Nora. Since then Rev. Ada baptized me with the shell and Bob baptized our grandson Max with it too!

To walk the Camino, to make the pilgrimage to Santiago is a blessing. For several weeks you spend days walking through God's beautiful creation, feeling the wind and the sun and the rain. Whatever the weather you walk over mountains, through vineyards, farms, dry lands, forests, villages, towns and cities, big and small. You meet people from all over the world and have wonderful conversations on the road and at the table. We let our guard down and share more of ourselves and we see how alike we all are. With a common goal we come to see how much we have in common and we discover the things that really matter. We carry only what we need and the hospitality and kindness of strangers abounds. We see how good life can be when we support each other, on the Camino, at St. Philip's, with family and friends. We know God is with us. We never walk alone!

Things end but memories last forever

Memories of St. Philip's

Rev Cheryl Watson

When I was first asked to write about a significant event or memory of my time at St. Philip's, I immediately thought "I don't have one". I reflected on the question for several days and still didn't come up with one. I did however start to realize that, when I thought about my time at St. Philip's, it brought a smile to my face and a feeling of warmth. I came to realize that what was most significant about my time at St. Philip's was just that - St. Philip's brought me joy.

The congregation of St. Philip's cared about each other, and they made me feel not only cared for, but cared about. I was the Interim-Priest-in Charge, but people made me feel that, had I needed to, I could have gone to them with a problem and they would have listened, and given me the same amount of time and care they would have given one of their personal friends. That was pure gift.

I wasn't at St. Philip's a long time but it was a very good time.

The only exception may have been the snowstorms. I particularly remember a time when I left for a Clericus meeting in Picton, barely able to see a car length ahead, unable to drive more than 15 km/hr. A mile or two outside of Picton it became clear, sunny and showed no signs of snow. I remember the scepticism on the faces of the people in the meeting when I offered bad weather as my reason for being late.

I remember in-home Bible study, homemade bread, Oscar night parties, homemade pickles, and the Alleluias at the end of the service.

Congratulations St. Philip's on your many years of witness to God's love. My prayer is that you may continue for many years to come, being the wonderful example of Christian community that I experienced in my short time with you.

Blessings in Christ, Rev. Cheryl

Sunday School Gazette

The following articles appeared in the SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE. Two editions were published, Spring 1987 and Spring 1988. The reporters were Emily Cowan, Kathy Walker and David Walker and Emily was also the editor.

Spring 1987

My Visit With Gram McCaw

by Emily Cowan

On Saturday, April 4, I spent some time with Gram McCaw, as she reminisced about her past, her family, and her Christian life. In the month of July 1920 she had experienced the burning of St. Philip's Anglican Church. She was married also in 1920 a month before the burning.

Mrs. McCaw taught science, art, and english at Newburgh Academy (high school). She remembered clearly the Armistice in 1918. She had been a Methodist before she married. She only remembers Etta Armstrong from 1920, she had also gone to high school with her in Newburgh. I asked her which priest was the most memorable and she said she remembers them all. In ACW (Anglican Church Women) she had only been president, but her reign had lasted 25 years!!! They made quilts and socks for the soldiers of World War II. They didn't have the church hall at the time so the large group of almost 20 people went to other homes, and sometimes they went to Waupoos, she now sews for Waupoos ladies.

I asked her if she had any comments about this newspaper. She said “Work together in good Christian fellowship. It is important to come to church, and it is nice to see big happy families coming.”

When she was younger, at the church she was a member of the AYPG, it was a large group. They used to go to sleigh ride parties, skating, tobogganing.

Well that about wraps it up, and don't worry, us kids will take care of this ole' church!!!!

Kathy talks with Rev. C. R. Patterson

by Kathy Walker

Kathy: Here I am talking with Reverend Patterson our minister at St. Philip's Church. What inspired you to become a minister?

Reverend Patterson: Well Kathy, my family started me going to church when I was about age three. Church was very much a part of our family tradition. When we grew up I married my wife and she was very involved with the church also. When I retired from the government service I went to the bishop and asked him if there was still time for me to do professional work in the clergy. After going through the necessary examinations and interviews I returned to university, was ordained and I have been preaching here at St. Philip's for the last two and a half years.

Kathy: At what age can the children in our Sunday School be confirmed and why?

Reverend Patterson: Well our bishop, Kathy, says at least 13 years of age. Now the reason he says 13... confirmation is simply a confirmation of the vows that were taken by your parents and your godparents at the time that you were baptised when you were a baby. It's the bishop's purpose to ensure that those people who wish to confirm their baptismal vows be old enough so that they can understand precisely what they are doing as they come to confirmation.

Kathy: How long did it take you to become a minister?

Reverend Patterson: Well put it this way Kathy. Normally it takes a minimum of six years, three towards a bachelor of arts degree and another three years towards a master of divinity degree before one is qualified to be an Anglican minister. In my case the bishop asked me to start preaching before I had finished my master of divinity degree but I will have completed it this year so it required six years for me as well.

Kathy: And for my last question. Were you an Anglican when you were young?

Reverend Patterson: No I was in the United Church when I was young. My wife also grew up in the United Church. It was not until we came to Ontario that we joined the Anglican Church.

Camp Hyanto

by Emily Cowan

On July 8th I arrived at Camp Hyanto. Although I had been there before I was a little bit nervous. Kathy Walker, Susan Stevenson and I were sticking together,

when mom left I even got more scared but my counsellors changed all that. Twins were there that I had seen last time I was there. They gave the counsellors presents.

The first campfire I was feeling a whole lot better. We sang songs, and chanted chants, it was fantastic. I made friends with everyone in my cabin.

A few days later out of the nine days we had to spend, the bishop came for communion and stayed until the last day, we had a lot of fun talking to him. The last day we were there we made placemats hoping he would get yours. Fortunately he actually got mine. He gave me a poster that said Help me to remember Lord that nothings gonna happen today that you and me can't handle together, and it had a little baby polar bear on it. I'm going to camp this year. It will be my fourth year in a row. I'll never forget Camp Hyanto!

Interview with President of ACW

by Kathy Walker

Mrs. Bev Walker is a member of the St. Philip's choir and has an active role in the ACW.

Interviewer: How did you get interested in choral music?

Mrs. Walker: When I was a little girl one of our main forms of entertainment was singing. When friends dropped in for an evening or at family gatherings. My mother was the church organist and because I had to go to church with her for

choir practice I ended up singing with the choir. That was even when I was six. I have sung in choir ever since.

Interviewer: Have you just sung in church choirs?

Mrs. Walker: No, my teen years were spent in Winnipeg where there is a great emphasis on music in the schools. The collegiate I attended entered a choir each year in the Manitoba Festival and put on an operetta, generally by Gilbert and Sullivan, in a professional theatre each year. I sang in "The Mikato" and "Pirates of Penzance". Along with that of course I still sang in the church choir.

Interviewer: Do you enjoy singing?

Mrs. Walker: Yes, of course there were times I was a bit upset about having to go to voice lessons when I'd rather go swimming or had to sing when it would have been more fun to go to a movie. But there was something that made chills up your spine when you were part of singing something well.

Interviewer: What do you like to sing the most?

Mrs. Walker: That's hard to answer. Years ago I sang in the choirs for Rossini's "Stabat Mater" in latin. Although I understood the words, if I thought about them, it was the music and its harmony that one concentrated on. That was super!!!! But I liked most kinds of vocal music. It is just fun to sing.

School SuperIntendent Interview

by David Walker

On March 24th 1987 I interviewed the Sunday School superintendent Ms Debra McCaw. I asked the size of the Sunday School and what they have planned, here is what I found out. We have 11 regular students, in four different classes. The breakdown is as follows; 5 in seniors, 2 in juniors, 2 in preschool and 2 in nursery. We plan on having a Sunday School picnic on Saturday, June 20, 1987. Debra likes being the Superintendent because of the involvement with the children. As a child she also went to Saint Philip's. It was the same only there were more children. She remembers Aunt Edith being very active in the Sunday School. Debra has been our Sunday School superintendent since September of 86. She thinks it is nice that the senior class is making this Gazette.

Spring 1988

St. Philip's Choir

by Emily Cowan

The St. Philip's Choir is a little group of "musically inclined" people. The choir consists of: Soprano - Emily Cowan, Kathy Walker, Isabel Downey, Jeanette McCaw, and Diane Walker; Alto - Virginia Cowan, Nancy Freeman, and Bev Walker; Tenor - Bill Cowan, Jim McCaw, John McCaw, Norm Freeman, and Bev Walker; Bass - Bev Walker, John McCaw, Bob Back; Organist - Sally Cowan and Marilyn Gibson. The choir helps the congregation hit the right notes and stay on key. We meet every Thursday at 7:45 to practise hymns and prepare anthems.

On some special occasions, the Waupoos choir will come join us in our hour of song. We would happily greet anyone who thinks they have “musical talent”.

Mervat- Our Foster Child

by the primary class

In the past year the Sunday School has written 4 letters to Mervat, and received 3 back. We also received a progress report from the Foster Parent Association, thanking us for helping Mervat and her family. Mervat is well, she attended sewing and literacy classes this year, but had to leave them to help at home. If you would like to share our correspondence, it can be found on our bulletin board.

Spring Is Here

by Emily Cowan

Frost still lays
On frozen ground
But - sun now beats
So warm and round.

When the hour
Of spring appears
Robin Red-Breast
We know is near.

The little buds,
Push through ground,
As God's Great Love
Shows spring is found.

Our Rector Thora Rowe

by Emily Cowan

As soon as I walked into Thora Rowe's spacious living room, I got even more nervous than I was before I left my house. Mrs. Rowe had to attend to a phone call, which gave me time to prepare for our interview. I looked around this tidy, humble room. I went over the questions, and began to relax. When she got off the phone, she asked me what this was exactly. I told her it was to bring people up to date on what was going on in and around the church. I asked her if she had any hobbies, she said she enjoys knitting, reading, baking, and riding her bike, and surprisingly enough those are my hobbies too!. She says she doesn't have a pet, but would like a dog or cat, preferably a dog. Thora says that she loves it here, and that people are so kind and friendly. "Just like one big family."

Mrs. Rowe went to Wycliffe College. Wycliffe was part of the University of Toronto. At that time there weren't female priests. So Thora decided to be a

social worker part time. When at last there could be a female priest, she took advantage of it right away and got her Master of Divinity.

Thora's husband's name is John. He taught school for 26 years, and was head of the Guidance Department. He then taught math at another school. He actually had three careers: school teaching, industry, and the Air Force.

Margaret Thora Wade Rowe was born and grew up in Quebec and taught school for 2 years. She has 1 sister, 1 son, 1 daughter, 1 stepson, and 2 stepdaughters.

If you're interested in how she got here, the Bishop asked her if she would come to St. Philip's, the parish agreed, and so did she. Her special comment for the St. Philip's Sunday School is, "We love having you as part of our church family, and I hope to get to know you all better over the months ahead."

Our Church

by David Walker

I thought that it would be neat if we did a story on the history of St. Philip's Church. I guess St. Philip's was named after Jesus's disciple Philip. The man who donated the land was also named Philip, Philip Clapp. I found some facts about our church in a book called "History of the Churches of Prince Edward County". In 1849, Philip Clapp of Milford gave 1.5 acres of land to the Bishop of Toronto. It was to be used for a church and a burial ground. The church was built about that time. There was no burial ground because a few years later they bought a lot for the rectory and the land next to it was used for a burial ground. The original wooden church was struck by lightning, Monday, September 8, 1920. It burnt to

the ground. Rev. Webster was the minister at that time and he stayed until the new church was consecrated. This was November 30, 1925, which is the church we have today. Morden Walker, son of Cecil and Mary Walker was the first baby to be christened in this new church. The stained glass windows were donated by the Anderson, Cook, Walker, and McKibbon families. My Mom and Dad were married here, my brother and sister and I were baptised here. My Dad went to Sunday School here and his father before him. Hopefully someday my children will go to Sunday School here too.