

Go therefore and make disciples of
all nations
Mt 28:19



Allez, faites de toutes les nations
des disciples
Mt 28:19

CANADIAN ORTHODOX MESSENGER

Founded by the blessed Archbishop Arseny (Chahovtsov), 1866 – 1945
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From the Bishop's desk:

'Lord, have mercy'

The horrifying events of 11 September 2001, the attacks by terrorists on major symbols of the American society, have affected and changed the whole world. They have shown us all our vulnerability. They have reminded us, now more than ever, of the fragility of life. Americans, once seemingly isolated, have been touched by what so many people around the world have felt, some continually, for a long time, and they have been filled with fear. Canadians have been touched and filled with fear also, because not only did Canadians perish in the evil events, thus affecting their families, but many others have been affected through the media, and through the multitude of personal and other relationships which Canadians have with Americans.

The work of terror on that day was in part successful, because so many people immediately responded in deep fear, and expressed it in many ways. Many also expressed deep anger, and a blood-thirsty desire for revenge. As a result many innocent people, Muslims, Sikhs, even Christians, were "punished" by various persons. And so, the demon of blood-thirst, a ravenous, insatiable being, inflamed passions and incited violence. Not recognising the activity of the demon, people fell prey, and unwittingly fed it. In the days after the attacks, we saw this not only in the USA, but in Canada and elsewhere. And now there is war.

We also saw, at the same time, that there is yet compassion on the earth. People immediately rushed to help, and they continue to volunteer help of all kinds to the bereaved and to the damaged communities. Canadians have sent aid in substantial amounts, for Canadians are, characteristically, peaceable and peace-making. We have also seen many turning once again to God, as persons often do in times of great trouble and need. Unfortunately, this turning is often short-lived. This is so not only because people are typically quick to forget God's help (see Exodus, Numbers and some Psalms), but also because we Christians have not managed to address the greatest need in their hearts, and because, in fact, we have often not addressed it within ourselves.

What is this need? We know what it is, for we say it every time we say the Our Father, and we hear it every time we hear the Beatitudes, week by week. It is the need to forgive. If we do not find the way to forgive, yes, even forgive enemies as the Lord did, we will be left with a festering wound of hatred, and this wound will only corrode our own hearts, and not at all touch those who are enemies. As Orthodox Christians, *we have the great responsibility* to show everyone around us, by our example, who Christ is, and how His love works for life and health of body and soul. We cannot do so unless we have learned to love as He loves us, and to forgive as He forgives us. Sometimes we show this love, as did the heroic firefighters, police, rescuers, and hospital workers. It comes from our depths in emergencies, and it is clear evidence of that Image of God that is within us. But it has to go far beyond emergencies, into daily living.

We must, in due time, live in and give expression to this selfless love in our daily relationships. It is crucial that we immerse ourselves in Christ's love, so that we may bear much greater fruit. Hanging on the Cross, He forgave those who were killing Him. Our love in Him must develop so that we may be able to do likewise. Not all of us are being killed, but many of us suffer slander, as well as various sorts of gossip and twisted talk. These give great pain to the heart. If we do not find the way to forgive the perpetrators, our bitterness becomes a distorting and deadly poison in our hearts which will kill our very selves as persons. This is why the Saviour calls us in the Our Father and in the Beatitudes to forgive — yes, even as he told the Apostles, to seventy times seven, and more.

How do we accomplish this? How do we pray for our enemies? Archimandrite Sophrony, of blessed memory, gives the solution: Kyrie Eleison, Gospodi Pomilui, Duomne Milueste, Seigneur Aie Pitié, Lord Have Mercy. This simple prayer, he says, covers everything. It does not tell the Lord what to do, for it recognises that He alone knows what is best. Instead, in this prayer we offer to Him our pain, our anger, our suffering and anguish, and our fear. We also offer to Him those who have inflicted the pain. In so doing, we allow the Lord to heal our broken and fearful hearts. In so

continued, next page . . .

doing, we give Him the opportunity to bring the evil-doers to repentance—which is, after all, the main point of everything.

God alone is the Judge of all, and He alone is the administrator of His own justice and righteousness. He alone knows the hearts of all. He alone can correctly deal with those who commit evil. Just as He is the Good Shepherd who sought us out in our fallenness and united us to His love, just so can He seek out even the evil-minded. It is not for nothing that we, in the Anaphora of St Basil the Great, ask the Lord to “make the evil be good by Your goodness.” All this is embraced by, and accomplished in the prayer “Lord, have mercy.” Let us ask the Lord to have mercy on us, to heal us, to bring repentance to all, to stop the cycle of violence and retribution, and to bring peace—and to let it begin with us, the faithful in Christ, to His glory.

Another pilgrimage To Kyiv and Moscow

From 26 August to 4 September, I had the blessing to be a part of the representation of our Orthodox Church in America at two large events in Ukraine and Russia. Our Chancellor, the Archpriest Dennis Pihach, was also a part of this delegation, whose leader was Archbishop Herman of Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania.

The first events were in Kyiv, where there was the commemoration of the 950th anniversary of the founding of the Dormition Lavra of the Kyiv Caves. This took place at the Lavra itself on 27-28 August, which is the feast of the Dormition of the Theotokos on the Old Calendar. There were delegations of one to six persons, all headed by bishops, from every Autocephalous Church in the world. At the Divine Liturgy, served outdoors, at the entrance to the newly-rebuilt Dormition Sobor of the Monastery, there were over 70 bishops concelebrating together with Metropolitan Volodymyr, the head of the Autonomous Ukrainian Orthodox Church, which is the canonical Orthodox Church there (there are, since the independence of Ukraine, also two splinter groups). Several tens of thousands of faithful participated. As usual, afterwards there was a procession around the entire monastery with blessing of holy water. This year, there were rain showers to emphasise God's blessing, for there had been a notable drought in that part of Ukraine until that day. Also notable in Kyiv was the presence of the relics of the Apostle Andrew, which had been brought the week before by Archbishop Christodoulos of Athens. On the evening of the Dormition, there was a gala performance of song, music, and dance in the National Opera House in

Kyiv, co-sponsored by the Ukrainian Orthodox Church and the government of Ukraine. The President of Ukraine, Leonid Kuchma, was the chief sponsor. He had invited all the religious leaders of Ukraine, and he exhorted them all to strive for unity, for the sake of the country.

The other events were in Moscow, primarily for the celebrating of the 40th anniversary of the consecration to the episcopate of Patriarch of Moscow, Aleksy II. He had been given the responsibility of the episcopate in his youth, in the days of great persecution, first in Tallin, Estonia. At the end of communist days he became Metropolitan of St Petersburg, and then the Patriarch of Moscow. Under his strong leadership the Russian Orthodox Church has not only rebuilt churches, but also re-established structures of social service, and renewed the formation of the hearts of the faithful.

On 1 September at the Donskoy Monastery, there was a celebration of the wonder-working Donskoy Icon of the Theotokos. The original was present from the Tretiakoff Gallery for the faithful to venerate. In the evening, the Patriarch blessed the foundation of a new church in a Moscow suburb, saying that this sobor would likely be second in size to Christ the Saviour Cathedral, where, on Sunday, 30 bishops concelebrated at the consecration of a new bishop.

On Monday, 3 September, the main celebration of the Patriarch's anniversary was observed with Divine Liturgy and over 60 bishops serving with him. It should be noted that in one of his speeches, Patriarch Aleksy commented about our Church, which has always tried to be supportive: “The Orthodox Church in America used to



Bp Seraphim greets His Holiness, Aleksy II, left, at the celebration of the Patriarch's 40th anniversary of episcopal consecration.

be our daughter Church, but here she has now become our Sister Church.”

†Seraphim

New council convenes, Uses fresh format

The Archdiocesan Council of the Archdiocese of Canada, some members of which were newly appointed or elected at the diocesan Assembly in Edmonton in July, held its first meeting of the triennium at Holy Trinity Sobor, Winnipeg MB, October 26 – 28.

At first, and as has been usual, Council heard reports of the Ruling Bishop, the Chancellor and Treasurer, the various Deans, and some members of Council with specific portfolios. Then, early in the second day of meeting, members were divided into working “units” to discuss planning and budgeting for the next three years. These units are: *Administrative*, dealing with diocesan administration

and finances, investments, properties, bylaws, and relations with the Central Administration of the OCA; *Programmes*, dealing with charities, seminary scholarships, missions, youth, ecumenical affairs, and immigration; and *Communications*, dealing with all diocesan publications (*Messenger*, various translations in French and Russian, the parish directory, web page, etc.) and possible planning for pilgrimages and displays at future assemblies and sobors.

At the end of these unit sessions, one person from each group reported findings and plans to the Council as a whole for any questions or further (brief) discussion. As Bishop Seraphim later noted, this new format went so well on its first trial that he envisions it to continue to be used in future meetings, the next of which is proposed for Montréal (The Sign of the Theotokos), March 1 – 3, 2002.



In Winnipeg, Manitoba on October 27, 2001: the new Archdiocesan Council grouped for a photograph after Vespers at Holy Trinity Sobor. Pictured from left to right are Mr Rod Tkachuk, Edmonton; Dr John Hadjinicolaou, Montréal; Mr David Grier, Saskatoon; Fr Rodion Luciuk, Assistant Dean of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, Yorkton SK; the Chancellor, Fr Dennis Pihach, Edmonton; Igumen Irénée (Rochon), Montréal; Fr James Griggs, Kingston; Fr Larry Reinheimer, Calgary; His Grace, Bishop Seraphim; the Western Office Secretary, Protodeacon Andrew Piasta, Edmonton; Mr Geoff Korz, Hamilton ON; Fr Lawrence Farley, Dean of British Columbia, Surry; M Denis Lessard, Montréal; Mr David Rystephanuk, Sandy Lake MB; and the Eastern Office Secretary, Ms Olga Jurgens. Absent from the photograph with a blessing because of prior commitments were Fr Robert Kennaugh, Dean of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, of Winnipeg, and the Treasurer of the Archdiocese, Mr Nikita Lopoukhine of Ottawa.

'Miloserdie' work continues

Here is a little report about the work of the "Miloserdie" or "Mercy and Compassion Group" at Holy Resurrection Church in Vancouver for the last several months.

You may already know about the priest Nicholas Stremski and Matushka Galina who, with the help of their parishioners, built a wonderful church town. They adopted 48 children and organised a refuge for 25 older persons. In addition, God granted them recently their own child, a daughter, making the number 49.

Our group twice sent them money, and about six months ago we sent them 70 boxes with clothes, shoes, toys and chocolate. They received them a month ago. Then we sent US\$500 to the fund "Right of Mothers." This fund helps mothers who lost their sons in Chechnya, or in other military service. We also donated \$1000 to the Russian Orthodox church of Sts Cosmas and Damian in Moscow, to help orphans in Chechnya. Their "Miloserdie Group" regularly goes to Chechnya and helps the unfortunate children there.

Our "Mercy and Compassion Group" sent money and rubber surgical gloves to the Children's Hospital in Moscow, where are hundreds of dangerously sick children from different parts of Russian and other republics, and we have been helping this particular hospital for eleven years already. Currently, we have already packed 22 boxes of medical supplies and clothes to be sent to the canonical Church in Lviv, Ukraine.

Dear brothers and sisters in Christ, if you also want to help in any way with one of these organisations abroad, please write us, and we will be happy to give you all the necessary information. Our address is: Holy Resurrection Orthodox Church, 75 East 43rd Ave, Vancouver BC, V5W-1S7. There are, we know, other parishes in Canada with people who care about the needs of the poor. We hope these groups will be willing to contribute to meet these needs. And, if they are aware of other needs elsewhere, may they also write and let the other believers in Canada know. Our love in Christ can give life.—*Raissa Kolesnikov, Vancouver*

Teens enjoy SK retreat

Camp Kadesh on Christopher Lake, Saskatchewan was the site of the annual fall Teen Retreat this year. Teens met late Friday afternoon August 24th to drive to the camp where they stayed until Monday August 27th. Our group was midsize this retreat with around 36 teens, ages 13 to 17. This retreat's leader came to us from St. Mary's Cathedral in Minneapolis, where he had moved (just four days before) to fill the position of Youth Director.

Reader Ron Tucci graduated from St Tikhon's Orthodox Seminary two years ago. Since then he has worked

for the OCA Youth Department, under the direction of Fr Michael Anderson. He has served often as a retreat speaker during his two years with the OCA Youth Department and is very enthusiastic about working with youth.

Our theme was "Making the Correct Choices," and Ron did an excellent job of leading the teens to recognize the many situations where we may face choices and where our faith would direct us. In each of the five sessions throughout the weekend, Ron gave a brief talk and then had the teens break into discussion groups. At the conclusion, the whole group met to share their thoughts. We also viewed an excellent movie, "Pay It Forward" which stimulated good discussion about choices in the main character's life and how these choices affected those around him.

Along with these sessions, time for prayer, for Liturgy and for fellowship, there was time for outdoor fun and exercise. We were blessed with sunny and warm weather at this lakeside facility. One of our parishioners brought his motor boat, water skis, life jackets and tubes and dedicated his days to manning the boat while teens lined up to have fun. Two more adults served us with their lifeguarding skills. With paddle boats and other water toys available to us, we made the most of it. Churches were built in the sand, some with medieval moats and others with domes similar to Hagia Sophia. There was also enthusiastic singing around an outdoor campfire. We were blessed with a dedicated kitchen staff who provided lovely meals.

It seems that every retreat continues to provide an important time of growth and fellowship for our teens. The relationships formed carry on with Internet access, email and chat rooms when the teens are not able to be together face to face.—*Lorraine Grier, Saskatoon*

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*Dedicated to the memory of St Tikhon,
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Archbishop Arseny (Chahovtsov),
and other missionary labourers
of the Orthodox Church in America.*

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Bishop Seraphim's Visitation Itinerary December 2001 – March 2002

2 Dec	Halifax NS: Mission of St Vladimir
6–7 Dec	Toronto: Orthodox-RC bishops' dialogue #1
16 Dec	Kuopio, Finland: Installation of Archbishop
17–31 Dec	Alberta deanery
6 Jan	Ottawa: Annunciation/St Nicholas
7 Jan	Montréal: Sts Peter and Paul
10–21 Jan	Kyiv and Moscow
21–22 Jan	Toronto: CCC church leaders
2 Feb	New York: St Vladimir's: ordination
16 Feb	Surrey BC: St Herman's: ordination
1–3 Mar	Montréal: The Sign of the Theotokos: Archdiocesan Council

Pastoral Notes

1 September 2001, **Archpriest Maxim Baranovski** was appointed Priest-in-Charge of St John the Divine's Church in Windsor, Ontario.

1 September 2001, **Priestmonk Simeon (Weare)** was granted retirement.

1 September 2001, **Priest Anastasy Richter** was appointed Third Priest at St Herman of Alaska's Church in Edmonton, Alberta.

16 September 2001, at St Herman of Alaska's Church in Surrey, British Columbia, **Subdeacon Kevin Miller** was ordained to the Holy Diaconate. He is attached to St Herman of Alaska's Church in Surrey.

28 October 2001, at the Divine Liturgy in Holy Trinity Sobor, Winnipeg, Manitoba, after the Archdiocesan Council meeting, **Deacon Andrew Piasta** of Edmonton, Alberta, and **Deacon Raphael Cole** of Winnipeg, Manitoba, were elevated to the dignity of Protodeacons of the Archdiocese.

New frescoes, icons In Winnipeg sobor

On Sunday, October 28, at the conclusion of the Hierarchical Divine Liturgy, Bishop Seraphim blessed the magnificent new frescoes and icons gracing the Altar area of Holy Trinity Sobor in Winnipeg, a temple which was consecrated by Patriarch St Tikhon in 1904.

The iconographer for both the frescoes on the Altar walls and the icons above the Royal Doors is Vera Senchuk of Winnipeg, who is the student of Vladislav Andreyev of New York.

Directly behind the Altar, Ms Senchuk has painted Christ enthroned, with the Theotokos and the Forerunner on either side. In the area of prothesis, to the left, are depictions of the Nativity, the Crucifixion, and St Tikhon. To the right, in the vestry area, is the Protection of Alaska, a fresco depicting both St Herman teaching children, and St Peter the Aleut. It should be noted that included in this portrayal, in the lower right hand corner, is the Blessed Matushka Olga with the equipment of a midwife, she who is already considered a saint in Alaska.

The two icons above the Royal Doors are, on the left, the Baptism of the Lord, and on the right, the Holy Transfiguration. These were the generous gifts of the Davidson and Juce families of Winnipeg.



"The Protection of Alaska": note how Ms Senchuk has worked around the light and heating fixtures, as well as on a mitred surface.

The geography of two seas: Two ways of life

As we listen to the Gospel readings from week to week the Sea of Galilee is mentioned quite often. It is where Jesus told the disciples to launch out into the deep and let down their nets, resulting in a catch of fish so large that the nets were bursting. This is also the sea where Jesus walked on the stormy waters and where He calmed the waves. It is also on the shores of the Sea of Galilee that Jesus shared a meal with the disciples after His Holy Resurrection, demonstrating that He had arisen bodily.

Through these Biblical stories one gets a picture of the Sea of Galilee as a place teeming with life, both in the sea itself and all around it, as people used the sea's bounty to earn their living, its shores as a place of commerce and meeting, and the sea itself as a means of transportation. It appears to be the centre of life in the Lord's time.

But take a look at a map of the Holy Land. Galilee is on the edge of the action. The centre, Jerusalem, is much closer to another, larger sea, called the Salt Sea in Jesus' time. Why is the Bible so silent about this sea? It is because there is no life there. The salt concentration was then and is now so high that fish, animals, and birds cannot draw their life from this sea. If the sea cannot support life, people will not choose to congregate on its shores or fish in its waters. It is even so inhospitable that it is not good for transportation. Today this sea is known as the Dead Sea.

Why are these two seas, so close together in the same part of the world, fed by streams from the same mountains, so different? The answer: the Sea of Galilee has an outlet while the Dead Sea does not. The Sea of Galilee takes in water from the rivers and streams flowing into it and gives water out through its outlet, the Jordan River. The Dead Sea only receives, it does not give. The lack of an outward flow has resulted in an accumulation of salt that has killed it.

People are like these seas. We all receive from the source of our life—God. Some give away a portion of what they have received, and they are alive. Some only accumulate and do not share what they have been given. They choke and die. The difference between us and the seas is that we have a choice. We can choose to have an outlet or not. There is no doubt what God wants us to choose. He wants us to choose to be alive like the Sea of Galilee, both receiving and giving. It is puzzling how many of us choose the way of death, of living a life that is not alive.

We think there are many reasons why we choose the way of death and do not give. However, after the camouflage is removed, we can clearly see that it is lack of faith that lies at the base of all our reasons for not giving. We think that if we give a portion of what God has given us to the church, or to a charity, or directly to the poor, that we will not have enough for our needs. This is simply lack of faith that God will provide for us.

But, if we do not give because we lack faith, how do we get faith? We build it, just like muscle, through exercise. Today, we can begin to increase our faith by exercising our God-given ability to choose to give. Tomorrow, with our small amount of increased faith we can give more and build even more faith. Step by step, just as in an exercise program, we can choose life rather than death. A life that was not alive can be made alive.

Take a lesson from the Seas and from physical exercise. Give and watch God increase your faith—and give you life abundantly.—*David Grier, Saskatoon*

Places of rest

A recent newspaper article, "Hut as Haven," underscores a need that Christians have known for centuries—the need for solitude—based on the Lord's admonition: "Come apart and rest awhile" before you just come apart!

The Orthodox, in particular, have known this for a great many years—that a simple place of prayer and meditation is good for the heart. The *izba* of the common folk, the temporary *shalash* in the fields, described in Ivan Turgenev's story, "Living Relics," and the *kelias* of the monastics have always been with us. Yet, in our day, more and more Orthodox, *even in Canada, even in cities*, are discovering the value of a small backyard place of prayer, a modest domestic chapel, as a valuable part of their daily cycle of prayer, where simple enjoyment of nature is combined literally with repentance on "their patch of ground."

A good deal of contemporary interest in "meditative huts" emerges from the subculture of voluntary simplicity, those consciously desiring Escape from Affluenza, or Flight from the Third Mortgage, rediscovering that time is indeed honey! But here, we must be careful, because the Orthodox Faith is not an alternative lifestyle, not a subculture emerging as a backlash to modern, media-driven lifestyles. It is the Lord's healing in all aspects of our lives, with our feet planted in today's earth. Asked by the Lord to make the best of what we have been given, in practical terms, it may well include a place of prayer in our backyards—or our basement, or even in some quiet corner apart.

We must always remember that, while the world goes after the hut, it is one of those things that we have never quite lost. Our grandparents' lives were ones of practical, *involuntary* simplicity. The hut was often enough their first home, made of log and clay, or a "soddy," their summer kitchen, or their ice-house. "Insatiable is not sustainable" was not a bumper-sticker slogan to them. Before that, it was not an uncommon phenomenon in Eastern Europe, or in Greece, even to this day, to see a domestic chapel, a small place of prayer. Indeed, such places are often even along the sides of roads: a little shrine sheltering one or more icons, and a lit lamp within. In Québec, there are some of these still from their "good old days."

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Not made of paper or canvas, but
Real Saints!

When we think of the saints of the Orthodox Church sometimes we think of them out in the desert, or persevering all alone in a monastic cell. Being with others, enjoying others, even missing others to the point that they had to struggle to return to whatever they were supposed to be doing, is not what comes to us. But it should, because besides leading a life of repentance, showing mercy, and often weeping over the misfortunes of their fellow-men, the saints displayed real love and human interaction. It is documented in many of their *Lives*, but it appears almost between the lines, as often the struggles and virtues of the person exemplified in word or deed are the focus. But from these relationships and accounts of their conduct in certain situations, we can piece together the whole person, with all of his or her soul, as well as physical and spiritual qualities. These were wonderful, fully-operational, emotionally-alive people whose whole lives were sacrifices to the Lord. They fully lived and fully related to those around them!

Among the examples of holy love between saints is the life of *St John of Kronstadt*, who lived in the 20th century, dying in 1908 in Russia, a saint with great healing gifts, gentle to children, tireless in his activities. He served in Kronstadt, a place where the sailors, derelicts and outcasts ended up. He had a friend, *Fr Jonah Atamansky*, who lived in the south, in Odessa, also a seaport. Like Fr John, Fr Jonah also had great gifts of healing, deliverance, foreknowledge. And the two priests loved and appreciated each other. If a person from the south came to St John, he would say, "Why did you come to me? You have Fr Jonah, go to him!" Fr John sent Fr Jonah a beautiful set of white vestments with cornflower blue cuffs, and Fr Jonah was so fond of them that he asked to be buried in them, and he was (in May, 1924). There was no jealousy between them, but a strong bond of brotherly love. Of course, they had very little time to visit each other, as each was busy doing what was before him; yet they were wonderfully joined as brothers and faith-contemporaries.

Another example is a story of love between believers that has endured 600 years! *St Paul of Obnora* of Russia, who spent three years living in a big, hollowed-out linden tree, had a friend, *St Sergius of Nurma*, who had actually started out on the Holy Mountain, Mt Athos. He came to Russia because he had heard that the Lord was doing great things there, and the two hermits lived three miles away from each other in the wilds. As one writer describes, "with spiritual joy the two great ascetics became acquainted with each other, they practiced mutual counsel in all their spiritual undertakings and often visited each other,

strengthening each other in advanced labours... Whenever St Sergius would visit his spiritual son, St Paul, filled with great reverence toward him, would accompany him for two-thirds of the distance to his monastery, and this place of parting was marked right up to the 20th century by a chapel, a witness of their mutual love." He just did not want to part with him, so he would walk him most of the way back!

In the lives of the saints, love transcended all. Once in the time of *St Tikhon of Zadonsk*, a brother in the monastery had bought his fish for Palm Sunday, and a friend arrived before the weekend, but could not stay until the Feast. So the friend cooked up the fish, and they sat down to eat it—even though the calendar said "no fish today"—and just as they picked up their spoons, in walked St Tikhon of Zadonsk. They both felt so embarrassed for being "caught" eating the fish before the right time, but he looked at them and said, "I know what you are doing. Love is greater than sacrifice! Do you have another bowl?" And he sat down and ate with them, even though he normally tried to keep just right the food-ways of the Church during Lent. But St Tikhon knew love was greater!

It is amazing that some of saints loved each other even when they were from different centuries! They had a great devotion to a particular person and a warm love of him! When St Tikhon's relics were discovered in a church that was being repaired, the Bishop in charge hurried to the place and the moment there was enough room, in the little area where the body lay behind a wall of rubble, the Bishop squeezed in. He had loved St Tikhon all of his life. With tears streaming down his face, he held the relics to him with such joy, as if it were his own brother. And of course, he was his spiritual brother!

This same Tikhon, who lived around the time of the French Revolution, 1770s, had a friend named *Fr Mitrophan*. When Tikhon moved to another monastery, he and Fr Mitrophan missed each other so much! Their short letters to each other are filled with great love, but also with resolve to do the Lord's will. "For this we became monks," St Tikhon wrote, "but oh, that our mansions would be side by side in heaven!" They encouraged each other: "Do not be lonely, keep persevering!" And when St Tikhon was sick, he sent for Fr Mitrophan: "come quickly if you still want to see me alive!"

In our own day, we have *Elder Porphyrios* of Greece. He is so interesting because he taught his parrot to say "Lord have mercy on me a sinner," and long after Elder Porphyrios would be tired, the parrot would still be praying! The Elder would say, "See! My bird is a better Christian than I am, when I konk out, he's still going!"

One time Elder Porphyrios, who loved the Lord so much that he would forget where he was, went down the street in a Greek city blessing houses, and walked right into a brothel, and blessed it! "Father! Do you know what you

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. . . *Our elders in the faith* . . .**Real saints**, *continued from p.7:*

blessed?" the people asked him. And he answered, "If they knew the love the Lord has for them, they would not live that way!" Elder Porphyrios, had many spiritual children for whom he prayed and who, as a result of his prayers, experienced many blessings. These spiritual children were scattered all over the world, but he would communicate with them by phone right from his monastic cell.

A holy man named **Fr Sophrony** began a monastery in England. (Some in our diocese have visited this Monastery of St John the Baptist, and our Bishop goes there from time to time.) This Fr Sophrony wanted to meet Elder Porphyrios, so he phoned him. The two were so busy that the Elder said that it was too far for either of them to travel. He proposed instead that they meet at a certain hour in prayer together, just where they were. After calculating the time difference, they used to join their hearts together in the Jesus Prayer regularly, one in England and the other in Greece. It is said that they had come to know each other in spirit, through this distance-joined prayer.

The saints are not stiff but fluid in their love, and really alive in their personalities as well as in their hearts. No two are the same, nor were their lives lived in little boxes, nor was faith a penny they had to carry between their knees, so that if they did not walk a certain way, they might drop it. They were natural in emotion, in expression, in love. They were unaffected. Some were very learned, but their approach was not "intellectual." Others were uneducated, like St Siluano who had only two winters of schooling. But when they spoke it was with wisdom. Some were even fond of telling the silly things that happened to them, like **St Joseph of Voronezh**, who was going to be made the cell-attendant of Elder Amvrosy of Optina, and when they came to announce it to him, he was in the kitchen scraping sour cream out of some cups with his finger, and simple-heartedly licking it off. He just said, "oh, forgive me... I'm always eating!"

And then there was another who loved to give children apples or pennies to buy buns, or **St Innocent** who used to play ball with children. Or another who almost fell off a high bell-tower when he leaned on the railing and it gave way. A force threw him backwards the other way and he staggered down, white and weak. The people asked him, "What happened?" "Give me some tea and then I'll tell you!" he said, just as any ordinary person who really got scared would say.

These are real people, real lives with real relationships, with God and with others. Not made of paper or canvas, but **real saints!**

—*from a talk given at the Fall Teen Retreat at Camp Kadash, Christopher Lake SK, sponsored by Holy Resurrection Orthodox Church, August 24 – 26, 2001, led by Fr Philip Eriksson, Saskatoon.*

Tatiana M. Somow

Tatiana Mihailovna Somov (nee Bourda), was born on September 27, 1901 in St. Petersburg, Russia. She was the youngest child of three in the family of Dr Michael and Claudia Bourda (nee Houdsinski). The family lived in Odessa, at the Black Sea, in Ukraine. Her father was a renowned physician with a large medical practice in the city. He also taught internal medicine at the local university.

Since the age of four, Tatiana was educated at home by three tutors: Russian, French and German. In order to enhance fluency in these three languages, all members of the family spoke French on Mondays and Tuesdays; German on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and Russian the rest of the week. Thus Tatiana learned these three languages in her childhood.

Tatiana graduated from the high school in 1918 during the turmoil of the Bolshevik Revolution, just prior the siege of Odessa by the Red Army for the first time. The older generation of the Bourda family fled to Istanbul. Tatiana did not follow them. Instead, being in love, she got engaged to a junior lieutenant from the Russian Imperial Airforce, and followed him to the Airbase at Simferopol, at Crimea. In 1919 the White Army pushed the Bolsheviks out of Odessa, and the Bourdas returned back from Istanbul just in time to bless Tatiana to marry her fiance, the lieutenant Ivan Y. Musatov. The newlyweds then moved back to Simferopol where he was stationed with his squadron. In effect, Tatiana followed her husband to war.

In early 1920, the Bolsheviks occupied Odessa for the second time, and the Bourdas fled again to Istanbul. In the meantime, in Simferopol, Tatiana gave birth to her first child, a son named Alexey, in memory of the Prince Alexey, the son of the last Emperor of Russia, Nicholas II. Little Alexey and his parents Ivan and Tatiana, were evacuated by the French navy among the thousands of members of the White Army under General Denikin, after they were forced to give up the last piece of Crimean territory to the overwhelming forces of the Red Army, in October 1920. They came to Istanbul and linked there with Tatiana's parents. Her brother Vsevolod joined them too, forced by the events to leave his wife Sophia and daughter Helen in Moscow, in the newly established Soviet Union. Later, he moved to France where, by that time, already, his sister Natalia and her husband had settled. Vsevolod's family luckily enough were able to come to France too.

In the years after the emigration, the hundreds of thousands of Russian refugees who found themselves in Turkey began to spread all over Europe, and later, the whole world. Tatiana and her husband Ivan received both the Landed Immigrant status and scholarships from the Czechoslovakian government, and went to Prague to study at the University. Tatiana chose to become a lawyer, her husband, an engineer. The son Alexey stayed in Istanbul

. . . *Our elders in the faith* . . .

with the grandparents. After some time, when Tatiana became pregnant again, she decided to travel to her parents in Istanbul. Her second son Andrey was born there, in 1923. Later, she returned to Prague in order to continue her studies. It was quite common among the Russian emigrants in those days that the grandparents took over the responsibility of bringing up their grandchildren, in order to provide an opportunity for their grown married children to get the so-necessary education in the new homeland.

In Istanbul, the Bourda family included Dr Michael Bourda, his wife Claudia, her sister Emily, and two nannies, who took the responsibility for the care of the grandsons Alexey and Andrey. Everything seemed to work well, but in 1924 the Turkish government decided to expel most of the Russian immigrants from the country. The Burda family moved to Romania, to the city of Kishenev. Shortly after this relocation, Dr Burda had a heart attack and passed away. His widow Claudia took her grandsons Alexey and Andrey, and her sister Emily, and together they moved to Paris, into the house of her son Vsevolod.

Meanwhile Tatiana and her husband were still studying at the university, and were not able to take their children home. Already there were signs that their marriage might not survive. Eventually, they separated and later divorced. According to the judgement, the custody of their children was divided between them. Custody of Alexey was passed to the father, and of Andrey to the mother.

Tatiana moved from Prague to Bratislava (Slovakia), where she began working in the library and was able to bring Andrey from Paris to her newly established home in 1929. This reunion did not last long. Tatiana became ill with tuberculosis and was treated in a special hospital for a quite long time. Her son Andrey was admitted into a Russian Residential School in Moravska Trebova. He later moved with the school to Prague, and graduated from the High School in June of 1941, two weeks before WW II broke out there.

Tatiana remarried in 1938. Her second husband, Pavel O. Somov, a Civil Engineer by profession, moved from job to job throughout the country of Slovakia, as he was building bridges, dams and roads. In 1951, the family finally established permanent residence in Bratislava. They lived there till Pavel's death in 1984.

Tatiana's son Andrey, fled Czechoslovakia in 1968, and brought his family to Canada. They lived first in Ottawa, and then settled in Surrey BC. He worked for the Canadian government in Vancouver. He sponsored his mother Tatiana, and she arrived here in 1985. She lived with her

son and his family for eleven years enjoying very much her new home. She became a Canadian citizen in September of 1989, almost as a gift for her 88th birthday. Tatiana became disabled after breaking her hips (the left in 1996 and the right in 1998). After the second fall, she spent seven weeks in Vancouver General Hospital, lost weight, and almost died. Thanks to God's will, she survived this ordeal, and was admitted in the Brock Farni Extended Care facility

in Vancouver. On June 1, 2000, she moved to the Dainard PAVILION at Surrey Memorial Hospital, where she has happily lived since. It has been in this challenging environment that Tatiana began to learn to speak English, acquiring her fourth language when she has great difficulty seeing!

Like children of similar Russian families of that day, Tatiana was formed in Orthodox Church life. She raised her family in a similar way, as much as the turmoil of the times would permit. As she knew and still knows by heart many melodies, prayers and liturgical texts, so it is with her son Andrey, who later became a deacon and a priest of the Orthodox Church in America. As life in the Church was part of her nature, so it was with her

son. For instance, as a child he was taken by her to Church in Bratislava, in Slovakia. There he started serving in the altar, and became an altar-boy. As it happens, he served for Igumen Nikon (de Greve), who later became Archbishop of Toronto and Canada for the "Metropolia" (now the OCA).

There is a characteristic combination in Tatiana M. Somov of elegance, noble manners, hospitality, interest in those around, and awareness of world affairs: a strong character, practicality and a sense of humor. All of this was shown as she attended the Divine Liturgy, in her 100th year, in her wheel-chair at Holy Resurrection Church in Vancouver, during the Altar Feast, and at the dinner afterwards. Elegantly dressed, she was feted and toasted by both those who knew her, and by those who had just met her. She responded to comments in all her four languages, directed the singing during the prayers, and expressed her gratitude to all. On departing, she and Anatole E Portnoff (a parishioner with a similar history), exchanged greetings in Russian, and, in parting, touchingly kissed each others' hands.

The celebration of her 100th birthday reflects on the life of many thousands of Russian emigrants, and encompasses the whole era of Russian history of the 20th century. She is one of a few Russians still living who saw with their own eyes the last emperor of Russia, Nicholas II and members of his family, and now, the renewal of her native land, and even the canonisation of this emperor and his family. May God grant her many more years!



Tatiana M. Somov

Katherine Moisiuk

On April 1, 2001, the congregation of Holy Trinity Orthodox Church in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, honoured Katherine Moisiuk for her lifelong commitment to the Church. Liturgy included prayers for Kay and the singing of Many Years. A pot luck dinner followed in the church hall. Fifteen of Kay's nieces, grand nieces, and nephews who live nearby attended as guests.

Parish President Mike Daniels spoke briefly, acknowledging Kay's years of service, for she had held nearly every possible position in the Ladies' Aid and, most recently, the extremely demanding treasurership of the parish. It was from the latter position that she "retired" after discharging these responsibilities of 33 years. For the past few years, she juggled maintaining the church financial records and battling with serious medical and visual problems. Many were stress-related, involved emergency room stays, and kept her confined to her home. But God in His Providence brought into our parish one who is willing and able to assume the duties of treasurer, thus clearing the way for Kay to step aside. The President presented her a free-standing plaque inscribed with the words "In appreciation for your many years of dedicated service as treasurer. May God bless you. From the parish of Holy Trinity Orthodox Church." Parish members presented Kay with a vase of cut flowers and a basket of assorted organically-grown food items, all wheat- and sugar-free, for her nourishment and enjoyment.

Kays' life has all the characteristics of a best-selling historical novel. Born in the 1920s, the second and only currently surviving of three daughters of Bukovinian immigrant parents, Kay's earliest memories of Sundays during Saskatchewan's winters included bundling up in warm clothing for the half-hour walk to church. They pulled the baby and wood for the fire on a sled across the frozen CPR tracks. First to arrive, her father, Peter Yavorski, built the fire in the basement coal- and wood-burning heater while the children warmed themselves on the grating above as the worshippers assembled. These, too, were eastern European immigrants who worked long and hard in the flour mills, meat-packing plants, railroads, and farms, as they raised their families and maintained contact with the faith of their ancestors.

Kay's mother, like others of her generation, developed "cottage industries" (e.g., doing laundry for others, providing room and board to single male labourers, etc.) to supplement the meagre breadwinner's wages and to provide full support when illness or injury eliminated him from the workforce. Entrepreneurs before the word was known to them, Kay's family acquired and operated a grocery store and devised a way to keep supplies of eggs and dairy

products chilled before refrigerators were invented and even before electricity became available. Because of the difficulty and inconvenience of using blocks of ice, her father built a wooden structure which he inserted inside the deep cold well; only he and his wife were allowed access.

Depression and drought in the 1930s was a difficult time. There were green crawling bugs eating all the vegetation and entering windows and cracks in buildings. Social services were in embryonic states. Kay's father was among many hired by the city quarry, where he earned \$9 a month. Mothers lined up each week for 2 lbs of beans and 5 lbs of potatoes, and occasionally carrots and beets, if farmers donated them. In every neighbourhood, individual families owned a cow and a few chickens to supply dairy products and eggs. It was necessary to purchase, or barter for, flour, salt, sugar, and meat. But mothers made their own yeast from a previous batch of bread!

Children contributed by finding briquettes that fell from passing trains and collecting wheat left in the edges and corners of railroad cars. With earnings from shoveling snow or helping with house or yard work, they were sometimes able to buy a few candies. A special delight was to trade one jawbreaker for one bag of sunflower seeds with farm kids in school. Kay's father bought old railroad ties from the CPR and made sawhorses for sale, but had to give the owner of the saw two ties for the saw's use. Ties were also used as fuel in winter. The parents must have absorbed the stress because Kay's perception is that "Everyone was happy!"

When a flu-like epidemic necessitated a quarantine of the Moose Jaw hospital and forced her sister and premature son out of the maternity ward and nursery, Kay, then 14, became nurturer. She incubated her nephew in a box on the open oven door, treating his eyes and feeding him with a medicine dropper. She quietly rejoices at the miracle of God's mercy in allowing him to survive and become a 6'2" father of two and grandfather of five before he succumbed to lung cancer in 1986.

Kay's formal education ended abruptly one night while she was in grade eleven when a fire destroyed their living quarters and the grocery store. They escaped to their uncle's home wearing only their nightgowns. There were no charitable or disaster-relief agencies; the girls stayed indoors and wore their nightgowns until their mother obtained fabric and sewed dresses for them. Without clothing or money for books, pencils and paper, they could not return to school.

Instead of defeating Kay, these trying circumstances of life filled her with energy and determination. She learned everything she needed to know in the world of work as she assisted her husband in the operation of their grocery business in Regina for 25 years. After the store closed each day,

continued, last page . . .



Kay Moisiuk, seated, with some of her family.

Sealed with the kiss

Once upon a time, we Christians concluded our liturgical gatherings with a liturgical kiss, sealing all that we had prayed with the apostolic sign of unity. As scholars tell us, it was probably exchanged “at every Christian *synaxis* (or gathering) . . .” The original place for the giving of the Kiss of Peace was “immediately after the prayers at the conclusion of the Liturgy of the Word, for its pristine purpose was to conclude the *synaxis* of readings and prayers . . . [it was common] for Christians to exchange the Peace, especially after prayers at the end of a gathering before being dismissed.” (Taft, *Great Entrance*, pp. 374, 376). That is, the exchange of “the holy kiss” (1 Cor. 16:20), dating from apostolic times, was the way the early Church commended its prayers to God. After praying together, they sealed all their work with the sign of love.

How did this work? In the earliest times, it would seem that the kiss was given indiscriminately, between all Christians, of whatever gender. Each would greet his or her neighbours standing around them, bidding them the Peace of Christ, saying “Christ is in our midst!” (or some other greeting). In St John Chrysostom’s day, in Antioch, the kiss was given on the lips. (Perhaps this is why it was soon changed!) Anyway, by 200 A.D., long before Chrysostom, men and women were segregated in their giving of the kiss, and when it was exchanged with those standing on either side, it was then exchanged only among those of the same gender. Indeed, during Chrysostom’s time, men and women stood on opposite sides of the church. Thus, clergy in the altar exchanged the Peace with fellow-clergy, men in the nave exchanged it with men, and women with women.

But though the mechanics had changed (to preserve propriety as the Church grew in size and composition), the underlying principle remained the same: the Church still sealed its prayers with the Kiss of Peace. At the Eucharist, this had the added function of mutual reconciliation before offering the eucharistic Sacrifice. Had not the Lord Himself said “If you bring your gift to the altar and there remember that your brother has something against you, first be reconciled to your brother and then come and offer your gift”? (Mt. 5:23-24). Thus the kiss remained the way that baptized Christians acknowledged one another liturgically. It was always exchanged in church as an integral part of the worship.

But, alas, many forms of participation once integral to worship tended to fall away. It used to be unthinkable that baptized Christians would abstain from receiving Holy Communion at the Liturgies they attended, yet this form of saving participation started to fall away and “non-communicating attendance” (as it is sometimes called) became the norm. Thus what was once done by

all present, continued to be done at every Liturgy only by the clergy. The clergy received Holy Communion, while the people (or most of them) abstained.

It was the same with the giving of the Kiss of Peace, which also began to fall away. By as late as the 10th century (scholars tell us), the kiss was still given by all. But by the 11th century, it began to be exchanged only by those in the altar, and a 13th century Georgian version of Chrysostom’s Liturgy prescribes that the priest, when serving alone, omit the kiss entirely—since there was no one else in the altar with whom he could exchange it. (Taft, *op. cit.*, p. 395). Thus today, despite the diaconal command to exchange the kiss, most Orthodox do not, in fact, exchange it (though the Copts still do at their Liturgies).

In many places, however, the kiss, like the weekly reception of Holy Communion, is being restored (though not without the same controversy that once accompanied the restoration of more frequent Communion). Its restoration does not disrupt the service, nor degenerate into a warm and fuzzy charismatic “hug-fest.” At my own parish of St Herman’s in Langley BC, the faithful simply turn to those on either side and exchange the greeting, saying “Christ is in our midst!” I actually timed it once! It took 10 seconds.

But importance cannot be measured with a clock. (If it comes to that, how long does it take to receive the life-giving Holy Communion?) For the exchange of the Peace, simply and reverently given, does something to the people. It knits them into a family, breaks down the barriers which sin has erected between brother and brother and, sealing what they have already prayed, prepares them to stand together at the Holy Chalice.

This, it seems, cannot be done with the same effectiveness any other way. For, as C.S. Lewis reminded us in his *Screwtape Letters*, Man is an animal, and whatever our bodies do affects our souls as well. Thus, we have a need to exchange the Peace in a bodily way, actually greeting one another, and not just thinking loving thoughts about our brother, as if we had no bodily existence.

Our experience at St Herman’s in Langley, I would suggest, confirms the timeless wisdom of the Church. From apostolic days, the Peace was given as a part of the Church’s assembled worship. The invitation to exchange it has continued even until now in our Liturgy—and it continues to be exchanged by the clergy, whenever two or more serve together. Let us heed and accept the Church’s invitation. Let us greet one another in the Lord’s Peace. “Let us love one another, that with one mind we may confess Father, Son and Holy Spirit, the Trinity one in essence and undivided!” —Archpriest Lawrence Farley, Dean of British Columbia, Surrey BC



Places of rest, *continued from p.6:*

For those who want to, and those who can, this resurgence of interest in a quiet place is something we Orthodox might want to take up personally, in keeping with our roots. In design, it need not be fancy (certainly not the “Eastern” meditative architectural design worth \$150,000 for a 10’ x 10’ space as described in the article!) but simple and practical, and very much in keeping with our personal lifestyle and budget. As one may notice from the Intercession List, some already have done so, and these places are, indeed, in keeping with the means of the families.

Above all, the cabin, hut, room, or corner must be dedicated to prayer to the Holy Trinity, and to peace. And of course, if possible, why not let it face the East, the direction in which we pray?

Iconography workshop, lectures

From May 24 – 26, 2002, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, renowned iconographers Vladislav Andreyev and Dmitri Vladislavovich Andreyev from the Prosopton School of Iconology will be giving a series of lectures on the theoretical aspects of the iconographic tradition, and from May 27 – June 1, they will lead an icon-painting workshop. For more information, or to request a brochure of details, please call Sr Carmela Lukey, SSMI, at **(204) 589-3159**.

Kay Moisiuk, *continued from p 10:*

she worked on the financial records, which included payroll for 19 employees. On weekends she commuted to Moose Jaw to church and to supervise the care of her mother. She was active in the building of the church hall in the 1950s, the founding of the Ladies’ Aid in the 1960s, and in the expansion and bricking of the church buildings. Later she took part in the church choir. At the same time she was providing care for her husband in his declining years and later for her mother.

Upon Kay’s return to Moose Jaw in 1968, she took over the office of church treasurer from her brother-in-law. An active sales representative for a variety of quality products, she has provided not only the necessities, but also the pleasantries of life for herself and her family. From her home she has, for many years, ordered and sold the decorated Pascha eggs as a fund-raiser for the church. She also does phoning for the perogie-making ladies even up to the present time. She contributes generously to local, national, and worldwide charities and relief organizations, never forgetting what it feels like to be in need.

When one visits Kay, he or she is aware of the many answers she experiences as she labours in prayer. The gramota she received in 1995 was, in the words of one of our members, “long overdue.” May God grant her Many Years!—*from the notes of Matushka Eva Balevich, Moose Jaw SK*

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