

Christ Church Cathedral

Christ Church Cathedral, P.O. Box 31442, Whitehorse, YT.

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Christmas 2020



A Message from the Dean's Desk

The Very Reverend Bert Chestnut



I am sitting here this morning thinking about the Advent Season we are presently in. It's dark outside, just outside my office the cathedral is in darkness except for two (2) small candles lighted on the altar, helping me to remember those who are affected by COVID-19 and the many, many people who offer up themselves in the presence of harm and viral danger to care for the sick and needy. They are the true angels of the season.

I have spent a great deal of time reflecting back on this year, wondering what all this is about and where it may be taking us as a civilization. I don't think I need to say out loud that part of me would like to just write off 2020, but then there is another part of me that needs to look at the mercies and graces that have been offered selflessly to us throughout this difficult time. In St. Matthew's gospel the great commission reminds us that we are never alone:-

Matthew 28:18-20 ¹⁸Then Jesus came to them and said, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. ¹⁹Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, ²⁰and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age."

The following is the opinion of the writer and no one else, certainly not the Anglican Church of Canada. Maybe, just maybe,

we needed the pause button to be pushed so that we had opportunity to step outside ourselves and reassess life and creation around us. We spend so much time, as a society looking after our own selfish needs, while we give very little time to considering creation or even those who are less fortunate than we are. God created this beautiful blue marble, we call our island home full of plants, animals and, of course, the first beings. Even with God's clear instructions, humans spent no time proving we were capable of hearing other voices than God's, and what was the result...our downfall and removal from the Garden. Humankind have spent endless generations destroying God's perfection, in fact, we are reminded of the flood story when God destroyed all but eight (8) people so that the world could begin again. Still God's messages have gotten lost in the "busy-ness" of the day. Covid has gotten the attention of the entire world and given us opportunity to be thankful for what we have, including our health, but most of all, each other. I was commenting only recently that I am not a fan of masks because they separate us on several levels, yet they are necessary for the times. We all need to be a little more thankful for what we have and cherish. We need to show a little more love for those around us, especially those we find difficult to love.

May we all enter into 2021 carrying with us the joy, hope and love of the Advent season which has a tendency to grow our hearts just a little bigger.

I wish you and yours a very Merry Christmas, a blessed Advent season and a very happy, healthy year throughout 2021.

Bert Chestnut

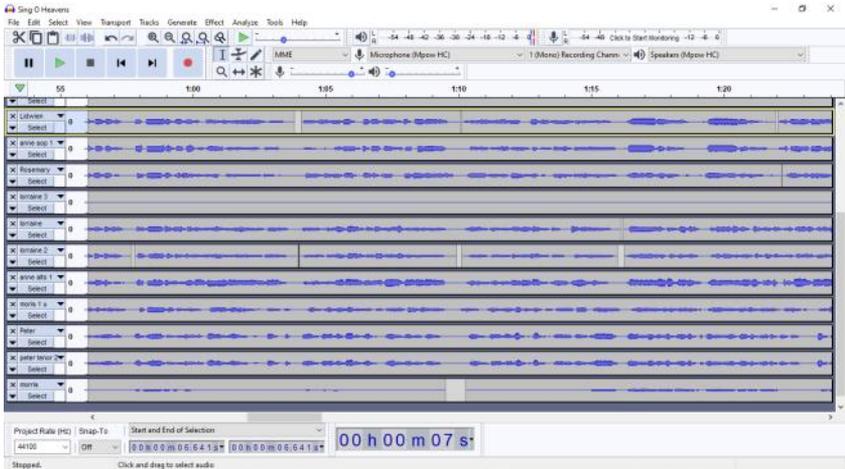
News Roundup

Common Threads , Men's Chat on Zoom, Keep Fit , and Zoom Choir have been continuing. Archdeacon The Ven. Sarah Usher has been allowed into the Whistle Bend facility to conduct services in one house at a time. The Rev. Elsa Kolm Cheeseman has been conducting services remotely. The online Morning Prayer services on Sundays are likely to become permanent.

The Zoom choir has prepared the Carol Service, which will be released on Sunday evening, December 20 at 7 pm. It will be on the diocesan page on Facebook, and also downloadable from the diocesan website: <https://anglican.yukon.net/>

Zoom Choir

Zoom choir came together only on Zoom. Anne made the sheet music available to each singer, and introduced new music to the choir over Zoom, and produced practice audio for singers to use between meetings. She made recordings of the accompaniment for each carol. Sometimes there were cue lines as well, to help various parts to find their notes and timing. By November, singers were invited to recording sessions to record their individual tracks. They listened to the accompaniment through headphones, and Anne could also hear the accompaniment through her headphones. Her husband, Peter, made the audio recordings, and then spent hours aligning the different tracks to build a full choir and accompaniment. One perk was that some singers occasionally recorded more than one part in the same song, whereas in a live performance they have to choose one. Peter used the program Audacity to do this. (see first picture)



Also at the recording sessions, Anne took videos of each singer. When the audio was complete, she produced the video, putting together the full sound with the various videos, and pictures, adding subtitles for the hymns so that viewers can sing along. This was done using Openshot:



The final result went to Facebook for December 20 at 7 pm.

A Central African Christmas

As I drove a lady from Fort McPherson to church one morning at 10:00 at this time of year, the sun rise was pink and full of promise in a mostly clear sky. It seemed to be the same sky as I saw in a setting sun on Christmas Eve a long time ago.

On Dec. 24, 1971, our first long-leave from missionary teaching at the Copperbelt, University (Then Zambia Institute of Technology) was almost over. It was the day before Christmas. We were hurriedly driving our Volkswagen, station wagon, called a Variant in African and E411 in Canada, north through Zimbabwe as fast as we could, to be back 1160 kilometres north to Zambia by New Years day.

We arrived in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. The stores were just closing down for the holidays. We managed to allow our two sons to visit the, now, near depleted, toy department to ogle the meagre selection of toys, never seen in Zambia. They understood we had no extra money or space for anything but very small gifts in our tightly packed vey small station wagon. However, they were encouraged to pick out Christmas gifts for each member of the family. We left Bulawayo centre, driving the forty or so kilometres back south to Matopos National Park.

We arrived in the park as the sunset. We quickly found suitable a campsite beside a towering five-metre-high egg-shaped granite rock. This was not an oddity, as the park was full of protruding egg-shaped rocks. We could see no sign of other campers. We four, all gathered wood in the nearby



bush for the night, being careful not to put our hands anywhere that a scorpion or small snake may be resting before its nightly hunt. The boys cleared a fire-place in the cream coloured coarse quartz sand at the base of our now claimed rock. They carefully levelled three larger dried logs each 120 degrees from one another that would feed the small Bantu type fire. The boys competently lit and tended the fire in a safe responsible manner, while a proud dad watched discreetly, while inflating, with lung power, the three air mattresses that made up our sleeping arrangements within the small station wagon.

The night was calm and skies were clearer than glass. The air was perfumed by the flowering tree as the short rains were over. While squatting around the small fire, the boys roasted lengths of bratwurst sausages on green sticks they had competitively fashioned, while my wife rested our battered war-surplus mess tin of maize meal, *nshima*, (*The African stiff cornmeal porridge*), on the top of the three logs, while constantly stirring until it was cooked and thickened. (*Maize meal was our staple travel food as it was light to carry and we had not seen potatoes in Zambia.*) We ate and cleaned up in the early evening.

The stars appeared one by one seeming especially bright as the last vestiges of the day light sank quickly from warm red-den sky to utter blackness shortly after six o'clock. Our rock backdrop, gently radiating the now-welcome heat of the day as well as firelight. We sang Christmas carols. My wife and I took turns reading out-loud the Christmas story.

The boys were so excited they wanted to stay up to get their presents at midnight. We knowingly agreed to do so. We

banked up the fire with more wood, and read until the boys, now in their pyjamas, curled up on the sand, in front of the fire to drifted off to sleep. My wife and I stretched out close together on the still-warm sand. On our backs, we marvelled at the beauty of the night. We held hands, both wonder-filled to be outside under the stars on this warm Christmas Eve. Struck dumb by the magnitude of the Milky Way silently drifting directly above us in an endless procession across our view, we remained in reverent silence.

After many minutes, a lion roared from a great distance away. A hyena seemed to answer. That earthly sound broke the spell.

It was now a few minutes before midnight. We returned to the light of the campfire to add wood to the glowing embers. We looked down on our two sleeping boys. We were very moved by the peace of the moment.

We gently carried them to their awaiting air mattresses.

We all slept with a God-given gift of great peace. We awoke shortly after dawn's light at six on Christmas morning. I got up first to cook cornmeal porridge and scrambled eggs over the resurrected fire that still had coals from the previous night. At seven the boys were fully awake, when we shared the small gifts, that we had bought each other. The emotion of the moment filled my eyes with tears of joy and appreciation as we wished each other, "Merry Christmas". We hugged and held hands as we all gave thanks for all around us.

Christ was born!

Don Cheeseman

From the Treasurer

FINANCIAL UPDATE AS AT NOVEMBER 30, 2020

Total revenue for the first eleven months of 2020 was reported at \$136,886.38 which is 111.97% of our budgeted annual revenue of \$122,250.00. It is to be noted that Revenue is overstated by \$33,005.07 resulting from a) Recoveries of \$16,740 which represents the payment of Rector's Rent for 2020 by the Diocese that was offset by Rector's Rent of \$16,740 in property expenses and b) Partial proceeds from sale of 21 Tatchun of \$16,265.07 which was offset by full payment of Yukon Housing Loan on the balance sheet. Both of the above were only book keeping entries.

Without these entries, Revenue would have been reported at \$103,881 (85% of budgeted revenue).

Expenses were reported at \$115,666.00 representing 79.36% of our budgeted annual expenses of \$145,756.00. We, at the present, are well within this budget. Please note that expenses included the book keeping entry of Rector's Rent of \$16,740 whereby expenses would have been reported at \$98,926 or 67.87%.

In view of the Covid-19 pandemic, we will continue to utilize our offerings to cover upcoming operating expenses. Fortunately, we were able to contribute in November: **\$9,000.00** (\$4,500 to Shared Offering & \$4,500 to Rector's Stipend), payment of **\$16,740** towards Rector's Rent and **\$4,513.53** representing Diocesan's share of maintenance costs for 2019 which was applied to Rector's Stipend. To date we have paid \$57,353.53 towards our budgeted annual commitment to the Diocese of \$73,699.27 (\$6,133.27 per month). As at Nov. 30, 2020 we are approx. **\$16,346** (2.7 months) behind in our commitment to the Diocese.

As previously reported, a new carpet in Hellaby Hall is scheduled to be completed in the Spring of 2021 and hopefully, in the interim, the hall

will be painted. The cost of the carpet has been mainly covered by a kind and generous donation.

Please remember that bills need to be paid and you can still bring your offering in your envelope with a cheque (no cash please) to either the church (open 9:00 A.M. - 12:00 Noon - Tuesday to Friday) or send it by mail to P.O. Box 31442, Whitehorse, Y.T. Y1A 6K8.

Thank you.

Bob Dempster

Please keep our finances in prayer to make our target for 2020.



If you enjoy the pictures, consider sending yours to the Cathedral by email, or to Anne Coates.

Deadline for next edition is March 7.

“The Almighty appeared on earth as a helpless human baby, needing to be fed and changed and taught to talk like any other child. The more you think about it, the more staggering it gets. Nothing in fiction is so fantastic as this truth of the Incarnation.”
-J.I. Packer

“...And then, just when everything is bearing down on us to such an extent that we can scarcely withstand it, the Christmas message comes to tell us that all our ideas are wrong, and that what we take to be evil and dark is really good and light because it comes from God. Our eyes are at fault, that is all. God is in the manger, wealth in poverty, light in darkness, succor in abandonment. No evil can befall us; whatever men may do to us, they cannot but serve the God who is secretly revealed as love and rules the world and our lives.” -Dietrich Bonhoeffer

“Faith is salted and peppered through everything at Christmas. And I love at least one night by the Christmas tree to sing and feel the quiet holiness of that time that's set apart to celebrate love, friendship, and God's gift of the Christ child.” -Amy Grant

“You can never truly enjoy Christmas until you can look up into the Father's face and tell him you have received his Christmas gift.” -John R. Rice

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Christmas Events

Sunday December 20:

Holy Communion	8:30 am
Holy Communion	10:00 am
Carols Service	7:00 pm

Christmas Eve:

Holy Communion	7:00 pm
Holy Communion	10:00 pm

New Year's Eve:

Holy Communion	10:00 pm
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Regular Events/Activities

Sunday Services:

Holy Communion	8:30 am
Holy Communion	10:00 am
Morning Prayer (Facebook)	11:00 am

Weekly:

Common Threads	Tuesday	9:30 am
Men's Chat (Zoom)	Wednesdays	10 am
Keep Fit	Wednesday	10:30 am
Choir (Zoom)	Thursday	7:30 pm

Monthly:

Vestry (Zoom)	2nd Tuesday	7 pm
The Gathering	2nd* & 4th Monday	6:30 pm