



**St. Luke Cedar Hill**

[www.stlukesvictoria.ca](http://www.stlukesvictoria.ca)

*"a beacon in the community, illuminating  
many ways to encounter God"*

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# The Prescription

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## Fall 2024

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**St. Luke’s Rector:** The Reverend Daniel Fournier

**Editors:** Sharon McMillan and Barb Prescott

*Cover photo by Sharon McMillan*

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*(All unattributed pictures in this edition are from websites that offer free photos for non-commercial use)*

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We embrace the knowledge that the Ləkʷəŋən and W̱SÁNEĆ peoples are the original custodians of the lands on which we gather. Their traditions are a blessing that can open our hearts and minds, and they are bearers of ancient wisdom that can give us hope.

## From the Editors

*Sharon McMillan and Barb Prescott*



Welcome to this issue of *The Prescription*. Thank you to everyone who sent in pictures and articles for this issue. We are always happy to receive your contributions! We also appreciate feedback and suggestions as to what you would like to see included in *The Prescription*.

The submission deadline for the next edition of *The Prescription* is **Friday, November 29<sup>th</sup>**. Please keep sending us your articles, photos, poems, and other creative endeavours to [communications@stlukecedarhill.ca](mailto:communications@stlukecedarhill.ca).

### Change is a Gift

“The Gift of Change” was the title of an e-mail from Church Council of Lutheran Church of the Cross to their congregation as they are going through a time of transition with Pastor Lyle’s retirement. This title made me think. I, like many others, don’t like change too much. For example, we have lived in our present house since before our daughter was born. I am content with that and not anxious for a change.

But what if we looked at change as an opportunity instead of fearing it? I think of this as we continue to look forward and think of what our future at St. Luke’s will look like. As Brenda has outlined in the Words from the Wardens (page 4), our buildings have cost us a lot this year. At some point in the future, the hall, cottage, and rectory (SIC) will need to come down so that a new building can be constructed. We have talked about this redevelopment over the last few years and we are still working out plans as to how to move forward. Our church will stay but we need to think of other ways the building can be used. It is an expensive building to maintain to be used for only the equivalent of one day a week – Sunday mornings, an hour on Thursday mornings, several hours on Thursday evening for choir practice, and an additional hour once a month for Reflections. Could we make the space more flexible so that it could be used by other groups, which would help pay for its upkeep?

But of course, St. Luke’s is more than its buildings. While we have to maintain our buildings, the people, programs, and spreading Jesus’s teachings through our actions are at the heart of what we are as a church community. How do we reach out to be the church for the community and not just for ourselves? A quote by Dietrich Bonhoeffer that I mentioned in “My St. Luke’s Story” talk comes to mind, “The Church is the Church only when it exists for others . . . not dominating, but helping and serving.” How can we help and serve our community?

May we look at this time of change at St. Luke’s as a time of opportunity, as we examine ideas for redevelopment and think of how we can serve and help our community.

Thanksgiving Blessings to all  
Barb



*Food donations for the Shelbourne Community Kitchen are very welcome at Thanksgiving and throughout the year, one of the ways we can help our community.*

*Photo credit: Sharon McMillan*

## From the Rector's Desk

### A Quiet Thanksgiving

by the Rev. Daniel Fournier



Dear Friends,

I have been thinking long and hard about what I would say for this year's Thanksgiving *Prescription* edition. Over the years, I have talked about what it means to be thankful for our lives, our friends, our family, for all the gifts that we have been given. We are indeed a blessed people and God has been so generous with us. In other years, maybe even my first year among you, I talked about the dreaded "Brussel Sprout" and my opinion regarding them, and did some reflecting on what sort of food we would be having for our Thanksgiving meal.

Finally, upon deep reflection, it came to me, or should I say that the experience of Thanksgiving came to me specially packaged.

One of my favourite places to walk is in John Dean Park on the Saanich Peninsula. In the summer, Joan and I returned to this favourite park and on that day something so powerful occurred. It was the sound of almost nothingness amid the beauty that surrounded me. I listened, and I could not hear traffic, people, shouting, most any other sound, except the sound of nature. Birds tweeting, branches breaking, the sound of a brook in the background. I was so floored by this, but it made me realize how much I missed the silence. How much I missed the absence of chaos around me. In the silence, I was able to appreciate the beauty of God's orderly creation all around me in perfect, peaceful harmony.



*A Peaceful Place*  
Photo credit: Barb Prescott

On another occasion, while Joan and I were travelling around southern Saskatchewan, we had the opportunity to drive to some places where there probably wasn't a single soul for 10 km in any direction. We were driving down dirt roads in the middle of partly combined wheat fields. In fact, the only sound we could hear was that of crickets, since there is an infestation this year, and I admit they were pretty noisy. Still, it was a different kind quietness that was much appreciated and which stilled my soul.

Perhaps these examples are the reason my favourite Old Testament passage is from First Kings chapter 19, where God is revealed to Elijah, not in the wind or the earthquake or the fire, but in the small, quiet voice - in the silence.

We live in an environment where there is so much noise, whether it is traffic, people getting angry with each other, or media overload, or so many kinds of other noise pollution. No wonder so many people seem to be living in such high stress realities and that their personal health is so impacted by this.

How do we come to appreciate once again and even incorporate, deliberate silences, and time to just be still? How can we even hear God's voice speaking to us if we're surrounded by so much interference and competition for attention?

How do we introduce into our lives deliberate silence when we can, where we can just pay attention to God's voice? Perhaps a start to this would be to be intentional about silence even in our worship. Perhaps we don't have to rush into the next reading or the next hymn or the next movement, but to bring some silent pauses into our liturgy.

I am so thankful for the realization that I need silence in my life, and for the gift of silence. May we experience God's gifts of silence this year during this month of Thanksgiving and may God bless you...and your silences!

With a thankful heart,  
Daniel +



## A Note to Daniel from a Parishioner

The animal service was such a blessing. Your ministry of love for all God's creatures was beautiful. The animals knew it. They knew they were loved and accepted.

*See more pictures of the Blessing of the Animals Service on page 15.*

## St. Luke's Decorated for Thanksgiving



*Thanksgiving 2021 and 2023*

*Photo credits: Sharon McMillan and Barb Prescott*

# Words from the Wardens – October 2024

*by Brenda Morgan*



The slow easy days of summer have all too soon passed. Here at St. Luke's, we took advantage of the quiet rental season during the summer months to get a few things accomplished. For us it was no question of "easy days"; it was the season of fixing things, sprucing things up, and having a general clear-out.

In the church, the basement has been cleared, thanks to a few energetic people who generously offered their time. It was an enormous job, but all the miscellaneous paraphernalia of many, many years has been disposed of. A huge thank you to the clean-up team.

The stage floor, which had been disintegrating for years, has been replaced. It was a huge endeavour because the entire area had to be cleared. It's amazing what's hidden back in the wings. It all had to be done when the other rental groups were taking a break, so we could have minimal disturbance. The Players kindly shared some of the cost with us. They say the floor is working well for them now. The play this month, "Jury Room", is the test.

Meanwhile, we realized that the kitchen needed some more repairs too. Now that we are renting out the kitchen more frequently, we know we have to keep it to a reasonable standard to pass muster with Island Health. The dishwasher needed repair, and the old faucets needed to be replaced. We have added another cabinet, which Sharon McMillan found at a good price, and the whole kitchen has been repainted. Again, this was a monumental job. The entire room had to be cleared, and then restocked after the painting was done. It did give us a chance to streamline what we needed and go through everything again.

The Rectory needed some repairs too. Unfortunately, the heat pump broke down. South Island Counselling helped by sharing the cost of the repair with us. The wooden deck and the stairs were rotten and needed replacement. We decided to go with a much smaller profile, replacing the large old deck with basically just a landing and stairs. At the front entrance, we have added a safety railing at the bottom of the stairs, and a much-needed hand railing for the last few stairs.



*Before and after of the deck and stairs repair at South Island Centre*

In the cottage, the bathroom needed work, and now we find we have drainage dampness issues there too. We are trying to find economical ways to deal with that problem.

All our decisions to make repairs have been based on health and/or safety. We have had a costly summer, but all in all, we are managing to keep the old buildings going. As our buildings age, we can expect things to wear out. We cannot be surprised at this. If we wish to continue to serve the community by sharing our spaces, then this becomes "the cost of doing business". For those of you

who have been inconvenienced by all the work, we apologize, but we hope you will be happy that we've managed to keep it all ticking over.

While our buildings have been causing problems, we have also been given proof of why we work towards keeping St Luke's together as a family. So many people came together to help with the repairs and all the work that needed to be done. A big THANK YOU to them. Further, we have collected \$3,875 in donations, which is amazing. We would like to thank all those who have donated so generously towards all the repairs. Your support is a testament to your deep connection to St. Luke's, and it is greatly appreciated. Our biggest resource is definitely our helpful and generous congregation. Our gratitude is inexpressible.

The Wardens wish you a very happy Thanksgiving. Blessings on all of you.

## A Fresh Face For Our Kitchen

*pictures by Sharon McMillan*

The hall kitchen got a facelift over the summer and it looks marvellous! The old wood cabinets were painted grey and the walls and ceiling were painted white. The kitchen finally made it into the 21<sup>st</sup> century and it is now Food-Safe.

Many thanks to everyone who helped - many hands make light work, as they say.



Three cheers to our Wardens, Heather Simpson and Brenda Morgan, for shepherding this project through to completion!



## Dates to Note: October through December 2024

Date	Event
Sunday, October 20 <sup>th</sup>	<b>Reflections Service</b> – 4:30 - 5:30 pm in the church
Saturday, October 26 <sup>th</sup>	<b>Community Cemetery Cleanup</b> – 9:30 - 11:30 am
Sunday, October 27 <sup>th</sup>	<b>Celebration Sunday</b> – 10:00 am service, followed by lunch. A service to celebrate our blessings at St. Luke’s and observe the Festival of St. Luke, transferred from October 18 <sup>th</sup> . <b>No 8 am service this Sunday.</b>
Thursday, November 7 <sup>th</sup>	<b>No Stone Left Alone Ceremony</b> at 1:15 pm Grade 8 students from Cedar Hill Middle School students visiting St. Luke’s Cemetery to honour the veterans.
Friday, November 8 <sup>th</sup>	<b>Fantastic Friday (aka Messy Church)</b> – 4:30 - 6:30 pm
Sunday, November 10 <sup>th</sup>	<b>Service of Remembrance</b> to recognize veterans in St. Luke’s Cemetery – 10:00 am
Sunday, November 17 <sup>th</sup>	<b>Reflections Service</b> – 4:30 - 5:30 pm in the church
Saturday, November 23 <sup>rd</sup>	<b>St. Luke’s Christmas Bazaar</b> – 10:00 am - 2:00 pm
Friday, December 6 <sup>th</sup>	<b>Fantastic Friday (aka Messy Church)</b> – 4:30 - 6:30 pm

*Unless otherwise noted, Sunday services are at 8 am and 10 am.  
Watch for more information about Christmas services closer to Christmas.*

## Your Support is Always Gratefully Received...

Contact the Parish Office if you would like to help  
**as a Reader or Liturgical Assistant**                      **with keeping the grounds tidy**  
**or by donating to the Altar Guild for flowers**

**Financial support of St. Luke’s is always welcome.**

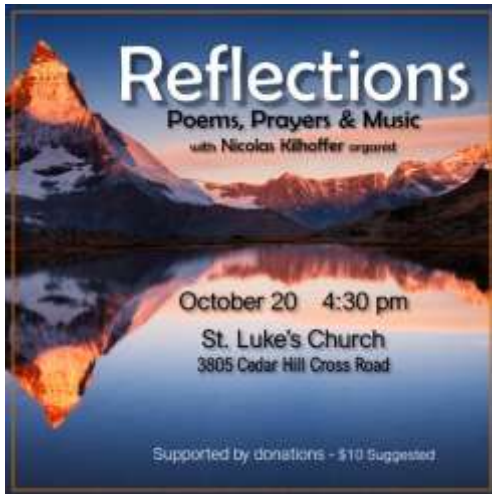
Make an extra financial donation to St. Luke’s by:

- **Cheque or Cash** (collection plate, mail it, drop it off at the hall, or have it picked up)
- **E-Transfer** (from your bank account)
- **Credit Card** (Canada Helps)
- **PAR** (Pre-Authorized Remittance Program, also called automatic debit)

Visit the **Donate** page at the website (<https://www.stlukesvictoria.ca/donate>) for more information about making financial donations.



## Reflections – Sunday, October 20<sup>th</sup> 4:30 pm



The featured musician at October Reflections Service is organist, Nicolas Kilhoffer. Born in 2002 in Eastern France, Nicolas Kilhoffer ([www.nicolaskilhoffer.com](http://www.nicolaskilhoffer.com)) first studied piano at the age of 7. He began organ lessons at the age of 10, and was admitted in 2017 to the Strasbourg Conservatory where he studied organ, piano and harmony, graduating with highest honours in 2024. Since then he's been performing concerts regularly, including in France, the US, Australia and Kenya, and attending and teaching organ masterclasses.



Nicolas is currently on an exchange semester at UVic in the business program during the fall of 2024, and is excited to play our Casavant organ for the October Reflections service.

## Celebration Sunday is Coming!

Celebration Sunday is coming on October 27<sup>th</sup> and we hope to see many of you at the 10 am Celebration Sunday Service and the fully catered lunch afterwards. The service and lunch are a time to give thanks for the many blessings we have at St. Luke's and to thank all of you for all you do at St. Luke's, whether it is supporting the St. Luke's community through your prayers, your actions in volunteering to help in various areas, or through your financial contributions. It takes all of us working together to be the community of St. Luke's. We are all part of the body of Christ at St. Luke's.



## St. Luke's Christmas Bazaar

Be sure to mark your calendars:

**SATURDAY, November 23<sup>rd</sup> 10 am–2 pm**

Your donations of antiques and collectibles, needlework and handicrafts, jams and jellies, home baking, jewellery, books, toys, items for the Little Elves Shoppe (for children to buy), silent auction items, vintage clothing and accessories, and miscellaneous "white elephant" items will be most appreciated.

No large furniture items please.

Please drop off items the week of the sale.

We don't have storage space for items dropped off sooner.

**Set Up - All day Friday, November 22<sup>nd</sup> (9 am - 3 pm)**

**Carol Turnham, 250-592-2842 Convenor**



# What Price, A Blanket?

*by Brenda Morgan*

I walk into my cousin's new family room, a new addition, and while I admire the room and the furniture, I notice a blanket hanging across the back of the sofa. It looks familiar, grey with a tartan pattern in watermelon-red. Can this be the blanket that I had taken with me to boarding school over six decades ago? It looks in excellent condition. My cousin tells me my sister gave it to her after my mother died. I lift up the corner and see that the label with my name is still there. This was the winter blanket, added to the lighter summer one when the weather in the Himalayas started to get frosty. It was from the days my family lived in India, before their emigration. It had been imported from England, made with the finest merino wool, tightly woven. The decades suddenly evaporate, and I am little again desperately homesick. I want my family; I want my home; I want my mother, and the warmth of the blanket doesn't offer the comfort I'm seeking. My cousin tells me to take the blanket home to Canada, seeing as it's mine. But I know it's best left in her house. It's best I leave that chapter behind. You keep it, I tell her, it's still in the family. I'm glad it didn't get sold. Anyway, what price the memories, the history, the emotions? She tells me she is surprised the blanket is so old because it is in such good condition.

It was, after all, the best quality merino wool—made in England.



I immigrate to Canada, leaving all my family behind. There, I buy a Hudson's Bay point blanket. I want something quintessentially Canadian. I'm impressed by the colourful stripes, the thickness of the blanket, the quality of the wool. Using it makes me feel somewhat Canadian. I'm happy to use it. I have a new country, a new marriage, and a new family. These are happy days, sometimes. I'm an immigrant and feel the loss of my old home, my family, my friends. I feel dislocated and foreign. The blanket feels warm, but its colours are of this new place I'm unaccustomed to. More than fifty years later, I still own it. Should I sell it? What price the memories, the emotions, the history? It's over half a century old, the blanket of an immigrant, still in excellent condition.

It was, after all, the best quality merino wool—made in England.

I read an account of the early history of British colonialism in Canada and the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, first given a royal charter to trade and then to acquire territory. Central to the history is the story of the HBC blanket, which begins to be sold about the year 1779. The blankets, produced in England and prized for their warmth, are traded with the Indigenous peoples for beaver pelts. The beaver, once ubiquitous, becomes almost extinct until the fashion changes and the fur is no longer needed for top hats. The blankets, however, continue to be traded, now for territory. The story of the blanket takes a sinister turn.

There is no vaccine for smallpox, not yet. One awful fact about the virus is that it continues to live and spread through surfaces like clothing or bedding. Are infected blankets sold by mistake? Do individual traders pick up infected blankets marked for the incinerator for nothing and then make the rapacious and evil decision to sell what they know is unfit to sell in order to make an enormous profit? Blankets now are being traded not just for pelts but for territory. Indigenous people are not just losing their land, but they are becoming terribly ill and are dying. The Indigenous population is decimated. Is it too

cynical to believe the British colonial government is making a deliberate decision to trade infected blankets for a massive land-grab? What makes this possible is that the blankets are so long-lasting and strong. They stay in good condition for years and can therefore be sold second-hand.

They are, after all, the best quality merino wool—made in England.

Through some random reading, I happen upon a startling piece of history. It is to do with the history of the place where now I live, Ten Mile Point, near Cadboro Bay. I know I live in the lands once occupied by the First Nations, and most of the meetings and events I attend give land acknowledgement to “the ɫəkʷən ɛnən people known today as the Songhees and Esquimalt Nations”, but the statement doesn’t give me an image of what was here before and what actually happened. The information I come across gives me that. It deals with the Douglas Treaties. The wily James Douglas, Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company, acting as representative of the British colonial government makes several treaties, and a particular one signed in 1850 was with the Tribe or Family of the Che-ko-nein. How much is lost in translation during these meetings? What do the chiefs of the tribes understand is happening? Nevertheless, whether or not they fully understand what they are doing, all the land from Gonzales Point to PKOLS (Mount Douglas) and east to the shoreline is given by them to Hudson’s Bay Company in exchange for £79, and blankets. What price, the blankets? We are talking here about part of Oak Bay, Oaklands, Uplands, Cadboro Bay, Ten Mile Point, University of Victoria grounds, Gordon Head, PKOLS—all for a bundle of blankets.

They are, after all, the best quality merino wool—made in England.

*Written on September 30, 2024, the National Day of Truth and Reconciliation. Dedicated to the memory of Murray Sinclair, seeker of truth.*

*Editors’ Note: For more information about the relationship of the Anglican Church and the early colonists to the land and the Indigenous peoples, please read “The Story of Our Church in This Land” by Jesse Robertson in the September issue of Faith Tides (<https://faithtides.ca/the-story-of-our-church-in-this-land/>).*



## St. Luke’s Choir Summer Party

St. Luke’s choristers and family members (including Penny, the cat) at their choir party on a lovely August afternoon. Some choir members, unfortunately, could not attend but were there in spirit!

*Photo credit: Susan Blackburn*

*Absent:  
Sharon McMillan and Mary Byrne*

# Put On The Armour of God

by Jane Palliser

I feel a very strong need to open conversations about prayer and spirituality, and about learning practices for a deeper connection to one another in faith. This is in order to live more deeply and openly as followers of Jesus, both within and outside of the church community. We have to put on 'the armour of God', to see how we all can work, live and pray in all aspects of our lives. Jesus used 'everyday life' as the backdrop for his teaching, meeting people where they are and using teachable moments.

I would like to share this wonderful website:



<https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/about>

*"This multifaith and interspiritual website, founded by Frederic and Mary Ann Brussat, is devoted to resources for spiritual journeys. The site's name reflects a basic understanding: spirituality and practice are the two places where all the world's religions and spiritual paths come together. While respecting the differences among traditions, we celebrate what they share in common."*

Living in this precarious world we need not only faith and tradition but tools and practices to process and contemplate our spirituality and faith in different ways and to learn and grow together with such resources as those recommended on the website above. The courses are relevant to our individual lives and purpose as we are Christ's hands and feet in the world, no matter our age or stage. These courses can be done at your own pace online. I can lead little demo sessions as needed and follow up with 'check ins'.

I am raising the subject of "how to live spiritually" to help people become aware that their everyday life is the context for their relationship with God. Probably they will find out that they are spiritual, and that these tools have served them well. We are talking about how to live and walk in 'the way.' Often church life provides us with inspiration, community and food for thought, but it doesn't show people how to put this into action. I find this resource 'Spirituality and Practice' takes the knowledge and wisdom and applies to our lives. It is time to awake and to know that we can pray, listen and be active participants, living purposely, each and every day, being the church in the world.

My mother-in-law was a wonderful example of this. She became bedridden and received care from many agencies and care workers. She was told by her priest that she had a 'listening ministry', listening to workers, their lives and stories.

I was able to create an art and spirituality group at St. Peter's Lakehill from 2016-2020, where we used art as a way to access our spirituality and God, within a creative community. We called it '**The Life Spirit Art Studio**'. It was initially funded by the Diocese, thanks to the support of Deacon Wally Eamer and Rev. Lon Towstego.

I would really appreciate hearing from fellow parishioners, is there is interest in learning to 'live spiritually'? In becoming aware of our thoughts and feelings? Our attitudes can affect the way we do church and be church in the world, through everyday encounters and everyday spirituality. Perhaps we could create a group here at St. Luke's. If you are interested, please contact me via the Parish Office.  
Blessings, Jane



Photo by Sharon McMillan

## An Anniversary of Significance

Jane and Les Grant celebrated their **65<sup>th</sup>** wedding anniversary this summer.

Family and friends gathered at their house and enjoyed some great food, good company, and wonderful stories.

**Congratulations!**

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## World History 101

*by Ted Killough, August 2024*

What God creates  
makes humanity smile;  
then celebrate  
and cooperate  
for at least a while.

'Til thinking's changed  
by bile and guile;  
then greed and hate  
first desecrate  
and then defile.

Humanity tries peace  
this makes God smile;  
we celebrate  
and cooperate  
for at least a while.

Our thinking changed,  
we share and care;  
fight poverty and disease  
rebuild nations, plant new trees  
help earth up from its knees.

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*Substitute nature, another deity, spirit or force for God if you prefer.*

*Repeat these 4 verses ad nauseam to better understand humanity's past 30,000 years!*

# Renewal and Celebration

*photos by Sharon McMillan*

On August 10<sup>th</sup>, Tara and Jason Poilievre celebrated their 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary by renewing their vows in a beautiful setting at Camp Barnard, surrounded by family and friends.



# Amazing Journey Day Camp

*photos by Tara Poilievre, Barb Prescott, and Sharon McMillan*

Summer 2024 saw another very successful day camp, hosted by Lutheran Church of the Cross in partnership with St. Luke Cedar Hill. We had 37 campers and 19 youth volunteers, as well as 15 adult volunteers who helped for all or part of the week. The campers, teens, and adults had a great week!







# All Dogs Go To Church – And Some Cats Do, Too!

*photos by Jane Palliser and Barb Prescott*

On October 6<sup>th</sup>, thirteen dogs (or maybe more – they were hard to count!), five cats, along with thirty-two of their human companions came to St. Luke's to be blessed. Talk about a great day for dogs!



# A Letter from the Post Office

*from the Internet, submitted by Margo Hughes*

We don't know who replied, but there is a beautiful soul working in the dead letter department who understands **Love**...

Our 14-year-old dog Abbey died last month. The day after she passed away my 4-year-old daughter Meredith was crying and talking about how much she missed Abbey. She asked if we could write a letter to God so that when Abbey got to Heaven, God would recognize her. I told her that I thought that we could, so she dictated these words:

Dear God,

Will you please take care of my dog? Abbey died yesterday and is with you in heaven. I miss her very much.

I'm happy that you let me have her as my dog even though she got sick. I hope you will play with her. She likes to swim and play with balls.

I am sending a picture of her so when you see her you will know that she is my dog. I really miss her.

Love Meredith

We put the letter in an envelope with a picture of Abbey & Meredith and addressed it to God/Heaven. We put our return address on it.

Meredith pasted several stamps on the front of the envelope because she said it would take lots of stamps to get the letter all the way to heaven. That afternoon she dropped it into the letter box at the post office.

A few days later, she asked if God had gotten the letter yet. I told her that I thought He had.

Yesterday, there was a package wrapped in gold paper on our front porch addressed, 'To Meredith' in an unfamiliar hand. Meredith opened it. Inside was a book by Mr. Rogers called, 'When a Pet Dies.'

Taped to the inside front cover was the letter we had written to God in its opened envelope. On the opposite page was the picture of Abbey & Meredith and this note:

Dear Meredith,

Abbey arrived safely in heaven. Having the picture was a big help and I recognized her right away. Abbey isn't sick anymore. Her spirit is here with me just like it stays in your heart.

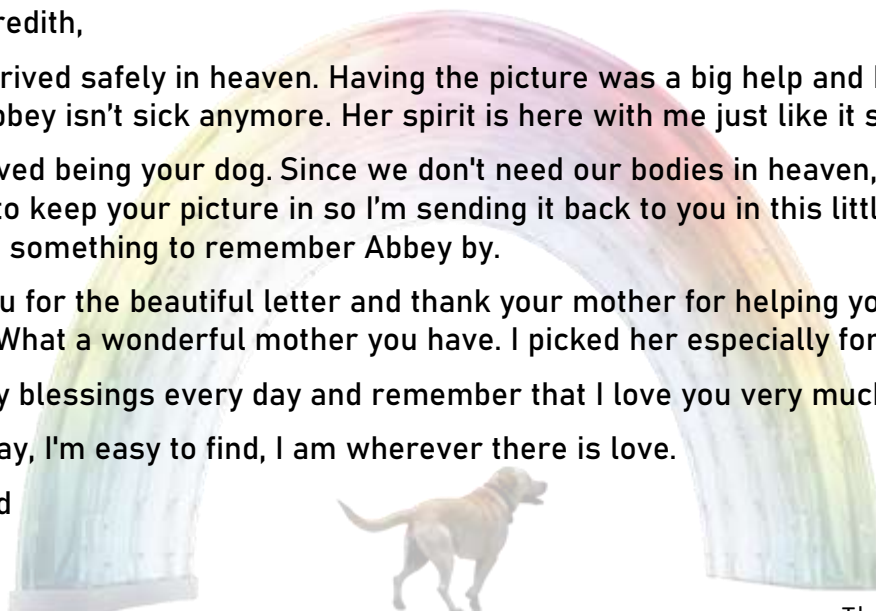
Abbey loved being your dog. Since we don't need our bodies in heaven, I don't have any pockets to keep your picture in so I'm sending it back to you in this little book for you to keep and have something to remember Abbey by.

Thank you for the beautiful letter and thank your mother for helping you write it and sending it to me. What a wonderful mother you have. I picked her especially for you.

I send my blessings every day and remember that I love you very much.

By the way, I'm easy to find, I am wherever there is love.

Love, God



## We Are Thankful - A Look Back 70 Years

*submitted by Gord Young, Lakefield Heritage Research*

Seventy years ago, in June 1954, the village of Lakefield, Ontario, was virtually sealed off from the outside world, while Dr. Hugh Gastle MD, MOH began what was termed a "snapshot survey/test" for the promising "Salk Serum" against polio. The term "serum" was used until the medicine had received full approval from the American FDA and the Canadian Dominion Ministry of Health and Welfare. Once those approvals were received, it could be called the Salk Vaccine.

The children of Lakefield from K to 12 were inoculated, as were the "over summer students" at the Lakefield Preparatory School. Given the "serum", but not included in this "snapshot study" were students who went to the Catholic High School which was in Peterborough. Perforce, that "violated" the study's mandate that it had to be students going to the Lakefield Public School and Lakefield High School. The teachers in both schools were also inoculated as a precaution but were not included in the study either.

Physicians were still working in something of a "grey area", in the prevention of polio, with things still to learn and set out. By mid-October of 1954, Dr. Gastle received word that his study had proven to be a unanimous success, and by early November, the whole of Peterborough County and the city of Peterborough began to receive the "Salk Serum". All of Canada had been watching and waiting.



Thus, with the approvals coming swiftly in early April 1955, children across Canada from Halifax and St. John's, Newfoundland to Victoria and everywhere north and south and in between were being inoculated with this life saving liquid. That program actually began in early January 1955, as the Dominion Government's Ministry of Health and Welfare gave the "go ahead" while the papers ground their way through the bureaucracy.

Churches of every denomination should give a service of thanksgiving to the physicians who were on Dr. Salk's research teams, the local physicians, who like Dr. Gastle spent their summer administering the much-needed localized testing, and to all the physicians across Canada who gave the children their shots during 1955. It was a Herculean task of administration and logistics, given the vast area of Canada, the Yukon, and the then Northwest Territories.

*[Editors' Note: Gord Young of Lakefield Heritage Research in Peterborough, Ontario, who contributed this story, regularly corresponds with Barb Prescott, regarding cemetery related information. Members of the Stewart family including George Alexander Stewart and Francis Harriet Stewart, who reside in St. Luke's Cemetery, have family roots in the Peterborough area. More information about the Stewart family is included on the [Links to Stories of Those Resting in St. Luke's Cemetery](#) page of St. Luke's website.]*

# Cemetery Updates

*by Barb Prescott*

It always seems a bit strange to provide updates from the cemetery but those resting in the cemetery are an important part of St. Luke's history. As well, the cemetery is still in use for current interments. Did you know that there are cremation plots and columbarium niches available in St. Luke's cemetery? Please speak to me (Barb Prescott) or to Neil in the Parish Office if you would like to buy one. The current price of a cremation plot is \$1,200, while columbarium niches are \$850.



We will hold a Cemetery Cleanup on October 26<sup>th</sup> from 9:30 - 11:30 am. I think sometimes that the saying, "It takes a village to raise a child", could be adapted to cemeteries and graveyards: It takes a community to help maintain a cemetery! Thank you to those who have come out to previous cleanups and please mark your calendar for this next cleanup. We also always appreciate when families come to clean family graves at other times.

*Liz Knight beside her family's grave which she tidied at the June Cemetery Cleanup.*

St. Luke's Cemetery has been fortunate to receive four markers for the unmarked graves of veterans through the Last Post Fund. The Last Post Unmarked Grave Program is available to eligible veterans whose graves do not have a permanent headstone or marker. The Last Post Fund is supported financially by Veterans Affairs Canada and by private donations. Read more about *The Last Post Fund Unmarked Grave Program* at <https://www.lastpostfund.ca/unmarked-grave-program/>. We recently submitted applications for Last Post markers for John Carman and Hector Thurburn.

In November, several ceremonies will take place to recognize veterans such as Charles Berry, whose wartime story is told in the following pages. On Thursday, November 7<sup>th</sup>, grade 8 students from Cedar Hill Middle School will walk to St. Luke's cemetery to recognize the veterans through the *No Stone Left Alone Program*. They will place poppy rocks on the veterans' graves to honour their service.

The November 10<sup>th</sup> Service of Remembrance at 10 am will recognize the more than 170 veterans in St. Luke's Cemetery. The number of veterans has grown as one of our community volunteers has identified more veterans while cleaning markers in the cemetery.



*A student places a poppy rock during last year's No Stone Left Alone ceremony*

Thank you for the donations we have received towards the cemetery upkeep (including the wall repair, building the steps by the shed, and pruning of the port laurel tree). These repairs earlier this year totalled just over \$5,000. To date, we have received \$2,865 towards these repairs. Thanks to St. Luke's parishioners and the wider community for your work and donations to help maintain St. Luke's Cemetery.

*Photo credits: Barb Prescott and a Cedar Hill Middle School Staff Member*

# Eleven Seconds to Survive

*by Claudia Berry*

“At the age of 19, the seriousness of war had finally caught up with me. It was exciting yes, but oh so indefinite.” These were the words of a modest man looking back on his life, a young man who faced petrifying fear on every sortie, 29 of them at low level, flying close to the ground, 50 feet or lower, and below deck-level on a ship. And in the end after just three months of flying, was one of only nine men left alive out of the original 162 to tell the harrowing story of RAF 107 Blenheim Squadron. That man was my father, Charles Richard Berry.

Imagine finding a 10-page hand-written story folded in four and tucked at the back of a desk drawer. The story had been written in August 1981 reminiscing back 40 years earlier to August 1941. It had been in that drawer undetected for five years only to be discovered after my father died in 1986. Now imagine reading the gripping first-hand account of a bombing raid, his very first Op, that made history and into the pages of LIFE magazine, Reader’s Digest and Illustrated London News but revealing a story that had never before been told and something that no one knew.



*Charles Richard Berry in his Victoria High School Graduation Photo June 1940*



*Charles, with his parents, Elizabeth and Roger Berry, in Vancouver on July 12, 1940, the day he enlisted in the RCAF*

This was the 19-year-old who had graduated from Victoria High School just 14 months earlier, who had come from a very poor Victoria family but, in spite of these circumstances, longed to travel and see the world. He always said his break came when war was declared September 3, 1939. He couldn’t wait to sign up but, at only 17 years of age, he had to wait until he turned 18 before enlisting.

July 12, 1940 was a very proud day for him. Accompanied by his parents, who came to see their youngest son off, he went to Vancouver to enlist in the RCAF – something that he had wanted and hoped for. At last Air Force days had begun; Toronto for Manning Depot, Trenton for Guard Duty, Regina for Initial Training School, Calgary for Wireless School, Mossbank for Bombing and Gunnery School and then, at the end of February 1941, Wings Parade. This was the culmination of eight long months of diligent training and study when each young man was presented with his half brevet and proud designation as Air Gunner.



*Charles with his father, Roger Berry, at home on 3 days leave before going overseas March 24, 1941*

After a mere three days leave back in Victoria to say good-bye to his parents, he was on his way to Debert, Nova Scotia where the overseas



*In Trafalgar Square,  
London, June 1941*

draft was assembling. Arriving in Scotland after nine days at sea, he was first sent to Uxbridge then Yatesbury for a refresher course, finally going on to No. 12 Operational Training Unit at Benson, in Oxfordshire for six weeks to train on Wellingtons. As my father noted in his account, "It would appear we were sent where needed not necessarily to man equipment for which we were trained" because by mid-July 1941, he was posted to RAF 107 Blenheim Squadron.

During the early years of WWII, all Empire or Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa sent their trained aircrews and pilots to Great Britain where they were integrated into RAF Squadrons. While their uniforms were exactly the same, it was the shoulder patch at the top of the shoulder that indicated where they were from. Dad was the only Canadian in 107 Squadron at that time. Having been assigned to a crew with a New Zealand pilot, a British navigator and now a Canadian air gunner, their crew of three was complete.

The story begins August 12, 1941. At 9:15 am, 54 Blenheim bombers trundled into the air from grassy airfields in Norfolk with their four 250 pound bombs stowed in their bomb bays. It was a sunny morning as my father recalled and their mission was to attack the great Knapsack Power Station located eight miles north of Cologne, Germany and 150 miles inside enemy territory. This was my father's very first Operation and, as he wrote, "My pilot and navigator were two Ops up on me. I certainly did not know what to expect and they, if they knew, weren't telling me anything. I was pensive and frightened as I climbed into my isolation at the rear of the Blenheim. I have the distinct impression as we were a sprog crew, we were last in formation and have always said we were last in, last out and last home."

They formed up over Norfolk and headed for the Dutch coast. They were to pick up their escort of Spitfires, Hurricanes, and Whirlwinds over the North Sea which was to fly high above them. The Blenheims were to skim the water 10-20 feet above the waves to avoid early detection. Once they reached the Dutch coast, their escort left them. They were now on their own over enemy territory. This was the first ever unescorted daylight bombing raid over Germany.

I leave the rest in my father's own words: "We hugged the ground and I vividly remember we pulled up to clear telephone and power lines and, in one instance, swerved to avoid a church steeple. I can still see that Dutch policeman directing traffic at an intersection of an unknown Dutch town and waving at us as we flew overhead. I remember well the harmless black and gray puffs of smoke in the air as we neared Cologne and the awesome spires of Cologne Cathedral. I remember pulling up to about 750 feet because we were the last formation to go in on the target and then the smoke stacks of the power station loomed ahead. I can remember being surrounded by these black and gray puffs of smoke and other Blenheims ahead of us banking for position to make their run. I can remember seeing brown dusty clouds coming from the power plant as the bombs from the planes ahead of us burst on the plant and, as we flew and dropped our bombs, I can still feel the bumps we experienced as the bombs from the planes ahead of us exploded. All bombs were fused with a few



*A Blenheim Mark IV*  
[http://www.211squadron.org/blenheim\\_ament.html](http://www.211squadron.org/blenheim_ament.html)

seconds delay so we got the concussion from those dropped by the planes ahead. Our aircraft was last in and as we emerged from the target a deep quarry loomed ahead. We dropped low into this quarry and we were all alone. We must have gone 30 feet below ground level – probably the lowest an aircraft has ever flown. I can still see this great pit with its sheer gray cliff that appeared to be hundreds of feet higher than we were and wondering if we would ever get over it. The engines were boosted and upward we climbed over the evergreen trees which ringed the top. I looked around and we were all alone. We set course for home.

Mercifully, ahead of us we could see a large cloud so we headed for this. I think many others homeward bound sought sanctuary in the same cloud. It was wet and rough but no enemy fighters could get us nor could the ground defense shoot at us. In frightened loneliness at my station in the stern, the ominous silence possessed me. I had not yet fired a round of ammunition in anger. I had yet to be tested as to whether I was any good at this firing game or not. We were in Me 109 and Me 110 territory and as far as I was concerned I really didn't relish being tested. Onward and closer to home we flew. We emerged from the safety of our cloud and, from the peaceful scene below, I saw a flash of light. The aircraft was jolted and on the leading edge of our starboard wing, a gaping hole appeared. Not much damage really. The engines still sounded synchronized, all controls seemed intact. No screams from the crew were heard, no blood flowed. We were all okay.

The coast and channel finally came in sight and hopefully some friendly fighters to guard us the rest of the way home. I did not see any Spitfires or Hurricanes but did spot the Whirlwinds. What a relief. We were home safe. The undercarriage and flaps worked perfectly, our bombs were gone. Our landing on the grass field was good. We pulled into dispersal and were welcomed home by our ground crew who were keen to be assured their aircraft, the engines, guns and radio worked okay. I climbed out, off loaded my precious tin hat and parachute. To my surprise, my parachute was slightly damaged and I found a piece of jagged flak in the aircraft.

In retrospect, our little raid on that glorious summer day in 1941 was insignificant in the damage it did. However, as a morale booster for the free people of the world at a time when world freedom was in doubt, it was so significant that the story of the RAF daylight raid into the heart of Germany was spread far and wide. LIFE magazine featured the story with first-hand accounts of the raid in its issue of October 13, 1941. This was followed by a Reader's Digest story of the same raid. After over 40 years, how well I remember this initiation of mine in the real world of 1941."

Of the original 54 Blenheims that left Norfolk that morning, 42 returned – 36 men did not come back that day. Dad's plane was the last to return at 1313 hours.

While this was only his first Operation, what took place over the next 2 ½ months was virtually an impossibility to return alive and unscathed. At the end of August 1941, 107 Squadron was posted to Malta, a tiny but very strategic island in the Mediterranean Sea, right in the middle of enemy shipping lanes with tankers supplying oil and munitions to Rommel's forces in North Africa. The Squadron's task was to stop these tankers from ever reaching Africa. The next Operations over the course of a mere 55 days can only be described as a suicide mission on a massive scale.



*Taken in Cairo, Egypt, for his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, in December 1942, he sent this picture home to his mother.*

Other than the brief notations in my father's logbook, nothing whatsoever was ever mentioned, referenced or, in this case, ever written down. So imagine the shock I received after recently reading a book titled, "The Shiphunters". It had been written by one of the three surviving pilots of 107 Squadron, Ron Gillman, and it was his own personal account in vivid and minute detail on what took place from September 15 to November 9, 1941. In essence, it was also my father's unspoken and unwritten account because each three man crew was given the same task. Each day would begin before dawn with a briefing by the Commanding Officer when the Battle Order was announced – the targets were mainly convoys of German oil tankers enroute to Tunisia in Africa. Since the Blenheim was considered a fast and easily manoeuvrable aircraft with a top speed of 220 mph, it was ideally suited and essential for this extremely dangerous task.

The object was to fly at the ship at deck level releasing the bombs so they would skip over the water and pierce the ship, exploding inside the hull. The bombs only had eleven seconds delay so that meant flying over the ship and clearing the masts before the ship blew up. Other Blenheims would be in close proximity wanting to clear the masts as well. The tense degree of difficulty and fear of not getting up and away from the ship in time would have been enormous. But what would have been even more difficult was to watch helplessly as fellow crews were seen caught up in the masts and blown up with the ships – a staggering loss of life and a sobering reminder, on a daily basis, of just how fragile life is.

As well as these oil tankers, other targets with intense enemy opposition were low level attacks on the chemical works at Cantanzaro Marina in Italy and railway yards in Cantania, Sicily, strafing road convoys and Army Barracks in Buerat and Misurata, Libya, attacking railway yards at Stabetti, Italy, strafing and bombing a petrol convoy on the Benghazi Road in Libya along with reconnaissance in the Mediterranean and a Sea Sweep in the Gulf of Cirte.

The long flying distances between Malta and each one of these targets brought other challenges. Every sortie took between four and five and a half hours to complete but if damage was incurred from flak, either to the engine or propellers, it was a harrowing journey if they made it back at all. While the aircraft was out, Malta itself was being bombed daily by German fighters and the ground crew did its best to fill in the craters on the airfield so that the returning planes had something to land on. From the original 29 crews and 87 men who arrived in Malta on September 15, 1941, only 3 crews and 9 men were left by November 9 – 107 Blenheim Squadron had no option but to disband. My father was one of those nine men left to survive and to think that he was still only 19 years of age.

What courage it took for him and thousands of other 19-year-olds to accept the fact that this was the commitment they made to their country, with no turning back. This was their signature at the bottom of their Attestation Paper and their word. For such a modest man who had never divulged any of this information during his lifetime and for me to discover it long after his death, I truly honour him for his courage, determination and loyalty with immense pride and admiration all the more.

*[Editors' Note: More stories of the Berry Family are included in previous issues of St. Luke's Prescription. An archive of St. Luke's Prescriptions can be found at <https://www.stlukesvictoria.ca/prescription>. Claudia Berry's parents, Charles Richard Berry and Lucy Muriel Berry, are resting in St. Luke's cemetery in Row K West, Plot 15. Thanks to Claudia Berry for submitting the story and family photos and to Gillian Klassen for typing this story.]*





# I Counted My Years

I counted my years and found that I have less time  
to live from here on than I have lived up to now.

I feel like that child who won a packet of sweets:  
he ate the first with pleasure,  
but when he realized that there were few left,  
he began to enjoy them intensely.

I no longer have time for endless meetings  
where statutes, rules, procedures and internal regulations are discussed,  
knowing that nothing will be achieved.

I no longer have time to support the absurd people who,  
despite their chronological age, haven't grown up.

My time is too short:

I want the essence,  
my soul is in a hurry.

I don't have many sweets  
in the package anymore.

I want to live next to human people,  
very human,

who know how to laugh at their mistakes,  
and who are not inflated by their triumphs,  
and who take on their responsibilities.

Thus human dignity is defended and we move towards truth and honesty.  
It is the essential that makes life worth living.

I want to surround myself with people who know how to touch hearts,  
people who have been taught by the hard blows of life  
to grow with gentle touches of the soul.

Yes, I'm in a hurry, I'm in a hurry to live  
with the intensity that only maturity can give.

I don't intend to waste any of the leftover sweets.

I am sure they will be delicious, much more than what I have eaten so far.

My goal is to reach the end satisfied  
and at peace with my loved ones  
and my conscience.

We have two lives.

And the second begins when you realize you only have one.

Mário Raul de Moraes Andrade

*(Oct 9, 1893 – Feb 25, 1945)*

Brazilian poet, novelist, musicologist, art historian and critic, photographer

# COOK GROW SHARE CONNECT

*by Ray Lett with pictures and notes from the September Kitchen Members Newsletter*



On August 31<sup>st</sup>, the Kitchen held a BBQ Fundraiser in support of the Kitchen's Back to School Stock Up Campaign during the grand reopening of Thrifty Foods Tuscany Village. The tasty hot dogs were very much appreciated!

Kitchen staff and volunteers continue to provide twice weekly Food Skills and Pantry services on Wednesdays from 12 to 5 p.m. and on Fridays from 10 am to 3 pm in the Lutheran Church of the Cross Upper Hall. In August, there were 122 meal servings prepared as part of the Kitchen's Food Skills Program. There are 1396 registrants for the Kitchen's Pantry program and in August, 405 people used the grocery program, 38 received a food delivery and 55 individuals and families received a food voucher.

In September, Camosun CFCS practicum students Kendra and Devon joined the Kitchen's Pantry and Food Skills Program. UVic School of Nursing students, Rihanna and Charlie, will help the Garden and Pantry teams. Two intern students from University of Alberta Agriculture Program will also join the Kitchen teams.

A cool room and freezer have been installed in the food storage area as part of the Kitchen's Phase 2 renovations. Painting of the area is in progress.

A note from the September newsletter to Kitchen members: "As of September 19<sup>th</sup>, garden teams at Omnivore Acres and Cedar Hill Garden have harvested a whopping 6,342 lbs of fresh, beautiful produce to support the Kitchen's programs—and that's before the winter squash arrives! Special thanks to Jim and Catherine Gowans and St. Luke's Church for generously sharing their land, and to the fantastic Garden Leads for their dedication and hard work. Thank you to all of our incredible garden volunteers, too! We couldn't do this without you! Stay tuned for the final 2024 harvest tally later this fall."

## Autumn Word Search Puzzle

R	R	B	O	N	F	I	R	E	Q	U	I	N	O	X
H	N	I	P	P	Y	C	H	B	Q	R	F	O	V	K
G	A	W	I	N	D	Y	H	L	L	E	A	V	E	S
R	C	L	H	K	D	D	R	I	Z	Z	L	E	S	G
A	A	H	L	D	A	M	P	D	L	I	L	M	T	A
T	M	U	E	O	A	C	M	X	A	L	M	B	S	G
E	U	N	T	S	W	F	O	G	K	P	Y	E	C	O
F	S	U	C	U	T	E	G	R	R	A	P	R	I	U
U	H	H	O	H	M	N	E	R	N	A	L	L	D	R
L	R	A	B	J	A	N	U	N	I	X	K	E	E	D
A	O	R	W	L	A	Y	U	T	E	M	B	E	R	S
T	O	V	E	F	D	C	R	T	S	S	L	E	E	T
T	M	E	B	R	I	S	K	I	S	W	Y	A	R	N
E	S	S	M	A	I	Z	E	E	D	F	R	O	S	T
S	J	T	D	O	Q	U	I	L	T	E	V	A	J	R

ACORN  
APPLE  
AUTUMN  
BONFIRE  
BRISK  
CHESTNUTS  
CHILLY  
CIDER  
COBWEB  
DAMP  
DRIZZLE  
EMBERS  
EQUINOX  
FALL

FOG  
FROST  
GOURD  
GRATEFUL  
HALLOWEEN  
HARVEST  
HAYRIDE  
JACKET  
KALE  
LATTES  
LEAVES  
MAIZE  
MUSHROOMS  
NIPPY  
NOVEMBER

NUTS  
OCTOBER  
PUMPKIN  
QUILT  
RAKE  
REMEMBRANCE  
SCARECROW  
SEPTEMBER  
SLEET  
THANKSGIVING  
UMBRELLA  
VESTS  
WINDY  
YARN

*Solution on the last page.*

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## Word Search Solution

R	R	B	O	N	F	I	R	E	Q	U	I	N	O	X
H	N	I	P	P	Y	C	H	B	Q	R	F	O	V	K
G	A	W	I	N	D	Y	H	L	L	E	A	V	E	S
R	C	L	H	K	D	D	R	I	Z	Z	L	E	S	G
A	A	H	L	D	A	M	P	D	L	I	L	M	T	A
T	M	U	E	O	A	C	M	X	A	L	M	B	S	G
E	U	N	T	S	W	F	O	G	K	P	Y	E	C	O
F	S	U	C	U	T	E	G	R	R	A	P	R	I	U
U	H	H	O	H	M	N	E	R	N	A	L	L	D	R
L	R	A	B	J	A	N	U	N	I	X	K	E	E	D
A	O	R	W	L	A	Y	U	T	E	M	B	E	R	S
T	O	V	E	F	D	C	R	T	S	S	L	E	E	T
T	M	E	B	R	I	S	K	I	S	W	Y	A	R	N
E	S	S	M	A	I	Z	E	E	D	F	R	O	S	T
S	J	T	D	O	Q	U	I	L	T	E	V	A	J	R