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SPRING RETREAT AT MANOIR D'YOUVILLE

Ile St. Bernard, Chateauguay

Friday May 5 (5 pm) to Sunday, May 7, 2017 after lunch

Our May Retreat will welcome the Rev. Pastor Jim Slack to lead us in new understandings about the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Canada, ELCIC, with whom our Canadian Anglican Church is in full partnership. Jim offers the following message to participants:

Learning with Our Lutheran Brothers and Sisters

Our time together will begin with a brief history of Martin Luther and the Reformation that was launched in Wittenberg, Germany, on 31 October 1517, comparing and contrasting it with events that led to the birth of the Anglican Church. We will continue by considering the ways in which Lutherans came to Canada, including those who made their homes in Quebec. In this country we have been received as foreign immigrants; neither French nor English.

I will share with you my own experiences growing up in a rather ecumenical community, and how I have participated in dialogue between Lutherans and Anglicans which led to the Waterloo Declaration (2001) and on-going cooperation between our two denominations.

I will also offer comment on the state of Lutheran-Anglican relations in Montreal, and in several other parts of Canada, hoping to encourage us to work together more closely, and perhaps include other Christian sisters and brothers in our conversation.

Jim Slack is a native of Lunenburg, NS, where he attended Sunday school and worship at Zion Lutheran Church, the "oldest continuing Lutheran Church in British North America". It was a block away from and within earshot of the carillon of St. John's Anglican Church, which is the second oldest Anglican congregation in Canada. He is a graduate of Waterloo Lutheran Seminary, ordained in 1985.

Jim has served congregations in Ontario, Nova Scotia and Quebec and is presently serving Christ the Redeemer Lutheran Church in Dollard-des-Ormeaux. He has also



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served as a dean in several Lutheran conferences and ministry areas, and in that capacity has sat on two Anglican Diocesan Councils. In 2008 he was nominated for election as suffragan bishop for the Diocese of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

Jim is married to Natalie, and is the father of three adult children, and two grand children. Photography, genealogy and camping are among his interests.

LAY READERS' ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 2017

6:00 - 8:30 PM

Fulford Hall, Cathedral Place

1444 Union Avenue

Montreal

Guest Speaker: Rev. Andy O'Donnell

Mark your calendars now for this time of fellowship, dinner and our annual business meeting.

- 5:30 pm Gathering and Registration
- 6:15 pm Dinner (\$10 for a delicious dinner prepared by Chef Juliet Komboni)
- 7:30 pm Business Meeting (Annual Reports and Elections)
- 8:30 pm Closing Prayer and Dismissal

Please bring your thoughts and ideas for our year ahead! We look forward to seeing you all at this important meeting!



A LENTEN RIDDLE

THE REV. LORNE EASON

What 3-letter word when exercised often has the power to bring sweetness to the soul and health to the body?

I'll give you a hint, read Proverbs 16:24.

After reading the verse you may still be wondering what 3-letter word I am talking about. Let me explain.

While on a short trip to Winnipeg recently, I had the opportunity of worshipping with a congregation from the Oasis Community Church, a faith community whose,

"...mission is to lead people in a growing relationship with Christ, by creating relevant and irresistible environments where people are encouraged and equipped to pursue the three vital relationships: intimacy with God, community with insiders, and influence with outsiders."

The one-hour hi-tech service basically consisted of 2 parts; 30 minutes of contemporary worship music, complete with an 8-piece music band, hi-tech lighting, sound and screens, and a 30-minute sermon, a somewhat different format from most Anglican worship services. It was during that 30-minute sermon that I learned the answer to the riddle posed above.

Based largely on Proverbs 16:24, which states, "Pleasant words are like a honeycomb, sweetness to the soul and health to the body," the preacher reminded the congregation that pleasant words of Gratitude, Encouragement and Truth (G.E.T.), are words that need to be spoken and heard more often than they are. For pleasant or gracious words often lift one's spirit, refocus one's mind, refresh one's attitude and change one's behaviour. Words that are sweet to the soul and health to the body are generally received with welcome and responded to favourably.

The preacher ended the sermon with a challenge. He invited the congregation to regularly and purposely practice using pleasant language at every opportunity and with anyone for one week. He also asked the congregation to take note of how they themselves felt after a full week of practicing what might be called the G.E.T. exercise.

Hearing this sermon challenged me. It made me think of the season of Lent. Not only its call to identify and name those attitudes, habits and practices that tend to draw us away from God and from one another, and to seek forgiveness of the same, but to also call on God to help us identify and practice new habits that draw us closer to Him and our neighbour.

And so with that in mind I thought I would take up the preacher's challenge myself, and invite you dear lay readers to do the same, to purposely practise the 3-letter answer to the riddle throughout the Lenten season and note the outcome. Perhaps in the Easter season we might share what it was like trying to answer this Lenten riddle.

Your fellow servant in Christ,
Lorne +
Rev. Lorne Eason
Pastor to the Lay Readers

ONE WEEK LATER: REPORT FROM WASHINGTON DC

VIVIAN LEWIN

At 5:30 a.m. on January 21, 2017, the parking lot of Harrisburg Area Community College was already filling up when we arrived: Five people—two living nearby, two from Poughkeepsie, one from Montreal. We had all slept in Camp Hill, gotten up at four, eaten breakfast, and brought our lunches and charged-up phones/cameras to board a chartered bus and go to DC. A local woman who uses a walker joined us; the six of us managed to keep together all day.

People kept arriving, forming a long line in the dark. It was chilly, but that's not what gave me goose bumps. I'm a dual US Canadian citizen and a Florida voter. After having watched the US election by myself on November 20, and having listened to the Inauguration Day coverage in the car alone on my drive from Montreal the day before, it seemed like a miracle to be in the company of like-minded women and men. I thrilled to think how many other parking lots were filling, how many other groups of people were converging on Washington. How many buses rolling through the night—some from Canada. How many friends and relations had sent us off with pink pussyhats (thank you, cassandrabeth!) or prayers or sandwiches. "Take a few steps for me," one friend wrote, and other emails arrived too. "Be safe." "My thoughts are with you." I was there for others, not just anonymous others but carrying the hopes of people I know.

I felt we all shared a resolve that this day be as deeply meaningful as we could make it. Knitting hats, making posters by hand, meditating, praying, reserving hotel rooms or arranging car shares takes forethought and a resolute determination.

We reached DC around 9:30. To get to the actual march we six walked through the enormous parking lot of RFK Stadium—full to capacity with tour buses—to the metro entrance with an elevator. People made way for Bonnie and her walker. The cars were filled with marchers—they applauded Bonnie—and our train took us near the Mall.

We emerged to find the street already filled with people. You've seen the photos. We only got that overview from the giant screens along the way. Gloria Steinem was talking. We walked towards the unseen stage until the crowd was too thick, then planted ourselves where we could watch a screen, and stood in front of it for hours under a leaden sky. The crowd—each person in it—was as inspiring as the speeches. We photographed each other—friends and strangers alike. The memorable speeches began to blur together.

I was tired. My feet hurt. Cell service was limited and nobody knew whether we would march, or where. One network said the march was cancelled but a security guy said it would go towards the Washington Monument. Slowly, we threaded our way in that direction, single file through the crowd. Eventually, the actual march crawled in that direction, too. I was pretty numb; the day became an endurance exercise.

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ONE WEEK LATER: REPORT FROM WASHINGTON DC



When an officer in a police car said we were over a million, I told my friends and one of them started to cry. Yes indeed, it was all worth it! I told random strangers (not really strangers any more) as they passed, just to see the joy on their faces. We sat on the curb to rest as the crowd poured past on their way to the Ellipse. "What does democracy look like?" one fellow called and the crowd bellowed back "THIS is what democracy looks like." Nobody wanted to stop that chant.



My decision, early on, to go to Washington felt personal, stubborn, even helpless. What I could write or do that would be more useful? Was it a kind of pilgrimage? I'd say, in retrospect, that I went to witness my resolve. There's a prophetic tradition of doing acts that seem absurd—that put the lie to worldly power. Amazing to experience such an act manifested in the sea of people who had, together, come.



There is much work to do. I've marched in other "protests" that felt angry, or giddy, or triumphant. I didn't feel that way on Saturday. This is one for the long haul. As James Louder wrote this morning, "The enormities of Trump's first week are so enormous and so diverse, so wantonly and widely destructive that the mind boggles before any attempt of analysis...". So it's good to hold on to the memory of this day. I know that my experience will keep me keeping on.

(See also "[Activism 101, and Regular Life](#)" in the Cassandra Pages.)

LOVING WINTER

IAN SINCLAIR



We love to complain about winter! It is a Canadian pastime, to comment on the cold and snow and to look for signs of spring.

It's time to turn this around! The weather will be the same, but Canadians need an attitude adjustment. "Mon pays ce n'est pas un pays, c'est l'hiver" go the words of Gilles Vignaeault – a Quebec motto since it was written in 1964. We do live in a land of winter – let's get outside and enjoy it!

Whether at the Fête des neiges at Parc Jean-Drapeau, or on the snowy slopes north, east and west of Montréal, we can enjoy winter.

I was taken aback when my son said it is his favourite time of year – but why not? There are winter sports to enjoy. Most of us can walk, run, ski or skate in some fashion. Others might pick a bright winter's day and breathe in the cold air for a few minutes. It feels good, and can add a healthy, bright moment to a day otherwise spent indoors.

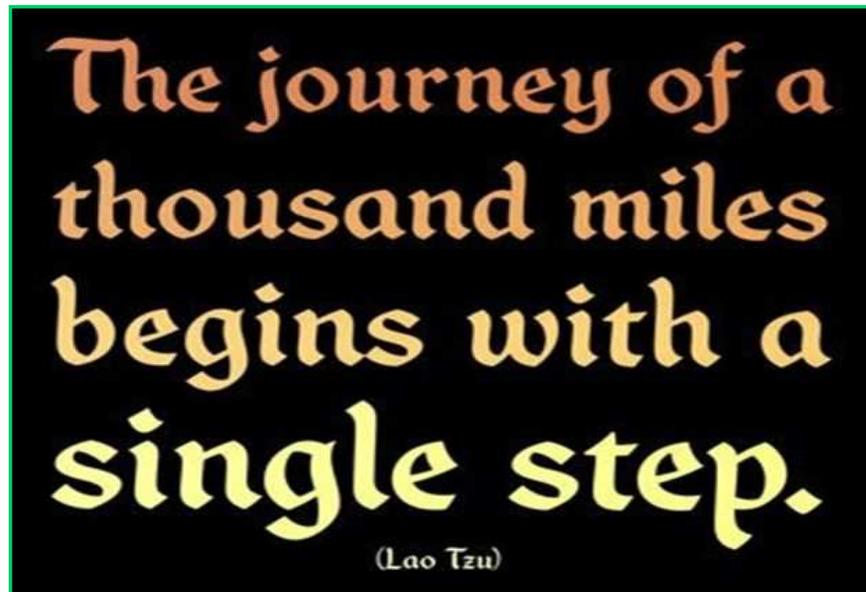
Sometimes we speak of the winter of our lives. As the seasons go in a single year, so can our lives move from the vibrant spring of youth, to the busy-ness of a summer filled with children, to the leaving of the offspring in the fall, to the much quieter season at the end of our lives. Each season has its personality. We remain essentially "us", but pass through these phases of our existence.

Let's embrace each stage of life, living it to the full, no matter what the season brings. "The glory of God is a [person] fully alive" – in essence, a person turned to God, if we are to put Irenaeus' famous phrase in context. So let's live, and turn to God in all seasons! For it is God's world, God's seasons and God's life.



'THE JOURNEY'

GEORGE RYDER - ST. GEORGE'S CHATEAUGUAY



Lord, you never promised the road was easy

And many things have happened on the way.

Ups and downs that seemed unbreakable

And disappointments, they were a plenty.

But assured I was that when I struggled, and picked myself up again at dawn,

That you were beside me, in front of me, and on my back, to keep my track.

There were 'friends' who fled when crisis came, and others that walked right by; but you, Lord, never forsake me, if I but express my faith and pray.

Lord, give us the spirit of wonder, the wonder of a child, as we gaze at the stars of the heavens, the glow of the sun, and the quiet splendor of the moon, your creation, Lord.

Lord, give us strength to accept the road that is laid before us, rocky, hilly, paved, or sand; give us wisdom to know that in our struggle you are there.

So, when we gather let us remember those who have left us here to carry on, and do the work that God has given us, with all our strength, mind, and spirit.

AMEN.

OUR LIVES AS LAY READERS

ANN CUMYN

Imagine that you are having coffee with a friend and your friend says, 'You are a lay reader. What exactly does a lay reader do?' How would you answer? Of course it is easy for each one of us to say what we do. But, when we look at the answers to the questionnaire, 'My Life as a Lay Reader' we see that each person takes on a role which fits into the needs of the community. That community being the local church or, particularly in the rural areas, the wider community.

It was Charles Goddard who, at an executive meeting, asked the question about what Lay Readers do; and hence the questionnaire was born. Among the comments received one person said that we desperately need our role to be defined in the current environment. The message that came from the answers to the questionnaire is that there is no job description. The closest that one can come to one is that a Lay Reader may - , if - . One thing that stands out is that the role of the lay Reader depends on both the needs of the community and the wishes of the incumbent.

So, the answer to the question is that a Lay Reader may, preach, teach, lead morning prayer, lead prayers and intercessions, help at the altar, distribute communion, do pastoral visiting, take funerals (although this only claimed by one person!), all of this in their own churches and, particularly in the rural areas, in other churches. In addition there are Lay Readers who provide services in Seniors' Residences. Note that I have written the Lay Reader 'may'. There is no guarantee to any particular Lay Readers' role.

The first question asked was, 'Why did you decide to become a Lay Reader?'

From the answers, we can see that the sense of a calling was either felt personally, or perceived by another. A calling to serve in a way that God wants. There is no one size fits all in God's world. Perhaps the question of what we do is well summed up in one of the answers, "I have changed churches over

the last twenty years, Each church has had a different ministry for me" For each Lay Reader, God has a different ministry. However, there may be some who feel underused and perhaps have been led to greater expectations through looking at what some others do or what happened in a previous parish. The role of the Lay Reader is service to God wherever we may be. Thus we are prepared to do anything, but what we actually do depends on our own talents, the needs of the community and the wishes of the incumbent.

When we all meet together, be it at workshops, the retreat, or study day, there is a fellowship from serving God that supersedes our individual roles. So, 'as a Lay reader what do you do?' 'I have a licence to preach; but, I serve God according to his wishes for me.'



REFLECTIONS

GERALDINE FRANCES KAVANAGH

Quality Time Redefined



There they sat; a family. Spending time together, sharing a meal at a local restaurant; time to bond, to communicate. Mom, Dad and two teenagers, a son and a daughter; enjoying a reprise from their hectic schedules just to be together.

But, wait. Something is wrong with this picture. Where are the noises one would expect to hear at such a gathering? Instead of voices raised in conversation or laughter, there is silence. What has their attention? Not each other, obviously. Looking again, I spot the culprits. Each of them has either an iPad or a cell phone that is occupying them, making it impossible to talk to each other.

Verbal and non-verbal forms of communication exist in every living thing; human, animal, insect or plant can communicate with members of their own species, and in some cases, other species as well. A child is born. A slap on his bottom produces an ear-splitting waaaaaaaaa; expressing his feelings for the first, but definitely not the last, time. Have you ever seen ants coming out of their hill? Although, seemingly confused at first, they somehow understand what has to be done, and do it. A plant's dry soil and leaves let us know it needs to be watered. Our dog's body language expresses his wants and needs. Cats can let their feelings be known by meowing, purring and hissing. Bees buzz, crickets chirp, birds tweet and whales sing---all forms of communication. There are about 200 countries in the world and all have at least one official language and some have numerous dialects.

Even before the invention of fire, some form of communication has existed. Most people today can speak one or more languages; all good things, right?

Is There an App for that?

Ah! Remember the good old days--before computers, the internet, Wi-Fi, iPods, e-mail and smart phones? How did we manage our lives without them? There is now an app for everything. With our cell phones and the proper app, we can check on family members and answer the door from a distance; play games, answer e-mails, text and do our banking. There is even an app that tells us that our plants need watering. Remember when we had to make do with land-line telephones, notes or letters to keep in touch with people and live with the risk of dried-out plants?

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REFLECTIONS



Even hand-written greeting cards are becoming a thing of the past, being replaced by e-cards. No wonder the postal services fears becoming obsolete. Recently, I considered purchasing a cell phone, so that I could text my friends and family, but decided against it. Call me old fashioned, but hearing a voice over the phone or receiving a hand written note is much more personal than a text; it's like the writer is taking time from their busy schedule to share a unique part of themselves.

Without a doubt technology has made our lives easier, perhaps too much so. Many people seem to have some gadget they rely on, as I do with my computer and cordless phone. After seeing how attached people can become to them, maybe cell phones, iPods, and smart phone, etc. should come with following label: **USE WITH CAUTION: THIS ARTICLE CAN BE ADDICTIVE.** *Is there an app for that?*

THE LAY READERS' ASSOCIATION

OFFERS BURSARIES

Every active Lay Reader who participates in courses of ongoing religious studies is entitled to \$100 per year to assist with the cost of their study.

Students who register for EFM (Education for Ministry) programs may receive \$150 per year. Please send a request to our treasurer,

Ann Cumyn, acumyn@sympatico.ca

PREACHING THE OLD TESTAMENT

STUDY DAY WITH THE REV. PROFESSOR PATRICIA KIRKPATRICK
IAN SINCLAIR



"Who cares about kings?" Patricia Kirkpatrick asked the Diocesan Lay Readers at a recent Study Day in November. She was referring to the Sunday known as "the Reign of Christ the King". People scurried for metaphors. Kings as Shepherds? Teachers? Boss? Health care worker? Mother and Father? We needed to bridge a concept from long ago to today's society. We had no "feeling" for absolute authority in our present-day context.

Translating the Bible to today's world is a task undertaken by Lay Readers on a regular basis. Patricia urged us to be diligent – to thoroughly understand the context of both that time and ours, to bring them closer together. She suggested we try preaching on the Hebrew Scriptures occasionally – the Old Testament. One can imagine the problem – wars, purges, skulduggery – where is the Good News in this?

By way of illustration, she pulled out one of the "worst" examples – the slaughter of the Amalekites in 1 Samuel 15. We condemn this kind of wanton killing today, but what could we learn from this tale?

There are three characters in the story – Saul, Samuel and God. God has told Saul, through the prophet Samuel, to kill the Amalekites – man, woman and child – and to destroy all their possessions. Samuel encounters Saul returning from the massacre, escorting their king and herding cattle and sheep.

"What is this bleating of sheep that I hear?" asked Samuel. Saul explained sheepishly that he was bringing them for sacrifice to God. Samuel replies by personally slaying the king of the Amalekites, thereby finishing the work that God had given Saul. He chastised Saul thoroughly for disobedience.

Is this the same God that we have to love and trust? "Surely not!" we say. After some discussion along these lines, Professor Kirkpatrick pointed to three verses: "God is not a mortal that he should change his mind" (1 Samuel 15:29) and two instances of "the Lord was sorry that he had made Saul king" (15:11, 35b). In fact, the passage almost hides competing views of God! Is he a decisive, unfeeling king, or One who is grieved, feels emotions, could even ride a donkey, apparently powerless, into Jerusalem?

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PREACHING THE OLD TESTAMENT

STUDY DAY WITH THE REV. PROFESSOR PATRICIA KIRKPATRICK

The Bible, she said, doesn't always provide "answers", but is a divine record to be reckoned with, using one's faith and faculties. She likened it to a play – one can experience Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet as a child, a teenager and a parent, and get three different views. Likewise, we bring our own context and issues to a Bible passage, and may experience it anew each time we read it.

Not only that, but the play itself modifies the audience. Just as the hearer is affected by the story of Romeo and Juliet, so also is a congregation affected by the words of its regular preacher. Those words 'make' a congregation. If you are told you are 'stingy', you will become that. If you are told you are 'graceful', you will likewise become that.

People have been 'socialized' to a pastor's way of preaching. "Your preaching gets better and better" they might say. In fact, it's likely the same preaching, but the community gets better at listening!

The Bible, in other words, is always mediated by the preacher, and the Word of God shapes the congregation, building it into His people. The responsibility is awesome, and so also is the privilege of leading people to be closer to God.

We discussed the times when we felt that our preaching was being 'incarnational'. Some debated the meaning of the term. Does incarnational mean entering into another's struggle in a compassionate way? Or is it preaching that resonates with the congregation present? Perhaps both! One Lay Reader spoke of a new liturgical symbol, as the church bell had been mounted on a stand and could be rung by parishioners as they came forward and said a prayer. As Patricia later remarked, "We have to be careful not to define the boundaries to exclude the surprising ways where Christ may enter".

"From a Christian perspective, we are biased to God's grace." So said Bishop Mary to Professor Patricia during a dialogue on the Old Testament stories. She was speaking of the stories of the Old Testament, the ones we find less palatable. The Bible is full of stories of people. We bring our own lens to the Scriptures. We see people responding to circumstances – the story is the thing, not the event itself. They are carried off to Exile. They sit, they repent, they ask them-selves how they can further the faith. They create alternative practices because they can't get to the Temple. We, too, create alternative practices to live out our faith, and to help others live it who can't or won't get to the church building. Rather than having the best understanding, what counts is the power of the Word to manifest the presence of God and to bring us into that Presence.

"Have you found your humanity in the Old Testament?" asked Patricia. Mary replied with the words of Psalm 139 – "Lord, you have searched me and known me... [from] my mother's womb". She recounted her brush with cancer, as a time she needed to find her Source and Strength. "Read the psalms", she said, "you can find humanity there".

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Bishop Mary preached at the Lay Reader Commissioning service. She recounted how she loved to prepare a meal for guests, wearing an apron that had been her mother's. Jesus, too, put on an apron and washed the smelly feet of his disciples, shocking them. As Lay Readers, we model Jesus, not a plastic idea of Jesus, but the One who served others and went to the deepest places of their humanity. We need not be ashamed if we don't have it together; we need to know Him who has it together, who has experienced the shame of the Cross and triumphed, who fills us with His Spirit and sends us out. "When we put on the white robes", she said, "we need to think of them as aprons, to serve others a really good meal, a kingdom feast for God's kingdom people." Indeed, that is the king we care about!

Lorne Eason, pastor of Lay Readers, summed up the day. Both the New Testament and the Old Testament present a picture of God in history. The world of that day, the context, is important – we study it to understand the time and its message. But living one's faith today is more important, as we reflect on the faith of those who have gone before.

A BOOK EXCHANGE!

At the retreat in May, Lay Readers are invited to bring books that support our ministry, preaching, teaching, and books of prayers to give to or exchange with other Lay Readers. Study bibles and commentaries are always helpful. Christian novels would be welcome.

A table will be provided for this exchange.



HUGH PHILLIPS: IN MEMORIAM

A message from Valerie Bennett

On January 28, Glen Marcotte, Eric Fox, David Blizzard and I attended the funeral service for Hugh at St. Barnabas Anglican Church in St. Lambert. Rev. Gwenda expressed her joy at seeing us there. The service was very well attended. We got to meet his sister, Helen, (only sibling) who had recently left and had to return to Montreal from her home in Cardiff, Wales. She paid him a very nice tribute and she entitled it Hugh as Anglican. His wife Gaetane quoted the words Hugh spoke to her on the eve of his death. They were: **Christ suffered more than I. I follow the path of Christ.**



Hugh as Anglican

When my brother was five, on his first day at school, his teacher found him happily playing in the sandbox singing 'Hallelujah'.

We were a family who felt at home in church: my mother weeded the church garden, polished the silver, helped with bazaar. Hugh sang in the choir. Our simple little church, St Andrews, was a plain 1930s wooden construction, with varnished pine benches: low church, Book of Common Prayer, Hymns Ancient and Modern.

In the damp dark evenings that lead up to Christmas, the choir went out, with lanterns, around the villages, singing carols, at cottages and farms, and people invited us in for hot drinks and mince pies. Hugh and his first wife Margaret met and married at St Andrews.

His maternal grandfather's family had been Primitive Methodists in Staffordshire, the home of Primitive Methodism, founded in the early nineteenth century. Hugh's great grandfather was a lively preacher. He preached socialism and the faith of Christ together, going out into the countryside, the moorlands and hills, each Sunday to preach in the open air, a hallmark of Primitive Methodism. Hugh treasured this tradition and its attempt to find a simple, essential Christianity. It was said that his great-great grandmother left the back door unlocked, and a loaf and milk out, so that a homeless man could shelter there. At university he was drawn to a congenial Anglo-Catholic congregation.

Hugh had a quiet reliance on God. At times things were very difficult, and he felt prayer was all he had. It meant a lot to him to become a lay preacher, here, and he valued the long-established social mission of Anglo-Catholicism. In his last days I had the impression he felt he was walking forward, hand-in-hand with God.

A l'âge de cinq ans, mon frère Hugh chantait 'Hallelujah' en jouant dans le Sable. Notre famille jouaient une rôle active dans la vie de l'église Anglicane locale. Hugh chantait dans le coeur. À Noël le coeur allait autour des villages, en portant des lanternes et en chantant de caroles.

La famille de son grandpère maternelle a été du Methodisme Primitif, du Staffordshire, lieu d'origine de la secte même. Son arrière grandpère y prêchait en plein air. Hugh possédait une confiance en Dieu. Sa vie n'était pas toujours facile. Dans ces temps il se rendait compte que la prière était tout qu'il possédait. Dans ses derniers jours, il me semble qu'il se sentit qu'il marchait main dans la main avec Dieu.

**2017 LAY READER STUDY DAY AND
COMMISSIONING SERVICE**

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2017
9:30 AM - 3:30 PM**

Church of St. John the Baptist, Pointe Claire
233 ave Ste. Claire
Pointe Claire

Guest Speaker
Bishop Bruce Myers
Diocese of Québec



ANNUAL RETREAT REGISTRATION FORM

**Lay Readers of Montreal
May 5 to 7, 2017**

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Food allergies and special requests:

Members with mobility difficulties and medical concerns will be given priority for single rooms with bathrooms and close proximity to elevator.

Registration will remain open until **April 5th** if rooms are still available.

Single with bath (\$265) \$ _____

Single no bath (\$200) \$ _____

Shared (twin beds) with bath (\$175) \$ _____

6 meals and snacks included.

Lay Readers are encouraged to approach their church leadership for financial assistance. Some assistance from our Bursary Fund may also be possible. Please do not hesitate to call to discuss payment options.

Please mail form and cheque (payable to **The Lay Readers' Association**) to:

The Lay Readers' Association of the Diocese of Montreal

c/o Sue Winn

680 Victoria Drive

Baie D'Urfé, QC H9X 2K2

Please contact Sue Winn for questions and information at **514-457-0736** or by email at **swinn2006@sympatico.ca**

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