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# Introduction

## Shared Faith and Community Works: Cornerstones at St. Paul's Anglican

This is a story of a church: its present purpose, its roots, its odyssey of faith and good works and its future. It could be any church but in this case it is St. Paul's Anglican Church, Lindsay. This year, we celebrate 175 years of Anglican worship in this area. A church and its parishioners should periodically re-examine who they are, where they came from and where they want to go in the future and that is the motivation for these articles. We want to take this natural opportunity to travel our road of self-discovery and renewal.

We start with a self-evident truth: shared faith and good works within a community are the cornerstones upon which any church is built.

***On good works:*** if we dig down deeply into the psyche of our species, past ego and greed, beyond the scars scratched on our lives and reach our innermost selves, we discover we are hard-wired to help others. "Others" may be our spouses, family, friends, community, country and those in need around the world. We feel good when we impulsively reach out and help. It is in our nature. We are prone to love dogs, coo at babies, cry at weddings and grieve at funerals. This instinct prepares us to "do good works":.

***And on faith:*** when we can also say we "believe", we add "faith" to the "good works" we employ in our daily lives and move this instinct one giant step further. The two together can "move mountains".

***And on community:*** when we then join others, come together as a "congregation" within a church, share our faith with those who might need it, lean on others when we need it and build a collective purpose as a community, we multiply that faith and those good works beyond bounds. When we merge these three and build a collective vision, we can change the world.

It is not surprising that this happens. We believe our deepest instincts for good come from God. We trust that we are doing what God expects of us.

With that belief, our clergy and parishioners work harder to try to make our place of worship a living embodiment of God's plan. In doing so, we make ourselves better people, deepen our faith, increase our love and ensure our churches become even more special places for our people to worship.

In each generation of our 175 years, clergy and congregation have prayed, grieved, celebrated and worked together as they struggled to interpret God's design for them.

And "struggle" was the operative word. As imperfect as all people naturally are, the road forward was never clear because it couldn't be. We needed God at all times and wise clergy and lay people at critical forks in the road to help us choose the way. We stumbled often. But in every age we found a way to "come together".

This story of St. Paul's begins with the present. We will examine who we are now.

Next, we will travel back to 1836 and start forward. In each era we will seek out the clergy and lay leaders who guided the church, and we will celebrate their vision and decisions. And, because they were a part of their time and place, we will have a look at "their" Lindsay and "their" world. And soon enough, we will arrive back at the present.

Finally, with some understanding of our past and our present and with a great deal of prayer, we will "come together" to choose our future.

St. Paul's today is both a spiritual and geographic community. We share our faith and good works inside the church and our daily lives outside because we live beside each other in a small town called Lindsay. Inside, we share in Communion, a baptism, a marriage and a great deal of hard work, with friends. Outside we talk "church" when we buy groceries, sell a house, share quilting techniques, argue politics and golf together. Our lives are entwined.

As a church, we have a full-time minister and are blessed with many full-time volunteers. We have older people and young, are planning hard to have more young but most of us are still young in spirit. A lesson we've learned over the years is that an effective remedy for aches, pains and grief is to honour God through hard work, shared laughs and prayers.

New arrivals from larger centres are often surprised at our insight and knowledge. They note our patina of traditions and multi-generation families but don't immediately see that we are good at mixing wisdom and experience with new ideas.

Our Mission Statement is simple and direct:

***"To provide a unified Christian community which loves and shares together as it reaches out in worship, Christian education and community concerns."***

As we write these words, we start to recall the things we do to support that goal.

- We offer our Christmas dinners for those alone or in need.
- We organize our annual Lenten lectures, such as the "World Religions" series.
- Our Outreach programs support the Food Bank and Food Source, reach out to churches in our north, provide international help through the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund, help children through the Army of Jesus Mission, offer monthly Community Care luncheons, weekly wheelchair services, special luncheons for our community nursing homes at Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving and provide outreach support for refugees such as our wonderful success story: Karangwa.
- We provide special programs at Christmas and Easter for King Albert School.
- Our men and women take part in study and breakfast groups and the "Christianity 101" series.
- And, finally, we find many ways to raise the necessary funds to support our church: our Mystery Dinner Theatre, Harvest Happenings, our Strawberry and Pancake Suppers and our St. Paul's Food Booth at the Lindsay Fair.

We're getting rather good at celebrating anniversaries. Over 175 years, we've celebrated many "Old St. Paul's" occasions on Kent St. and "New St. Paul's" milestones on Russell St. On each of these, we've used the opportunity to re-examine ourselves and then to seek renewal.

We'll do that again this time.

## 1836-1857

### Anglican Church Deeded Original \$175 Land

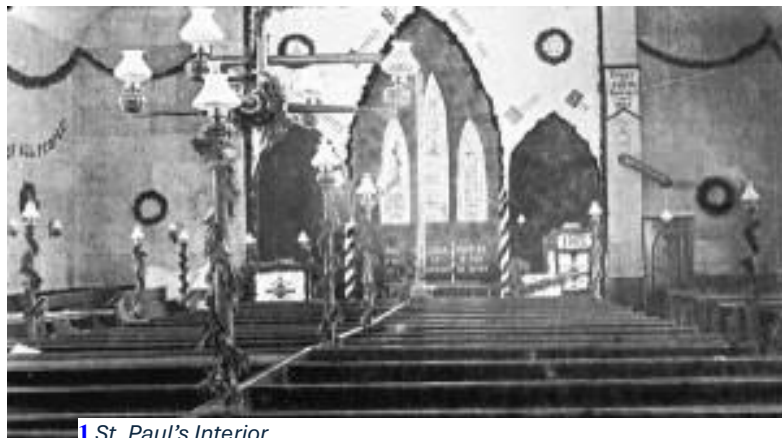
***“We see the town and neighbourhood (of Lindsay) below and around us, although tall pine trees, girdled and blackened, shut in the vision at a short distance”. Wonderful words, but oh, for a photograph of that view!***

In late 1861, the editor of the Canadian Post climbed to the roof of George Kempt’s newly finished building at the foot of Kent Street just months after the newspaper had moved to Lindsay from Beaverton. Standing there, he would not have imagined that citizens of Lindsay in 2011 would see their town through his eyes or that the congregation of “Old St. Paul’s”, the white frame Anglican Church he spied up the south side of Kent Street, would be celebrating 175th years of Anglican worship in the Lindsay area.

Instead, looking over the town, he wrote:

***“In 1850, the village of Lindsay contained about 300 inhabitants, a grist mill, saw mill, carding and fulling mill, a foundry, ashery, tannery and Roman Catholic Church. Look at it now. When we now write, the town will be upwards of 2100, showing an increase of 700 percent! We have now a railway in town connecting our inland country to the sea-board and four steamers ply daily during the summer to and from the various ports in our northern townships, giving our farmers a fair market for their produce and our merchants every advantage from rapid transportation. There are now six steam engines and two foundries. We have daily mail east, west and south.”***  
***Attempting to count the visible buildings from his rooftop perch, after speaking of the blackened pine trees, he went on to say, “I see 100 buildings of all sizes, 20 first class brick buildings, but it is impossible to notice all the frame buildings erected or in the process of being erected. (And) instead of one church, there are now four: Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic”.***

The first image: the pine trees girdled and blackened. Four months before on July 5th just after the election won by James Dunsford over John Cameron, the great Lindsay fire started in a small frame house on Ridout Street. By dark, it had destroyed about 90 homes, mills, hotels, other businesses and a railway station in the Kent, William, Peel and Lindsay Street areas. Few had insurance. Yet four months



1 St. Paul's Interior

later, brick buildings were replacing frame ones and merchants were advertising new locations or cheap prices for damaged goods because of “the late terrible calamity”.

The second image: the growth of churches. Citizens were usually church-goers in those days and churches were integrally connected to family and community life in good times and bad. One of them was St. Paul’s.

In November, 1836, Rev. Wade, a travelling Anglican minister, struggled through swamps and poor roads to preach a service at Mr. Rae’s farm just east of Purdy’s Mills, now Lindsay. In his notes, he said, “Appointment at Purdy’s Mills (but) roads too bad”. It was the start. Travelling Episcopal ministers continued preaching in close-by Anglican farm homes through the 1830’s and ‘40’s.

In 1846, the Crown deeded three-quarters of the south side of the middle block of Kent Street to the Anglican Church at a value of \$175. The opportunity for an Anglican church inside Lindsay was now in reach.

Nearly a decade passed. In the early evening of July 23, 1855, a small group of men came to the “Old Town Hall” at Kent and Cambridge streets where Anglican Church services and Vestry meetings had been conducted for several years.

The agenda this evening, though, was particularly significant.

John Thirkell was there. A local carriage manufacturer, born in New York State about 1805, he was one of the oldest and likely the most influential. He likely picked up George Molyneux Roche two doors down and Thomas Charles Patrick, his future son-in-law who also lived nearby. George was born in Portsmouth, England and immigrated to Canada in 1830 with his family. At 32, he was young to have become the local Crown Land Agent. He would serve St. Paul’s for 15 more years and then pass away suddenly in 1870 at age 48. Thomas was the local druggist, shortly to wed John’s daughter, Marion. Within five years, he would also die suddenly. These three probably talked on the way over because they quickly nominated Dr. Joshua Fidler as chairperson. Born in Sussex, England, only 32 years old, just married to Laura Jellet of Northumberland County, Joshua was the local doctor and surgeon and would be a major part of St. Paul’s life until his own death in 1887. The last known man at the meeting was J.H. Coulter, who became secretary of the meeting.

There were likely others there, but the minutes of the meeting did not list all present. John Bryans, who immigrated from Fermanagh, Ireland, likely rode to Lindsay from his outlying farm. He would influence St. Paul’s life for another half-century and stimulate debates when he died in 1906 as to whether he was over 100 years old. His son, Robert Bryans, would later join him as a church leader and Warden. William Bell, also born in Ireland in 1806, a local carpenter and, later, a railroad conductor, might also have been present.

After taking the chair, Dr. Fidler quickly accepted a motion: “Moved by J.H. Coulter, seconded by Mr. Thirkell .. to apply to the Bishop for the appointment of a clergyman for the Township of Ops, and that he be guaranteed the sum of One Hundred and Twenty-five pounds per annum.”

The motion carried, but was quickly followed with an amendment raising it to two hundred pounds and a guaranteed residence.

The Rev. John Hickey, Rector of Fenelon Falls, accepted the challenge and travelled each Sunday to preach in the Old Town Hall.

How well paid was he? Hard to tell. Meat averaged 10 cents per pound, coffee about 12 cents, sugar about 8 cents while a fine for a liquor offence set a man back \$1 and court costs. Pounds and dollars, though, were having trouble with each other. The slow transition from one to the other caused the exchange rate to fluctuate wildly and fueled a sharp debate in town on whether local banks and the Post Office were making too much profit on the exchange.

What next? A minister preaching in town was good but was only a first step. The pressure to build a real Anglican church and choose a minister who would live and work in Lindsay grew stronger.

But what kind of community was Lindsay?

Old newspapers tell us we had a sense of humour, expressed strong opinions and were well aware of life elsewhere.

Internationally, we followed the American Civil War and were fascinated with gossip about upper class life in England. One story told how Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister of Great Britain, travelled to Walmer Castle near Dover on business and inadvertently slept in a castle bedroom directly above 100 barrels of improperly stored gunpowder.

Locally, we were shocked at the behaviour of a local Justice of the Peace. He had been fined \$1 and costs for assaulting a citizen and sternly directed to “keep the peace”. Four days later, he assaulted the same citizen again.

We travelled easily and often by stage coach.

***“The stage will leave Fournier’s Hotel (north of the Peel/William corner) at 7 a.m., go to Manilla in time to connect to the stage for Oshawa and Whitby and arrive in Beaverton at 1 p.m. (It will) leave Workman’s Hotel in Beaverton at 2 p.m. and Manilla after the next Oshawa and Whitby stage goes through and arrive back at Lindsay at 8 p.m.”***

We shopped at Victoria Bakery and Grocery at William and Peel Street, lunched at Doheny’s Hotel at Kent and William Street, enjoyed a drink at the Glasgow House in “the late Post Office” and left our horse and buggy in the Harrington’s Hotel stable on Queen Street. Whatever else we did in town that day, we definitely dropped into Joseph Funk’s butcher shop. His ad read:

“Good meat I keep as all do know  
Adjoining Joseph Funk’s.  
The flies, I warrant, do not ‘blow’  
Upon my tender junks.

Beef, mutton, lamb and veal also  
In season you may find;  
And if of soup you want 'a go'  
Speak for the tails in time.

Good marrow-bones, kidneys likewise  
Sweet-breads and tit-bits all,  
Livers and tongues; if you are wise  
You'll soon give me a call".



## 1858-1873

### First Rector Came From Ireland to Lindsay With Family

*“Who knows him?” “Why is he choosing us?”*

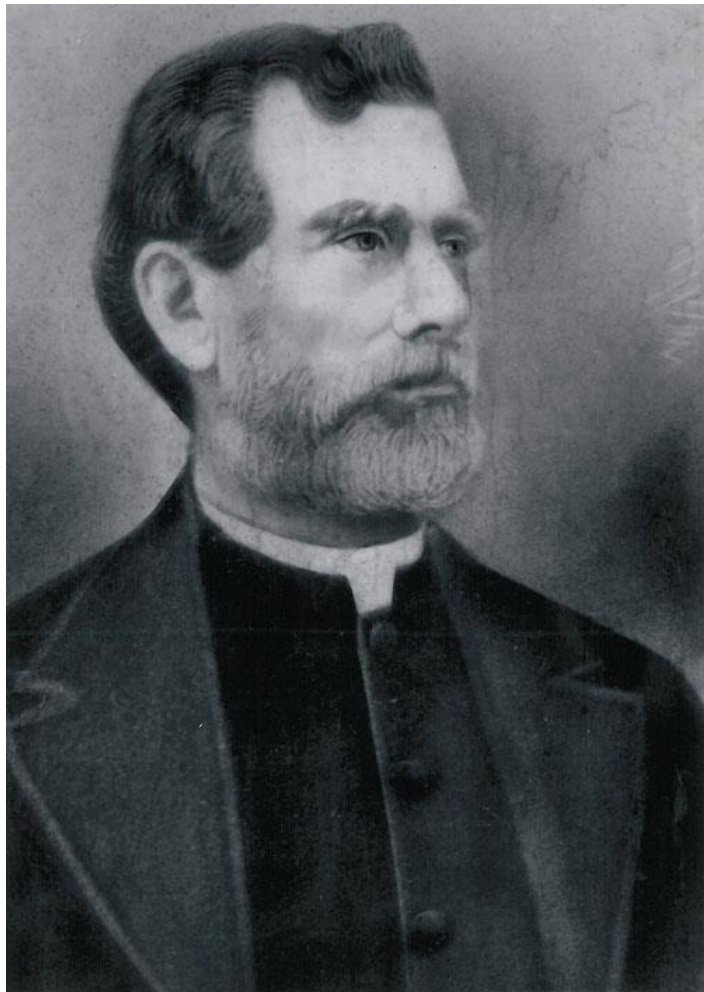
Anglicans, on this 1858 afternoon, stopped and talked about him on Kent Street and by the Old Town Hall where they prayed each Sunday. They pulled each other aside, asked questions and found that others knew as little as they did.

What they were really asking was *“What is this man like who will live among us as St. Paul’s first rector?”*

Reverend Vicars

Born in Ireland in 1827 and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, the **Rev. John Vicars** immigrated to Canada with his wife Caroline and son and came straight to Lindsay.

A few knew more about him than others and met him when he arrived. Those at that critical meeting just three years ago were there, but others as well. James Wicks Dunsford was there. He was a local lawyer, and son of another minister, the Rev. James Hartley Dunsford of Devon, England. His daughter, Kathleen Rose, married William Boyd Irwin, distant offspring of the lumber barons, Mossom Boyd and James Irwin. He would die in 1882 before the discussions to build “New St. Paul’s” were underway. William Lloyd Russell, land agent and auctioneer, was there too. And William Jeremiah Stoughton, a 44 year old printer born in Kingston, was also there. Finally, Thomas Broughall, born in Cobourg, only 27, a recently arrived downtown merchant was there as well.



2 Reverend Vicars

What drew them to talk about him, what they expected of him, was obvious. *“Lead us in building our own church”*. Events moved quickly. A year after reaching Lindsay, Rev. Vicars and these

lay leaders built a beautiful white frame church on the south side of Kent St. where Mr. Grocer later stood at a cost of \$2,800. The plan that had begun four years before in the Old Town Hall meeting was now complete.

*About 77 years later, Joseph Lennon, in “Reminiscences of Lindsay”, wrote:*

*“The church was heated by two box stoves and such length of pipes that pails were put at the joints to catch the condensed soot. It was lighted by coal oil lamps in pillars five feet high.”*

And almost 50 years still later, the Rev. Robert G. Hartley, Rector of St. Paul’s at the time, wrote:

*“The only existing photograph of the church’s interior taken in about 1877 shows it contained a number of Christmas inscriptions. Over the sanctuary was written, ‘Behold I bring you tidings of great joy’. The words which decorated the two chimneys were ‘Glory to God in the highest’ and ‘Peace on earth, good will toward men’. The hanging over the Lord’s table was a three panel embroidery with the inscription: “Unto us a child is born’ and ‘Gloria in Excelsis’ and ‘Unto us a son is given’. The lectern, which was on what is considered the pulpit side today, contained .. the words ‘The royal child is born’. The large stone font, which is in our church today, stood prominently at the front of the nave.”*

Within two years, John and Caroline had a second son and then tragically, Catherine died. After two years of grieving and raising two children alone, John met and married Annabelle Mitchell of Cavan Township in 1863. Over the next six years, they had four more children.

Censuses tell interesting tales. The middle-class of the time often had one or two servants. In 1861, John and Caroline with two children had two servant girls but by 1871 John and Annabelle with six children had none. And, while raising John’s first two children, pregnant with her own first child and actively supporting her husband, Annabelle did so for awhile with one arm. An article in 1864 reflected on this. *“We regret to learn that Sunday afternoon, after leaving Sunday school, Mrs. Vicars fell and broke her arm. (With) the slippery state of streets, (one must be) under the utmost caution to prevent accidents of this kind.”*

What kind of minister was John Vicars? He was deeply interested in children and education. Often Chair of the Common School Board of Trustees, he hired local teachers, monitored their teaching skills and checked on their moral character. He was also a local temperance movement leader. An 1861 article remarked,

*“The Rev. Vicars will deliver a temperance lecture in the Town Hall on this Friday evening” and, a week later, “Rev. Vicars lectured to a large, respectable audience (and we have) a belief (that) this is the first of monthly public meetings on the topic.”*

Looking through our modern lens, we might view these temperance folk as overly righteous and straitlaced. Lindsay, though, had the same drinking problem as other raw mid-19th century towns. Saloons were everywhere. Each newspaper edition outlined the week’s “drunk and

disorderly” charges and fines of \$1 or \$2 with court costs. Temperance movement pressure caused town council to pass a number of liquor-based motions over the decade; one startling one being by-law 184 in 1869 which raised the age when children could buy liquor and drink it in a tavern from 10 years of age to 12.

In 1871, the Rev. John Vicars left St. Paul’s in Lindsay to become Anglican rector at Cannington where he remained until his death in 1910.

It took a year to find his replacement. In 1872, the **Rev. William Thomas Smithett** became the new Rector. Born in south-west England in 1822, an Anglican minister by 1845, married to Sarah Rogers Gordon of England, he immigrated to British Guiana, then to Boston before moving to Galesburg, Illinois in the 1860’s. Now with five children, he immigrated a third time to Asphodel Township in Peterborough County. From there, he accepted the call to St. Paul’s.

They stayed almost ten years. During that time, several of their daughters were married in Lindsay.

It was a swiftly changing decade. Lindsay was growing quickly and its infrastructure of sewers, water and streets had to keep up or fire insurance would skyrocket. Town Council arguments erupted over water mains, fire hoses and the amount of “*good, clean lake shore gravel*” needed to keep the streets passable. Nearly 3000 yards of that gravel were finally spread along Kent Street’s lower blocks.

The increased town population also meant more mouths to feed. That required more grocery stores but also demanded more in-town market days for local farmers and potentially more market toll income paid by them. On this topic, town council debated endlessly the merits of keeping tolls (more town income) or removing tolls (more farmers at the market).

And when that topic ran out of time, they argued over the number of saloon and tavern licenses. With the rise of liquor outlets and increased prohibitionist pressures, the topic was dangerously political. Some wanted an upper limit of 18 outlets while others demanded fewer. And then they debated liquor license fees. While tavern and saloon licenses were finally raised to \$80 and \$100/year respectively, a tongue in cheek suggestion by one councilor: “how about 5 cents?” drew a long, sustained laugh, reflecting some councilors’ private views on the topic. While the council measured the politics of the topic, the town sheriff did his job and brought many saloon and tavern keepers before magistrates to be fined \$20 for breaking the licensing laws.

Business advertisements help tell us about the changing face of Lindsay. We now shopped at Staples Groceries on Kent Street next to the Globe Hotel, bought shoes from James Connoly on Kent St., suits from John Johnson Tailor on William St and stabled our horse at Gunigal’s Livery on York St.

Farm animals occasionally travelled the outlying streets and became lost: “Strayed into the premises of William Robinson, two sheep – white. The owner can have the same back by paying charge”.

Then there was the potential lawsuit against a prospective son-in-law.

*“A Manvers farmer threatens to bring suit against a young farmer who persists in sitting up with his daughter Sunday nights ‘til 4:00 a.m. The stern parent claims .. that the following day being wash day, ‘his gal ain’t of no account’ .. (and) that if they would only use two chairs, the one they do use wouldn’t cost so much in repairs”.*

We also learned of the dangers of smoking:

*“When a man milks a cow, he should not attempt to smoke a cigar at the same time. A young man from Lindsay tried it when out in Mariposa and got along well enough until he lowered his head and touched the cow’s flank with the lighted end of his weed. The next instant, himself and his cigar were dreadfully put out. The cow, introducing about two tons of weight into one of her hind legs, passed the force to the milker’s left jaw”.*

Businesses often used “testimonials” to advertise wares. These were written by prominent citizens wishing to support local entrepreneurs. Rev. Dr. Smithett, Rector of St. Paul’s, known to have eye-sight problems, wrote:

*“I was using a pair of lenses too strong. Dr. Franks (a local oculist) examined my eyes and suited them at the first attempt with a pair of his improved spectacles much weaker in power. They suit me so very perfectly that I am induced to recommending them to all needing the aid of glasses”.*

## 1874-1885

### Few 'Outsiders' Took Part in Building of 'New St. Paul's

What did we talk about in 1874, just seven years into nationhood?

*"What will Sir John do about Louis Riel?"* An old topic had become new again. Ottawa was feeling political pressure. Riel had previously led the Metis in the Red River Rebellion and established a provisional Metis government. Ottawa chose to negotiate. Then Riel executed the Orangeman, Thomas Scott. British and Canadian forces headed west. He fled across the U.S. border. Time passed. Sentiment died down. John A. MacDonald hoped it was a permanent exile. For the sake of Quebec, he considered a pardon. But then he came back across the border! Public opinion outside Quebec suddenly coalesced. The government was forced to issue a new arrest warrant for him.

And then we shifted to another favourite topic: royal gossip: *"One of the Duchesses of Edinburgh's handkerchiefs is worth 1000 pounds, and cost, for its production, five years of labour besides the eyesight of the unfortunate workman"*.

Our own Rev. Smithett was more occupied these years with Sunday school teaching. Among his colleagues, he was considered an expert. He attended every Sabbath School conference to make his beliefs heard. He believed each church should generously fund the "Sabbath Schools" but did not think children should be coerced into attending. At one conference, a colleague vehemently argued that the spiritual needs of children required near-perfect attendance in Sunday school. He responded mildly but pointedly that the rural Common Schools only achieved a 50 percent attendance average, the town Common Schools only 70 percent and so the Sunday school children should be "dealt with charitably".

In 1881, he left St. Paul's to become Rector of Christ Anglican Church, Omeme.

Then in the spring of 1888, an epidemic of typhoid fever ran through the Omeme area. Many died of it. The good Reverend was one of those. Newspapers around the province wrote eulogies. From the Port Hope Times:

*"The death. of the Rev. Dr. W. T. Smithett of Omeme, Rural Dean of Haliburton, was a shock to the region. No one in the Midland district was more widely known with more kindly feelings. He had spent 43 years in the ministry. During all these years he had not missed a service through ill-health, until his final illness."*

Again, there was difficulty choosing a new minister. The primary candidates were the 63 year-old **Rev. Vincent Clementi** of Peterborough and the 31 year-old **Rev. Samuel Weston- Jones**, just finishing his training.

Both had very interesting backgrounds.

The Rev. Vincent Clement was the son of the renowned musician and teacher, Muzio Clementi of Italy. Muzio was a colleague of Beethoven and was considered his equal at the time. Upon his death, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Vincent grew up with servants in his household, attended Harrow and Trinity College in Cambridge and, because of his father's fame, was inducted as a Church of England minister by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Married to Elizabeth Banks, they had two children before she died in 1848. Seven years later, Vincent and his boys immigrated to Peterborough.

The Rev. Samuel Weston-Jones also grew up with servants. He was the son of George Jones, a wealthy brush manufacturing company owner of Gloucestershire, and of Anna Juliana Bayly of Sussex. He immigrated to Canada in 1871 to join his older brother Edward who had preceded him to Canada as a minister and then entered training himself shortly after.

The solution to who would become Rector of St. Paul's was a simple compromise. Rev. Clementi, the senior cleric, became Rector but stayed mostly in Peterborough at his primary church while Rev. Weston-Jones acted on-scene as Curate-in-Charge at St. Paul's. Two years later in 1883, Rev. Clementi resigned and young Samuel became Rector in name as well as in practice. His significance to the life of St. Paul's was the building of "New St. Paul's".

By this time, "Old St. Paul's" was seriously deteriorating and was crowded. It was a time when church pews were enclosed and set aside for particular families. An 1884 church motion reflected the crowding issue. *"Pewholders' right to the pews extends only to what they occupy. Sidesmen may (now) sit non-pewholders and strangers in empty seats"*. Outside, they were pressed in by the normal life of Lindsay. A letter to the Anglican Synod described the setting: *"We have a livery stable to the southwest (now, "Joel's Restaurant"), hotel stable to the southeast, a cabinet workshop to the east and a butcher shop to the northwest"*.

The congregation was divided. Some wanted to repair and expand their beloved church while others were ready to sell it and use the funds to build a larger church in a quieter area. Frustration burst out. Thankfully, Rev. Samuel Weston-Jones and a core group of steady church leaders spoke frequently enough about compromise and consensus and prayed often enough for collective wisdom that a path forward was found that gained widespread acceptance.

Financing, though, was still an issue. A new church would cost about \$20,000. They asked Synod in Toronto for advice and financial help. They wrote back: *"Synod has no power to*



3 New St. Paul's Exterior

*mortgage. We recommend you purchase another property, vest it (the property) in Trustees, borrow through them and possibly sell a portion of the present land". A great thought, but finding another large property off the main street but still near by would be expensive.*

An answer emerged. The man who received Synod's letter was Adam Hudspeth, born in Cobourg, local lawyer, parishioner of St. Paul's, often a churchwarden and later, a Member of Parliament. His wife, Harriet, born in the Northwest Territories, was a capable, unique person. After a private discussion together, Adam came forward to donate a three quarter acre piece of land on Russell Street, one block directly south of the existing church. Later, an adjacent half-acre to the east was purchased for a future parsonage.

Francis Darling of Toronto was chosen as the architect for "New St. Paul's". Few other "outsiders" took part. An amazing number of Lindsay and area residents provided material or helped build it. McNeely and Walters of Lindsay received the contract to build the 110x 50 foot modified gothic-style church. Local stonemasons built the foundation with Bobcaygeon stone and faced the front and tower with Ohio blue stone. Fox Brothers and Francis Curtin, brick makers of Lindsay, provided the white brick for the walls. Local workers tenderly mounted the "cathedral glass" stained glass windows. Alexander Cullon, a Lindsay blacksmith with unique artistic skills, fashioned the beautiful hammered finial above the 50 foot tower capped by a 60 foot spire. Inside, E. Woods & Son inserted the gas lighting equipment, William Howe & Son, Tinsmiths, installed the two giant hot air furnaces, Fred Reeves and two of his sons, Wesley and Samuel, were the plasterers while Leonard Newton and Alexander Skinner took over as the painters.

But in May, 1885, before the first stone was even laid, Harriet Hudspeth, who had put so much of her own vision into the new church, passed away.

Six months later, "New St. Paul's" officially opened on November 25th with a major dedication service. Many clergy took part. The Bishop of Toronto was there. The morning service was packed; so was an afternoon service of confirmation and the evening service was "*crowded to its utmost capacity*". The sermon focused on the value of good works; a fitting conclusion to years of effort by those who had built this church.

While "New St. Paul's" prepared for its future, Lindsay was also primed for change.

'Old St. Paul's" still stood on a main street in transition. New businesses were moving in. Kent Street needed serious upgrading. Old tile drains were in deep trouble. Town Council learned the public outlay would be \$2000 and the private expense to the store owners even greater. Some wanted to proceed; others demanded stop-gap measures that required store toilets to empty into backyard privies instead of town sewers. The "stop-gappers" won and that summer's repair season was hectic.

Telephones had come to Lindsay but the infrastructure was sometimes dangerous.

***"On William St. between Peel and Wellington, a coil of (telephone) wire dangling from a pole caught a rig going under it .. and nearly pulled the occupant out of the buggy before the horse could be stopped"***



## 1886 – 1904

### Charles Henry Marsh named ‘Lindsay’s Most Loved Man

***“Those greedy west-enders”!***

A site for the new Post Office became a town-wide debate in the mid 1880’s. *“A strong effort has been made to secure the new building on an eastern site. The old English church is considered by east-enders too far west”*. “Old St. Paul’s”, no longer a church but still standing on Kent Street, was one of the serious Post Office options. East-enders felt they paid high taxes without benefits and the “*greedy west-enders*” had gained all the municipal services and the railway.

Some debates were decorous:

***“The public meeting last Friday evening .. was a highly interesting and spicy gathering. (It) adopted a resolution to .. submit the question to a popular vote ... (and) closed with loyal cheers for the Queen”***. ***Others discussions were less restrained. “Two citizens fell to discussing the post office site question at Hunting’s Shoe Shop. The earnest citizens grew so emphatic over the matter that they came to blows, upset the stove and fractured the work bench”***.

While the debate raged, we continued to shop in a changed downtown. We now ordered a wrought iron railing from John Makins’ Iron Foundry, bought shoes from T.G. Marlatt, suits from J. Skitch, sugar and spice delicacies from Arch. Campbell, looked after our abscessed tooth in William H. Gross’ dental office and bought towels from the McCrimmon Brothers.

Even sport was changing. Cricket declined as baseball fever rose.

***“A baseball match between members of the defunct cricket club and the Lindsay Baseball Club .. would be interesting. So would the return match where base-ballists would play at cricket instead of their (own) game.”***

And then there was that strange weather in 1886. George Calvert, an old market gardener from Reaboro, said the crops that season were likely to be the best in his lifetime. Then two days later, *“a huge thunderstorm passed through Lindsay.. rain fell in great violence, smashing the .. shrubs and growing vegetables. It is feared the crops have been badly (damaged).”* And the storm brought injuries: *“Mr.*





*Wm. Byrnell of Fenelon met with a serious accident. .. (He) was drawing grain into the barn ..when he attempted to close the door. The wind, which was blowing almost a hurricane, slammed the door against him with such violence that (he) was thrown some distance (and) broke four ribs and his left arm."*

The national news spoke of the destructive repercussions of the temperance-inspired Scott Act. In the dark of night, acts of revenge in Lindsay and other towns against the Temperance "Establishment" spoke of heated feelings.

And in mid-'87, an announcement said *"the public will learn with much regret that Rev. (Samuel)Weston-Jones has resigned the incumbency of St. Paul's with the view of going up to Charlottetown"*.

And, a week later: *"a contract for building new St. Paul's Sunday school has been let to Mr. W. McBurney for \$3385."* For many years, this addition was called *"the School House"*. Later, it would be called the *"Marsh Memorial Hall"*

Who was this Marsh person? The answer can be found in his son's words:

***"In 1887, the Parish of St. Paul's Lindsay fell vacant and Rev. Charles Marsh (from Orillia) was invited to come and take the services that the Parish might look him over. He informed the Lindsay authorities that he was happily busy in his work in his own church. One Sunday three strange men appeared at St. James' Church, Orillia and, after the service had a chat with the curate and (thereafter) recommended him to the congregation at Lindsay"***.

They would not take "no" as an answer.

Born at Holland's Landing in 1854, **Charles Henry Marsh** had roots back to Somerset and Wiltshire, England. Educated locally with higher education in London, Ontario, he was one of the first ministerial students at Toronto's new Wycliffe College. After a student ministry in the parish of Otonabee, he was ordained in 1881, took over the Parish of Rosemount in Simcoe County and in 1886, became Curate at St. James, Orillia.

And so began his long and successful 48 year career at St. Paul's, Lindsay.

Forty-five years later in 1932, a newspaper article described him as "Lindsay's most loved man". Interviewed for that article, he thought back to his arrival from Orillia and, tongue-in-cheek, began comparing the two communities:

***"(In 1887) the population of Lindsay was 6081, the mayor was Thomas Walters, Adam Hudspeth was a prominent lawyer and parishioner, there were no paved streets, no electric lights, a great deal of mud and the people of Lindsay went away for the holidays (while) the Orillia people stayed home, which might account for their better-kept (church) grounds."***

Charles arrived in Lindsay as a bachelor, but shortly fell in love with Emily Carew Wilgress of Cobourg. Married in 1887, they had six children in Lindsay. Tragically, three died in infancy.

On March 30th, 1888, Lindsay citizens read a one-paragraph note in the paper about the demolition of “Old St. Paul’s”. We might now hope that those old-timers who built it, gathered across from the old church on Kent Street, wiped away a tear or two and talked of the years gone by.

Two years later in 1890, the Parish Council passed a motion: *“That the offer of the Dominion government of \$4000 for the purchase of the west 66 feet of the lands owned by the Synod and Diocese of Toronto in Lindsay, and being the (former) site of the Old Church .. be accepted”*.

As “Old St. Paul’s” was coming down, a block away in “New St. Paul’s”, the “Annual Report of St. Paul’s Sunday School” was published. We learned there were 22 Sunday school instructors and 298 students, twice as many female as male students and further, the girls attended twice as often (Hmm. Sounds like the basis for a study!). Impressed with the healthy program in Rev. Marsh’s first year, the Parish Council still felt a need to encourage parents to drop in more often and thank the teachers. By the end of another year, the number of teachers and students had risen by 10%, more boys were involved and the Sunday school teachers felt appreciated!

Reading these Annual Reports, one senses that an engine had been freshly tuned. Rev. Marsh’s arrival and the wise choice of wardens may have contributed to this renewal. There was certainly a new spirit: a sudden growth of committed parishioners pouring enthusiastic energy into many activities and causes. The Sunday school children sent toys to indigent native children. The Women’s Auxiliary expanded beyond prayer, reading and sewing into ambitious programs to make and send goods to those in need around the country. The church youth groups quickly expanded into new fields of “good works”. Every child was expected to help and any small thing they did was praised: *“The ‘Little Girls Sewing Class with great pleasure handed in Ten Dollars to the Floating Debt of the Church.”*

Rev. Marsh’s arrival at St. Paul’s paralleled the emergence of new lay leaders in the church. They worked with the old guard to produce a strong, focused vision for the future. The mortar holding it together appeared to be two-fold: a common faith and a common dream.

One of the first things they did was build a Sunday School.

***“It consisted .. of an auditorium with an infants room, ladies room, and library, all of which could be opened into the auditorium for concerts. The basement was equipped as a kitchen. In 1905, the building uniting the church with the Sunday School was erected.”***

In the late ‘90’s, the Boer War broke out and about 7600 Canadians went overseas. The returning wounded soldiers and grieving war widows and children all needed financial help in an era of little government support. Lindsay and Victoria County set up a branch of the National Patriotic Fund. St. Paul’s and other churches actively canvassed, and people began to donate.

## 1905 – 1917

### Church Tackled Controversial Topics But Stayed United

***“We earnestly ask you to provide for Anniversary Sabbath (St. Paul’s 20th anniversary). Dear friends, do not be indifferent to God’s cause; it is a privilege to give”!***

This was 1905 and the plea by parish council was the periodic sound of financial concern. During Rev. Marsh’s earlier years, St. Paul’s had no Rectory and he rented houses all over town. He was at 1 Glenelg St., 7 Russell St (no longer there) and 30 Colborne St. West. There were several early attempts to find him a Rectory. In 1907, “*Mr. Wetherup (offered) to sell his residence to the congregation (as a Rectory) for \$3000 which he had formerly bought at \$3600*”. Council turned the offer down because we were short of funds. Finally, in 1914, the current rectory was built next door to the church.

In the 1890’s, Lindsay learned it could be lit by electricity supplied by power generated 14 miles away at Fenelon Falls. Within months, McWaters & Sons, enterprising bakers on Queen Street, introduced ‘power bread making’ and produced 1500 loaves per day.

If we shopped downtown then, we bought shoes from Finlay & Chantler, took our clothes to Victoria Steam Laundry, looked after our eyes with the Button Brothers, our teeth with Dr. Arthur Day and bought clothes from Albert Forman or George Milne. If it was our year to wed, we dropped in to Buttney Brothers for the engagement ring and, because they had brilliantly diversified, bought our marriage license there as well!

In 1890, St. Paul’s hosted a lecture series on “other religions”. The Rev. Ibsen from Utah, born in India, spoke fluent Hindi and talked about Hinduism. Interestingly, a similar successful “other religions” series occurred at St. Paul’s 110 years later in 2009-10.

Throughout these early years of the 20th century, the issue of “the Lord’s Day as a day of rest” created divisiveness between church and state in the larger sphere as well as among businesses competing for customers in a small town. Some businesses wanted to open and some didn’t. Some workers wanted the extra income and others felt coerced into working. For many, it was a complex question. For St. Paul’s, it was a simple religious decision. In 1906, we sent a “memorial” (probably a petition) to the Canadian Senate asking that Sunday be legislated as a total day of rest for all businesses and workers. The response from the Senate spokesperson is interesting. It can either be read as “highly diplomatic” or as an early example of how to use political language to straddle a fence.

***“I think the Lord’s Day should be a day of rest. I am not favorable to any person being compelled to work on that day. Difficulties no doubt will arise as to how we should go in restraining the individual liberty of those who may feel willing to work on that day and who may feel that in doing so they are not committing any wrong”.***

St. Paul's in those early 20th century years always seemed able to tackle controversial topics while staying united. One such issue was music. A new hymn book was available. It meant change. Churches across the country discussed it, sometimes with more heat than light. In 1909, a large number of St. Paul's leaders were present for a "Special Vestry Meeting" called to consider adopting the new Hymn Book, "The Book of Common Praise". The minutes show no details of debate or controversy. We do know that a motion: "*That St. Paul's Church adopt the new Hymn Book*", passed unanimously.

In May of 1910, we again displayed our still-strong relationship with Great Britain when King Edward VII passed away with a special memorial service and with special prayers for "*Queen Mary, the Queen Mother and all the Royal Family*" and for our new king, "*our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King George*".

Each month, St. Paul's published "Parish and Home Words", an outline of the life of the church: its baptisms, marriages, funerals, the visits of guest preachers, the speakers at special events and the thoughts of Rev. Marsh on many topics. He was clearly a very busy man but what jumps vividly off the pages was the strength of his commitment to those in need, his personal joy at a parishioner's happy event and his deep grief at their losses.

Another half-decade passed. World events spiraled toward war. Inflexible European alliances waited for a catalyst.

Yet life in Lindsay seemed tranquil on the surface. In May, 1914, the northern missionary, Rev. E. J. Peck, visited St. Paul's and "*gave us some interesting glimpses of the work done among the Eskimo on Hudson Bay and in Baffin Island.*" In June, 1914, Mrs. Marsh led a number of young people from the church to a summer school mission study in Whitby.

Two weeks later, Serbian nationalists assassinated the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne.

Strangely, we didn't talk about it right away. Instead, we discussed the delay in building the Lindsay Armouries, the impending "Trent Canal Opening" celebrations, and a new American vehicle law requiring lights on all buggies.

***"It is probable that it will come to Ontario in time (as) there is always danger of serious collisions when buggies without lamps are on the road in a dark night."***

By month's end, Austria declared war on Serbia and we woke up to the belief that we would go to war.

***"The Austro-Serbian war is in full swing all along the River Drima. Germany and Austria are allies. Gloom prevails in Great Britain."***

On August 4th, less than a week later, those alliances pulled the rest of Europe into WW1.

Enlistment began at the Armouries. About 70 Lindsay and area men quickly signed up. Ads for military horses appeared. By early September, Canadian flour shipments were reaching England.

When emptied, the flour bags were sold by patriotic entrepreneurs as souvenirs for the war effort.

In September, 1916, Rev Marsh spoke clearly about his own reasons why this war had to be fought. In a short sentence, he said: *“Our cause is a just and righteous one: to defend the weak”*.

The “Great War” carried on for four years. Back home, church leaders helped maintain “home front” stability and morale. Their churches were filled. The happy and tragic cycle of births, marriages and deaths found in any era continued but the added news of battlefield injuries and deaths brought Rev. Marsh and his colleagues to the doors of many grieving families.

Over the length of the war, Rev. Marsh spoke about every young man of St. Paul’s who signed up:

***“Bandsmen Mark Ingle and Corporal (Walter) Scott paid their farewell visits to Lindsay before leaving with their battalion for overseas”; and “Mr. Theo Lamb who last year was in St. Paul’s Bible class, has enlisted;” and “Capt. Clare Sootheran was paying a farewell visit to Lindsay before leaving for overseas ..”. Walter Scott would later die in battle. On learning of his death, the grieving Rev. Marsh said: “Of the four young men from St. Paul’s who left Lindsay in October 1915 .. two have been wounded, one is (dead) and one is still at the front.”***

To help “his boys” stay in touch with St. Paul’s, he asked their friends to send copies of “Parish and Home Words” to them.

One of his articles described a gathering in the “school room” to celebrate Private John Hartwick’s safe, but temporary return to St. Paul’s:

***“This evening he was welcomed back to the Sunday School he had attended as a boy .. Mr. Hartwick (thanked) all for the hearty reception .. he had been wounded twice, but thinks he may be able to return to the front”***.

About this time, Rev. Marsh’s daughter, Victoria and other young ladies of St. Paul’s left for Toronto to be trained as nurses and perhaps join the war effort.

Rev. Marsh also heard indirectly from young Arthur Pym of being 16 days in the trenches with constant shelling. Arthur finished with this comment,

***“A great number of the boys over here will now appreciate the privilege of going to divine service each Sunday a great deal more than formerly. I know I shall if I ever get back again, and I hope to.”***

## 1918 - 1927

### Cherished Reverend Delivered Last Sermon at 86

***“When will this terrible war end!”***

While we know now when it ended, it seemed unending in early 1918. Shortages were everywhere. Food was one of them. So many young farmers had gone overseas that food production had dropped. Out of this need came the S.O.S. effort. *“Canada wants 25,000 boy farmers – Soldiers of the Soil. She wants them soon and urgently.”* These were boys too young to fight, who volunteered to work the empty farms. About 80 students from Lindsay Collegiate signed up and headed across the country to those farms needing help.

An Order-In-Council made idleness unpatriotic and illegal. *“All male persons 16 to 60 must be regularly engaged except students proceeding with training”*. A conviction could result in a *“\$100 fine or 6 months in jail at hard labour”*.

Fear of death in war brought out strange superstitions. *“Never before have the soldiers amassed so large a number of superstitions. (Those) having to do with the number 3 are the most widespread. The third of anything was thought to be fatal”*.

While the years of the Great War passed and we focused on it every day, an unusual event in town could briefly take away our attention:

***“A bad wreck (occurred) on the Haliburton line on Victoria Avenue between Peel and Wellington Streets around midnight, Wednesday (February 26) when six GTR box cars left the track and were piled up in a heap across the avenue. The train had just passed Maunder’s mill when the wreck occurred. One car crashed into (a) residence on the east side,”***

By mid-1918, a disease, lurking below the surface, began receiving serious attention. *“Spanish influenza rages in Canada!”* Before it finished, 500 million people caught it and 50-100 million died. Every-day life changed. In many towns, including Lindsay, stores closed and commerce ground down.

The Germans began to retreat. Finally, it was over. **“VICTORY!”** The local headlines read. **“Armistice signed November 11!”**

But Lindsay citizens woke the next morning without knowing this. As the morning progressed, word spread. People gathered on Kent Street cheering and shaking hands. Merchants arrived but quickly joined the crowds. Church bells started ringing. People gathered flags. Lindsay’s mayor quickly declared a public holiday. Before long, a parade was organized. Everyone in town took part, either marching or cheering from the sidelines.

It was time for the future. Returning soldiers received three months wages to help them fit into civilian life. Joblessness rose while the cost of living rose even higher. Labour protests happened in Lindsay and other towns and cities. The Russian Revolution had brought a fear of Bolshevism and any protest fed that fear. It all came together in the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919.

In 1919 as well, Rev. Marsh sadly wrote of the passing of three St. Paul's old-timers in October. *"On three successive Sundays,"* he said, *"we had well-trying friends of St. Paul's Church called away by death"*. They included John Sootheran who had helped build "New St. Paul's", Richard Sylvester, who had made major financial donations to St. Paul's over the years and Samuel Henderson, who had supported St. Paul's for thirty years.



4 New St. Paul's Window

Prosperity began to return. In the latter years of the 1920's, the heated market rose higher. On October 29th, 1929 it crashed. The economic chaos that followed was soon called *'The Great Depression'*.

The implications of the stock market crash were not immediately obvious. On that same black day, the newspaper read: *"Honor Paid to Mrs. Marsh. The Kawartha Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire gathered at the home of Mrs. R.M. Beall for an event: the presentation of a life membership to Mrs. (Canon) Marsh"*. Lady Clare Annesley, a prominent Belfast British Labour M.P., making the rounds in Canada, attended and spoke on the value of women to help prevent war: *"women want to see acts of 'heroism of human nature' used not for destruction but to build up a world where the horrors of war are unknown"*.

What kept the Crash from our attention for so long?

Sports: *"A very strong LCI's Girls' Basketball team may beat Peterborough."* And politics: *"Howard Ferguson, Conservative, sweeps the province ... Liberals cut in half."* And ghosts and goblins: *"The ancient Druids who kept fire going on Hallowe'en had nothing on most of the citizens of Lindsay last night. Damage was small compared with other years"*. A local environmental disaster; *"Approximately 6700 gallons of gasoline were (accidentally) poured into the sewers of Lindsay .. the affected area seems to be between Kent St. and Francis St. and from Victoria Ave to the river"*. Then Armistice Day, *"The Rev. Canon Marsh gave the*

*Memorial Prayer*". Finally, an unusual local burglary: "*Seven Houses Entered By Burglar*" on Colborne West and Elgin Streets. Goods, cash and a bicycle were stolen. The thief then pedaled out of town to a farmhouse where he traded the bicycle for a stolen car.

In the early 1930's, we grew uneasy at events in Germany. The terms of the Treaty of Versailles, post-war inflation and the harsh impact of the Great Depression on Germany had helped fuel the rise of the National Socialist (or "Nazi") Party led by a former WW1 Austrian corporal, Adolph Hitler. By the summer of 1932, his leaders were household names: "the strong men of the motley Hitler horde ..(are).. (the Berliner) Captain Goering, (the Prussian) Dr. Julius Goebbels and (the Bavarian) Gregor Strasser". Germany demanded "equality of arms" with other European powers, notified France of her intention to "reorganize the army" (a euphemism for rearmament) and by early September, Herman Goering had gained the presidency of the new German Reichstag.

In 1935, the Lindsay Daily Post wrote historical articles on all Lindsay churches. St. Paul's story spoke of the curates or assistant ministers of St. Paul's. For 60 years, Anglican ministers in the Lindsay area had worked alone. Beginning in 1893, thirteen curates in sequence were placed with Rev. Marsh. They baptized, married and buried us, were married and had children among us themselves and became a part of St. Paul's if only for a few years each. For all these reasons, we must recognize them.

In 1909 in his 28th year as a minister, Rev. Marsh was made Canon of the Cathedral by the Archbishop and, in 1933, Wycliffe College honoured him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

And in 1935, he retired. In his own mind, his life here passed swiftly. He resisted his superiors' pressure to move several times until the great "fit" between himself, the community of Lindsay and the parishioners of St. Paul's became obvious to them.

He was a great walker and wandered the whole of Lindsay, talking with everyone he knew and finding ways to help them. He did the same thing after retirement through the streets around St. Timothy's, his son's Toronto church, and inside its Sunday school. When he did this, the big city parishioners were puzzled but intrigued. The children, though, understood him. One of the youngest, observing his simple, friendly manner with them, later said to his son: "*Your father is like Jesus*".

On those Lindsay walks, he found the poor and friendless on the streets, opened the door of the rectory to them and, when they died, with simple compassion, "*he performed the last offices of their burial*".

Rev. Robert Hartley, St. Paul's incumbent from 1979 to 1990, wrote a history of St. Paul's on its 150th Anniversary in 1986. He interviewed Bishop Henry Marsh about his father and received this reply

***".. he wanted everyone to have full access to God, whether inside or outside the church. He worked and fought for this constantly. He threatened to leave over it, you know. He arranged for a motion to go before the annual vestry meeting to eliminate charging a fee for the pews (at an early time parishioners were charged for 'their' pews"). When it***



*didn't pass, he moved it again and said they had to choose between the rents and the rector. Then he left the room. It was a great test over who was welcome, and he won".*

And reflecting on him as a father:

*"Sometimes you saw his loving heart best when he prayed. It was hard for that generation to say things like 'I love you', but when he prayed for me, his love was very clear!"*

And so he retired, although ministers don't really retire. He lost Emily after 50 years of marriage, just three years before his own death. His last sermon, at 86 years of age, and only three months before he died, was back at his son's parish of St. Timothy's. In it, he described how he viewed his own imminent death.

*"It can't be very long before I pass from this life to the life beyond, but I have so many friends waiting for me on the other side that I am looking forward to meeting them once again."*

## 1928 – 1945

### Sixth Rector Had Big Shoes to Fill in Changing Town

*“It is a great honour and responsibility to follow so great a man”.*

He said it well, but what a overwhelming task: to step into the shoes of our beloved priest of 48 years.

**Rev. Albert James Goldring** helped say goodbye to Canon Marsh and then became our sixth Rector. He was born at Port Whitby in 1900 into a family of lake sailors hailing from Sussex, England and Cavan, Ireland. Trained to be a priest at Wycliffe College, he went west to do missionary work. After coming back to Toronto as Curate, he was asked to come to Lindsay to join St. Paul’s as Curate in 1928.

And the Lindsay he came to was changing. We still bought jewelry from George Beall, paid \$265 for a second-hand Chevy coupe from Kawartha Motor Sales, 17 cents for a dozen eggs and listened to the Al Goodwin Orchestra on CFRB.

Lindsay Police Chief Lawler reported a month-end fine collection of \$416.50 for liquor offenses, and shelter given in the town hall basement to 32 homeless transients still coping with the Great Depression. Irish-born Eileen Law, a graduate of Alexandra and LCI and “one of the greatest contraltos in the world”, came back to the Academy Theatre to sing Verdi’s “O Don Fatali”. And in late October that year, Lindsay citizens *“were awakened in a panic at 1:07 a.m. when the town was in the throes of the most violent earthquake to ever strike this section of the continent .. some thrown .. violently from their beds.”*

Seemingly inevitable events carried us toward another war. Hitler’s European ambitions ratcheted up international tensions, Poland rejected his “one-sided demands”, Britain initiated conscription and Lindsay’s Dominion Arsenal re-opened for military business.

The King and Queen crossed the Atlantic to tour our nation and our eyes were opened to our own country. All that they saw became vivid news. School maps traced their route. LCI students



5 Rev. Albert James Goldring

traveled to Riverdale Park in Toronto to see them. The local paper trumpeted, "*Canada's King Assumes his Throne*", as George 6th spoke to us from our Canadian Senate's throne chair.

Local matters still brought laughs. An article suggesting some men went to hairdressers, not barbers received candid feedback from Lindsay girls. "*Lindsay girls want no part of men who get beautiful*" and "*men who get (their) hair curled: beware!*"

Lindsay's 45th Battery mobilized. Chamberlain sent a "final ultimatum" to Hitler. Poland's cities were bombed. France declared martial law.

A declaration of war was imminent. Knowing their lives were about to change forever, young people rolled into Lindsay one weekend from as far away as Haliburton. The Citizen Band played in the park. A street dance began at Kent and Sussex. A jitterbug contest started up in the Armouries. Local girls became instant fashion leaders. "*One .. young lady was attractive in a deep purple frock with a wide suede belt, black suede shoes and a black hair ribbon.*"

Then the real war started. Lindsay's recruiting officers signed up volunteers who were lined around the block. An unusual number were turned away with poor teeth. One man complained, "*I thought we were going over there to kill (the enemy), not eat them.*" A few men charged with crimes asked judges to let them "voluntarily enlist" rather than face severe sentences.

Polish soldiers battled desperately to save Warsaw. A U-boat sank the passenger ship, Athenia, and there was a curious Lindsay connection: "(An) \$1800 order for curling stones for the Lindsay Curling Club rests on the bottom of the Atlantic". Fifty pairs of curling stones from Glasgow bound for Lindsay had been aboard.

It was a war with powerful photographs: images that built horror, then anger, then resolution.

On December 6th, 1941 (President Roosevelt's "*Day of Infamy*"), our local paper spoke with unintended symbolism of the hungry wolves massing on Victoria County's borders. Just hours later, Japanese planes flew off approaching carriers to bomb Pearl Harbor. The U.S. declared war. And in Victoria County, local hunters banded together to hunt our wolves.

The war headlines continued. "*(German) Push on Moscow Failing*"; "*Gen. MacArthur's Troops Fighting Off Heavy Japanese Attacks*"; "*Nazi Prisoners In The Bowmanville Prisoner-of-War Camp Escape*". In the King's annual 'Honours List', a St. Paul's soldier, "*Hugo Beall, son of George Beall and the late Mrs. Beall .. (was) listed among (the) distinguished Canadians*". In early 1942, we heard that "*Herman (Mac) McGregor, age 19, became a father on December 24 (a 7 1/2 pound girl), but he doesn't know it yet. (He is) with the Canadian Forces in Hong Kong, besieged by the advancing Japanese*". Lloyd Hussey wrote home from a German prison camp. "*(I) have been a POW since we were captured August 19. I am feeling fine (with) a slight head wound .. I pray for you all .. and thank God for being alive as we sure went through an awful hell.*"

Back home, those too young for war prepared to be future leaders. One was to become a Lindsay barber, future mayor of Lindsay, M.P.P. and provincial Cabinet Minister. "*Rev. T.C. Wolfram*

*installed young John Eakins as President of the Young People's (Association) of Queen St. Church".*

Then there were others very unlikely to become our leaders. *"(Police) Recover Stolen Goods in Wild Chase"*. Using a sequence of two stolen cars, thieves stole goods from Webster Bros. in Fenelon Falls. Racing toward Lindsay with the Fenelon police close behind, they fired a pump gun at the police who fired back, wounding one of them. Roaring down Colborne St. West and onto William, they pulled into a driveway, abandoned the car and their stolen goods and fled.

Too many farmers signed up to fight. A provincial school-age amendment was passed to allow 15 year-olds to leave school and work the empty farms.

In late November, Lindsay planned an air raid warning and blackout. Reporters filed this story.

***"A lone plane roared over Lindsay shortly before 8 .. the sirens began to sound .. lights all over town were turned off .. 'incendiary bombs' started fires .. fire trucks moved through the town ...(and with the total blackout) "one police officer was heard to remark, 'It was a good night for the couples in love.'"***

As Rector, Rev. Goldring expected much of us if we were healthy and spent much of his own energy helping us if we were sick or bereaved. He worked with other ministers and the Lindsay Board of Education to develop a "bible study" curriculum to be taught in the public schools and his own assigned school was Central Senior. He also joined other Lindsay ministers in developing a "Week of Prayer" with services every day in successive churches. In one, he expressed his own religious beliefs during war.

***"God doesn't promise us immunity from the hard things of life. There may be dangers ahead. We might even have to die for our faith. But all we can do is (to) take Jesus at his word when He said 'I will never leave thee'".***

Trained to be an army chaplain, he was now called "Capt. Rev. Goldring". In this capacity, 250 soldiers and ex-soldiers marched to St. Paul's for a church service with him. To them, he said:

***"We are not in conflict with Germans, but against the .. totalitarianism threatening Europe and the whole world. As a minister .. I clearly say the struggle does not call for hate. Hate weakens us and obscures the ideals for which we fight."***

Volunteers still came forward. *"R.A. Cozens .. Superintendent of St. Paul's Sunday School .. popular Chemistry teacher at LCI .. leaves to join the RCAF."*

Finally, Rev. Goldring told St. Paul's that he felt impelled to sign up himself. While his health was not good, he finally passed the physical, took a leave of absence from St. Paul's in late 1942 and reported for duty. He never did return to us. After the war, he became a chaplain in military and civilian hospitals.

**Rev. Clinton Cross** replaced him. Born in Galt in 1911 of English and German ancestry, ordained Priest in 1939, he came to us with three years experience.

He quickly entered the life of the church and town, becoming President of the Twenty Club and the Lindsay Musical Association, Chaplain of three organizations: the Curling Club, the Royal Canadian Air Cadets and the Canada-wide Anglican Young People's Association, and was appointed Rural Dean of Victoria. Church receipts jumped. Bazaars and concerts grew. He welcomed new parishioners. *"Many newcomers are worshiping with us. While the Church is the House of God .. it is also the House of Friendship"*.

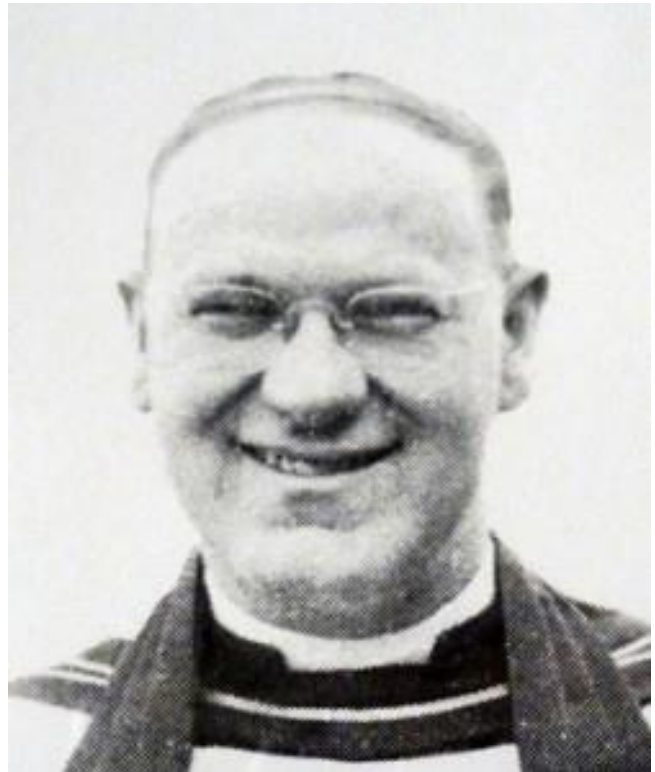
While the war occupied our minds, large and small church matters also crept in. In June, 1943, St. Paul's beautiful steeple was struck by lightning and needed extensive repairs. Later that year, St. Paul's Warden, Judge McGibbon asked Town Council to share the cost of a strong, high fence between the old parking lot (now the liquor store) and the church and to move a decrepit old ice house from that lot. Council balked, until one councilor commented: *"On the other side of the street, you have a dance hall and beside the church you have a parking lot (with an ice house). Surely the congregation should have some privacy"*. Council quickly paid half the fence but tabled the ice house matter.

War news continued: *"Russians Commence Big Push"*; *Canadians Take 18 (Sicilian) Towns"*.

We learned of the war's impact on those at home: *"(Mr. and) Mrs. Percy Nugent of Lindsay's (son) Lieut. William F. Nugent (is) a prisoner in Hong Kong (and) Sgt. Pilot John A. Nugent (is) in a German prison camp."* Later, a third underage son, Wilburt (called "Wib"), found a way to join and go overseas.

And Lindsay churches helped the war effort in different ways. *"Mobile Blood Donors' Clinic Opened at (St. Paul's) Marsh Memorial Hall .. 8 Lindsay doctors and 14 local nurses busy.. the first blood donor was Rev. C.D. Cross."*

At the Cenotaph, Rev. Cross spoke of Great Britain. *"All through the ages, the British Empire has stood for freedom .. (and) twice in this century she has stood alone in this struggle"*. Quoting from Field Marshall Kitchener in 1914, he said *"You are ordered abroad as soldiers of the King, to help against a common enemy .. do your duty bravely"*.



6 Reverend Cross

And young people at home helped. "Lindsay Girls Jamboree Is a Grand Success .. 1700 people raise \$800 .. for (naval) depth charges".

On D-Day, June 6th, 1944, the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division stormed ashore at Juno Beach through German machine gun fire, struggled inland and established a critical beach head. Over the next ten months, we moved east. In late March, 1945, the 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade crossed the Rhine. During April, we pushed the Germans out of the Netherlands.

That spring, newspaper reports of injuries and deaths rose. While war's end was clearly close, prayed daily because we knew our sons and husbands still fought. Finally on May 7th, the Post reported that next day "will be treated as '*Victory in Europe Day*'".

*"Pandemonium broke loose and buzzers, bells and whistles .. were pressed into service .."*. Most of us celebrated downtown. Some of us prayed in our churches. A few read the newspaper that day and saw a picture of an old couple standing beside a grave. The caption read: *"Excuse us if we don't join the celebration"*.

The Pacific War continued for three more months. On August 14, 1945, the Japanese surrendered. The war was truly over.

That same year, St. Paul's celebrated sixty years of "New St. Paul's" life in Lindsay. Rev. Cross constructed our Diamond Jubilee booklet and Canon H.H. Marsh, son of Canon Charles Henry Marsh, was our key-note speaker.

Three years later, Rev. Clinton Cross was called to Barrie. A new post-war era was to begin.

## 1946 – 1972

### Creative Fundraising Helped Balance Budgets

*“(Our) guest speaker has recently returned from the war front”.*

St. Paul’s WW2 ‘Speaker’s Series’ occasionally hosted returning soldiers. One, in 1943, was a war-weary army chaplain.

Five years later, he became our new Rector. **Rev. Harold Hesketh** was born in Liverpool, England in 1891. As the eldest child, he had to leave school at 13 to support his family after his father died. Influenced by a local priest to enter the ministry, he continued his education at night and then immigrated to Canada in 1911 to attend Wycliffe College. While there, he met a girl, but his timing was terrible. He loved hockey and played it hard. In one game he was hit and had 16 stitches, mostly to his face. While recuperating, Gertrude Ann Hollingworth came along. She obviously saw the qualities of the man beyond his temporarily rearranged face because they were married shortly after he became a priest. During their marriage, they had four children, two of which still live in the Lindsay area: Marjery (Woodside) and Mary (Parliament).

As a priest, he made certain his career was unique. He chose postings to back-country Athabasca, urban Toronto, New Brunswick’s Miramichi area, Northern Ontario’s Chapleau area, Quebec City



*7 Reverend Hesketh*

and then joined the army as a captain and chaplain. Returning after the war, he accepted a call to rural Ontario at Cannington, before St. Paul’s reached out.

The post-war Lindsay he came to had changed. We bought our writing supplies from Golden’s Stationers, our prescriptions from Shaw’s Drug Store and visited Canadian Tire at its new Peel and William St. location. While all this sounds like a standard quiet town, downtown life still had its moments. One headline read: *“Chief Lawler (was) Badly Beaten Up (by a) 260 pound Professional Wrestler (who) is Charged With Obstructing Police (in a) Domestic Dispute.”*



In his parish work, Rev. Hesketh took off running and, at his first year-end church celebration, finally paused to speak to us all. He spoke of the people who came before him: “*you have had faithful leaders (and) they have had faithful people supporting them*”. He thanked the parish for their support to him and their kindness to his family. It was an exceptionally good start.

But five months later, Gertrude died suddenly at the Rectory. Heartbroken, he carried on. Some years later, he married again, to Edith Lenore Hayes.

More than a decade passed. For better or for worse, Lindsay entered the modern age. Our schools upgraded with fire alarms and fire doors. Clayton Hodgson, our M.P., felt that a little betting (“just \$1.00 to \$2.00”) at the Lindsay Fair wouldn’t hurt. We shopped downtown at Percy Howzer Men’s Wear and at Tangle Furniture. We learned the Little Britain Telephone Company was about to sell to Ma Bell. We saw plans for a future 30-store shopping center.

And south of the border, John F. Kennedy was elected as the first Roman Catholic President of the United States.

“New St. Paul’s” had its 75th anniversary in 1960. Rev Hesketh spoke of a new level of commitment in the church. He also told us that the parish had decided to officially date the start of “*Anglican worship in the area*” to Rev. Wade’s arrival in 1836.

His career was drawing to a close but he had one final matter to complete for us. On Wednesday, January 25, 1961, he welcomed a number of church dignitaries to St. Paul’s. What was the occasion? “New St. Paul’s”, built in 1885, had its kitchen and Sunday school rooms in the basement. In 1887, a church school house was built on the lot. In 1926, when the school house was enlarged and rebuilt into the Parish Hall and given the name “Marsh Memorial Hall”, we gained a new kitchen, choir room, Assembly Hall and Sunday School facilities. Now, 35 years later, it had undergone major repairs and renovations. And so, on this day of “*ancient ceremonies, stirring hymns and the atmosphere of a great occasion*”, it was officially re-opened.

At the end of 1961, Rev. Hesketh retired and moved to Peterborough where he became Honorary Assistant at St. John’s. We gathered to say goodbye. It was important that he knew how deeply admired and loved he was.

His successor was **Rev. David Lemon**. A “second-generation priest”, he was born in the Mono West Anglican Church Rectory in 1925. Wishing to be a priest, he attended Wycliffe College and was ordained in 1951. Called first to Stayner and then to Cooksville, he then came to St. Paul’s.

Appointed three months before assuming the role, he and his wife, Rita (Turpin) used the time to come and meet



8 Reverend Lemon



parishioners. Rita joined Edith Hesketh and Mrs. Gordon Mackey in hosting a tea and bazaar at St. Paul's while Rev Lemon drove around Lindsay absorbing the atmosphere of this town he had chosen to live in.

The 60's had arrived: an era of social concern; a time of marches and protests. All churches stepped forward on issues of social justice. Canada's Anglican Church Congress met early in the decade to take a strong stand on injustice. In preparing for it, Rev. Lemon talked privately with us in our homes, gathered ideas and used them in a series of "Growing in Faith" workshops. After the Congress met, he described its conclusions: Beyond faith and beyond prayer, he said, "*God has called us to be a serving church .. a listening church ..(in which) segregation and other forms of discrimination are a sin.*" And from that Congress, new "Stewardship of Life" workshops began in 1964. In outlining St. Paul's part in this future, Rev. Lemon said, "*We are setting out on a new course of faith and parish life renewal.*" What he wanted was a personal commitment from each of us to step forward as we moved into this new age of change.

How was Lindsay changing? On the surface, we saw new additions to Central Senior and Queen Victoria schools, the new Victoria County Museum at the top of Kent nearing completion, the final train run to Bobcaygeon and the end of Lindsay to Toronto passenger service. We bet legally on horse races at the Lindsay Fair, danced the Twist at the high school prom and worried that 35 cent cafeteria lunches were too pricy. But on a deeper level, the papers also reflected our growing concern about unfairness; our strong desire to help those in need, locally and around the world.

Canada's Centennial year finally arrived. In November, 1967, parishioners came to the church in centennial costumes for a service to honour Canada's 100 years, to celebrate our own 131 years in the Lindsay area and to dedicate two "*beautiful new stained glass windows .. in loving memory of Blanche and Wesley Tompkins and the Archibald Bradshaw Family.*" Afterward, life-long parishioners, Mrs. A.F. Palen and Mrs. Ada Squires, cut the anniversary cake while four excited young girls in period costume, Diane Baxter, Barbara Mackey, Kim McDonald and Sherry Truax observed.

And special reasons for celebrating kept coming. Three years later, St. Paul's (the church itself this time) underwent a major renovation, with new plaster, paint, lighting, pews, kneelers and floors, and a re-location of the Baptismal Font and we gathered to celebrate again. There was also a new stained glass window in memory of Ethel Florence (Way) Blewett.

And the town of Lindsay around us evolved. That year, we rented an apartment at the old Lindsay Mills for \$110 a month, a box of Kleenex for 17 cents and bought fruit from Joe Lamantia & Sons. We watched Mayor Eakins at the Lindsay-Nayoro Twinning Japanese festival, Watson Kirkconnell as he became a "*Knight of Mark Twain*" and attended the ground-breaking ceremony for the Ross Memorial Hospital expansion.

We also came to St. Paul's Marsh Memorial Hall to welcome the arrival of our new Tibetan neighbours. As the Chinese invaded Tibet, some had shouldered weapons to guard the Dalai Llama as he escaped across the mountains into India.

L.C.I. had become LCVI and its student population had grown so large that it had become two schools within one building. The answer had to be a new high school. Doug Nicholls, a well-known Lindsay teacher, joined school trustees Paul McGuire and Jack Callaghan to plan and build I.E. Weldon S.S. just east of Highway 36.

In St. Paul's, creative fund-raising strategies helped balance budgets. Among many, they included our Pancake Supper on Shrove Tuesday, our Strawberry Supper each June and our Food Booth each September at the Lindsay Fair.

In March of 1971, another major memorial service and dedication occurred. Three stained glass windows, called "the Atonement" were unveiled by Mrs. Laura Beall in memory of the Beall family, and the bell tower Carillon was donated by Mrs. Annie Matthews in memory of the Matthews-Harris family.

A year later, St. Paul's hosted a "Festivals of Faith" program on a cold October day. It was attended by people from across the Diocese. They arrived frozen but quickly warmed up to the hymn singing, the Young Peoples' group and to Jim Collins singing "All Good Gifts" from the musical Godspell. Bishop Garnsworthy then stood up, made his own personal statement of faith and issued a challenge to all of us:

***"We have lived through a crisis of faith", he said. "(To) the claim that man has come of age and does not need God, go to Munich (the killing of Israeli Olympic athletes).. or to Belfast. To the claim that there ..is nothing we can tell the world, when was the last time you ever told anybody about your faith? The church will die unless we have Christians (with) the kind of faith they can't help but share."***

Rev Lemon's had been with us 12 years. He reminisced at one point on how much we had helped him and how Lindsay had shaped his children. In 1972, he was appointed a Canon of St. James Cathedral. And as we gathered to congratulate him, he had to tell us that the bishop had just appointed him to a church in Toronto and that he would be leaving us.

## 1973 – 2007

### Four Rectors Guided Church From 1973-2007

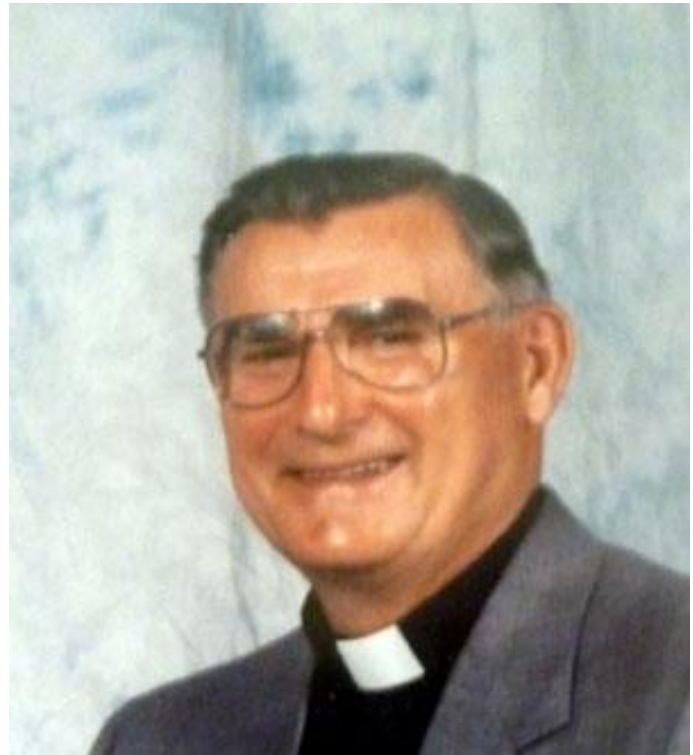
*“One night our minister, out of the blue, asked me, ‘Ernie, what do you want for your life?’ and without thinking, I said, ‘I want to be a minister’. I surprised myself, and I can still see my wife’s face. We had never talked of it because I didn’t even know it was in my heart. I tried to push it aside. I was in insurance. I made lots of money. I thought: ‘Why not stay as we are?’ But it wouldn’t let me be.”*

**Rev. Ernest Lowin** was speaking in the 1970’s during a CBC “Man Alive” program on St. Paul’s. Born in Montreal in 1928, he worked for an insurance company in Toronto at the time of this event. After some soul-searching, he accepted the call and was ordained Priest. Serving first in two Toronto-area churches, he arrived in 1973.

He came to a modern Lindsay. The Ross expanded and the SSFC campus began. We bought “no-iron” sheets for \$3.99 and received a 6% “early payment” discount on property tax. In Ottawa we began a national debate on the death penalty.

Rev. Lowin spoke of our good work but also of the loss of some Church school teachers and of our curate, Rev. Kirk. We began volunteering more because we couldn’t afford to replace him. We carried on his folk mass, built hospital visitation programs, became Church school teachers, started a ministry to the elderly and began the “Designated Givings” concept. He also used the parable of the lost coin to tell us our worship practices needed attention: *“Many people only attend at Christmas and Easter. They may still be in the Lord’s house, but they are out of the Lord’s hand”*. In response, we joined scripture study groups and worked to persuade others to attend more often.

We set up our “Talent Fund” (seed funds for interesting fund-raising ideas) that produced St. Paul’s Fair Booth, the Pancake and Strawberry Suppers and many others. Our donations rose and a new Stewardship program succeeded. Then a unique opportunity came up. In 1985, we had moved from “Old St. Paul’s” on Kent St., to “New St. Paul’s”. The land under the old church and adjacent stores, however, still belonged to the Anglican Church. In the 1970’s, we sold this land and then purchased, renovated and rented out homes behind “New St. Paul’s”.



9 Reverend Lowin

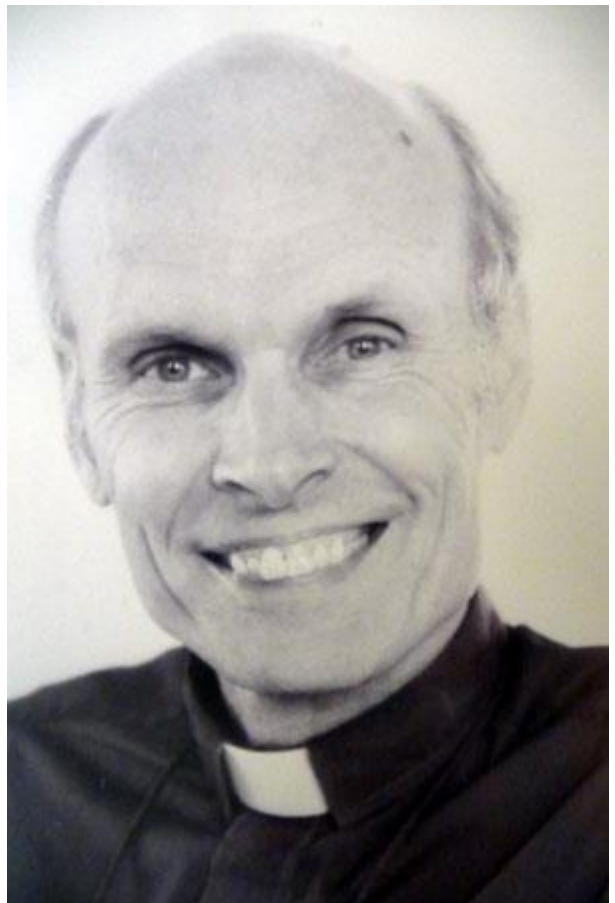
And in 1979, we said good-bye as “Ernie” left us for a Toronto parish.

Lindsay changed. Canadian Tire moved to upper Kent St. and the Cambridge St. Mall opened on the old site of Fee’s Garage. We bought loin of pork for \$1.17 per pound and purchased that one year-old Ford Supercab for \$7395. Terry Fox was forced to halt his Cross-Canada run for cancer and our pupils sent him “get well” cards. Nationally, John Diefenbaker’s funeral train carried him home to Prince Albert and Pierre Trudeau out-fought Rene Levesque to help defeat the 1980 Quebec Referendum.

St. Paul’s was joined next by a man with a constant smile and boundless faith and optimism. **Rev. Robert Hartley** was a graduate in Psychology/Social Sciences, Theology and Pastoral Counselling. After parish work in Toronto and Orillia, he joined us in 1979. Asked what his mission at St. Paul’s would be, he said,

*“I would like the congregation to become a more effective Christian community. In a society which is supposed to be Christian, but in reality, few are, we must sort out to what God is calling us”.*

The newspaper called him “*the Rector with ideas and ideals*”. He mailed church service brochures to shut-in parishioners to make our Sunday radio broadcasts more meaningful. He joined community and church leaders to turn the church rectory into a home for physically disabled adults, thereby facilitating attendance at our Christmas and Easter wheelchair services. He brought a number of parishioners to deeper levels of faith, doubled our worshipping congregation and budget and increased our ministry staff to four.



*10 Reverend Hartley*

He was also a history buff. During our 150th anniversary, he wrote an excellent history of the church, a beautiful description of the interior of “Old St. Paul’s” and a distinctive portrait of Canon Marsh, our longest-serving Rector.

The night before his last service on Remembrance Day, 1990, we had a parish party for him. There, a final, special comment was made:

*“He was a teacher who encouraged us on our Christian journey”.*

It was a time of proud achievements, curious issues and failures. Nancy Sweetnam set a new 200 Individual Medley record at the Commonwealth Games in New Zealand. Town Council debated how many curb-side garbage bags we were allowed and some citizens sought creative solutions

for bags 5 and 6: *“Quick, Charlie, go see how many bags the Brown’s put out!”* We bought bath towels for \$1.47, learned average housing prices had tripled in a decade to \$139,000 and watched the location for a covered pool shift from the Armoury, to LCVI and finally to SSFC. Beyond Lindsay, we celebrated Nelson Mandela’s release from prison after 27 years and observed the Meech Lake Accord go down to defeat.

**Rev. Richard Miller** joined us in early 1991. He also had felt that “call”. *“It started when I was 13. It came and left and came and left and finally I did something about it. It wasn’t something I wanted to do but something I had to do”*. Ordained Priest in 1986, he served in three parishes before coming to St. Paul’s.

He was pleased with the quality of our lay ministry. He also clarified the need for our liturgy to reflect our personal spiritual needs while remaining theologically based. And he urged us to work together as a caring community to discover common spiritual goals. In response, we joined with St. George’s, Cameron in a parish affiliation, increased our church attendance and introduced a new church school curriculum. We accelerated our ministry to shut-in parishioners, introduced our “Harvest Happenings” fall weekend and completed our property purchases behind the church. We felt proud when our own Jean Lummiss was ordained Deacon. We revived our newsletter, the “Grapevine”, began the G.E.M.S. luncheons and revitalized a “coffee and fellowship” gathering after service.



*|| Reverend Miller*

Beyond St. Paul’s, we supported the work of the Salvation Army and Victoria County Women’s Resources. Rev Miller took on leadership roles with the Lindsay and District Ministerial Association, with the Ross as on-call Chaplain and facilitator in their Pastoral Care and staff stress programs and with the Stinson Memorial Lecture Series board to bring renowned speakers before high school students on ethical topics.

In 1995, we said goodbye when he was called to Oshawa.

In Lindsay, we crept closer to the present. Council debated a proposed smoking by-law as some commercial outlets announced they were going smoke-free. A localized tornado *“literally pushed trees out of the ground”* and crashed planes together at the Lindsay airport. Wilson Fields and the new Police Services headquarters officially opened. We followed the second Quebec Referendum of 1995 to a scary “Canada” win by less than 1% of the vote. And, with all our



seeming problems, we read that the “United Nations bestowed the title of #1 on Canada for the 4th time in the past six years”.

**Rev. Rod Barlow** was born in Calgary and became Priest in 1968. After service in Ontario and British Columbia, he joined us in 1995. We had sought a church leader with vision, compassion and decision-making skills and soon discovered we had found him.

Our most pressing need was financial focus. Under his focus, our capital plan raised the needed money and our strategic infrastructure plan tackled needed repairs and renovations. We built our new kitchen, purchased the Post Office building and then rented it back to the Post Office and agencies to stabilize income and parking.

And as he guided us, an indirect benefit emerged: he brought parishioners together to share in common goals. Special ideas flourished. The Bell Ringers, Christmas Dinner for those alone or in need and the Mystery Dinner Theatre emerged. The modern Outreach programs, special support for King Albert School and additional wheelchair services and access began. And those of us who worked closely with him soon realized we felt good about our own role in the process. He applauded our achievements and occasionally nudged us in better directions.

As a preacher, he made sermons resonate by relating them to our modern world. He used succinct language and deft humour to make his messages more vivid.

In 2007, Rod retired. We thanked him for the special years. Just prior to leaving, he reached out to us:

***“Some people have thanked me for my ministry. The fact is that I and my family have received much ministry in return. The church has lifted us up and supported us, without which our work would not have been possible. So I thank you for giving me the opportunity to offer my ministry, knowing that it could not have happened without your own ministry to me and my family”.***



*12 Reverend Barlow*

## 2008 – 2013

### Reverend sees Future Need for More Mentors

***“For I was hungry and you gave me meat: I was thirsty and you gave me drink: I was a stranger and you took me in ...”***

Born, in Montreal, son of Albert and Shirley, **Rev. Warren Leibovitch** came to us in September 2008. *“The principles (partially quoted above) found in Matthew 25: 31-40 are an important part of my ministry”*, he said. His early ministry, in fact, included chaplaincy in hospitals, palliative care, children in distress and psychiatric patients. And in the months before he came to St. Paul’s, he was building homes and teaching indigenous people in Guatemala.

Shortly after arriving here, Rev. Warren said he found us to be a warm, welcoming community. Asked about his ministerial style, he said he was respectful of tradition but would mix new elements in as well. *“Many people are looking for faith”*, he said. *“They want to believe but have either been unhappy with past experiences in church or have no experience at all”*.

In the year he came, Lindsay had long-since reached the modern age. The Airport Task Force’s first meeting on a possible closure brought 100 people to City Hall. A second puzzling bout of dead carp emerged: in the Peterborough area this time. Tommy Hunter was due at the Academy Theatre and Cody Hodgson had earned a spot on Team Canada. And at the December 6th vigil for the 14 female engineering students murdered at Ecole Polytechnique in Montreal, local Crown Attorney Lisa Cameron began by saying, *“This is a day to ask why”*.



*13 Rev. Warren Leibovitch*

In Canada, the first B.C. pipeline bombing occurred, Minister of Justice, Maxime Bernier resigned after leaving NATO documents at his former girl friend’s apartment and Joe Krol, legendary Toronto Argo player, passed away. World-wide, North Korea agreed to shut down its nuclear facilities in exchange for fuel oil, Vladimir Putin became Time Magazine’s “Person of the Year” and Barack Obama became the first black president of the United States.

What was Rev. Leibovitch's route to the priesthood? He had a limited belief system in his early years but found a need to learn more about God in his later teens. He took special undergraduate credits from a military college, gained a marketing diploma and then graduated with a B.A. in English. With that background, he attended the University of Toronto and Wycliffe College to become Priest, Trinity College for his Master of Theology and is currently working toward his Doctorate degree.

So, what kind of priest did he become? Before St. Paul's, Rev. Warren took over a store-front church with a few committed families, later moved them into a portable church on acquired land and still later into a newly built permanent church. And along that hectic learning curve of site plans and building code approvals, he still deepened his parishioners' spiritual lives, trained parishioners in pastoral care and outreach and helped expand a church from a few families to a congregation with a solid foundation for the future.

Spiritually, he speaks to us "below the pulpit" with the energy of a young and committed pastor. Using his own cultural background, he helps us reach more deeply into the fabric of biblical life to better understand the issues Jesus faced every day of his own ministry.

He is a teacher. He believes in Christian Education for all ages, offers study programs on the basics of our Christian faith and others that help us live our faith in a post-modern world. Like all good religious teachers, he believes in the inner meaning of "congregation": to enhance our faith and love as we work and pray together and then use these strengths to help others in need.

When you observe him listening to the choir, you know he loves music; all kinds of music: traditional church liturgies, contemporary church hymns and the beautiful organ music of North American and English cathedrals. And he also plays a mean guitar.

And asked when he arrived about the depth of his faith, his instinctive response was: *"I'm living the faith, not just singing a song or two."*

He has been with us now for three years. We talked with him recently about the future. "What do you now hope for us?" we asked. *"We have many parishioners who are ill or are grieving"*, he said.

***"I want to see more Healing Sundays". We asked about young people. "We need to bring in our youth; to grow as a church", he replied. "I would like to see our teenagers take part in a once a month Youth Sunday. They are a part of our younger families living hectic lives in a modern world. We must provide those families with the way to come into our church and feel comfortable and wanted".***

Then we asked, *"What about our yearly cycle of church events?"* After talking enthusiastically about the activities and the experienced volunteers that run them, he spoke of a mentoring need as we moved into the future.

"We should always be training someone to take our place", he said. "Ultimately, the torch must be passed".



We asked about the process of renewal. *“It began in 2009”*, he said. *“We’ve reflected on our strengths and weaknesses. More recently we ran workshops to develop a fresh mission, establish our overall vision and state the core values we believe in”*. “As simply as you can state it”, we asked: *“what is our overarching mission that came out of that process?”* *“It is already simple”*, he said. *“Our mission is to know Jesus and make him known to others”*. *“And what is the vision? How do we make it happen?”* we asked. He spoke of it as incorporating six parts. **On Outreach:** a church actively supporting those ministries in Canada and around the world that struggle to help poor and marginalized people. **On small group action:** a church where many dynamic small groups generate ideas, deepen faith and complete activities within that comforting atmosphere of safety and acceptance often found within a smaller group. **On youth and families:** a church where an age-appropriate ministry helps both young and old grow and become followers of Jesus. **On our worship practices:** a church where people of different backgrounds joyfully gather together to praise and honour Christ. **On our facilities:** a church with enough space to welcome many different users and enough flexibility to accommodate future growth. **And on stewardship:** a church where each of us contributes as fully as we can.

Then our last question: *“How do we help ensure our success?”* we asked.

*“Our renewal approach”, he said, “must be so simple, clear and inspiring that each of us can easily articulate our mission, our vision and our core values and actively play our part”.*

.....

“This is a story of a church: its roots, odyssey of faith, good works and future. In each generation of our 175 years, clergy and congregation have prayed, grieved, celebrated and worked together as they struggled to interpret God’s design for them.”

These were among the first words we wrote about St. Paul’s nearly a year ago. They reflect what the church has been trying to do this year: interpret and celebrate our past; examine our present; plan our future.

And that future is upon us. St. Paul’s is turning the page and starting a new chapter. And it’s now time to put this series of articles to rest.

There are many people who helped. For their advice and encouragement, we specially thank the now-exhausted St. Paul’s 175th Anniversary Committee. For his willingness to trust the process and publish the outcome, we are grateful to the Lindsay Post Editor. For their help on the almost-impossible task of absorbing the essence of a town over 175 years, we are indebted to the Lindsay Library’s Reference Department personnel. For the quality of insight of those “old timers” inside St. Paul’s and around the town of Lindsay that we interviewed: our private appreciation.

A final thought. We spent an intense year researching 175 years in the life of St. Paul’s and the town of Lindsay. But no research is ever that focused. In the process, we were lucky enough to

look sideways and observe the faith, dreams and good works of many special people. We found them in our town, in all our churches, in the past and in the present. We would like to pay homage to them.