



## In my good books "THE GREAT EMERGENCE"

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BY NEIL ELLIOT

One of the problems of living in a struggling church is that it gets into your head. You start to believe that the church (or at least our church) is struggling everywhere. You see only the struggles and not the celebrations. The cup is always half empty.

It doesn't have to be this way. There are many places in the world where the church is growing significantly, and there are churches in our diocese which are growing. Times change, the pendulum swings and the tide brings in new life. How and why is sometimes hard to say. But the trick is to be aware that it is happening.

Tickle's account of the "emergent" church in North America, is an attempt to chronicle a new phase of the church's life. For those who have not been keeping up with the latest trends in Christendom, "emergent" is the current label for innovative churches that are responding in a wide variety of ways to the culture around us. Tickle takes us through the long history of the church to show that there have been a number of major changes in contemporary culture which the Church has both been part of and has responded to.

Tickle's argument is that these major changes happen roughly every 500 years. The fall of the Roman Empire, the

Great Schism, and the Reformation are the previous transitions. What we are living through is comparable to those milestones. Tickle takes us through the events of those times, and lays out the argument for these times to be of similar significance. Then she suggests a vision for the way forward as she sees it. She writes well, as you'd expect from the Religion editor of Publishers Weekly. This is not an academic account, but an accessible one, written for the interested churchgoer.

### DIRECTED RETREATS

APRIL 12-20 MAY 10-18 JUNE 19-27

JULY 3-11 JULY 17-25 AUGUST 3-11

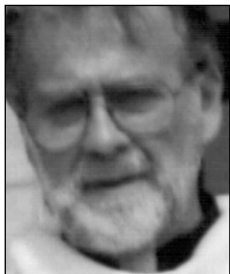
IF THE RETREAT IS NOT FULL, A PORTION MAY BE BOOKED.

This account is highly commended by members of the emergent church networks. That doesn't mean that everyone would agree with everything she says. It is, however, a great introduction to what many believe is the most significant development in the church since...well, the Reformation.

The best thing about it, and the reason I am commending it to you now, is that this is a great Easter book. This book will give you hope that decline is not the

inevitable fate of the Anglican Church of Canada. We may be struggling, but **this is the struggle of new birth**. There are places where the new birth is being seen, where the mission of the church is being filled with the wind of the Spirit. We cannot know why here and not there, but we can rejoice that we are a part of a living and resurrected body of Christ.

Alleluia, Christ is Risen! □



## The Vicar of Kokanee remembers "Freddy"

BY JIM HEARNE

That's what his dear wife, Yvonne, called him. In more formal settings he was known as the Venerable Frederick Denbigh Wyatt. Fred was a native of British Honduras, now called Belize. His father was a policeman there. He studied theology at the University of Durham. There in a butcher shop, he met the love of his life. He had visited there to obtain the main course for a seminarian's evening meal: a packet of "bangers." Across the counter was the young woman who became his bride-to-be and love was born.

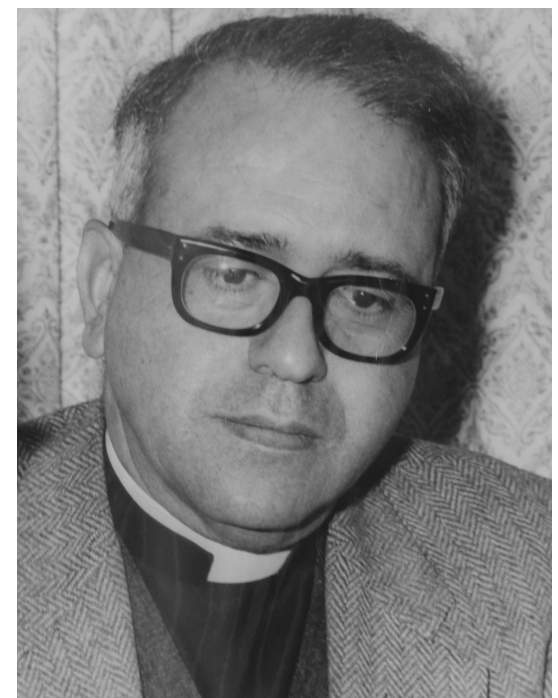
This was not the only time sausages would figure in his life. When I first met the Wyatts, Fred was rector of St. George's Church in Rossland. The Hearnese were invited for an evening at their rectory.

During the course of the evening, Yvonne told us a story that expressed both humour and disappointment. In earlier days there had been a cleric in the diocese of Kootenay known as Mister Job. He had been a teacher and in his later life became ordained. He was a rather diminutive fellow and a bachelor. He kept company with a large breed of dog, perhaps a Lab. Let's call him Prince. Mister Job had the habit of arriving for a visit at mealtime, and so one day at supertime, near the end of the month, Mister Job appeared on the doorstep of St. George's rectory. Yvonne had just prepared a steaming platter of sausages for the Wyatt family meal. These were the days when the annual stipend would be equal to what priests now would receive in a

month. The door opened to the visitor and Prince bolted through, leapt on the dining table, and gobbled up the *piece de resistance*.

There was another rural legend associated with Mister Job. On one occasion he was called upon to transport the diocesan W.A. president from the Okanagan to the Kootenays. The route of choice was the Monashee pass. While on the Fauquier ferry Mister Job made the tragic error of putting his vehicle in reverse rather than a more appropriate gear and went backward off the ferry into the water of the Arrow Lakes. It was reported that Prince surfaced first, then Mister Job bobbed up, and finally the WA president came up, still wearing her hat.

Fred shared some words of wisdom with me. He said, "When all is said and done,



FREDDY — The Rev. Fredrick D. Wyatt

there's far more said than done."

Fred had a favourite prayer. It made use of the word "redownd," as in "may all our works redownd to thy glory." Only he would not use "redownd," but say "rebound" and it would make me think of that great basketball court in the sky.

Fred had served a number of parishes in the diocese, including Kelowna, Okanagan Mission, Cranbrook, and the Church of the Redeemer in Nelson. His last appointment was Dean of St. Saviour's Pro-Cathedral and it was there, following a meeting of the vestry committee one evening, he departed this life. □